



AIRCRAFT ACCIDENTS

When crews weren't flying missions or on leave, they flew practice formations, flew to pick up airmen who had landed elsewhere, ferried planes between bases, and generally honed their skills for the next combat sortie.

Not surprisingly, accidents happened. After each incident, the pilot, 392nd BG Flying Control, and other appropriate air and ground personnel provided statements. Senior officers (usually Air Executive LtCol Lawrence G. Gilbert, Operations Officer Maj Malcolm K. Martin, and the squadron commander) determined what happened, why, whose fault it was, and what could/should be done to prevent recurrence.

These Reports of Aircraft Accident (RAA) are now housed at the Air Force Historical Research Agency at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. They reveal how poor weather, mechanical problems, or bad luck could affect any crew at any time.

On the other hand, skill, fast reflexes and good luck kept many of the accidents from being fatal.

1/Lt Clarke G. McCarthy

The most well-known accident occurred on 6 Sep 1944 when 1/Lt Clarke G. McCarthy took a borrowed P-38 for a joy ride. The RAA noted, "Lt McCarthy was flying a local transition flight when he passed over the ground at a low altitude. As he dipped down, he struck a telephone pole. Lt McCarthy attempted to pull up when he saw the pole, but he struck it and damaged his controls. The plane was in a climbing attitude as it struck the pole; the pilot could not change its attitude or control, so he bailed out at approximately 1200 feet. The pilot landed safely. The plane crashed and was a total wreck. It is the opinion of this Committee that this accident was caused by Pilot Error."

An article by Jim Goar in the August 1987 *News* tells the rest of the story: "The 392nd had its legendary fliers, but the legend of legends is Lt. (now Dr.) C.G. 'Pat' McCarthy.

"Joining the 578th at Wendling in November 1943, he flew his first mission on Christmas Eve, which seemed to him to

be a hell of a note.

"Pat had been brought up across the street from the famous Col Hubert Zemke, commander of the 56th and later the 479th Fighter Group. Pat visited his friend Col Zemke, borrowed his P-47, and buzzed Wendling, picking a flight path along the road past the combat officers mess. The record doesn't show if there was any disciplinary action for this.

"Then coming back from a mission [on 23 Jun 1944], Pat and his crew had to bail out over occupied France. Pat and four of the men, after 90 days, made it back to the allied lines, which at that time were just a few miles inside the coast.

"From these friendly precincts, he came back to Wendling, and allowed as how he ought to go see his friend, Col Zemke, borrow his plane,

and wring it out a little—over Wendling. Only this time, the Zemke outfit had changed over to P-38s.

"So following his former flight path down the street, past the combat officers mess at about 10 feet, he suddenly encountered a telephone wire that had been strung across the street while he was 'away' on the Continent.

"He hit the wire and only had enough time to get the P-38 high enough for him to hit the silk.

"This all happened about noon and there were many people heading for the mess. After pulling themselves up off the ground, they saw the nose-up and the eject.

"Higher headquarters were so anxious to get him court-martialed that they forgot that he had been behind enemy lines, and he flew 37 missions before someone realized that he could be shot if he happened to go down behind enemy lines again.

"So back to the States he went, in time for Christmas 1944. In 1945, he was again in a combat crew, this time B-29, and was ready to head for the Pacific when Japan surrendered.

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This photo shows 392nd BG personnel looking at the wreckage of 1/Lt McCarthy's P-38. What's left of the telephone pole shows how low he was flying.



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FROM THE EDITOR

Thank You!! Many thanks to everyone who answered our plea in the December newsletter. Over \$600 has been contributed since then, which will certainly help the 392nd BGMA face its financial future.

Follow-ups from the December 2013 issue. 1) John Rosenberg called to say the photo of 1/Lt Novik's plane on page 5 also shows the plane he was aboard, one of the two in the upper right corner. John is not surprised at how close the two planes are because his pilot, 2/Lt Robert W. Marcus, "was a superb formation flier."

John didn't see the bombs hit Novik's plane (as tail gunner, he saw "where they'd been, not where they were going") but he did see the results. The incident occurred before the formation reached the Initial Point, when they would make their final turn to the target. John recalls that despite the damage to his ship, Novik got to the target, dropped his bombs and limped back to England, gradually falling behind the Group.

A 1995 letter from Maltby Watkins, a waist gunner on the Novik crew, reveals their plane crashed at Highfield Farm, Great Ryburgh, Fakenham.

John also told me that his bombardier, F/O Edward G. Knutson, was a casualty of a low-level pubbing mission. He fell off his bike while cycling home in late-February/early March 1945 and broke his leg. Knutson was transferred to an Army hospital in England and didn't fly another combat mission.

2) 465th Sub Depot instrument technician Dick Giesing wrote, "I had to tell you how much I enjoyed the story from the B-17 pilot that crashed at Wendling. I remember that vividly. After he turned from the runway, he flew over the 465th Sub Depot maintenance area. I thought sure he was going to crash into our hangar, but he got over it by a few feet."

There's a bit more to the story, too. Carl Hathaway, the pilot of the B-17, concluded his account, "Several months later, in October 1945, while stationed at Kelly Field in San Antonio, I was sitting at the club having a friendly conversation with a Catholic priest. The conversation eventually evolved into the normal 'where have you been and what outfit were you with,' to which I responded, '524th Squadron, 379th Group, based at Kimbolton.' His response was, 'Oh yeah, I've heard about that group; they're a fine outfit. I was based at Wendling. Do you know where that is?' My response, 'Yes, I landed there once.' As I was relating my story to him, he suddenly stood up, grabbed me by the collar with his left hand, drew back his doubled-up right fist as if to

'lay me flat' and exclaimed, 'Was that you!' Shocked by the imminent possibility of being 'cold-cocked,' and particularly by a priest, my reply was, 'Yes, but what's the big deal?' He then advised me that his church was in the opposite end of the link trainer building that I had destroyed, and that all services had to be moved to a make-shift location for the length of time it took to re-build the building... P.S. The nice priest forgave me!" That Catholic priest was Capt Paul A. McDonough.

Willow Run video. Member Marge Braddock, widow of 578th Sqdn radio operator Bill Braddock, sent me a link to a video about the manufacture of B-24s at Ford Motor Co.'s Willow Run plant: <http://www.youtube.com/embed/iKlt6rNciTo?rel=0>. It also shows men loading bombs and an engine being feathered and unfeathered. If you've had trouble imagining how bombs were attached to the shackles and then loaded into the bomb bay or what a feathered propeller looked like, this is the video for you!

Please help. Beginning on page 8 is an article by Greg Hatton focusing on six books written by or about 392nd BG POWs. In the June 2014 newsletter, I would like to publish a comprehensive list of **all** books, manuscripts, and memoirs that feature 392nd BG personnel, both air and ground. The list will include items in the 392nd BG archives as well as those available on-line. If you know a book that should be included, please contact me; see the box in the upper left corner.

I am also beginning research for an article about historic missions in April 1945. I would like to hear from veterans who flew on 15 April (when the 392nd dropped napalm bombs for the first and only time), 17 April (when the target was Beroun in what was then Czechoslovakia, our only mission to that country), and, of course, 25 April, the 8th Air Force's last combat mission of the war. If you flew any of those missions, please tell me what you remember about them!

From the Files. On 15 Jun 1944, the 2nd Bomb Division issued this Citation: "The 392nd Bombardment Group (H) is cited for distinguished and outstanding performance of duty in combat from 9 September 1943 to 6 June 1944. Attacking during this period 55 targets in Germany and 45 targets in occupied territories, this unit dropped over 5,000 tons of bombs with a degree of accuracy consistently greater than that achieved by any other unit of this command, thereby contributing invaluable to the success of the aerial war against the enemy. [This] is due to the extraordinary teamwork, courage, skill and devotion to duty of both air and ground personnel..."

President's Message



The Second Air Division Association may be gone with the wind, but its voice rings loud and clear in East Anglia.

So reports Libby Morgan, Trust Librarian of the 2AD Memorial Library in Norwich, in the 2AD Dialogue, the Library's newsletter, just received.

Combining the resources of the Library, the 2AD Memorial Trust, and the University of East Anglia, the message of our presence in East Anglia is presented not only in East Anglia, but world-wide through the internet.

Two American scholars, both students at the University, spend time at the Library, thus lending an American presence there. Becky Avila is a PhD candidate and Martin Tease is in his second year of post-graduate research.

Both are from Los Angeles.

Quoting from the 2AD Dialogue: The 2AD Library have recently partnered with a project called the Eighth in the East. The project aims to tell the story of the 8th USAAF across East Anglia during WWII, one of the most remarkable stories in military history.

Ms. Morgan also reported a new Chairman of the Governors of the Memorial Trust, retired RAF Group Captain (Colonel equivalent) Richard Middleton. In his 36 years of RAF service, he flew in bomber and fighter bomber squadrons.

Retired USAF M/Sgt Allen Holtman, our man in St. Louis, recently sent me the calendar published by the Imperial War Museum at Duxford. Pictured on the March page is Dugan, a replica of the B-24 flown at Wendling by the Vickers crew and now on display at the museum. The March issue of the 392BGMA News being full, editor Annette Tison promises a full report on Dugan in the next issue.

My 94 years and my arthritis are telling on me. In my prime I could have knocked out this column in an hour or less. This took four. And I spilled my coffee twice this week.

So let age and arthritis et al be damned and think positively about coming to our reunion with 8AFHS in Nashville Oct. 9-13. Lean on a kid like I do.

Blue Skies,
Jim Goar

UPCOMING REUNIONS

The 392nd BGMA's official reunion for 2014 will be 9-13 October in Nashville, Tennessee, with the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Lodging will be at the Music City Sheraton.

Optional tours include the Grand Ole Opry on Friday night and a Country Music Matinee Lunch on Saturday.

The symposium on the 11th is titled "Behind the Wire and Mask." It will present "stories of hardship, courage, sacrifice, and patriotism" of airmen who were captured or got back to friendly territory with aid from "helpers" and the underground.

The speaker at the Gala Banquet on Sunday is Yvonne Daley Brusselmans, whose parents funneled more than 120 allied servicemen to freedom through the Belgian

underground at great personal risk.

Registration forms and details have been posted on www.b24.net and will be printed in the June News.

Heritage League Trip to England

The Heritage League will be leading a trip back to Norwich, England, from 24-30 May 2014. They invite anyone who is interested to join them. The focus will be on the Second Air Division's heavy bomber bases, as the Heritage League is made up of descendants of the men who maintained and flew B-24s from fourteen fields in Norfolk.

The program will be bracketed with Evensong celebrations, first at the 1196 AD Norman cathedral in Norwich on Sunday, May 25th, and the last on Friday evening at the American Chapel within St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Monday will begin with a solemn wreath laying at Cambridge American Cemetery followed by a trip to the Imperial War Museum at Duxford. Its American Air Museum is home to the largest collection of US historic military aircraft in Europe, including a restored B-24 painted as the 578th Sqdn's #44-50493, Dugan. The remaining days will include visits at various bases with expert local historian-guides (including our own John Gilbert), a boat tour on the famous Norfolk Broads, the wonderful 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, and plenty of time for pubs and other cultural attractions of East Anglia with local friends who are still grateful for American help defeating fascism 70 years ago.

The trip is designed with two kinds of travelers in mind: the veteran who is up to it still, and the first timer who has held out for a well guided, economical value that will let them connect with their veteran's service in the places he lived, worked, and visited in 1943-45. This is the time to do it!

Any interested parties should check out the latest info at <http://www.heritageleague.org/reunions.htm> or immediately contact coordinator Marybeth Dyer at smbdyer@sbcglobal.net. To be included in this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, all parties must be fully committed by 1 Apr 2014.

A JOB WELL DONE

On 25 Feb 1945, the railroad marshalling yard in Aschaffenburg was the target. With a capacity of 2,500 rail cars per day, the facility was key to the German war effort.

The 392nd's Photo Interpreter later reported, "This is really excellent bombing ... and should have put the marshalling yards out of commission for awhile, by cutting many of the tracks and destroying much of the rolling stock."

The next day, Gen William Kepner, Commander of the 2nd Air Division, sent a message commending the Division for its outstanding bombing. To be read to all crews at briefings on 26 February, it said, "Evaluation of yesterday's bombing results of important communications and a/c centers conclusively shows that each of 2nd Division's targets was superlatively hit. I consider this to be not only the best day's work this Division has ever done while under my command but also one of the outstanding performances in the history of precision bombing. My congratulations to each and every officer and man in each and every Group and Wing for this magnificent performance which dealt the enemy a devastating blow at one of the crucial periods of the war. [signed] KEPNER"

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Jim Goar's article in the August 1993 *News* points out, "He was of course court-martialed for the loss of the P-38, but escaped with a fine of \$600. Pat said, 'While that was a lot of money in those days, it beat having to pay \$107,000 for that P-38.' Talk that I've picked up over the years about the court-martial indicates that his superiors testified that they couldn't spare such a warrior."

Practice Mission 30 July 1944

Assistant Flying Control Officer 2/Lt Irving Kreisman reported that local weather conditions were such that it "might close in" at any moment. Thus, "All aircraft flying at that time were instructed to return to base."

1/Lt John J. Otis, 578th, "was returning from a practice mission checking a new pilot when he attempted a landing approach, coming in extremely low because of low clouds. When turning on the final approach the airplane hit the tops of trees, causing damage to the right vertical stabilizer, fuselage, and nose of plane. The pilot pulled up in time to maintain flight and airplane proceeded to land safely."

1/Lt Otis said he was "acting as an instructor pilot for a new pilot, [2/Lt Harold F. Jones] and a navigator [2/Lt Mac C. Wells] that was checking out a new navigator, [2/Lt Alfred M. Oppenheim]. I was ordered by my control tower to land before the weather closed in on runway 08. At that time my approximate position was 10 miles north of the field and the ceiling was approximately 300 feet."

"I took to what I believed a check point for a base leg to land on runway 08 and turned to a heading of 80°. I couldn't see the field due to the low clouds which had moved in so I started my approach on 08. I let down low to avoid a formation that had called for landing instructions shortly before. While trying to see the field I felt that I hit something [because of] the wind coming through the nose of the ship."

I pulled up and had my engineer check to find the trouble. Both navigators were in the nose and they came upon the flight deck. After flying on this heading for about 4 minutes I saw the field and made a 360° approach and landed."

All damage to ship #42-100187, Pallas Athene, was repaired; her next combat mission was 12 Sep 1944.

2/Lt William E. Whiteaker, 577, was aboard #42-52649, Pregnant Peg II, on that same practice mission. He reported, "After peel off, the [landing] gear was lowered. When checked the diagonal brace was broken. Instructions were given by home tower Station 118 to land at Station 376 [Watton, home of the 2nd Strategic Air Depot]. Landing was made on rough grassy area, I managed to keep airplane straight until right wheel buckled inwards after hitting a large hole. Thereupon the right wing went down, turning airplane to the right, causing subsequent damage."

The plane was salvaged.

Capt Olen F. Levell Jr.

On 29 Oct 1944, Capt Levell, 576, was scheduled to take off for a practice mission aboard #42-7560, which had been designated War Weary on 30 Jul 1944. This meant the plane was not fit for combat but was adequate for local training operations.

Per Capt Levell, "After completing the check list, I was cleared by the tower to line-up on the runway for take-off. After lining-up on runway 01, the throttles were applied and locked. I started to roll back trim-tab and worked the controls to get the feel of the aircraft for take-off. I continued to roll-back trim-tab."

"When I had obtained the speed of 85 to 90 MPH, I pulled back on the elevator controls to pick up the nose wheel. The controls felt as if they were binding so I gave several sudden jerks to see if I could break them loose. When this failed, I cut power at a point about midway of 01 and

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392nd BGMA MEMBERSHIP FORM

Please look at the mailing label. Your membership status is shown directly after your name. "14" means your membership expires in December 2014; it can be renewed throughout 2014. LM means Life Member and FRND means that you receive the *News* with compliments of the 392nd BGMA. Send this form and your check (payable to 392nd BGMA) to Annette Tison, 9107 Wood Pointe Way, Fairfax Station, VA 22039. You may also join or renew on-line at <http://www.b24.net/392nd/join.htm>.

The Board of Directors has ruled that no Crusader will be denied membership because of financial difficulty, so if you're in straitened circumstances, check the Hardship Waiver box. If you feel that you can help the 392nd BGMA treasury with a donation, there is a provision for it below.

Name _____ Ground [] Air [] Sqdn/Unit _____

Mailing address _____

Email address _____ Telephone number _____

If a spouse, friend, or relative served in the 392nd, please give us his name and unit: _____

Dues: [] \$25/year if you want to receive the *News* by postal mail OR [] \$20/year for receipt by email
Please feel free to renew for multiple years! Just let us know what your wishes are.

Hardship Waiver [] DONATION \$ _____ TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

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applied brakes. At the same time, the co-pilot [1/Lt Chester E. Gorton] dumped full flaps and cut the engines to slow the ship. Due to the wet runway, the aircraft continued to move quite fast.



After this accident, #42-7560 was salvaged by the 465th Sub Depot.

"As the aircraft approached a ditch, approximately two feet wide with a bank about three feet high on the far side, located about 300 yards from the end of the runway, the brakes were released and the aircraft allowed to roll free. When the aircraft hit the ditch, the nose wheel collapsed and the landing gear buckled. The aircraft slid to a stop approximately 50 feet beyond the ditch."

2/Lt Phillip R. Earl

Upon returning from a training mission at 10:25pm on 17 Dec 1944, 576th pilot 2/Lt Earl encountered bad weather. He "started a let-down and in doing so the pilot's windows became moderately frosted. At my command, the engineer [Sgt Robert E. Woods] was standing between the pilot's and co-pilot's seat watching for other aircraft and endeavoring to keep my windows clear.

"After receiving permission to land, I made the proper pattern but was unable to line up on the landing runway, 260. There was a strong cross wind of about 20 MPH from the South that was the contributing factor. In this pass at the field the gear was down and locked. Upon going around, I called for gear up.

"About the same thing took place the second time when I also made an unsuccessful pass at the field. The gear was down and locked this time also.

"On the third pass, I managed to line up properly on the runway and the main gear was called down and locked. The nose wheel was not checked this time as the engineer was very busy keeping my windows clear. It being a very dark night and there being a haze, it was very difficult to judge my height above the ground. Thus, as the glare of the landing lights in the haze blinded me, I didn't call for them until on the roundout of the landing. At this point I might say that the landing runway was not very well lit. I don't believe the high lighting was turned on.

"The landing itself was not rough. I hit in a slight crab intentionally as I could not tell if I was exactly centered or to the right of center of the runway. After the two main gears touched down, the nose started down and although I pulled the stick all the way back, the aircraft kept setting down on her nose.

"As soon as I grasped the situation, I called for the crash bar and it was immediately turned off. The aircraft slid down the runway and towards the end started veering to the left. I tapped right brake to keep the aircraft on the runway. The

aircraft came to a stop and I called for everyone to clear as soon as possible which they did. There was no fire.

"The blame for this accident should rest on the pilot. It was up to me to check to see that the gear was down and locked. In no way do I blame my engineer. He was doing a job which I commanded him to do and which involved the safety of the entire ship and crew. I might add that my co-pilot [2/Lt William R. Smiley] and I use the check list religiously and that on the fatal landing had checked the main gear both from the waist and from the pilots compartment. The nose wheel check just slipped our minds in the 'sweating out' of the approach to the landing. To reiterate, I blame no one but myself for the accident."

LtCol Martin agreed and said responsibility for the accident was "100% Pilot error." The ship, #41-29476, Gas House Gus, was repaired.

Editor's Note: I asked 578th copilot Oak Mackey how often windows frosted up and what a crash bar was. He explained, "When new B-24s arrived in England their plexiglas windshields were replaced with glass windshields (about two inches thick) before being sent to a Bomb Group. This glass was shatter resistant and would stop flying flak fragments but would not stop direct hits or machine gun fire.

"During the winter there is often a temperature inversion, warm air above, cold air below, especially near the surface when the ground is frozen and covered with ice and snow. Did you ever put a cocktail glass in your freezer compartment so it would get all nice and frosty for your next cocktail? That's the same as the relatively warm windshield descending to the cold air below. Frost forms on the inside of the windshield; outside, the wind prevents it from forming. The frost can be removed with a scraper such as a putty knife. Absent a scraper, a warm glove will do the job, albeit not as quickly.

"This so-called 'crash bar' was an emergency switch located at the electrical panel to the right of the copilot. When this switch is turned off, all electrical power from the engine generators and batteries is turned off throughout the airplane. This is to minimize the chance of an electric spark, or sparks, from igniting leaking gasoline or gasoline fumes, always a consideration during a crash landing. Lt Earl was very alert in calling for the crash bar to be turned off just as soon as he realized the nose wheel was not locked."

1/Lt Jack Clarke

On 10 Jan 1945, 1/Lt Jack Clarke and crew, with Oak as copilot, had their own mechanical and weather problems en route to the group formation for the day's mission.

Oak recalls, "We were awakened at 2am for briefing at 4:30am. The target was Dasburg in the Bastogne area to support our ground troops there. The weather was absolutely atrocious; through the night there had been a combination of freezing rain, sleet, snow showers and fog. The runways and taxi-ways were covered with a sheet of slippery ice.

"At briefing we learned our usual B-24 was not available and we were assigned the squadron spare, #42-51186. We were a deputy lead crew and we would be flying off the right wing of the lead plane of the leading squadron. Upon reaching our assigned airplane we found it had not been warmed up and the engines were cold and very difficult to

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start. Only after much cranking, priming, and cussing were we able to get them running.

"We were supposed to be number two for take-off just after the lead airplane. By now most of the entire Group had departed. We made our take-off, climbed through the overcast to get on top of the clouds and had the rest of the Group in sight.

"At this time the #3 engine propeller ran away, probably because of congealed oil trying to pass through the propeller governor. This is a serious problem because of the engine over-speed—the engine might turn to junk, or the propeller might come off the engine and pass through the fuselage or hit the other engine on that side.

"Jack told me to shut down the engine and feather the propeller. I reduced power to the engine and pushed the feathering button. It immediately popped out again for it is its own circuit breaker. Engineer Edward C. Brunett was sitting between Jack and me on the cockpit jump seat as all good engineers should. He pushed the feathering button in and held it there which caused the secondary circuit breaker to pop open, which he immediately held down with his other hand. This was a risky procedure as it could cause the feathering oil pump motor or associated wiring to catch fire. Oh so slowly the prop blades turned to the feathered position.

"With one engine out and a loaded airplane there was no way we could stay with the Group. We were now in the vicinity of Great Yarmouth, so we flew out over the North Sea and dumped our bombs. We left the arming safety wires in place so the bombs could not explode.

"As we turned to go back to our base, the #2 propeller ran away, compounding our numerous problems. We got the engine shut down and propeller feathered with less trouble than we had with #3. A B-24 cannot maintain airspeed and altitude with two engines out and full fuel tanks, and we gave careful consideration to bailing out but decided to stay with the airplane for a while and conserve altitude as best we could. The weather at our airfield near Wendling had not improved, but we had little choice but to try to return there.

"We were about due south of Norwich ten miles or so when we spotted an airport through a hole in the clouds, our first good luck of the day. We descended through the hole in the clouds and went through the before-landing checklists, lowered wing flaps to the landing position, lowered the landing gear, and turned to line up with a runway from west of the airport when the thick bullet-resistant windshield and side windows iced up, a common occurrence when descending in cold weather in a temperature inversion. We could not pull up and go around with the landing gear and flaps down with only two engines operating—we were committed to landing.

"Jack and I could not see through the iced-up windshields and windows. We had to continue our descent to keep air speed above stalling. Through a small clear place on my side window I saw men running at full speed, and I also saw that we were about to touch down. I assumed those men were running from a building of some sort and we were lined up to hit it. Without any thought and perhaps with instinct, I pushed full left rudder which caused the airplane to slew

around to the left and we touched down in a sideways attitude. The landing gear snapped off; the two outside engine propellers broke off and went cartwheeling across the airfield.

"We slid sideways on the fuselage for a long way on the ice and snow; it seemed like forever. The fuselage was broken behind the cockpit area and the nose tilted up, which enlarged the window to my right a bit so that I was able to go through it with my backpack parachute on. Likewise Jack went out the left cockpit window. I ran along the right side of the airplane, stopped at the waist window to look in to see if everyone was out, continued around the tail and there they were, all nine of them and nobody had a scratch.



The top photo shows the props from #186's outside engines are indeed missing. The bottom photo was taken by someone standing on top of the control tower at Seething. The a/c nearly slid into the tower, but came even closer to hitting the latrine which was located less than 50 feet in front of the tower. A B-24 belonging to the 448th Bomb Group is taxiing by on the far side of the 392nd's ship.

"We had landed at Seething, the home of the 448th Bomb Group, and we had missed the control tower by only 100 feet or so. An ambulance pulled up in a few minutes and took us to the base hospital where the doctor looked us over to be certain there were no injuries. For medicinal purposes, someone brought out a bottle of 100-proof rye whisky. We took our medicine like real men. Someone called our base at Wendling and a truck came for us in an hour or so. So ended a bad day for the Clarke crew. It could have been much worse!"

Post-Mission Problems

Many crews got back to England only to encounter problems there.

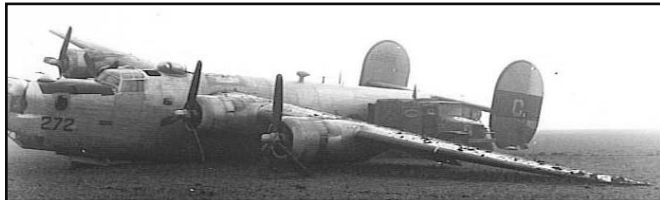
14 Feb 1945 Mission

Returning crews were directed to land on runway 26. 2/Lt Willis K. Prater's crew, 577, coming back with one engine out and low on fuel, was the second to land. When he set down

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at 4:19pm, his right main landing gear collapsed, blocking the runway. All crews still aloft were told to maintain their landing pattern circuit until Flying Control was ready for landings on runway 31. During the eight minutes that it took Flying Control to change runways, pilot 2/Lt John B. Kelly, 576th, circled the field as directed, in #42-95272. He had "checked



On 14 Feb 1945, two aircraft low on fuel crashed at Wendling. Top photo: repair work begins on #42-50390. Bottom photo: #42-95272, Pursuit of Happiness, was fit only for salvage.

our gas after leaving enemy coast. There appeared to be sufficient fuel to return to home base. [As we circled] the field for a short time, I instructed the engineer to put all fuel valves on 'Tank to engine to crossfeed' position. As I was turning on the base leg all engines quit. We immediately crash landed in a field, being unable to reach the runway. There were no injuries to personnel."

2/Lt James E. Muldoon Jr.

On 9 Mar 1944, Muldoon's crew, aboard #42-7624, Flying 8 Ball, was on its way to Brandenburg, on the outskirts of Berlin. In the 392nd's anthology, *20th Century Crusaders*, Muldoon tells what happened next. "As expected, flak was heavy during the bomb run and within a minute our #1 and #4 engines were hit and disabled. We salvoed the bombs and dropped to 15,000 feet, but began to ice up and lost more precious altitude.

"While heading for home, we dumped all moveable equipment to lighten the ship and emerged from the clouds somewhere near Amsterdam, where flak hit us again and left #2 engine burning and streaming smoke, but still producing some power.

"We limped across the North Sea on 1½ engines, gradually losing height and expecting to ditch at any time. We were down to 700 feet above the waves when England's east coast appeared through the mist and fog. After crossing the coast, we looked for anywhere to put down and saw what we thought was an airfield. However, as we touched down we realized that it was unfinished, with men and their construction equipment all over the field, which we later learned was near Beccles, Suffolk.

"We deliberately steered off the incomplete 1,000-foot

runway onto rough and uneven ground, bouncing along, shedding an engine and two propellers, then hitting the concrete edge of an intersecting runway at speed, hard enough to rip off the landing gear. The sliding, uncontrollable airplane then swerved violently around and came to a shuddering stop, broken apart in three separate pieces, but mercifully without any fire. We scrambled out of every available exit and you never saw 10 men get out of a B-24 so fast.

"But it didn't end there. The senior Corps of Engineers officer, in charge of construction, wasn't too impressed or happy with us for crash-landing on his unfinished airfield and said so. You would have thought we'd made a special point of deliberately selecting his field to put down at. To add insult to injury, he also reprimanded us for our 'unmilitary appearance.'

"However, the 'chewing out' was more than erased when Gen Jimmy Doolittle later awarded me the Distinguished Flying Cross medal for, among other things, 'saving the lives of the crew and the workmen on the airfield.'"

2/Lt Willis G. Blakeley

On 31 Dec 1944, 576th pilot 2/Lt Blakeley and crew were returning from the day's mission aboard #44-10528. Blakeley said, "I was circling the field for landing, having trouble extending the nose wheel. It wouldn't extend on the first pass at the runway. We went around again and kicked out the nose wheel, to start on a second pass at the runway. I turned on the base leg with the other planes in the pattern, informing the tower by R/T that we were low on gas. While turning to the final approach numbers 3 and 4 engines cut out, and then numbers 2 and 1. I feathered all engines and proceeded to crash land ... in a short farm field. I lost approximately two-thirds speed before hitting a fence row with shrubbery. This changed our course 180° and stopped the airplane."

According to *Over Here, The Americans in Norfolk During World War Two*, the plane impacted near Hall Farm, Beetley. "Dennis Duffield, a youngster at the time, recalled: 'It was a Sunday afternoon, about 2.45pm, and my father and I were out poaching rabbits. Suddenly, we saw a lot of flares and we ran back. When we reached the field, the aircraft laid there and all the crew just stood around... I spoke to them and they gave us their candy. But we lost our dinner because of all that.' The plane laid in the field until March, by which time a salvage team had removed the aircraft's machine guns and Dennis recovered the control column and instrument panel as souvenirs of the day a Liberator fell to earth and interrupted his poaching expedition."



Radio operator Richard J. Spades said they were "headed nose first into the ground when the plane with Blakeley's help righted itself as we hit the ground." Incredibly, no one was injured.

BOOK REVIEWS: POWS

by Greg Hatton

Editor's note: Greg's father, Sgt Hyman Hatton, 576th, became a POW on 29 Apr 1944. Greg has spent decades looking for "the stories my father never told me." In the process, he has become knowledgeable on the subject of POWs in Europe. In this article, he examines books and manuscripts in his collection that are by or about 392nd BG POWs.

The combat diary is a familiar format for writing about the experience of war. Six former Crusaders who were prisoners of war have had their personal accounts published. Writing about events allowed these airmen to concentrate and regain focus after missions or to endure their difficult days of captivity. Recalling those days allowed them to expand their perspectives on the events they were part of.



Sgt Richard H. Hoffman

Richard H. Hoffman (LtCol, Ret.) flew in the early days of combat, during the fall of 1943. The ball turret gunner on the Nicholson crew (579th), he went down in Georgie Belle on November 5. **Stalag 17b: Prisoner of War** (Xlibris Corp., 1988) is an accurate portrayal of the people and events taking place in the prison camp made famous

by Hollywood. It's evident that training acquired as an intelligence officer and historian later in his Air Force career was put to good use while writing this book.

The first chapter recounts his final mission and subsequent capture. However, Hoffman's well-crafted stories focus mainly on the 18 months he spent at the camp for enlisted airmen in Krems, Austria. The American sergeants had arrived only weeks before him, so he was part of the early efforts to organize and cope with their ruthless German captors. Stalag 17b was limited in size, so the camp population remained under 5000 men. Hoffman's stories underscore how skilled airmen, held in tight quarters, survived.

2/Lt Jack H. Adams



The Lamma crew (577th) arrived at Wendling after flying 800 hours of sub patrol over the North Atlantic (thereby giving them credit for completing 12 to 16 combat missions). They seemed well on their way to completing their combat tour. However, on November 13, 1943, after only two missions with the 392nd, 2/Lt Jack Adams was shot down. Fighters attacked Mac's Sack 2 before it reached the target.

Written in association with Ann Moore, **Lest We Forget: A Navigator's Tale** (self-published, 2013), is dedicated to the generation of airmen with whom Adams served. Although 100 pages are devoted to reprinting his elaborate "POW Wartime Log," life at Stalag Luft 1 is not his primary focus. Well-educated and reflective, Adams reveals himself through relationships with men and women who were part of his wartime years.



T/Sgt Robert D. Davis

In 2005, after a career in metallurgy, Robert Davis tackled a biography, **Growing Up—And Then Some!** Focused on his youth in Springfield, Ohio, it was about growing up during the Depression. Davis included chapters about the Eisermann crew and his life after the War. His daughter persuaded him to write about that experience in more detail. The result was **Before I Forget** (AuthorHouse 2011). *I'm no longer touting total recall; I might even be given to a little exaggeration... but I'll try not to distort things.*

His crew departed for England on February 12, 1944, taking the southern route. The first of twelve missions began on April 10. Flying a variety of 578th planes, including Jaw Ja Boy and Pallas Athene, his career as a radio operator ended abruptly on May 29. All the enlisted crewmen were sent to Stalag Luft 4. After eight months in captivity, they became part of the evacuation across Germany known as the Long March.

Davis's memories are pithy and colorful. After ferrying their B-24 to the replacement depot at Stone, the crew made their way to Crumlin, Northern Ireland. Entering his first pub, he ordered a Bushmills *because I had heard my brother Dan talk about it. I took one sip of this Irish whiskey, the train whistle blew—fortunately—and I went back to the train.*

Irish whiskey is an acquired taste. I did persist. And persist. It took years. It was acquired.



1/Lt H. Everett Thomas

It's been said that even though your skills improved, your odds of surviving combat didn't change much. H. Everett Thomas (LtCol, Ret.), bombardier on the Jones crew, proves the point. The complete title of his memoir is **33 Heavy Bomber Missions with the 576th Sq., 392nd BG, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force And Then 10 Months in Stalag Luft 3, Forced March, Box Car Ride and Stalag 7a** (self-published, 1993). It's a chronicle of his path from Cadet training to Tucson, where so many 392nd crews were formed, and then onward. On July 7, 1944, he heard those familiar words: For You the War is Over!

It's almost unbelievable, and a bit eerie to sit here a half century later to write and assemble my diary, histories and memoirs into a book called 33 and Then 10. The entry into service, the training, the actual combat, life in POW camps, the forced march, the boxcar rides between camps and life after liberation is a story to tell... I shiver at times when I recall the lonely, isolated feeling up in the nose turret when we were under fighter attack. Lying down on the floor of a boxcar was impossible, except for a few moments; we were stacked like matches... Being liberated and knowing after

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all this time you would be heading home soon was great for me... [These things] made me learn the value of life itself... and to appreciate freedom...



S/Sgt Odell Dobson

Mission #166 was on September 11, 1944. Five planes and aircrews were lost. Fighters attacked Ford's Folly; waist gunner S/Sgt Odell Dobson and radio operator T/Sgt Roger Clapp Jr. were the only survivors from the Rudd crew (578th). Severely injured, Dobson was in German hospitals for weeks before being sent to Stalag Luft 4.

While on vacation in Spain many years later, Dobson met BBC broadcaster Bruce Lewis. Lewis had been an RAF flier and was assembling the material for **Four Men Went to War** (St. Martin's Press, 1989). Dobson was primed and ready for that meeting. Active with both the 392nd BGMA and American Ex-Prisoners of War, he was part of the process where vets were weaving together pieces of their common memory.



1/Lt Coleman Jacobson

On the same mission as Ford's Folly, Lady Diana (579th) took a direct hit by flak. Fortunately, the entire Haines crew managed to bail out. Bombardier Coleman Jacobson was captured and spent eight months at Luft 1 in Barth, Germany.

Lt Jacobson went on to medical school and eventually established himself in Dallas. Like Dobson, he was caught up in the wave of POW re-connections. That placed him squarely in the path of a remarkable effort by a former 8th AF POW from North Dakota. Elmer Lian was videotaping scores of men through the auspices of the University of North Dakota. Jacobson eventually met author Erik Dyreborg in Copenhagen. Aside from his insightful narrative about camp life, Jacobson's contribution to **The Captured Ones: American Prisoners of War in Germany**

1944-1945 (iUniverse, 2006) includes unique photos he took of the camp after liberation.

Oberursal

The center for an airman's interrogation was initially situated just outside of Nuremburg, in Oberursal. Dulag Luft was staffed by hand-picked intelligence personnel. The techniques devised by Hans Scharff are legendary among Allied airmen and historians. After capture, the prisoners were quickly transported to the facility in order to take advantage of their disorientation after combat. Placed in a cramped, dark cell with little food or water, airmen were then subjected to a series of interrogations designed to coerce seemingly innocent bits of information. Lt Jack Adams speaks for the thousands who shared that experience:

To describe the time I spent in solitary confinement as a black hole is to say it all... I vividly recall having been [there] for two weeks... it was extremely strange to find myself being held so tightly under someone else's control. Not only was I unable to leave the tiny cell more than a few times a day... but during that time no conversation whatsoever was allowed... One day blurred into another with unbroken similarity, enough to unnerve a strong man... During the interrogation process I was strongly aware of how effective solitary confinement was in developing an urge to talk once there was an opportunity...

There was a unanimous feeling among those going through the process that the collection of personal data from public sources in the United States was a very effective tool in convincing prisoners that there was no point in trying to withhold information... it had a jarring impact when, as POWs, we heard all about ourselves from the enemy...

For Sgt Hoffman, captured only a few days before, that interview process took a surprising turn:

"You don't have to tell me anything! I already know all about you." He reached under the desk and pulled out a red leather-bound book. Gold lettering on the cover spelled out "392nd Bomb Group." He pulled out a second red leather book and waved it. "This is your squadron's. We know everything." The German recited all kinds of information about the group, starting from the day it arrived in England. He named people and their jobs, then flipped the group

See POWs on page 10

FOLDED WINGS REPORT

Please report the death of a member or spouse and provide a copy of the newspaper obituary if possible.

Name of deceased _____ Unit/Sqdn _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Date of death _____ Survivors _____

Reported by _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The 392nd BGMA is engaged in a fund-raising effort to financially support our website, www.b24.net. It contains the history of the 392nd Bomb Group. You could make no greater tribute to your loved one than a donation for this living and ongoing memorial to the 392nd. Please send this report, hopefully with your check payable to the 392nd BGMA-Website, but send it with or without it, to: Annette Tison, 9107 Wood Pointe Way, Fairfax Station, VA 22039

POWs from page 9

book open and turned it around. "This is a picture of your bomb dump, isn't it?" I ... didn't know whether it was or not. "Why ask me if you know all the answers?" "Oh, just to confirm it. What were the radio call letters for today? What was your crew position?" ...

An answer would have confirmed my group connection. The interrogator kept on with the questions and started to become abrasive. He insisted that I answer him. I was fed up with the entire process and decided to ask some questions of my own... "Do you really believe that Germany will win the war?" "There is no question about that! We will win the war!" he growled. "Do the Russians really tie your soldiers to their tank treads and run them over?"

The interrogator slammed his fists down on the desk and leaped to his feet in a rage. His chair flew back and crashed against the wall... His violent reaction had startled and frightened me... The German calmed down and asked more questions, but I stopped him. "Surely you must realize that I cannot answer your questions... under similar circumstances, you would feel the same way."

...A moment later someone knocked on the door. [He] held out a pack of cigarettes to me. It was a friendly pose. ... A guard escorted an RAF airman into the room. The interrogator's face turned red ...then he yelled at the guard. From what I could understand, he had brought in an airman with the same name as my tail gunner. I'd been set up to make Pappy think that I had cooperated with them."

On the Train and POW Life

By the time of Sgt Davis's capture, the process for airmen had become somewhat abbreviated. After interrogation, Allied airmen stayed at the adjacent transit camp, now in Wetzlar. Within a few days, most enlisted men departed for Stalag Luft 6 in what is now Lithuania, Stalag Luft 4 in Poland or Stalag 17b in Austria. Looking back on that journey, Davis tells what he found in his new camp:

They took away all our flying clothes and gave us regular GI olive drab uniforms. The shoes, however, were poorly made; very stiff, ankle-high, lace-ups. There must have been two or three hundred of us put into boxcars and shipped out of Wetzlar. I exchanged glances with Lt Eisermann in the courtyard just before we left for the train. Still going by the rules—don't recognize your fellow crew member.

Our destination was Stalag Luft 4...close to the Baltic Sea... about five hundred miles. They packed us in... with [little] food or water. Somewhere during the trip, they stopped... to let us out of the cars to relieve ourselves. For many, it was too late—which hadn't helped the environment in the boxcars. The train tracks were built upon a high, grass-covered embankment... there was a desperate rush of bodies to get outside and soon there was a large number of bare bottoms decorating the embankment. One of the German non-coms, an obvious wit, yelled out: "Ein, zwie, drei....schizzen."

...we arrived at Stalag Luft 4 close to the middle of June. It was a typical camp... with double rows of very high barbed wire and guard towers with machine guns all around and in between the lagers... Inside the barbed wire, at a distance of some ten yards or so, was a white wooden fence... if you stepped over the fence for any reason, you would be shot...

Each barracks, ten per compound with twenty rooms in each, initially housed sixteen men per room although that number steadily increased as the war went on. The bunks had wooden slats and straw mattresses... an inch thick [that] hung down between the slats. The technique for sleeping was to keep one slat under your feet, one or two if you had them under your butt, one or two under your shoulders and the last under your head and neck.

...During the summer months, most of us just wore our underwear shorts outside. That helped with the lice, but then we were exposed to the sand fleas. When it got cooler, the lice... would get into the seams of your clothes, and as soon as your body heat had warmed them up enough, they would start to move. You would try to catch them and crush them with your fingernails, but you couldn't win, for there was always one more crawling around your body somewhere.

I would no more than get comfortable on the slats—and did I say comfortable?—than the lice would start to move—and continue to do so all through the night.

In early July, several of us caught diphtheria. We were put into quarantine in one room... I can still remember the rasping sound of our breathing—or trying to breathe. ... After ten days, they finally got some serum to us... When we were well, they released us from quarantine in the shuttered-up barracks room. They neglected to tell us to protect our eyes from the sunlight for at least two weeks... so my 20/15 vision went bye-bye.

Lt Harry Thomas speaks through his combat diary entries until he begins to write about his confinement at Stalag Luft 3. This is the camp of "Great Escape" fame.

Enlisted men voted for "the Man of Confidence" who managed affairs within the camp and negotiated with the Germans for compliance with the Geneva Conventions. Officers' camps maintained the "chain of command."

I guess maintaining a rather decent semblance of military life was our biggest asset... officers like Vanaman, Spivey and Goodrich are due a tremendous note of thanks for their sacrifices and contributions. Chain of command worked. Block commanders had their share of responsibilities and true to life, some did great and some did not...

The bread ration per week was one loaf. The loaves were heavy, over 2 pounds, probably due to a good part of the bread being sawdust. Blood sausage was not eaten by many of the POWs. I didn't like it worth a damn but I ate it! When we did get a few ounces of meat, it was usually bad, but edible. About the last of August,... we started receiving only one half Red Cross food parcel per week.

Cooking was a hurry up deal for everyone. Each combine had so much time allotted to cook the meal for their "family" back in the combine. Only about a half hour was given to each group.

This is not reported, but it happened a lot. Good friends for months in close confines of the camp would start quarrelling and ended up blowing to pieces and being on the verge of fighting over very small and insignificant disagreements. We were all lonely, homesick, unhappy and tired of our life... it's a wonder we all got along as well as we did for so long. My mail call from July 1944 until June 1945 was zero. Not even a postcard did I receive the entire time I was captured."

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The Long March

Morale in the camps after D-Day was buoyed by the thought that the Allies were winning and that the Kriegies [short for *kriegsgefangener*, the German word for POW] might soon be liberated. Eight months later, in the middle of the coldest winter on record, the fragile illusion of security slipped away. Except for Stalag Luft 1, prisoners in all the camps in Germany were forced to begin marching west, away from the approaching Russian army.

Bruce Lewis, who tells S/Sgt Odell Dobson's story, describes the events of February 5, 1945: *"The kriegies in Stalag Luft 4 could hear the sound of exploding shells as the Russian military opened up nearby... There was a great deal of speculation among the flyers... could this mean that they were to be free at last... Thinking that tomorrow might be an important day, Odell went to bed early. At daylight, the POWs were paraded in the compound. They were told that they were to move to Stargard, 150 kilometers to the west and they must be ready to march at once. It took Odell no time at all to collect his possessions: a toothbrush and a deck of cards. For good measure, he grabbed two Red Cross food parcels and slung them round his neck. Hurriedly, the men were marched out of the camp under heavy guard... Odell was near the front of his particular column of 300 men.... So, in near arctic conditions, Odell and his companions became part of the mass trek westward... it involved a significant portion of the population of central Europe to which POWs added their numbers.*

Odell's first reaction was a feeling of exhilaration at being freed from the confines of the camp. Although it was bitterly cold, the kriegies were walking at a brisk pace. They had parcels of food... enough to last them until they reached their destination in about four days time. They were able to enjoy those first few hours as their column moved steadily through the forest. If they had known what lay ahead of them, their good spirits would have drained away like melting snow. They would have found it inconceivable that eighty days later, they would still be trudging wearily on.

Stalag 17b had its own march. In early April 1945, the POWs encountered two or three hundred Jews and political prisoners being marched away from Mauthausen concentration camp. SS guards killed at least twenty-two of them as the POWs looked on in horror. Hoffman wrote, *The Twenty-Third Psalm rushed to my mind, and I prayed hard. If ever there was a Valley of Death, we were in it.*

Stalag Luft 1

The vagaries of war placed two young men from New Haven, Connecticut, into the bombers of the 392nd and then into the barracks of Stalag Luft 1. Coleman Jacobson became a POW a year after Jack Adams but was separated by time and place. They were, however, both part of the uncertain days at Barth in 1945.

We did have a radio... We were getting the BBC every night. Somebody would write out the salient headlines and they were distributed in some surreptitious fashion so each barracks got it. At nighttime, when the lights went out, this was passed around and we talked about where the lines were. It got to be pretty exciting after October of 1944 as the Allies advanced.

Up north, where we were, there wasn't a great deal of military activity. There wasn't any place to move the POWs. They were moving... the other camps west. The Germans seemed to want to hold onto prisoners for political reasons... there was some question of what would happen to American POWs if the Russians liberated us and we were put under the control of a Russian commander. That did eventually happen. We stayed at Stalag Luft 1 for quite some time into May until we were evacuated. The rumor was that they would take us into Russia then send us back to the Black Sea. We had no way of knowing.

So, everybody was planning to evacuate the camp by Christmas. Someone made a bet that we would be out of camp by December 25th; if we weren't, he would kiss the guy's ass in front of everybody at Appell [roll call] one morning. We were still there, so sure enough, the winner pulled down his britches and the loser kissed him right in the place where he said he would.... it was a source of great laughter for us but great consternation to the Germans.

[Morale] took a turn for the worse when things got good for the Germans... soon after, our Red Cross parcels abruptly stopped. The Germans told us that they didn't have any more because [the packages] weren't getting through. This sounded plausible, but it was a big lie... after they evacuated the area in the beginning of May, we ransacked their supplies.... They had tons of Red Cross food... as well as shoes and overcoats which we never got...

When we awoke on the morning of May 1, we realized that for us, the war was over. The guard towers were empty; there were no Germans around, everybody had disappeared. [POW commander] Colonel Zemke put his own people in charge in each of the compounds, with strict orders that nobody was to be leaving the camp and order was to be maintained. As far as I was concerned, as soon as I had word there were no Germans in the area, I disappeared out of North 2 compound and on to the road to Barth. There I obtained three cameras, film and some other contraband. I returned to the camp and began taking pictures of the camp and as many individuals as I could get together.

On the afternoon of May 3, something remarkable happened. A few Russians came into the camp. One of them, a Russian Colonel, was riding a horse and was stinking drunk from vodka. He had a pistol in his hand and was shouting. He wanted to know why we weren't breaking windows, burning down the barracks and going into town to do all the things good soldiers are supposed to do. He did convince Colonel Zemke [to loosen up]... this let out a bit of pent up energy... some of the Texas boys were able to round up a couple of cows... so they were making steaks on a spit for the evening meal...

I was getting a little impatient... I was going to try to get out on my own. I still have the pass, written in Russian, saying that I was an American from Barth prison camp and was to be given whatever help necessary. [After several days]... we got to the British lines on the Elbe River... [and from there to Paris and home].

Editor's note: The photos of the former POWs are courtesy of Robert Davis, Richard Hoffman's book cover, Kyle Weinstein (Jacobson), Marsha Emanuel (Thomas), Michael Dobson (Odell), and Ann Moore (Adams).

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

by Tom Perry, 576th Sqdn Armorer

Just about everyone, when asked, says they want to go to heaven when they die. The Bible clearly states the way in the Book of Romans Chapter 10, verses 9,10, and 11. "...that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." For the Scripture says, "Whoever believes on Him will not be put to shame."



**THE 392ND MEMORIAL
AT WENDLING**

But we...shall be remember'd;



**We few, we happy few,
we band of brothers.**



**For he to-day that sheds
his blood with me
Shall be my brother...**

William Shakespeare
Henry V

392nd Bomb Group Memorial Association
9107 Wood Pointe Way
Fairfax Station, VA 22039
USA

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

First Class Mail

Almighty God, Who has blessed us with the will and courage to do our duty, we praise You for our comrades whose death kept freedom living. We praise You also for giving us the years we have lived since their departure. We pray that You will strengthen and sustain our devotion to truth and justice, so that we may be faithful beneficiaries of their sacrifice. Continue Your mercy to our comrades; keep them in Your care; and bring us all at last into Your presence there to rejoice Eternally. Amen. — Composed by 576th pilot the late Very Reverend Robert C. Martin, former Dean of the Cathedral at Erie, Pennsylvania.

∞FOLDED WINGS∞

Perry O. Onstot, 579/8, December 13, 2013
Helen M. Carter, wife of Calvin, 578, November 28, 2009
Dette Polking, widow of Warren, 578, May 10, 2013
Samuel Poppel, 577, January 6, 2014
Donald R. LeTourneau, 577, December 31, 2013
Harry Walz, 577, January 22, 2014
Roger C. Krueger, 578, January 1, 2014
Ismael V. Sanchez, 576, March 16, 2009
Miguel "Mike" Serna, 576, June 23, 2013
Cliff Poshadlo, 465th Sub Depot, March 5, 2014