

Volume 34 Number 1

Spring 1995



WANT TO SAVE YOURSELF AND THE 2ADA MONEY?

Keep your address up to date with Evelyn Cohen.

It costs the 2ADA extra money
to resend the JOURNAL to your correct address.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

CHARLES (CHUCK) WALKER



I begin this article with the fervent hope that you all enjoyed a Happy Holiday Season. Each of us has so much to be thankful for if we just take the time to count our blessings. I am especially thankful for all the attention and good care I received during my hospital sojourn last fall. Time will not permit acknowledging all the good wishes and cards I received, but they were very much appreciated and contributed to my rapid recovery. Thank you very much. My advice — get a physical and take a stress test as preventive medicine. It paid off for me!

I am confident that 1995 will be a banner year for the Second Air Division Association. There is much to be accomplished. Had you attended the midterm executive committee meeting 4-5 December in Lexington, you would have no reservations about the dedication of the association's governing body. Every group was represented and took part in discussions. Sure, there were disagreements on some subjects that resulted in heated debate in a few cases, but the talent, clear thinking, professionalism and willingness to hammer out the best solution for the association prevailed on all issues. I am proud to be associated with such a fine group of men and women.

Bud Koorndyk's report on the Norwich library rebuilding plan included a description of the proposed construction of a "modular alcove" in the temporary lending library now being created. The alcove will be similar to that which contained our Roll of Honor and the three flags in the destroyed Memorial Room. It will also include a wall plaque explaining the purpose and dedication of this memorial. The plan envisions this "module" then being moved intact into the new Norwich Central Library when it is ready for occupancy. Bud praised how well the British recovery plan is working and the progress they have made. Hilary Hammond is doing an outstanding job of overseeing the establishment of a temporary lending library while at the same time planning for the construction of a new Central Library. Koorndyk's report was well received.

The long awaited Second Air Division history book (see page 35) has been delivered to subscribers. It is indeed a magnificent book, beautifully done, all encompassing and accurate beyond expectations. The only complaints we now hear are from those who were not included because they failed to send in their biographical sketches, pictures and stories. Therefore, an agreement has been entered into with Turner Publishing to proceed with the publication of a "Volume II" of our history, thus giving those who missed the boat on Volume I a second chance. I urge you to get your bios and pictures in to Turner on the double.

The executive committee selected a new editor for the *Journal*. Gene Hartley, editor of the 389th newsletter, was selected on the basis of his background in journalism, his demonstrated talent as editor of his group newsletter, and his being the most experienced and best qualified 2ADA member willing to fill the void left by Bill Robertie. Gene will be in complete charge of the day-to-day tasks of editing and publishing our *Journal*. He will be under the policy guidance of the VP communications and the executive committee. Paul Tardiff at Defiance Graphics Corporation has done an excellent job of publishing our *Journal* for several years and carried on admirably after Bill Robertie fell ill; however, as a professional printer, Paul knows full well that it is proper for an editor to choose a printer he is comfortable working with and that is close at hand. It is sad parting with an old friend who has been of outstanding service to the association for so many years. Thank you, Paul; all of us wish you the best.*

Evelyn Cohen gave a rundown on plans for our VE Day celebration in Norwich in May. It looks like another banner return to the "homeland" of the 2AD. Hopefully, Norwich's temporary lending library will be open and our memorial alcove will be in place. If you are thinking about attending, check with Evelyn immediately. The same applies to the 48th annual convention of the 2nd Air Division Association, July 3-6, 1995 in Lexington, Kentucky. The midterm executive committee attendees can attest to what a fine facility and locale Lexington offers. We sure hope to see you all there.

Too many of our members are moving or changing status without informing Evelyn. This is costing the association unnecessary confusion and expense, so please let Evelyn know of any change, temporary or permanent, in your status.

In summary, I again applaud the participation of all the group vice presidents and their contributions to one of the most productive and successful executive committee meetings on record. It's this kind of dedication and cooperation that will assure the re-creation of our Memorial Room in the shortest possible time.

*Since President Walker submitted his message, Gene Hartley for his own personal reasons decided to decline this appointment. ■

AS YOU READ YOUR JOURNAL...

OVER THE RAINBOW.....9

I saw someone waving at me frantically to get down and stay down... Little did I know this was my first contact with the Belgian resistance organization.

THE INFAMOUS KASSEL RAID.....21

The 445th BG was almost wiped out, and I went down on my last mission... The battle lasted only a few minutes, but it was a horrendous attack.

RUSSELL, MISSING IN ACTION.....27

My immediate reaction was one of excitement. I had never received a telegram before, and for one quick moment I was exhilarated. In the next moment, I was shocked into numbness.

HELP WANTED:

VE DAY PROJECT.....39

The *Eastern Daily Press* of Norwich, England is planning a special 50th anniversary supplement consisting of recollections from civilians and servicemen and women, telling their stories of VE Day; the celebrations and any outstanding memories.

Enjoy your Journal. It's good reading!

JOURNAL EDITOR

Page three of the Fall *Journal* indicated that the editorial function was being filled, for the time being, by a team. It was made up of the editorial review board (formed to back up Bill Robertie) and our first class printer/publisher, Defiance Graphics Corporation of Rowley, Massachusetts.

This team has been operating since December, 1990. After we lost Bill, it was planned to continue the team approach until it appeared we must do something else. That determination was made during the December 5, 1994 executive committee meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, where Gene Hartley, 389th BG vice president, and editor of his group's newsletter, was selected to replace Bill. Gene was slated to assume his role starting with the Summer 1995 *Journal*, the deadline for which is March 15, 1995.

However, for personal reasons, since Lexington, Gene decided to decline this appointment. Accordingly, until further action is taken by the executive committee, we will continue to publish as we have been doing. We are sure that the matter will be decided no later than July in Lexington. ■

Second Air Division Association

General Fund 1993-1994 – Annual Financial Report

<u>CATEGORIES</u>	<u>DETAILS</u>	<u>SUB-TOTALS</u>	<u>TOTALS</u>
June 30, 1993 Balance			\$230,764.99
1993-1994 Receipts			
Membership Dues		\$116,678.00	
Convention Receipts		\$9,109.25	
Interest Income		\$14,976.20	
Computer Receipts		\$499.55	
Roster Sales		\$340.00	
Video Sales		\$277.60	
Total 1993-1994 Receipts			<u>\$141,880.60</u>
Balance and Receipts			\$372,645.59
1993-1994 Disbursements			
Memorial Library			
Donation			
Representative Expenses	\$984.65		
Trusts	\$2,000.00	\$2,984.65	
Journal (4 issues)			
Publishing & Printing	\$37,423.41		
Postage	\$6,878.48	\$44,301.89	
VP Membership Office			
Rent	\$5,700.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$4,529.83	\$10,229.83	
VP Journal Office			
Rent	\$6,000.00		
Expenses	\$2,907.19		
Equipment	\$39.96	\$8,947.15	
VP Computer Office			
Rent	\$1,200.00		
Expenses	\$160.08		
Equipment	\$736.15	\$2,096.23	
Treasurer Office			
Rent	\$1,200.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$941.12		
Equipment	\$119.25	\$2,260.37	
Audit Committee		\$2,326.07	
Awards Committee		\$719.51	
Bank Charges		\$203.43	
Donations		\$40,994.00	
Executive Committee Expenses		\$17,563.55	
Other VPs & Officer Expenses		\$8,079.91	
Total 1993-1994 Disbursements			<u>\$140,706.59</u>
June 30, 1994 Balance			\$231,939.00

Elwood W. Nothstein
TREASURER

A few weeks ago, my wife Terry and I enjoyed one of those special days which come along during a lifetime. We celebrated our 45th wedding anniversary and enjoyed the company of friends at a dinner party in Dallas. The striking thing about the dinner is that it was attended by seventeen close friends, seven of whom are members of the Second Air Division Association. Now that is a number to conjure with because none of the seven 2ADA people were known to us fifteen years ago. They were not from *my group* or *any one group*, but rather from several groups as well as Headquarters. Were it not for my membership in the 2ADA, I probably would not have even known these people, let alone enjoyed their company at our 45th wedding anniversary celebration.

Now to the point of this article. It is a well known axiom in the sales business that many orders are lost for the lack of *asking for the order*. Are we losing members because we don't bother asking them to join? I wonder how many non 2ADA members retain their group membership but have never been *asked* to join the mother organization. I'm not talking about "suggested" or "mentioned in passing," but rather, actually *asked!* *Asked* to fill out an application on the spot. *Asked* for a \$15.00 check, right now — not next month.

It is incredible to me, in fact incomprehensible, that a group organization (any group) could have a membership of 1,300 or more with only half that number or less listed as

GREETINGS FROM TEXAS!

GEOFF GREGORY, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT



members of the 2ADA. Could it be that someone is *not asking for the order?*

Of course there are exceptions to any rule. Some groups and group VPs have worked diligently toward the growth of the 2ADA. Their rosters reflect this. To those who have not made a concerted effort to bring *all* their membership into the rolls of the 2ADA, I make the suggestion that there will never be a better time to do so.

The next time a new member joins your

organization and doesn't extend his or her membership to the 2ADA, approach them with an application and a pen, and *ask* for a check on the spot. Tell them about the *Journal*, worth much more than \$15.00 per year. Tell them about our wonderful reunions held each year in a convenient part of the country. But most of all, tell them about the marvelous, dedicated people who await them with a welcoming hand extended. There are friendships waiting to happen — can you put a price on that? \$15.00?? Above all, *ask* them to join. Carry a few applications with you at group reunions. *Ask* for a check! I tried it at my last group reunion. There were three new group members I contacted personally. I received two orders.

I guess the point to all this is that I have been blessed with good friends in my time, but never as much as when I joined the 2ADA. Wonderful people, wonderful times, and wonderful friends. If they (the non-members) are missing it all, then I am saddened. It can be fixed. Won't you please ASK?

We are now entering a critical time in the history of our association. Our final mission lies ahead, and we all know what that is. We need the talents of all. Show our non-members that you care. ASK for the order!

Oh, yes — this article applies equally to all those current non 2ADA members who belong to your group organization. What a fertile field for prospecting that is — GO TO IT!!! ■

The executive committee of your Heritage League is pleased to bring you greetings and to update the progress of the league since the May 1994 meeting in Kansas City.

(1) We are pleased to report that we've had an increase of 75 members since June 1st. This is the largest number of new members to enroll during any previous six month period since the formation of the league.

Thank you for responding so well to the league's appeal for membership. Now that you have enrolled your descendants, we'll introduce your Heritage League to them; hopefully they will choose to continue active membership status.

(2) Our treasury balance is \$4,754.37 as of October 20th, 1994. This figure does not reflect the payment of dues for one year by 2ADA for associate members. Hopefully, the vice president membership will soon be ready to submit such a listing of 2ADA associate members to your officer for payment.

(3) Irene Hurner is working on public relations ideas for release in various media formats during 1995 and the 50th anniversary of the end of "your war." If you have any ideas or would like to offer your experiences with the Second Air Division for use as a human interest story, please contact any member of the league's executive committee.

(4) We, like all of you, have been greatly saddened by the fire at the Norwich Central



Library; we await your decision as to future support in rebuilding the memorial. We shall follow your committee's lead in supporting this effort.

(5) We are actively supporting the proposed Mighty Eighth Heritage Center and we included space for making donations in the form of honorariums and memorial tributes to 2ADA veterans and their fallen comrades on the renewal notices which were mailed in

December. The notice continues to offer a space for donations to the memorial in England as well.

(6) The league's nominating committee met in January. If you know of anyone interested in assisting the league in keeping the Second Air Division "alive," please have them contact Jeane Stites, former president of the Heritage League.

Finally, we are most grateful for having been allowed to have a member of the league's executive committee in attendance at the December 1994 2ADA executive committee meeting. We have a lot to learn from your expertise in administrating the workings of the association so that we can ensure its existence in the form of your Second Air Division Heritage League into perpetuity. We welcome any and all efforts for inclusion from 2ADA leadership.

We look forward to meeting and sharing with you in July, 1995! ■

2ADA LIFE MEMBERSHIPS NOW AVAILABLE!

Through 69 YEARS of AGE
\$150.00

70-79 YEARS of AGE
\$120.00

80 YEARS of AGE & Up
\$90.00

SEND YOUR CHECK, MADE
OUT TO 2ADA, TO EVELYN COHEN
With Your Application.

THE FRIENDS OF THE SECOND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL, HONORARY PRESIDENT, 2ADA

My job description as 2ADA liaison officer with the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial encourages periodic reports in the *Journal*, as well as regular reviews with the executive committee. The latter having been accomplished at the meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, December 4 & 5, forms the basis of this update to the membership.

THANKSGIVING 1994

I am happy to advise that last year, again, a festive observance took place in Norwich sponsored by the Friends. Ninety-one guests enjoyed a gala dinner and the opportunity to advance the foremost purposes of the organization, "to support the Memorial Trust, and to bring together those in East Anglia who have links with the 2nd Air Division."

As one of the attendees told me on the phone, "The spirit of friendliness exhibited at the Thanksgiving dinner assembly was stimulating and thrilling."

SUPPORTING THE REBUILDING EFFORTS

It was gratifying to learn yesterday from Keith Thomas, chairman of the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial, that they have just turned over to the capital fund of the trust a handsome donation of £500.

Their program for 1995 includes a series of film shows featuring the Memorial, a 1940s dance party, and a series of barbecues near one of our bases.

JOINT EFFORTS FOR 2AD VISITORS

At the meeting in Lexington I described a

plan on which we have been working for some time with Keith Thomas and David Hastings (vice chairman of the Board of Governors and liaison officer with the Friends) to provide a list for group vice presidents containing the names, addresses and phone numbers of Norwich area volunteers who could be called on for base visits. It was emphasized to the meeting that any visit by 2AD veterans and/or their families should start at the Memorial Room (temporary or otherwise) but that in view of the tragic fire and all the additional work to be done, arrangements for base visits could be made in advance with base contacts.

Such a list would be made up of the wonderful group of people who have been working with Phyllis DuBois for some time, *plus* members of the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial who are eager to serve the same purpose. It is no surprise that many names are on both lists.

When I interrupted my presentation to the executive committee to ask the group VPs for their reaction, the answer was immediately and uniformly favorable.

After further discussion with Keith and David on 11 December, I was pleased to hear from David on the 12th that Phyllis had faxed him her list and Keith had delivered his and that the combined list will be forwarded promptly.

So, by now, each group VP will have two or more names to provide anyone planning on visiting Norwich. Please give these good people the courtesy of making base visit arrangements *in advance*, and make the starting point of your sentimental journey a

visit with Phyllis at the Memorial headquarters. Advance notice to her, too, is urgently advised.

AMERICAN MEMBERSHIP IN THE FRIENDS OF THE 2AD MEMORIAL

Last May at Kansas City, I was pleased to be able to report to the executive committee that every one of them and all the group VPs present had joined the Friends, in addition to a dozen or more from the general membership. Well, now the 1995 dues are payable, and once again I offer to receive your \$5.00 checks (single membership) or \$8.00 checks (couples) *made out to me*, and I will remit to the Friends in pounds from the small account I maintain in Norwich.

The latest issue of their newsletter, *Second Thoughts*, was mailed in mid-December from New York. Please notify me if you did not receive your copy.

HISTORY

Just as a reminder, the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial organization was formed in 1988 under the leadership of trust governors in an effort to bring people from the base village areas into closer involvement with the Memorial. In addition to the purposes stated above, another aim was to promote friendship between its members and American colleagues *and their descendants*.

From the outset their efforts were endorsed and supported by the 2ADA executive committee as a powerful development toward locally broadening feelings for and knowledge of *our* Memorial.

LET US HELP THEM HELP US!!! ■

UPDATE ON THE ROLL OF HONOR

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL, HONORARY PRESIDENT, 2ADA

Since writing my article on "Rebuilding from the Ashes" (Winter 1994 *Journal*, page 19), much progress has been made. I reported to the executive committee in detail, on behalf of the Roll of Honor/Donations subcommittee at Lexington, Kentucky, December 4-5, and received their approval as follows:

(1) All the corrections of which we were aware (more than 400) have been inked in.

(2) The almost 700 names added since the original Roll of Honor was created have been arranged in alphabetical order on a computer disk (thanks to Chuck Walker) for blending into the original list.

(3) Additional verified names and missing serial numbers supplied by two group VPs have been added.

(4) Several duplications due to misspellings have been eliminated.

(5) Meetings have been held with two computer consultants (at no cost) as a result of

which it was decided to place the entire list on computer disk.

(6) The new revised total of names is now 6,697 (one new one since the executive committee meeting).

(7) One commercial computer service company has been contacted to determine costs of computer entry, papers, etc. Two more such companies will be consulted.

(8) A second photocopy of the entire Roll of Honor has been made for safety's sake. Copies of the additional names have been made also.

(9) Most advice so far favors acid free archival paper, and computer generated calligraphy.

(10) We have forwarded to the temporary 2AD Memorial Room headquarters a photocopy of each individual group Roll of Honor as they appear in the new 2nd Air Division history recently published by Turner Publishing

Company. This was requested and favorably received by the Board of Governors and Phyllis DuBois, who is operating our temporary quarters on Noverre Street, just across from the site of the Norwich Central Library. So much for the Roll of Honor...for now.

(11) As to the donations aspect of our work, we are not yet in position to determine specific needs. We again respectfully request that you be patient. We have received a few checks already which have been deposited in a separate fund. We are grateful as always for such support, but may we remind you that any and all checks sent in for any purpose should be made out to the 2nd Air Division Association.

We take this opportunity to repeat our thanks to the group VPs, the executive committee, and to our members who have written or phoned, for their good wishes. We will do this together, as always! ■

REPORT ON THE MEMORIAL ROOM

BY E. BUD KOORNDYK

This report, which is normally titled "Report on the Memorial Trust," is specifically focused for this issue on the library and the Memorial Room, its present day status and its future.

It has now been determined from the latest report I have received from Hilary Hammond, honorary chief executive officer of the Memorial Trust, that in all likelihood the entire Norwich Central Library will be demolished, including the stack towers (at one time it was hoped that they might be saved.) Consequently, the process of rebuilding now becomes a herculean task for Hilary and the County Council. Questions concerning site location, type of building incorporating the latest in library science, architectural planning, and numerous other concerns are now being considered. Hilary is still looking at a possible time span of from three to five years for completion of a new facility.

On the more positive side, my latest report to the 2ADA executive committee at Lexington, Kentucky in December, included the location of the new temporary lending library. It will be in the Glasswells Building on Ber Street, a short distance from the old Central Library. This lending library will include an office area for Phyllis DuBois, our trust librarian, and a section for our temporary Memorial Room. We will have completed for us upon our arrival in May, a replica of the old section of our library which incorporated the flags, the display table which held our Roll of Honor enclosed in glass and suitable wall plaques. The memorial element will be constructed so that upon the completion of the new library, it can be picked up in its entirety and placed within the Memorial Room of the new library.

Jordan Uttal and his committee are working on the completion of the Roll of Honor, John Conrad and his committee are obtaining the necessary flags and standards, and Geoff Gregory and his committee are busy helping Phyllis DuBois resurrect destroyed group histories.

Phyllis has been ordering new books and hopes to have a representative stack upon our arrival in May. Admiral Crowe, American ambassador in England, and Edward McBride, cultural attache and chairman of the Fulbright Commission, have made a donation of £3,500 to be used in whatever manner the trust sees fit for outside input or local input on the rebuilding process. They also have committed a collection of some 12,000 books from the closing of Quicksands, an RAF base used by American forces. A further gift of £400 for the transportation of these books to Norwich was an added gift.

Hilary Hammond and David Hastings are working on a short dedication of the new

temporary lending facility to be held during our VE Day trip in May.

At this time, I also would like to inform all of our members that Phyllis DuBois is recovering very nicely from the trauma of losing the library and wishes to thank everyone for their words of encouragement.

I did make an urgent request again to all the group VPs to seriously consider making a gift of \$1,000.00 to the Special Endowment Fund of the Memorial Trust. Some of the groups have already made this donation. This would assure into perpetuity a gift each year of a book purchased with the income of your gift with a bookplate in it as per the sample shown below. It also, again into perpetuity, would appear as a separate listing in the annual financial report under "special endowments." My goal is to have all bomb groups listed in this report.

It was suggested to me by one of the group VPs at the Lexington executive committee meeting that I display this sample of a bookplate. Each group would designate their own language and forward the donation and language to be used to E. Bud Koorndyk, 5184 N. Quail Crest Drive, Grand Rapids, MI 49546, and I will process the paperwork. ■



*Presented to the
2nd Air Division (USAAF)
Memorial Room
Norwich Central Library
by the _____ Bomb Group
in memory of all those
who gave their lives in defense
of freedom, 1942-1945*

THIS MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF ALL AMERICANS OF THE
2ND AIR DIVISION USAAF
WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE LINE OF DUTY,
7 NOVEMBER 1942 - 8 MAY 1945

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

BY C.N. "BUD" CHAMBERLAIN
CHAIRMAN, A.E.F.

On October 5, 1993, the 2ADA Executive Committee authorized the formation of the 2ADA American Educational Foundation (AEF) to manage the American Librarian Fund. This is the fund set up to provide an American librarian or other needed professional such as an educator, historian or archivist at the Memorial Room in Norwich.

The AEF was formed as a nonprofit corporation in Illinois and determined by the IRS on August 22, 1994 to be exempt from federal income taxes under IRS Code Section 501(a) as an organization described in Section 501(c)(3). Bylaws provide that the 2ADA shall be the sole voting member of the corporation acting through its executive committee.

Initial directors of the foundation are C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain (489th), James P. Dyke (453rd), Henry X. Dietch (HQ), Richard M. Kennedy (448th), and Jordan R. Uttal (HQ). The directors elected officers as follows: Bud Chamberlain, chairman and secretary; Jim Dyke, president; and John Conrad (392nd), treasurer. Foundation bylaws also provide for Heritage League members to become directors and officers. ■



Bud Chamberlain (right) presents the 2ADA membership certificate to 2ADA President Charles Walker on December 5, 1994. The brief ceremony formally recognized the 2ADA American Educational Foundation as a going concern.

BITS AND PIECES OF A TOUR

BY FRANK A. REED (448TH)

With the 50th anniversary of what went on back in the 8th, many of us naturally attempt to recall the times and events that we lived through. I have read many accounts in the *Journal* of those involved where they told in great detail what transpired on a particular eventful mission they flew. Although my crew flew a few that would make an interesting story, it is beyond me to do the same. First of all, I didn't keep a diary to refer to. Second, I flew my missions in the tail, and as a result I didn't always know what was going on in the waist, much less what transpired up front. Third, after fifty years, even if I had known all the facts to tell a good story, with Mr. Senility creeping in on me, I would be hard pressed to detail any one mission. I do recall, however, as many of the readers probably do, many varied and isolated events, both in and out of the plane, that pop into my mind, with no recollection of what transpired just prior to or after the event; such as:

Still being awake at 3 AM before my first mission when someone from operations came to wake me up.

My first mission, and knowing this was "for keeps" when I saw one of our group go down.

My first real fighter attack near Brunswick, when we lost three planes.

Taxiing out to the runway to take off and seeing the English civilian workers give us a "thumbs up" salute. I liked that.

Twice seeing a 24 in our formation, while flying through a heavy flak field, suddenly disappear in a large ball of fire.

Going to a movie on the base one night, when the lights dimmed and the credits came on, "starring Jimmy Stewart," then seeing a pilot get up and walk out, saying, "I've seen this one, and it's not a very good picture."

In formation over the North Sea, at some 18,000 feet, just before entering the continent — icing up and falling out of control, finally getting control at 1,000 feet.

The *night* we returned from a *day* mission and the Jerrys followed us back, in our formation — the Jerrys shooting at us, we at them, the British ack-ack shooting at both of us. Everybody shooting, being strafed while landing, etc., etc. God, what an ugly ending for a beautiful (?) day.

The time the plexiglass three inches above my head was shattered by flak.

Seeing a fellow tail gunner sailing right past me in his turret when it had been shot away from his plane during a fierce fighter attack.

The night on leave in London during the mini-blitz, staying at the Russell Square Hotel

when the Jerrys came over and hit the hotel, setting it on fire with incendiary bombs.

Escorting a P-38, under our right wing, home from a mission after he had lost an engine and probably had other difficulties.

The time our pilot, during a five abreast head-on attack near Tutow, caught a .303mm slug square in the chest, but survived because he was wearing two flak vests.

The time my left gun barrel was hit and left dangling at a 90° angle.

Seeing my copilot, flying next to us, shot down on his first mission after getting his own crew.

That memorable night at the Strand Palace Hotel — with Ann.

The only "make-up" mission I had with a strange crew, flying a new silver plane on its maiden flight to the Ruhr Valley, returning home with some 300 holes from flak and being dubbed thereafter "Patches."

Always the fear of running out of ammunition.

The time during a particular fierce fighter attack when we salvoed a load of fragmentation bombs on one of our own planes, which while doing severe evasive action, slid right under us.

Waking up in the middle of the night in our barracks and seeing the glow of half a dozen cigarettes in the dark.

The day after 19 missions (over which we had lost 55 planes) when we were told that since things were getting easier, we would no longer do 25 missions, but 30.

Seeing the three double bunks right next to me emptied three times by crews shot down.

Seeing our right waist gunner, who had left our crew after a falling-out with our pilot, bail out with his new crew on his first mission with them, over the heart of Berlin.

The time on our next-to-the-last mission when #3 engine blew, caught fire, and we dropped out of formation to return home alone across Germany and France.

During a fighter attack seeing a group member who had bailed out going down right past me with his chute on fire.

Seeing a fellow crew member, late in our tour and after a particularly rough fighter attack, completely break down, never to fly again.

The best five days in almost a year, which I spent in England at a "flak shack" near Oxford where a cute little English girl would wake me up each morning in my big double bed with a tray of orange juice.

Yes, bits and pieces of the past that I will never forget. ■

The Missions

By Miss Mabel Ramsay
(Aunt of Hap Chandler, 491st)

*You said you'd come back
But we didn't know
So small was our faith
Here on earth below,*

*How sad the sight
As you left us here!
You — with a destination unknown
We — trembling with fear!*

*Yet you told us about Him
Your master and friend
And your shining faith in Him
To protect you to the end!*

*For your young life had been touched
By the weight of His hand,
And you knew abundant peace
Seldom given to man.*

*But those beautiful ships
Tho manned by boyish hands
Held such destructive charges
For those of other lands.*

*We could only think of death,
Of flak, and of good-bye's
While you thought of duty,
Your part — in the skies.*

*How many the missions
How many the prayers
How bravely you faced them
Only His record bares.*

*Your big planes went humming
Your targets to find
Your death bombs released
As the skies you climbed*

*Pinpointing the stratosphere
Your buddies, and you,
Must oft have thought of Heaven
Much as we do.*

*The strafing and burning
The killing and despair
Were not of your wishes
Only your part to share.*

*But now it's all over
And you're safe and sound
We thank Him for you
With a gratitude profound*

*But still we wonder
As feeble mortals do
Just how it all happened.
Surely God went with you! ■*

Our crew, commanded by Lt. Stukus, had arrived at Wendling on October 15, 1943 as one of the early replacement crews and had completed eight combat missions when, on January 29th, 1944, we were awakened in the very early hours for our ninth and what eventually turned out to be our last mission.

The primary target was Frankfurt, in central Germany. The misfortune began during the group's assembly over East Anglia when one of our ships, from the 577th Squadron, had a terrible mid air collision, in cloud, with one of the 482nd Group's Pathfinder B-24s with one of our original 392nd crews on board. From the two ships, a total of only three men managed to escape from the tumbling wreckage of the Pathfinder and survive.

Due to those same clouds which extended all along our route, with a few breaks, we lost contact with our group's formation en route to Frankfurt. We decided to turn back when we failed to locate any other B-24s with which we could have joined up and so complete the mission as briefed.

Shortly after turning back, we came under attack by a swarm of German fighters and a running battle ensued for the next 20 minutes or so, in and out of the clouds at high altitude, but as our ship sustained and absorbed

Over The Rainbow

by WILLIAM McGINLEY

(392nd)

the surrounding country roads, tracks and through woodland searching for me and the other survivors from our crashed plane.

We'd been told back at Wendling that if we could manage to get through the first 12 hours in enemy-occupied territory without getting caught, there was a reasonable chance that the underground movement would make contact. I was very lucky, because as soon as it began to get dark a resistance member came for me.

I soon learned first hand of the ingenuity, bravado and courage of the resistance organization. They hid me, together with other crew members from our plane, in a small room built

tomed to my behind-the-lines status, I would even ride on city streetcars, occasionally sitting beside German soldiers. If I were captured, I would be sent to a prisoner-of-war camp until the end of the war. What really worried me was that if any of the resistance people, who were hiding me in the city and transferring me to various addresses in Brussels in order to avoid the suspicions of neighbors, were unfortunate enough to be captured, they would either be tortured for information and then shot, or shipped east to face the horrors of a concentration camp where death often came as a blessed relief. For this reason, the percentage of volunteers, especially those with children, involved in the highly dangerous work of the resistance organizations was very low.

Of course, there were a few exceptions. One of the key members of the underground in Belgium was British-born Anne Brusselmanns, a 39-year-old mother of two. I first met Anne in a Brussels basement in February 1944. She played a leading part in looking after us and arranging our moves to different locations. An estimated 130 Allied airmen eventually found their way to freedom because of her efforts. On one occasion the Gestapo managed to infiltrate the resistance network and caught one of her friends harboring downed Ameri-

The percentage of volunteers, especially those with children, involved in the highly dangerous work of the resistance organizations was very low. Of course, there were a few notable exceptions ...

more damage we were forced down to 2,000 feet, losing altitude and on fire.

Our navigator and bombardier had been killed during the battle, our gunners were completely out of ammunition, and three German fighters were coming in fast and lining us up in their gunsights, so we survivors had no alternative but to bail out. I scrambled from the tail gun turret, went forward and hauled the ball gunner up from his plexiglass turret. After standing at the open waist exit door for a moment, absolutely terrified as I looked down at the open countryside slowly passing below, I jumped into space. I've never forgotten getting out of that burning bomber.

I had no idea where I was as I floated down and landed clumsily in an open, freshly plowed field. Quickly unbuckling my chute harness, I started running across the field, looking for a hiding place. As I was stumbling my way over the plowed furrows, I saw someone waving frantically at me from the edge of the field to get down and stay down.

Little did I know that this was my first contact with the Belgian resistance movement. I immediately flopped forward, face down on the soft soil, and checked my wristwatch. It was 1100 hours. I stayed as still as possible, face down and hugging the cold, damp ground while hearing the distant shouting and yelling from German patrols as they traveled along

with wooden boards and corrugated iron, which had been dug underneath a haystack. The secret hiding place was beneath the closest haystack to the road. Their reasoning was that a very obvious hiding place would be the last one to be thoroughly searched, if at all.

The resistance kept us supplied with sufficient food and drink during our time in the hideout, visiting only after nightfall. Each and every time I heard an unfamiliar sound outside our haystack I had terrifying visions of Nazi soldiers stealthily approaching.

When the resistance decided the time was right for our next move, they made all the necessary arrangements for us to be issued forged documents, civilian clothes, and a guide to take us by train into the large, sprawling city of Brussels, Belgium.

I had just gotten off the train at the railroad station in Brussels and was making my way through the crowds of milling people when I saw a German soldier, in field-grey uniform, walking along the platform towards me. I kept changing direction to avoid him, but clumsily walked right into him. I can only speak English, so there wasn't anything I could say. Luckily, he just laughed. So I laughed and managed to smile. He then said something unintelligible. I could only smile weakly in response and saunter away, my heart beating wildly.

Months later, when I became more accus-

can airmen. The father of the family was shot and the rest went into concentration camps.

The resistance members in Holland, Belgium and France were truly heroic people and took tremendous risks. Jane, a courageous young woman after whom I subsequently named my daughter, was a typical example.

She had previously been caught and beaten once by the Gestapo, but hadn't cracked under extreme interrogation and was subsequently released after managing to convince them of her innocence. Jane, and two resistance men in German uniforms, would drive towards a specific border point where they tied her up. At the border crossing they'd say she was a prisoner being taken to France for questioning. When they wanted to get back into Belgium they'd use a different border checkpoint and drive through again.

I well remember the Belgian count who was also a member of the resistance organization. He spoke fluent German, and, with forged ID documents, would go to an airfield wearing a Gestapo officer's uniform, complete with skull and crossbones insignia, and dine at the officers' mess. In the meantime, Louie, the count's chauffeur/handyman, who was a quite extraordinary character, would wander around the airfield wearing the uniform of a German private and pour sugar in the fuel tanks of their airplanes. They would do anything.

(continued on page 10)

The following is a talk given by Jim Reeves at the 2ADA executive committee meeting held on December 6, 1994.



Mr. President and members of the executive committee, as chairman of the group relations committee I want to share with you a great success story as it relates to our Second Air Division Association today.

Before I share this story with you I want to share a few proud and humble personal remarks. I have been a member of the Second Air Division Association since 1949. As I reflect upon the past, these forty-five years have been a great experience for my wife, Edna, and myself. I have had the honor to serve as vice president of the Headquarters group as well as president of the association. We always look forward to our executive meetings and our annual conventions.

As you know, the Eighth Air Force was comprised of three bomber divisions...the first, second and third divisions. What do you know about the first and third divisions? What is recorded in the archives of history about these two divisions as to their efforts in honoring their fallen comrades in some way with a memorial? As members of the Second Air Division Association we have shown great pride and honor to our 6,700 fallen comrades with the building of our Second Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich, England. During my years as president I made a study of veterans memorials, and I must say that our Second Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich was probably the most outstanding of all anywhere in the world.

Sitting in this room are four of us who saw the Second Air Division grow from two bomber groups to fourteen bomber groups, five combat wings and five fighter groups. These four are Ray Strong, Jordan Uttal, Evelyn Cohen, and myself. The 44th and 93rd were present when the 389th arrived and all three groups went to North Africa to train for the Ploesti mission.

One by one, additional groups arrived, adding additional strength and growing from 2nd Bomb Wing to 2nd Air Division.

I was most fortunate to work in Headquarters Operations (War Room) for 2 1/2 years in England. In this position I had daily knowledge of the planning of missions of the 8th AF by the headquarters at Pinetree and also

ONE LAST CALL TO ARMS

the execution of missions by the groups. I knew the group commanders and operations officers as we had daily contact with them either personally or over the phone.

Some of you vice presidents here today might not realize this, but all of the leadership in Headquarters Operations came from the experienced personnel from the various groups. Division Operations was headed by leadership of well known names of the division...namely, Colonels — Pop Haden — shot down on a mission to Osnabruck, Germany, 22 December 1943...Milt Arnold, Robert B. Miller, John Gibson, Edward Timberlake, George S. Brown, and Robert Terrell.

From this list, George S. Brown became a four star general as chief of staff of the Air Force and also chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Late in the war, as leadership of the 8th Air Force Headquarters was shifted to other assignments, our commanding general, General Kepner, and his staff took over the leadership of the 8th Air Force. Doesn't this speak well of the leadership of 2AD?

Morning by morning at briefings when the curtain would be pulled at group levels and the target for the day announced, it was accepted by all groups, because the mission at hand was an important one. All groups gave their best effort.

Today with fifteen groups involved we have another important mission to perform, and that is the rebuilding of our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich.

At our briefing this day (which is now in session), we don't have to let the shade up and take the string and measure the distance. We already know it's going to be a lengthy mission from Dallas, Texas; San Diego, California; and even Moultrie, Georgia and hundreds of other locations throughout the USA, to Norwich, England.

There is definitely a difference in this mission today. We are going to build and not des-

tro. Fifteen of you gentlemen are commanding officers...indeed. You have been selected to lead your respective groups. Are you willing to file your flight plan and complete the mission as your group did in '43, '44, and '45? Earlier Bud Koorndyk spoke about the possibility of our last mission. With our average age of 74... could this possibly be our last mission?

Time is of the essence...we must fly in tight formation. Our machines and equipment must be in good condition. The machines we fly are going to be ourselves (you and I). There is no room for error.

For the mission at hand, we have a capable leader in Chuck Walker. He is our command pilot. We have fifteen experienced flight leaders, and all personnel involved are experienced and combat ready.

If only one flight leader fails, he can severely damage the results of this great mission that is before us. As tours of duty are completed, age and experience will furnish 2ADA with good experienced leaders tomorrow. Each of you in attendance here today played an important part in making 2AD the successful giant. You can do even more for 2ADA. As I look around the room today, each chair is occupied by successful business men and women. Your interest and dedication extends beyond the city limits sign of your community.

You are all men and women of character and devotion. You have served your country and served it well. Once again we have the great privilege and honor to build a new memorial to the supreme sacrifice that you and I could live these fifty odd years in the wonderful country of America.

The flight plan is before us. The mission begins at 0900 hours, December 3, 1994. To all you COs, let's get your group's formation — push the throttle forward and cut the contrails of success as we fly this mission together.

It is certainly gratifying to have fourteen of our fifteen vice presidents present. Sickness accounted for the only one absent. Mr. President, this speaks well for your support.

During the dark days of World War II, I was privileged to be in the presence of the late Winston Churchill. In a speech he made the following statement, which I have remembered all these years: "You make a living by what you get...you make a life by what you give."

THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION, like the mighty eagle, can rise to lofty heights with *desire, dedication, and cooperation!* ■

OVER THE RAINBOW (continued)

I had given my service number to the underground to notify the International Red Cross authorities, not realizing that Europeans use a small cross mark on the number 7 and, because of this, an error was made in transmitting my number. Subsequently, all the figure 7s in my number were thought to be figure 1s, so without any underground or German confirmation of my status, the Red Cross reported me as dead. My mother, at home in Mabelvale, near Little Rock, Arkansas, was notified by our War Department that I'd been reported as "missing in action," and then, a little later, as "killed in action." But she ada-

manly refused to accept that I'd been killed.

During the following weeks and months, I didn't know what was going on. Someone would come to the house where we were hiding and say, "Let's go," and we'd go. We didn't know because we were not supposed to know.

After months of hiding at various locations, I sat in a Belgian cafe and witnessed the German army in full retreat following the Allied invasion of France. It was really something to see. Thousands of German troops with their equipment (some of the trucks and staff cars were being hauled by horses due to the lack of gasoline), jammed the road, barely moving, all heading towards

Germany. I felt sorry for the plainly undernourished horses, but had not the slightest sympathy for the soldiers.

After being reunited with the American forces as the Allies advanced across Europe, I was flown back to England in September 1944, and saw, from the air, the thousands of bomb and shell craters that marked the Allied advance from the Normandy beaches and extended back inland as far as the eye could see.

As we flew over the English Channel and the southern coast of England came into view, I vividly recall seeing one of the biggest and most beautiful rainbows ever created. ■



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF OUR FRIENDS BOTH FAR AND NEAR

Thanks for your wonderful letters and support. Through the efforts of members of the 492nd Bomb Group, the 2ADA, and English friends, our group continues to grow. Charles Bastien has located many members. He is the #1 492nd BG recruiter. It is exciting to find each new member. The circulation of our newsletter, "The Happy Warrior," has doubled. It is our labor of love for the 492nd Bomb Group.

A little nostalgia before continuing with group activities. This year is a milestone for many of us for many reasons. Fifty years ago World War II was still being waged. December 7, 1944 was the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor, and the Battle of the Bulge was taking place. I was repatriated, having been interned in Sweden on 20 June 1944 as a result of the Politz mission. I arrived home on December 7th to the delight of my family, friends, dog "Booty," and especially Norma. We were married on December 26, 1944 and left January 2, 1945 for Santa Monica, California where I was reassigned to Kingman, Arizona. Rationing was still in effect. Butter and meat were obtainable with coupons, as was gasoline. I took Norma to the mess hall in Santa Monica, and she couldn't believe her eyes to see so much butter. Isn't it funny how things change? Now that we can have all the butter we want, we aren't supposed to eat it.

"BROAD AND HIGH" R.L. LEISTER

A letter by Raymond E. Forbes captioned "Broad and High" was published in my column in the Fall 1994 *Journal*. As a follow-up to this letter, I received a letter from R.L. Leister which has additional information about "Broad and High" and the Brothers-Smothers crew. The pertinent part of R.L. Leister's letter follows:

"I read a very interesting article in the *Journal* where you published a letter entitled 'Broad and High, D.D. McGowan's crew.' The letter was written by Raymond E. Forbes. I almost feel like a 'ghost writer' and should preface future statements with 'Broad & High' — R.L. Leister crew.

"Our crew was assigned to the 492nd, and after about eight missions was sent to the 467th as part of the 788th Squadron. I well remember McGowan, and also Brothers of the Brothers-Smothers crew. We were constantly flying missions together. Shortly after arriving at the 467th, I started to fly 'Broad and High' on combat missions. However, on the 18th of August, on a mission to Woippy, France, we were unfortunate and took several direct hits by anti-aircraft. One engine out and a large hole in my right wing, I could not maintain formation and soon was on my own.

The final result was that we came in 'dead stick' and made a large path through a field of sugar beets. This occurred near the village of Kirly Beadon. The townspeople and some English soldiers rescued us after several hours. 'No fire.' Four crew members perished and a memorial plaque was placed in a lovely church in Kirly Beadon. I went to the memorial services. Fifty years later, Dottie and I went back to revisit and relive that time. We were most cordially received.

"Enclosed are two pictures of 'Broad and High' after its demise. You can identify 'Mr. High' on the fuselage, but the image of his partner is gone. My copilot, Frank Bales of Riverside, California, was returned to the U.S. immediately because of very serious injuries that he received. His seat appears in the one photo.



"I have received correspondence in the past year from several people in the town of Kirly Beadon. They have been gracious enough to give some first hand information on this accident. One gentleman said that he was just 12 years old at the time. He was standing where the plane passed just over his head.

"Someone from Kirly Beadon wrote and published a four page newsletter called 'When War Smashed Down on Kirly Beadon.' He speaks about 'Diamond Lil' when the plane flew over England during various celebrations, and this rekindled his memory concerning events of fifty years ago. He reproduced a 'thank you'

letter that I wrote to the church for letting us visit and relive memories of old. This newsletter is a cherished prize of mind at this time."

AFTER 50 YEARS

Contribution by Ab A. Jansen,
Oudorp, Noord, Holland
Translated by Peter Kooyman
Courtesy of Charles R. Bastien

As written in previous articles, May 19, 1944 was the date of the mission to Brunswick, Germany, one of the four "meanest" missions the 492nd BG pulled. May 19, 1994 found Charles Arnett, Ernest Gavitt, Don Pierce and their wives revisiting the crash site. The following article by Ab Jansen was translated by Mr. Peter Kooyman, who lives in the St. Paul, Minnesota area:

"Thursday, May 19, 1994 was like an invasion in the municipality Harenkarspel in the top part of the province of Noord, Holland. After half a century, three members of the crew of a B-24 Liberator came to our country to commemorate the day that their last flight ended in this area, more precisely near Tuitjehorn. They were Ernest A. Gavitt (navigator), Charles W. Arnett (pilot), and Donald C. Pierce (radio operator). They were accompanied by their wives, a number of grandchildren "with supporters," and a camera crew to professionally record everything. Their B-24J with the serial number 44-40171 and the name "Boomerang" was forced on May 19, 1944 to make an emergency landing close to the coast. Three of their engines and also one of the rudders were severely damaged by a fighter attack over Germany. Using the remaining two engines, one of which was leaking oil, they set course toward the east, accompanied by a single fighter escort.

"Although they realized that their chances of reaching home were very small, their hopes went up when they sighted the Dutch coast. They gambled on the crossing. But just outside the coastline, the oil leaking engine stalled. The Liberator went into a descending spin, and in short, it looked very bad. They now had the choice to ditch in the North Sea — a very, very precarious undertaking — or to bail out over land. Pilot Arnett decided to return to land, but they were very low already and nobody felt like bailing out. They decided to stay on board with the pilot. It was a rough landing, which they survived, with the unfortunate exception of the top turret gunner. The unlucky man, Sgt. Robert Uriel Robertson, hit his head on a panel and died instantly. The navigator, 2nd Lt. Ernest M. Gavitt, who was wedged in, could be rescued.

"Already during the reception in the City Hall, the emotions ran high. There were many speakers. After a lunch in the 'Wapen van Harenkarspel' restaurant, the ceremonies were attended by a number of members of our study group (besides Johann Schuurman and Ab Jansen, Jan Hay and Ko Maarschalkerweerd were also present). A visit was made to the house where the downed crew had found their first shelter. Was that little house ever full! Not only the Americans with their wives and grandchildren and eyewitnesses were there, but also the complete camera crew which was hired by

(continued on page 12)

By the time this reaches you the holiday season will have come and gone. Diana and I hope that yours was blessed and that 1995 brings much joy, health, and a heap of good things to each of you. Thanks to all those who sent us cards and greetings. We appreciated your thoughtfulness.

We've had a couple of calls from **Col. Powell** of the the American Veterans Association in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He called with an inquiry for **Norman L. Jones**. Norman was a tail gunner on "Linda Lou" with the 735th Squadron. He lives at 8320 E. 169th Street, Bixby, OK 74008. Col. Powell has located six or seven of Norman's crew and states that he can do the same for you. He can be reached at 4815 So. Harvard, Rm 310, Tulsa, OK 74135. All he asks is the names of those you seek and a "small" donation. I don't know what a small donation is, but I assume \$10.00 would qualify. **Mark Adamic** has written. Mark is an aviation artist and collector. He would like to hear from anyone who has any information on "Rumpelstiltskin" and a **Sgt. Dick** who flew with the crew of that aircraft. Sgt. Dick was awarded a DFC by Col. Larry Thomas. Write to Mark at 627 W. Jefferson, Joliet, IL 60435.

Phyllis DuBois, our trust librarian at the 2ADA Memorial in Norwich, has written, as she does frequently. It is always nice to hear from her. She is a wonderful lady who is always working on our behalf. She asks if we can replace copies of *In Search of Peace and Liberator Men of Old Buck*. These were lost in the tragic fire. Some of us are endeavoring to furnish some copies of these and we believe we can do so. She hopes that we will be able to send some books on America and American culture as well. Look over what you have or might obtain so that we can help restock the library.

Our reunion in Rapid City was a delight. **Bob Marx** and crew did a yeomanlike job that resulted in much enjoyment for all present. Almost two hundred of us were there and had a most pleasant time. Mrs. Freed and Jerry Freed (wife and son of **Warren Freed**) were among those we met. Jerry had a huge 453rd Bomb Group banner made and presented it to us for use at our meetings. Our 1995 reunion will be in San Antonio, Texas and is being arranged by **Harry Winslow** and "**Mo**" **Morris**. I'm sure they will have others to help as well. The only thing determined so far is that it will be mid to late October 1995. Plan on it!

492nd BOMB GROUP (continued) the Americans.

"At the cemetery of the little church of Eeningenburg, a memorial service was held in memory of Robert Uriel Robertson, who had been interred there. Coffee and tea were served in the church.

"Finally a visit was made to the 'House with the Propeller' that means a propeller blade on which 'Boomerang' 19-5-44 has been painted. It was a hectic day with noth-



Norris Wiltse, Jr. is a new member and we welcome him. He and Doris live in Ida, Michigan. His assigned crew members didn't make it to Old Buck, as they crashed and were killed on takeoff in Florida on the way. **Alan A. Moore** has joined with us. He and Betty live in Boca Raton, Florida. Alan was with the 732nd Squadron. He was shot down April 8, 1944 and spent exactly a year in Stalag Luft. **Harvey Scaff**, 733rd Squadron, has joined us. He flew with Eugene Smith. Harvey lives in Oak Harbor, Washington. **Randall Nelson**, 734th Squadron, is now one of us. He and Alice are in Independence, Missouri. **Oscar Freedgood** and Virginia live in Lexington, Massachusetts. He served with the 732nd Squadron. **Enwin L. White** lives in Woodburn, Oregon with Evelyn. Enwin flew with John Glass and was one of those involved in a mid air collision at Old Buck. It is really nice to have each of these with us, and we hope to meet with them in Lexington, Kentucky in July and in San Antonio, Texas next October. WELCOME TO ALL!

Kenneth Nellis, 45 Perry Ave., Latham, NY 12110 is looking for information concerning his father, who was crew chief of "Male Call." Drop a note to Kenneth if you have any information.

Bill Garrett and **Willie Wilson** are waiting to hear from you. These two are our nominating committee, and they want to know whom to nominate for the chairman/vice president's position that I now hold. Please send them a brief resume of your nominee so that a selection can be made at the 2ADA reunion at Lexington, Kentucky in July. You will need a vice chairman as well. Bill's address is 1057 Egan Avenue, Pacific Grove, CA 93950. Write to Willie at 18951 Castlebay Lane, Northridge, CA 91326.

ing but high points. It was a pleasure to have attended all of this."

A carefully composed program overview provided the following data. "We the crew of the 'Boomerang' wish to thank the following people for the effort they have put forth in assisting us in planning this pilgrimage to North Pickenham and Tuitjeshoorn. We will never forget you. The crew of the 'Boomerang' consisted of: 2nd Lt. Charles W. Arnett, pilot; 2nd Lt. Lucien D. Stewart, copilot; 2nd

Reid Sprague has compiled a really nice history summary of "Gianoli's Raiders" and has been kind enough to send me a copy. It is a nice summary of their time as a crew, comments about the missions they flew, and pictures of the crew then and now. Reid provided a copy for the 2AD Memorial which I shall see is delivered. I know of one other crew that is doing a similar thing and have seen a draft of their effort — GREAT! I know of another six or eight crews that should be doing the same thing while there is still time.

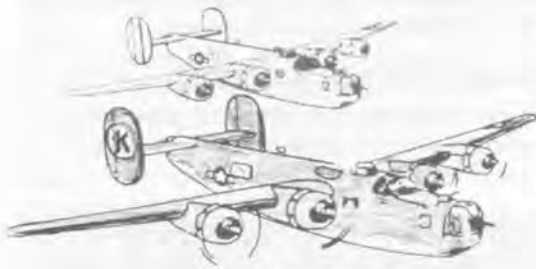
John Chopelas of Killeen, Texas is collecting names of Liberators. In doing so he sometimes encounters those who served with 2ADA groups. One of those he recently met served with the 453rd. John was kind enough to tell him about us and to write to us about him. **George N. Panos**, P.O. Box 1733, Pearland, TX 77588 is the individual. We've written to him and asked that he join with us. **Odo Oliva** wrote to tell us that **William F. Vicray** passed away in Florida this summer. William was a tail gunner on E.D. Miller's crew. We have heard from a lady who lives in Bury-St-Edmunds who is seeking contact with her father. He was with the 453rd BG. She was born at Thetford Cottage Hospital on June 18, 1945. If this elicits a response please contact me. I have her name and address and assure complete confidentiality. Her letter expresses no bitterness, only an ache. Another letter, in the form of a song entitled "A G.I. Child's Dream," is in our hands. It ends with: "Make this G.I. child's dream come true, by telling me you are alive."

If you ordered the Second Air Division history book by Turner Publishing, you should have it by now. I received my copy and have enjoyed it. It is well written, professionally done, and the brief bios submitted by individuals are especially of interest.

For your information, the 453rd BG arrived in England in December 1943, became operational February 5, 1944, and flew 7,431 individual sorties in 259 missions. We dropped 15,804 tons of bombs and lost 83 aircraft. We also were credited with destroying 42 enemy aircraft, 12 probables and 19 damaged. This information is furnished by our good friends, the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial, in their newsletter No. 18.

That's about it for this time. Thanks for letting us visit with you. As Ben Bernie used to say, "Until the next time when you all may tune in again..." Cheers, good health and best wishes to each of you. ■

Lt. Ernest M. Gavitt, navigator; S/Sgt. James M. Easley, engineer and right waist gunner; S/Sgt. Donald C. Pierce, radio operator; Sgt. William J. Lindopp, ball turret gunner; Sgt. Arthur D. Oakes, front gunner; Sgt. Jack R. Burton, tail gunner; F/O Charles Vergos, bombardier (who did not fly on 5/19/44); and Sgt. Uriel Robertson, tail gunner, whose body was returned to the United States. His final resting place is in Alamance Memorial Park, Burlington, NC. ■



458th BOMB GROUP

BY RICK ROKICKI

458TH GROUP REUNION

The 458th held its third "stand alone" group reunion September 22-24, 1994 in Dayton, Ohio at the Marriott Hotel. Dayton was selected again because of our close ties to our memorial at Wright-Patterson. As most of you know, we originally dedicated it in 1987 to the memory of the 275 of our airmen who paid the ultimate price for victory. Since the weather was a bit wet, we had our Pan-A-View photo taken under the air museum overhang instead of at our usual memorial location. For those who didn't order the approximately four foot long photo and still might want one, I still have some order forms. Cost is \$20.00, which includes mailing. Just drop me a line and I'll get one off to you.

By my count, we had 113 members and 89 wives/family members attending, for a total of 202, but actually had an additional six which somehow were added as last minute attendees. In any case, the "numbers" came out to the hotel billings.



I can't say enough about the Marriott "man in charge," John Drexler. He positively went out of his way to see to it that we would be accommodated. The entire staff was most cooperative, and any 2ADA group that plans to hold a reunion there would do well to check with John Drexler first. First class catering and facilities made our stay most enjoyable. Without going into details, we were able to save a considerable amount of money with the two cocktail parties where we were allowed to supply our own "adult beverages" within the hotel laws. Along with these savings, we saved money by using one less bus for the shuttle to the air museum by using personal cars. The upshot of it all is that we now have sufficient funds to update our memorial grounds. We have contracted a landscaping/nursery firm to plant 24 large Taxus evergreens to three sides of our concrete pad. Everything is fully funded and no further contributions are needed.

Again, as in the past, the entire group and I owe a great "thank you" to Duke Trivette for his "hands on" work with the Marriott management, the Wright-Patterson Air Museum people, the landscapers, etc. It is my sincere hope that anyone who has not yet visited our memorial, will do so at the earliest opportunity. If you don't know just where to look for it, ask for the location of Site #148. Museum people will help you.

NORWICH VE DAY CELEBRATION

I have been recently advised by Evelyn Cohen that the 458th is the largest group attending the Norwich VE Day celebration. We show about 100, although not everyone has made their final payment. We will occupy the same hotel that we had for our 1990 convention, previously known as the Airport Ambassador in Horsham St. Faith. The hotel is now under new ownership and is called Airport Stakis. You will have received total costs from Evelyn long before you read this report. We are scheduled to leave the USA on May 4, 1995 and depart England on May 12, with many, many interesting days in between, including the VE Day parade on Sunday, May 7th. A great program is planned, and we will once again have a "Day at the Villages" as we did in 1990.

TEMPORARY MEMORIAL ROOM

After the disastrous fire that totally destroyed the Norwich Central Library and our Memorial Room, Paul King of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust made provisions for temporary quarters through his company, Property Partnerships, at Noverre House, first floor, directly opposite the destroyed Norwich Central Library between the Assembly House and the Theatre Royale. Telephone and fax service [Tel. Norwich (01603) 219650, Fax Norwich (01603) 219876] are currently in use. Phyllis DuBois is still actively engaged in making this temporary transition workable. At this time, group VPs have been asked to advise their members not to send any books or memorabilia to her until further notice. Please hold on to whatever you plan to send to the library a bit longer until they are able to handle the material. I still plan to take photos, records, etc. with me and will leave these with friends who will hold them for future donation. I'm glad I didn't send them earlier this year as I had originally intended, because they would have certainly been lost.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY CONVENTION

Ceil and I returned from the midterm meeting of the 2ADA executive committee at Lexington in early December and believe the 48th annual convention at the Marriott Griffin Gate Resort will be to your liking. We'd appreciate hearing from you if you plan to attend. As they say, you are under no obligation, but an approximate count may help in planning this function. Historically, our group has had a better-than-average attendance, and hopefully this will continue. For those of you who plan to drive or rent a car, you may be interested in seeing more of the Lexington area. My advice is to write to the Greater Lexington Convention and Visitors Bureau, Suite 363, 430 W. Vine Street, Lexington, KY 40507 and request their visitors' guide. If you choose to telephone instead, call 1-800-84LEXKY.

2ND AIR DIVISION HISTORY

To the many who have previously written or called me regarding the Turner Publishing Company and our history book, I'm sure that you have received your copy by now. My copies came in mid-November, and I certainly am satisfied with the fine job done by them in this publication. Bob Martin, spokesperson for Turner Publishing, mentioned that our Second Air Division history was their largest undertaking to date. It would appear that extending the deadline several times made some of our members upset with late delivery, but on the whole, it was worth the wait. I believe that their effort to include all the personal histories of our members who sent them in accounted for the major delay.

The excellent portrayal of the 458th's history was done by George A. Reynolds, who previously authored three books on the 458th in 1974, 1979, and 1988, all of which were sold out within a few months after publication. George was asked by Phyllis DuBois if there was any copy of the 458th history available to the library since the only copy they had was destroyed in the fire. I'm happy to report that George contacted a few members who had bought multiple copies of the third publication, and was successful in receiving two copies from John Holodak. Both have been sent to Phyllis. Again, many thanks to George and John for filling this need.

(continued on page 14)



389th Green Dragon Flares

BY GENE HARTLEY

I remind you of the concept of using the 389th Green Dragon as the basis for our quarterly *Journal* column. The yellow and green B-24 used to assist the 389th in forming prior to leaving England for the continent was called the Green Dragon. Flares flew from the Green Dragon, and they flew from many other sources at our base, conveying any number of different meanings. From this Green Dragon (column) will come flares of interest, information, and nostalgia. For instance:

A FLARE FROM A PROUD PAIR: SAMSON AND HERCULES

I imagine that every one of you who served with the Second Air Division in England remembers the Samson and Hercules. Maybe you remember that the name of the hall was derived from the presence of the two statues between which you walked when entering.



Here are Samson and Hercules as they appeared.

You are probably not aware that these figures were taken down in 1993 because of their condition. It is intended that replicas will take their place, and that the existing figures will eventually be displayed in the Norwich Castle Museum. Until recently, Samson and Hercules stood proudly outside the Ritzy nightclub.

"When the restoration is complete, they may look so good, people will not even recognize them," said Cathy Proudlove, head of conservation at Norfolk Museums Service. "It may come as a surprise to see them without their paint. We've got used to seeing them as Michelin men! There's 300 years of paint, half an inch thick."

Samson is still the original statue, carved from oak to embellish the house in Tombland of Christopher Jay, who was elected mayor of Norwich in 1657. Hercules is a 19th century replica, replacing the original after a late nineteenth century fire at Tombland.

In 1992, Samson's strong right arm fell off, and the two were placed in the hands of the Norfolk Museums Service. Their replicas are expected to be in place in 1995.

A FLARE FROM SAN ANTONIO

Again, our thanks to Jack Spooner and his committee for the fine 389th reunion they put together in San Antonio. Some 170 persons were at our banquet. All of us enjoyed remarks by John Brooks. Our program was outstanding. Stan Greer, a professional magician from the Portland, Oregon area, and an airman from the 389th, gave us a

458th BOMB GROUP (continued)

ON FINAL:

Mrs. Christine P. Armes of Norwich called to advise that the memorial service held for the crew of "Lady Jane" was very successful and a large number of Norwich residents attended. (See back cover for complete coverage.) The event was both video and audiotaped, and Mrs. Armes will send both to me for future showing.

I've had an inquiry regarding an "M-17" bomb that we used over

super performance. A positive reaction to the two days has been expressed by everyone with whom I have had contact.

A FLARE FOR RECOGNITION

With many of our people going to England in a few weeks, and others in the years ahead, I offer this picture to recognize three of the families who have done so much for the 389th.



From left to right, standing, Gene Hartley, Jonathan Smith, Helen Smith, Roy Edney, Clifford Robinson, and Nancy Hartley. Kneeling, from left to right, Rosalyn Robinson and June Edney.

Jonathan is the young man who has been working on the history of the 389th at Hethel. Roy is the curator of our museum in the Hethel tower. Clifford was a youngster living on Potash Lane (on the base) many years ago. All six have aided in planning the day at Hethel during the coming visit. Any one of the couples could well serve as your guide if you visit Norwich — check with the 2AD Memorial Room and receive their assistance in setting up a trip to Hethel.

A FLARE FROM WHERE?

We received a tentative invitation for an October 1995 reunion in Ashville, North Carolina. The 389th advisory group has determined against the location for two reasons: (1) The location is too close to Lexington, the site of the 1995 2ADA reunion, thus defeating the primary purpose of a 389th stand-alone, to provide a reunion opportunity in a different area from the 2ADA. (2) A lack of volunteers to assist in the planning and implementation. We will have further discussions at our 389th meeting at Lexington in July.

A FLARE FROM LEXINGTON

As of this writing, our only reunion scheduled for 1995 is the 2ADA convention at Lexington, Kentucky. At our annual business meeting, we will be electing our officers, deciding on any projects we as a group might want to undertake, hearing from those who had gone to England in May, and getting a report from our Hethel Tower Museum. We encourage your attendance. It will be a worthwhile week. Nothing can replace the memories that only a good reunion can stimulate. Come on, give it a try. You've been missed, you know. ■

Germany. Having no knowledge of such armament, I went to an expert for advice. Ben Hooker, 754th Armament, gave a full explanation from his records. It was a parachute signal bomb. This sort of knowledge and help makes my job easier — thanks, Ben.

I have received several more personal histories as requested in my Fall 1994 *Journal* column. All info will be entered on a 3 x 5 card for my files. The new Turner publication also includes many 458th members, and I work from that source, too. ■

By the time you receive this *Journal* the plans for the trip to Norwich by those of us who are going over for the celebration of VE Day will be firm. And all of us should put July 4th on our calendars, as that is the time when the 2ADA will have its annual convention this year in Lexington, Kentucky. Several of us have formed an unofficial committee to encourage all Headquarters types to be present. Jordan Uttal, Jim Reeves, Evelyn Cohen, Eleanor Storms, Willie Elder, Val Conroy, and all the others who are regular attendees want to have the best turnout ever for HQ. This will be a good convention. We have the entire hotel to ourselves. It has its own golf course, tennis courts, and indoor and outdoor pools. Among many other things, plans for the new Norwich Central Library and for our new and better Second Air Division Memorial Room should be known. Registration information was on pages 38-40 of the Winter *Journal*. I am not certain whether or not Evelyn is planning a fireworks display!

Now for some more information about some of our members. **Harry O. Fullington**, now living at 8 Douglas Avenue, Herkimer, NY 13350, says, "I served under Major Wilcox in the ordnance section as division ammunition supply sergeant. Previous to going to Ketteringham, I was at Old Catton and Horsham St. Faith. I kept in contact with Dean Moyer for many years, but haven't heard from him lately. You probably remember **Cpl. Ethel (Cookie) Cook** (indeed I do) who was receptionist in the HQ building. We were married in October of 1945 and will be celebrating our 49th anniversary this year. We have two sons, three grandchildren, and a great grandson. I worked for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for many years, retiring as a sales manager in May of '78. I keep busy hunting, fishing and gardening. Had a bout with cancer four years ago and presently am trying to correct a kidney blockage. After I hit 70 I started falling apart, but manage to keep going and enjoy myself."

From **Erwin W. Eggleston** I quote, "I was surprised and delighted to receive a letter in the mail today inquiring about Erwin Eggleston who served at HQ 2AD at Ketteringham Hall near Norwich during WWII. Look no further, I am he! Thank you so much for your effort in trying to locate me, and for the information on the Second Air Division Association. You may like to know a little about what I have done since those days in England 50 or so years ago, so I will give you a short history. After the war I attended Syracuse University and received a degree in electrical engineering. In November of 1949 I went to work for the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, in Denver, Colorado in the Design Office. In 1952 I was transferred to the Rio Grande Power Project in New Mexico, where I stayed as supervising electrical engineer until June 1969, when I went to the regional office in Billings, Montana where I was head of the power planning

DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

section. I retired in December 1975 and moved to Las Cruces in New Mexico. I am in good health and have enjoyed traveling the world. In the summer of 1988, I attended an elder hostel program in Great Britain, following which I stayed over a week in London. During the week I did go to Norwich and visited the Second Air Division Memorial Room in the Norwich library. I did not try to go to Ketteringham Hall. Thank you again for your interest in trying to locate me. I would be glad to receive further information on the Second Air Division Association." Erwin is now a full fledged member of the 2ADA.

Lawrence (Larry) C. Geschke writes, "Good to hear from you with your newsletter. You had an article about the ball team and how Father Seward's service was being interrupted (this article was by Walter Hilberg). The mention of Father Seward reminded me of his orderly, 'Bookie' Peterson, a boy from Chicago. We boys from Chicago are notorious. 'Bookie' got his name

"We had gone back to bed on the crash warning siren instead of the all-clear...All very typical of our first days in Merry Old England!"

from the fact that he made up all the football and baseball pools for the week. He was in the same barracks with me, Evan While, Blackie, and others. We were on a preferred list. Father Seward got the sacramental wine for 2nd Division and, as usual, there was an excess. We had access to this wine and when we went into town we took a bottle to dinner with us. This helped us get good service because we gave some of it to the waiter and the owner of the cafe. The Catholic wine was better than the Protestant, and when we needed a drink we knew where to get it. We did not abuse this situation so we always had something to drink. Just ask 'Bookie' for a bottle and we were set! Speaking of drinking, one year we got a nearby farmer to raise a turkey for us for Thanksgiving and we paid for extra feed and stuff. Come Thanksgiving we had the turkey cooked in the General's mess (they must have had influence with Gus Karoly). We added all our goodies from home and got a barrel of beer. We set the beer outside our barracks to cool. When it came time to eat and drink, no beer. It had been stolen by one of the base alcoholics. He drank it in three days, fifteen gallons, by

himself! We did have a good Thanksgiving dinner anyway...The article on the WACs was very good. They were a fine group of women. I have many fine memories of them and some stories to tell of them — all good!" Well, Larry, I am waiting on you to send me those stories about the WACs. I know that they would make good reading in the next *Journal* or newsletter!

From **James T. Coulthard**: "I have done nothing particularly exciting during the past fifty years. (The most important thing was when I married Bernie.) My job as manager of industrial relations at Olin Corporation required quite a bit of travel to meetings in New York; Stamford, CT; Chicago; St. Louis; and all over Texas and Louisiana. Not nearly as exciting as the liberty run from HQ to Norwich! While I was a GI at Horsham St. Faith, Derwood Covert had met the owner of a race horse when he (Covert, not the horse) was on pass in London. The owner gave Derwood three passes for the next running at Newmarket, and three of us were going to Cambridge on the day of the race. We missed the train while trying to board in Norwich and were stranded at the station. (The owner's horse, Zhapur, won, but we were left at the altar with our hot tip!)...I suppose one of the most amusing incidents really happened the first night of our arrival at Old Catton. Everybody had sacked out when the air raid siren sounded. We were hustled out of bed into the slit trenches — on the double, take cover, and all of that. Soon the siren sounded

again and we were herded back into the barracks. Then another siren — We had gone back to bed on the crash warning siren instead of the all-clear! All very typical of our first days in Merry Old England! Incidentally, the incident was not very funny at the time!" Jim worked in both the AG and A-4 sections at HQ. He and Howard Davee set up the Dewey Decimal Filing System for the AG section. Then he was chief clerk in the A-4 section but left to attend OCS at the American School Center, Swindon, near Bristol. Upon returning he was publications officer (once again in the AG section), head of the battle casualty section, and records retention officer, after VE Day. (He threw away the files set up under the Dewey Decimal System!)

In December I attended the mid-year meeting of the executive committee of our Second Air Division Association, held in Lexington, Kentucky, the site of our 1995 convention. You would be proud of the way in which the business of the association is conducted. This is probably the best run veterans' organization in the country. So do come to Lexington next July! ■

Folded Wings

Headquarters

Robert A. Ayers
Harry Fullington
Christine Collins Henderson

44th

Charles B. Cudd, Jr.
Thomas A. Laskowski
James R. Perry, Jr.
John Saladiak
Thomas P. Williams, Jr.

93rd

Gloria Julian (AM)
Carl H. Markover
Howard Mesnard
Fred Wrablik

389th

Forest L. Curry
Frederick E. Edell
George D. Lehoux (491st)
Paul E. Trissel
William G. Wilkie

392nd

Charles H. Bader
Col. Joseph Bush
Olin D. Castle
Arthur J. Egan
Gilbert O. Eisermann

Earl A. Hall

Edward S. Schwartz

445th

William T. Burt
Harold A. Davis
Harrison L. Fugate (492nd)
George F. Johnson

446th

Harold R. Lindemulder
Leonard G. Scriven
John B. Wheelis, Jr. (492nd)

448th

Marvin W. Hicks
Franklin Naylor
Ernest Pilley
Armond N. Quigley
Sidney A. Stephens

453rd

Salvatore Giombarrese
Harold E. Hays
Charles E. Iles
Walter E. Patscheider

458th

Glenn D. Carlson
Leo Lieber
Patrick F. McCormick

466th

James L. Bruner
Lt. Col. Warren K. Burt (Ret.)
Floyd C. Cooper, Jr.
Lloyd M. Harwood
Charles J. Hinnen
Donald F. Murray
Matthew Nichols
Wallace Wessels

467th

Vance E. Cridling
Henry Fagan (389th)
Lowell D. Smothers

489th

Ray J. Bennett
Robert J. Loughran

491st

E.K. McNew
Kenneth M. Pfeiffer
Richard M. Rinto
E. Keith Voorhees

492nd

Roy J. Santora (HQ)

SM

Col. John T. McCoy

EARLY 2ND BOMB DIVISION LEADER TAKES HIS LAST FLIGHT

Major General Jack W. Wood (Ret.), 87, of Santa Ana, California, died on July 18, 1994 in Santa Ana.

He held many important military posts including command of the 389th Bombardment Group and later the 20th Combat Wing (Heavy), 2nd Bomb Division, 8th Air Force during World War II. He participated in the first Ploesti, Romania air raid in August 1943. He was appointed as Chief of the Joint Air Mission to France in 1944.

Following the war he held a number of important Air Force posts, including Air

Attache at the American Embassy in London.

A command pilot, his decorations include the Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished

Service Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, Air Medal with one oak leaf cluster,

Commander of the Order of the British Empire, the French Croix d'Guerre avec palme, and the Legion d'Honore.

General Wood was a native of Minnesota, and had been in the military since February 1929. He leaves his wife, Betty Lee; two stepdaughters, Susan Garland of Westport, Connecticut and Patricia Burrell of Paradise, California, and two grandchildren.

A General Jack Wood Memorial has

been established at the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio. ■



A Tribute to the Men of the Eighth Air Force

If I had brought you flowers
or given you my tears
or if only I had known you
or could roll back the years.

I was a child in those dark days
and I looked up in awe
as in your thousands high above
in formation you would roar.

I did not know the price you paid
to keep this country free
or how you died and suffered so
for children such as me.

Nothing can make up for this,
nothing can atone
for loss of life, of youth, of love
in places far from home.

And the courage of survivors
who after had to live
with memories of friends, and deeds
and what they'd had to give.

If flowers could say all there is to say
and give back life that was blown away
But flowers are not enough...

SHEILA HUDSON
Ipswich . Suffolk

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Marvin H. Speidel



It is leaf raking time in Rahway, New Jersey as I write this, and while the piles of leaves in the yard deserve my attention, it is much more pleasant to sit here pounding the word processor and letting my mind wander. I'm remembering things like the original ball turret gunner on our crew in phase training at Davis Monthan Field in Tucson who walked out onto the bomb bay doors rather than struggle through the catwalk, and who must have had an angel on his shoulder since the doors did not break open; or our first tail gunner who went AWOL after several experiences with chronic air sickness as well as bouts with fear and uncertainty. Needless to say, they were both replaced by request of our pilot, Lt. Charles Irwin, by two great guys — Virgil Huff, our baby of 17 years, and Andy Kremusch, who had completed 51 missions out of the Aleutians with the 11th AAF.

I'm also remembering some nissen hut buddies at Station 125, like Harry King, "Becky Boy" Beck, and "May Day" Johnson. Does anyone remember them or have any idea of their whereabouts? Does anyone recall the twin brothers who were on the same crew and had a bottle of champagne in their foot locker for the day they would

finish their tour? Or the fellow whose black cocker spaniel would curl up on his bunk and could not be coaxed off for love nor money when she seemed to know that her master was in the air? I would love to hear what you might know about any of them.

Further, I can almost see the flares filling the air and ricocheting off the ground as they substituted for fireworks during the July 4th celebration in 1944 until Chaplain Gannon sent word that the MPs were on their way to shut us down and everything became peaceful and quiet once more as all the evidence disappeared. Remember?

I have lots of memories...fun ones like these, and some not so good that I'd rather not remember. How about you? It would be greatly appreciated if I could hear from more of you with your memories of things both good and bad, funny or sad, heroic or ridiculous. Anything you can think of to add to the glorious history of the 8th Air Force, the 2nd Air Division, and the Bungay Buckaroos. Write them down and send them on...tomorrow may be too late.

Speaking of memories, start thinking about what memorabilia and/or documents, such as orders, etc. you may have gathering dust in the attic, and what books, magazines, or periodicals you would consider donating to the 2AD Memorial Room in Norwich once restored or the 8th Air Force Heritage Center in Savannah when completed. Do not send anything now, but start searching and listing so that we can make a dent in the gigantic job ahead of all of us when it becomes appropriate.

In closing, let me remind you that the next 2ADA convention will be held in Lexington, Kentucky, July 3-6, 1995, and it will be of great importance that you be present. See you there. ■

The skies are silent today.

*Nothing but soft cumulus clouds playfully pushing towards the sun,
while at loftier levels a few scattered cirrus stand.*

*But my memory rears back more than half-a-century, drizzle swept airfields return
and bombers race down ghostly runways.*

*As I sit on my terrace, smoking a fine cigar, no flak and no fighters shatter this azure blue...
Then, once again, we are some four miles high, turrets turning and firing as the Luftwaffe stalks.*

*Contrails now are friendly, made by passenger-filled jet airliners peacefully roaring from city to city.
Long ago contrails marked our place in hostile air, and enemy cannon shells spit their agony at us.*

*Yes, I survived, but there again go bursts of orange from forests below as their steel explodes up high.
The great air battles are all dim now, as Schweinfurt, Berlin and the Ruhr Valley are tamed.*

The skies are silent today.

— Joseph Broder (446th)

We Were Something Else.

BY MILTON GENES (389th)

The Fall 1994 issue of the 2ADA *Journal* contained two items which prompted the following recollections. First was the "26 November 1944: Target Misburg" on page 28, and secondly, the letter to the editor from Robert A. Jacobs on page 39, referring to PFF lead aircraft and their crews.

I graduated from aerial gunnery school in Laredo, Texas and took my position in the B-24 Emerson electric nose turret. My crew formed up, and went through OTU training at Pueblo Army Air Base, Pueblo, Colorado. Our pilot was Raymond H. DuFlon, with copilot Robert Ruiz. Our crew shipped overseas and became part of the 389th BG, 564th Squadron stationed at Hethel (Wymondham/Norwich), England.

After plenty of "familiarization," which included many hours of flying around the landscape, our first combat mission took place on 26 November 1944 (target Misburg). It was a beautiful, clear day, with huge visibility. On this, our first mission, L. Ruiz, our copilot, flew with a combat-experienced crew, while we had a combat-experienced pilot replace him and fly with us. We were positioned in the "slot" for our baptismal flight.

craft in the few seconds before it got hit? I still see it happening! I was 18.

As we concluded our bomb run, took evasive action and turned away from the target, thick, black smoke from explosions and burning oil on the ground was billowing up through the smokescreen almost halfway up to our altitude! More flak, more B-24s hit, downed or crippled, more bandit alerts. I couldn't believe any of this! "Sure looks like we gave it a good lick, guys," he said. Later, following a long, quiet spell, the experienced pilot came back on the intercom: "Hey, crew, there's a sight up ahead more beautiful than any naked woman you'll ever see — the coast of England!" Thank goodness for three fingers of whiskey and peanut butter sandwiches at critique.

In early March of 1945, I was taken off Ray DuFlon's crew and assigned to training in pilotage navigation. Upon finishing this training, I flew thereafter with various PFF lead crews as pilotage navigator. Of our several lead crews, I only remember Resler, Ogden, Baarsch, Hunter, and one mission with Jimmy Stewart on board as commander, but I don't remember whose crew I flew with that day.

On my flight days I would attend lead crew

identification of some cultural or natural feature seen from the cockpit. I certainly had the best seat in the house for visibility.

My inputs were valuable right up to nine-tenths undercast where a peek through a hole in the clouds might just give positive identification of a feature or landmark to aid and confirm the "mickey" navigator's radar positioning.

I finished out my tour in this position, flying with various lead crews, but not before showing a snoot-full of .50 cal. machine gun ammo into a ME-262 making a head-on pass at us on 4 April 1945 near Parchim-Wesendorf. He and I began shooting at each other simultaneously and I could see his cannon fire glint in the sun as it passed just above our aircraft. The jet quickly began smoking heavily as he dumped and passed beneath our wing. The pilot was seen to bail out by crews behind us. Moments later I was shooting at a second ME-262 who followed in right behind the first one. He broke off to our starboard side trailing some thin white smoke, was picked up and chased out of my view by our escorting fighters. I heard later that he too was destroyed by our Mustangs.

When these jets first appeared amongst us,

No amount of language can possibly convey the fright and terror I felt at that moment.

I came here to be shot out of the sky and fall 22,000 feet in order to die?

I would have exchanged it all for an infantry rifle on the spot.

Bandits were reported aloft as we approached the target area, and contrails snaking about above us revealed plenty of fighter activity. The target lay ahead and I strained to pick out stacks, chimneys, tanks, or anything at all that might have looked like a refinery or tank-farm storage area. The entire target area, as I thought I saw it, was blanketed with dense ground-hugging smoke from generators upwind of the target. I couldn't make out very much.

In very short order, crisp, angry, greasy black puffs of anti-aircraft fire appeared all around us; some flashed orange, some flashed silver. The experienced pilot flying with us spoke into the intercom, "Here it comes, fellas." Even before he got his thumb off the mike button, a burst of flak severed a wing off the B-24 flying in front of us. The wing just folded back, broke away and flashed to the rear, tumbling to earth like part of a toy with an engine on it. The remaining corpus of the Liberator rolled heavily down on the bereft side and disappeared under us as we flew on.

No amount of language can possibly convey the fright and terror I felt at that moment. I came here to be shot out of the sky and fall 22,000 feet in order to die? I would have exchanged it all for an infantry rifle on the spot. Why was I staring at that particular air-

briefings which were much more detailed and sophisticated than were the regular crew briefings. All kinds of high-ranking officers were usually present. For each mission I was given detailed maps of our routings with all alignments and headings delineated in red wax pencil, with primary, secondary and tertiary targets identified and marked out, and sometimes, even aerial photographs of the target(s).

Nose turrets on PFF aircraft were equipped with compass, altimeter, airspeed indicator, outside thermometer, etc., and a bomb toggle switch. The pilotage navigator's job was to call out navigational landmarks and checkpoints enroute, and the aircraft's orientation to them. This meant validating and following headings, calculating and correcting interim ETAs, and generally monitoring the way's progress. In addition to normal aids such as the "hack" watch and flight computer (E-6B or D-4), I carried my own binoculars, and sometimes a camera. Of course, the nose turret was a fully operational gun position as well.

My communications enroute were primarily with the mission navigator who was stationed outside my turret behind me in the nose section; his windows blacked out as he scoped things out with his "G-box." I was his "eyes." Often enough, the lead pilot or the command pilot would call and ask me for

there were three of them, and they approached from six o'clock, totally unannounced. They screeched in right over the top of my turret, startling the hell out of me; they were close! I've always felt strongly that originally they were coming in after our PFF lead plane, but overshot us. They did, however, succeed in nailing two other B-24s up ahead of us. After a while, two returned, coming back down the bomber stream very obviously intent on our PFF lead aircraft.

I have not read anything anywhere about enlisted pilotage navigators in PFF lead planes. I wonder how many there were? I know of only one other, S/Sgt. John D. Sherman, who also came from Ray DuFlon's crew. He was a tail gunner.

Citations, awards, and promotions were talked about, but in the press of my expedited rotation to the States, nothing ever happened. Typographical errors and digit transpositions on the few records I still have of myself show no less than four different serial numbers for me. I finished out my AAF service at Childress, Texas, and was separated at Westover Field, Massachusetts.

For Ray DuFlon and his original crew, Misburg, 26 November 1944, is now 50 years ago. I've heard of the passing of two of our original crew members. We were something else. ■



BY RAY PYTEL

"You are living in the past!" was the message on the card...Someone wanted me to "go back to the future!" OK, from now on, all your group mischief makers, tell me about something amusing that you are going to do, something that you can share in this column!

One thing about the future that I really don't care for is the modern weather phenomenon called the "wind chill factor." I am glad that I didn't have to suffer like the current generation does — those forecasts of 60-70 below wind chills scare the hell out of everyone before they leave the house. We had it easy in the "good old days." It was either cold or damn cold, not figures that are dreamed up by some modern day Lord Haw Haw or Herr Goebbels to please the sensation-seeking news media.

Now back to more "future" stuff...England, May 4-12, 1995 will be a celebration of VE Day with visits to the bases, etc. It's very late, but check with Evelyn Cohen — there may be cancellations.

The 1995 2ADA convention will be in Lexington, Kentucky, July 3-6 at the Marriott Griffin Gate Resort. Don't miss this one; it's another thing you can do in your future! (I listed the city tourist information bureau in the *Winter Journal*. The Commonwealth of Kentucky's bureau phone is 1-800-225-TRIP, extension 67.)

Besides horses, horses, and more horses, and everything that goes with them, Lexington is the home of the University of Kentucky, many fine homes on exhibit, plus blue (flowered) grass and black (or at least dark color) wooden fences — "white ones get dirty too quick" and cost a lot more to maintain.

Milwaukee has been chosen as the site of the 1996 2ADA convention. It will be in the latter part of June, depending on what the Hyatt has available. Now this is something for you to "latch on to" that you can do in the future, so set your reunion sights on Milwaukee 1996! Both the city of Milwaukee and the state of Wisconsin have free tourist information for the asking. The Visitors and Tourist Bureau, Association of Commerce, 756 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, WI 53202 has attractions and data for the city, and the Wisconsin Dept. of Development, Division of Tourism, 123 W. Washington Avenue, Madison, WI 53702 (phone 1-800-372-2737) can provide state-wide information.

The 8th Air Force Heritage Center in Savannah, Georgia is to be completed in the fall of 1995, and a dedication is to be held May 13-14, 1996. Evelyn Cohen has reserved

thirty rooms for 2ADA members who want to attend the celebration. This is *not* a reunion or a 2ADA convention. If you would like to attend, contact Evelyn about accommodations. For tourist information about Georgia, contact: Tourist Division, P.O. Box 1776, Atlanta, GA 30301-1776, phone 1-800-847-4842. For Savannah city area information, phone (912) 944-0456.

Tired of all this "future" stuff? Well, let's get back to the "pasture." Does anyone recall the concrete walk by the crew members' mess hall? It seems that when the group arrived late in 1943, Tibenham was lined with "wall to wall" mud; wherever you went, you went "by mud," including the mess hall. It seems that this greatly disturbed the keepers of the hall, aggravated the "moppers," and truly put a real "mess" in the mess hall. Having the crew members removing their mud laden boots upon entry was considered, but someone concluded that the "mess" would only be a little less "messy" if made with stocking feet, and the procedure would become very cumbersome as well. (All G.I. boots look alike!)

... Signs were put up to "keep off the wet concrete," but the hungry crewmen trudded right through the "usual mud" with the comment, "This stuff seems to be getting deeper all the time!"

Enter the concrete walk. It appears that one day while the 445th was on a long mission, a contractor or someone came over and laid a walk by the entrance. Signs were put up to "keep off the wet concrete," but due to the complete blackout, and a late returning mission, the hungry crewmen trudded right through the usual mud, with the comment, "This stuff seems to be getting deeper all the time," not realizing they were trudging in the future walk!

Eight inquiries were received about the "radium nasal therapy" (*Winter 1994 Journal*, page 12) asking for the phone number of the Submarine Survivors Group. The number is (617) 471-5647. Their "hotline" welcomes calls from all veterans, especially high altitude WWII flyers who received the therapy. (There were also several inquiries as to the authenticity of the nasal treatment's danger and its consequences, which have been submitted to Dr. Dale P. Sandler of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, Research Triangle Park, N.C. Sandler conducted the original study at Johns Hopkins University, which is now beginning a wider follow up

study of the effects of the treatment. Specific inquiries about WWII Air Force treatment were also referred to health physicist Stewart Farber, 19 Stuart Street, Pawtucket, RI 02860, who is the science advisor to the Submarine Survivors Group based in Quincy, Mass.)

Thomas Newton of Grand Rapids, MI, asked an interesting question. He says, "I recall being assigned to the 701st Squadron of the group in February 1945...It was considered the lead squadron, and only put up three or four crews per mission. I am just wondering if you could corroborate the lead squadron idea, as my memory is fading." Yes, I checked Adjutant Birsic's unofficial 445th history book, and it says it happened February 25, 1945. Those of you who were around at that time may be able to give us some details on this. John was part of the ground personnel, and his duties included various "ground assignments" of combat crews, which included ditching practice, skeet range and mickey missions. (Our crew was in the 701st, but we finished on October 3, 1944.)

Another inquiry: Harold F. Hartner (702nd Squadron), Bethany, NY, says he flew in "Q for Queenie" and left it in bad shape at a fighter base on his 20th mission in the spring of 1944, "never to fly again." Now he has heard that an air museum in Fall River, Massachusetts has a model of the "Queenie" with information that it flew "90 missions and survived the war." The donor of the model is reported to be Donald Oakley of Westport, MA, who cannot be located. Does anyone recall the plane or Don Oakley? Was it salvaged and flew combat again?

About my "tattoo" writeup in the *Winter Journal*: Several questions were raised about the Dutch term that was the origin of Yankee. It was "Jan Kees," which literally meant "John Cheese," an ethnic insult for a Hollander. "Jan" is pronounced "Yahn" and "Kees" (cheese) is a product of Holland. (Wisconsinites have their equivalent, "cheesehead" for a country bumpkin.) If you check British history, the Dutch were to help the Spanish Armada in 1588 by providing the ground troops for the invasion of Britain, but something funny happened on the way to the conquest. A privateer was asked by Queen Elizabeth to intercept the Spanish Armada, but he continued his favorite "game of bowls" and said, "There is no hurry." Upon finishing, he took the British ships and confronted the Spanish fleet with all the aplomb and bravado that Sir Francis Drake could muster — "I'll take care of them when I'm good and ready!" — and when he was good and ready, the mighty Spanish Armada went down to explore the bottom of the English Channel while the victorious British went on to create a new empire.

(continued on page 20)

We Honor GENERAL LEON W. JOHNSON

by Jordan R. Uttal, Honorary President, 2ADA

In the Fall issue of the *Journal* (page 3) we extended, in advance, 90th birthday greetings to General Johnson. However, due to the publicity so rightly given to the tragic fire at the Norwich Central Library in which our Memorial Room was destroyed, we could not complete the rest of our salute to him.

At the March 1994 meeting of the 2ADA executive committee, certain actions were approved in this matter that were delayed due to the events of August 1st, but now, as Paul Harvey would say, here's the rest of the story.

On 26 May 1994, John Conrad, who was our president at that time, wrote to General Johnson:

"In recognition of your outstanding leadership and service to our country, our executive committee has taken action to offer you a lifetime honorary membership in the Second Air Division Association, 8th Air Force. An appropriate document certifying your lifetime membership is being prepared and will be presented to you."

Accordingly, Rick Rokicki, who oversees production of our plaques, placed the order for the special plaque which was to be taken to Fort Belvoir, Virginia by Pete Henry (VP, 44th BG) for presentation to the General on 12 September 1994, the day before his 90th birthday. The wording on the plaque is as follows:

*The 2nd Air Division Association
Proudly and Respectfully Extends
Honorary Membership
To
General Leon W. Johnson
Medal of Honor Winner
Distinguished Wartime Commander
44th Bombardment Group
January 1943 - September 1943
14th Combat Bomb Wing
September 1943 - May 1945
2nd Air Division
8th Air Force
USAAF
6 March 1994*

As you may have read, Pete was not feeling well at that time, and Rick agreed to act as pinch hitter. Accordingly, on 12 September, he drove to Fort Belvoir and made the presentation on behalf of all of us. These pictures show the plaque itself, and our beloved General Johnson proudly holding this evidence of the great esteem and affection in which the association holds our outstanding Medal of Honor winner.

Again, General Johnson, we salute you with great respect! ■



445th BOMB GROUP (continued)

The remaining Spanish ships fleeing north around Britain never did pick up the Dutch troops, but being Catholic and aligned with Catholic Spain didn't endear the Protestant Brits in the eyes of the Dutch. Hence the epithet, sounding like "Yankee" to the British, who grabbed it and made the word their own with a modified meaning - "clumsy, dimwit." (The attack in part was over the Queen's refusal to marry the King of Spain, who wanted to make England Catholic again, and endear himself in the eyes of Rome.)

If you have \$8,000, the Russians will let you fly a MIG-29 for one hour, but you must pay your own fare to Moscow and back. MIGS Etc., Inc. offers a variety of planes and supersonic packages starting at \$5,500. Call 1-800-MIGS ETC for a free brochure.

Air Combat USA, Inc. lets you fly "air combat" without flight experience! If you have \$695 you can be a fighter pilot "for a day." You can participate in formation flying and aerial dogfights, and they make a videotape of your flight. Call 1-800-522-7590 for full details. Several types of planes and locations are available.

The French did let you fly a B-17 over Paris for \$500 a few years ago, but I haven't heard if they are still doing it. (Being a member of the Warbirds USA, I did get a chance to ride a P-51 "piggyback" — that's the "trainer" seat behind the pilot, tight and very cozy — some seven or eight years ago in Oshkosh. Alas it was about 45 years too late!

The editor of *Warbirds Worldwide* in England, Paul Coggan, advised me that the UK Ministry of Defense makes various "surplus" aircraft available through auctions conducted by Sotheby's. Recently they sold such items as the Tiger Moth, Swordfish, Harvard (our AT-6), several Hawker Hunters and Harriers, plus the forerunner of the Harrier, the Hawker P1127 Kestrel. Paul stated that he can be contacted for further information on specific items. His phone number in England is +44 623 845551. This is your chance to live it up and fly, fly again! Remember, the Harrier needs no airport, and unlike the B-24 you can take it up again "from a dime." That is, if you can mollify your neighbors as to the "decibel count," which can only be surpassed by the "wind chill" figures from the Arctic when the movable jets are kicking in! So turn down your hearing aid, turn up the throttle, and let'er fly! (At the executive committee meeting in Lexington last December, I told antique aircraft pilot and 458th VP Rick Rokicki about the Harrier, and he said he has flown the Tiger Moth and many other craft, but has not worked up to "jets" yet! Better check the winter issue of the *Journal* for your life expectancy, Rick — time's a wasting!

That's about it. The Easter bunny should be coming soon, and then England and Lexington. By the way, I can now be reached by fax or phone — the number for both is (414) 723-6381. Ta ta! ■

The 445th Bomb Group was almost wiped out, and I went down on my twenty-ninth mission, during the infamous Kassel raid of September 27, 1944.

It started out uneventfully enough, with 39 planes scheduled to take off from our group. By the time we got into Germany there had been four aborts, so eventually 35 planes dropped their bombs.

The weather over the continent was not very good, with a thick undercast, cloud base about 3,000 feet and tops 6-7000 feet. It was planned to drop the bombs through the clouds using the PFF in the lead ship.

The 445th was leading the 2nd Combat Wing, the other groups in the wing being the 389th and the 453rd. The lead ship was that of Capt. John Chilton, with Maj. Donald McCoy as command pilot. Deputy lead was Capt. Web Uebelhoer, with Capt. Jim Graham as deputy command pilot. I happened to be flying with Lt. James Schaeen in the 702nd BS; we were in the high right squadron.

We were approaching the I.P. in a southeasterly direction, where we were supposed to make a slight left turn in an east-southeasterly direction toward Kassel, but for some reason the lead ship turned almost directly east, a mistake which would take us past the target city of Kassel, too far to the north. The only explanation was that the radar man had made a grievous error.

Practically every navigator in our group picked up on this mistake almost instantly, but it was too late for the lead ship to correct to the right, as he would have run into the stream of bombers coming up from the rear.

In hindsight we can say that the correct thing to do would have been to make a 360° turn to the left and come in on the rear of the second division, but Major McCoy decided to continue on east and bomb the city of Göttingen, about 50 miles away. As a result we lost our fighter escort, and flew alone to our own destruction.

Some of the pilots contacted the lead ship to report the error, but the only signal they received was "Keep in tight — Keep it together."

We carried on east, and finally dropped our bombs at Göttingen. We then made a turn to the south, and in the vicinity of Eisenach, we made a right turn to proceed west. By this time we were probably a hundred miles behind the rest of the division.

Just as we made the turn, we were attacked from the rear by between 100 and 150 German fighters. They attacked us line abreast in three waves. Most of these fighters were specially adapted FW-190s equipped with extra armor, and both 20 and 30mm cannons. They were accompanied by a smaller number of ME-109s.

The battle probably lasted only a few minutes, but it was a horrendous attack, as the FW-190 assault fighters passed through the bomber formations with 20 and 30mm cannons blazing, and the 50 cal. machine guns of the B-24s responding. The skies were full of bright flashes from the exploding shells. Burning

THE INFAMOUS KASSEL RAID

SEPTEMBER 27, 1944

By George M. Collar (445th)

and exploding airplanes were plummeting earthward; debris from the planes was spinning through the air. Bomb bay doors floated down like leaves.

In between, many parachutes were blossoming out and carrying flyers toward the undercast and an unknown fate below.

Now I wasn't supposed to be on this raid, as I was due for a three day pass and was scheduled to leave for London that morning, so I was surprised when they roused me out of bed at 3:00 AM and told me that I was to take the place of Lt. Jim Schaeen's bombardier, who had failed to return from London on the evening of the 26th.

We were the lead plane in the low left element of the high right squadron. I was in the nose turret. The first inkling that we were being

When the smoke of this great battle had cleared, 25 of our bombers had crashed into German soil. Only four of the 35 planes that had dropped their bombs were able to return to Tibenham. This was the greatest single loss in of any group in 8th Air Force history.

attacked was the sudden appearance of many small flak bursts just ahead of the plane, and at the same time a sound like sledge hammer blows hitting the plane. The left wing was hit and on fire, and at the same time there was an explosion under the turret. About this time, the FW-190 that was attacking us streaked overhead not more than a few feet above us. I tried to shoot at him, but the turret controls were inoperative. The explosion under the turret had probably severed the hydraulics to the turret.

After the fighter had passed, I glanced down at the lead squadron and watched with horror as the fighters attacked them. At least two of the bombers were on fire, including the lead plane. At about this time the bail-out bell rang and I descended from the turret. As I glanced around, the nose section looked like Swiss cheese. It was a miracle that neither the navigator nor myself had been hit. Lt. Bean, the navigator, opened the nose wheel door and we both bailed out.

When the smoke of this great battle had cleared, 25 of our bombers had crashed into German soil. Two of our planes crash-landed in occupied France. One had crashed near Brussels, Belgium. Two made it across the

Channel to make forced landings at the emergency strip at Manston. One crashed near the base in Norfolk. Only four were able to land at Tibenham.

Of the 238 men aboard the 25 bombers which went down in Germany, 115 were KIA or subsequently died of injuries. One was killed in the plane which crashed in Norfolk and one was killed in the crash in Belgium, for a total of 117.

Another American killed that day was Lt. Leo Lamb of the 361st FG, who belatedly came to our rescue. He collided with an FW-190 in mid air.

During the battle the German air force lost 29 planes, with 18 German pilots KIA.

And it is true that five American airmen were murdered that day near the village of Nentershausen. The murdered airmen were 2nd Lt. Newell W. Brainard (Lt. Carrow's crew), T/Sgt. John J. Donahue (Lt. Elder's crew), 2nd Lt. John W. Cowgill, 2nd Lt. Hector V. Scala, and T/Sgt. James T. Fields, all from Lt. Baynham's crew. The perpetrators were civilians, the main culprits being camp bosses at some hard labor camps near a copper mine in the vicinity. The killers were apprehended after the war and brought to justice at a war crimes trial. They were found guilty, and subsequently executed.

One would have thought that with a battle of this magnitude, more would have been writ-

ten about it. Aside from a paragraph in Roger Freeman's book *The Mighty Eighth* that stated this was the greatest single loss of any group in the Eighth Air Force, it received no other publicity. This is understandable, since this had been a failed raid, and a big defeat for our side. It is possible that everyone was trying to forget it. But it was certainly not forgotten by those who survived it, nor by anyone who happened to be at Tibenham that day, nor by the next of kin of those who perished.

In 1986, Lt. Col. John Woolnough, a former B-24 pilot, founder of the 8th Air Force Historical Society and editor of the *Eighth Air Force News*, devoted two entire issues of that publication to the Kassel mission, and Bill Dewey, a pilot who survived the raid, subsequently organized the establishment of the non-profit, tax exempt group known as *The Kassel Mission Memorial Association (KMMA)*. KMMA has produced a book entitled *The Kassel Mission Reports*, based on the material previously printed in the *8th AF News*, and established a historic memorial monument, dedicated on August 2, 1990, on a plot of ground donated by the government of the state of Hesse on the precise spot where the lead ship of Capt. Chilton crashed at Bad Herzfeld. ■



392nd B.G.

BY OAK MACKEY

My copy of the 392nd BG Memorial Association News came in the mail a while back, and it's full of good news. Col. Lawrence Gilbert is now the chairman of the board of the 392nd BGMA. Cliff Peterson is the president, and Gilbert Bambauer is the new treasurer. Charley Dye, who served us so well as treasurer for many years, resigned that office when he was elected president of the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Congratulations and salutations to this fine foursome. They have all served us well in the past in many ways, and will continue to do so in the future. You can count on it.



That's our house of fifty years ago. Bob Lowe, bombardier, is on the left; myself, copilot, in the center; and Jack Clarke, pilot, at the right. Brad Eaton, navigator, is not shown because he owned the camera and was taking the picture. It appears we had the day off and were enjoying a stroll on our spacious and well-kept lawn. Note the four stove pipes, one for each room. You all remember the coke burning stoves. It took forever to get the fire going, but when you did, they put out a lot of heat.



Someone convinced our crew that clean wings flew faster. This airplane is "Windy City Belle," crew chief, Ernest Barber. That's our air crew up on the wings with mops and buckets of 130 octane gasoline scrubbing away the grease and grime. Apparently we thought our lives were not in enough danger

flying combat missions, so we washed our airplane with gasoline which could have ignited with just a tiny spark. Anyway, we flew with clean wings — whether or not we gained any speed is debatable. Washing the wings was a one-time event; it was not a regular practice.

It is now very near to the fifty-first anniversary of the February 24, 1944 mission to Gotha. For our efforts that day, the 392nd BG was awarded the Distinguished Unit Citation. Despite attacks from approximately 150 single and twin-engine German fighters in an air battle lasting about two hours, 317 five hundred pound bombs from the 392nd impacted on the target; 64% within 1,000 feet of the aiming point, 97% within 2,000 feet. The target was an aircraft factory which never fully regained production. There were thirty-two B-24s dispatched that day, and there were seven aircraft lost in the air battle. In the lead B-24 of the group were Col. Lauren Johnson, command pilot; Lt. James MacGregor, pilot; Lt. Robert Good, bombardier; and Roy Swangren, navigator. Vern Baumgart and crew were flying deputy lead in the 579th Squadron, and Walt Hebron and crew were deputy lead of the 576th Squadron. There were two Petersons flying with the 578th Squadron; we can assume one of them was Cliff Peterson and crew. The last three named are all present day members of the 2ADA and the 392nd BGMA.

You all remember the Battle of the Bulge. It began just over fifty years ago (December 1944). There were a number of contributing factors for the German early successes, and a major one was the weather. The entire battle area was covered with a thick blanket of fog for almost all of December, and effective air strikes were not possible. The Germans gained new ground every day, and the 8th and 9th Air Forces could do very little about it. The German advance was halted only after more American and British troops joined the battle. The weather cleared some in early 1945 and air strikes did their part. In February, the Battle of the Bulge was over and Allied troops were poised on the German borders, ready to move forward in favorable spring weather and bring World War II to an end in the ETO.

The 2ADA executive committee met in December at the Marriott Hotel in Lexington, Kentucky. The foremost topic on the agenda was the rebuilding of our Memorial Room. It would be redundant for me to write about this in my column, as there are reports in this issue of the *Journal* from the various officers and committees who have been assigned specific duties in planning the rebuilding process. Please read these reports carefully, and if you have any comments, suggestions, or complaints, write or call the appropriate person.

You have read the articles in previous issues of the *Journal* regarding the memorial in the churchyard in Sheringham, England, placed there through the efforts of Doug and Celia Willies and all the people of Sheringham. The Willies journeyed to the U.S. in September 1994, and on the 29th they came to our house for a visit. We had lunch at a restaurant at Falcon Airfield, just two miles from our home in Mesa, Arizona. Falcon Field was a RAF pilot training base in 1942-45. There is a gallery of photos and memorabilia from that era in the restaurant, which Doug and Celia thoroughly enjoyed. There are twenty-three British cadets buried in the Mesa cemetery. We went there to pay our respects and to take photographs.

It was a very special honor to have our friends from England in our house. We will see them again in May when we travel to England for VE Day.

Lt. Col. Harry E. Thomas, USAF (Ret.), has written a book all about cadet training, B-24 phase training, flying the Atlantic via the southern route, and life at the 392nd BG at Wendling. He was shot down on July 7, 1944 on a mission to Bernberg and was a POW for the duration. He has sent me a chapter from the book, and it is very interesting and well-written. To order your copy, write to H.E. Thomas, P.O. Box 967, Florence, SC 29503. Send a check for \$15.00 (\$12.00 for the book and \$3.00 for shipping). All profits will be donated to the POW Museum at Andersonville, Georgia.

"A new 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial will arise from the ashes of the old." This quote is from Memorial Trust stationery on which Phyllis DuBois thanked me for a framed picture of a Phoenix bird I sent her in October. ■

LEST WE FORGET

by Myron Keilman (392nd BG, 579th SQ)

On 24 February 1944, the 392nd struck the twin engine fighter plant at Gotha with such devastating accuracy that it earned the Presidential Unit Citation. Seven airplanes and crews were lost in a relentless running air battle. Twenty-one German fighters were claimed shot down by the group's gunners.

Here is General Hodges' message dated 25 February:

"I am confident that you destroyed Gotha yesterday. PRU reported at a late hour last night that they had been unable to obtain photographs of the damage because the target was completely covered with flames and smoke. However, a close study and analysis of strike photographs taken by all the groups makes me feel confident that we can look forward to the PRU report with great optimism. Our losses are a great blow to us, but it is my hope that a substantial number of them are now prisoners of war. Our only comfort is derived from the fact that their contribution to the war has been a decisive one, and by hastening final victory will save the lives of untold numbers of their comrades in the air and on the ground." ■



Open Letter To the 93rd

BY FLOYD H. MABEE



A MYSTERY

Some of the fellows in the photo above I seem to recognize, and some I don't. Could this possibly be "Friday's Cat" or "Friday the Thirteenth?" The number of that plane would be 41-23713. If it is, the crew members of that plane were 1/Lt. Frank T. Hinshaw, pilot; 2/Lt. Cleland G. Marriot, copilot; John B. Crisp, navigator; 1/Lt. Jose E. Moya, bombardier; T/Sgt. John G. VanDervolt, engineer; S/Sgt. Jacob B. Brunisolz, AE; T/Sgt. Harry Heim, R; S/Sgt. Robert L. Brooks, AR; S/Sgt. Clyde K. Boaze, G; and T/Sgt. Munford Kennon, B & BSM. Viales Flannary (328th BS) sent me this picture, and I tried to contact him before writing this article, but couldn't reach him. I tried to have the picture blown up some, but it was too fuzzy. So I am stumped and would like to straighten this out after over fifty years. Could this possibly be the plane we lost in the Atlantic September 8 or 9, 1942 when our group flew over to England? The names of this crew and plane number were on our original set of orders from Confidential, North Atlantic Wing, Air Transport Command, Presque Isle, Maine. Operation Order Number 102 lists eight 328th BS planes, serial numbers and names of crew members, and I have added the plane names over the years. I have never seen a picture of the nose art applied to this plane and all 93rd planes before we left Presque Isle. Please write to me if you knew or recognize anyone in the picture: Floyd H. Mabee, 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668-1559. I can't make out the name under the black cat on the bomb #13.

PICTURES OF ORIGINAL 93RD PLANES

I have had a good response and even some duplications. It has cost me a bundle to have negatives and prints made up, but worth every cent. By the time you read this, I hope to have all the borrowed pictures returned. Thanks a lot, fellows. If I have failed to return

any, please let me know.

I'm still missing the following originals that flew overseas September 4-9, 1942: "US Express" #41-23672, "Hare's To Ya" #41-23710, "Hell's A Droppin'" #41-23723, "Globe Trotter" #41-23748, and a confirmed authentic "Friday's Cat" or "Friday the Thirteenth."

93RD BG ROLL OF HONOR

With the help of Cal Davidson, the 93rd BG Roll of Honor has been completed for the present time and was mailed to Jordan Uttal before I left my New Jersey home for Florida on October 24th. Since then we have received two names: one was on the Roll of Honor but with an incorrect spelling, and the other one was not listed.

I am sure that we may be omitting many 93rd men killed in action between June 1944 through the end of the war, as I have no records covering that period. As I requested in my last "Open Letter to the 93rd," if you know of any 93rd men KIA and you know or think their names aren't listed in the 93rd Roll of Honor, send as much information as possible, such as their names, ranks and serial numbers, missions they were on, etc. I will check over our Roll of Honor, and if not listed I will forward this information to the Mortuary Affairs in Washington, DC. This all takes time — I have been informed that at this time they have a six month backlog. This is very important; don't put it off. We aren't getting any younger. As I had noted before, please mail this information to me; don't call.

THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF A FATEFUL FLIGHT

This memorial of T/Sgt. William H. Kirlin Jr. was printed in a publication put out by crew member Larry Hewin called *Borrowed Times*. This was the fourth issue that Larry has sent to crew members, and he sent me a copy as well. I thought this was fantastic and asked Larry if I could have it published in the *2ADA Journal* to share with the other members. He agreed, and sent me this good picture of Kirlin as well.

"It is difficult to believe that it has been fifty years since September 18th, 1944, when 'Baggy Maggy' and her crew hit the dirt in Holland, losing forever our friend, Bill Kirlin, and allowing the rest of us to survive.

"The recent US Air crash near Pittsburgh serves as a reminder of just how fragile human life is. In but a few moments, 132 people with a variety of dreams and expectations for the future are gone — possibly from a random failure of a primary flight control system or some other equally unlikely occurrence — while yet other passengers on other flights survive.

"Whether one's personal outlook views this as fate, or karma, or destiny, or the will of God, or just plain luck, an incident like Baggy Maggy's last day of life-altering events changes the affected persons' perspectives and provides an awareness of what might also be termed an unseen hand affecting all that happens.

"It may help us a bit to accept the loss of Bill Kirlin to say that it is simply the way of things, beyond understanding, a matter for some sorrow and fond remembrance.

"Fifty years after the event it is also natural to reflect on how the borrowed time has been used by those to whom it has been provided. I am pleased and proud to note that the crew of Baggy Maggy, and those of the original crew who were on the September 18th flight but went on to survive completion of a combat tour, all seem to have led productive and happy lives.

"I have sometimes pondered how the events of WWII have influenced my own outlook and behavior. I cannot be certain of all the ways, but am convinced of a few. Young folks frequently tend to unconsciously think of themselves as immortal: accidents, death, maiming, are things that happen to other people. Watching aircraft full of personal friends explode in mid air with no parachutes emerging has a tendency to change that — it makes it obvious that we are all quite mortal. I think those events also removed for me any fear of death I might have had, and while I am not certain, I believe it has influenced me throughout life to do what I wanted to do and with conscience rather than what ambition, money or social factors at times may have indicated.

"I have sensed from the correspondence and contacts in recent times with the crew members that they are for the most part satisfied with their lives and accomplishments, and, if I am correct in this, it is no minor accomplishment. It has to be tragic to look back on fifty years of life feeling that you have failed to get it right.

"So on the 50th anniversary of the last flight of Baggy Maggy, I salute her and her crew, and all the other gallant airmen who fought for their country, their families who also suffered while their loved ones were at risk, and finally, our very good friend and crew member, Bill Kirlin. Rest in peace."



IN MEMORIAM: WILLIAM H. KIRLIN JR.

(continued on page 34)

Attlebridge Tales



Dr. Martin Levitt, an archivist assigned to the Memorial Room in Norwich, summarized what life was like fifty years ago for the average American serviceman stationed in East Anglia. He said, "We called them men, but most were no more than boys just 18 years old. For them, (the war) was a combination of youthful exuberance broken up by moments of terror."

April 6 & 7, 1945 were days in which they (the men/boys) experienced both exuberance and terror. The 466th BG flew its 200th mission to Arnsburg RR Viaduct on 10 March 1945. Then, twenty-seven days and twenty missions later the official celebration of the 200th mission was held. Those forty-eight hours (April 6 & 7) represent a glorious time during which the nasty, grim and tedious duties of war were made lighter and were brightened by a few moments of pure pleasure. Never deviating from its line of duty, the group found time to dance, drink, eat and laugh, to remember the men who never came back, and to compliment itself upon the completion of 200 combat missions.

On the morning of the 6th, the celebration began. This was enlisted men's day with the officers pulling K.P. and fatigue details. Lieutenants, captains, majors and even colonels were responsible for dishing out the food, washing dishes and cleaning out the mess hall.



The enlisted men ribbed the officers whenever the service slowed down. Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion and there were lots of good laughs. In the afternoon, a contest was held in the vicinity of the ball field. It was called the "pub race." Ten barrels of beer were set up on the ball field spaced about 300



yards apart. The thirty contestants were required to mount and ride their bicycles, pedal to the first barrel or "pub," and there, drink three pints of beer. After completing the first leg of the race, they would then ride to the second "pub" where they would drink another pint, then peddle on to the third "pub" consuming more beer until they completed their round of "pubs." The general idea was to award a prize to the stalwart entrant whose capacity permitted him to down the required two gallons of beer and whose legs were sufficiently toned to get him back around to the "home pub" still mounted on his bike. Cpl. John Richardson of the 784th Squadron took first honors, with S/Sgt. Henry S. Randolph of the 787th Squadron coming in a close second. The prize? A quart of Scotch!

In the afternoon, everyone enjoyed the "Air Circus." P-47s from the 56th Fighter Group and P-51s from the 479th Fighter Group took part in a spectacular show of formation flying, rolls, wingovers and classic "buzz jobs." Following the "little friends" appearance, Sgt. Bill Schaeffer made his fiftieth parachute jump.

During the evening hours there was dancing in the clubs and in the hangars to the beat of Glenn Miller music along with wine (beer), women and song. Many young women from the nearby villages and from Norwich joined in the festivities. Following the midnight curfew for the women, most returned to their homes. However, it was reported that several failed to meet the curfew requirements!

Also, during the night hours, operations was working on the details necessary for another trip to the continent. They were preparing the group for the next operational mission. Fuel trucks rumbled through the night, approaching each revetment to the plane which was scheduled to fly. They were followed by the armorers who carefully placed lethal loads of bombs into the bellies of the waiting B-24s. Cooks were up preparing an early breakfast. Squadron wake-up crews in their jeeps moved slowly through the dark, narrow lanes of the base to find the huts and barracks and awaken alerted crew members. These light sleepers knew hours before that they were alerted to fly. Flashlights in the hands of the one alerting them generally saw eyes already open. In the distance were the sounds of activity, starters whining and engines roaring to life as crew chiefs made final adjustments and fine tuned the engines of their aircraft. After breakfast the flight crews made the long trek to the briefing room where mission details were disclosed, the locker room where flight equipment was checked and donned, and then the rough ride through the darkness to the revetment. Mission #221 was about to begin. As the flare from the control ascended into the darkness over Station 120, eighty mighty engines roared to life around the perimeter track, waiting impatiently for takeoff clearance. The exuberance of the celebration would change to terror in the hours ahead. Yet, a carnival atmosphere still prevailed away from the sound and fury of war. Thus, in incongruity, the 200th mission party went on.

(continued on page 25)

On 22 February 1945, Gene Newton, a tail gunner in the 491st Bomb Group, parachuted from his burning bomber. Captured immediately, he spent the rest of the war as a prisoner of the Germans. During the course of his captivity he began a forced march across Germany ahead of the rampaging American army. The following is Gene's entertaining account of being strafed by American fighters during the march.

THE MAN HOLE COVER

BY GENE NEWTON (491st)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON OUR WAY TO MOOSBURG. It was really more like comic relief. You know how it is when everything is tense in a movie. They will stick in a quick funny scene and the whole audience laughs. That's the way it was this day.

The Germans were moving us out of the POW camp in Nurenburg because the Allies were getting close. We left Nurenburg two abreast on both sides of the road. I don't know how many men were locked up, but they started leaving early in the morning and it was several hours before we joined in the line. We grabbed everything the Krauts had not nailed down. Remember that we were trained to fly, not walk. After an hour or two, there it was. A pot here or a piece of heavy canvas there. We were now foot soldiers and reality was shaping up fast.

Herman, the guard nearest us, had a mustache just like Hitler. He also had a bicycle. He let us know that soon we would be riding the bike and he would be walking. Other guards had police dogs on leashes.

Everybody had his favorite tin can to eat and drink out of...when there was anything to eat. It was fascinating how some of the guys could put different tin cans together to cook on. They would fashion a pan out of tin hooked to a piece of wire. With these contraptions even dry grass would make a hot fire that would boil water.

At night we would lie down beside the road and sleep as best we could — until it rained. I believe that at one stretch we walked for three days and nights. Our American colonel passed the word that if we laid down in that cold rain we were sure to die. Nobody had a raincoat, much less a tent. One morning snow was on the ground. I will never forget our stopping in the middle of one night in what seemed to be a forest. They fed us our first hot meal. It was boiled cabbage soup, but man, it tasted like Thanksgiving dinner.

We were walking and griping one day when we heard airplanes. In gunnery training we had learned to spot different planes in the flash of a second. Hundreds of voices were yelling, "They are ours! They are American! They are P-47s!" That was great, but the guys in those planes thought we were Germans on the move. They came down with their machine guns blazing. There was panic and pandemonium. We hadn't expected them to attack. Men — American, French, English, Germans and their dogs — headed for the woods. I got into what was almost a ditch.

After their first strafing run, the fighter planes turned and started back from the opposite direction. There was a highway bridge dead ahead, so Frank Ryan and I took off running to get under it for shelter. Machine guns roared and wing bombs were dropped. This time they realized that we were not the enemy, wagged their wings, and left.

Talk about adrenaline. Talk about running like a scared rabbit. Our hearts were pounding like sledge hammers, and we weren't about to move from under that bridge — until the man hole cover started rising slowly. I thought about that old joke about the man who cut through the cemetery one night and fell into an open grave. He tried and tried to get out, but he couldn't because it was too deep. Later that night another man who was drunk wandered too close to the grave and fell in as well. As he struggled to get out, the first man woke up and said, "You can't get out." But he did. So here was the man hole cover coming up and something getting ready to emerge from the bowels of hell.

"Our hearts were pounding like sledge hammers, and we weren't about to move out from under that bridge — until the man hole cover started rising slowly . . ."

There is nothing indecisive about me. Those bullets and bombs were nothing compared to what might come out of that hole. Just then, some GI Joe stuck his head out of that hole and said, "Are they gone?"

Completely drained, I didn't have the strength or I would have killed him with that same heavy lid on his head. ■



Wilson Pitts, Gene Newton, and Frank Lewis 46 years after the end of WWII, at a reunion in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

ATTLEBRIDGE TALES (continued)

SAXON'S ART GALLERY: Often, individuals in the officers club would cluster together and become spectators as one of their number would volunteer to be a model for Charles Saxon. The resident cartoonist would create their likeness with paper and charcoal, and when the caricature was completed, it was posted on the club bulletin board. The number of portraits grew as individuals were willing to take the risk and allow Saxon to emphasize the dominant features of their faces. Here is an exhibit of the array of faces he drew. Many of these were officers who served the "troops" during the 200th mission party.

GROUP HISTORY: *The Attlebridge Diaries* (a reprint with additions), the history of the 466th Bomb Group, is nearing completion. The manuscript is in the hands of the publisher, and a Spring 1995 release of the book is anticipated. The cost is \$40.00 plus \$4.95 postage and handling. You won't want to miss this important publication. Order from: Taylor Publishing Company, P.O. Box 12431, Charlotte, NC 28220. ■





491st BOMB GROUP

POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HAP CHANDLER

GROUP PRIORITIES: Following Nelson Leggette's resignation as 491st group vice president, 2ADA President Chuck Walker appointed this writer to temporarily fill the office. As the result of a called election at the San Antonio business meeting on October 12, 1994, I was elected again to the vice presidency of the 491st Bomb Group.

For your confidence in re-electing me and to my cadet classmate, Bob Bacher, who nominated me, I pledge renewed dedication to representing you in Second Air Division Association matters. We are faced with a number of challenges which we will address during the coming months. Specifically:

(1) Age and attrition being what it is, we will decrease in numbers with the passage of the years. I plan to mount a membership drive early in 1995 replacing "Project Locate." It will be designed to bring our membership above the 500 mark. Our latest count is 467.

(2) Our Second Air Division Memorial Room is a priority item for all of us. I attended the 2ADA executive committee meeting December 3-6, 1994 as a voting member, where the policy for addressing our concerns with regard to the Memorial Room was an item of priority consideration.

(3) The 8th Air Force Heritage Center at Savannah, Georgia is under construction, and we look forward to the dedication of this landmark facility in the spring of 1996. E.G. "Buck" Shuler was a welcome attendee at our San Antonio reunion. We were all impressed

by the sincerity and dedication of the chairman and CEO of the Heritage Center. We assuredly want to make the 491st an integral part of this undertaking. Already Jerry Ivce is at work on stained glass replicas of our squadron and group patches. These will be placed on permanent exhibit, along with our group flag. I visited the offices of the Heritage Center on December 15th to discuss an appropriate display of 491st memorabilia and artifacts. Your comments and suggestions are most welcome. Already we have received an enthusiastic letter from Jack Leppert concerning his interview with Buck Shuler.

A recent television special covered the controversy arising from the Smithsonian Institute's approach to the exhibit of the *Enola Gay*. Without the intervention of interested veterans groups, particularly the Air Force Association and the American Legion, a distorted view of the Pacific war and the atomic bombing of Hiroshima would have been presented to the American public by this most prestigious of our museums.

We lived the strategic bombing campaign and know first hand the difficulties of attaining victory in World War II. Our grandchildren are not being taught much of the history we lived. The Heritage Center is our best vehicle for getting the story across.

John Conrad, chairman of our Air Force relations committee, concerned with the 8th Air Force Heritage Center, has asked me to serve with him and others. Your comments and suggestions regarding this important assignment will be appreciated.

General Ira Eaker, commander of the 8th early on, addressed an 8th Air Force reunion as follows: "I apologize for being a day late. I have been with the historians and I wanted to stay with them long enough to get the story straight." The Heritage Center is our opportunity to get the story straight!!!

RECAP: This is my fourteenth column since November 1989. Since then I have trav-



Jordan Uttal with Col. Robert Whitlow of the 2AD Scouting Force, at the 491st Bomb Group reunion, October 12, 1994, San Antonio, TX.

elled to England twice, in 1990 with the 2ADA, and with the 491st group in 1992. I have attended reunions in Norwich, Dearborn, Las Vegas, Hilton Head (twice), and Kansas City. In addition I have attended committee meetings in Dallas, West Palm Beach, and others. Representing the Ringmasters is a challenging and often exhilarating experience. With your help we can maintain our posture as one of the outstanding groups of the Second Air Division Association.

GROUP PICTURE: Special thanks to Louis and Vivian Higgins, who arranged for our group picture at Lackland Air Force Base (below). Color copies are available from Scarborough's Photography, 2939 Moss Rock #210, San Antonio, TX 78230. An 8 x 10 costs \$6 plus \$2 postage, and a 10 x 13 would be \$9 plus \$3 postage. Specify photo #201217.

(continued on page 27)



♥ Russell, Missing In Action: Jan's Story ♥

Janet Lee Hatcher, eighteen years old on June 15, 1944, and in love with her "Yankee" bombardier, recounts her emotions when notified that her fiancé, Lieutenant Russell Tickner of the 491st Bomb Group, was missing in action...

The day of June 15, 1944, had gone as most days would go for any 18-year-old girl in love. Without recalling exact details, I am certain of one thing: I anxiously awaited the mailman's arrival hoping for a letter from my tall, lanky Yankee.

How in the world did a Texas girl meet, and fall in love with, a fellow from Illinois? World War II was that kind of topsy-turvy operation. It was a known fact that, whether deliberately or not, those enlisting in the north invariably ended up in the south for training, and vice versa. There must have been some kind of military strategy that determined that this would toughen the troops. In my limited circle, however, we were all enjoying the exchange, especially the Yankee fellows.

All of this was of little consequence that late afternoon when, instead of the hoped-for letter, there was a phone call from Western Union. My immediate reaction was one of excitement. I had never received a telegram before, and for one quick moment I was exhilarated. In the next moment, I was shocked into numbness.

Without a hint of emotion, the indifferent, business-like phone voice relayed the following message: "Received word Russell is missing in action over France, June 2nd, 1944 —

BY JANET (HATCHER) TICKNER

John Tickner." The message was from Russell's dad in Illinois. Only later was I to marvel that Russell had taken our relationship seriously enough to have left my address at home.

Rather, at that moment I was too consumed with the moment to think of anything other than my own shock. I vaguely remember running through the house crying and mother coming quickly behind to see about me. By that time in my late teen years, I'm sure she must have wondered if the roller coaster emotions of this, her spoiled only child, would ever end. As I stumbled toward my room — my hiding place — I sobbed out the message that Russell was missing in action. And for that rare moment, there was little comfort from mother's usually calming words, and even, when she would catch up enough to extend her arms, from her hugs.

I wanted to scream, and perhaps I did, but that's not clear. What is clear is the memory of the feelings of nausea and weakness. I threw myself across my bed while mother stood helplessly by. When I was outwardly calm she tiptoed from the room to call Pappy. It was his night to bowl with his office buddies, but he was called home. This was a family crisis.

As I think back to that day so many years ago, I know that I was almost totally consumed at that moment with MY loss, MY feelings, giving little thought to Russell's plight. I was too busy playing out the first major tragedy of my young, sheltered life. Then, to seemingly compound the drama, there came

on my little bedside radio the song which was to become my heart-rending theme song for the months ahead: "I'll never smile again — until I smile at you. I'll never laugh again. What good would it do? For tears would fill my eyes, and I would realize that our romance was through..."

In the days ahead, I would finally come to grips with some of the cold hard facts of the matter. The most persistent thought, or question, was what that term "missing in action" really meant. It could represent hope, or it could mean delayed despair. "Missing" only meant that his plane had not returned from a mission, but it did not give me any confidence that Russell was still alive somewhere. Always the starry-eyed dreamer, and, like Russell, still years away from any understanding of our relationship with the Lord, I did hold on to the idea that he WAS somewhere, but where? Doing SOMETHING, but what? I would catch myself whispering, "Russell, honey, where in the world are you?" The answer to that question, and many more which popped up through the months ahead, would come only some six months later, when we were able to be reunited.

Lt. Russell Tickner successfully exited his aircraft, evaded, and returned to marry his wartime sweetheart on September 8, 1945. You can read his story, or at least part of it, which is now recorded in "Ringmasters - A History of the 491st Bombardment Group" by Allen G. Blue, brother of Russell's crew navigator. ■

THE RINGMASTER REPORTS (continued)

"THE HOMING PIGEON"

By Ray Jennings



I reported to the 491st Bomb Group (H) at Pueblo, Colorado in late February, 1944. I was later assigned to the 854th BS as a crew chief. At that time there were only a few planes. Later on more planes arrived, and I was assigned to a new B-24J, #44-40242.

From time to time different crews came out for practice missions. One day as a crew approached, one of the men yelled, "Hey,

Jennings, what are you doing here?" I said that I was the crew chief. He turned to his pilot, Lt. David Hicks, and said, "This is the plane we want. Jennings and I went to A & E school together at Kessler." His name was Sgt. Swickert.

Later on I was asked if I would like to fly with my plane to the group's destination, and soon after, the group departed Pueblo for Herington, Kansas. We said "so long" with a GOOD BUZZ JOB. Some time later we flew to Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida, and then headed south. Soon after leaving the coast, Lt. Hicks announced that we were going to England. We landed at Trinidad and spent the night. In the morning we took off and flew over the Amazon jungle and the mighty Amazon river. We finally landed at Fortaleza, Brazil. When we went to eat, I was surprised to see large trays of fresh fruit.

We later headed across the big pond for Africa, and about 12 hours later we landed at Dakar, Africa, where we spent the rest of the day and that night. The flies were terrible! Leaving Dakar we flew to Marrakech, French West Africa. The runway was metal grid. We had some time at Marrakech, so we got a pass and went to town. We finally took off for Wales, and from there we flew to Metfield. Later the group moved to North Pickenham.

Lt. Hicks and crew flew their first mission in my plane on June 2nd, 1944. On returning

to the base they were hit by flak, but received only minor damage. With the excellent help of my two assistants, Cpl. Ron Lynch and Cpl. Joe Falcon, I continued to maintain 44-40242 until the end of the war. During that time my plane completed 95 missions with 98 starts (two mechanical and one personnel abort).

When the group got ready to return to the States, they put wooden bins in the bomb bay for luggage, etc. On the morning of Sunday, 17 June 1945, 8:15 AM, Lt. Horlick, crew, myself and 8 or 9 other personnel took off for Prestwick, Scotland. We had supper and later took off for Iceland, where we spent the night (slept on a mattress, on the floor). In the morning we headed for Greenland, had dinner there, took off for Goose Bay, Labrador, and went on to Bradley Field, Connecticut. After we landed I stayed behind and said a VERY SAD FAREWELL to my plane, "The Homing Pigeon."

The crew named 44-40242 twice. The first time they named it "The Pride of the 48." The picture was the outline of the United States with a pin-up girl in the center. Next they put on a skull with a tuft of red hair; under that two six-shooters and seven aces of spades, and named it "The Hard Way." Both times they were not allowed to use those names. I covered the last picture with blue paint. It was nicknamed B__ B__s. I later named it "The Homing Pigeon," and that was its name when it came home to the good ole USA. ■

489TH NOTES

BY
NEAL SORENSEN

The planning of the 48th annual 2ADA convention continued in Lexington, Kentucky December 3-6, 1994 during the executive committee meeting. Arrival on December 3rd and departure on the 6th afforded the executive committee two full days of planning for the convention, as well as a long and at times contentious debate on points of discussion. As usual, at the close of the meeting peace prevailed among these warriors, each respecting the freedom to discuss and disagree on how the 2nd Air Division Association can best be served.

President Chuck Walker did an admirable job of moving the meeting along. His persistence paid off in getting decisions, which could easily have been tabled, brought to satisfactory conclusions. Since no one was perfectly happy, the solutions were probably balanced.

Bud Koorndyk, our 2ADA representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, brought back from England some tapes which had appeared on the BBC concerning the horrible fire at the Norwich Central Library. Bud and Dick Kennedy had viewed the damage first hand. By pausing at various junctures, Bud was able to point out how the devastating fire had spread. Our thanks to Bud and Dick for their time and effort put forth on this important project. With the determination of us all, this magnificent tribute to our fallen comrades will be restored better than ever!!

I don't know how many of you are members of the Air Force Association and as a result of your membership, receive the *Air Force Magazine*. If you are not yet a member, I URGE YOU to ask for an application by writing to the Air Force Association, 1501 Lee Highway, Arlington, VA 22209. The Air Force Association has been leading an

historic fight against those who would denigrate and revise the record of the *Enola Gay*.

Why the furor? The Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum has been working on a display concerning the dropping of the first atomic bomb in August of 1945. Rather than stating that the bomb was dropped to shorten the war against Japan, and thus to save both American and Japanese lives, the original exhibit planned to show 97 photos on the theme of Japanese suffering with 84 pages of text. The entire theme, based on the premise that dropping the bomb was unnecessary and largely racist, was under the supervision of Dr. Michael J. Neufeld, official curator of "The Last Act: The Atomic Bomb and the End of World War II." Dr. Neufeld is a *Canadian citizen*, with permanent resident status in the United States. Dr. Tom Crouch, chairman of the aeronautics department, was one of the three most influential authors of this politically correct, anti-American travesty. His bias may have sprung from his previously published work, "When the Constitution Failed: The Japanese-American Internment Episode." Dr. Martin O. Harwit, director of the National Air and Space Museum since 1987, was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, grew up in Istanbul, Turkey, and came to the United States in 1946. He and his colleagues felt that the original *Enola Gay* display showing photos of 49 Japanese casualties and four American casualties was fair. Totally ignored were Japanese rapes and conquests from 1931 through 1940 for China and Manchurian territory. In short, we have a group of elitists telling us poor ignoramuses who fought the war that we were a bunch of racists. I have cancelled my three family memberships to the Smithsonian and I urge others to do the same.

I also have *personal reasons* consisting of friends and comrades who fought against the twin evils of Germany and Japan.

(1) The Honorable Tom Eaton, chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF: As the gallant commanding officer of British troops in Singapore, Tom still carries scars of the savage beatings inflicted by his Japanese captors.

(2) Sgt. Robert Loken, a member of General MacArthur's forces from Guadalcanal to Leyte: Bob, a medic, was ravaged by 39 months in the tropics from which he went on to an untimely death in the early 1970s.

(continued on page 29)



BY RALPH ELLIOTT

If you have been following the story of the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum (NASM)'s dismal attempt to rewrite the history of the *Enola Gay* and the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki into an anti-nuclear diatribe, with apologies to the Japanese, you also know that recent revisions of the script still contain some of that bias. This is despite the protests of thousands of veterans and the efforts of the American Legion and the Air Force Association to force changes to the proposed exhibit. Martin Harwit, director of NASM, is quoted in a November '94 Legion magazine article as saying, "I am saddened that veterans have seen it necessary to circulate a petition asking the museum to display the *Enola Gay* 'in a patriotic manner'...Do veterans really suspect the NASM is an unpatriotic institution or would opt for an apologetic exhibition?" The Legion's answer was, "Yes. We believe the Smithsonian wants to use the *Enola Gay* as a springboard to discuss the morality of atomic and strategic bombing."

A December '94 *Air Force Magazine* editorial agrees, noting that, "Words, pictures and video 'testimony' describe in detail the tragedy for the...affected persons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki...but have no time for another group — disabled American veterans — for whom the suffering continued after the war," and, I might add, still does. I flew B-47s in the '50s with a pilot who had bailed out of a B-24 over Rangoon, Burma, and spent 22 months in a Japanese prison camp, 15 of those months in solitary confinement. He was told, "You are not prisoners of

war. You are enemies of the state, and we're going to see how long it takes you to die." Gus was one of only eight prisoners out of 122 that walked out alive. Don't tell him we owe the Japanese an apology.

The bombing undoubtedly saved his life and many more in like circumstances. For ourselves, the outcome was debatable, but I well remember sitting in our hut in England on VE Day and discussing with my crew whether or not our next stop was B-29s and the invasion of Japan. The Smithsonian's estimate of 30,000 lives lost in an invasion of Japan? What kind of stuff were they smoking to come up with that figure?

I think it's time we all got into the discussion with letters to our congressmen with questions about the fitness of the current directors of NASM to continue — in any capacity. The handling of the *Enola Gay* exhibit is a national disgrace, and the bent of those in charge to socially re-engineer history should understand that, as stated in the *Air Force Magazine* editorial, "People come to the Air and Space Museum to see restored airplanes, not for counterculture pageants or spiels about the ozone layer." This brings up another point — Where in the NASM is a B-24? Then again, maybe we're better ignored. They would probably want us to apologize to the Germans for all the "remodeling" we did for them back in 1944.

On another subject, Yvonne and I attended the very productive 2ADA executive committee meeting on December 4 & 5, 1994, along with Geoff and Terry Gregory. I won't repeat the reports since they are presented elsewhere in this *Journal*, but I do urge you to read them to get the latest on the Memorial Room, as well as the decision to select Gene Hartley of the 389th as the new editor and publisher of the *Journal*. * In effect, he replaces the late Bill Robertie who so ably filled the position for many years. Defiance Graphics has done a good job in the interim, but it was felt that we needed "one of our own" who could interpret things the way we saw them back in '43-45. * (For his own personal reasons, Gene has since decided to decline this appointment. See Editor's Note on page 3.) ■

By VE Day our crew had credit for fourteen missions, plus an additional one (his orientation flight) for our pilot, "Chris" Christiansen, and for Ed Balga (who went as spare gunner with another crew for a napalm attack on the Wehrmacht hold-out pockets in the Bordeaux area). We "career gunners" (considered by some a contradiction in terms), were now all staff sergeants.

At Sioux Falls I elected to remain with the 93rd BG, which was reforming at Pratt Army Air Field, Kansas. We had just begun to train in B-29s for the Pacific Theater when the atomic bombs were dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the war was over.

Before being discharged at Mitchel [I know, the tendency to double the "L" is understandable, but it was presumably named for the 1913-17 New York Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, killed in the First World War Air Service, rather than the more familiar General "Billy" Mitchell] Field, New York, I joined the enlisted reserve. I didn't really trust our erstwhile allies, the Soviets, and wanted to ensure having at least that "rocker" on my sleeve, should we have later difficulties with them.

There were several reserve units in and near my native New York City, and I remained fairly active with them while working as one of the 3,000 postwar members added to the police department.

After the Air Force became a separate service in '47, they offered reserve commissions to wartime first-three-graders. I applied; managed to survive the college equivalency and other exams, meetings with the board and similar requirements; and pinned on gold bars in February of 1950. This was two months after my twenty-eighth birthday.

At about that time the reserve squadron I belonged to needed a replacement for its adjutant. I was quickly appointed and remained with them in that capacity. It was obvious that our unit would soon be recalled to active duty for the Korean conflict.

As soon as we were activated, I tried to find a flying specialty I might qualify for. I'd enjoyed military aviation, but the gunner's wings I was wearing no longer put me "on status" — nor did they earn flight pay. Consulting the training prospectus, I learned that twenty-seven-and-a-half was the maximum age limit for all flight ratings, with one exception: Something called "electronic countermeasures officer" mentioned no age requirement.

An Epilogue To My 2AD Experience

by Joseph D. (Dan) Roure (93rd)

At MacDill AFB, our first active duty base, I submitted my application for ECM school, and some months later, began the course at Keesler AFB, Biloxi, Mississippi. After completion, I went to Kimpo Air Base in Korea, and spent the next year as a thirty-year-old "second-john." My bars turned to silver shortly before my thirty-first birthday in '52, flying with the 67th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, trying to pinpoint North Korean radar sites.

Returning to the States, I had several assignments with Strategic Air Command bombardment and reconnaissance units. Incidentally, it might interest former waist gunners to learn that those strips of foil "chaff" we used to slip through the "mail slot" just aft of the left window are still an important part of our defense against enemy radars — but using somewhat more sophisticated dispensing systems.

One of those reconnaissance assignments found me in a partial-pressure suit at 65,000 feet, flying over the Baltic and Black Seas, investigating the quite formidable array of Soviet radars. Later, it was the newest ("H") model of the B-52, and I was again with the 93rd at Castle AFB, California! At first, as a student crew member, I was only on temporary duty, but a few years later I returned with a permanent assignment as instructor and Wing Electronic Warfare Officer.

Two tours in Southeast Asia followed. The first was an administrative assignment with Headquarters Seventh Air Force at Tan Son Nhut Air Base (outside Saigon). At one point I was required to brief our newly arrived commander on theater electronics efforts. I had no inkling that General Brown, who'd assumed control of the Seventh in August of '68, might have been the same Lieutenant Colonel George S. Brown who was acting commander of the 93rd after the loss of Colonel Baker over

Ploesti in 1943. But comparison of dates in reference sources, and conversation with veterans of the 93rd's earlier days, convinced me that I'd had yet another encounter (albeit unknowingly) with an echo of my old outfit!

For personal reasons, I applied for and was granted a third and final combat tour. One-hundred-one radar-suppression missions out of Takhli (Thailand) completed my active Air Force career in 1970.

The Air Force allowed me to retire in England, where my wife had gone to be near her family. We bought a lovely little cottage in a village called Warsash — near the mouth of the River Hamble between Southampton and Portsmouth, in lower Hampshire. A year or so after we'd settled there, our original next-door neighbor moved out, and the new occupant was a retired major general of the British Army. I believe his name was Gleadel.

One evening, over drinks, our conversation drifted to the war and we began to compare notes. I had noticed that he often wore a necktie having the same odd maroon background shade as the red berets worn by the British paratroopers and other airborne forces. It also was emblazoned with miniatures of Pegasus — their badge.

Of course I told the general that I had flown out of England, adding — almost apologetically — that it had been toward the end of the European conflict, and we'd had only fourteen missions. But, I continued, a couple of them had been quite interesting and exciting, such as being rammed by a German fighter and dropping supplies during the Rhine crossing.

At the latter reference, he brightened perceptibly:

"Oh, really? I was in a glider that day — bloody pilot landed us in the wrong place."

It appeared we did have something in common, after all.

"The place where we dropped our load was near Wesel," I went on. I couldn't recall the name of our exact drop zone.

"Wesel? Good God — that's where we were! — Finally got where we should've been."

Perhaps, I like to believe, some of the stuff we dumped out of our Lib helped him and his lads get through that day — even if they had been lost at first.

Ed. Note: Roure's account of the Rhine Crossing Supply Drop appeared in the Fall 1994 2ADA Journal, page 17. ■

489TH NOTES (continued)

(3) Cpl. Ray Behrens, a flying comrade in Piper Cubs, contracted a rare tropical blood disease in New Guinea and passed away in late 1943.

(4) Walter Sorensen, my oldest brother, enlisted in the Navy at age 36: As machinist first class he was in LSTs in New Guinea. A victim of jungle rot from the conditions in the humid jungle, Walt, the biggest and most durable of we four brothers, died at an early age of 63.

(5) And then there were the 6,697 comrades in the 2nd Air Division, indirect victims of Japan due to the latter's unholy alliance with Hitler's Germany.

I try not to get too worked up about the elitist snobs in Washington who denigrate the values that I hold dear, but to sit idly by while they attempt to revise history as we knew and lived it is the height of arrogance. As one of them stated, "Are you going to write history based on the drudges who experienced it briefly, or those of us who have studied it?"

One October evening in Halesworth, returning from a visit to a mental casualty in the hospital, I had engraved on my soul the indelible sight of twenty blanket-covered casualties. The only parts of each corpse that remained uncovered were the feet. Tied to one big toe of each body was an identification tag. If these elitist revisionists continue to profane the memory of those who died, it will be our fault. Please write and express your displeasure to Dr. Martin O. Harwit, National Air and Space Museum, Washington, DC. ■

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The following tapes are single copies and are available for rent for \$5.00 each. They will be sent to you via first class mail and we ask that you return them the same way.

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 Robert E. Sleet, Sr. (446th, 389th)
 Harlan M. Smith
 Joseph H. Trunk (458th)
 William H. Wambold (389th)

44th

Ann Carpenter-Wing (AM)
 Lewis Hinman
 Wanda Laskowski (AM)
 Richard Pick
 Dorothy Saladiak (AM)

93rd

Aloysius G. Cunningham
 John K. Emmons (AM)
 Irving Fruchter
 George S. Goss
 Edward D. Klewin
 Robert R. Lamoureux
 Lester S. Steves
 Stephen C. Urban (AM)
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 William F. Dwyer (392nd)
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392nd

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453rd

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 Rudolf Kremer
 Norris G. Wiltse, Jr.

458th

Robert H. Fair (AM)
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 Robert M. Hornickel
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

THE PX PAGE

If you have articles or items for sale that pertain to the 2ADA, they belong on the PX Page!

WING & A PRAYER

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The Emmy Award winning story of the Ploesti low-level mission of August 1, 1943, told by mission veteran Walter Stewart. Stewart's B-24, *Utah Man*, was first over Ploesti. Lots of previously unseen color footage of crews and B-24s and a computer recreation of famous low-level attack. Seen on more than 200 public television stations.

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YANK

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CONTACT

Edward J. Barton

P.O. Box 410, Camarillo, CA 93011

Tel. (805) 482-8744

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by Jack Swayze

Paperback, 152 pp., illus. ISBN 0-89745-163-5

Colonel Jack Swayze trained as a pilot in the B-17 Flying Fortress, then went on to the B-24 Liberator. In 1943 he was assigned to the 448th Bomb Group, part of the renowned Eighth Air Force, headed for duty near Seething, England.

The official records of his combat missions are combined with his memories of World War II — what turned out to be a truly "sporty course." Swayze states openly and without malice, "I believe that my memory, my flight records, and my friends' accounts are more accurate than the official records..."

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The 93rd Over Ploesti

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By E. Richard Atkins

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War & Women

A new novel by J.T. Elias, a clerk with the 392nd BG who transferred to the 14th CBW, then volunteered as a gunner with the 44th BG, 68th Squadron. The story follows the adventures of three men, their training, and their contacts with women along the way. There is boredom, humor, fear, fun, violence and pathos; and all veterans of the above groups will relive their days as Elias tells his story. The book is 448 pages long and sells for \$24.95. There is no mailing or handling charge for veterans of the 392nd BG, 44th BG, and 14th CBW.

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BY H.C. "PETE" HENRY

Nathaniel "Bud" Glickman (66th SQ), who was a navigator on the crew of "Henry" for half a dozen missions or so, sent a letter in October reporting on a flight 2 July 1994 to Ellsworth AFB, Rapid City, South Dakota, to attend the deactivation of the 44th Missile Wing. He said there were a dozen 44th BG members present among approximately 1,100 current and former members of the air base, and everyone had a great time. Following the deactivation ceremony, the twelve 44th BG members were invited to Col. Roscoe Moulthrop's home for a luncheon. This ceremony led to the final 44th Heritage Memorial Group celebration (Joe Warth did not want it referred to as a reunion) in Colorado Springs, October 5-10, 1994. Roy Owens reports on this celebration with the following paragraphs:

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

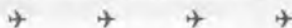
During the days of 5 to 10 October, some two hundred and ten 44thers gathered in Colorado Springs to attend the last reunion of the 44th Heritage Memorial Group. At the end of ceremonies on Saturday, October 9, the 44th HMG was inactivated on the basis of a decision by the 44th Executive Trustee and Board back in March 1993. By 6 PM on Sunday the 10th, most of those same Eightballers were members of the new 44th Bomb Group (H) Veterans Association (over 600 strong) which was born in protest to the closedown of the HMG.

At that inaugural meeting the ninety 44thers attending, along with 370 verified proxy votes, ratified the new constitution and bylaws and elected new officers. General Leon Johnson has accepted the position of president emeritus and lifetime honorary member of the 44th Bomb Group (H) Veterans Association. Its first two-year term officers are: Roy Owen (506th), President; Jim Clements (506th), Vice President; Edward M. Dobson (67th), Secretary; C.W. "Will" Lundy (67th), Historian & Acting Treasurer (the treasurer's position is currently vacant). Five Directors at Large: Ed "Mike" Mikolowski (66th), Ray McNamara (67th), Bob Lehnhausen (68th), John Milliken (506th), and Albert F. Ruby (464th).

The journal for the 44th BGVA will be entitled "8 Ball Tails," with the first issue coming out soon. There will be an application for membership included. For any 44thers in the ZADA who are not already members of the new outfit, you are encouraged to send in the membership form along with \$15 for 1995

dues right away. Vice President Jim Clements is in charge of arrangements for the first annual reunion, to be held in San Antonio, Texas, October 19-22, 1995. Incidentally, yours truly holds "Life Membership Number 1" in the 44th BGVA!

As stated, annual dues have been established at \$15. Life membership varies according to age. Send membership dues to Will Lundy, 3295 No. "H" Street, San Bernardino, CA 92405.



New member Jim Salasky and his wife, only recently found, elected to attend the final meeting of the 44th HMG even though it was after the cutoff date. Jim was the navigator on "Suzy Q" with General Johnson on the famous low level Ploesti raid and became a POW on 1 October 1943 on the Weiner Neustadt raid during his second tour to Africa. They were refused permission to pay and to take part in the overall celebration by the 44th HMG powers that be, so they stayed a couple of days in the hotel and spent much of that time talking with the 44th members. Thanks to Jim, the general was able to hit their target right on the nose even though it was burning and in heavy smoke.



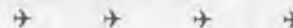
The following from George Dixon and Arthur King in East Sussex, England is an illustration that wartime sacrifices made by the 8th USAAF are not forgotten in Britain. George was a 16-year-old boy in 1944 and has developed an interest in 8th AF activities in succeeding years. In the book *8th Air Force Bomber Stories* by I. McLachlan and Russell J. Zorn, published by P. Stephens Ltd. 1991, one chapter gives details of the crash which occurred close to his present home. This is recorded in the American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral in London as follows: Liberator Bomber (41-24282 Bar Y "Ruthless"), 506th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group, 8th USAAF based at Shipdham, Norfolk, crashed at Wel-

lington near Eastbourne, Sussex. Crew members: 1st Lt. J. Bolin, pilot, Pine Bluff, Arkansas; 1st Lt. O. Wulff, copilot, De Smet, South Dakota; 2nd Lt. E.J. Ackerman, navigator, Brooklyn, NY; 1st Lt. H.W. Schwab, bombardier, Bronx, NY; T/Sgt. J.H. Bales*, engineer, Dayton, Tennessee; T/Sgt. C.W. Yurick, radio operator, Needham, Massachusetts; S/Sgt. J.L. Wilson*, ball turret gunner, Easley, South Carolina; S/Sgt. A.J. Maloy, right waist gunner, Heconda, Alabama; S/Sgt. R.E. Straight, left waist gunner, Saluva, Pennsylvania; S/Sgt. G.M. Dewold, tail turret gunner, Norristown, Pennsylvania. **Bales and Wilson died at Princess Alice Hospital, Eastbourne. All other crew members died in the crash.*

George sent me a copy of a newspaper article including the photograph shown below of Mr. Arthur King laying flowers on the wartime site of the crash 2 February 1994. Mr. King visits the site on Remembrance Day Sunday (11 November) every year. He plans to become a subscribing member of the ZADA.



My column in the Summer 1994 *Journal* included a note from Bill Rendall (66th SQ) announcing that the citizens of Illfurth, France were planning to erect a monument at the crash site of 1st Lt. George H. Maynard (66th SQ) and six crew members, 1st Lt. John E. Norquist, 1st Lt. Thomas W. Nielson, T/Sgt. Donald C. Porter, T/Sgt. Russel W. Patterson, S/Sgt. Louis J. O'Donnell, and S/Sgt. Frank Arcamone, in A/C #41-29157. Final dedication of the completed monument was held on 29 January 1995. Help in locating friends or relatives of these crewmen would be greatly appreciated. Anyone having information to contribute, please write to Bill Rendall, 12 Van Buren Drive, Kinderhook, NY 12106.



I'll sign off hoping to see a good number of you at the ZADA convention in Lexington, Kentucky this Fourth of July weekend. ■



Arthur King laying flowers 2 February '94 at the site of the crash of 1st Lt. J. Bolin's crew at Wellington near Eastbourne, Sussex.

THE 448TH SPEAKS

BY CATER LEE

Congratulations are in order to the members of the 448th Bomb Group Association. I recently received a letter from Lt. General E.G. Shuler, Jr. (USAF Retired), chairman and CEO of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center to be built in Savannah, Georgia.

General Shuler said in his letter, "Wow, you guys blew our socks off. The 448th is the *first unit to exceed the pledge*." God bless. Considering all the B-17, B-24 and fighter groups that were in the 8th Air Force, that's a real achievement. My sincerest congratulations to all those who donated to help make this possible.

It still isn't too late to make a donation of any amount. Donations of \$100.00 or more will put you on the mailing list which will receive progress reports on this gigantic and wonderful memorial to the 8th Air Force. So, please send me your checks made out to "The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center."

Please don't forget to send in your resume on your activities while with the 448th during the war so we can put it in our 448th history book. We have a committee set up to review these resumes. We are many years behind some groups who already have their group histories published. Please send your resumes

to me. Thanks!!

Even though we would have preferred to already have had your decision as to whether you will make it to our 448th Bomb Group reunion in England, August 2-6, 1995, we definitely need to know *now* so that our British friends can better prepare for our "last visit" to join with them in celebrating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II. We would like to have a very large showing of our members to make this a glorious event we will never forget. Please let me know of your intentions just as soon as possible.

Also, for those who cannot join us in England, we need your input as to whether you would like a stateside reunion this year at a different time from our England reunion. Contacts have already been made with hotels in San Diego and much thought and planning given to a reunion in the States if enough of you want to have one. We had about 45 hands at our Boston reunion wanting to go to San Diego. We need to know very soon from those who didn't make our Boston reunion if they would like to have a reunion in San Diego, California. We could schedule this reunion for September, so please let me know.

We will have a new editor for the next

issue of the 2ADA *Journal*, Gene Hartley of the 389th Bomb Group. Let's support him by sending in your stories of the unusual nature. You may send them to me and I will pass them on.*

The 2ADA will have its 48th annual convention July 3-6, 1995 at Lexington, Kentucky. We encourage all 448th members to join with other B-24 groups of the 2nd Air Division based in England. It's getting later than you realize! See page 38 of the *Winter Journal* for details.

Bob and Zella Harper asked that I pass on to the many attendees at Boston who wrote a note to them, their large thanks for all the encouragements on Bob's illness.

For B-24 mementos, contact Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, TX 77662. For B-24 T-shirts, contact Charles Bonner at 750 East Oak Hill Road, Porter, IN 46304; and for B-24 caps, contact Ben Johnson at 3990 15th Street, Port Arthur, TX 77642. Contact me, Cater Lee, for 448th tail insignia pins, checkerboard tail insignia pins, and group patches. See page 25 of the *Winter Journal* for prices.

Have a happy and healthy 1995!!!

** (For his own personal reasons, Gene has since decided to decline this appointment. See the Editor's Note on page 3.) ■*

SOME OF THE ARMY "COOKS" — WEREN'T!

BY DWIGHT W. BISHOP (453rd)

My number in the draft came up in November 1942, and there I was in the army! By February 5, 1943, I was marking time at Camp Hahn, Riverside, CA, awaiting my appointment as aviation cadet. The food up to this point had not been in a class with that of the southern lady who owned the boarding house where I had lived, but it was tolerably good. At Camp Hahn, we were to get a special meal of real steaks! Now, a lot of people like "rare" meat (it's not for me) but these steaks were so rare, with a little care, the cow could have lived! At least half of them wound up in the garbage can, untouched.

Later in February, I was aboard a troop train headed for Nashville, Tennessee for classification. Is it enough to say that our meals were usually stew — served on paper plates? Upon arrival at Nashville — late as usual — the mess hall was open to serve our evening meal around 9 PM. A *wonderful* meal! I recognized it as liver, but I heard some of the others talking about how great the Swiss steak was! Another time we were served a dinner of fried oysters. So many of them wound up in the garbage cans that the mess sergeant stood guard at the cans during the next meal, daring any green cadet to throw away good food!

By May, I was at Darr Aero Tech (a private school on contract to the Army), in Albany, Georgia for primary flight training. Most of the food must have been good, because I only remember one "disastrous" breakfast. A hole was cut in the middle of a slice of bread, and one fresh egg broken into it. Then it went into the oven, and when the bread was toasted, the egg was assumed to be cooked. We ate LOTS of peanut butter on toast that morning!

From May 1943 until June 1944 — while at Bainbridge and Valdosta, Georgia; Casper, Wyoming; Pueblo, Colorado; and Lincoln, Nebraska — I must have eaten fairly well. I have no special memories of this time. On June 4th, we landed at Nutts Corner, Ireland and were told to take a truck to the ferry — no more lovely NEW airplane! On the way to the ferry that would take us across the Irish Sea, we spent one night at an RAF base. The next morning, our breakfast consisted of bread (the gray kind) fried in lard. By the time it got to the table, the lard had started to congeal. YUK! We had many seasick aviators on the ferry!

I had always considered the food at Old Buck to be good, but monotonous. I wrote

one letter to my wife saying I had eaten so much pork that if I had a tail it would curl! The radio operator told me they were getting mutton at this time and would have gladly traded for our pork. I do remember the time a B-17 landed at Old Buck and the crew went to our mess hall for lunch. When they saw the "snack bar" in the lounge, they thought we had it made. Our normal lunch of heated "C rations" was served. After lunch, I overheard the B-17 guys saying, "Now we know why they have the snack bar!"

On January 16, 1945 we landed at San Quentin, France; and on January 21 (my last mission) we landed at Juvencourt, France. At one of these places we had evening chow, and the bread was WHITE! Oh, how we loved that meal!

On February 27, 1945 I boarded the "General Gordon" at Southampton to go back to the States. At our first breakfast, we all thought that they must have fresh milk aboard. But then we learned that it was the same powder, put through a GOOD mixing machine.

I was very glad that I (and the entire crew) survived our tour at Old Buck in good health. So, why did I gain twenty pounds in the first month I was home? ■

MA'S WORRY, #42-19437

This is the crew of "Ma's Worry," #42-19437 of the 328th BS. The son of Emilio N. "Stretch" Fantasia, who flew 33 missions in Europe, says, "My dad died in 1961, and I never had the chance to talk to him about his wartime experiences. Consequently, I would like some assistance in finding any of my dad's crewmates who may still be alive, for I would like to speak with them about their experiences with him. I don't have a lot of information, but what I do know is this:

"My dad was drafted in 1942, spent time at Keesler Field, then headed for England in 1943. He spent all or most of his time, I believe, with the 328th Squadron, 93rd Bomb Group. He was primarily a waist gunner on B-24 "Ma's Worry" out of Norwich, England. He sometimes flew in the nose. He shot down an ME-109 on one mission.

"The radio man on his plane, Henry Vogelstein, filled in on another plane on one mission. On that mission Vogelstein's plane was shot down and he was killed."

Please refer to photo at right. If you can help, please contact Michael Fantasia, 3972 Michael Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90066. ■



Crew of "Ma's Worry." Standing (L-R): Edward Ruskowsky (Long Island, NY), Henry Vogelstein (KIA), John Findley (Auburn, NY), James Eldert (Brooklyn, NY), Emilio N. Fantasia (deceased), Joseph Windincamp (Savannah, GA). Kneeling: Francis Jordak (pilot) (Chicago, IL), Peter Monahan (Oster Bay, LI), Fred Shubeck (member, 2ADA), Walter Steveson (Philadelphia, PA).

PLOESTI LOW LEVEL MISSION FLIERS WALL MID AMERICA AIR MUSEUM, LIBERAL KANSAS

BY R.G. "DICK" BYERS (376th Heavy Bombardment Group Veterans Association)

A few years ago at the Mid-America Air Museum we installed the "Ploesti-Princess Memorial," paying a lasting tribute to the Princess of Romania, Katherine Caragea, and those of us who flew there — high and low level. We called the princess "The Angel of Ploesti." She befriended 1,450 downed American fliers, saving them from falling into the hands of the Germans, and gave 300 of them immediate medication without which many would have died. This is one of the greatest human interest stories of WWII.

We chose the air museum at Liberal because during World War II, Liberal Army Air Base was the largest trainer of B-24 pilots in the USA. They trained over 5,000 pilots.

We are now in the process of putting together the "Low Level - Code Name Tidal Wave Ploesti Fliers Wall" listing the 1,775 fliers who flew that disastrous mission 1,300 miles into enemy territory. We were told to take the enemy by surprise from Benghasi to Ploesti — the word was to destroy the oil fields at all costs. General Doolittle said Saturday, July 31 at the final briefing, "If not one bomber returns it'll be worth the sacrifice in men and aircraft." He further stated we could save the lives of 15,000 to 20,000 GIs. Hitler secured almost 50% of his fuel from these fields to keep his war machine going.

The "Ploesti Fliers Wall" will be across the aisle from the "Ploesti-Princess Memor-

ial." The 1,775 fliers will be listed alphabetically by group. The two memorials will comprise one of the most outstanding exhibits in the USA.

We desperately need your financial support. Cost per group will not exceed \$450. Hopefully the construction can get underway by March 1, 1995. Those of us who survived owe it to those who paid the final price. It will clearly show that we have not forgotten their courage, determination and will to win. We'll never see the kind of dedication again that was shown flying against Ploesti, the most heavily guarded target in all the world.

If you're inclined to enjoy a relaxing martini now and then like I do, you'll spill more than it will cost you individually to participate in the cost of the wall.



The 44th Bomb Group was one of five bomb groups involved in the mission to Ploesti 1 August 1943. The 376th Heavy Bombardment Group has invited the 44th BG and the 93rd BG to participate in the "Ploesti Fliers Wall" along with the other two bomb groups from North Africa. If any 44th members are interested in making a contribution, please send your donation to Pete Henry, 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831, and he will see that it is forwarded to R.G. "Dick" Byers. ■

NEW MEMBERS (continued)

More 458th

- Roy A. Lint
- Anna K. McDuff (AM)
- Peter J. Moran, Jr.
- Col. J.P. Roberts (Ret.)
- Frank Roon
- LTC Charles W. Stilson (Ret.)
- Anthony J. Vito
- Burton W. Wheeler, Jr.

466th

- Frank S. Cohen
- Charles W. Dauer
- Ralph I. Fine
- Frederick J. Gerritz
- Isidore Schreiber

467th

- Anthony P. Barrett
- Debra Johnson (AM)

479th FG

- Donald B. Watkins

489th

- Neville B. Dortch
- Varyl P. Gannaway
- Kevin D. Wackford (AM)
- Lester A. Williams

492nd

- Eugene M. Campbell (AM)
- Milton K. Goodridge
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Letters



To the editor:

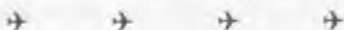
I've been doing some very late catch-up reading and came across Alex Birnie's letter in the Spring 1994 *Journal*, page 34, listing some known existing B-24s. Here are a couple (well, 1½) more.

There is a restored B-24M #44-41916 at the air museum adjacent to Castle Air Force Base near Merced, California. As near as the volunteers I talked to can recollect, it was found much the worse for wear in South America, used for hauling freight. Somehow they got it up here, swapped around for missing parts, and the restoration looks pretty good.

There was also at least one PB4Y-2, highly modified, flying as a forest-fire-fighting "borage bomber" a couple of years ago. I saw it both in the air, working, and on the ground, in the northern California Sierras. When I get my act together, I'll see if any of my pictures give a serial number.

Incidentally the Castle Museum has a very good selection, including a B-36. My God, it's big!

John S. Gumz
166 Oak Road
Piedmont, CA 94610



To the editor:

I am trying to get as much information as possible about my friend's brother, who was reported missing in action during WWII. This was the only information that the family received. There was no information regarding burial, etc.

Up until now I have been able to come up with only the following:

Staff Sgt. Ardell F. Krueger, ASN 36292349, was a top turret gunner on B-24 Liberator #42-50344 with the 448th Bomb Group, 713th Squadron, based in England. His aircraft was one of three from the 448th Bomb Group shot down by flak on June 27, 1944, on a mission to Creil, France. The target was a V-2 buzz bomb launching site near Creil. His aircraft crashed near Villers, France. There were no survivors from his aircraft. There were some survivors from one of the other aircraft.

I hope some of the members from the 448th Bomb Group might have more information about that mission, or might have known Ardell Krueger.

James Straub
213 Walters Ln. #1A
Itasca, IL 60143



To the editor:

Crew 8799 trained at Casper, Wyoming, October 1944 through December 1944. We had our 50th anniversary reunion at Casper, October 1-2-3, 1994. Crew members present were: Jack Snyder, pilot; Bob Heisen, copilot; Bill Rockett, navigator; Howard Rah, engineer; Tom Edgington, radio operator; and Robbie Robinson.

The main reason I'm writing is to ask the help of all who trained at Casper and others who are concerned with saving the history of that period of time.

A very fine lady, Joye M. Kading, is trying to save a building at the Casper airport that was used as a servicemen's club. The walls are painted with murals depicting the history of Wyoming. The painting was done by three servicemen stationed at Casper in 1942. The clarity and color is well preserved and beautiful. The room is approximately 30 x 60 feet and the murals cover the entire walls. They cannot be removed without destroying them.

A letter of support that she could use to show the powers that be that the building should be saved would be greatly appreciated. Also, I'm sure a donation would help, as well as any contact our members would have with Congress or the governor of Wyoming.

Joye worked at the base from the beginning, and has many pictures and a history book of the base. Please write to: Joye M. Kading, 2735 E. 5th Street, Casper, WY 82609-2547. Thanks!

Tom Edgington
1930 S. Juniper Street
Escondido, CA 92025



To the editor:

My first cousin, S/Sgt. Tzolog A. Aaronian belonged to the 389th Bomb Group, 565th Squadron. He was a radio operator on the 8th Air Force mission of February 19, 1945 to Jungenthal and was the only member of his crew who was killed. I recently discovered a possible reporting discrepancy of the loss of the plane and am trying to clarify the issue for both family and former crew members.

Either "Lucky Lady Betty," "Lucky Lady Betty II" (44-51153), or "Win, Our Little Lady" (42-95088) was lost on mission 8AF 835. The lost plane was flown by the Leo C. Mercer crew. MACR #12430 states that the lost plane was "Win, Our Little Lady." Left waist gunner Ray Govus remembers it as "Lucky Lady Bett" (the "t" or "ty II" was probably covered by chin armor). Copilot Art Cooper doesn't recall the aircraft name but says the original plane assigned for the mission wouldn't start and another B-24 was assigned. Can anyone shed light on which 565th BS B-24 was lost on 2/19/45? Does anyone have a photo of any of these planes?

George D. Kasparian
18 Pine Street
Watertown, MA 02172-2164



To the editor:

Since I have retired from flying, I have had time to ponder my past and become a closer friend of a long-time neighbor, Ernest T. Davis, formerly of the 489th BG, who told me how to get in touch with the Second Air Division Association.

The reason for this correspondence is to try to find out if the Arthur F. Bailey listed in the Roll of Honor of the 491st BG is one and the same as the Arthur Bailey that I knew in the cadets at Birmingham Southern College, Alabama, in 1943. Perhaps someone in the 491st who knew him and his AAF background could reveal that we crossed paths. Also I would welcome any correspondence from anyone who remembers me — Class 44F, Maxwell, Decatur, Alabama, Courtland, Alabama. I ended up with the 10th Air Force.

Warren W. Baker
1881 Edgewood Road
Baltimore, MD 21234



To the editor:

I am looking for any information on my father, Staff Sgt. Stanley R. Gordon, #32496871. He joined the 44th Bomb Group, 68th Squadron, on July 28, 1944. He was a member of two crews; first Robert Seever's, and second Trent Ackerman's. He flew on the plane "Puritanical Witch" (its original name was "Puritanical Bitch"), A/C #42-50427.

I have found mention of two men whom he knew, Tech. Sgt. Laurence F. Rose #11115873, and Staff Sgt. William Ploense #39308616. Any information on Stanley R. Gordon, or his crew members or his plane, would be helpful. Thank you!

Glenn T. Gordon
66 Candle Hill Road
New Fairfield, CT 06812
(203) 746-6693



To the editor:

Phyllis DuBois, our 2ADA trust librarian in Norwich, has asked me to try to locate the source of two tapes which were lost in the fire on August 1st, 1994. She has no record or recollection of the source, but she feels that they were valuable enough to recover, if possible.

Tape #1: German Prison Life; Stalag VII, Liberation Day, Camp Lucky Strike, etc. Stills, NTSC. 1 hour & 20 minutes. About 5 years old.

Tape #2: Association of Americans Interned in Sweden, 1943-1945. Vi Motigen Vasteras, Sweden, September 1987, NTSC. Probably about 3 years old.

If anyone remembers donating these tapes, or if you know who did, kindly send information to me. Thanks for your help.

Geoff Gregory
3110 Sheridan Drive
Garland, TX 75041



To the editor:

I am writing this letter, at the request of Mr. Roger Freeman of Dedham, England, to all who were stationed with the 56th Fighter Group and attached units. Mr. Freeman has written numerous books on the air war during WWII, several of which cover aspects of the 56th history. He is Zemke's biographer and also wrote the classic *Mighty Eighth*. Without going into too much history, he was a fifteen-year-old whose father's farm abutted the 63rd area at Boxted, and he managed to wander all over the station. His love affair with the 56th FG is very deep.

It is his desire to do a definitive book on the group from the viewpoint of the lesser lights that made the outfit go — the wingmen, armorers, mechanics, supply men, cooks, police, intelligence people, administrators, weather, tower people, engineers, etc. Everyone!

On-base activities, off-base activities, work, play, good mouth, bad mouth (only with your written permission), fun times and sad times.

To quote Mr. Freeman: "Although this will be a history of Uncle Sam's most successful fighter outfit in the ETO, I intend to make it much more; to present the outfit as a true entity and not just a numbered military unit. The people and the personalities are the key."

You may write your comments or stories, or use a cassette recorder. In all probability this will be the last book on the 56th. It will be the best chance to tell your story for your grandchildren.

We have until January 1996 to have all of the material in to Mr. Freeman. Anything after that is a waste of your time. Names are important! These anecdotes are not to be a person's whole life story; just some of each person's most memorable experiences. Please write to: Mr. Roger A. Freeman; Mays Barn, Dedham; Colchester; CO7 6EW, England, U.K.

We have already lost many of our people, and I urge all surviving spouses to respond with your contributions as well.

Harold E. Comstock
P.O. Box 968
Auberry, CA 93602-0968

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To the editor:

I would be very interested in hearing from anyone who flew in the B-24 named "Corky — Bergundy Bombers." It flew its first tour of 30 missions with the 453rd Bomb Group at Old Buckenham in 1944, and later flew from Bungay. At the end of the war "Corky" was moved to the 2nd Air Division repair depot (the 3rd S.A.D.) at Watton. Does anyone know the subsequent history of this aircraft?

Stuart Wright
16 Alexandra Mansions
West End Lane
West Hampstead
London
NW6 1LU
England

→ → → →

*Second Air Division Association
48th Annual Convention
July 3-6, 1995
Lexington, Kentucky*

*For costs and information, please refer to the
Winter 1994 Journal, pp. 38-40.*

To the editor:

During the 448th Bomb Group's 1994 reunion at Danvers & Boston, Massachusetts, five original members from John Caldwell's crew of the 712th Squadron were in attendance. This crew flew in B-24 "San Antonio Rose" from Seething. Enclosed are two pictures — "then and now."

Cater Lee
P.O. Box 850
Foley, Alabama 36536



1944. Left to right, standing: Richard Nace, Mike Opacex, John Caldwell, Delmo Pearce, Olsen. Left to right, kneeling: Noble Germany, Ray Kuchinsky, Bob McLoughlin, Gilcrest.



1994. Seated, left to right, Noble Germany, Woody Wood, Bob McLoughlin. Standing, left to right, Dick Nace and Delmo Pearce.

→ → → →

To the editor:

We would like to receive stories about Operation Market Garden (aka "Monty's Folly"), 18 September 1944, from at least one member of each crew that was involved. This was a supply drop by the 2AD to the troops in the Nijmegen, Eindhoven and Arnhem area of Holland.

We started by asking for responses from our group (93rd), but as we began to accumulate data about that historic mission, our enthusiasm and our goals grew. It seems that each crew that participated encountered a unique and never-to-be-forgotten experience. We have an account from Larry Hewin about his crash landing in German occupied Holland and subsequent POW life, and Carlos Vasquez has provided much valuable data as well. Let's expand and include the entire 2nd Air Division.

An account of this operation was published in a book, and on film, as *A Bridge Too Far*, both of which are presented primarily from the ground forces' point of view. This is understandable because they did take a beating; however, the 2AD also did their job and also suffered heavy casualties.

We will acknowledge all responses, and it is our intent to compile a booklet of some kind. The final form of the booklet and date of publication is still unknown. When it is finished, *each respondent will receive a copy*.

We need your help, with stories, and possibly with funds to help defray publication costs. Please contact Carroll A. Berner, 4806 Whippoorwill Lane, Bonita, CA 91902-1724, phone (619) 479-7028; or F.D. "Dusty" Worthen, 1211 N. Fairview St., Burbank, CA 91505-2330, phone (818) 842-2315. Thanks!

→ → → →

To the editor:

Back in 1941, before the outbreak of World War II, there was a group of us in the old Army Air Corps at that time who were instructors for all phases of the Air Corps; and we were from all over the United States — Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, New England, Mississippi, California and Pennsylvania.

In January of 1943 we were sent overseas to build up the Second Air Division. A buddy, Pete Fenolio, and I landed in the 448th group at Seething under Colonel Crookshank and Commander, Jerry Moore, Capt. Caldwell and Lt. White, pilots, and 1st Sgt. Jack Delaney of the 449th Sub Depot.

If anyone recognizes any of the names above, please drop me a line.

Some of my buddies from the old instructors group were scattered throughout the 2nd. They were: Ralph W. May, Bandlow, Holt, Gey. Any of the old students from Chanute Field or from the Ohio State detachment — I would enjoy hearing from you.

Arthur C. Hipkins
1296 Bunker Hill Road
Middletown, DE 19709

→ → → →

To the editor:

I am working on compiling information for the commemoration of VE and VJ Day. I am also trying to put together a display case. The following is a list of items that I still need donations of:

- (1) Any history of the units.
- (2) Any back issues of publications.
- (3) Unit patches, insignias, emblems, uniforms, flags, leaflets, etc. from the U.S., Japan, and Germany.

All donors will be recognized. With your help, along with the other organizations I am contacting, I should be able to fulfill this commemoration of VE and VJ Day. Your help would be greatly appreciated. Please let me know if you are able to donate any of the above.

Dwain D. Christian
226 Primrose Drive
Prattville, AL 36067-2618

→ → → →

SAYING GOODBYE TO DORIS

The following is quoted from a short article that appeared in the Chicago Tribune Magazine, December 4, 1994:

"For months, Delectable Doris sat regally outside the 94th Aerosquadron Resaturant near Wheeling's Palwaukee Airport, one of only two World War II era B-24s left in the world that are still flyable. Then came the day in October when Doris was unceremoniously towed off, sparking rumors she'd been reclaimed by the Smilin' Jack version of a repo man.

"The truth isn't far off. Seems the restaurant chain's in Chapter 11, and owner Dave Tallichet of Anaheim, CA, a bomber pilot during the war, is under court order to sell most of the 100 vintage warplanes that grace his eateries. 'The planes are non-performing assets,' explains Rockford plane dealer Mark Clark, who is brokering the sale of the \$12 million collection and sold the \$1.6 million B-24 to champ stunt pilot Kermit Weeks, owner of a Miami air museum.

"Tallichet, who personally flew Doris back from India where she ended up after the war, is understandably mournful over the sale. 'I made my last flight in her last spring when I brought her to Palwaukee from Topeka,' he said sadly. 'It was like going to bed with an old girlfriend one last time. She's quite a plane.'

"Though he's liquidating planes by the yard, Tallichet is hanging on to a P-38, a P-51 Mustang, and the B-17 he flew in the movie 'Memphis Belle.' 'You can't give up all your women,' the old pilot reasons."

This is a sad commentary on life. With every museum in the world looking for a B-24, this guy sells his to a broker.

H.C. "Pete" Henry
164-B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

→ → → →

To the editor:

In the Winter 1994 *Journal*, Robert C. Gibson sought information about the crew of a 44th BG aircraft which crashed in Holland. He mentions two men who were killed, Arthur Goldman and C.T. Moriarty (correct name is Moriarity, Jr.) The former was the navigator, the latter the bombardier. The others in the crew survived. Pilot David Talbott managed to evade capture, aided by Dutch and Belgian citizens. He now resides in Maryland.

In the spring of 1994 I was in Holland as the guest of Dutch Resistance veterans, and met two military historians of that country, John Manrho and Col. Arie DeJohn, who both, incidentally, hold memberships in the 2ADA. Both were most helpful in my quest for information on two crashes, that of Talbott's ship, and Charles Taylor's aircraft, also a 44th plane. More than 700 Allied and enemy aircraft went down over Holland. I am assembling material for future publication on each of these two crashes.

While in that country, at Dronten, a city built on a polder recovered from the sea after WWII, I was invited to assist the US Embassy air attache, Col. Allen Ryals, in laying a wreath at the Monument to the Propellers, a ceremony held annually on Remembrance Day (first week of April) which specifically honors the Allied airmen lost over that country. About 150 members of the Air Gunners Society were there. It was an extremely good show, attended by thousands of spectators. We should join in — aim for this April. I'll be glad to serve as a point man, should there be an interest, and advise the embassy and locate housing. There's a great social following the various events of the day.

Ray Ward
432 Pennsylvania Avenue
Waverly, NY 14892-1450
Tel. (607) 565-2477

→ → → →

To the editor:

I am trying to locate the limited edition print by Keith Hill titled "Attlebridge Winter." This is the print that shows a 466th Bomb Group B-24 taking off from a snow-covered runway. If you have this print and would like to sell it, please let me know. I am also trying to obtain copies of photographs of the Attlebridge airfield and any aerial photographs of the 466th Bomb Group in action. Lastly, I would like to locate copies of training manuals for bombardier, navigator, radio operator/gunner and flight engineer/gunner. Anything that is lent to me will be copied and the originals returned to you ASAP. My dad was a navigator in the 787th Bomb Squadron of the 466th BG, and I'm trying to round out my collection of material. Thanks in advance.

Richard B. Dondes
21 Firethorn Court
East Brunswick, NJ 08816-2778
Tel. (908) 613-8658

→ → → →

To the editor:

A few of the articles from the Winter 1994 *Journal* hit home.

"A Stormy Journey from Marrakech to Lands End" (page 12): Our contingent of the 491st BG was held up for two weeks around this time. The reason given was weather. Our flight was uneventful, a welcome change to the disappointing stay in Marrakech. The food was awful, as was the service.

"The Unknown Priest of Buncher Eight" (page 7): I recall Father Norkert giving out communion as we headed for the plane. My only other acquaintance was at the bar. We should have become friendly, because I never missed Mass.

"How I Got the DFC" (page 20): In the 491st, you received an Air Medal after six missions. If you completed your tour you received four Air Medals and a DFC. However, I became a combat casualty on my 28th mission, so my DFC was awarded belatedly for the last mission I flew. My opinion is that anyone who survived 30-35 missions flying combat in the 8th AF should have received a DFC — two if you flew combat in a B-24, and three if you were a navigator.

I'm still waiting to hear from C.G. Burk and J. Forsha if they're still around.

George A. Risko
400 N. Hunter Blvd. Apt. 206
Birmingham, MI 48009-5710

→ → → →

A REWARDING ODYSSEY

I have just received a package from Raymond Shaw, Asst. Superintendent of the Cambridge American Military Cemetery, with a cover letter mentioning that it was initiated by a request from Mr. Louis J. Bur (491st BG). What an incredibly kind thing to do.

The packet included all kinds of information about the 44th BG, Shipdham, the Memorial Wall, memorial services past and future, etc. The most touching sentiment, however, was a picture of the individual cross/gravestone of my former husband, Woodrow W. Cole (see *Fall 1994 Journal*, back cover) showing a fresh yellow rose that someone had placed there on October 31, 1994 and a separate envelope with that same "peace rose" pressed in an honorary booklet. As you can guess, I had a very emotional time of it for a while.

Not only was I caught up in the symbolism, but my tears were mixed with the thoughts of Louie's contacting someone at the cemetery on my behalf, plus the caring manner in which this man from England had assembled the meaningful package. And, over and above this, how could he know that my wedding corsage and Woody's floral gifts to me during our short marriage always consisted of yellow roses? What can I say?! Thank you, Louie, and bless you...you create miracles!

Meg Smith
812 East Fesler Street
Santa Maria, CA 93454-4602

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HELP WANTED: VE DAY PROJECT

The *Eastern Daily Press* of Norwich, England is planning a special 50th anniversary supplement consisting of recollections from civilians and servicemen and women, telling their stories of VE Day; the celebrations and any outstanding memories. One important aspect of this, of course, was how VE Day was marked on the many air bases around the county of Norfolk; and the paper would like to include the American perspective in this supplement which will be published during the build-up to the big day this May. Please forward your stories, memories and photographs relating to May 8, 1945, to:

C.N. "BUD" CHAMBERLAIN
769 VIA SOMONTE
PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CA 90274

To the editor:

I hope 1995 will see the rebirth of the Memorial Room we so tragically lost in 1994. It was also tragic to lose Bill Robertie. Bill was most helpful to me in the early years of researching the 2nd Air Division. My first book, *Fields of Little America*, came out in 1977. I have had several books about the 8th Air Force published since then, and my publisher tells me that *The B-24 Liberator, 1939-45*, which came out in 1978-79, will be republished early in 1995.

My reason for writing at this time is that I am currently writing a book with Jim Avis about the Boeing Stearman PT-13 and PT-17. Jim currently builds Stearmans at Swanton Morley, having formerly been at Old Buckenham, where he had a memorial to the 453rd BG erected. We have flown over many 2AD bases in three-ship formations.

I would very much like to hear from 2AD members who as cadets learned to fly in this marvelous biplane before progressing to the B-24 Liberator. The Stearman book will hopefully be the definitive one on this superb biplane. Apart from its training role in WWII, I will be including stories and photos of crop-dusters, wing walking/aerobatic aircraft, firefighters and privately owned types, so I would very much like to hear from former Stearman cadet pilots, dusters, firefighters, AG pilots, etc. Any information and photos,

etc., kindly sent, will be very carefully handled and returned. I add a wish for your continued interest and look forward very much to hearing from you.

My other request concerns anyone who has photos of RAF deHavilland Mosquitoes which landed at their base in WWII. I have just written a book about the Mosquitoes. One of the stories concerns Philip Back, a Mosquito pilot, and his navigator, Derek Smith, who favored landing at American bases if they came back with damage or mechanical problems! On the night of 28/29 January 1945, Philip and Derek were flying their 40th trip and had to divert coming home when their base at Graveley was fogged in. They landed at Hethel. Derek Smith wrote, "They gave us a great time. A jeep wherever we wanted to go, pineapple, ice cream, whiskey, cigs and tobacco, and they would not let us pay a cent." Phil wrote in his log book, "10/10ths hospitality!"

I would be most grateful for anyone who might have photos of this Mosquito at Hethel on 28-31 January '45, and also any others that landed at 2AD bases.

Martin W. Bowman
3 Armes Crescent
Norwich NR2 4EW
England

→ → → →



IN REMEMBRANCE

B-24 Liberator #42-95133 flew a practice mission out of Horsham St. Faith on 24 November 1944. The ceiling was 500 feet, visibility 2.5 miles with fog and drizzle — just a lousy day for flying. The plane made a landing approach, overshot the shortest runway and began a go-around for another try. Witnesses said the bomber appeared to falter over Norwich, struck the steeple of St. Phillips Church and tore away part of its right wing and oval. Then the ship angled toward a densely populated section of the city. But at the last possible moment it veered away into a vacant lot near Barker/Heigham Streets, and crashed and burned fiercely. It took the lives of nine of America's finest young airmen but no civilians!

Immediately, grateful Britons started a collection for a plaque to be erected at the crash site in honor of the crew for their heroic act. On 5 November 1945 the monument was erected and dedicated to the crewmen. The inscription read: "To the memory of the undermentioned members of 753rd SQ, 458th BG, 2nd Bombardment Division USAAF who died near this spot 24 November 1944. The pilot of the bomber as his last act avoided crashing on this and surrounding cottages, thus preventing the possible loss of civilian lives. 2/Lts. Ralph J. Dooley, Arthur Akin, Jr., Paul E. Gorman; S/Sgts. John J. Jones, Paul A. Wadsworth, Oscar B. Nelson, John A. Phillips, Don P. Quirk, Ralph Von Bergen." In later years it was necessary to move the plaque slightly because of construction in the area.

On 24 November 1994 more than 300 people gathered at Freeman Square, near Barker Street and the 50-year-old crash site of 42-95133, to hold a memorial service for its crew. Roy Durrant of Norwich had begun organizing the event several months before with the assistance of Christine Armes, Richard Clements and others.

Christine and Richard did yeoman duty in tracing relatives of the deceased crewmen. Michael Quirk of Indiana and his wife, Cindy,

came to honor his brother, Don. Earlier, Paul Gorman's brother, Bill, wrote to the Norwich *Evening News* asking if anyone knew Paul while he was in England. Eric Brady of Norwich contacted Bill and agreed to stand in for him at the services. Ruth Taylor Pegg of Berkshire also came in remembrance of Paul, who had become a friend of her family in 1944.

The memorial services were conducted by the Rev. Michael Jones, vicar of St. Barnabas Church, Heigham. Thanksgiving comments were added by LTC Lee Thompson, RAF chaplain, and music was supplied by the Last Post and Norwich Students Concert Band which included the American and British national anthems. Christine Armes recited the late airmen's names, crew positions, and hometowns in the United States. Bill Carpenter, sheriff of Norwich, read John 15:13 from the Bible which summed up a solemn mood of

feelings extending back to WWII days: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

This bright, pleasant day of the ceremony was in gross contrast to that dark, murky one fifty years earlier. But fair weather or foul, our Norwich friends still hold fond remembrances of their wartime Yanks as the years continue to pass.

Crashes always create questions and mysteries. This one is no exception. Someone said 42-95133 was nicknamed "Lady Jane," but the official records and the crash report don't verify it. If anyone can definitely confirm or definitely reject this serial number/nickname connection, please contact me.

George A. Reynolds
4009 Saddle Run Circle
Pelham, AL 35124



The Rev. Michael Jones conducting a memorial service for the crew of B-24 #42-95133 that crashed in Norwich. Roy Durrant (with clipboard) organized the services and stands just behind the vicar. A plaque dedicated to the crew in 1945 is just to the left of the flat's doorway.

Photo courtesy of the EASTERN DAILY PRESS

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