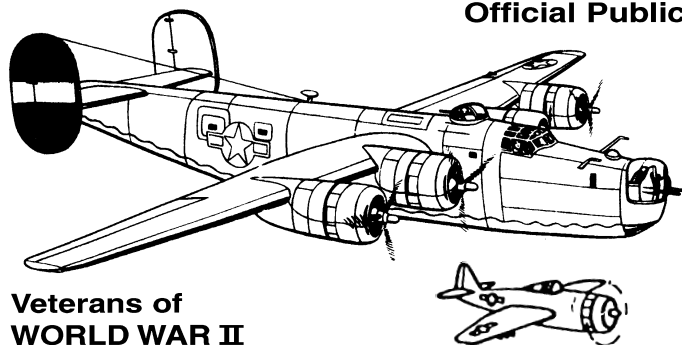


*Royalty at
The Forum*

~ See pages 20-21 ~

THE JOURNAL

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Veterans of
WORLD WAR II



Volume 41 Number 3

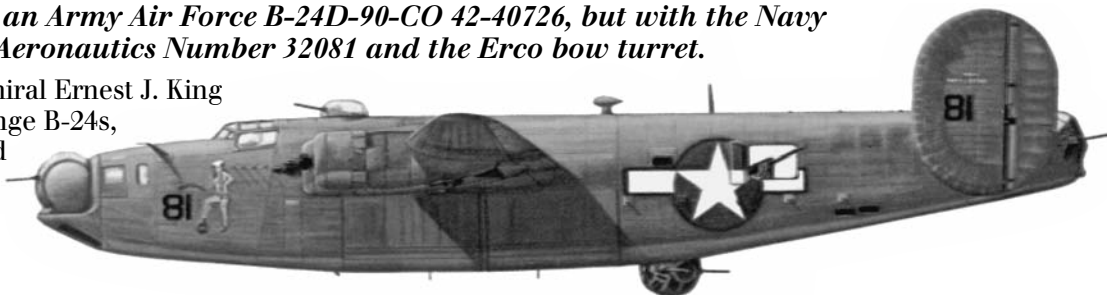
Fall 2002

These, Too, Were “Liberators” ...

THE PB4Y-1 (B-24D)

“Whitsshits” was built as an Army Air Force B-24D-90-CO 42-40726, but with the Navy she wore the Bureau of Aeronautics Number 32081 and the Erco bow turret.

EARLY IN 1942, Navy Admiral Ernest J. King requested some long-range B-24s, but General Henry H. Arnold wanted no part of the Navy’s encroachment into the USAAF land-based bomber program.



Then the Navy had a prototype seaplane built by Boeing, the PBB-1 Sea Ranger. This aircraft was built at a new Navy plant in Renton, Washington. Disenchanted with seaplanes, the Navy gave up the Boeing plant in Renton so that the USAAF could have a fourth source for their B-29s. In return, the Navy got B-24Ds, right off the production lines, to start their land-based antisubmarine patrol aircraft program. This trade was effected on 7 July 1942. By August 1943, the USAAF had agreed to disband its Antisubmarine Command.

THE PB4Y-1 “LIBERATOR”

Initially the PB4Y-1s were USAAF B-24Ds drawn from a variety of block numbers. With the disbanding of the USAAF anti-submarine units, the B-24Ds equipped with ASV radar were traded to the Navy for new production B-24Ds. These aircraft all had plain glass noses. Eventually a number of these aircraft would have Erco bow turrets installed in their noses.

The Navy kept calling their PB4Y-1s “Liberators,” but their nose turreted aircraft were re-equipped with the Erco gun position, distinctive in appearance and very much to the Navy’s liking. Vice Admiral Harry E. Sears, first-tour commander of the Buccaneers squadron, recalls taking conventional B-24s from the line at San Diego, flying across the bay to North Island, and modifying them: “In the nose, which we extended about three feet, we fitted a surplus seaplane Erco bow

(continued on page 14)



THE PB4Y-2 “PRIVATEER”

After WWII, the PB4Y-2s were painted overall Gloss Sea Blue. The white blisters on the lower forward fuselage housed a variety of antennas. Unlike the Army Air Force, the Navy used their “Liberators” well into the 1950’s — way past the Korean War.

...of Sorts

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



JOURNAL



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Message from the President

BY WALTER J. MUNDY (467TH)

The committee reports for the Executive Committee and the Membership Meeting are being forwarded to Dave Patterson to be incorporated into the Executive Committee agenda and in some cases to report to the membership at the business meeting in Baltimore.

At the business meeting the membership will be asked to vote on the Association's president and executive vice president and approve the officers and directors as presented and recommended by the nominating committee.

A few minor changes in the bylaws and procedures will also be presented as well as a new format that follows "Roberts Rules of Order." Our parliamentarian, Norma Beasley, has done a great job, and the bylaws and procedures will be greatly improved, easier to understand, and will reflect the way the Association operates.

The committee to further study the Legacy Plan will have a recommended plan that will become the basis for the continuation of the Second Air Division Association Legacy when the present organization "just fades away" into the wild blue yonder.

Since last November, your president has been busy. Following the convention in Norwich I wrote 48 thank-you letters to all of the people in Norwich who worked so hard to make our convention the success beyond expectations that it was. Our gathering following the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks demonstrated once more that "we were never turned back" and we will defend our freedom and the freedom of those who cherish freedom and peace!

February 1-3, 2002, I attended the Heritage League Executive Committee meeting in Scottsdale, Arizona at the invitation of League President Irene Hurner. This was the first time that the 2ADA president has been asked to participate in the Executive Committee meeting of the Heritage League. As a result we have strengthened the bond between the 2ADA and the Heritage League, and hopefully our Legacy Plan and the Heritage League bylaws and procedures will be tailored to be compatible with a smooth transition at some time in the future.

On February 23, 2002, I attended the Second Air Division Association Southern California Dinner in Anaheim, where the keynote speaker was General Robert L. Cardenas, an 8th Air Force veteran and a renowned test pilot. Also at the head table were Richard and Peggy Learman. Richard's father was an executive at Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego and made major contributions to the design of the B-24. Several Executive Committee members were also present, including Bud Chamberlain and Julian Ertz. The reunion was organized by Dick Baynes, chairman of the reunion committee. The master of ceremonies was Delbert Mann with his usual scintillating presentation.

March 30 through April 1, 2002, I attended the 93rd Bomb Group convention in Savannah, Georgia, honoring General Ted Timberlake. Al Asch put together a great reunion.

The Second Air Division Association Southwest Regional Reunion was held April 27, 2002 at the Sheraton Grand Hotel in Irving, Texas. The dinner was held following the 2ADA mid-year Executive Committee meeting on April 26 & 27. The reunion dinner was organized by J. Lemons, Bob Renn, Jordan Uttal, Geoff Gregory, Chuck Walker, and Bob Cash. They had arranged a great shopping tour and lunch for the ladies at none other than Neiman Marcus. Jordan Uttal arranged a dinner at his country club on the evening of April 26.

A few days before leaving for England, Fred Johnson, a friend and neighbor and member of our Heritage League, phoned me to come look at the cockpit of a B-24 that he had in his driveway on a specially built trailer that he was taking to Reno, Nevada for an exhibit over July 4th. Fred has written a book about the B-24 and he has acquired the cockpit, a nose turret, and other parts that he is restoring. His book, *Warbird Tech Series, Volume 1, Consolidated B-24 Liberator*; features the B-24 Liberator and is a very comprehensive history of the development of the Liberator and the Privateer. There are still bits and pieces of B-24s around.

At this writing, I have just returned from Norwich where I attended the dedication ceremony held July 18, 2002 at The Forum. The dedication was conducted by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. HRH Prince Phillip, The Duke of Edinburgh, visited our Memorial Library while the Queen toured the Children's Library. (See feature story on pages 20-21.)

On the way to Norwich, my RAF friend, Wing Commander David Ware, who flew Lancasters at night while we flew daytime missions, and I drove his car to visit Shuttleworth Air Museum and the RAF Imperial War Museum warplane exhibits at Duxford, also the home of the American Air Museum.

The American Museum was closed to the public to allow the replacement of the huge glass windows. These had to be removed to roll the B-24 and SR-71 into the building. However, we were met by Ted Inman, the Director of the Museum and also one of our Second Air Division USAAF Memorial Trust Governors. We were given the royal VIP tour by Ted and his Special Visits Officer, Linda Mason, and were especially pleased to see the B-24 almost complete. The control surfaces, nose and tail turrets, were being worked on and will soon be installed. Ted Inman advised that they had a lot of work to do inside and were missing the glass windows around the cockpit and bombardier's window. A considerable amount of unexpected work and cost was required because of corrosion inside. They are doing a fine job of remanufacturing the damaged parts. We need to provide as much support as possible to ensure that this plane is museum quality.

I must thank David Hastings for sticking his neck out to extend the time that HRH Phillip spent in our Memorial Library. The Royal Entourage had cut the time that HRH would spend to approximately five minutes. This would not allow time for proper introductions of the Trust Governors, staff and myself, and would certainly not be enough time for HRH to see the extent of the library.

(continued on page 8)

THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION traces its initial meeting to 1948 in Chicago, Illinois. It was organized as a nonprofit corporation in the State of Illinois on January 10, 1950. Members of the original Board of Directors were 2nd Air Division veterans Marilyn Fritz, Howard W. Moore, Jordan R. Uttal, and Percy C. Young. The association's purpose is to advocate and support an adequate, effective and efficient Army, Navy and Air Force at all times; to perpetuate the friendships and memories of service together in the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force in England during World War II; to support financially, and in any other way, the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division as represented by the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room of the Norwich Central Library; and to undertake such other activities as may from time to time be deemed appropriate by the membership.

REGULAR (Voting) MEMBERSHIP in the association is limited to those personnel, military and civilian, American or British, who at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during World War II and any person who served with any bomb group or fighter group or any other unit of the 2nd Air Division assigned or attached. Provisions are made for Associate (Non-Voting) memberships and also for subscribing memberships (Non-Voting).

Please submit all material for publication to the editor by the 15th of January, April, July, or October.

We make every effort to mail your *Journal* within 45 days of the deadline listed above, with the exception of the Winter issue (October deadline) which is mailed early in January. Your receipt of the *Journal* will be anywhere from one to four weeks later, depending on the U.S. Postal Service — especially your own post office. If you don't get your *Journal* by the next deadline, contact Evelyn Cohen immediately.

Executive Vice President's Message

BY DICK BUTLER (44TH)

In the Summer 2002 issue of the *Journal* my message on page 4 contained a write-up about the new National Air and Space Museum and my concern that a B-24 would not be in it. Included in my message was a copy of a letter I had written to the director of the museum, expressing my concern. I have received a reply from the Director, and it is reproduced herewith.

An aircraft meeting the criteria specified in the Director's letter does not exist, other than the one in the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio. There is little possibility of that aircraft being transferred to the new national museum. Director Dailey's sentence "Should we locate an aircraft that meets more than one of these tests, we would certainly be willing to consider it" gives only a very remote possibility for acquiring a B-24. It therefore appears to me that there never will be a B-24 in the National Air and Space Museum.

In my letter I also suggested that in the absence of an actual B-24 in the museum, a display be established with a large B-24 model, photographs, and facts about the B-24. Director Dailey says that a model and photo (note no mention of model size and photo singular) are planned for opening day. Obviously, the history of the famous B-24 is not appreciated by the powers that are controlling the so-called National Air and Space Museum. How can it be telling the history of one hundred years of aviation in the United States without telling the B-24 story?

On a personal note, I call your attention to the commemorative poster on the back page of the Summer 2002 *Journal*. When I first saw that poster in Norwich, I was very surprised to see that the photo of the crew that was in the poster was that of the crew on which I was copilot. I contacted Alan Senior, the designer of the poster, and asked how it was that our crew photo was used. Alan stated that he was not aware that it was the crew on which I served. He said the photo was just randomly selected from the hundreds of crew photos he had. Our crew was one of the original 506th Squadron crews. The pilot was Walter Bunker, now deceased. We flew the 14 May 1943 Kiel mission and the low level Ploesti mission, plus numerous others together. Of those men in the photo, four of us are still alive. I am the short person wearing the flight cap in the back row. Our navigator, Bill Newbold, is to my left. Directly in front of me is our flight engineer, Loy "Potsy" Nepper, and on the right end of the lower row is Warren Kookan, ball turret/waist gunner. All four of us are long-time members of the 2ADA. ■



Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum

Office of the Director

May 7, 2002

Colonel Richard D. Butler, USAF (Ret.)
Executive Vice President
Second Air Division Association
16828 Mitchell Circle
Air Force Village West
Riverside, CA 92518

Dear Colonel Butler:

Thank you for your letter of April 2 concerning the B-24. You are correct in that our Modern Military Curator's highest priority is to acquire a B-24 for the Hazy Center at Dulles. His criteria for collecting such an aircraft does make the task more difficult than it might be for other museums across the nation.

We are searching for a B-24 that has some combat time, has a restorable interior, and one that is representative of the models flown in the European theater of operations. As you already know, an authentic aircraft that meets these requisites is rare. Should we locate an aircraft that meets more than one of these tests, we would certainly be willing to consider it. Unfortunately, we have had no recent opportunity to acquire an aircraft meeting these requirements. We have decided to wait for the right plane rather than settle for available but less desirable models to add to the National Aircraft Collection. The Liberator deserves nothing less.

The Hazy Center will have little in the way of exhibits as you may be familiar with them in the NASM in Washington. However, there are plans to include a B-24 model and photo as part of the WW II exhibit station currently planned for opening day.

If your organization has any viable leads that might help us to acquire an aircraft that meets this listed criterion, please contact NASM curator Dik Daso (see his enclosed business card).

Sincerely,


R. Dailey
Director

Enclosure

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National Air and Space Museum
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202.357.1745 Telephone
202.357.2426 Fax

Report of the 2ADA Representative to the Board of Governors

BY CHUCK WALKER (445TH)

It was a pleasure to attend the 11 April 2002 Governors meeting which was David Hastings' inauguration as Chairman of our Memorial Trust. I must say, David conducted the meeting in sterling fashion, as we expected he would. David will be an excellent chairman.

As predicted, budget shortfall and possible savings were the principal topics of the meeting. The Finance Committee will continue to fine-tune the numbers while Derek Hills, Trust Librarian, is examining every aspect of the library operation for possible savings. For example, operating hours of the library will no doubt be curtailed — probably to 9 to 5 daily.

I will be attending the 2 July 2002 Governors meeting. The agenda appears to be a full one. Derek Hills will be reporting on the increased group visitor traffic; for example, the "Friends," the Civil Service Motoring Association, several Probus groups, and numerous school parties. Members of the 44th, 491st, and 96th (based at Snetterton) Bomb Groups have all visited. These visits are characterized by the length of their stays; the staff is now able to give talks, show films, afford seating, etc. without disrupting other library activities.

The library was significantly involved the Aviation Week, 29 April – 4 May program staged in The Forum. A display was made of photographs (14" x 17") taken by T/Sgt. Charles Nigrelli, Photographic Lab Chief of the 389th, together with other wartime memorabilia. The Norfolk Gliding Club came from the 445th's old base at Tibenham and displayed a glider and several photos of 445th wartime activities compiled by Paul Thrower. It is reported to have been quite a show.

New shelving has been ordered that will replace the two computer stations near the librarian's office. 4,400 volumes will now be accommodated once the shelves are installed.

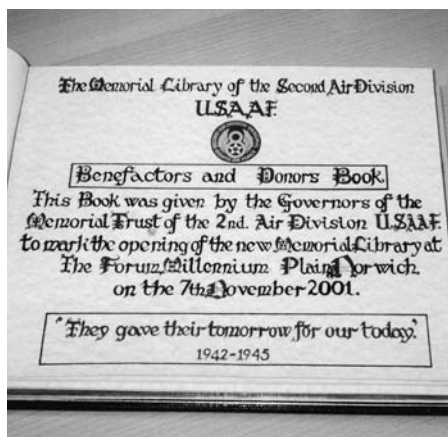
Since April, Andrea Hough has visited all four wing libraries and has been ordering books for their collections.

Andrea will be returning to Indiana on 29 August. Her husband Paul will remain in Norwich until he completes his master's degree in September.

Says Andrea, "The staff of the Memorial Library are among the most hardworking I have known. It has been a pleasure to work



Inside the Second Air Division Memorial Library, April 2002



Benefactors and Donors Book

with them and to learn from them. They are the greatest resource of the Memorial Library, and combine a willingness to serve with considerable knowledge of the 2nd Air Division, while making the Memorial Library as accessible to the general public as possible. They cannot be thanked enough for all they do, and I will miss them all.

"I will have many fond memories of Norwich and Norfolk and look forward to the



Trust Chairman David Hastings

remainder of my time in England. This has been a life-changing experience, and I am grateful for the opportunities this fellowship has provided."

Andrea has been an outstanding 2ADA/Fulbright Scholar and has provided far-reaching benefits, both personally and professionally, as our American Representative. We wish her success and happiness in whatever she undertakes in the future. Thank you, Andrea! ■

THE EDITOR'S CONTRIBUTION

BY RAY R. PYTEL (445th)

The 2ADA Executive Committee, at its meeting in Dallas, passed a resolution that all *Journal* articles be limited to one page. The editor may allow an "overrun" at his discretion, but he may get fired if he does it too often! (Frankly, I only do it for the money!)

The best guide I can offer is that one page, without any pictures or fancy headings, can handle about 1400 words. Deduct about 200 words for a small 2 x 4 picture. I have quite a number of lengthy articles on hand which I am trying to "downsize" but this takes time which I don't have. So please try to stay within the limits and make my job easier, and then I can work on the backlog I have of good, but way too long, stories.

A number of letters have come in over the last six months requesting certain information, or requests for articles on some specific subjects of interest. We have been asked about the following:

A "good article" on the Caliber 50, its performance, peculiarities, and limitations. Gunners should have some literature on this!

European Theater gunnery tactics, especially the "Clock System" and the "negative lead" aspect of gunnery from a moving base aiming at a moving target, i.e., attacking enemy fighters. Also, the discontinuance of using "tracers" due to the misleading illusion of the projectile's actual paths. Anyone recall all this stuff?

Poison gas bombs: Every base was supposed to have a secret cache of these things maintained by Army personnel; just in case the Nazis started using them, we'd send a few their way. What's the story?

Skeet and Trap ranges: I recall "shootin' 'em up" but nothing else; can someone tell us all about it?

Finally, when the B-24 that went to Duxford left the States, there was to be a fiberglass/plastic/styrofoam/whatever replica built to replace it. What ever happened to this project?

NEW LIBERATOR CALENDAR

Some of you asked about the 2003 Liberator Club B-24 Calendar. Many bought the 2002 issue. I called George Welsh, and he said that



their 12 x 18 color cover 2003 calendar is still \$10 plus \$2.50 postage. Telephone: (760) 789-8901, Fax: (760) 789-8911, E-mail: b24club@earthlink.net, or write: B-24 Liberator Club [2AD], 1672 Main St., Ste E, PMB-124, Ramona, CA 92065.

MUSEUM QUESTIONS

Requests for museum information (which constantly changes) can best be handled by checking the latest *Guide to over 900 Aircraft Museums* by Michael A. Blaugher. The latest 184-page edition (November 2001) lists all the aircraft at each museum, as well as 239 in city parks and 51 restaurants, 57 naval ship museums, together with an alphabetical list of 8700 aircraft. The price is \$12.00 postpaid. Contact Michael E. Blaugher, 124 E. Foster Parkway, Ft. Wayne, IN 46806-1730.

FALL QUIZ

Question One: Name the fourteen 2nd Air Division B-24 groups in order of their arrival in Europe, their group letter, and (later) their tail markings.

Question Two: Looking at the "Mystery Plane" pictured above, can you name the manufacturer, the military designation, and some of the specifications of this aircraft?

Answers to the Summer Quiz are on the back page of this issue.

To Norwich's 2AD Memorial Library – "South" from Alaska!

BY RAY R. PYTEL (445th)



Tahitia Lynn Orr is a Government Services Librarian with the Alaska State Library in Juneau. She has been with the State Library since February 2000 where she serves in the reference section of the library, acts as a liaison to the Department of Education, and is the head of the library's Web team. Since coming to the State Library, she led a redesign of their web page resulting in accolades from users around the world. The focus of the redesign was to make the web page more intuitive and grouped by user needs rather than by internal divisions of the library.

She is also chair of a group of Alaskan librarians who choose online resources for SLED, a web page that groups together online resources by, for, and about Alaskans. Schools and libraries across Alaska use this web page as the "first place to go on the Web for information about Alaska."

Prior to working at the State Library, Miss Orr worked for the Juneau Public Libraries from 1995 until 2000. She spent most of her time working in the Mail Services Program, a service that ships books by mail plane to remote library patrons throughout southeast Alaska. From these patrons, she learned an appreciation for the challenges of Alaskan bush life and the ability to answer questions that ranged

from diesel engine repair to advice on choosing a literary agent.

As part of her MLS degree requirements, she spent five months in an internship working at the Alaska Historical Collections. While working there, she designed databases that were later used to place photograph and manuscript collections on the Internet and helped researchers from around the world use the unique resources found at the Historical Collections.

Miss Orr has a master's degree in library science from Syracuse University, a bachelor's degree in European history, and a bachelor of fine arts degree in theatrical costume design from Southern Oregon State College in Ashton, Oregon. She has been active in local and state library organizations including serving, for the past two years, as the chair of the local chapter of the Alaska Library Association. In those two years, the chapter has begun promoting the benefits of libraries in Juneau; running ads in local papers; having a book-cart drill team in the 4th of July parade; and placing posters in the city buses. She has also presented workshops at conferences in Alaska and has served on numerous committees.

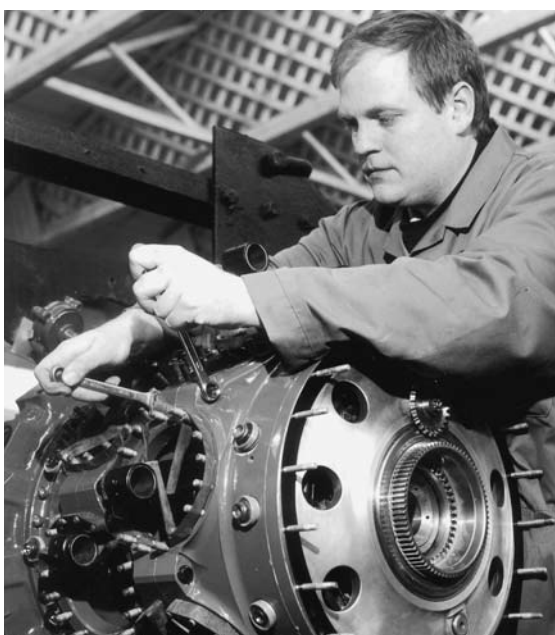
In her spare time, Miss Orr designs costumes for local theater groups and the Juneau high school. She especially appreciates working with kids and fostering a love of theater. This summer her time was taken up by working on a production of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* put on by 13-15 year olds. Miss Orr is single and leaves behind her parents in Oregon and a wealth of friends across the country. She is sorting through her belongings, has found a home for her cat, and is busy preparing for the move to Norwich! ■

WATCHING THE B-24 ROLLOUT AT DUXFORD

BY ANDREA BEAN HOUGH, 2ADA/FULBRIGHT LIBRARIAN, 2001-2002

On June 24, 2002, I had another once-in-a-lifetime opportunity through the 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian fellowship. Debbie Medhurst, one of the temporary staff of the Second Air Division Memorial Library, and I travelled to the American Air Museum at Duxford for the rollout of the restored B-24 Liberator.

A few minutes past eleven, the tip of one wing came into view from the hangar doors. The aircraft was moved out sideways from the hangar, on aviation “roller skates” to allow it to clear the doorway. The aircraft would move a few feet, then stop, as a crew of men adjusted and readjusted the rollers underneath the aircraft. It took over an hour for the entire aircraft to emerge into the English sunshine, with a crowd of photographers and well-wishers on hand. Whenever the sun hit it directly, its silver skin sparkled, and I know that I took at least twenty photographs, in addition to several minutes of video footage on my camcorder (I shut it off whenever the Lib stopped gliding along!)



This aircraft, which was seen by some of the veterans attending the November 2001 celebrations and 2ADA convention, is nearly complete. For almost two years, Duxford's conservation team, assisted by volunteers, put in thousands of hours of work to make this aircraft one of the jewels of the American Air Museum. On June 25, it was moved into the American Air Museum, where the final touches of its restoration will take place prior to the formal rededication ceremony of the AAM in September. The Honorable George Bush, 41st President of the United States, will be the guest of honor at the rededication ceremony, to be held on September 27, 2002.

Duxford's B-24 Liberator was acquired through an exchange with the U.S. Air Force Museum, where it had been on display since 1956. It arrived at Duxford in August 2000, and a great deal of work has been done to repair and restore the aircraft. Now that the aircraft is in the American Air Museum, the complete internal fit out will be done. Only two things will be different to this aircraft than to a B-24 in its original form: the turret glazing will be of Perspex rather than Plexiglas, and areas that would have been painted with chromate primer will instead be painted green, using a modern paint.

Overall, it was a wonderful experience! I only wish that I could be here this September for the rededication of the American Air Museum — but I'll look forward to reading about it in the *Journal*. ■

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (continued)

Fortuitously, when HRH Prince Phillip arrived he immediately scuttled the plan because he wanted to see the entire library. After touring the library he was introduced to me and the Governors and the staff. He was especially interested in the air bases and asked me which base I flew from, where did I live now, and what was my position on the crew. We shook hands and he was most friendly and cordial and thanked me for the Second Air Division Memorial Library and the effort of the Second Air Division during the war.

As HRH was about to leave at the urging of his escorts, he signed our guest book and David Hastings asked if he would accept a commemorative medallion. He said that he would be delighted and came back to look at the medallion that I had on. He remarked on how wonderful it was and said he very much appreciated receiving it.

Following the visit to the Memorial Library, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and HRH Prince Phillip completed the dedication of the new library and then the Queen was introduced to dignitaries of Norwich and Norfolk who were present. That group included Sir Timothy Colman, the Lord Lieutenant, and his wife, Lady Mary; the Chairman of the County Commission, Jim Norris; the Sheriff of Norfolk, Bryan Gunn and his wife; and the Chief of Police, Chief Constable Williams; all of whom were most gracious and acknowledged my letters thanking them for their participation in November 2001.

I took some photographs at the dedication (see pages 20-21). No photographs except the official Royal Family photographs and BBC were allowed during the visit of the royal couple. The BBC and local newspaper coverage was minimal considering the fact that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and HRH Prince Phillip were going on to a huge garden party at Kings Lynn following the dedication in Norwich.

I feel that the presence of a representative of the Second Air Division was essential to show the solidarity of our bond with our friends in Norfolk and Suffolk. They continue to recognize the sacrifice and achievements of the Second Air Division and I can tell you that dozens of our British friends thanked me for being there for them in World War II and on July 18, 2002.

All of the membership of the Second Air Division shares in this once-in-a-lifetime event, and I am honored and proud to have had the opportunity to represent you personally. Our Memorial is unique; it is recognized at the highest levels of the British government and by the men, women, and children on the street in Norwich. They will never forget, and we must make sure that the

Memorial lives on in perpetuity, for those on the Roll of Honor!

My year as your president, 2001-2002, is drawing to a close. It has been a challenging

and busy time, and is a highlight in my life. I have enjoyed the support of the officers, directors, and committees, and I believe I have made a positive contribution to the 2ADA. ■

Second Air Division Displays at The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum

BY WALTER J. MUNDY (467TH), 2ADA PRESIDENT

In a meeting with the executives of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum on May 17, 2002, I was advised that the museum is planning to upgrade the WWII areas in the next 8 to 12 months. I was requested to provide the museum with a list of all archives and artifacts that the Second Air Division Association's fourteen bomb groups and headquarters would be willing to provide to enhance the 2ADA displays.

Accordingly, I am requesting that the group vice presidents request their individual group membership to identify and prepare a list of archival materials, such as photographs of combat missions, strike photos, group orders, training materials, brochures, etc. and artifacts such as uniforms, personal equipment, a B-24 (just kidding) that was issued and/or used by the group members during WWII. I have personally donated my Mae West, parachute harness, leather helmet, goggles, and oxygen mask, and I have a number of strike photos that I plan to donate.

Based on the extent of the lists, I visualize that a review committee can determine what materials could go to the Memorial Library and what could go to the Mighty Eighth Museum. There should be more than enough for both.

It seems to me that we should upgrade the legacy we have here in the U.S. as well as in Norwich, and our memorabilia will be preserved professionally at both venues.

The group vice presidents can contact me if they have any questions: Walter J. Mundy, 24030 Basin Harbor Court, Tehachapi, CA 93561, phone (661) 821-5101, fax (661) 821-5816, e-mail: mundy@tminet.com. ■

Folded Wings

HDQ

John C. Stricker

44th

James H. Clements
W.R. Partridge
Charles W. Ray

93rd

Herbert C. Borgmann
John A. Bresnahan
George G. Everhart
Thomas W. Scott
Sheridan R. Smith

389th

E. Norman Durrell
Cecil S. Martin
Joseph L. Moore

392nd

John F. Malloy
James E. Muldoon
Vance L. Sibert
John J. Urban

445th

Frank W. Aaronson
Donald F. Baumler
Robert E. Mead

446th

Charles J. Bozic
William M. Canaday
Jesse E. Pearce
George A. Phillips, Jr.

448th

Russell Reindahl

453rd

Harry E. Siegrist

458th

Frank P. Limbert
John A. O'Brien

467th

Harris M. Burstyn
George D. Gerber
Charles Kotis
William P. McGovern
Roger V. Scherer

489th

Roy D. Armentrout
Ira A. Hooper
Clarence A. Jungman
Warren E. Oppmann



NEWS FROM ACROSS the Pond

NEWS FROM THE FORUM

by David J. Hastings, Chairman of the Memorial Trust
of the 2nd Air Division USAAF

Time has certainly flown by, and it hardly seems possible that it is now several months since I took over from Paul King as Chairman of the Memorial Trust. Like all previous chairmen I realise just how fortunate I am to serve with such a wonderful team of Trust Governors and Memorial Library staff who are all so dedicated to your Memorial.

The Forum is truly a fantastic building, and it has already become a very vital part of our city's life. There has been a huge increase in visitors to the new Central Library as well as the Second Air Division Memorial Library, which has kept everyone hard at work and the building is always humming with visitors. The Forum held a "Norfolk Aviation Week" recently in which the Trust played a major part, and the special B-24 film evening in the Origins Lecture Theatre was a sell-out. We showed the "Diamond Lil" video, and the questions at the end never stopped, such was the interest in the Second Air Division. Also of course everyone is still talking about your visit last November when you opened your magnificent Memorial and received the Freedom of the City. Looking outside the city, your wonderful mural at Wymondham College has attracted much favourable comment, and those superb convention medallions are worn on every suitable occasion. We cannot wait to see the Dzenowagis film of that great week.

We recently had a very busy Trust Governors meeting when again we were so pleased to see Chuck Walker over from the USA as your representative. Much has been learnt in the first ten months of operation of the new Memorial Library, and all the changes needed are being made. At the meeting we said a sad farewell to Andrea Hough, who has been truly outstanding as your 2ADA/Fulbright Scholar, and in late August we look forward to welcoming Tahitia Orr from Alaska who takes over from Andrea. Your gift of a Fulbright Scholar Librarian to Norwich and Norfolk each year means so much, and we can never thank you enough. Your library is the only one in Europe to have such an appointee.

On July 18th we had the Royal Opening of the Forum itself by Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh as part of the Queen's Golden Jubilee tour, and I so enjoyed welcoming them to your Memorial. We are so pleased also that 2ADA President Walt Mundy was with us on that day. (See pages 20-21.)

On a more personal note, we are strengthening our links with the USAF at Mildenhall still further as I am one of fourteen local people to be made an Honorary Squadron Commander at the base. This is a twelve-month tour of duty, and as the only pilot, I have been lucky enough to get the 351st Air Refuelling Squadron, so hopefully will get some flying in the KC-135. We were "sworn in" as commanders on April 23rd, and Jean and I have already had two great



HASTINGS FLIES AGAIN!

visits with our squadron, which is made up of really wonderful people. This is very much a two-sided programme, and we will be linking the 351st with the 2AD Memorial, Wymondham College, and RAF Coltishall.

Finally, Jean and I look forward so much to being with you all in Baltimore and getting back to that wonderful family of the Second Air Division Association.

THE 2002 STUDENT ESSAY COMPETITION, AND THE END OF A GREAT YEAR

by Andrea Bean Hough, 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian, 2001-02

This will be my final article for the 2ADA *Journal*, as I leave England for the United States at the end of the summer. In this article, I will report on the 2002 Student Essay Competition, and share a few final thoughts on the incredible year that this fellowship has provided.

This year's Student Essay Competition garnered almost fifty entries, from students aged 12-14 from schools around Norwich. Rachel Manning, a Year 7 student at Wymondham College, won the grand prize of £50 and tickets for entry to the Imperial War Museum at Duxford for her essay on local residents' memories of Americans assigned to the wartime hospital near Morley (now Wymondham College). Honourable mention awards were presented to Charmaine Chandler, Heartsease High School; Christopher J. Hart, Wymondham College; Sophie James, City of Norwich School; and Kate Revell, Wymondham College. David Hastings, Chairman of the Memorial Trust, and Mrs. Fran Davies, Trust Governor, presented the awards.

The competition is designed to encourage ongoing ties and interest between the United States and East Anglia, in honour of the many friendships made between the airmen of the 2nd Air Division and local English people during the Second World War. Students chose from four different essay themes, including local wartime memories of the American servicemen and women, the most important American in history, Second World War aircraft, and westward expansion in the United States. It was interesting to see who the most important American in history was; students' choices included Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and a host of others.

The essay competition, like many of the opportunities I have had through the course of this fellowship, gave me the chance to learn more about the United States from a British perspective. It also allowed me to meet students and their parents, and to share a bit of their happiness at the awards reception, which was held in the Second Air Division Memorial Library.

This has been a life-changing year. Being a part of the opening and the incredible November festivities was marvellous. I have enjoyed working with the staff of the Memorial Library, who do such

(continued on page 10)

THE END OF A GREAT YEAR (continued from page 9)

a good job with both the public and with returning veterans and their families. I loved going to area high schools to speak on topics from American history, and thought that the creative writing workshops in February were a joy. I have spoken to a variety of community organizations during my year in Norwich, and am regularly amazed at the impact that the American airmen made on this region. Working at the Memorial Library has given me new skills and allowed me to use my existing skills to assist the public and the staff.

In addition, through the Fulbright Commission, I have been on a tour of Parliament, and attended receptions at Lancaster House and the London home of the U.S. Ambassador, Winfield House. My husband Paul and I have travelled on the weekends and on holidays, when his course work at the University of East Anglia and my work at the

Memorial Library have allowed, and attended one of the garden parties at Buckingham Palace in July. For a small-town Indiana girl, this was one of the highlights of the year (alongside the grand opening in November, of course!) I hope that I have been able to give back to the Memorial Library, its staff, the community, and the Second Air Division Association as much as I have been given, in terms of experiences, memories, and more; but I know this cannot be possible.

Paul and I return to Indianapolis in September, to pick up our “normal” lives and reacquaint ourselves with our jobs, family (we have two nephews and a niece who have arrived since we moved to Norwich!), friends, and pets. We will both treasure the time we spent in Norwich, and the many wonderful people we have met. We have a much deeper appreciation of Great Britain, and a better sense of what it means to be an American. Thank you! ■

One Brit's Wartime Memories

BY CHRISTOPHER J. HART (BRITISH STUDENT ESSAY COMPETITION AWARD WINNER)

During the Second World War, many American airmen came to Norfolk to help us fight the Germans. As I am only twelve years old, neither I nor my parents were around to witness this. However, my grandfather *was*, so I decided there would be no one better to interview than him. He has many happy memories of the Americans which he is happy to share.

Q. How old were you when World War II began and where did you live?

A. I was seven years old and I lived in Norwich on Colman Road, which is on the south side of the city near Eaton Park.

Q. Where did you go to school?

A. I went to the King Edward VI School, which is now known as the Norwich School and is in the Cathedral Close.

Q. When and where did you first see and meet the Americans?

A. I met my first Americans (or Yanks as we called them) in January 1944 when the first B-24 Liberator bombers of the 458th Bomb Group of the 2nd Air Division first flew in. We waited at the main gates for hours until in the evening our “very first Yanks” we had ever seen walked out. The first one I spoke to was so kind and said, “Here, young kid, have this quarter.” He gave me a silver U.S. quarter coin which I still have to this day.

Q. Were they different from the people you knew in Norfolk, and if so, how?

A. They were all so friendly and kind. They wore very smart uniforms, and their whole outlook on life was different from ours. Remember, we had lived through the fall of France, the Battle of Britain, the scare of invasion, and The Blitz. They came at a very dark hour, and we thought that if youngsters were willing to fly over five thousand miles to join in the fight for freedom, then surely we must win.

Q. How old were the American airmen?

A. Anything from just 17 years old to 40 years old. Al Dexter, the pilot I was “adopted” by, was classed as an “Old Pilot” and he was 23 years old, and already married to Pat — hence the name of his B-24, “Pugnacious Princess Pat.”

Q. What do you mean, “adopted” by?

A. I spent most of the school holidays with Lt. Al Dexter and the crew of his Liberator who were based with the 389th Bomb Group at Hethel. After each mission when Al Dexter taxied into his dispersal, he would walk to the fence from where I was watching, lift me over and walk me around the aircraft, pointing out the battle damage. On some days when they were not flying, they would take

me into the mess hall for chicken, Coke, and ice cream, things I had not seen for years. All the crew also came back to our house on many occasions. Luckily they survived their tour of thirty-five missions, and I still keep in touch with Al.

Q. How many Americans did you get to know?

A. In the two and a half years they were with us, I must have met hundreds. Not only did we cycle out to their bases during school holidays, but my mother was deputy commandant of the Norwich Red Cross and worked in the American Red Cross Club. This meant that our home in Colman Road was “open house” to the Americans, both air crew and ground crew.

Q. Did they talk differently with their American accent?

A. Yes. We had never met Americans before, so their American accent was very strange and they had funny pronunciations of our words, like they called Wymondham “WHYMUNDHAM” and Acle “ACKLEY.”

Q. Did your school friends meet the Americans too, or were they jealous?

A. All my school friends who were keen on aeroplanes met the Americans, and there was no jealousy. With fourteen Second Air Division bases in Norfolk, there were plenty to go round. We all shared our experiences.

Q. Did you ever skip school to see them, and if so, did you get into trouble at home or at school?

A. Yes, I skipped school on that first day to meet them at Horsham St Faiths and was caned by the headmaster the next day for playing truant.

Q. Did it hurt?

A. Yes it did, but it was worth it.

Q. Were you ever allowed in the aeroplanes — or get to sit in the cockpit?

A. I saw them first at Horsham St Faiths. Then I moved on to the 467th at Rackheath, but after the third time I was caught inside a B-24, the commanding officer, the famous Colonel Albert Shower, threw me off the base and told me never to return. So I cycled to Hethel and the 389th, met Lt. Al Dexter and his crew, and was never once thrown off. At my first meeting I met his crew chief, “Pop” Ganness, who said to wait until the crew returns from the mission. I did, and when they left the Liberator, Al Dexter came to the fence and lifted me over. Just then a military police Jeep drove up and I thought, “Oh no, it’s Rackheath again.” But Al told the policeman he had three

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TO PERPETUATE THE FRIENDSHIPS AND MEMORIES OF OUR SERVICE TOGETHER IN THE SECOND AIR DIVISION

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL (HDQ)

Our title is taken from the 2ADA Mission Statement first created in 1948 when the Second Air Division Association was originally formed. This concept was on the mind of the writer of a letter in September 1945, before we formed, to all of us listed on the only roster she had, "Headquarters 2AD Officers." "She" was Lt. Marilyn Fritz, HQ 2AD WAC.

In her letter she gave us news of sixteen of our colleagues which she had obtained from various sources. I know that it was that letter which first motivated three of us guys in Chicago to get in touch with four more of the blokes. Incidentally, two of them were combat crew, and the rest of us were ground support personnel. Then there was another letter from her to all on the roster which gave us news of eighty more 2AD personnel. Here again I know that this reminder of friendships made and cherished motivated the Chicago Seven to start planning the 2ADA's first reunion, held in October of 1948.

The reunion committee circulated three communications in 1948 to everyone on the very same roster, and as you know, the turnout, including General Kepner, resulted in the formation of the 2ADA. Bylaws were created and circulated to the gang pushing a 1949 get-together, and that too worked. In the 23 years from 1948 to 1971 inclusive, the fledgling group sent out a total of 64 communiques to our ever-growing list of 2AD veterans — all ranks, all groups. It was hoped that every letter would do what we desired: help perpetuate the friendships and memories.

Now, what is this all about? I am talking about the birth of the 2nd Air Division Association Journal, and its steps through puberty and adolescence. The mimeographed messages on plain paper gave way to 2nd Air Division paper in May of 1951, stepped up to 2nd Air Division Association paper in September 1952, and finally became the 2ADA Newsletter in June of 1957. Every issue contained news about members, and by 1958 we were up to 750 names which made up our first roster. As new members kept coming in, they were listed in the Newsletter.

Our readers were treated to news of developments in the delayed construction of the 2AD Memorial Library, the details of each convention/reunion, the wonderfully organized 1963 trip to England (by Hathy Veynar) for the dedication, and of course the latest news sent in by our buddies.

Who did all this? By and large it was the responsibility of the president in any given

year to get the word out. Usually he was assisted by the secretary at the time. However, for nineteen years most of the issues were turned out by the late Hathy Veynar and good old Ray Strong, past president, past secretary, past *everything*. A salute to them both! However in the summer of 1968 we were able to persuade one of our members, Paul Burkholder Jr. (392nd BG) to accept the position of editor, a position he held until September 1971 when he stepped up to VP Communications and a chap by the name of Bill Robertie slid in as editor. Let it be clear that the efforts of all those before Bill's arrival were sincerely appreciated. Each of them helped us towards our goal.

Brother Robertie showed up at the 1970 convention in Cincinnati. He was not a member, but that was soon corrected by our ever-on-the-job Evelyn Cohen. He started as editor in 1971 and by Jiminy, he was elected president of the 2ADA in 1972! Further, he was reelected for a second term in 1973. Bill was a man of letters. He had studied Library Science and he took our publication from adolescence into maturity. By 1976 we were on a regular quarterly schedule and the Newsletter had grown from six to sixteen pages. After another two years, during which time Bill stimulated a large increase in the number of "Letters to the Editor" as well as articles from the members, we were up to twenty pages, and our 2ADA Newsletter became the 2ADA Journal in 1979.

The Journal had become the principal source for communications as well as a research source for descendants of our members and outside historians. With the further passage of time, our Journal continued to grow, from twenty pages in 1983 to twenty-four for the next six issues, then to 28, 32, and 36 pages by the spring of 1988.

What have we been getting out of our Journal? Well, among many other things, details of each year's conventions, the status of our membership which reached a high of 8,400 in 1992 from the very small start in 1948, the state of the treasury, changes in bylaws or policies and procedures, periodical reviews of our 2AD and 2ADA history, pictures of our friends, separate sections for each group's news items, ways to remember our friends, the progress of our unique Memorial, etc. up through 1983.

New features were added as space allowed. In June of 1984, a "Folded Wings" section was added. In September of 1984 we started a periodic listing of the Film Library

availability, and a periodic listing of whom to ask about different subjects.

Generally speaking, the Journal helped those of us who were keen on preserving our WWII friendships. Equally important, it focused attention on another part of our mission statement, namely, our efforts to support our Memorial Library. We were reminded frequently of that tribute to our fallen comrades which we helped create in 1945, that salute to each other, and the continued affection of our British friends.

The progress of our Journal, no matter what the efforts of our editor, our Association officers, or our group VPs, is ultimately dependent on you, the readers. Bill Robertie asked for your articles about your personal experiences or your letters during and after the war. He emphasized, as his successors also have, that articles from anyone who served on the ground or in the air were not only welcomed, but needed.

But we know all too well that time takes its toll. "During our 1990 visit to Norwich, the officers of the Association held a separate, informal meeting to discuss their great concern about the deteriorating health of our longtime Journal VP, Bill Robertie. It was recognized and emphasized that his performance as editor had contributed enormously to the growth of the Association and that appropriate steps should be taken to assist him in the further performance of his editorial duties. Accordingly, in September 1990, a decision was reached to establish an Editorial Review Board consisting of Bud Chamberlain (489th BG) as chairman, Charlie Freudenthal (489th), Gene Hartley (389th), and Jordan Uttal (HDQ). Bill was to continue as editor with the assistance of the designated individuals." (This paragraph appeared in one of the Journals at the time.)

Meanwhile, the Journal appeared quarterly, every spring, summer, fall, and winter, and grew to 40 pages by 1994. Another feature section was added in the Spring 1994 edition, the "New Member" list. However, the inevitable finally came to pass. The 22-year tenure of dear friend Bill Robertie came to an end on 8 May 1994. We lost a great guy who was an ardent supporter of his 44th Bomb Group, of the 2nd Air Division Association of which he had been a two-term president, of his 2ADA Journal which had grown in stature under his guidance, and of the 2nd Air Division Memorial. Bill set very high standards of performance.

(continued on next page)

ONE BRIT'S WARTIME MEMORIES (cont. from p.10)

choices. (1) "You can shoot me and I doubt if you will do that." (2) "You can arrest me, and that's great, as I will not have to fly any more missions." Or (3) "You can get your --- out of here." The policeman left and I was never bothered again. On days when the crew was not flying, we would spend the whole day inside the plane, which was fun. We even helped with engine starts when the ground crew had to do engine runs.

If the putt putt engine was running (the aircraft generator) and the intercom was live, the three of us used to fly the aircraft in our imagination all over Germany! Sadly I did not fly in one. My father signed the forms and I was due to fly an air test with Al Dexter, but when I arrived, so excited, Pop Ganness the crew chief was so sad; Al and his crew had left early, so I missed my flight. However, I managed it in 1992! This time as a pilot!

Q. Were the B-24 Liberators noisy airplanes?

A. At times there were over a thousand B-24s in the sky over Norwich, a sight and sound that was tremendous. At Hethel we stood on a fence at the runway threshold to watch them all land after missions; battle-damaged, engines shot out, wounded men on board. We saw quite a few crash landings.

Q. Did the American airmen ever tell you about their missions, or were they Top Secret?

A. Yes, they did say a little about the missions, but not much, as they were exhausted when they returned. If there was any battle damage, Al Dexter always used to explain this for me. On one mission the top turret gunner was killed, which was a big shock to me as a young boy.

Q. Were there American women as well as men?

A. They had American women serving as WACs in the headquarters at Ketteringham Hall, just down a back lane at Hethel and our dispersal. But we never dared go down there, so we did not meet them. We had one or two come to our house, however, and they were nice.

Q. How long did the Americans stay here, and did you miss them when they left?

A. They were here from 1942 to 1945, and over six thousand, seven hundred young men of the Second Air Division lost their lives fighting for the freedom that we enjoy today. When Al Dexter and his crew went home, I made him a model B-24 from wood and we had a great farewell party in his hut. Yes, we missed them all terribly; we had become close friends. When the 389th finally left for home, I did not know it, as school exams had kept me away. The next day we cycled out to Hethel, the base was silent. No guards on the gate, so we cycled in. All deserted. We went to Al's hut, the chapel, the control tower, the hangars, but all were empty. Finally we cycled the full length of the runway and, naughty boy, I took home part of a runway light, plus a steel helmet I had found in the mess hall.

Q. Have you kept in touch with anyone?

A. Yes, I have kept in touch with many of them. We will never forget their bravery, sacrifice, and friendship. They were unique!

Q. Did these experiences make you want to be a pilot when you were older?

A. Yes, it made me determined to join the Royal Air Force as a National Serviceman and gave me the final urge to fly. However, I never dreamed *then* that I would ever be a pilot or fly a B-24 across the Atlantic, and better still, fly with Al Dexter.

Q. Was living during the War scary, and did you have nightmares?

A. Yes, the War was scary, especially The Blitz, but we grew up under

wartime conditions and it became second nature in the end. We were too young perhaps to appreciate the enormity of it. No, I had no nightmares. But we can never thank those Americans enough.

My granddad experienced many things during the war, some things I would have enjoyed too, but not others (especially being caned by the headmaster)! I have been lucky to meet lots of the Americans, and they are just as nice today. My granddad has shown me how to fly a B-24 on the flight simulator, which is quite hard but fun. I especially like the different artwork on the noses of the aeroplanes and the unusual names they had.

I am proud that I am able to go to Wymondham College, as it has close links with the Americans of the Second Air Division. It is on the site of an old base hospital which treated the injured airmen. Our chapel is still in one of the old Nissen huts which was used in the war. It feels almost strange sitting in chapel looking at the beautiful mural on the wall with pictures of airmen looking back at you. In the Second Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, you can see a bigger version of the mural and even hear the American airmen's voices and the roaring of the B-24 engines.

From this interview I have learnt a lot of things about the War. There is one important thing we must never forget — "Thousands of Americans gave their tomorrows for our today's." ■

Editor's Note: Can you guess who the granddad was?

TO PERPETUATE THE FRIENDSHIPS (cont. from p.11)

After the summer of 1994's efforts to reorganize (which was not easy), Bud Chamberlain was named VP Communications and the very articulate 445th Bomb Group VP Ray Pytel was named editor of the Journal. One could tell from his previous articles in the Journal that a man of imagination, good humor, and broad human experience was chosen, and you all have observed this yourselves. Ray expressed the desire for the Editorial Review Board, which had been disbanded, to stay on deck as a stand-by committee, and so it remains to this day. The VP Communications office passed through several hands, and finally stood down in the winter of 1999.

It should be pointed out that the Association has also benefited greatly from the long-time services and assistance of the company that prints, publishes, and distributes the 2ADA Journal. We are referring to the staff of Defiance Graphics Corporation of Rowley, Massachusetts, headed by the very cooperative Paul Tardiff. We had the pleasure of Paul's company not too long ago at one of our conventions and know that his company stands squarely behind this aim of ours, "to preserve the friendships and memories associated with our service in the 2nd Air Division."

Meanwhile, Ray Pytel continues to find places to make further strides forward. In the summer of 1997, he and Bud Chamberlain got together to find a place for the mission statement of the 2ADA. It has appeared in every issue since, in the right hand column of page 3.

There is always space available for a Heritage League report, and Ray, like his predecessor, needs and wishes to have *your* opinions and *your* stories of your experiences during and since the war. And, as far as any bashful ground support personnel are concerned, please accept his invitation that appears in his piece in the Summer 2000 Journal, page 5. Can't find it? Give me a ring.

As I have put these thoughts to paper, in a matter of a few weeks we will be coming together in Baltimore to celebrate our 55th Annual Convention. The 2ADA has been in existence longer than any other USAAF organization (certainly any 8th AF organization). It is my feeling that the large share of the credit is due to our efforts at communicating our strong desire to preserve the friendships and memories which started way back in time. The Journal, in all its forms, has given us that chance. **UP THE JOURNAL!!!!** ■

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICK ROKICKI

Shortly after I mailed in my last column, I received the letter from Christine Armes regarding the planned memorial to be installed at the combat and ground crew area of Horsham, bordering on Fifer's Lane, Spixworth Road, and Taylor's Lane. That encompassed area was the site used by the RAF, the Second Bomb Division, the 56th Fighter Group, and finally the 458th Bomb Group. There was only time to request editor Ray Pytel to include her letter in my column at the last minute, which he did.

I didn't have sufficient time to elaborate on the memorial plans when I wrote to thirty-five of our members to get their thoughts as to how we could accomplish this. Many who wrote or called were encouraging a "go ahead" and their contributions started to come in to Christine. We now have just over \$4,000, which converted to pounds sterling minus the exchange rate commissions, etc. now stands at £2,800. Christine sends me copies of bank transactions and checks of deposit at Barclays Bank of Norwich. At this time I have no idea of how much money we may be able to raise for this memorial; I can only hope your generosity will enable us to have a fitting tribute to all who served from this location. In order to save bank charges, Christine makes her deposits in a "bundle" that includes U.S. dollars and the British pound. Two of our members have sent pounds, as well as a Brit who donated £10 (probably one of the RAF "lads"). The exchange rate has been from \$1.4896 to \$1.5056 and as I have checked the bank charges so far have been £22. With all the variances, it's hard to relate the pounds to dollars without being a banking person; however, there's no doubt in my mind that "we're in good hands." It is our intention to make this a lasting memorial to our combat crews, the fallen airmen, survivors, ground crews, and station complement along with other "behind the scenes" personnel who helped make our group one of the more outstanding in the Second Air Division.

Just who is this lady who has volunteered to help us in so many ways? Here is what I know and remember from previous years in working with her. In the past, it was from her that I was able to get the latest information on the new library and the delays and local news that related to it. She was one of the people on the "Salute to the Villages" committee (1995), gave us much input in the huge radio-controlled model of the B-24 built by John Deacon, and supplied photos and a video of the first flight of that aircraft. Christine Armes personally researched and funded three memorials dedicated to 458th airmen who perished in these crashes, including the stone and plaque at the City of Norwich Museum after the cherry tree planting in 1995.

Christine Armes was born in Essex, England. The family moved to Norwich as a result of her father's transfer by the company he worked for. He also served as a volunteer fireman and was killed in one of the early air raids, at age 39. Christine was married in 1948 to Victor, who I believe was in the RAF. In 1965, after their son and daughter completed school, the family moved to the U.S. and settled in Arizona; then moved to California where they opened a grocery business introducing a private delivery service in the Brentwood, Hollywood Hills, Bel Air, and Beverly Hills areas. The business was a great

success and was sold after Chris' husband, Victor, died in 1990. She continued frequent visits to Norwich even after her mother passed away. During these visits she started to research plane crashes of 458th aircraft in and near the city of Norwich. Christine has established herself as a qualified researcher in Norfolk and in the low countries around France. She has several videos that were shown on Norfolk TV and participated in talk shows relating to wartime events.

As you may remember, our old quarters were leased to a "higher learning" institution whose students, over the years, very nearly destroyed the property. In any case, the site was sold to a building company to provide new housing. When Christine became aware that the property was sold to a construction company, she went directly to the builders, Norwich City Council, and other VIPs to ask for a bit of reserved ground for a fitting memorial to all who had served from the site. This was approved by all governing parties and the builder guaranteed an area of our choice, viewable by all citizenry.



Top: Cherry Tree and Memorial Plaque at Norwich City Museum. Below left: Barker St. Plaque (Lt. Dooley and crew). Below right: Spynke Rd. Plaque. Christine Armes appears in both photos.

The cost, design, graphics and other details will be forthcoming to all via my columns in the *Journal*. Chris has secured the help of Mike and Maureen Bailey and others for design thoughts. Demolition was to have started in late May, but this changed to July/August. Please note that our (2ADA) experience with The Forum leads us to hope that there will be no repetition of the delays we know happened there. At this time it's hard to tell when we can expect a memorial to be completed, but we're shooting for late summer of 2003. Keeping our fingers crossed and relying on your generosity that we will prevail in this effort.

We received word in late May that Phyllis DuBois passed away. Chuck Walker, our 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors,

(continued on next page)

458TH BOMB GROUP (continued from page 13)

requested of the group VPs that each group donate \$100 towards establishing a Book Endowment in her name. I wrote to several members and was pleased to be able to send checks totaling \$225 to Chuck. Thanks again to the ones who made us more than double our goal. Our group bids you a fond farewell, Phyllis.

Bernie Newmark has been speaking to schoolchildren every Memorial Day about what their grandfathers did to preserve their freedom in World War II. Surprisingly, many had little or no knowledge of our history of that time. Bernie uses the “show and tell” method that always works with youngsters. The Rochester school system looks forward to his colorful presentations. I know that Dick Pulse and Bud Hartzell have done such a service for British children on our 1995 visit. I once received a handmade card from one granddaughter which stated, “Roses are red, Violets are blue, Won’t you come and tell us about WWII?” That was a few years back, and I continued to do it up until recently. I found that children can get so absorbed in this “show and tell” that they won’t leave class at the bell! In one such instance, I had the next class doubling up and the teachers finally gave up and allowed both classes to remain. Also, I might add that the teachers were more than just casually interested and invited me back the following year. In any case, it has been something I’ve done for thirteen years and enjoyed doing it.

Received word from George Reynolds that a soft-cover reprint of his *458th History IV* is now available from Larry Graham, 8501 South Shartel Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73139-9309. His telephone number is (405) 636-1693; e-mail: route66@cox.net. George said the cost is \$21.00, but I’m not sure that includes postage, since I’ve misplaced the letter; however I can tell you for sure that he advised that he and Sarah have moved and can now be reached at 106 Garden View Lane, Birmingham, AL 35244. His phone number remains the same, (205) 988-8791.

Finally, after my transfer to the Baltimore area (courtesy of United Airlines) in 1964, we will be moving to a condominium in late August. Yes, it’s about a few days from our annual convention, but we plan to attend. Our new address will be: 2605 Chapel Lake Dr. #207, Gambrills, MD 21054. My phone and fax numbers will be changed. Check page 2 of the *Journal* to see if these changes are listed yet. ■

THESE, TOO, WERE LIBERATORS (continued from page 1)

turret. This was a dandy apparatus in which the gunner was integral with his twin .50-caliber guns and had twice the ammo supply of the other turrets . . . 800 versus 400. He also had a nice slab of armor in front of him which extended a cone of protection to the pilots as well. The longer nose added to the plane’s longitudinal stability, though it did increase our overall weight.”

Later PB4Y-1s to come off the assembly lines were B-24Js equipped with either the Consair or the Emerson turret in the nose. Altogether the Navy received 977 PB4Y-1s.

THE PB4Y-2 “PRIVATEER”

This Navy single-tailed “Liberator,” aboard in 1944, is seven feet longer forward of the wing and the armament rearranged to include a new Consolidated nose turret plus two top turrets, one forward and one aft of the wing. It retains the tail turret and adds two waist turrets. Each turret is armed with two Browning .50-caliber machine guns. The design was appropriated from the PBY Catalina — the souped-up 1350 HP engines without superchargers have the familiar Hamilton three-bladed props and slinger de-icer. The familiar B-24 oval engine nacelles are turned 90°, with the larger diameter vertical, instead of horizontal, as the B-24’s. Some Erco bow turrets were retrofitted into the early models of the PB4Y-2. Altogether 740 were delivered to the Navy. ■

From All This, Aviators Are Made?

BY RICK ROKICKI (458TH)

The following is excerpted from an article I wrote for a monthly magazine called Pilots Preflight, The Washington Sectional, some twenty-five years ago. It is repeated here with the kind permission of the publisher, Robert Goss. Hopefully, it may bring to mind those “fun” days when you were an aviation cadet, antique airplane pilot, or just a plain ol’ sport flyer. Deja vu, perhaps?

The plane in the photo was built in 1924 and restored in 1975. The picture was taken at Dulles International Airport on June 10, 1976.

Conduct your pre-flight in a rapid but deliberate manner. Check fuel tanks to see that all air is removed therefrom. Be sure to vigorously kick all tires. When you come to a complicated part of the airplane, stare at it for several seconds before proceeding. This creates a favorable impression on the “watchers” and makes them think you know what you are doing.



Would you trust this man to deliver your mail? “Full-Kernel” E.A. “Rickenbacker” Rokicki with the latest 1924 Laird “Swallow” stands ready to deliver, come hell or high water.

Enter the cockpit in any manner you choose. If at all possible, avoid going in head first. Check stick and throttle positions. If the stick is in your left hand and the throttle is in your right hand, you are in the cockpit backwards. Do not panic. Smile at the bystanders — it also may help to wave. Slowly rotate your body 180 degrees. Rearrange all shiny, well-used switches, levers, and buttons in the cockpit in a pleasing and eye-catching manner. Don’t bother with the dull or corroded ones. Prepare to start the engine. Keep in mind that a lot of throttle and heavy prime will bring a lot of attention from emergency equipment and is certain to bring the crowds.

When the signal is given to taxi, immediately advance the throttle enough to jump smoothly over the chocks. While taxiing, an effort should be made to avoid collisions with spectators or ramp personnel, as this causes damage to the propeller and creates an untidy condition on the ramp. If, after taxiing out of your parking spot, you see a large gray wall, stop quickly. Turn around and taxi back out of the hangar. You have committed a rather grievous error.

After arriving in the general vicinity of the runway, immediately begin calling the tower at frequent intervals in a loud and authoritative voice. Do not take “Negative” for an answer. This will accelerate the launching process. If you are on a downwind runway, take off anyway. This will demonstrate your self-confidence. After leaving the ground, pull up the nose smartly, close your eyes, and count to ten. If contact with the ground has not occurred by this time, continue on as normal. Note: You may open your eyes for the remainder of the flight if you wish; however, this is optional.

If you become surrounded by “lostness,” land at the nearest airport. DO NOT ask where you are. Ask directions to the nearest restroom. Display confidence — smile at everyone. Read your location on the front of the hangar, then proceed. Repeat all steps and cautions previously mentioned. Now you can eagerly look forward to your first cross-country, providing you can find your way back to your original starting point. From such as this, all aviators are made . . . ? ■

Was The Dragon ... Draggin' Its Tail?

BY R.F. (DICK) GELVIN (445TH)

Since I began assembling combat mission histories for anyone who ever flew combat with the 445th Bomb Group, I have had the pleasure of meeting new friends and renewing old acquaintances on a grand scale. I have learned things about where I was and what I had been a part of, that have been most surprising to say the least! *But of course I was only 21 at that time!*

In today's 21st century world, among my new friends is Michael S. Simpson, son of our first group bombardier. His father, Captain Leland S. Simpson, had been instructing precision bombing for over a year before he was assigned to the original group in the April/May time frame of 1943. He flew a complete tour as a lead bombardier, returned to the States to attend staff and command school, then in the spring of 1945, he returned to the group to begin a second tour.

His son Mike works in Tucson, Arizona as a senior software engineer for a highly sophisticated electronics firm there. Mike has become most helpful in the maintenance of my computer and its associated hardware. He also designed and serves as Webmaster of the 445th Web site: www.445th-bombgroup.com.

Another very interesting and active part of my history-gathering environment has led me to Randy R. Ripps, who lives in this area. Randy's father, Lt. Robert R. Ripps, was copilot on Lt. Ben Love's crew (700th BS) and was the only survivor when they were attacked by German fighters during a mission in April 1944. He managed to parachute to safety and get with the Belgian Underground, spending the balance of the war as an active member of that group. Randy is Manager of Technical Operations at American Express, Consumer Travel and is my source of computer expertise in database language and design.

In May of 2001, the Collings Foundation's B-24 made a stop at Falcon Field here in Mesa, AZ. I had decided that another trip in a "Big Gas Bird" wasn't worth the donation until these two guys convinced me that they wanted me to go with them.

The whole deal was set up and we and our families were all at the Mesa Airport on the appointed day. At the briefing, the seven passengers were told that we would be seated on the floor in the waist for takeoff but after the bell, we would be free to move around. I spoke up and said that by way of my past experience, I knew that there was room on the flight deck and could they figure out something. They did so, relieving me of the worry of getting through the bomb bay (which seemed to be much more narrow after being restored by the Collings Foundation!)

When we got out of the ship I figured out



The Collings Crew, with Dick Gelvin (fourth from left), Randy Ripp (third from left), and Mike Simpson (second from right).

real quick that they must have over-inflated the tires on the old bird, because climbing up on the catwalk was far more difficult than I remembered. The climb from there up to the flight deck was even more difficult! Anyway, after some grunting and groaning (and a very patient crew) I was aboard and in my place sitting flat on the floor, safely belted in, back to the bulkhead, and behind the pilot.

The left wing was about three feet above my eye level and I sure was envious of the engineer who was sitting on the top hatch above and behind the pilot! (Back when, that was my favorite spot while taxiing around and lining up for takeoff).

The parking area was at the south end of the field, next to the hot runway, but the wind was from the south too, so after all four fans were going we had to taxi all the way up to the north end. Actually that was good, though, because our families were facing our takeoff and got pictures, not to mention "feeling" the roar of four Pratt-Whitney engines! I always have had "butterflies" seeing a B-24 lift off and tuck in its wheels!

Finally, "OK to roam around, guys!" I began looking for an assist rail, having definitely decided that the fuel and hydraulic lines probably wouldn't support my weight even if my arthritis could be overcome. I turned around sideways and dropped to the floor next to the putt-putt.

I had already figured out, now that I didn't have to worry about getting through the bomb bay, I could crawl up to the nose and navigator station OK. So far, so good, right?

WRONG! My memory told me that crawl-way was about 14 inches wide. In fact,

on my last mission to Bingen, GR (I was officially an instructor navigator), I slept there for the whole trip)! Lt. Lucian Farr was the pilot on that one. I talked to him a couple of years ago and when I told him who I was, he commented even without a reminder about how he had wondered how I could have slept through all the flak, etc.

Back to today's world! As it turned out, the crawl-way is only about 8 inches wide! I debated about asking for a 15-20 degree right turn while I made it to the nose, but decided I was still brave and made it with no outside assistance! I was so proud of myself, I was going to stick my nose into the astrodome and give the pilot a thumbs up! Fifty-six years ago I must have done it by standing on the ammo boxes to get high enough, but today, I couldn't make it.

After taking in my "office" again (this was the first time since 1944), I started to fold down the navigation table, but a guy came up just then, therefore making it impossible. It turned out "the guy" was Randy with his video camera, so I am on tape and can prove I was indeed there. Our other passenger of interest, Mike Simpson, wasn't "physically designed" to be on a B-24 crew and found himself (with his camera) confined to the waist section of the bird.

Another guy showed up in the nose and wanted to see what it was like in the nose turret. (Another of my favorite places back when I wasn't otherwise busy).

Being a member of a lead crew, back in '44, we had to fly our lead bird every day, mission or not, just to make sure that all the

(continued on page 22)

AIRBORNE RADAR: OUR EYE IN THE SKY

BY JOSEPH J. DONOVAN (453RD)

Recent articles in the *Journal* wakened memories of my time in the 453rd Bomb Group as a radar navigator flying missions from September 1944 through April 1945.

During that period, I flew twenty-eight missions with two crews; twenty-one of which were completely radar-directed due to very severe weather conditions over Europe in the winter of 1944-45, reportedly the worst in fifty years. Without airborne radar (H2X) the 8th Air Force's bomber divisions would have lost much of their effectiveness.

I came to the 453rd BG as a rated navigator with additional radar training at Langley Field, VA and at Alconbury, England.

Another rated navigator and I were assigned as members of an experienced wing crew, now newly designated as a lead crew.

Now, this lead crew had three rated navigators: a D.R. navigator who occupied the usual nose position, a pilotage navigator who occupied the nose turret, and a radar navigator.

The radar operating console was located on the flight deck behind the pilot. The radome (antenna) replaced the ball turret.

The H2X was completely self-contained, had a maximum range of 250 miles, and at the closest setting, which was usually used near the target, displayed an expanded twenty mile range.

Used in conjunction with a special radar chart, the H2X would usually provide a nearly continuous map to the target and back to the base.

With known Jerry flak locations marked on the chart, the radar provided the means to keep our formations out of their range.

Brief descriptions of two missions will illustrate the uses of H2X equipment:

1. The 9/11/44 mission to the natural oil refinery at Misberg, Germany under severe undercast conditions from coast to target:

Location fixes reported to D.R. and pilotage navigators were used by them to estimate and update ground speed and winds aloft.

At the start of the bomb run (I.P.) and along the bomb run, undercast conditions continued. Radar provided target course corrections and ground speeds. The radar navigator called, via interphone, heading changes to the pilot and ground speed changes to the bombardier who entered this information into his Norden bomb sight.

This procedure was followed on the Misberg target run until about two minutes from bomb release, when George Forman, the bombardier, called to say that he could see the target through a hole in the undercast.

He made a rapid course correction and

released smoke bombs. The rest of the formation released their bombs on seeing the smoke markers. The target was destroyed.

Both the bombardier and the radar navigator received the DFC for this mission.

2. The 3/4/45 mission to the ME-262 air base at Gibelstadt, located in southern Germany near the Swiss border; Lake Constance (Bodensee) was about 35 miles west:

Formation over England was not possible because of severe weather conditions aloft. Assembly was partially successful over France.

Flying south towards the target required constant heading changes to fly around and through high cloud formations. It made for scattered formations and made it impossible to maintain scheduled times.

As we neared the target area the weather still presented problems, but fortunately radar was working well and the westerly end of Lake Constance provided excellent location fixes.

We were to be the last group into the target, but because of the weather delays, were far astern of the forward groups.

Plotting our fixes on Lake Constance, we soon came to the conclusion that the forward groups were probably on or over the Swiss border.

We conveyed these concerns to the pilot, the command pilot, and the other navigators.

Because of the flight deck location of the radar console, the command pilot was able to view the scope.

A decision was made to abort the mission, find a target of opportunity, and return to base.

Being last in train and having an excellent working radar gave the 453rd the time and information to avoid straying into Switzerland.

Further details of that mission can be found in Jackson Granholm's book, *The Day We Bombed Switzerland*, and in the *Journal* article "The Day We Made Swiss Cheese Out of the Railyard at Basel" (Summer 2002, Vol. 41, No. 2, page 19).

I use these missions to illustrate the tremendous aid that airborne radar provided the 8th's bombing efforts.

I submit that without airborne radar, the winter weather of 1944-45 would have severely curtailed our bombing efficiency.

H2X was an effective navigation and bombing aid that Jerry was never able to jam.

I believe we all went home earlier due to the help of this equipment.

My thanks go to Ed Hylas, formerly 2nd Wing radar officer, who helped jog this old man's memory. ■



WENDLING
392nd

BY JAMES GOAR

S/Sgt. John E. McCormick, an evadee who had joined the Dutch Resistance, was killed by the Germans on April 29, 1945. German resistance in Holland ended on May 4, only five days afterward. McCormick was probably the 392nd's last casualty.

McCormick's ship, the 578th's #241, "Jolly Duck," went down on February 22, 1945. The target was the marshalling yards at Norhausen, and they bombed from the previously unheard-of altitude of only 6,000 feet. Flak at the target was meager and inaccurate, but heavy elsewhere.

Following is the loading list of A/C #241 on February 22, 1945: 1/Lt. Joseph R. Walker, Jr., P; 2/Lt. Ralph C. Casstevens, CP; 1/Lt. John J. Donahue, B-N; S/Sgt. Harold A. Shea, NG; Sgt. Francis J. Nagle, RO; S/Sgt. Allan W. Hicks, EGNR; S/Sgt. John E. McCormick, WG; S/Sgt. John A.H. Lingle, WG; and S/Sgt. Elmer E. Duerr, TG.

The A/C was heavily damaged by flak, and the crew, attempting to reach Allied lines in France, nevertheless was forced to crash land in enemy-held Holland. Only minor injuries were suffered. Four of the crew were captured by the Germans, and five evaded. McCormick joined a group of Resistance fighters; and the others, Walker, Donahue, Casstevens, and Duerr, were hidden by the Dutch Resistance fighters until the Germans in Holland capitulated on May 4.

Dutch television aired a documentary in 1995 commemorating the 50th year of the liberation. McCormick and two other Allied soldiers who fought for the liberation of Holland were featured. They have also erected a monument at Zoetermeer (near the crash site) in memory of McCormick and other Resistance fighters.

Elmer Duerr, now deceased, made several trips back to Holland and was present at the monument site to deposit a wreath. Francis Nagle, now Professor Emeritus at the University of Wisconsin, has also made a return trek to the area. ■

Oh, yes, it was easy to get lost, with stormy weather or darkness and four engines guzzling over 225 gallons per hour while searching for a runway. Any runway. With my alert navigator along I didn't have much to worry about, but there were times when we flew with a skeleton crew — just pilots and engineer. So you remember how welcomed it was when we heard about a secret Instrument Landing System (ILS) that our planes were being equipped with.

Three lead pilots from different squadrons were sent to a nearby airbase that had an ILS transmitter. A green transparent plastic sheet was placed over the pilot's windshield while the pilot wore red transparent goggles. The pilot could see the instruments, including the crosshairs of the ILS, but couldn't see outside. The copilot acted as the safety net in case the pilot was in trouble on the practice landing approach.

I was the first pilot to try, and it worked nearly perfectly. I approached to about 100 feet over the runway before the safety pilot took over and pulled up. Each of us went through the drill three times, and all did very well. We were elated with our success, and the last pilot pulled up and headed for our airbase.

Radioing Tibenham Tower for permission to land, we were instructed that the tower had closed the field due to poor visibility and storm conditions. They told our pilot to fly

"HELLO DARKY"

BY ED WANNER (445TH)

inland to find an open airbase. I was hanging onto the back of the pilot's seat while standing on the bouncing flight deck. The pilot requested that we use the ILS range at the field we had just left. The tower came back with a "Negative, Displease C Charlie. Fly inland to find an open field." We three were yelling about the control tower operators' ancestry since they wouldn't let us go back where we had been making near perfect practice landings.

We flew west trying to find an open field. Finally we found one in heavy rain and turbulence but couldn't line up with the runway — and finally lost it completely. By this time my stomach was beginning to feel uneasy, and I asked the copilot if he would mind trading places with me. He agreed, but before he could unbuckle, the pilot who was perspiring heavily from his attempts, said: "Take my place."

We were at about 500 feet in a steep bank and I was struggling to get my belt on and my earphones plugged in. Suddenly the

copilot was hitting my right arm and motioning for me to take over. I looked past his face and was looking at the ground where our wing tip seemed to be pivoting a tree — almost touching!

In the midst of all this, something reminded me of the British "Darky System." These marvelous Limey observers would sit up on rooftops in the rain with night field glasses, short range transceivers, maps (and probably a small jug of Scotch to ward off pneumonia). They must have been waiting there all night for a lost Yank aircraft. I called "Hello, Darky; Hello, Darky; give me a field heading." A crackling but calm British voice came back on the emergency radio and gave us a compass heading to a field only about five minutes away. I still visualize them standing on a roof down there in the rain, searching the soggy skies. "Bless 'em!"

After I got back on an even keel, we passed over an airfield and managed to line up with the runway. Turning on the crosswind, downwind, base leg, and the final approach, we eased down the glide path. Just as our wheels touched, the tower had some one light an oil drum at the far end of the runway. It flared brightly and guided us straight down the runway, even in the wind and rain. It may not have been high technology, but "Thanks, Darky! Thanks again." ■

Editor's Question: Has anyone else taken advantage of this great system?

A YOUNG AMERICAN ABROAD FIGHTS THE GOOD FIGHT

BY BERT ROUGHTON JR. • REPRINTED FROM THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION

EFFINGHAM, ENGLAND — The other day I got a shock while reviewing my 7-year-old son's school workbook.

Christian is the only American in his English primary school. This is no big deal, because small children everywhere seem remarkably the same. They are big on Digimon and "Star Wars" and hurling themselves down sidewalks on those foldable micro-scooters that seem to be slung on the shoulder of every child on earth.

Yet, there are differences. Take this workbook. Christian's Year Two class just finished studying World War II.

In America, he would be a first-grader, and I doubt he would spend much time on 20th-century geopolitics. I don't remember when American kids start learning history — if ever. But in England, a reverence for history, particularly the story of World War II, is a defining cultural trait.

Over a few weeks, Christian dutifully assembled his World War II workbook. It includes his ration card, horrific illustrations of bombs flashing over London, and even a stunning self-portrait in a gas mask.

I've wondered if this is a healthy topic for someone so tender. Yet, I am awed by his grasp of the subject.

World War II has become a part of our

life: Christian goes around singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and "We'll Meet Again" — songs Londoners sang for comfort in the bomb shelters.

If you ask him, Christian will eagerly expound on the design of the Anderson shelters Britons assembled in their back gardens.

His mouth stained with spaghetti sauce, my son has held forth over dinner on the British decision to enter the war. "The British told Hitler that if he invaded Poland then we shall have a war," he said.

He tells you at length about the bravery of British civilians, pilots and soldiers. He knows all about the heroic leadership of Winston Churchill and the Queen Mum.

"What about the Americans?" I asked him.

"They helped us, but they came later," he answered.

He is aware that Americans were around for the invasion at Normandy and that they assisted the brave British army as it reconquered Europe. My wife, who volunteers at the school, tells me she was in class one day when Christian raised his hand to ask in his fading American accent if his people didn't help out.

"Oh, yes, Christian," the teacher replied. "And they also brought chocolates for the children."

I'm not bothered much by these little spins: They will be more than balanced by a few weeks with either of his American grandfathers.

Yet, I am astonished by the illustration a few pages into his workbook. In a deliberate hand, my young child has produced a fine, frank portrait of Adolf Hitler. In black pencil on white paper, Christian shows the dictator's eyes as cold, his mouth as a cruel arc. How could someone so exquisitely pure portray someone so perfectly evil?

Tell me about Hitler.

"He came along after World War I and made Germans proud," Christian responded. "Then he decided to invade Poland."

What about the Jews?

"Hitler had them brought to him on trains and he killed them."

What do you think about Hitler?

"He was very crazy and very bad."

I'm still not sure this is a topic for such a young mind. Yet some lessons may be so basic and so important that they shouldn't wait. ■

Editor's Note: Someone sent this story in anonymously with reference to the story on page 32 of the Summer 2002 Journal and the following comment: "Obviously your 'history' article is not 100% true . . ."

We were sorry to be advised that Phyllis DuBois died on April 30, 2002. Actually this was most likely a blessing for her, as she had suffered with incurable internal cancer for the past few years. She was game enough to try several “experimental possible cures;” thus she had many ups and downs, as none of these really provided the cure sought. Phyllis was one of our Memorial Room librarians in the early 1990s, and she was very helpful in sorting out the recoverable books and papers from the 1994 fire. She always attended our “Day at Attlebridge” during our visits to Norwich. In one of her notes to me, she mentioned that during our November 2001 visit to the All Saints Church (just off our main runway at Attlebridge), she found their copy of *Attlebridge Diaries* was in bad shape. She quietly took the book, had it beautifully rebound (AT HER EXPENSE), and delivered it back to them just before Christmas, 2001. The 466th will buy some books for our library in her memory.

Memorial Day came and went in Phoenix — mostly as a big shopping bargain day. I participated in a 7:00 AM service in our Valley Presbyterian Church Memorial Garden, for our 65 veterans there; the Phoenix National Veterans’ Cemetery had a full military ceremony; that was about it. I well remember when our children were growing in Valhalla, a wide spot in the road north of New York City where we always had a parade, high school bands, Scouts, other groups and an impressive ceremony. Thus, it was refreshing that Scott Seckel of the Scottsdale (AZ) Tribune did an interview with J. William “Bill” Tikey, who was a pilot in the 466th BG, 785th and 784th Squadrons, for his tour of thirty missions, many of them in “Slick Chick.” Bill’s photos — now and then — were on the front page, with a two-column article on the front page of the second section. Some quotes from the article: “When Memorial Day comes around, ‘Bill’ Tikey thinks about WWII a little — but not much. ‘It was something that happened,’ Bill states.” The article continues: “About 60 years ago, Tikey would have been in the cockpit of ‘Slick Chick,’ the B-24 Liberator he piloted on 30 missions into the heart of Hitler’s Germany. Allied forces had massed in southern England, preparing for the D-Day invasion of Normandy which was weeks away. But about 500 miles away, 60 Nazi jet fighters crouched on an airfield near Stuttgart. The Allies did not have a jet fighter. And the Germans had only a few after Tikey’s raid. The strike he led destroyed every ME-262 on the ground at the airfield.” *J.L. Note: Our Attlebridge Diaries shows that Tikey (crew 509) led the second section with Major Laubrich as command pilot and reports that the 466th BG received a “Presidential Communication of Congratulations” from President Roosevelt that evening (April 24, 1944).*

Tikey stated, ‘We lost a lot. They threw

ATTLEBRIDGE



BY JIM LORENZ

everything they had at us — planes, flak — but we never turned back! . . . We just kept coming.”

We sent our usual money to Ted Clarke for the wreath to be placed on our memorial on Memorial Day (the 466th BGA pays for this one). Ted reported that he would be attending his first reunion with his British buddies whom he had not seen since 1945. Thus he has asked Digby Horner to conduct this memorial service. Ted continued in his e-mail note, “I am waiting for a new knee joint. Have an appointment to see a specialist in October, 2002, but I am waiting any day now for an eye correction by the hospital. I have double vision and cannot have new glasses until the hospital does this job. Joyce had good news from the hospital stating that her bone density has increased by 4% — she has been on treatment for softening of her bones, and this increase shows she is on the mend.” You can send an e-mail to Ted and Joyce at: eclarke869@netscapeonline.co.uk.

Brian Youngs reports he is feeling much better now. He had a real problem and could not attend our November meetings. E-mail: Brian@Youngs.com.

Cathy Thomson is also doing OK now. E-mail: bcool@cathysplace.fsnet.co.uk.

Why not send each of these an e-mail or note — even if you have never met them. They do a great job for us, as base guides helping with our base visits and helping with the maintenance of our memorial.

Had a nice letter from David Moyses, who lives in the Reydon, Southwold area of England. This is some twenty miles south of Great Yarmouth. A friend loaned him a *Journal* and he noticed my articles on our bombing of Switzerland. He remembered that day, as a young lad, watching one of our “red-tailed B-24s” returning from that mission around 2:00 PM. Some papers fluttered out as they put down the wheels. He recovered a navigator’s mission route map which showed the route to the targets and the Initial Points, and sent it to me. I thanked him and sent it on to our 2AD Memorial Library.

Had another letter from Les Willis (his wife is a 2ADA associate member and a Friends member) as he read my *Journal* articles on our November 2001 base visit. They now live in Sprowston, near Norwich. He notes that he was associated with all three of the 96th Combat Wing groups. He lived close to Horsham St. Faith and begged his way onto several flights in a B-24. His wife then lived near Rackheath, and in 1944-45 she worked at the Red Cross Club (NCO club) there. As to the 466th BG, Les noted that he worked in the 231st Maintenance Unit, as the RAF took over Attlebridge Base after we left in 1945 and called it RAF Hockering. Les has also joined the 466th BGA, to keep up with more of our stories and activities. Thanks, Les, for your contribution.

I had an e-mail from our librarian, Andrea Hough. Peter Daniel, Education Manager for the British Dairy Council, is doing an educational package that focuses on a London boy who is evacuated to a Norfolk dairy farm during the war. This package will be used in elementary school history classes (ages 9-11). He searched my documents, photos, and memorabilia in the Norfolk Record Office and found some photos which I have given him permission to use. Our Memorial Library will be assisting in the distribution of this packet.

MEETING DATES: 466th BGA / 8th AF Historical Society, October 3-6, 2002, Norfolk, VA ... 466th BGA, April 9-13, 2003, New Orleans ... 8th AFHS, October 16-19, 2003, Colorado Springs. ■

New Members

44th

Jay Steele

389th

Warren H. Murrell

392nd

Thomas H. Perry

445th

William R. Whitehart

446th

August F. Rizzuto

Eli L. Veazey

453rd

Freeman L. Perreault

Mark W. Solt (466th)

458th

Richard D. Cramer (466th)

Roy H. Hodge Jr.

466th

Daniel Fisher

467th

Frank Baker

492nd

Armond Berg

WOUNDED ON BOARD!

That's when a flight surgeon's job begins. His problems are not easy.

BY CLARK FAY • REPRINTED FROM THE 17 FEBRUARY 1944 ISSUE OF LONDON STARS AND STRIPES

AT AN EIGHTH BOMBER STATION: It crossed the white cliffs of England, on the deck, and to the people below it was just another bomber winging its way home. To the pilot, it was a headache. The nose was bashed in, it had flak holes all over, and two motors were out and one was coughing. To the wounded it was their only hope of survival and too damned slow. For the dead it was just a rattling sepulcher.

The Red Cross ambulance had been standing by for what seemed to the occupants to be hours, the motor turning over idly and the heat on under the stretcher berths. Heavy clouds hung over a dismal English landscape; it would soon be dark.

As it came over the field in the dimming light, it dropped its flares and got a signal, and as it taxied to a stop the motors gave their final death rattle. The strange silence was broken by the arrival of the ambulance. The pilot sat staring vacantly ahead, and not until the stretchers were out and the orderlies came toward him did he move. The bottom door was opened and the attendants crawled in, and as others of the crew appeared and stood around in awed silence, the body of an airman was lowered and gently laid on a stretcher wrapped in blankets and hot water bottles. The other two were left for the time being; they had no need for medical care.

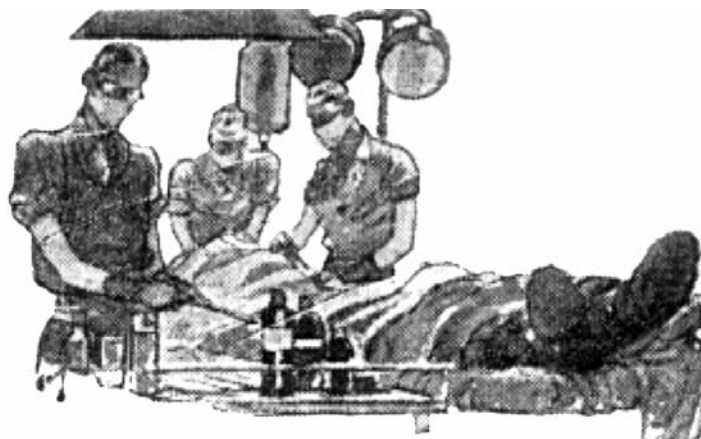
We arrived about the same time at the medical center and I watched them take the wounded man into the operating room. Everything was in readiness, and as I passed on through to the dispensary, all was well under way.

It was quite some time before the flight surgeon came in, rolling his sleeves down and lighting a cigarette. He sat down across from me and began, "Let me see, you were asking me what our most difficult problems still are. Well, I think the two most bewildering ones are frostbite and lack of oxygen. The first, caused by flying at high altitudes and becoming exposed through flak damage, presents us with the difficulty of curing burns. That is what frostbite is. It's a long and tedious job, never fatal, but very painful. The main treatment of course is against infection. Here we use the sulfa drugs, but we think penicillin is better. However, the supply is so limited; also where sulfa is used penicillin can't be and vice versa. It is more effective and without after-effects. Of course there are cases where grafting is needed. We don't do that; those cases are sent away to specialists. Our treatment is more under the family doctor's scope, mostly hands and feet. A great deal has been done by way of electrically heated suits and the wearing of silk gloves.

"About oxygen cases, usually caused by the oxygen system being destroyed by flak or shell bursts: It is much more serious, if not so long in curing. The first effects without oxygen are most exhilarating. The same effect may be produced by a few double whiskeys, an 'I can lick the world, etc.' feeling. Then a complete blackout. The treatment is something the same as for a man taken out of the water for drowned. A man can survive without oxygen for an hour, but the effect may be very serious.

"I think one of our most interesting cases so far was a lad who came in unconscious and no one knew how long he had been out. He was still breathing faintly and running a fever, the latter being most unusual — and even now we are not sure what caused it. We think perhaps his electrically heated suit went on producing heat long after he passed out. We worked for eighteen hours on that lad, pumping oxygen into his lungs; applying cold wet sheets to bring down his temperature. We never expected to pull him through and feared the loss of speech or some mental deficiency if we did. However, last heard from he was back in his plane as good as ever.

"About wounds from flak or shell: If any blood has been lost, the first treatment is blood transfusion. Blood plasma we carry at all times, and whenever there has been any loss of blood it is administered. It comes in cartons, very efficiently packed, so that it can be diluted in a matter of a very few minutes. In its glass jar it looks like squares of porous rubber or rather brown pieces of toasted bread.



After diluting it is hung above the patient's head and after being injected, the blood stream does the rest. For small quantities of blood lost we usually administer 250 cc, but can, if necessary, go as high as 1000 cc, which equals a quart. After that when the case is serious our main job is to keep the patient quiet and warm, administering drugs when necessary, preparing him for the 18-mile trip to the base hospital, which in this case is the 49th Station. There he is taken over by the finest medical care that America can produce. These centers are composed in some instances of whole hospital staffs from America including nurses and personnel. Specialists of every department are on hand with the finest equipment available. They are placed so that they take care of large areas taking in many bomber and fighter fields.

"But to get back to our bomber station. Nerves, psychiatry, yes! They are problems, but not too serious. They come under two headings, 'psycho-neurosis' and 'psychosis.' The first has to do with the combat personnel only — the men who through nerve-wracking missions, lack of sleep, fear, worry, etc. develop what the ordinary person would call 'nerves.' Well, there are rest homes for them and they are treated in much the same way as an alcoholic, drugs bringing sleep and quiet. Then a general build-up through food and exercise. These cases are very few due to the fact that men undergo such rigid discipline and are chosen so carefully.

"The latter, 'psychosis,' is a much more serious case. This happens mostly among the ground staff personnel, and when it occurs, which again is not very often, it is usually from a different reason. Reasons vary from heredity to homesickness, and as they are not so hand-picked they may have many more complications. These cases are taken care of in general hospitals.

"Next comes the most persistently annoying problem in the ETO, and from the generals down, no one seems to escape it. Our term for it is 'the respiratory,' but to you it is just the good old common or garden variety of cold in the head, chest, and throat, producing beautiful red noses and much spluttering. Nobody has yet worked out a 'penicillin' for this, and we mostly do just what 'Ma' would back home. Bed in a warm room, with regulated temperature, for a few days and good care.

"Bicycle casualties at one time were humorously serious. Skinned noses, elbow and shins, and occasional broken arms — until one of the lads tried to knock a ten-ton truck off the road and was killed. As a result of this they have become more cautious; even the minor cases have decreased, or perhaps they are learning to manage this primitive method of locomotion better.

"About the Flight Surgeon. Well, the age limit is 35, and most of us have practiced from two to five years somewhere in America. We have had special training in aeronautics, and frequently fly on missions. You know the family doctor, perhaps small town, perhaps large city, should be able to take care of everything up to specialized cases. However, we haven't had any maternity cases since joining up, but you never can tell!" ■

We had a splendid day on 18 July with blue skies and a huge crowd in Norwich to greet Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh. Jennifer Holland as Head of Libraries and Information did a really superb job, and managed in the end to get all the Trust Governors and wives on the guest list. We were so pleased to have the president of the Second Air Division Association, Walter Mundy, and his wife, Ruth, also on the list.

After all the rehearsals and briefings, everything went smoothly and I was so privileged to be able to show His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh around your unique Second Air Division Memorial Library. Her Majesty The Queen passed by our main door, escorted by Jennifer Holland on her way to the Children's Library,

Royalty at 18 July

BY DAVID J. HASTINGS, CHAIRMAN OF THE SE
PHOTOS SUBMITTED



Above: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth arrives on the main floor of the library with her entourage of dignitaries. Below: 2ADA President Walter J. Mundy (right) presents the framed scroll of the Freedom of the City to Trust Librarian Derek Hills for display in the Memorial Library.



Above: Her Majesty The Queen is introduced to the Millers. President Walt Mundy (far right) await the arrival of His



The Forum

July 2002

SECOND AIR DIVISION USAAF MEMORIAL TRUST
FOUNDED BY WALTER MUNDY



Millennium Library staff. Below: Trust Governors and 2ADA President and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh.



while I waited nervously at our main entrance to be presented to HRH by Janet Holden, the Principal Librarian. I welcomed His Royal Highness and we made our way inside as I explained to him the vision you had in the '40s that brought about this wonderful Memorial. According to the briefing we should have looked at just the first part of the mural, but the Duke was keen to see the entire mural, so our well-rehearsed plan started to change. He was certainly touched by the whole concept of how your Memorial Library began.

He then asked me to explain the assembly ship models (not in the plan!) before we made our way to the shrine area and the Roll of Honour, which obviously moved him. Next I explained the WAC Key and the map of the bases, which led me nicely on to explaining the massive role played by the Second Air Division Association in supporting the Memorial over so many years, including your wonderful 2ADA/Fulbright Scholar gift. Although we had been told that there could be no official presentations, I did ask if HRH would like to meet the 2ADA president and he readily agreed, so I presented Walter Mundy to him and then quickly introduced Tom



Her Majesty talks to Lady Mary, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Norwich, Sir Timothy Colman. Lady Mary is a cousin of Her Majesty.

Eaton, Paul King, and David Neale.

We then discussed staffing, and I had a great chance to introduce Derek Hills and Andrea Hough. Time was now running out . . . I asked His Royal Highness if he would be willing to sign our Visitors Book and again he agreed. He was so charming in the way he had spoken to everyone that I decided to risk it all and ask him if he would accept one of the 2ADA commemorative medallions as a memento of his visit. (This was not in the programme.) To my delight the Duke accepted, and even better, which I think showed his interest in the entire project, he insisted on going back to the shrine area and thanking the 2ADA president personally for the medallion — so Walter got two chances to speak with him! When this memorable visit ended, we had only just overrun our allotted time by one minute. The actual visit was totally different from the rehearsals, but thanks to the kindness and interest of the Duke of Edinburgh, we achieved everything and more than we had dared to hope for. HRH then went on to visit the Tourist Office and Origins, while the seven of us in the 2AD Memorial were taken through the rear of the building to be reunited with our wives in the Atrium and be ready for the Queen to be invited by David McCall, the Chairman of The Forum Trust Limited, to formally open The Forum. Her Majesty and The Duke then left The Forum to mingle with the huge crowd on Millennium Plain before finally leaving Norwich for Sandringham. Back in the Atrium we enjoyed champagne and canapes courtesy of The Forum Trust, and there is no doubt that Robin Hall, the Chief Executive of The Forum Trust, and Jennifer Holland of the County Council, together with all their respective teams, worked so hard to make the occasion a huge success. Certainly none of us will ever forget that day.

In the evening we just relaxed over supper at home in Salhouse with Walter Mundy and his great RAF Lancaster pilot friend, though we were sad that Ruth was not well enough to be with us. Thus a great day in the history of your living Second Air Division Memorial Library ended. ■

A Landmark and a First?

FROM "REALM" MAGAZINE

Hailed as one of the great achievements of Queen Victoria's reign, Tower Bridge was opened on 30 June 1894 by Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

The structure of Tower Bridge was very advanced for its time. The 800-foot-long bridge was built in the Victorian-Gothic style. Each of the two 213-foot towers has a façade of granite and Portland stone that conceals a steel frame. The towers are supported by piers with foundations sunk 25 feet into the clay bed of the Thames.

The towers are linked by a high level pedestrian walkway and a lower level roadway, which consists of two 1,000-tonne bascules. The entire structure weighs an impressive 127,817 tonnes. (*A metric tonne equals 2,204.64 pounds.*) The bascules were raised and lowered by a hydraulic system, powered by boilers that consumed 20 tonnes of coals per week.

The hydraulic system is still in use today, but is powered by oil and electricity. Within its first month of operation, the bridge was raised 655 times — a total of 6,160 times in the first year. Watchmen controlled the bridge around the clock; a ship needed only to signal to be allowed through.

Tower Bridge was not universally popular, and its medieval structure was described as "crude" by many critics. *The Builder* described the bridge as: "The most monstrous and preposterous architectural sham that we have ever known . . . an elaborate and costly make-believe."

However, this was an extreme view, and the majority of Londoners welcomed it, al-



Above: Tower Bridge remains one of London's best-known landmarks. Below: Frank McClean flew his biplane through the bridge in 1912.



WAS THIS A FIRST?

though the high-level walkways were not very popular. People preferred to stand and watch the spectacle of the bridge opening and closing, and then continue on their way. The walkway was closed in 1910, although it was reopened in 1982.

Tower Bridge has seen some heart-stopping moments — such as the time, in 1912, when Frank McClean flew his biplane between the bascules and the walkway. Some forty years later, in 1952, the bridge began to rise with a red London Routemaster bus still upon it. With great presence of mind the driver pressed on; the bus jumped the gap and landed safely on the far bascule.

In 1977, to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee, Tower Bridge was transformed from its original brown-grey colour to the red, white and blue spectacle we know today. ■

WAS THE DRAGON ... DRAGGIN' ITS TAIL? (continued from page 15)

"wheels went around." Now some of you already know, but England is a very cloudy country and the clouds are always thick and low! (At least we quite frequently flew in such a mode "just for practice;" in fact there were times we even had to climb to clear tree tops!) It is not difficult to see why the nose turret would offer the most interesting ride under such circumstances, right? And certainly a much better view to read my pilot-age maps, as well!

OK, back to the trip over Mesa, AZ in 2001. (At least I have to presume that is where we were, since I have been unable to see out yet, what with all the commotion!) At one point, I took a head count and was amazed

to find that there were four of us in that space and all at the same time. (The navigation table was folded.)

Next thing I knew we were supposed to get back in our seats to land! I was very happy that they gave us plenty of time to get there. By that time I was really having difficulties, what with poorly designed (or total lack of) assist rails, the noise, bad light, a terrible draft, etc. (There ought to be a law!) I did make it, though, and even got buckled in.

After the pilot, Rob Collings, "greased it" and as we were getting into parking position, I started to get up to a kneeling position so I could look out to wave to my family and friends, but was politely told to stay buckled in my place until the engines were shut down. I was able to hold my hat up high enough that those on the ground could see

the "445th" cap I was waving.

Soon I was told that it was OK to get out, and after a great effort, I was able to get my feet down on the ground only to find there were problems yet to be overcome! While we were flying, the air in the tires must have leaked out because I couldn't stoop low enough to get under the bomb bay doors. My daughter's first words were, "Dad, why did you have to crawl out from under the airplane; couldn't you just stoop?" (She's barely 47; her day will come!)

Oh, yeah! The sounds really brought tears to my eyes! Too bad "909" (that other airplane) couldn't keep up!

God, I wish I were young again! ■

Editor's Note: R.F. (Dick) Gelvin is the "unofficial historian" of the 445th Bomb Group.

The 448th Speaks



SEETHING

BY
LEROY ENGDahl
AND KING SCHULTZ

Our annual reunion took place in the New Orleans area in April. It was an outstanding event, with 250 of us in attendance. On Thursday, we boarded buses for a visit to the D-Day Museum. This brought back many memories; some good, but many bad.

As part of the banquet ceremonies, Pat Everson entertained us with a wonderful speech. It started with her young days watch-

ing our 448th bombers take off and return to our base at Seething. Little did she know then that she would be so important to the 448th veterans in her adult life. She has been the “key” to the collections at the restored control tower. When she finished her speech to a loud applause, the chair was turned over to Jim Turner. Many observed that Jim was not himself, and as he was talking, he collapsed and was taken to the hospital. After many tests, it was discovered that he had an irregular heart-beat and would need a defibrillator implant. He is now back in England and doing well.

At the 448th business meeting, the good news was that Cater Lee agreed to continue as president. He will continue to be supported by Leroy Engdahl and George Dupont, and King Schultz was elected to represent the 448th to the 2ADA. Next it was decided that our 2003 reunion will be held in San Antonio, TX. Jean and Earl Parks brought up the idea for our 2004 reunion, expertly presented by Jean

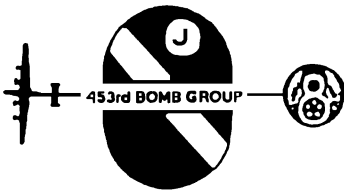
— specifically to hold it on a 7-day cruise.

As many of you know, we lost Bob Angle in a car accident. We lost a good man; and of course his wife Louise always played the piano for us at our reunion. We hope she will continue to do so.

We heard some bad news recently from one of our 448th members. Norm Kanwisher, while visiting Norwich and the Seething area, had a stroke and was hospitalized. His son and daughter are coming to England to assist him home when he is able. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Sadly, Phyllis DuBois lost her long fight against cancer. Many from the 448th will remember her as a former Trust Librarian at the 2AD Memorial Library and from some of the 448th reunions. After her retirement she continued to work long and hard doing research for all who contacted her, even finding time to proofread Jeff Brett’s brilliant 448th History Book. ■

OLD BUCKENHAM



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY LLOYD W. PRANG

A final salute to **Phyllis Marie DuBois** (1933-2002) was held on Wednesday, May 8, 2002 at 11:45 AM at St. Faiths Crematorium in Norwich.

Roy West, the English liaison to the 453rd BG, sent the following letter and I thought those who knew Phyllis might like to see it:

“You will probably have learned of the sad passing of Phyllis DuBois last month and I thought you might be interested in the enclosed Service Sheet from her memorial service that I attended on the 8th in Norwich. The chapel at the crematorium was packed, which speaks for the high esteem in which she was held. A very moving appreciation of her life and work was given by Mr. Tom Eaton.

“News of her death came as a shock to me, as I was unaware of her illness. She must have been suffering with the cancer last November when I last saw her at the 453rd banquet on the last night of the convention. I did receive a letter after then showing her concern that the album of photographs at Old Buckenham should be in a fitting and secure container and I was able to assure her that this was in hand. (*Mr. Rupert Aubrey-Cound has finished the cabinet and has been reimbursed for his efforts by the 453rd BG.*) Phyllis was involved with all of the 2nd Air Division bases but showed a special personal interest in the 453rd. She will be greatly missed.”

Roy has stated it quite well. Phyllis put a great deal of effort into everything she did

for all the groups. For us, she made certain that everything at our little museum at Old Buck was in perfect shape. She was especially meticulous when verifying the names of the men who were to appear on the 453rd Roll of Honor.

The “service sheet” stated that the music upon entry was “Greensleeves” and upon departure it was “The Star Spangled Banner.” This show of class was indicative of the pattern of perfection that was evident in every aspect of Phyllis’ life. The final prayer was, “*Oh Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*”

Thank you, Phyllis. Sleep well.

Chuck Walker, the 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust in Norwich, proposed that a Memorial Book Endowment be established in the memory of Phyllis DuBois. The 453rd Executive Committee approved and sent a donation. As of June 18th, \$2180.00 had been collected. Chuck took the check with him when he went to the Governors meeting in July, and the endowment fund has been established.

Bob Krentler called regarding the rededication of the B-24 at Duxford, which he had heard was to take place in September of this

year. Bob was the radio operator on the Davison crew, an original crew. We contacted **Ted Inman** at the Duxford Museum and **David Hastings**. Within a short time a reply was received. The rededication program is scheduled for September 27. An invitation package containing a local map, directions to Duxford, a courtesy bus schedule, information about the American cemetery at Madingley, a local accommodations list, and Duxford’s 2002 brochure and a visitors’ guide to the airfield has been sent to Bob. It will probably be too late by the time you read this, but if any of you have made plans to attend and would like to coordinate your activities, give me a “holler” and we’ll see if anything can be done.

Starr Smith very kindly sent me a copy of his latest book, *Southern Scenes*, and it’s a dandy. He has written about thirty southern places and people. The book will be a great help regarding where to go and what to see when we hold our 453rd reunion in New Orleans. Some of you may remember that Starr was an intelligence officer for the 453rd Group Staff. After the war he became a reporter for NBC Radio and he circled the globe for many years as an international journalist and an observer of the world’s most colorful places and intriguing people. *Southern Scenes* takes the reader on a journey which covers ten states. He says that along with San Francisco, New Orleans is one of the most enchanting and popular cities in America. We are looking forward to visiting there once again.

We’ll prepare more information for you about the 453rd reunion in New Orleans after the calendar page reads January 2003. Until then, keep thinking positive thoughts, and maybe even consider buying some green bananas. ■



HETHEL
389th
Green Dragon
Flares

BY FIELDER NEWTON

Recently a neighbor gave me the February issue of Air Force Magazine which included an article about Lt. General Frank M. Andrews. Until I read the article I did not know very much about General Andrews and the great influence he had in the formation of what is now the U.S. Air Force.

On May 3, 1943, General Andrews was killed in the crash of a B-24 on a rugged mountaintop in Iceland. At the time he was commander of United States Forces in the European Theater of Operations and as such was in charge of the U.S. strategic bombing campaign and planning for the invasion of the Continent. Even though his career was cut short he was responsible for orchestrating sweeping changes to the old Army Air Corps which paved the way for the wartime autonomous Army Air Forces and later the U.S. Air Force.

In 1934 the General Headquarters Air Force was formed to operate in wartime directly under the Army field forces. In late 1934 Andrews was detailed to the General Staff to work on the GHQ Air Force project. On March 1, 1935, General MacArthur activated the GHQ Air Force with Andrews as commander and Col. Hugh J. Knerr as chief of staff. The major problem facing these men was that there was no truly effective long-range heavy bomber. Solving the problem was their most pressing task, and it was only because of the persistence of Andrews and Knerr that Boeing's new B-17 bomber reached full deployment status.

The first B-17 Flying Fortresses were assigned in 1937 to the 2nd Bomb Group at Langley Field, led by Lt. Col. Robert Olds. The 2nd BG served as the operational test bed for this important weapons system. One of Olds' operations officers, 1st Lt. Curtis E. LeMay, was not only a pilot, but also an expert navigator and bombardier. We all remember that LeMay went on to head the Strategic Air Command.

Andrews liked to demonstrate the capabilities of the big bombers, and in February of 1938, six B-17s from the 2nd BG under Olds' command made a 5225 mile Goodwill Flight that made stops from Miami to Buenos Aires and return to Langley. Later, on May 12, 1938, during Army-Navy war games, Andrews proved that a B-17 could intercept an enemy aircraft carrier at sea. With Lt. LeMay as lead navigator, three B-17s located an Italian ocean liner (playing the role of the carrier) 700 miles offshore in the Atlantic. As Paul Harvey says, "Now for the rest of the story."

Upon complaint of the Navy, the War Department invoked an old Army-Navy agreement for the Army not to fly more than 100 miles offshore. In late August of 1944 I reported to March Field in Riverside, CA for crew training and was assigned as navigator on the J.C. Dodman crew with Paul Rochette as copilot. Paul as an 18-year-old had enlisted in the old Army Air Corps and became a radio operator. In 1938 he was assigned to a B-17 serial number 36161 under command of Captain Alvin Harvey. It was on this plane that Paul made the flight to South America. He had a rating of 2nd AM and later a specialist 1st class with a monthly pay of \$74.00. The crews were wined and dined at all the stops they made in South America. Paul has very fond memories of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where in addition to being entertained by beautiful young ladies, the president



In a 1938 demonstration of the big bomber's potential, three B-17s — with lead navigator Curtis LeMay — intercepted this "enemy aircraft carrier" (an Italian ocean liner) more than 700 miles out to sea. This was over the 100-mile offshore limit agreement, and the Navy cried foul.

gave them all gold medals in honor of the 50th anniversary of their government. However, they were not permitted to wear the medals on their uniforms until the USA got into the war. Prior to going on the South American trip all the crews were sent to Philadelphia and fitted with tailor-made uniforms. When we entered the war Paul went to Signal Corps OCS, was commissioned, and later went through pilot training. He and I were fast friends since crew training and I am proud to still call him my friend.

The GHQ Air Force was the forerunner of the autonomous Army Air Force, laying the foundation for its success in wartime. The dream of Andrews and "Hap" Arnold of an independent Air Force came true in July of 1947 when President Harry Truman signed the National Security Act authorizing an independent Air Force.

It was of interest to me, and I hope to you, to learn more about the struggles of the early airman to gain recognition from the Army generals. Generals Andrews and Arnold played a lead role in this struggle and at times put their careers on the line. When General Marshall was appointed Army Chief of Staff by President Roosevelt, he brought Andrews in as assistant chief of staff for operations and training, the G-3 of the entire Army making him the first airman to head a General Staff division.

The article in the Summer 2002 *Journal* entitled "Mitch" also brought to light that as early as 1916 when he was assigned to inspect the aircraft being used by the French and the British over the Western Front, General "Billy" Mitchell advocated an independent air force. It is hard to believe that this general was court-martialed for being too verbal with his farsighted opinions. Time has proven him correct, and it took until 1947, as noted earlier in this article, to have a completely independent Air Force.

The Eighth Air Force Archives are stored in the Paterno Library on the Penn State campus and can now be accessed at the following Web site: <http://www.libraries.psu.edu/speccol/labor.htm>. Click on the 8th Air Force link.

By the time you receive this *Journal* we will have had our 55th Annual Convention in Baltimore and will be looking forward to next year's. In the meantime, keep 'em flying.

Editor's Note: The information and picture used in this report are from an article in Air Force Magazine written by H.O. Malone, who was an aviation cadet and flew F-86 Sabers in Europe. He taught European history at Texas Christian University and spent 21 years in the Department of Defense, retiring in 1994 as chief historian, Army Training and Doctrine Command. ■



492nd BOMB GROUP

HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

NORTH PICKENHAM

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

We receive many e-mail messages each month from folks asking for information about relatives who served in the 492nd Bomb Group (H). Of particular interest was some correspondence from Edward Royden "Roy" Clarke.

He first contacted us on May 23, 2002. He stated that he was writing brief histories of our county (Hyde County, North Carolina)'s WWII men in the military. He had, on that date, completed twenty-four, and was now writing about a friend's brother, Charles Rouse Lupton Jr., who was a ball turret gunner. They left the U.S. around 1 July 1944. Roy has a copy of a letter he wrote to his mother dated 15 July 1944 when they were in Northern Ireland. He also has a picture of the Fleming crew. Roy sent a detailed history of Charles Lupton's military career, and as historians we are delighted to have it. One more piece has been added to the puzzle.

Charlie's brother, Dr. Rhodes Lupton, has little information other than newspaper accounts that state Charlie was lost on 6 August 1944, first mission. Charles was brought back after WWII. Roy goes on to say that he got our number from the Internet and would appreciate any information we could send to him. He is not writing a book. He is the president of the county's historical society and does this research in his spare time. All of his work is being placed in the local high school for the students to read.

We sent as much data as we had to him. His reply was, "Thanks a million for the package of information; answered all of the questions. What a waste of bright young men. Charlie's brother and family always thought he was killed on his first mission. Information received stated that the mission on 6 August was the eighth mission. The family did not know the mission had been over Hamburg, Germany; in fact, all information received on 5/31/02 about the accident, the family never knew, including his brother. This is the most interesting military history I have written, and I will certainly give you and the 492nd due credit." Thank you, Roy.

Roy said he is a retired banker and that the mother of the young man he was trying to get information on, worked for their bank many years ago. He used to hear her talk about her son; little did he realize that one

day he would be writing his military history. Roy wrote that it was hard to believe that several weeks ago he was scratching the old head trying to figure out how he could get answers to what appeared to be a mystery. Now it seems to be coming together.

The Missing Air Crew Report of 6 August 1944, Aircraft B-24J 44-40146, Code 5Z-M, 492nd BG - H - 856th BS, based at North Pickenham, Norfolk. Target Hamburg, Germany. Details of the loss:

On return from the mission and approaching the base, B-24J 42-50719 piloted by 2/Lt.

Richard W. Fleming pulled up in a steep climb directly in the path of 44-40146.

In the collision and the subsequent crash, two airmen (Pitsenbarger, pilot; James Nendel, copilot) were seriously injured and one was killed (Bradford F. Barber). Both pilots and most of their crew perished on 9 October 1944 when they crashed about five miles from the village of Holme in Yorkshire on a "Carpetbagger" mission. In the other aircraft (Fleming, pilot, and crew), nine men were killed while one survived but died of wounds some days later.

Allan Blue's book, *Fortunes of War*; Russell Ives' books, *89 Days* and *I Come From California*; and Ben Parnell's book, *The Carpetbaggers*, have details of this collision.

You can contact Edward Royden "Roy" Clarke at 29954 US 264, Engelhard, North Carolina 27824, or by e-mail at: eclarke@beachlink.com. ■



MY WAY . . . When I hear Frank Sinatra sing it, it reminds me of how my five or more years as 446th VP to the 2ADA have been . . . my way.

With little or no support, direction, or recognition from the 446th leadership I have worked toward my goal . . . my way . . . attempting to strengthen unraveling ties to the Second Air Division Association, the group I call the "mother group."

In some ways I have been fairly successful. The most disturbing thing to me is that as we watch our numbers get smaller, when the last man empties the bottle there will be no one left to pick it up or care that it just lays there forgotten. The memories may be just a few plaques with our name on it and a few uniforms and mementos here and there.

However, thanks to the 2ADA and its undying support, a living memorial will remain in Norwich in the Second Air Division Memorial Library. The Association works continuously to ensure that it will continue, that Fulbright scholars will continue to be a part of the library, and that members serve on the library board. That is what we left as our memorial more than fifty years ago, and the efforts of many continue to participate in its role of survival.

The Heritage League of the 2ADA also gives us hope that our efforts during WWII will not be forgotten, nor the reasons for them. I wonder how many 446ers even know what the Heritage League is and what they attempt to do.

One of the memories I will cherish of the past five years with the 2ADA is that of the wonderful associations I have made with some of the most memorable people one could ever meet, here and also in the UK.

It is my hope that Link Veazey, the 446th's new leader, will make the unraveling tie grow stronger, and will enjoy these associations that I have enjoyed. It has been an adventure putting the Bungay Bull together every three months, and I hope Link may continue that effort.

My thanks to the few of you who have supported me in my efforts and for the good times that I have had on behalf of the 446 BGA Association and the 2ADA Executive Committee.

See you down the road. Off we go . . . ■

HALESWORTH
489TH
NOTES
BY
NEAL SORENSEN

The threads of our lives are woven in a seemingly disorganized fashion as events unfold, and at other times take on a closeness that brings answers to the haphazard. Perhaps age is an essential ingredient that is needed to bring into focus the disjointed patterns of the past.

Some thirty-five years ago, our associate pastor (unfortunately, usually not inspirational) asked our sleepy congregation to take three minutes to write down ten activities in our daily lives that brought us pleasure. His next instruction was to place a star next to the activities that cost two dollars or more. My paper, as well as those of friends whom I later asked, had two to four things checked that were both costly and pleasurable (mine had two). A usually bland preacher cut through our pursuit of the almighty dollar in an exercise where each of us indicted ourselves of the folly of "laying up treasures on Earth."

In our orientation series before we left Mitchell Field in New York for England, we were given the usual lectures about ditching emergencies, English culture, and how to seek the French underground in case we were shot down. Perhaps in what he thought would be the grand finale to our lectures, the commanding officer got up and gave us a hell-fire and brimstone speech on how we must feed our hatred for the enemy. Show no compassion when bombing their cities!! Having completed his impassioned plea to us, he allowed that we should receive a benediction from the chaplain.

Chaplain Loer, a shiny new 2nd lieutenant, spoke in clear, ringing tones. "Don't go into combat with hatred in your hearts for the enemy. Hate the evil that has been committed, but don't poison your souls. You go to destroy evil; do not permit evil to destroy you." I reflected to myself as he concluded the benediction with prayers to God for our safety, "Judging from the look on the face of his commanding officer, Chaplain Loer will remain a 2nd lieutenant."

Many of us who survived combat did not speak of our experiences for many years. Had we kept alive the patriotic fervor of the 1940s, perhaps the poisons of the 1960s and

the Vietnam War would not have resulted in the public apathy or downright contempt for all things military. I flew in the Reserves as a MATS navigator until 1969, which I thought would rub off on family members as honorable. In a conversation with my second son one day, I was taken up short by his statement, "Let's face it, your generation were warmongers!" The intervening maturation and the events of 9-11 have changed his outlook, but it is a shame that the teachings of both high school and college could so color the thinking of our young people while we were silent about the sacrifices made by all Americans during World War II.

One of the men who was not silent was Norman Grant, Sr. who lived in nearby Richfield, Minnesota. Norm passed away on July 11, 2002 from complications following heart surgery after a rich and blessed life. The sole survivor of his B-17 crew that was shot down on August 18, 1944, he parlayed his miraculous escape from death into fulfilling the American Dream. A devout Catholic, proud father, and successful businessman, I heard Norm nine years before I knew him. Blessed with a stentorian voice, he was one of the cadet leaders who called us to attention for Sunday night retreats at Ellington Field.

Years later, I put a face to the voice in Toastmasters Club #515 where both of us were members bent on improving our communication skills. Norm flew with the 493rd Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force. This group went over in B-24s but were later subverted to B-17s, which I always kidded him was the reason he ended up a POW!

Ever an enthusiast, Norm became president of the 493rd Bomb Group and proceeded to become the president of the 8th Air Force Historical Society. As president of the local chapter of the 8th AFHS, Norm prevailed upon me to attend several meetings. Here it was that his boundless enthusiasm prevailed. He pushed at the state capital to have the week of October 8-14 recognized in Minnesota as a time to honor the more than 170 combat crews that were shot down over Germany that week in 1944. A speakers group was formed and Norm and many members devoted countless hours to give the story of WWII to schoolchildren in the Metropolitan and state schools.

Norm's vision for America will be carried on by his wife, Margaret; six children; eleven grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren. A big man who towered over six feet; a big voice that could be amazingly subdued in moments of sorrow; he will be missed by all of us who called him Friend. ■

KETTERINGHAM HALL
DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

As was reported in the last *Journal*, we were all saddened to learn of the passing of Hathy Veynar. She was one of those who supported the 2ADA from the very beginning. As was Hathy, her husband Milton and her daughter Caron are active members of both the 2ADA and the Heritage League. Also, a friend of many of you, Phyllis DuBois, passed away recently. Phyllis was the Memorial Room Librarian for about ten years. I believe that Book Endowment Funds have been established for both of them. If anyone would like to contribute to either of these endowments, send your check, made out to 2ADA, for the Veynar Fund to Jordan Uttal and for the Phyllis DuBois Fund to Chuck Walker, our representative on the Board of Governors. Fortunately, both Hathy and Phyllis, although not well, were able to attend the dedication of the new Memorial Library last November. I had a chance to chat with both of them and they were both still very interested and supportive and proud of the much larger and very nicely furnished space. The addresses for both Jordan and Chuck are listed on the inside front cover of every *Journal*.

2ADA President Walt Mundy is working on preparing a list of all archives and artifacts that Second Air Division members would be willing to provide in order to enhance the 2ADA displays at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia and the 2AD Memorial Library in Norwich, England. Please read his message elsewhere in this issue. Anyone having anything to contribute, please send your list to me. I will accumulate all that come in and forward them to President Mundy.

The only other news I have is that I had triple bypass heart surgery back in April but am fully recovered and looking forward to attending the 2ADA convention in Baltimore over Labor Day weekend. Let me hear from YOU! I need news to put in the next *Journal* and in the HQ Newsletter. ■



**491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM**
**the
RINGMASTER
REPORTS**

BY F.C. "HAP" CHANDLER

Since my last column my son and two grandsons joined me at the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum. The picture below was taken in front of the "Wall of Valor," which has a memorial plaque to the Nagel crew, my hut mates, who died in the January 5, 1945 crash of the 491st forming ship "Rage in Heaven."



L-R: Hap Chandler with his grandson Will Chandler, 4, son Richard Chandler, and grandson Carter Chandler, 7.

**ERNIE PYLE'S COLUMN ON THE
ST. LO AIR RAID • 25 JULY 1944**

Ernie Pyle was one of the most famous of the war correspondents. His usual reporting site was on or near the front lines. He was in Normandy for the D-Day landings and was with the ground forces on 25 July 1944 when the 8th bombed the front lines. There were 1503 bombers and 561 fighters on this mission. 3395 tons of bombs were dropped by the heavies. This is his account of that mission:

"... a new sound gradually droned in our ears, a sound deep and all-encompassing with no notes in it — just a gigantic faraway surge of doomlike sound. It was the heavies. They came from directly behind us.

"At first they were the merest dots in the sky. We could see clots of them against the far heavens, too tiny to count individually. They came on with terrible slowness. They came in flights of twelve, three flights to a group, stretched across the sky. They came

in 'families' of about seventy planes each.

"Maybe those gigantic waves were two miles apart, maybe they were ten miles. I don't know. But I do know they came in a constant procession and I thought it would never end. What the Germans must have thought is beyond comprehension.

"The flight across the sky was slow and studied. I've never known a storm, or a machine, or any resolve of man that had about it the aura of such a ghastly relentlessness. I had the feeling that had God appeared beseechingly before them in the sky, with palms outstretched to persuade them back, they would not have had within them the power to turn from that irresistible course . . .

"The first huge flight passed directly overhead and others followed. We spread out our feet trying to look straight up, until our steel helmets fell off . . . and then the bombs came! They began like a crackle of popcorn and almost instantly swelled into a monstrous fury of noise that seemed surely to destroy all the world ahead of us . . . The bright day grew slowly dark from it. By now everything was an indescribable caldron of sounds. Individual noises did not exist. The thundering of the motors in the sky and the roar of bombs ahead filled all the space for noise on earth. Our own heavy artillery was crashing all around us, yet we could hardly hear it.

"The Germans began to shoot heavy, high ack-ack. Great black puffs of it by the score speckled the sky, until it was hard to distinguish smoke puffs from planes. And then someone shouted that one of the planes was smoking. Yes, we could all see it. A long faint line of black smoke stretched straight for a mile behind one of them. And as we watched, there was a gigantic sweep of flame over the plane. From nose to tail it disappeared in flame, it slanted slowly down and banked around the sky in great wide curves, this way and that way, as rhythmically and gracefully as in a slow motion waltz . . . and then, just as slowly it turned over and dived for the earth — a golden spearhead on the straight black shaft of its own creation — and disappeared behind the treetops.

"Before it was down there were more cries of, 'There's another one smoking and there's a third one now.' Chutes came out of some of the planes. Out of some came no chutes at all. One of white silk caught on the tail of a plane. Men with binoculars could see him fighting to get loose until flames swept over him, and then a tiny black dot fell through space, all alone.

"And all that time the great flat ceiling of the sky was roofed by all the other planes that didn't go down, plowing their way for-

ward as if there were no turmoil in the world. They stalked on, slowly and with a dreadful pall of sound . . .

"God, how we admired those men up there and were sickened for the ones who fell."

Then, as we now know, the smoke markers began to drift over our own lines. As the smoke drifted back, our planes dropped bombs on our own forces. 102 American soldiers were killed and 380 wounded.

Ernie Pyle continues:

"It is possible to become so enthralled by some of the spectacles of war that a man is momentarily captivated away from his own danger. That's what happened to our little group of soldiers as we stood watching the mighty bombing. But that benign state didn't last long. As we watched, the exploding bombs were easing back toward us, flight by flight, instead of gradually forward as the plan called for.

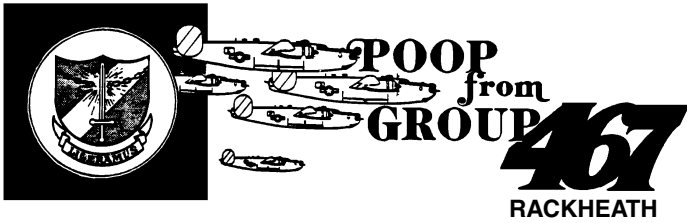
"... An indescribable kind of panic came over us. We stood tensed in muscle and frozen in intellect, watching each flight approach and pass over, feeling trapped and completely helpless. And then all of an instant the universe became filled with a gigantic rattling as of huge ripe seeds in a mammoth dry gourd. I doubt that any of us had heard that sound before, but instinct told us what it was. It was bombs by the hundreds, hurtling down through the air above us.

"Many times I've heard bombs whistle or swish or rustle, but never before had I heard bombs rattle . . . it is an awful sound . . . We dived . . . some got into dugouts . . . others foxholes, ditches, and some got behind a garden wall — although which side is 'behind' was anybody's guess . . . I remember hitting the ground flat, all spread out like the cartoons of people flattened by steamrollers, and then squirming like an eel to get under one of the heavy wagons in the shed.

"An officer wiggled in beside me. We stopped . . . feeling it was hopeless to move farther . . . we lay with our heads slightly up — like two snakes. I know what was in both our minds and our eyes, asking each other what to do."

Ernie Pyle survived this episode and other narrow escapes in the course of his career as a combat correspondent. Then one day, on an obscure Pacific island — Ie Shima — Ernie Pyle's number finally came up. He was killed by a direct hit from a Japanese mortar in a ditch he had dived into in an attempt to survive.

His description of the bomber stream and the relentless ability of the 8th to continue with its terrible mission of destruction of the German army, is one of the finest of many accounts of the "breakout" from St. Lo. ■



BY GEOFF GREGORY

Once again we find ourselves writing for “Poop” between meetings and conventions. This time we are between the Southwest Regional Dinner (attended by the 2ADA Executive Committee), the 2ADA Annual Convention in Baltimore, and the 467th reunion in Savannah.

As I previously mentioned, we will be sandwiching an East Coast motor trip between the two conventions. “On the road” for about seven weeks, we will be touching base with my old home town in Connecticut; my old school, the University of Pennsylvania; relatives in Florida; and all interesting points in between. Terry and I are eagerly looking forward to it, but will probably be just as eager to head for home after Savannah.

As for the Executive Committee meetings prior to the Southwest Regional Dinner, 2ADA President Walter Mundy moved them along so efficiently that we were finished with our business ahead of schedule. This meeting provided us with the opportunity to meet our new 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian, Tahitia Orr, who resides in Alaska. She is most attractive, very personable, and a big hit with everyone. She

will be well received in Norwich, and will make a substantial contribution to our Memorial Library over the next two years.

We tied up a few other loose ends during the meetings. For example, our dues statement will now include a “box” to contribute to the 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian Fund, which will need shoring up shortly. Also, the nominating committee nominated Dick Butler of the 44th BG to succeed Walt Mundy as our next president. Bob Cash of the 492nd BG was nominated as the next executive vice president. Both are fine candidates, and we are fortunate to have them available to serve us.

We regret that the banquet meal itself was not up to snuff, and the dinner committee vigorously made the hotel aware of this. The hotel issued a compensation check to our Memorial Library in Norwich.

The master of ceremonies did his usual excellent job; but as all good things come to an end, this was my last time to serve in that capacity.

Included on this page is further information about the Bequest Program — I invite you to read it, please.

I’m happy to inform you that the latest member of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, Andrew Hawker, will be attending our convention in Savannah with his wife, Andrea. They are delightful people, and I know you will enjoy meeting them.

Good news indeed — Charlotte Shower will be attending both the 2ADA convention and the 467th group reunion! Charlotte recently told us how strongly the Colonel believed in the mission of the 2ADA and the 467th BG. Inspiring words! Thank you, dear lady.

With that I will sign off for this issue. God bless, and we will see you in Baltimore and Savannah, “if the creek don’t rise.” ■

OUR MEMORIAL BEQUEST PROGRAM

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467TH)

I am pleased to report that the 2ADA Bequest Program has survived the opening of the Memorial; and is continuing on, but at a substantially reduced pace. At the upcoming Executive Committee meeting in Baltimore, we will give serious consideration to changes and to the adoption of a “Charitable Remainder Trust.” What is a CRT? Thanks to an article from the Reserve Officer’s Magazine sent to me by Jim Dyke, I have the following information. There are two types of CRTs — the Annuity Trust and the Unit Trust. The former is designed to pay a fixed amount to the donor, based on a percentage of the original value of the Trust’s assets. Once created, no addition can be made to the annuity trust.

The Unit Trust is also structured to pay a fixed amount to the grantor, but based on the MARKET value of the trust’s assets. Income from the trust can increase or decrease in proportion to the value of the trust. This is a simplified explanation, but is adequate for our purpose at this time. Can we do it and do we want to do it? Hopefully we can arrive at some answers in Baltimore in August/September. Stay tuned!

My mind goes back to the inception of this

program. The need for such a program had been discussed for several years, but had little support. However, President Hap Chandler gave the “go ahead signal” and the bequest program was born. So far the program has added \$167,000 in cash and pledges to the Capital Fund of the Memorial. That is \$167,000 the Memorial DID NOT have two years ago. This is good indeed, but not as good as I had hoped. I anticipated that collecting \$1,000 from just 300 to 500 veterans of the 2nd Air Division would be easy. Money to provide for the future of our Memorial would surely be forthcoming if a viable vehicle were provided. As you can see, it has been only partially successful. For what reason, who knows?

Perhaps our approach — for which I was responsible — left something to be desired. I attempted to keep it direct, simple, and effective. I also saw it as a way that didn’t require dipping into the pocketbook immediately; thus not affecting your current assets. Perhaps I was overly resolute in sticking with it. In consultation with the Executive Committee, I will reassess my contribution to the process. It is certainly possible that a new and different approach is needed. What

is important for our association is that the program be successful, without regard for the individuals involved. We must approach the matter with that in mind.

Do we continue the program, or cancel it in a reasonable time frame? Do we change the approach entirely, and/or the personnel involved? Are we willing to bear the cost of making changes?

Gentlemen, the answer is there! It is imperative that we support that beautiful new Memorial in Norwich. We are on the cusp of success. However, we should raise another \$150,000 in this bequest program. Certainly there must be another 150 men who served in the 2nd Air Division who can provide \$1,000 in their wills for the future of our Memorial. We *must not* fail those we left behind! If you have not as yet done so, can you reconsider and thank THEM by making a pledge or a contribution? Will you also encourage others in your group to do so? Remind your group members that a pledge does not require membership in the 2ADA. Think positive, but also realistically — TIME IS CATCHING UP WITH US! I am looking forward to an open discussion in Baltimore. ■



Open Letter to the 93rd

HARDWICK
BY ALFRED ASCH

Although I have written about our 93rd Bomb Group museum at Hardwick before, there are continuous reminders about the great job our English friends have done in presenting the story of our group. The latest reminder came from Charles (Chuck) Walker, the 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors, who attended a board meeting in Norfolk recently. While there, he visited our WWII airbase at Hardwick and brought me some great pictures of the artifacts, buildings, and the three gentlemen who are most responsible for developing and maintaining the 93rd Bomb Group's museum. They are David Woodrow, Paul Thrower, and Maurice Hammond. David owns the farm upon which the museum sets, Paul is the curator, and Maurice is the pilot who flies and maintains the vintage aircraft hangared at the museum.

David Neale, editor of the Newsletter of the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial, wrote about our museum activity in his last newsletter, Issue Number 47, Spring 2002. His address is: 34, Swan Close, Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 8SS. He reports that "The 93rd Bomb Group and 489th Bomb Group museum situated on the old Hardwick Airfield, home of 'Ted's Travelling Circus,' will be open on the first and third Sunday of each month, May through October, inclusive. There is plenty to see and plenty to do, old friends to see and new ones to meet. There are aircraft to see, some of them flying if weather permits. Tread in the same footsteps as many of our revered veterans who flew and fought from here."

David Neale further writes: "May I ask veterans that we at the 93rd BG museum appreciate all the items of memorabilia, and ask that if you do send any further items, could they be addressed to either Mr. Paul Thrower, Curator, 12, St Davids Close, Long Stratton, Norwich, NR12 2PP, or myself (David Neale, address above). On behalf of the Friends, I wish to thank you all for your dedication, kindness, and friendship, and want you to know that we shall never forget you all and that there will always be a welcome here for you all."

Dave Woodrow, his lovely wife Jean, and son actively farm our old airfield. Their principal crops is pigs, some 600. If you arrive

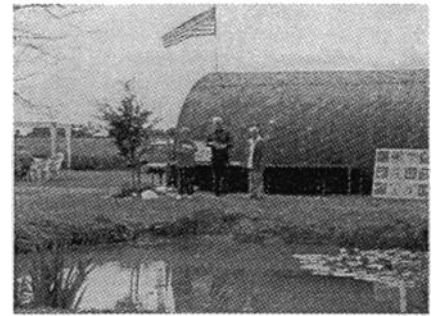
at the farm to visit the museum at feeding time, Dave may invite you to help feed the pigs, followed by having fish and chips at a local eatery. If you visit England, whether or not you are of the 93rd or 489th, I urge you to spend a day at Hardwick. Contact any of those mentioned here beforehand and you will be treated "royally." The photographs shown here are from the handouts that visitors receive at the museum. The handout includes maps of our old airbase, including runways and parking stands, a brief group history, and information about what one will see in the various huts. Remember, the work to keep up our museum operations is all voluntary by our English friends. We should try to cover the costs of operations with donations. If you wish to make one, send your check payable to David Woodrow at his address shown above.

OVERSEAS AMERICAN CEMETERIES

One should always visit Cambridge American Cemetery when in England. Many of our English friends visit the cemetery, especially on Memorial Day. The memorial service this year was conducted by Air Force personnel stationed in England, including several flyovers. Charles D. Sill of the 93rd laid the wreath for our bomb group. Thank you, Charles. One of my crew members is buried there and a number of my friends and people I flew with have their names inscribed on the Memorial Wall at the cemetery. One of our members, Luther Cox, wrote me that it is nice to know that yearly a wreath will be placed at the North African American Cemetery. Lou was shot down during December, 1942, on our first trip to North Africa, and eight of his crew members were never found. Their names are inscribed on the Memorial Wall at that cemetery and the wreath-laying gives us all some comfort knowing they are still remembered. We can all thank Bill and Norma Beasley for getting this program started for laying a wreath at overseas American cemeteries each Memorial Day. Thank you, Bill and Norma.

This will be the last *Journal* you receive before Christmas. Naomi and I wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year for 2003. ■

93rd Bomb Group Museum



Station 104
Hardwick, Norfolk, England

93rd Bombardment Group (H)

Known as The Travelling Circus, or Ted's Travelling Circus, the 93rd was assigned to the 8th Air Force on September 6th 1942. It comprised of four Bombardment Squadrons, the 328th, 329th 330th and the 409th.

Squadron Insignia



328th



329th

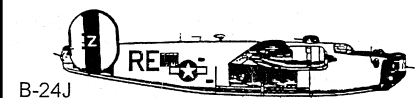


330th



409th

Initially stationed at Alconbury from the 6th September 1942, the group moved to Hardwick on December 6th 1942 where they stayed until June 12th 1945. The group was equipped with the Liberator flying the B-24D, B-24E, B-24H, B-24J, and finally the B-24L and B-24M models.



B-24J

Just Another Liberator and Its Crew Doing Their Job

BY BUD HUTTON • REPRINTED FROM STARS AND STRIPES (2/17/44) • SUBMITTED BY JAMES REEVES (HDQ)

A U.S. NAVY AIR BASE, ENGLAND, February 16, 1944—Across the wintry ocean reaches which bound Hitler's Western Wall, airmen of the U.S. Navy are flying night and day in an air blockade of all Europe.

Patrolling tens of thousands of square miles each day and night, the Navy fliers are working wingtip to wingtip with Coastal Command aircraft of the RAF to hold the victory they've won over Nazi submarines and long-range bombers.

In white and gray-green PB4Y-1 Liberator bombers, the Navy air crews push through winter storms, flicking the white-capped waves of the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay in their search for Hitler's unterseebooten.

They have sought out and sunk submarines; they have picked up blockade runners, helped to find and attack the destroyer fleet the Nazis sent out the day after Christmas, and fought German bombers and long-range fighters in wave-top duels. But their biggest job, the one with no gunfire, no medals, no headlines, is the day-in-day-out night-in-night-out patrol of all the ocean approaches to the continent which keeps the enemy submarines below surface and so frees the sea lanes for Allied convoys bringing the requisites of invasion.

Veterans handle the Libs

The Navy men who fly the Libs are largely veterans — airmen who flew old PB4Y Catalinas against the Jap invasion fleets in the Pacific, who turned Catalinas into torpedo bombers — because there was nothing else — in the dark days after Pearl Harbor. Some of them have 2,500 operational hours of anti-sub patrol. They all are in the Navy, but they are airmen, and as soon as their craft is airborne the words which come over the interphone would ring true on any bomber interphone in the USAAF.

Their flying clothes are "gear" instead of "kit," their .50 caliber guns in the nose are "bow guns;" their lieutenants are "Misters" instead of "Lieutenants," but they're still airmen.

For Commander Francis E. Neussle, 33-year-old Annapolis airman from Bismarck, N.D., who leads the Navy group, the assignment to Coastal Command is poetic justice. It gives him a chance to get even with the Nazi U-boats for torpedoing his seaplane tender in the Atlantic during an earlier tour of duty.

For enlisted men, this job of turning Hitler's own weapon of aerial blockade against him is an operational dream come true. Here, enlisted sailors fly as copilots (they are called "second pilots") in a good share of the group's planes.

The captain of the aircraft is, in true Navy tradition, boss man undisputed. But aloft there is the same easy-going camaraderie, the same common pooling of effort for the

job that you find in the bombers of the Army Air Forces. I flew a 12-hour plus operational mission with one of the Navy's Libs, and settling down at the left waist gun was just like going to work in any Army bomber . . . with this difference.

Flying low and slow

To do their job, the Navy fliers violate every safety rule of the air — they fly, as the timid old lady advised her airman son to do, low and slow; which may be hard for the layman to understand, but airmen know that the safest thing an aircraft can do is to fly high (which gives you room for error) and fast (which keeps you airborne).

They fly low and slow in an operational area where their tricycle-gear B-24s can't make forced landings, at least not and get up again. They fly low and slow and the crews just toss their parachutes in a corner when they go aboard, because at anti-sub height you simply don't have time to use a chute when you get into trouble.

The Navy airmen's tedious, tough job is told best in the hour-to-hour story of their long watch at sea.

Stretched out comfortably in their briefing room seats, the crew of "B for Baker" follows the movements of a pointer across a wall-sized map of the Atlantic. Gus Binnebose, 23-year-old lieutenant from Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, jots down notes as the intelligence officer tells them their job for the night — anti-sub patrol, a couple of concentrated search areas to cover . . . "take a quick look-see at Convoy 23L to see if they're all right" . . . "watch this cold front about here" (motion of the pointer) . . . "on the run home you'll run across an Allied submarine about here . . . give you a check on recognition . . ."

The briefing is over

The briefing is finished. Radiomen get a final list of call signs, someone goes to collect the usual bar of candy and package of chewing gum for each man, and the crew of "B for Baker" files out of the briefing room and heads for the truck and their hardstand. There are eleven men, one more than a heavy bomber crew.

At the hardstand, Gus Binnebose, who graduated from Navy flying school a scant month before Pearl Harbor and was on his first operational mission over the Central Pacific on Christmas night, 1941, checks in the crew.

Copilot on the long overwater haul ahead of us is an enlisted man, Chief Aviation Pilot James L. Chandler, 23 (Navy fliers are all young), from Chicago. He's been in the Navy five years and has 25 missions to his credit.

Aviation Radioman 3/c Edward F. Garloff, 20, of Petaluma, California, goes aboard to check out radio gear before takeoff. He's got a score of missions in the eleven months he's

been flying, and in the crowded quarters of the radio room, just aft of the pilot, he rotates with another man as top turret gunner, first radio and second radio. Working with him is Aviation Radioman 2/c Ben Hybner, 20, of Shriner, Texas, 24-mission man, who is listed as radio operator. Aviation Engineer 2/c James W. Taylor, 23, of Anderson, S.C., also has 25 missions. Taylor served for a time with the RCAF at the beginning of the war, but had to leave and return to the States when his mother "ordered me out because I was underage."

Navy set-up is different

The Navy's combat crew set-up differs slightly from the USAAF's — what bomber folks call engineer or sometimes "crew chief" is "plane captain" in the Navy. On "B for Baker" he is Aviation Machinist's Mate 2/c Ray R. Robinson, 28, of Centralia, Washington, a peacetime steam engineer who here is flight engineer and gunner.

Bow gunner (nose turret man to the USAAF) is Aviation Ordnanceman Herbert F. Williams, 23, of New York, who has marked up eight hauls in three months of flying.

In the bow with him is an enlisted bombardier, Aviation Ordnanceman 2/c Kenneth L. Copley, 23, of Portland, Oregon, who has 19 missions and has been flying with Binnebose since March on both sides of the Atlantic.

The air crew wears gear much like a bomber crew's, but your heated suit is a one-piece leather-and-wool garment, which makes you pretty bulky as you clamber in the Lib's belly hatch and take up positions. You find a waist gun is a waist gun, almost anywhere, and that the other guy in the waist just barely bumps your rear turret as you lean over the sights. He is Aviation Machinist's Mate 2/c Ray A. Powell, 25, of Washington, who has been flying only about three months but already has 12 missions. This is Number 13, for him . . . "13 or 12B, I don't care what you call it."

A figure clambers in the hatch, says hello, looks back toward the tail and sighs.

"Well, I'll see you in the morning," says Aviation Ordnanceman 2/c Charles D. Sublett, 23, of Lipan, Texas, on his 19th mission. He will go back to the tail turret and not leave it until some 12 hours from takeoff. "B for Baker" is back at this Coastal Command station from which the U.S. Navy operates.

Finally aboard is the only officer other than the skipper, Ensign Charles P. Maciel, 24, of San Jose, California, who has been in the Navy some 18 or 19 months and is navigator on Binnebose's crew. He has 21 missions to his credit.

"Got the boys lost once," Maciel admits with a grin. "Never hear the last of it, I guess . . . I always was lousy in math at school."

"Yeah, he got us lost and we were home when we figured we wouldn't be and got tangled up with some RAF Beaufighters,"

Powell laughs. "But once is all — Mace is the best in the business."

Operational airmen in any service get to lean on their ground crews; they have to. But the Navy's airmen lean possibly more than any other. For 12 hours or more, "B for Baker," a land plane, is going to fly over water, low and slow, searching for submarines and enemy craft if her power falters, if anything mechanical goes wrong, "B for Baker" has had it.

The red winter sun is dropping behind the Atlantic mist as the big Lib, bomb bays loaded with trouble for subs, taxis out, gets a clearance, and booms down the runway to the sea. Weather conditions barely permit a takeoff, and you recall Commander Neuse's words:

"Our biggest enemy is the weather. Yet the only thing that dictates our operational time is whether we can get a plane off the runway and whether we can get it back."

"B for Baker" heads west, and for a little while there is time to go forward; watch the teamwork of this Navy crew as they start the long haul. The sea is calm, but the crew is flying towards what they know is a weather front in which they may meet any kind of weather. But that is the conditions subs prefer; thus, the patrol is out.

Too busy for a name

"Our craft isn't named," Chandler explains. "All our old ships were, but not many of the new ones. We used to have names like the Forts and Bomber Command Libs have — you know, 'Ramblin' Wreck' and 'Rumand-coke' and stuff like that. Been too busy to name the new ships, though."

"B for Baker" begins to enter the over-sea area in which Ju88s and He177s have been operating as advance scouts for submarine wolfpacks, so you go back to your waist gun. It's an uneasy sort of a feeling for anyone who's been flying with the bombers of the USAAF to see your parachute neatly tucked out of the way beneath a dinghy, but the logic is obvious — at our present height, you won't have time to open the hatch, jump and pull the ring if anything happens. You just have to ride out a forced landing in the drink.

The interphone's metallic voice says: "Aircraft at one o'clock."

That sounds familiar, and most Navy air crews use the clock system for calling off bearings, but a few still stick to the Navy's custom of degrees on the compass, with 90 degrees at three o'clock, 180 at six, 270 at nine, and so on.

The "unidentified aircraft" turns out to be friendly, and so does another bearing at 11 o'clock. They are other Liberators coming home from the day patrol. On the far horizon, through the evening dusk, a blinker flashes. We investigate, but find nothing.

The thermometer has been going down steadily as we flew out to sea, and now it's near the zero mark at which it will hover all

night. The darkness creeps in — there's nothing prettier in the air than test-fired tracer bouncing off the wave tops to burn itself out in the far dusk — and the gunners' eyes begin to form the crow's feet which mark their trade.

"Happy birthday, Chandler," comes over the interphone. But everyone is too busy now to sing. Chandler says this is as good a way as any to be 23 years old.

The weather closes in and rain begins to lash the open waist gun positions.

"Aircraft at one o'clock."

Ice is a hazard

We break through the weather front and the stars come out clearly above the scud. Below, white fingers reach over the top of the Atlantic's waves and you find yourself trying to remember the exact appearance of a submarine's wake.

You're getting cramped at that waist gun, and cold, but the flight is less than a third of its time out to sea. Mental note: These guys really earn their money.

"Waist hatch from pilot. Go ahead."

"Go ahead, pilot."

"Check out there on the stabilizer to see if we're icing."

A flashlight beam cuts the darkness, spots the de-icers on the leading edge of the stabilizer. A light rime frost, nothing else.

"We have to worry about ice," Maciel explains. "If we ice up too badly this low, we have a tough job climbing to get out of it, and if we can't climb, we may end up in the drink."

The course clears the enemy aircraft area, but now we're in the zone in which enemy submarines may be operating. Less attention to the light sky and horizon line now, and more to the ocean you can see with startling clarity below.

You're closer to home

Somewhere out in the Atlantic, Mace tells you just how far you are from England. You do a little mental arithmetic and discover how far you are from the U.S. It's the closest to home you've been in three years. Maybe . . . Mace watches your face, grins, and taps the line on the chart which is your route back to base.

Robinson comes aft to relieve one of the waist gunners, and Powell breaks out the midnight meal. Coffee from a jug is poured into one of those containers such as the soda jerk back at Doc's used to use to make hot chocolate. The container is plugged into the electric heating circuit. Turkey sandwiches, oranges, apples from America, hot coffee. The crew shuffles jobs, eating in relays. Powell takes Sublett's grub back to the tail. "Sub won't see us until morning," he said. Loneliest job in the Navy.

We pick up that convoy they mentioned in briefing. Big stuff in it. We won't go too close. With what they have, there are sure

to be itchy trigger fingers down there.

Over chow, the gunners talk about other outfits in the group which have chalked up marks.

Taylor and Garloff flew with a Liberator crew the day after Christmas which bombed one of the German destroyers that ventured out into the Bay of Biscay to help a doomed Nazi blockade runner. "We're waiting for confirmation on that one," Taylor grins. They speak of Lt. Charles Willis' flight record which includes the rescue of an Army colonel from a Pacific island near Rabaul; of George Enloe's attack on a sub which is still being checked for confirmation; Binnebose tells of how old PBVs armed with torpedoes slowed the Japanese fleet coming to salvage Guadalcanal until B-17s from the New Hebrides could take over. You find out that last week the crew of "B for Baker" met a Ju88, but the Nazi wouldn't fight.

The number of enemy submarines definitely "killed" by the group is a secret. They're not telling Jerry where to concentrate his defenses. But it's good, the gunners tell you. Their record has cost them something tangible in something more than three months of operations.

A sub goes under

Supper done, the crew resumes its regular positions, when a voice on the intercom reports a bearing at 11 o'clock.

"Probably that sub we're going to work out with, but maybe not," Binnebose warns. "Everybody on your toes."

"B for Baker" thunders towards the target, depth charges ready. The location is that of the friendly submarine. "B for Baker" passes over the exact spot, circles, and comes back. From the bow turret:

"Submarine at one o'clock."

"B for Baker" alters course a little bit, and straining eyes pick up a long arrow of foam, a black knife edge in the center of it. That is a submarine, and you wonder as the plane circles and flies above it once more how these guys, night in and night out, can pick out that wake from the millions of foaming wavetops with which it blends into the sea.

One more run, but the sub has dived.

"He'd be silly to fool around on the surface too long," Binnebose explains over the horn.

The long run home carries "B for Baker" through the enemy aircraft belt, but we met nothing, and the dawn is only a couple of hours beyond the eastern skyline as the Lib cuts its field dead on course. Maciel grins, and Binnebose sets her down.

After interrogation, combat breakfast is eggs and pancakes, which is about like most Bomber Command combat breakfasts, except that it comes at the end of a haul instead of the beginning.

The crew heads off to bed, except for three of the gunners, who feel more like London than sleep, and that's about like a Bomber Command haul, too. ■

Russia Hosts American Pilots at Victory Day Celebration

BY HARRY YODER AND JACK JOY

The Eldred World War II Museum in Eldred, Pennsylvania received an invitation from the Moscow Committee of World War II to send two pilots from the museum to participate in the Victory Day celebrations in Russia in May, 2002. The museum provided the air fare and travel expenses to send Col. Harry Yoder of Boyertown, PA, a 15th AF and 8th AF B-24 pilot, and John William "Jack" Joy of Kent, Ohio, a B-17 pilot during World War II in the 15th AF who agreed to go on behalf of the Eldred World War II Museum and the U.S. Air Force. Following are excerpts from journals written by Jack and Harry describing this very interesting trip.

Celebrating Victory Day in Russia, May 6-15, 2002

MONDAY, MAY 6

Arrived in Moscow and met host Konstantin Charov. Drove to Balashika, lodged in complex surrounded with a ten-foot cement wall for security. The 218th vets would arrive the next day. Met Gen. Malsev, who suggested we go to a concert.

TUESDAY, MAY 7

Russian veterans arrived, wearing lots of medals and very friendly faces. The twenty-eight veterans were from all over Russia, including Caucasus and Ukraine. During our visit we learned the Russians flew mostly A20 Boston, Lend-Lease planes that they modified for battles. Planes were used as fighters, dive-bombers strafing.

Met Major Andre, a grandson of Alexander Biunnik. He was in the 218th, spoke excellent English, and was strikingly tall and handsome in his uniform. He was a great interpreter. There were three toasts with vodka with our new friends. Had supper, then met and listened to the president of the 218th group. His presentation was very animated and powerful. We thanked the group for our invitation and the gracious hospitality. What an experience! We met our permanent interpreters, Ann and Julia. Beautiful 23-year-old girls, well-educated schoolteachers who speak fluent English.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

Breakfast with Russians — yearned for a good cup of coffee. Boarded vans to go to Balashika for a celebration at a school. *I put on all my medals and wings for the first time since 1946.* What a difference between Russian and American patriotism. It is so strong in Russia, and veterans are greatly honored. Met with the mayor and officials spoke, with



Col. Harry D. Yoder & host Konstantin Charov placing flowers at the Statue of Victory

a wonderful Russian music presentation. We were invited to the stage with others and presented with "The Book of Memory" and other gifts.

Traveled to a school ceremony in honor and remembrance of a woman pilot, Eugena Rudineva, who flew 6,000 sorties. She died in action at age 23. The program included music, speeches, a play, and the placement of a wreath at the base of her statue in the schoolyard. Visited with high schools girls who spoke very good English. They were so polite, neat, and beautiful. They wished us the very best and promised to write to us. What an outstanding day! Evening meal with the veterans. We presented candy buckeyes (representing the Ohio tree), pens and pins from Kent State University and Davey tree. Presented baseball caps to the president of the 218th Bomb Group and the two Russian pilots with whom we developed a lasting friendship in a few short days. Harry presented chocolate candy Hershey's Kisses as a token gift from Pennsylvania.

THURSDAY, MAY 9

Balashika, the main celebration. To understand, one must be aware of the tremendous sacrifice made by the Russian people in WWII in defending their country and driving the enemy back to Berlin, all the way from Leningrad, Moscow, and Stalingrad. The enemy was within twenty-one miles of Moscow and had the city surrounded with tank divisions. The government was transferred to an unknown location, but Stalin and his staff refused to leave, remaining as an inspiration and symbol of resistance. The Russians told us that 18,000,000

civilians and 11,000,000 military personnel were killed. They call it THE PATRIOTIC WAR. Germany wanted territory for German people, and many Russian civilians were killed to clear the way for German occupation. What a world if Germany had won all this Russian territory from east to west!!!

About 40,000 people attended from a city population of 400,000. We were placed in parade formation and marched with Russian friends to Town Square and the Statue of Victory where we had special seating. We were the only Americans except for two American Embassy Air Force representatives. Col. Dan Eagle of the American Embassy and Col. Yoder gave short addresses thanking the Russians for the invitation and gracious welcome. Beautiful solos, speeches by dignitaries, and the placement of the wreath at the monument honoring all veterans. Russian soldiers marched at this time at dress parade past the grandstand and Victory Statue. A Russian Orthodox priest was in the place of honor also. Now to a restaurant beautifully decorated with flowers, table settings of fine food and champagne and always vodka for toasting. More speeches, music, and dancing. Jack joined in a Russian polka. What an unforgettable and spectacular event!!! We returned to our base, ate supper, and joined another meeting with the 218th. Great camaraderie! Handshakes and unabashed hugs by veterans. We were invited to come again next year. We promised to write each other, and exchanged addresses.

I showed them my 483rd BG Memory Book. They were very interested, as many actual events involving Russians were documented. Russian ground soldiers rescued bomber crews who crash-landed their planes

between German and Russian lines. They are going to have the book translated into Russian.

FRIDAY, MAY 10

To Moscow with the 218th veterans and dignitaries. The War Museum is most impressive, with a panoramic view depicting the Leningrad, Stalingrad, St. Petersburg, and Berlin battles. It is so lifelike, with Russian soldiers in hand-to-hand bloody combat, tank battles, air battles above, and other actions.

A very tall, lovely monument stands in the center of the grounds that is the height equal to the days of war. 1,418 days of war, so the statue is 1,418 feet high.

After lunch the museum president addressed us and introduced the daughter of a Russian general who presented her father's uniform, including topcoat and cap, to the Eldred WWII Museum in Pennsylvania. We returned to base and spent more time with our Russian friends of the 218th.

SATURDAY, MAY 11

Moved to the Slavenonika Hotel (a government hotel) in Moscow. We had supper by ourselves. Difficult ordering. Appreciated this day's light schedule and some rest!

SUNDAY, MAY 12

Met with Konce to go to the Kremlin and Red Square, visit Lenin's tomb, and visit the Veterans Center where Konce has his office. On to the War Museum, a short distance from the Veterans Center. We viewed captured German equipment — very interesting. We were given Veterans Medals (Russian). Returned to our hotel for dinner and met some Russian KGB officials. The KGB general was on a three-day vacation and insisted on toasting us. He gave us a Russian flag with an inscription of friendship on it. An interesting and very long day!!!

MONDAY, MAY 13

Shopping trip downtown Moscow; visited a very beautiful park with fountains and streams. Returned to hotel for dinner and were again joined by the KGB generals. We managed to converse and enjoyed each other's company. This night they insisted on buying our dinner.

TUESDAY, MAY 14

To the Veterans Center for dinner. Met with Veteran officials. Four veterans related the care available: They receive free legal help, food and housing if needed, and

telephone. Medical aid is afforded to all. The Moscow Veterans Center is the largest of 687 centers. Jack had the opportunity to express our appreciation of their invitation. "It was an experience Harry and I will hold in our memories forever." We expressed admiration for Russian strength, will, and above all, patriotism. We were presented with another Russian Veterans Medal. Impressive meeting! Returned to our hotel for brief rest and refreshments.

Our next adventure: to the Bolshov Theater/Opera House, for "Swan Lake." The exquisite beauty of the theater and their performance were most enjoyable.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

Going home . . . Good feeling but sad to leave so much friendship behind. Konce spirited us right through immigration and customs; we hugged and waved goodbye several times. Konce was so informative and non-political on questions. He was most diligent in assuring our safety and comfort.

It is our strong hope that the true friendship that we experienced with our Russian counterparts can likewise be a reality between our respective countries. The world at large needs this condition for peace. ■



BY FRED A. DALE

It has been recommended by my eye doctor to have surgery to replace the cornea in my left eye. I had my right eye cornea done last year and I have excellent vision in my left eye. I am leaning towards having the operation. If I can have it done in November I would be able to attend the 2ADA convention in Baltimore. I'll have to discuss with the eye doctor what my options would be.

I would like to receive stories about your days and nights while in Tibenham and Norwich. If you were a member of a flight crew or ground crew, you have a story or an experience that you could share. Let's hear from you!

If you haven't found it already, it is highly recommended that you look at the Internet Web site dedicated to the 445th Bomb Group. The Webmaster is Michael Simpson, a son of Lehlund Simpson, the original group

bombardier.

It has the data support and historical guidance provided by Richard Gelvin, who was a lead navigator in the 700th Squadron.

Among the many features of the site are all the crew pictures that can be found. If any of you have such a picture (that is not already included) and would like to have it become a part of the group history, we suggest you contact Dick.

His address is: R.F. (Dick) Gelvin, 448 Leisure World, Mesa, AZ 85206. His e-mail address is displeaseddog@att.net and his phone number is (480) 654-9249.

Dick is also writing a history of the group and would appreciate receiving a copy of your orders to the group, and if you flew a group airplane back to the States in the summer of 1945, a copy of those orders as well.

The following was taken from "THE MEMORIAL," a voice of the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation, Inc.; a memorial to the 350,000 men and women members of the Mighty United States 8th Air Force who came to England during World War II to assist the United Kingdom in defeating Germany and its allies. In World War II, the 8th Air Force became the largest air force ever committed to battle in the history of aviation, reaching a total active strength of 200,000 persons by mid-1944. During the three years the 8th AF was in the Europe the 8th AF could put 2,000 four-engine bombers and 1,000 escorting fighters on a maximum effort mission in a single day. For those reasons, the 8th Air Force became known as

The Mighty Eighth. It operated from over 100 airfields in the United Kingdom.

Half of the entire casualties of the USAAF in WWII were suffered by the 8th AF. There were 47,000 casualties with 26,000 killed.

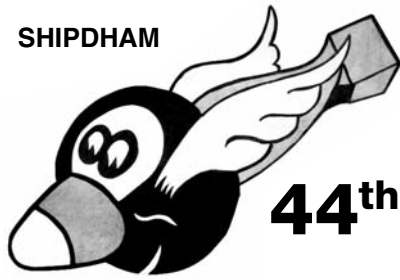
Finally, excerpts from a letter from Bill Dewey to Ray Pytel:

"Marilyn and I have sold our home in Birmingham after one day on the market to a surgeon of East Indian descent and his English wife and four children. That's the good news. The bad news is that we had to move out immediately because the English woman's folks are coming to visit them from Britain in July, so we had to send all of our belongings into storage. Included are the KMMA/KMHS archives, a few remaining copies of "Kassel Mission Reports," and most of my records. Our new condo in a gated community for "active seniors" in Auburn Hills won't be finished until the end of August.

"So we are 'roughing it' in our cottage on Lake Michigan near Traverse City until the end of August. A tough situation, but we're making the best of it! Since I'm still working in our recruiting business, I've set up an office in one bedroom, with computer, fax, copier, and two business phone lines. All I need now is some revenue!

"Final KMMA liquidation donations were made to the Second Air Division Memorial Library and the Air Force Museum in Dayton. Another donation will be sent to the American Air Museum in Britain before year end. I expect to liquidate KMMA completely by 31 December 2002." ■

SHIPDHAM



BY JULIAN S. ERTZ

THE FIRST "AMERICAN PRESENCE" AT DUXFORD

I recently showed a local friend information on the American Air Museum at Duxford. He was, as can be seen in his March 14, 2002 letter to me reproduced below, a member of one of the Eagle Squadrons. He is B.M. "Max" Adrian, currently a top flight real estate broker and counselor in Orange County, California, who wrote:

"Many thanks for the information on the American Air Museum at Royal Air Force

Station Duxford. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

"I was disappointed, however, that I did not see any reference to the Eagle Squadrons.

"The first 'American presence' at RAF Duxford were the members of the Eagle Squadrons. There were three squadrons formed up at Duxford. And, as I recall, there is a plaque on the site denoting that fact. But before that, the first squadrons formed up were the Canadians evacuated from Dunkirk in June 1940.

"In frustration, the Royal Air Force assigned Douglas Bader to head up a flying wing at Duxford. At the time, the flying personnel at the base were mainly Canadians who had been hauled off the beach at Dunkirk. Lacking a place to put them, they were assigned to Duxford.

"There was this sight of undisciplined, demoralized, motley crew of airmen that confronted Douglas Bader when he arrived at Duxford. The story is fairly dramatized in the movie 'Battle of Britain' with Kenneth Moore playing the part of Bader. While I was with No. 64 Squadron at Duxford, Bader

was our Honorary Mess Captain. Our base commander was Group Captain Normal Ryder. Ryder was also Bader's Director of Security while they were incarcerated in the POW camps under the Nazis.

"Bader reorganized the Canadians, and also established the creditable tactic of flying airborne high altitude combat air patrols when warnings came in from the radar towers of Brentwaters. The tactic was exceptionally successful, and it was soon called the 'Duxford Wing.'

"It was at this time that American volunteers began arriving. Realizing the competitive success of the Canadians, it was decided to collect the American volunteers into 'Eagle Squadrons' which formed up at RAF Duxford. Three Eagle Squadrons were formed up at Duxford.

"Duxford has a remarkable history. I only wish that I was more knowledgeable of that history, such as the fifth airdrome to be established in the world, from 1946, it was the oldest active airdrome in the world.

"Again, many thanks." ■

During the years that I have been a Heritage League member I have attended conventions in many areas of the United States and in Norwich, England. I generally travel with my parents and one or more of my sisters. When possible, my daughter and husband have joined us. The whole experience has had a permanent effect on my family and me. Friendships and camaraderie have developed with attendees of various age groups, history has been learned from those who actually experienced what most people only read about, pride in our country and in the accomplishments of ordinary men and women who became extraordinary heroes has welled up, I have seen places that I may otherwise not have ever visited, and an appreciation for life and all that is good are results of my association with The Heritage League and the Second Air Division Association. My term as president has given me an even greater opportunity to meet people here and abroad who have worked toward the fulfillment of the veterans' goal of a living memorial. This past year I have received support and advice from 2ADA President Walt Mundy and his wife Ruth; Chuck Walker, 2ADA representative to the Board of Governors; Jim and Mary Lorenz, 2ADA liaisons to The Heritage League; David Hastings, chairman of the Board of Governors; Ray Pytel, editor of the *Journal*; Evelyn Cohen, 2ADA VP Membership; and many more. It was truly appreciated.

THIS IS YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY IRENE HURNER
Heritage League President

The League was created to continue what the veterans have begun. The 2AD Memorial Library in The Forum is a unique tribute to the Second Air Division and one that everyone should visit at least once. The pictures that have appeared in the *Journal* only give a glimpse of what one sees. It is difficult to convey the true enthusiasm and friendship that is bestowed on us Yanks by the British. Maintenance of friendships is very important between our European allies, but it is also critical for us to develop a relationship between the spouses, descendants, and friends of the veterans so that we will have a common bond with which to aid in our effort to continue supporting the memorials that the veterans have begun. With that in mind, the

officers of The Heritage League are considering future activities that will help to develop this common bond.

As a tribute, Linda Wittig, HL Secretary, and her family have created a film on the life of her father, "Moose" Allen, Jimmy Stewart, Mike Benarcik, and Andy Low. This film, originally screened at the 453rd mini-reunion at Dayton, Ohio in September 2001, will be shown during the 2ADA convention in Baltimore. It is a wonderful example of a common bond that gave the impetus to show friendships that developed over time, a history lesson regarding those who lived it, pride of country, and of veterans who were ordinary people who became extraordinary heroes. Attendance at conventions enhances the opportunity for friendships to develop between members. Most attend because they want to honor and remember veterans who are or were close to them. It is difficult, if not impossible, to improve upon the wording that is so eloquently stated by our British friends: "They came as friends, they stayed as friends, they remain friends." This sentiment is a basis for us as League members. Friendship and understanding among our members and with our British friends will ensure the continuance of the 2AD memorials begun in the last century. If you have suggestions for activities that will help bring members together, to aid in getting to know one another, please feel free to call or write.

(continued on next page)

“WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, JIMMY STEWART?”

THEATER REVIEW BY ANDRE SEGONZAC • FEATURING ART SHAY (445TH)

Chicagoans accustomed to reading reviews of his sixty plus books, news of his photo exhibitions in places like the National Portrait Gallery, and of his racquetball exploits (North American Golden Masters Champion, membership in the Jewish Athletic Hall of Fame) were surprised the other morning to read the following press release about Art Shay — navigator, Kassel survivor, and now, playwright:

The American Theater Company of Chicago is proud to announce the world premiere of Art Shay's new play, "Where Have You Gone, Jimmy Stewart?" It will have its first run at ATC from November 6 through December 8. It is a one-man hour-and-a-half monologue starring the distinguished actor John Sterchi, who will play Art Shay. The play will be directed by Mike Nussbaum, the famed actor-director whose credits include many David Mamet productions including such shows as "House of Games" and "Men in Black."

The play's announcement is headlined by a quote about ATC's work by Hedy Weiss, the Chicago Sun-Times' chief critic: "The raw but shimmering energy of Chicago theater at its peak." The program note says: "Art Shay, a world-renowned photographer, perhaps best known for his extraordinary book, *Nelson Algren's Chicago*, has more than 1,000 magazine and book cover photos to his credit, including many for Time-Life publications. His new one-man play recalls the triumphs and tragedies of Shay's journey through World War II (under squadron commander Col. Jimmy Stewart) and beyond. This is a funny and poignant examination of life, death, and the will to carry on in an 8th Air Force B-24 squadron."

My favorite uncle died over Germany in a Second Air Division B-24, and ever since I can remember, I've had great curiosity about the kind of men he and his comrades were. The few pages I've seen of the Shay manuscript basically answer my question: They were young, brave, they knew the odds against them — a 71 percent attrition rate — and yet...and yet...many, like Shay, came back to fly a second tour. Shay's was a hilarious fifteen missions in and out of so-called neutral Sweden — flying in Red Cross supplies (unarmed C-87s — the cargo Libs) and coming out with internees. They only flew in bad weather, climbing out of the clouds to shoot fixes, descending into them to work them out in logarithms.

Shay's violent, ongoing hatred of the enemy is illustrated by one sarcastic line: "Lucky we won the war. If we'd lost, the Germans and Japanese would have forced us to buy their expensive cars and cameras."

Shay tells about the 445th Bomb Group's dances, to which many Englishwomen flocked — for the chance to see Jimmy Stewart. And often stayed over a few days. This play, unlike most of the Greatest Generation literature, does not flinch at the importance of sex to combat fliers. But he also describes one pre-combat chore: "evicting the field mice who made hotels of our sheepskin flying suits." He also describes the hilarious launching of a toy V-1 bomb that narrowly missed Col. Stewart as he was entering the mess hall. Says Shay of Stewart: "He was an actor all his adult life — but his service in the 8th Air Force was his favorite role."

The press will probably latch on to Shay's taking on Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, in which the Allied fliers were seen as beasts to bomb beautiful Dresden and its pottery so close to the end of the war. Shay calmly points out that the war still had 86 days to go as of February 13, 1945, during which time they lofted 1700 more V-2's and killed some 10,000 civilians.

At the ending of his play — not to give too much away — Shay settles down with his grandkids to watch the Steven Spielberg version of his D-Day mission. He admits that the surround-sound and DVD color made D-Day more graphic than seeing it through B-24 plexiglass — and so, at last, "I was able to enjoy World War II like everyone else."



Isom's crew (standing, L-R): Hielsel, Sprague, Shay, Justus, Isom. Kneeling: Bailey, Phillips, Wagner, Barnes, Dickerson.

TICKET INFORMATION: Tel. (773) 929-1031, Fax: (773) 929-5171; E-mail: mhapp@atcweb.org; or reach Art Shay at (847) 945-4636, artshay2@aol.com. ■

YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE (continued from page 34)

On another note, it gives me pride and pleasure to let you know that Ann Phillips, Membership VP, traveled to Cambridge, England to lay a wreath from The Heritage League at the Memorial Day ceremonies. Ann will have a report at the convention.

There are a few pins left for sale that commemorate the rededication of the library. The design is red, white and blue, incorporating the American and British flags. The cost is \$5.00 per pin and \$1.00 shipping for up to three pins to the same address. All profits are designated for the Memorial Library. Orders can be sent to The Heritage League, 45415 San Antonio Valley Road, Livermore, CA 94550.

Derek Hills, Trust Librarian, wrote to thank the League for its book endowment program. He said that the program provides the Norwich community with a growing collection of books on all aspects of the United States. The library has been purchasing books that support the local schools' teaching of topics not well covered in other libraries in this region. Books purchased this year were: *On My Honor: Boy Scouts and the Making of American Youth*, by Jay Mechling, and *Mustang Ace: The Story of Don S. Gentile*, by Mark M. Spagnuolo.

Our annual business meeting will be held on Saturday, August 31 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Maryland during the 55th annual convention of the Second Air Division Association.

The League needs the support of a growing membership to enable it to pursue its goals. I invite you to encourage your spouse, children, grandchildren, and friends to join The Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF). Together we can ensure that the memory of those who fought for the cause of peace and freedom during WWII will continue. Dues for The Heritage League are \$8.00 per year. Send your name, address, telephone number, and relationship of member to veteran with a check to The Heritage League, 3701 Chiswell Ct., Greensboro, NC 27401. ■

15TH AF LIBERATORS TURNED INTO TRANSPORTS

REPRINTED FROM THE STARS & STRIPES

This is another of those “now it can be told” stories. It concerns the big-bellied Liberators of the 15th Air Force, the Seventh Army, the Tactical Airforce, and the critical days of September 10 – October 5, 1944 when the Seventh and the fighter-bombers were almost stopped in southern France for want of aviation fuel, oil, ammunition, and bombs.

The Seventh Army was plunging up the Rhone Valley under direct ground support of the Tactical Airforce and taking everything in stride. The situation was promising.

Then came the problems of supplies for the fighter bombers. There were plenty of supplies in the ships laying off the wrecked port of Marseilles and there were even considerable stocks on the docks. But to unload and transport them over the cratered roads leading from Marseilles would take days to reach the emergency airfields in and near Lyons, the temporary supply center for the fighters, and time was figured in hours and minutes.

So they consulted Major General Twining, who in turn called on Colonel William L. Lee, the wing's commanding officer. He ordered the heavy bombers of the 49th Wing to be made ready immediately to run the stores to France.

On September 10, the first formation of Liberators stripped of turrets and turret guns took off from home fields to southern France, loaded with supplies. They landed at the Lyons-Bron airfield. Officers, men, and local help unloaded the aircraft. Portable pumps were rigged to the Liberator's big gas tanks and poured into 50-gallon drums. Just enough fuel was left on board for the Libs to fly back to their base. As the fuel drums were being filled, 50-caliber ammunition and 500-pound bombs were being unloaded to be rushed to fighter refuelling points on the field, and the fighters took off to continue their support of the Seventh Army, then well past Lyons.

All in all, between September 10 and October 2, 1944, the Liberators flew 704 unescorted sorties, carrying 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the Tactical Airforce. ■

Editor's Note: OK, all you 2AD guys who hauled gas in the “big gas birds” to Patton. Tell us your stories!

THEOLOGICAL THERMODYNAMICS

This article reproduces a classic of science parody/humor. It first appeared in Applied Optics in 1972. It applies the physics of thermodynamics to conclude that...

Heaven Is Hotter Than Hell!

The temperature of heaven can be rather accurately computed. Our authority is the Bible. Isaiah 30:26 reads: *Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days.* Thus, heaven receives from the moon as much radiation as the earth does from the sun, and in addition seven times seven (forty-nine) times as much as the earth does from the sun, or fifty times in all. The light we receive from the moon is one ten-thousandth of the light we receive from the sun, so we can ignore that. With these data we can compute the temperature of heaven: The radiation falling on heaven will heat it to the point where the heat lost by radiation is just equal to the heat received by radiation. In other words, heaven loses fifty times as much heat as the earth by radiation. Using the Stefan-Boltzmann fourth power law for radiation

$$(H/E)^4 = 50$$

where E is the absolute temperature of the earth, 300°K (273 + 27). This gives H the absolute temperature of heaven, as 798° absolute (525°C).

The exact temperature of hell cannot be computed, but it must be less than 444.6°C, the temperature at which brimstone or sulfur changes from a liquid to a gas. Revelations 21:8: *But the fearful and unbelieving . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.* A lake of molten brimstone [sulfur] means that its temperature must be at or below the boiling point, which is 444.6°C. (Above that point, it would be a vapor, not a lake.)

We have then, temperature of heaven, 525°C (977°F). Temperature of hell, less than 445°C (826°F). Therefore, heaven is hotter than hell. ■

Editor's Conclusion: It looks like it won't make a hell of a lot of difference where you end up — it will be hot!

Germany's Henkel Industries donates Nitromors to help restore Duxford Liberator

Henkel has donated Nitromors Paint Remover to the Imperial War Museum in Duxford, Cambridgeshire, to help restore their B-24.



The Nitromors is being used to strip paint from the forward and rear fuselage of the plane. The restoration project, which includes substantial repairs to damage caused by corrosion, is likely to take two years.

The B-24 Liberator was the last in service with the U.S. Air Force and was obtained on exchange from the USAF museum at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in the United States.

Nitromors was originally formulated in 1930 for use on car paintwork where blowtorches could not be applied to metal surfaces, and only later became a best seller for diy and the home. ■

REMEMBER “AFN” ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN?

FROM THE LONDON EDITION OF STARS & STRIPES • 7 JULY 1943

American Forces Network
Operated by Radio Branch, Special Service Section, SOS, ETO

1402 Kc On Your Dial 1420 Kc
210.5m. 213.9m.

(All times listed are PM)

Wednesday, July 7 1943

- 5.45—Program resume.
- 5.50—Dance Music—Joe Loss Orchestra.
- 6.00—News (BBC).
- 6.15—Personal Album—Dale Evans with your favorite songs.
- 6.30—U.S. Army Concert—The BBC brings its listeners a sample of our Army music.
- 7.00—Sports news presented by The Stars and Stripes radio reporters.
- 7.05—Command Performance—Dinah Shore, Gilen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Pied Pipers.
- 7.35—Symphonetta—Classical music, featuring the Boston Promenade Orchestra.
- 8.00—News from home presented by The Stars and Stripes radio reporters.
- 8.15—Fred Waring Show.
- 8.30—Jubilee—Noble Sissle Orchestra, Lena Horne and Mills Bros.
- 9.00—News (BBC).
- 9.10—Musical Miniature—Albert Sandler Orchestra.
- 9.25—China—Salute to our Ally (a BBC feature).
- 9.55—Interlude.
- 10.00—Final Edition—Late world, sports, U.K. American troops news presented by The Stars and Stripes radio reporters.
- 10.15—Carroll Gibbons Orchestra.
- 10.30—Sign Off till Thursday, 5.45 PM.



To the Editor:

Having seen some of the personal license plates published in the *Journal*, I would like to submit my own (see photo below).

Flying B-24s was something special for a kid right out of school, and being assigned to the 93rd BG (409th Squadron).

I flew 35 missions on the George Bridgeman crew as a nose gunner-toggler.

Henry Nykamp (93rd)
80 Dogwood Drive
Milford, NJ 08848



To George Reynolds (458th BG):

Thank you very much for your most generous gift of \$650, on behalf of Phyllis DuBois, Richard Clements, Tony North, Mike Bailey, Christine Armes, and yourself, from the proceeds of the sales of *Folded Wings of the 458th Bombardment Group*.

As you stated in your letter that you have no preferences as to the disposition of your thoughtful gift, we would prefer to place your money in capital fund endowment, which is used to maintain the library and to cover day-to-day expenses. With the increased usage of the Memorial Library in its new location in The Forum, gifts such as yours are so important to allowing us to provide the services needed by the public. In fact, we will be launching a fundraising appeal next year to raise additional funds for staffing and other needs. Unless we hear differently from you, we will place the funds in the capital account. Your donation will, of course, also be recorded in our Benefactors Book, which we hope to make available later this summer.

Jean Pelling-Smith
Enquiry & Information Assistant
2AD Memorial Library



To the Editor:

During my tour with the 389th Bomb Group in England, there was a song written about the Liberators of the Second Air Division. It chronicled the throes of a bombing mission from wakeup in the morning until return from the mission. It was sung to the tune of "Bell Bottom Trousers." I am not sure of the title, but the refrain was, "Oh, it's the hardest luck, boys, but there's nothing I can do, so show me your card and I'll punch a hole for you." There were many verses and I can remember lines from only a few of them. One complete verse was, "We make a prop wash takeoff, the turbos run away, the RPMs they fluctuate, we hear the tower say," and then the refrain. I don't recall that an author was listed.

I would like to hear from anyone who remembers this song, and if a copy is available, I would greatly appreciate getting one.

Albert V. Malone (389th)
13195 Co. Rd. 4080
Rolla, MO 65401
E-mail: lbnaalhoot@juno.com



To the Editor:

The photo coverage in the Spring 2002 *Journal* was interesting, especially Alan Howard's shots in Norwich Cathedral.

The cornerstone of Norwich Cathedral is dated 1096. King William Rufus sent Bishop Herbert Losinga to move the see from Thetford to Norwich. It was Losinga who began building the present structure. In 1362 the original spire collapsed eastward into the chancel. This sad event provided the opportunity to build the perpendicular clerestory windows and flying buttresses which today surround the east end. In 1463 a disastrous fire destroyed the cathedral's timber roof. Thus the present vaults were built, adding their crowning glory atop the massive walls of the building.

Norwich Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity is one of England's most notable Norman Romanesque buildings, vying with such other great churches as Durham and Peterborough Cathedrals as an example of such style and construction. Later Gothic additions are but a frosting upon the thick walls, great Roman arches, and columns of the building.

Up until the time of the Dissolution, Norwich Cathedral chapter consisted of a priory of Benedictine monks, making it one of the eight old monastic cathedrals of England. The present structure of Dean and Canons is known as the "new foundation."

Jackson W. Granholm (458th)
4372 Coronado Drive
Roseburg, OR 97470-4623



To the Editor:

What a glorious weekend we had in May with our friends from the Strategic Air Command, all 350 of them who gathered here for their reunion. They buoyed our spirits with their enthusiasm for the work we undertake. The weekend included an encouraging board meeting when we saw the model for our Post World War II Exhibit, which will make our museum unique in our nation. We have dedicated the B-47 and the Chapel. What magnificent vision and devotion these represent!

When I came into the museum on Thursday I saw many schoolchildren in the Lewis E. Lyle Rotunda. Curious, I wondered where they live, and the reply was Atlanta. On Friday when I saw a similar sight I learned that the children came from South Carolina. Clearly we are known beyond the county where we are located; more and more we are a regional educational institution. That is our future. I am sure we will be much more able to draw children, young people, and their parents from throughout the nation, particularly when we have this spectacular Post World War II Exhibit open.

Our attendance continues to improve. For the first third of the year, we were ahead of last year by 1588. This includes a drop in April of 1009, largely because a year ago we attracted large reunions that we did not have this year.

I am encouraged by the splendid start Michael Glenn Sheidy has made as our Director of Operations. He came to us with experience both in management and operations, having done his university work at Florida State in Hospitality and Business Management. Already we are attracting more interest in our facilities. Andrea told me that one day last week, every room in the building was in use either by outsiders attending programs here or by our own people. We already have a reservation for a wedding in the Chapel.

With a plan for the Post World War II Exhibit, we will be able to launch a new effort in our Victory Campaign. We will be working hard in the days ahead to design a new development strategy. I will keep you informed as we do our work.

My wife and I just returned from a most interesting trip to Japan. We visited Kyoto before embarking on a small ship to visit ports on the Inland Sea and the Sea of Japan. I will try to write a report that some of you may wish to read. Sadly I came home with the awareness that I need a new hip. So the surgery will take place soon. Meanwhile, warm wishes from your friends here at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum.

Dr. Curtis Tarr
The Mighty Eighth Air
Force Heritage Museum
Savannah, Georgia



To the Editor:

On May 28, 2002, my wife and I were pleased to return to England with our daughter and granddaughter. Several weeks before we left the USA, they had expressed a desire to visit my old airbase. I contacted our 2ADA/Fulbright Librarian, Mrs. Hough, at the Memorial Library and told her of our plans. She arranged for someone to meet us and she also alerted David Woodrow, owner of Airfield Farm. Upon our arrival on May 30, Paul Thrower met us at the library and drove us to Hardwick via the village of Hempnel.

At the airbase, we first stopped at the home of Mr. Woodrow, who had prepared a welcome lunch for us. After this we began our tour. Paul took us to the 93rd BG museum



Charlie Graves, his wife Jane, daughter Marea, granddaughter Kimberly, and Paul Thrower at the 93rd monument.



L-R: Paul Thrower; Graves' granddaughter Kimberly; Woodrow's son; Graves' daughter Marea; Charlie Graves; David Woodrow; and Morris Hammond at the 93rd BG museum.

that he and Morris Hammond put together in three old Nissen huts. It is amazing the amount of things they have been able to secure all of these years since 1945. Next, we were taken to the last remaining part of one of the runways. The others have been torn up to make room for the crops on the farm. After this, we moved to a section in front of the commanding officer's home, where the 93rd BG has erected a monument showing all four squadrons and a little information on our history. Next to this, Mr. Woodrow has erected a flagpole where he flies the Stars and Stripes daily.

Moving on, we came to the officers' mess, which has been converted to a banquet hall where Mr. Woodrow has entertained the 93rd for at least two group reunions over the years. I understand our business meetings have also been held here. A short distance from here we passed the old sergeants' mess which is now used to store farm equipment. Next to this we found a small hangar holding four aircraft. One is a P-51, owned and complete-

ly restored by Morris Hammond. All the aircraft are in good flying condition. On a wall in the hangar, Mr. Woodrow has listed all the names of the men who gave their lives flying from Hardwick Airdrome. There are a few more buildings remaining; they are used for the animals or equipment on the farm. At the end of the day, Paul Thrower returned us to Norwich, where we had a nice dinner at a local pub, after which we proceeded to the train station to return to London.

We shall always remain grateful to all the people who took the time to host us: Dave Woodrow and his son; Paul Thrower; Morris Hammond; and the people who work in the Memorial Library. It is our hope that more sons and daughters of 2AD veterans become members of the Heritage League so that our legacy and our relationship with the warm and wonderful people of Norwich can be maintained. It is also my wish that all of our 93rd vets who are physically and financially able to escort their children back to the old base at

Hardwick, will do so in the near future. It will be an experience they will cherish forever.

Charlie Graves (93rd)
7701 Nubbin Ridge Drive
Knoxville, TN 37919-8045



To Evelyn Cohen:

Many thanks for your letter and the very generous £1,500 donation to help us with the restoration of our B-24.

We are in the process of reconfiguring the American Air Museum in Britain and will celebrate this with a rededication ceremony at Duxford on 27 September at which President George Bush Sr. together with other distinguished guests will be present.

The event will mark the installation of the B-24 Liberator and SR-71 in the museum, and the 60th anniversary of the USAAF's arrival in the UK. The Liberator has undergone a complete restoration programme and we are very proud to be able at last to display such an important aircraft within the museum. The SR-71 is another prize exhibit (the only one on display outside the USA) and I hope you will agree that these aircraft each represent important chapters in the development of American air power and its role in maintaining peace around the world.

I am sending invitations to the leadership of the Second Air Division Association for the 27 September rededication ceremony and very much hope that as many of you as possible will join us. In the meantime, thank you once again for your generous support.

Ted Inman, Director
Imperial War Museum Duxford
Cambridge CB2 4QR
ENGLAND



To the Editor:

After seeing the Collings Foundation's B-24 at Raleigh-Durham Airport in September of 1990 and learning that there were organizations of discharged Air Force veterans, I "signed up" and decided to see if I could locate our crew members.

I was very successful in locating all of our crew from the 392nd BG (E.S. Twining, Jr., pilot) with the help of the 2ADA, the VA, the Chamber of Commerce, and luck by 1992 with the exception of Harold J. Clark, bombardier. At that time, his last known address furnished by the VA was not valid. The only information I have is his serial number, 01323212, and that he graduated from bombardier school at Big Spring, Class 44-01.

Roy H. Grimm (392nd)
5218 Pine Way
Durham, NC 27712



To the Editor:

Perhaps the following is fodder for your Editor's Quiz:

Question: Other than the designated crew on each plane that departed Morrison Field, on the southern route, there were two additional living, breathing passengers! Anyone remember who they were? Or the reason they were with us?

Answer: For the first 10.5-11 hour leg of our trip from Morrison Field to Waller Field, Trinidad, each crew carried two homing pigeons. The idea was that should we ditch, the birds would be released prior to going in, and hopefully upon their return to their loft at Morrison, search and rescue could then be initiated for a lost crew.

Personal note: I recall this clearly, having visited the pigeon lofts and talked with the officer in charge of this operation at Morrison. I was interested, having raised and raced homing pigeons as a hobby in my youth.

John Crowe (491st)
8077 Forest Glen
Citrus Heights, CA 95610



To the Editor:

Walter Hassenpflug, the German historian who has been most responsible for establishing and maintaining the Kassel Mission Memorial in Bad Hersfeld, has frequent visitors to the monument. Some people bring him artifacts from aircraft throughout the region roundabout the Werra River Valley where most of the thirty 445th BG Liberators and twenty-nine Luftwaffe fighter planes crashed on 27 September 1944.

Our interpreter, Günter Lemke, called from Germany the other day with news that a local resident stopped at Walter's house with a watch that was cut off the wrist of a dead American airman. The casualty was hanging from a parachute in a tree near Eisenach on that fateful day of the Kassel Mission. The German wanted to pass the watch on to the airman's next of kin, if they can be found.

The watch is evidently a government-issued Elgin with a leather band, and has five lines of detail on the back of it. In the hope that this information will help to determine who the KIA victim is, and help track his relatives down, here is what is on the back of the watch:

Type A-11
Spec. No. 94-27834-13
Serial #AF-44-16048
MPRS Part #NO 1783
ORD # W11-107-AC267 (73)

Any assistance in tracking down the kinfolk of this airman will be appreciated.

William R. Dewey
P.O. Box 568
Glen Arbor, MI 49636



To Bill Dewey (KMMA, 445th BG):

What a pleasant surprise it was when our interpreter Günter Lemke and Irtraud presented me, in the midst of my guests, with the birthday card and the gift certificate! I would like to thank everybody very much for the kind attention. I also received birthday cards from Reg Miner and Frank & Mary Bertram.

I was absolutely delighted with the kind of attention I received from my friends in the USA. My guests, too, were really impressed by this gift!



Walter Hassenpflug opens birthday card & gift certificate from KMMA at the party for his 70th birthday, 9 May 2002.

One day after my birthday, members of the former Luftwaffe Fighter Wings 301 & 302 laid down a wreath at our memorial in memory of the fallen airmen of both sides. Approximately thirty persons attended, about half of them widows of pilots who were killed or who passed away in the meantime who had come to Bad Hersfeld for a reunion that lasted several days. This meeting had been organized for former Tech Sgt. Willi Reschke, a Knight of the Iron Cross, who lives in the former German Democratic Republic (DDR). Reschke had also attended the initial dedication of the memorial on August 1, 1990. Today, he is representing the Fighter Cercle "Thüringen" (Thuringia), an association of former fighter pilots. I have enclosed a photo of the ceremony at the memorial on 10 May 2002. After a wreath had been laid, I gave a brief summary on historical background and the development of the memorial commemorating a devastating three-minute air battle with a loss of thirty B-24s and 29 Luftwaffe fighters.

On 23 May 2002, we watched on TV President George W. Bush's speech that he rendered at the German Bundestag (Lower House of the German Federal Parliament). It was a convincing and impressive speech! The President made it clear that the terrorist attacks of September 11 were not solely directed against the USA but also against the

entire civilized world. Only dedicated and joint actions by all free nations can avert the awful threat of worldwide terrorism. This will require tremendous efforts by all allies during the years to come.

Walter Hassenpflug
Akazienweg 6
D-36251 Ludwigsau
GERMANY



Walter speaks to the Luftwaffe Veterans' Group and their families about the history of the Kassel Mission Memorial.



Luftwaffe veterans of Fighter Wings 301 & 302 laying a wreath at the Kassel Mission Memorial, 10 May 2002.

55 YEARS OF 2ADA PRESIDENTS AND CONVENTIONS

FROM INFORMATION COMPILED BY PETE HENRY (44TH), JORDAN UTTAL (HDQ), AND MILTON VEYNAR (HDQ)

Listed below are all of the past presidents of the Second Air Division Association, followed by the location and date of that year's convention. The 2ADA has made two additional trips to Norwich, in 1993 for the 30th anniversary library rededication, and in 1995 for the D-Day 50-Year anniversary.

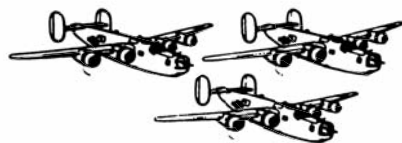
1946-48	Howard Moore Chicago (preliminary organization)	1964-65	Warren Alberts Chicago, Illinois (October)	1985-86	E. Bud Koorndyk McAfee, New Jersey (September)
1948-49	Father Edward Seward Chicago, Illinois (October)	1965-66	Warren Alberts Washington, D.C. (June)	1986-87	James H. Reeves St. Charles (Chicago), Illinois (July)
1949-50	John Cunningham Chicago, Illinois (October)	1966-67	Charles Merrill Dayton, Ohio (June)	1987-88	Carl I. Alexanderson Norwich, England (May)
1950-51	Raymond Strong Cleveland, Ohio (October)	1967-68	John Jacobowitz Washington, D.C. (June)	1988-89	C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain Colorado Springs, Colorado (June)
1951-52	Raymond Strong New York City (October)	1968-69	John Jacobowitz Chicago, Illinois (June)	1989-90	Frank DiMola Hilton Head, S. Carolina (November)
1952-53	Jordan Uttal Chicago, Illinois (October)	1969-70	Paul Trissel Gettysburg, Pennsylvania (June)	1990-91	Richard Kennedy Norwich, England (July)
1953-54	Percy Young Chicago, Illinois (October)	1970-71	Ken Darney Cincinnati, Ohio (June)	1991-92	Richard Kennedy Dearborn, Michigan (July)
1954-55	Fen Marsh Washington, D.C. (August)	1971-72	Joseph Whittaker Williamsburg, Virginia (July)	1992-93	John B. Conrad Las Vegas, Nevada (October)
1955-56	Stephen Posner Washington, D.C. (August)	1972-73	William Robertie Norwich, England (May)	1993-94	John B. Conrad Hilton Head, S. Carolina (November)
1956-57	Richard Clough Chicago, Illinois (August)	1973-74	William Robertie Colorado Springs, Colorado (July)	1994-95	Charles Walker Kansas City, Missouri (May)
1957-58	Stephen Posner Hershey, Pennsylvania (August)	1974-75	William Brooks Wilmington, North Carolina (July)	1995-96	Geoff Gregory Lexington, Kentucky (July)
1958-59	Percy Young New York City (August)	1975-76	Goodman Griffin Norwich, England (May)	1996-97	Neal Sorensen Milwaukee, Wisconsin (June)
1959-60	Dean Moyer Chicago, Illinois (August)	1976-77	Earl Zimmerman Valley Forge, Pennsylvania (July)	1997-98	Oak Mackey Irvine, California (May)
1960-61	John Karoly Washington, D.C. (October)	1977-78	J.D. Long Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (July)	1998-99	Earl Wassom Oak Brooks Hills (Chicago), IL (May)
1961-62	Charles Stine Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (October)	1978-79	E.A. Rokicki San Diego, California (July)	99-2000	F.C. "Hap" Chandler Austin, Texas (May)
1962-63	John Cunningham / Percy Young Chicago, Illinois (September)	1979-80	Pete Henry Norwich, England (June)	2000-01	Felix Leeton Tampa, Florida (May)
1963-64	Jordan Uttal Norwich, England (June)	1980-81	Dave Patterson Cambridge, Massachusetts (July)	2001-02	Walter J. Mundy Norwich, England (November)
		1981-82	Vincent LaRussa San Antonio, Texas (July)	2002-03	Richard Butler Baltimore, Maryland (September)
		1982-83	Andrew Low Nashville, Tennessee (July)		
		1983-84	Charles Freudenthal Norwich, England (May)		
		1984-85	J. Fred Thomas Palm Springs, California (October)		

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EIGHTH AIR FORCE

RAY PYTEL, JOURNAL EDITOR

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