

# NEWS LETTER

Vol. 12, No. 3

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

September 1974

## "YOU DID NOT DIE IN VAIN"

"As I motored through London last Saturday, on my way to the airport, I saw the crowds in the streets and in Trafalgar Square feeding the pigeons, photographing or just viewing the scene.

*There was hardly an Englishman in sight!*

Unthinkingly perhaps, those many friendly tourists were enjoying the fruits of the labours of the U.S. 2nd Air Division thirty years ago, and the freedom paid for by the sacrifice of so many.

Then too, in the T.W.A. Jetsave that brought me to New York, if a count had been taken I suspect that half the 180 odd in the plane were British visiting, in freedom, daughters, cousins, uncles, aunts or, perhaps, just paying a friendly visit for the first time to the country and people to whom we all owe so much. And so, to date, in an admittedly imperfect world the battles we fought and won together thirty years ago *have* brought benefits to mankind.

So it is with the unique Memorial Library at Norwich. Shining as a friendly beacon to warn, to guide, to illuminate and to inform.

But beacons, whether they be for sailors or airmen, however soundly they be built *must* be serviced and maintained. Old lamps renewed, reflectors polished, supplies of electricity continued.



Thomas C. Eaton

(Photo by Cobin)

A Library also needs the same loving care if it is to fulfill the vision and to serve the purpose of its founders.

Since I spoke at last year's banquet, thanks to the kindness of Milt & Hathy Veynar, Dal & Joanne Moran, Bill and Helen Denton and many others, I have travelled hundreds of miles in the U.S.A. I have seen much and enjoyed it all. Jordan Uttal stayed with us in Norwich last November. In April, Walter and Jean Edgeworth had a meal with us and in May and June came Bill & Hazel Robertie, Evelyn Cohen and Joe and Josephine Warth. As a result, although I left England in 1941 for Singapore before you came and most of you left England before I returned in the Autumn of 1945, in a very real sense I feel I am one of you.

*We all certainly have a common purpose in the Memorial Room.*

Much as I have enjoyed these experiences and the friendships which have grown with them I know, with Bill Robertie, that in coming and going on our lawful occasions we seek to serve something nobler than ourselves. To encourage and develop friendships between peoples that can only come through knowledge and understanding and by reading as well as travel.

Longfellow put it well when he wrote:—

*"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
finds us farther than today."*

Thus in all we have had to say and do the beacon of that Memorial created 29 years ago this year has been, and must continue to be, our central purpose. In giving to the Memorial Library, in our generation, the loving care and service it will always need friendships will grow and good will be done.

Above all we shall hand on to our successors a light no less bright than when it was first lit. And, when *the great re-union* comes we will be able to say to those who are remembered in the Roll of Honor:—

**You did not die in vain."**

*(ed. note: The above address was given by Thomas C. Eaton, Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust, at the reunion this year in Wilmington. It moved us all.)*

### OPEN LETTER

Dear Mr. Moyer:

Tom Eaton has sent me six cheques totalling \$2,407 — \$2,085 for the Capital Fund and \$322 for the purchase of books and, in his letter, he goes on to say that your Association is aiming to raise by way of additional endowment the sum of \$50,000 between now and 1980. I can only say that I am absolutely overwhelmed by this generosity. It will make the whole difference to the Trust and alleviate the fears that many of us had that inflation would so gnaw away the value of our funds that we would not be able to keep up the supply of up-to-date books to the Library.

I also understand from Tom's letter that a great deal of this money has come as a result of your initiative and drive. I shall, of course, report this to the next meeting of the Governors. Meanwhile, I hope you will accept from me my very warmest thanks and, indeed, the thanks of all of us concerned with the Trust in this Country. It really is a most stimulating and generous surprise.

Yours sincerely,  
Richard Q. Gurney  
Chairman of the  
Board of Governors  
American Memorial Trust

## Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

### OFFICERS

President . . . . . WILLIAM L. BROOKS  
350 Norton St., Boulder, Colorado 80302  
Vice President . COL. GOODMAN G. GRIFFIN  
1655 Makaloo St 2614,  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814

Vice President  
Newsletter . . . . . WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE  
P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938

Vice President  
Membership . . . . . EVELYN COHEN  
404 Atrium Apts., 2555 Welsh Rd.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114

Secretary . . . . . RAYMOND E. STRONG  
320 Burlage Circle, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Treasurer . . . . . DEAN E. MOYER  
549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033

### GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters . . . . . DEAN E. MOYER  
549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033

44th BG . . . . . CHARLES J. WARTH  
5709 Walkerton Dr., Cincinnati, Ohio 45238

44th BG . . . . . GLENN A. TESSMER  
63 Brewster Rd., Sudbury, Mass. 01776

389th BG . . . . . ALBERT A. KOPP  
914 Joy Ave., Rapid City, S.D. 57701

392nd BG . . . . . JOSEPH B. WHITTAKER  
811 N. Juniata St., Hollidaysburg, Pa. 16648

446th . . . . . WILLIAM G. WORKMAN  
5 Mallard Drive, W. Nyack, N.Y. 10994

448th BG . . . . . KENNETH ENGELBRECHT  
204 S. Archie Ave., Granite, Ill. 61326

463rd Sub Depot Sqd. . JAMES R. FINDLEY  
Fourth & Miller Sts., Sutersville, Penn. 15083

466th BG . . . . . DR. JOHN JACOBOWITZ  
Lincoln at Millard, Three Rivers, Mich. 49093

467th BG . . . . . RAYMOND A. BETCHER  
366 Reitman Ct., Rochester, Mich. 48063

491st BG . . . . . THEODORE PARKER  
297 Proctor Ave., Revere, Mass. 02151

## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

I have just returned from Wilmington, North Carolina where I attended the 27th Reunion of the 2nd A.D. and a mini-reunion of the 466 Bomb Group. We had a wonderful time and I enjoyed renewing friendships that I have made within the 2nd A.D. It was a good feeling of making new friends among all the former (not old) fellows who flew and who KEPT 'EM FLYING. Many thanks to Aaron Schultz for his efforts in making this reunion a great success. Hats off to all who helped in any way towards the final result.

I am certainly honored that you chose me as your president for this year. It goes without saying that following Bill Robertie is a super-task as he has done so much for the 2nd A.D. during his two years in the office of president. With the help of all members and the officers I am sure the 2nd A.D. will continue to expand.

I will be in touch with each of the groups Vice President and through their efforts with their particular group I am sure our membership will increase. Each of us will be doing a great favor in making the members of the various groups cognizant of the 2nd A.D. Association so that they can once again become an active participant in their group. But this time for fun, and not as a destructive force.

## WALLY CLAYMAN (491st MASCOT) ALIVE AND WELL

This past May on our trip to Norwich in order to make arrangements for next years reunion there we had the happy experience of meeting Wally Clayman who, during the war years, served nobly as the 491st Mascot.



Then (photo taken on base at North Pickenham).

Then (photo taken on base at North Pickenham). Wally managed to make his way on to the base. Getting on the base however was only part of his plan. He wanted to sit in one of those big bombers. Needless to say he did.

On returning to London, Wally first became a cab driver and then a successful businessman. On this visit he insisted on piling five of us into his small car for a tour of London.

Take it from all five of us, you haven't seen London until you've seen it through Wally's eyes. He knows the city and he loves it. Pubs are his specialty and as well as knowing where the good ones are he knows the bad ones to avoid. His driving through those crowded London streets was flawless — if you like adventure! A tribute to his years as a cabbie.

Wally will be at the reunion next year and you will all get a chance to meet this delightful gentleman who remembers us so well.

I am looking forward to our return to Norwich in 1975. To the ones who are joining us on the Norwich trip, I say "welcome aboard" and to the ones not going to England, I say "on to Valley Forge in 1976."

Wally was evacuated from London during the Blitz and took up residence near the 491st base. It wasn't long before Wally began making friends with every G.I. he met. Showing the enterprise that stood him in



Now (in one of his shops in London)

William L. Brooks

## A MESSAGE FROM MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM E. KEPNER

My dear Robertie and the 2AD:

It is with a MOST sincere regret that I must again decide I cannot attend the 2AD reunion in Wilmington. I had really looked forward to "marshalling" once again with our beloved 2AD. However due to the medical situation of my family I cannot leave at this time. How I wish I could be there in person to express my congratulations to you and the officers and members for such a fine job you all have done. Pardon me if I say that I get a real glow of pleasure every time I read the Newsletter or hear directly from Evelyn Cohen, Hathy Veynar, Jordon Uttal and especially you on the plans and progress for the 2AD. I especially enjoy such stories as "The Witchcraft" crew that I recall so well. Also the many stories told of personal experiences by various members on different occasions. I am glad to see items about our Fighter Groups, the scouting force and the depots. Wasn't it remarkable that each and every one solved the individual problems so well. Indeed, that was what made the 2AD Great! as a team. Again I must bow my head in humble pride that we were all honored to serve with the 6032 members who did not return and whose names are in the Book of Remembrances in our Norwich Memorial Room. Hats off! and a reverent silence. Bless them and bless us all.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,  
William E. Kepner  
Major General USAF  
Commanding General WWII  
Second Air Division

## NOTICE

Richard A. Wiggs, 4 Tabor Road, Danbury, Ct. 06810 is seeking information on his uncle, Captain Gordon S. Stevens, who served with the 44th Bomb Group and the 56th Fighter Group. Captain Stevens was killed while flying with the 56th. Will anybody who knew Captain Stevens please get in touch with Dick Wiggs.



We are publishing this photo in case you remember faces but forget names.

## PRIMER FOR ENGLAND

by Joe Warth

My final sentence in the June Newsletter was that this issue would tell you about "Places to see" when you attend Reunion '75". This was a broad statement on my part because when I thought about all that I had seen on past excursions, and knowing there was no way Bill Robertie was about to give me all the pages in this Newsletter (*ed. note: How right he is!*), I decided it would be best if I let you be your own guide and pick out what would be of interest to you alone.

England has something to appeal to the taste of everyone. Some may wish to track down a spot where a particular moment in history occurred. Another couple will want to visit churches or ancient burial sites. Someone else may want to take a tour of the coastal villages, or see a working "Windmill", or what about a tour of the "Pubs"? Now here is a subject that should be of interest to many of our members.



It will be different this time. It had better be!!

Where else but in England could you go Ghost hunting? Over 700 Ghosts have been written about and are still known to be seen at odd times in East Anglia alone. I was also told that if you are lucky, and in the know, you might be able to find out when the local Witches Coven is going to hold their next service. No joking. They are still very active.



"When they close a pub - they really close!"

(Still true unfortunately.)

We have some good news --

## TWO PLANES FILLED FOR NORWICH REUNION IN '75

While we had some doubts that we could fill two planes for the reunion next year these doubts were quickly removed at the reunion in Wilmington this year. We now have a surplus of applicants.

We cannot handle three plane loads as the city of Norwich is incapable of handling an invasion such as they experienced in 1942-1945. The facilities just are not there. Joe Warth will advise those who are on the waiting list and when, as or if seats become available the next one in line on the waiting list will be notified that he, or they, got lucky.

178 family groups have now signed up to attend. The 389th BG is in the lead with 27 families and the 44th BG behind by just one. The 448th and 466th Bomb Groups are tied for third with 24 family groups. The tour will depart on Thursday, May 29th and return Saturday, June 14.

Very soon those who have signed up and are on board will be receiving statements for the balance due which will be spaced into three equal payments. Those who feel they must cancel out for any reason please let us know as soon as possible so somebody on the waiting list can be given your seat.

Ancient monuments or stately homes may be your meat. If so you are in luck. Within 50 miles of Norwich there are enough to take you months to see. So bring a camera and a drivers license, rent a car and just tour. You will find them just around the next turn in the road. Museums and antique shops abound. These are good to visit in order to see what was commonplace in yesteryear. But please bring money if this appeals to you because the prices are rising every day.

350 adventurers have now filled up both planes. If you have waited this long to send in your reservation you may be too late for a 'SURE' seat. You will have to take the chance that someone will cancel out. Stand-by numbers will be sent to you in the order the reservation was received. So take a chance that you too may yet get to go. Send your check to me, Joe Warth, 5709 Walkerton Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45238. Make it payable to "Second Air Division Association".

Next issue of the 'primer' will be - What kind of money do we spend in England now? Yes Bill, it has changed since the 'Forties'.

(*ed. note: Sure has. It's much easier now.*)

And some bad news --

## DUES ARE INCREASED TO \$5.00

For lo these many years the Association has been able to keep our dues at \$3.00 per year. At the business meeting this year, after presentation of facts and figures, all those present voted in favor of increasing the dues to \$5.00 per year.

Starting with the next issue we will be publishing a 12 page Newsletter on a quarterly basis. The cost of printing and paper have gone out of sight, and you all know what the Post Office has done to us. We could not continue to put out the type of Newsletter we do on a regular basis without this increase.

For those of you who might not know, we do *NOT* have a paid staff. All work is voluntary by your officers and your Group Vice Presidents. And, believe me, we still need this increase.

We also realize that some of our members are living on Social Security, or trying to, and they just cannot afford this increase. For those in this condition, or a similar one, we urge that you write to Membership Secretary Evelyn Cohen and state the facts. This communication will be kept private and Evelyn will see to it that you are not dropped from the rolls. **WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANYBODY.** So please, if your experiencing problems at this time write Evelyn Cohen, 404 Antrium Apts., 2555 Welsh Rd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114.



"You failed to mention, Captin, that the Spitfire has a full dihedral, and characteristic elliptically curved wing outline; that stabilizer and elevator are set high on the fuselage . . . also that the Mark IX version has radiator intake under both wings."

-Sgt. C. D. Bengé

(Roger Freeman, Age 10??)

## NAPALM — A UNIQUE USE!

by Edward L. Squires, 44th BG

We had been using a Napalm filled 100 lb. incendiary bomb since the early part of the war, but our first indication that another use for the agent was contemplated came with an unannounced truck convoy carrying 40,000 gallons of the stuff in 55 gallon drums.



Mama Mia! Sacre Bleu and Golly Gee!

Shortly afterward, we received a direction from Second Division Chemical HQ to try to develop a means of transferring the material, a gelled gasoline of about the consistency of Jello, with whatever equipment and facilities that were available to us on station. A demonstration meeting was scheduled a couple of weeks later at one of the installations, I forget where, to evaluate the resultant methods and decide on one for 8th AF SOP.

The Chemical Munitions section of our 806th Cml. Co. A0 came up with a means of using the standard refueling pump, which were available in some quantity in each squadron supply, by modifying it with a very short intake pipe and a high pressure setting. The only problem was the high risk involved, since the gasoline driven engine and pump had to be positioned directly over and in contact with the drum of highly inflammable napalm. The engines were, however, equipped with spark arresters, and to our knowledge never were the source of an accidental fire. This transfer method was adopted, and we conducted instruction seminars in its use at Shipdham for the entire 8th AF.

Since Napalm had not, at that time, been previously dropped from heavy bombers, Group Armament, with the assistance of Group Ordnance and our Chemical Company, were asked to develop an operational system that would work. The Armament section of the 44th, headed by a Sergeant whose name escapes me, first tried using the standard 400 gallon bay tanks, fitted with cable slings

attached to the bomb racks, as droppable containers. Our Cml. section filled two of these tanks in place in the bay of a B-24 for a drop test over the Wash. The drop was not successful, the tanks becoming lodged in the bay opening, and the aircraft returned to the base and circled while all of us involved tried to determine if the plane could land safely. It was a close thing, but the plane did land after some anguished moments without the tanks jarring loose and exploding on contact with the runway — an eventuality which was quite possible. This method was, of course, discarded.

After some experimentation it was determined to use 100 gallon paper mache wing tanks, positioned on the bay bomb racks much the same as a 1000 lb. GP bomb. As I recall, two on each side of the rack. One of the problems attendant with this system was the fact that filling procedure was limited to not more than a few hours prior to mission because these tanks soon became soaked through, flabby and unsafe to use. This necessitated a plan for filling a great number of tanks in a very short time on each station.

Again, our 806th Cml. Munitions Section devised a plan, including the use of additional personnel recruited from Group Armament and Ordnance, for accomplishing the task in the few hours allotted us. Once again this plan was adopted and sent out as SOP for 8th AF.

Another problem connected with this sort of droppable container was the method of ignition on impact. This was accomplished by using a standard whit phosphorus grenade set in the well of the



Easy when you know how!

tank, and fitted with a British All-Ways fuse in place of the usual spring loaded detonator. Since these versatile little fuses were armed immediately upon the withdrawal of the arming wire and exploded upon an impact from any direction, it was necessary to devise an extremely long arming wire to ensure that the tanks were well clear of the bay before withdrawal. This was done by winding standard arming wire from a spool around a spindle attached to a breast drill. This formed a coiled spring of the proper length, which was encased in a fuse can with the ends of the coil protruding from either end of the can through holes punched in top and bottom of the can. This encasing of the extremely long wire was a must to prevent tangling, and worked like a charm.

If my memory serves me well, I believe the load order came through about noon of the day preceding the mission. Things went quite smoothly in filling the wing tanks at the bomb dump and transporting them to the aircraft. It was perhaps midnight or shortly after when loading was completed, and an hour or so later before final checks on each load were made.

As a security measure to ensure ignition on target, a percentage — I seem to recall it being 10% — of the aircraft on the mission were loaded with 500 lb. GP bombs. Only two Divisions carried Napalm — the 2nd and 3rd. I am not sure if the 1st Division took part in the operation at all.

Many missions had been flown against this fortification on the point overlooking and dominating the port of Brest. All types of HE, including armor piercing ordnance, had been used with no apparent success in dislodging the German occupants. Word was, that after this saturation raid using Napalm the Free French were able to walk in and occupy the fortification without firing a shot.

---

## DONATIONS TOTAL \$2,407.00

In a show of generosity seldom seen in this day and age our members this past year contributed \$2,407.00 towards the Library and the Memorial Trust Fund. Almost double what was donated last year.

To supplement the income from the Trust Fund \$322.00 was given directly to the Library for the purchase of books and the remaining \$2,085.00 added to the Trust Fund itself.

This \$2,085.00 represents the first leg of our climb up the \$50,000.00 ladder. \$48,000.00 to go. Our aim, and hope, is to reach this figure over the next six years. By 1980 we hope to be home free. So start now to send your donations to Evelyn or Dean. You really don't have to wait until dues paying time, but that's all right too.

## NOTICE

Anyone having information about the whereabouts of members of the 446th Bomb Group Medical Section please contact John R. Bittner, 1150 Westfall Rd., Rochester, New York 14618.

## 1974 REUNION SENSATIONAL

380 enthusiastic souls turned up for the 27th Annual Reunion of the Association this year in Wilmington, North Carolina. Under the able direction of Aaron Schultz and his committee things went off with such 'clockwork' it made efficiency experts appear as doodlers in a playground.

About half of those present were attending a reunion for the first time, and while they might have gone with some trepidation about not knowing anybody and being strangers their fears were soon put to rest. Complete strangers became fast friends before the reunion was over.

Liquid refreshments with a kick are 'Verboten' in North Carolina so we were left to our own devices in obtaining and dispensing drinks. I am glad to report that our members responded with the expertise they recalled from the war years.

Earl Zimmerman (389th) managed to cross several State lines with his car carrying a load similar in size to what was carried in the bomb-bay of a B-24 — equally as potent also! This is somewhat, if not flagrantly, illegal so Earl didn't mention this fact to his pretty wife June until they had crossed the first one. (Good thinking Earl!) As he did so often during the war Earl hit the target and was assisted in unloading by a throng of thirsty well wishers. There really should be a medal struck for such devotion to duty.

Dispensing was no problem as we had more volunteer bartenders than you could shake a stick at. J. D. Long (392nd) and his wife manned one and at another time yours truly, assisted by Jacki Hanify, and Ed Goldsmith, assisted by Fritzie Snyder, manned two others. Nobody complained about the size of the drinks because the bartenders had only one, standard question — "say when?" You never saw so many tongue-tied people in your life!

Lt. Col. John N. Clark (44th) brought along his little granddaughter, and with all due respect to you 'elders' she had to be the prettiest girl there. Dressed in the same type gown as her Grandmother they made a striking trio. We hope she returns for other reunions.

The 'frosting on the cake', as it always is, was the banquet on Saturday night followed by the Ball. Drinks at the bar prior to and following the banquet were absolutely free and I'm happy to report that this was not abused in any way. See what you missed!!!!

On Sunday morning cars could be seen taking off in every direction with gear and flaps up and the pilots waving goodbye to those just taxiing out with their baggage. As it happens every year many new friends were made by everyone and we all departed urging somebody to

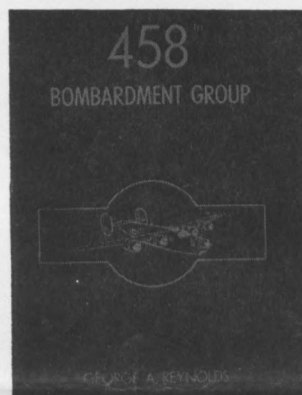
be sure and be at Valley Forge in '76. So if you didn't attend this one, be there in '76. You will never regret it.

Next year it is off to Norwich once again and the lucky ones who signed up early and have a seat on one of the two planes are in for a time *THEY* will never forget. Plans are all firmed up and latest word from England is that they are waiting to welcome an invasion of Americans once again. For those of you on the 'waiting list', don't despair completely that is. There are bound to be some drop-outs for any number of reasons and you could still end up with a seat.

Enough. We all had a ball as we do every year and we missed all of you who couldn't make it.

---

## THE 458th IS IN PRINT



A 458th Bomb Group unit history will be published and available in July, 1974. Hardcover, Squadron insignias, Eighth AF patch and formator in color. B-24s galor! About 200 photos of aircraft names, nose art, Norwich, Horsham, Haunts, The Memorial and some surprises. Mission and Intelligence summaries for the entire 14 months of operations are capsuled but complete. Edition limited. Delivery price \$6.00 (foreign \$7.00) each, insured. Write: George A. Reynolds, 848 South 86th Street, Birmingham, Alabama 35206.

---

## FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS

It is a fact not too well known, that sons and daughters of our members *are* eligible to become members of the Association in their own right — nieces and nephews also.

If you think your son and/or daughter would like to become part of this organization why not sign them up? Vickie Brooks is already under orders from President Bill to 'get her money up'!

I can't think of a better way for young people from every part of the country to meet one another and develop the same lasting friendships that we have. Give it some thought.

## BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Mrs. Anne Barne

Anne Barne is on the right of the front row of the inaugural group of Governors on the second page of chapter 2 of the Memorial Book. Next to her is Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan, who subsequently married Denise Farquharson with whom Anne had worked for three years for the Norfolk War Charities. Colonel Bryan served on General Kepner's staff and, with his legal knowledge, was a natural choice for one of the three American Founder Governors. It was at his suggestion that Anne, then Mrs. Percy Briscoe and living near Norwich, was asked to become one of the English Governors.

Having lost her first husband, Anne married Colonel Michael Barne in 1953 and moved to his family home at Sotterley in Suffolk not far from the Norfolk border. Sotterley near Hollywood, Maryland, now open to the public, was bought by Thomas Plater in 1753 and named after his family's original property in England. Anne and her husband keep in touch with the descendants, now in the U.S.A., of the two families, Sotterlee and Plater, who with the Barnes have successively owned the Sotterley property in Suffolk since Anglo-Saxon times.

Of Quaker origin and brought up in the country Anne has always enjoyed rural pursuits. For a time she had her own farm; she loves her garden and her Springer spaniels who she works out pheasant shooting. A Cambridge graduate, she has been doing voluntary public work most of her life, involving local government, politics, preserving the countryside, schools, the Church and the Women's Institute movement. She enjoys travelling (and visited the U.S.A. in 1959), the theatre, pictures, architecture, gardens and plying her needle. She has a son and daughter, the one a medical consultant and the other connected with the Turf (horse racing), and has three grandchildren.

One of her colleagues notes that Anne seldom misses a Memorial Trust meeting and, kind and friendly to all, her contributions in debate are always as much to the point as they are brief.

Editor:

Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough

7752 Harbour Blvd.  
Miramar, Fla. 33023



## TRACER OF LOST PERSONS

In building our store of knowledge of the 466th we rely to a great extent on the complete mission records we have and the Narrative Histories that are available. These records, though worth much, do not often reveal the full flavor of the event (excitement, frustration, despair, etc.). We must rely on 466 people for the added dimension to make the 466th record a readable document. This is the main reason we keep after the pursuit of 466ers. A secondary reason for prying out these missing persons is to bring old war buddies together again. Those that are reunited through our tracer action often consider this to be the primary service of the History Project. At the two 466 reunions held to date, the 466ers present have underwritten the project with generous donations to cover the costs of postage, document reproduction fees, printing costs, reunion expenses, etc. It is time to give you some feedback on what these donations are doing.

In the last half of 1971 we began writing to the 466ers we were in contact with (60 good addresses then), asking for addresses of other 466ers. Everyone on this growing list received copies of our little paper "Attlebridge Notes". The new names sent in more names. Also we advertised in service related publications, telling of the up-coming reunion. The list grew by leaps and bounds. By the fall of 1972, after three issues of Attlebridge Notes and our first reunion, our list of addresses stood at 430. It looked as though we had exhausted our potential for growth. In the winter of 1972/73 we began writing to the many colleges 466ers had attended before WWII (some of the records we had, showed college affiliations of our guys). This required about 140 form letters. We didn't hear from them all, but the response did bring in 121 new addresses for us. We wrote to them, sending a tabulation we called a "Historigram". From that group we got more new addresses. By the fall of 1973 (after our second reunion) our address list had risen to a total of 654. The winter of 1973/74 has been spent in the first steps of researching the Group history. We wrote to individuals who took part in some of the highlight events that punctuated the 466th history. Perhaps now we have reached a new and final plateau. The list keeps growing, but more slowly now. Even so, each find is important to the History Project and to the friends who have reestablished contact through the project. With the 3rd reunion for the 466th behind us, our address list totals 743.

It must be remembered that our tracer effort will not have long range benefit unless more of our finders subscribe to Attlebridge Notes (through the Second Air Division Association). At last count, more than half of our list are on the 2nd Air Division Roster. A good share of the new 2AD members came in as a result of a special mailing made last fall to all non-2AD men on our address list. Now it is up to each one of us to urge the other half to avoid becoming lost again by getting on the 2AD Roster. You might help your non-joining friends by subscribing to Attlebridge Notes for them. Chances are, they will want to stay on board once you start them. Three dollars is not too much for a buddy.

The reader should recognize the fact that the tracer effort need not be confined to South Florida. Anyone can do it. Write to the Alumni Association, the home town newspaper, the Clerk of his county, and so on. When you find a lost one, let us know.

## TRACER STORIES

The best way to illustrate the worth of tracer action to the History Project is to recite several recent cases.

**CASE NO. 1:** Del. M. Everton was a pilot of one of the first replacement crews in the 784th BS. In April 1973 we wrote to Hardin-Simmons U. in Abilene, TX asking for Del's address. They wrote back saying they had had Del as a student for only one semester and had no address on him. They did send his mother's address. After several tries, we reached her. In January 1974 she sent us Del's address (Lubbock, TX). On our only contact with Del, he had no info on his own crew, but he did send us the address of Major Jack Schlueter (tail gunner on the Earl Nelson crew, 785th Dec. 44/Apr. 45) also of Lubbock. Del promised to dig into his past and send more dope. We have sent the initial packet of information to Jack along with addresses for his pilot, bombardier, and radio operator. As for the Everton crew, Ma Bell tells me that there is a J. M. Crowell in West Des Moines, and a Ralph J. Chmurski in Milwaukee. We hope that these are the co-pilot and navigator on that crew. The search continues.



Jack Weber (of the 785th Reynolds crew) and his wife look over B-24 model that John Woolnough (787th and 784th) is using to illustrate a point.

**CASE NO. 2:** In an attempt to publicize our next reunion in a local paper, I arranged to have a photo taken with Jack A. Veber, bombardier on Al Reynolds' 785th crew (Oct. 44/Mar. 45). In the spring of 1973 I had learned that Jack lived near me as the result of a query sent to Creighton University. To make a story the newspaper would print, I had to find something of interest that we held in common. In the mission records I found that though I did not know any member of that new crew, they had flown off of my left wing on the last mission our crew flew - 1 Nov. 1944. The story of that mission, our first meeting - 30 years later, and the forth-coming reunion was printed in the Hollywood, Fla. SUN-TATTLER, 25 March 1974. After the job was done, I thought it was too bad that Jack was the only member of the Reynolds crew we had on the list. I looked up the co-pilot (Sayle), who had lived in Milwaukee before the war, and found that name still listed there. On a hunch, I took a chance and called him up (I don't often do that) and

hit pay-dirt. It was him alright. He gave me the addresses of the engineer and two gunners (then I had 5 good addresses for that crew). Bill Sayle also told me that the radio operator, Frank Spurlock had been on the staff of the Kansas City Star ten years earlier. I wrote to the Star and they sent me Frank's home address. Now we had six good addresses on the Reynolds crew. Only three members were still missing (the pilot had died a few years before). The real bonus from this tracer operation came in the form of Frank Spurlock's diary - 32 pages, typed, single spaced (Sayle sent me a copy for me to photograph and return). Frank is presently the Features Editor of the K-C Star. His writing ability shows in the diary. He not only described missions well, he gave the menu for the Christmas Dinner, told details of the Aero Club, described the gas missions, reported on several London trips... and generally gave a picture of the life of a combat-crewman on the ground. All in all Frank's diary comes as a rare find, a great addition to the History collections, it ranks next to the "Log of the Snark", a 77 page diary penned by Claude Meconis (co-pilot on the Dike crew - 785th Mar/Jul 1944), and the several fat photo albums loaned to me by considerate 466ers.

## OPERATIONS HOME RUN

In June of 1945 the 466th began its move back to the states with the fly out of all of its aircraft (78 in all). Each aircraft held ten crew members and ten passengers, except for the PFF a/c (784th) which carried only five passengers each. The crew chief of each aircraft was a fixed part of each passenger load. Special benches were built for the bomb bays, presumably to carry baggage (who could sit in a bomb bay for a long trip? - the thought of a salvo would preclude security). The orders that each person carried (20 each according to the records) were separate paragraphs of Operations Order No. 10, dated 1 June 1944. The History Project now has 31 different paragraphs of the 78 that were issued. We are looking for the rest. Look in your records if you have one that does NOT show in the list below, send us a copy posthaste.

1, 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 54, 60, 62, 65, 78

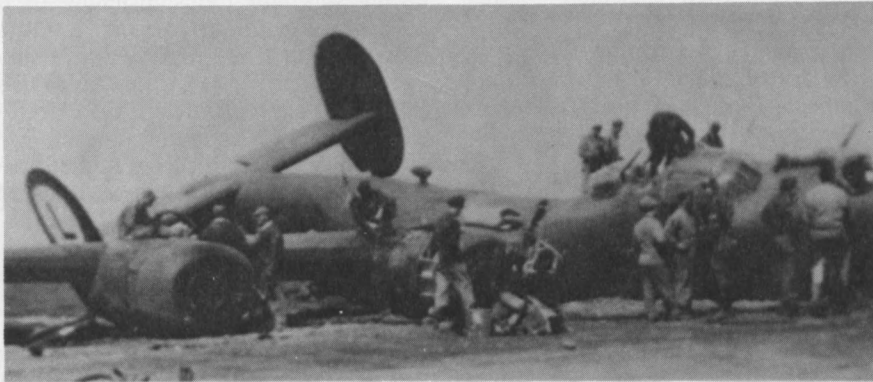


Lt. Col. Joe West (on left) is logging out the last aircraft to leave Attlebridge on Operations Home Run. It was 42-95617-1, in revment No. 2 of the 784th Bomb Squadron. The Maxton crew flew that a/c back to the states. Lt. Col. John Jennison (on right) went out on that a/c as Command Pilot for that last flight.

## THE WAR DIARY

I suppose everyone resolved to keep an accurate diary of the combat experiences. I know that I did so resolve. I kept notes (rather sparse) of our first four missions, then nothing, except for a complete record of the D-Day mission we made. When we headed home in mid-November 1944 someone took the notes from me, promising that they would be returned after the war. Sure enough, several years after the war, my miserable notes found their way to me.

Fortunately other diaries (good ones) made it through the war and are now available to the History Project. Excerpts from two diaries follow:



Men of the 466th crawl over the hulk of the broken a/c that Lt. Nick Furnace (now of Houston) brought back "safely" on 19 April 1944. The sad plight of "Shack Date" (42-52566-P of the 786th belonging to the Foster crew) proves the old saying, "A safe landing is one you can walk away from", they all did.

Claude V. Meconis (co-pilot on 785th Dike crew, now Corporate Director of Public Relations and Advertising for Litton Industries).

19 Apr 1944, about 1300 hrs. "... went down to operations ... and went out to watch the boys land back from the mission. Glad I did because I witnessed my first wheels-up B-24 landing and picked up a pointer on how to do it.

"Lt. Furnace came in with two inboard engines shot out and number one ready to quite. No hydraulic pressure; in fact, no equipment at all, so they couldn't get the wheels down. Ignoring the red flare from flying control he came in on the grass alongside the runway. With no rudder control left, he used ailerons to establish a crab to overcome a 90 degree crosswind. A group of us were in the path of his landing (we thought) so when he levelled off at the grass-tip height, we scrambled to get out of the way.

"The plane settled and began crunching along, still in a crab. Props went flying as the blade tips struck ground. As it slithered along the crab increased until the plane was sliding and ripping along broadside. That can't last long with a B-24, so a few seconds later it collapsed, crunched and came to a stop. We were paralyzed as we saw the whole flight deck section crumple back of the pilot. The back end twisted up as if it were papier-mache. I expected the whole thing to go up in flames the minute it came to rest - but thank God it didn't, and all the crew members crawled out unhurt. The Colonel came out and congratulated Furnace on bringing it back all the way from Flak Valley, even tho the plane lay there a total loss. It was the worst crack-up I had ever seen."

That afternoon Meconis took off for a pass in London. We pick him up in the diary on 20 April.

"The tour through the Tower of London was, I think, the most interesting thing I did while in London. An old man, keeper of the keys, garbed in a red-black cape and flat hat and britches, took us up into the main tower in a chapel where in medieval times knights knelt and prayed all night before receiving their

knighthood officially. Below the chapel, the guide explained, was a private execution chamber. A display of swords and armor could be seen in the banqueting hall just outside the chapel.

"We were shown the house where Lady Jane Gray was held prisoner, the place in the courtyard where they erected the scaffold on which Henry VIII's wives were beheaded, the chapel where the remains of all the victims of the tower's executions were finally laid away, the tower where Sir Walter Raleigh was kept prisoner 14 years, the royal jewel-keeper's abode, various other towers and gates and moats - all old and musty, of flint rock construction for the most part."

"Our sacks (beds) here are made up of a metal frame and flat springs with a mattress consisting of three "biscuits" - equal sized squares of canvas covered cotton stuffing (ed note: I thought they held straw - they never dried out in the England damp) which are supposed to fit together as a whole on the bunk. They don't stay together so well, however."

The above account was taken from page four of Frank Spurlock's 32 page diary. The following was taken from pages 30 and 31 of that interesting document.

"Attlebridge, England, May 10th, 1945. Today I went on my 36th and most enjoyable mission, to Germany. Of course we didn't drop any bombs and flew at about a thousand feet all the way. Went across Belgium and flew very low over Brussels. There were very many flags out, celebrating victory. Their flag is red, orange, and black. Could see the people looking up and the little street cars, one attached behind another, very plainly. Went over a lot of territory that had scars of battles - trenches, shell holes, a deserted tank, or a portion of an airplane here and there. Went down to the southern part of Germany and then flew over all the large towns along and near the Rhine, viewing the bomb damage. There were pontoon and wooden bridges at various places along the Rhine, but all the regular bridges that we saw were down. Passed over a big PW area on one side of the Rhine. The ground was covered for miles with Germans. Circled Cologne. It was the worst, I thought. Only the huge cathedral is still standing in a vertical position. It is probably a miracle that it was saved.



The Cologne Cathedral stands in stark contrast to the surrounding rubble. This picture was taken from one of the a/c in the "Trolley Mission" Spurlock described.

"Holland looked neat. Very little damage was noticeable from the air. Of course, it hadn't been bombed since the Germans took over in 1940. The Dutch were flying a red, white, and blue flag, and also an orange flag. They all waved to us and seemed especially excited over us flying over, probably because American planes in the past few weeks have been parachuting food to them. At one place they had "Thanks" spelled out with rocks on the ground. This "mission" was for the benefit of the ground men mainly. We took about 10. I flew as radio operator with a captain I flew with once last month. (ed. note: most of Reynolds' crew left the base around the middle of April 1945). A ground officer who went with us accidentally pulled the ripcord on the chute he was going to take, just before he got into the plane. The thing billowed out right then and there and he was embarrassed! The ground men got a big kick out of the trip, though. It was a perfect day as far as the weather was concerned."

Frank H. Spurlock (radio operator on 785th Reynolds crew, now Feature Editor of the Kansas City Star newspaper).

"Attlebridge, near Norwich, England, September 7, 1944. "This is our permanent Eighth Air Force base. We flew here from northern Ireland today in a battered B-24. We're in East Anglia, not far from the east coast. The nearest fair sized town is Norwich. London is about 90 miles south-southwest. The base is like the former ones (ed note: this crew had trained at several other bases in the UK before reaching Attlebridge) - a group of buildings here and some more half a mile or a mile away, and usually not one, but several farms between army buildings.

"The larger buildings are brick but most are nissen huts - half tubes of corrugated tin set on concrete islands in the English mud. They are longer than wide, have a door at each end and a small stove in the center, which is NOT big enough to hold a fire all night. Each has three or four electric lights and bunks line each side of the hut. Pictures of Rita Hayworth or someone comparable decorate the doors and most of the wall space. Where there aren't pinups there may be rows of bombs painted on the wall to indicate how many missions a crew has. The outside of the huts are painted gray, black and brown colors for camouflage.



Two unknown men pose in front of a Nissen Hut like the one described in Spurlock's diary, though, I suspect his was a little neater. Crew chief, M. A. Munafa of the 785th sent in the picture.

## \$50,000 FUND DRIVE UNDERWAY

At our meeting in Wilmington this year we announced the 'kick off' of a \$50,000 fund raising drive to bolster the Memorial Trust Fund in its continuing fight against rampaging inflation.

Now I will be the first to admit that the American people are annually buried under one national fund drive after another, but in those drives you never really know how your donations are ultimately used — albeit they are all for good causes.

The Memorial Trust Fund is our own, and we know *EXACTLY* how the money is used. The income from the Trust Fund goes to the library for the purchase of essential books on America. Books, happily, are the bridge of understanding between peoples of different nations and this can readily be seen in our own relationships with the people of East Anglia. If there is to be peace in the world in years to come it will be the direct result of this type of understanding. The Memorial Room has gained an international reputation among bibliophiles and scholars, as well as the reading public, in both England and the continent.

Unfortunately, inflation has hit hard everywhere and the income from the Trust Fund simply cannot buy as much today as it did yesterday.

We are all managing to get a bit older each year and we cannot expect the level of private donations from members, parents and other relatives to continue at its present level as the years pass. If we cannot increase the present income from the fund the effects on buying policy in the library would be that a much narrower range of books would be bought, probably those at the lower end of the price scale. Sets and series which have been begun could not be continued, and out-of-date editions would be maintained on current display because of the impossibility of acquiring their successors. The cumulative effect on the Memorial Room would be that it would eventually become a mausoleum of the books of a generation ago. One occasionally sees in schools or colleges libraries which have suffered this fate. This would be a betrayal of the Founders (all of us) who always sought, and have so far achieved, a living Memorial.

It becomes imperative then that we increase the capital fund substantially. We feel that \$50,000 will enable the Memorial Room to remain 'alive' and a vibrant force for peace and understanding for the foreseeable future. We simply must do all in our power to attain this end. **THIS IS OUR MEMORIAL IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT HOME.** We owe it to them to continue this fight to keep the Memorial alive. We can do no less.

So this year really kick in to the best of your ability. Those \$1.00 and \$2.00 donations are just as important as the \$100.00 kind — and we hope to see plenty of those.

We do not expect our members to carry this burden alone and throughout the year the officers of the Association will be seeking help from charitable foundations noted for their assistance to worthy causes. At the same time a drive, conducted by our Board of Governors, will be going on in England as they seek assistance from their charitable foundations.

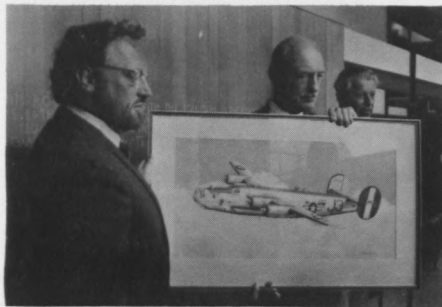
Once again we are fighting side by side with the British. This time the enemy is inflation and I know we'll win again. We might be creaking in the joints but we're not dead yet.

## B-24 PAINTING PROUDLY

### HANGS IN MEMORIAL ROOM

Ever since the Memorial room was founded there was no way, on the surface, for anyone to determine what type of plane the men flew who donated this unique Memorial to the Norwich City Library.

This past May, while several of us were in England, Mike Bailey, noted British artist and illustrator of aircraft of WW II, presented his painting of "Hooken Cow" to us and the Library. Where it now hangs it can be seen from as far away as the street and is a most welcome, and needed, addition to our memorial.



[L to R] Mike Bailey, Richard Gurney (Chairman of the Board of Governors) and Bill Robertie.

The painting is exact in every detail, right down to the rivets. Mike is prepared to do a similar painting of your aircraft in flight for a charge ranging from \$105.00 to \$135.00. If you wish further details please write to the Newsletter and we will answer any questions you might have.

We are all grateful to Mike for this beautiful painting now proudly hanging in our Memorial Room.

## REUNION CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Our 27th Annual Reunion is now past and I would feel remiss if I did not express my gratitude to all of you members for helping to make this a resounding success and creating a spirit of unity and dedication for our unique Association and what it stands for.

You came from far and wide to join your comrades, renewing old friendships and making new ones. We had our good times at the beaches near Wilmington, tasting southern foods, listening to our officers at meetings, seeing a fashion show for the ladies, having mini reunion meetings etc. We saw films of the strategic bombing raids such as the Ploesti oil fields which brought nostalgic moments to those that were involved in that action and feelings of awe to those of us who viewed this for the first time. We listened to speeches by General Lukeman of the 467th B.G. and our own beloved Tom Eaton of Norwich, England. Also we were fortunate to have Willie Elder conduct the memorial service aboard the U.S.S. Battleship North Carolina and her inspiring timely message will not be forgotten. It was a fitting climax to our busy convention.



[L to R] Bill Robertie, Jordan Uttal, Aaron Schultz, Tom Eaton.

Mr. Tom Eaton gave us a plan to compete with inflation by trying to increase capitol funds by \$50,000.00 in the next few years to preserve the library in Norwich. While it is true that there are many memorial plaques and words engraved in stone in various parts of England concerning the troops that were there during World War II, our memorial room in the library in Norwich is the only one of its kind sponsored and supported by U.S. Soldiers as a living memorial to the 6,032 men who gave their lives while serving with our 2nd Air Division.

Once again, many thanks to you all for helping to make our 27th Reunion the success it was. Let's hope that we can meet again for our 28th Reunion in Norwich, England in 1975, God willing.

Sincerely,  
A. C. Schultz,  
27th Reunion Chairman



## I HAVE QUITE A FEW MEMORIES

by June Zimmerman

(talk given at the 2nd ADA banquet 1974)

It's a privilege for me to be here tonight and I'm sure you also feel it is a privilege. I have made many new friends and I consider that quite an honor.

I know there are several other English girls here tonight and, you know, for a long time I thought there was only one base, Hethel the 389th, as that base contained the only man I was interested in.

Today I found out something I hadn't realized before. I also lived near the boundry of Horsham St. Faith and I understand there are quite a few here tonight from that base.



June Zimmerman

I've had quite a few experiences. I used to watch the planes go out to Germany almost every day and when I came home from work at night they would be returning from these missions. I used to count them with anguish in my heart.

When I saw there were some missing I hoped they were landing at other fields. I used to watch the flares go up and know that there were wounded aboard and it worried me.

We had one plane from Horsham St. Faith crash on my home. It took away my side bedroom and killed children in the garden next door. The boys, the American boys, were all killed. So I have quite a few memories with all of you even though I was quite young.

(ed. note: The above talk was given by June just before the invocation which she also conducted. It is very moving and we thought our members who could not be there would like to read it.)

## GAS DROP

by Tom Swint

All this fuss and feathers about a gasoline shortage reminds me of a story.

Back in the summer of 1944 during World War II, the Allies had invaded Europe. The tanks were hung up for a month or so in the hedgerows of Normandy. Then they broke out and armored columns were streaking across Europe with a German army in retreat.

There was just one problem; maybe two. They ran out of gasoline. The Germans sensed this and stiffened their resist-



During all these exciting times, I was at a heavy-bomber base near Norwich, England, flying milk runs or ground support over France.

One morning an officer shook me in my sack and asked if I had any infantry experience. Still rubbing sleep from my eyes, I told him I was a doughfoot for a year before I came to the Air Corps. He grunted:

"OK, you'll do. Get dressed."

Now for an exciting mission you would have expected something more dramatic than that.

I dressed and reported to Group Operations. There I learned our bombers were going to be used to haul cans of gasoline to the tanks that were stalled in Northern France.

As a sergeant, I was to take an advance party over in the first plane and guard the cans of gasoline the bombers would ferry from England to San Quentin, France.

There was one other very big problem. The runways had holes and landing a B-24 bomber loaded with hundreds of jerry cans of gasoline was no joke. One bad landing and everything would go boom.

Getting our first flight down onto French soil was like walking on eggs. Oh, yes, I almost forgot the most important part. We had assumed the base was secured.

When our Liberator bomber zoomed in for a landing, I could see men in gray suits running like crazy for the roads leading away from the base. I was so scared with all that explosive aboard, it never crossed my mind that those were Germans.

I didn't really think about it when I was lining the planes up for unloading on an apron as far from the landing runway as we could get. Then one of the unloading crew came up and said it sure was odd. There was still a fire in a cookstove in the underground bunker where the Germans had lived.

It didn't take us long to unload the gasoline cans and pitch tents along the apron. The colonel told me our group was to scrounge up wheelbarrows and get a detail busy pouring rocks into those bomb craters before one of those B-24s crashed and blew us all to kingdom come.

After the officers flew back to Rackheath in their big silver birds, we started to explore the base. French kids materialized from nowhere. They eyed us and we eyed them. The little boys wore dresses. (This seemed odd to me.) The older people made sign language and we soon learned that the Germans actually were fleeing when our squadron was circling the field that morning.

None of us spoke French. But Phil Wuertenburg, a Texan, spoke Spanish. Wart, as he was called, soon learned that the American infantry was still about 30 miles away. The Frenchmen had seen no tanks. They showed us a warehouse where the Germans stored supplies. We found cans of sausage and some delightful bitter-sweet chocolate.

On the next flight of gasoline, we were better organized with a crew to guide the bombers around the chuck holes and an-

other group to unload the airplane. The air crews did not have to dismount.

Wart told me if we could get a few cases of lye soap from the base back in England, he thought he could swap it to the French farm women for fresh vegetables to go with our C rations (and German sausages).

One of the air crews delivered a packet of French money from our escape kits. It turned out the peasants around the base would rather have soap and sugar. Wart, who had been a lowly jeep driver in England, was now a Texas wheeler-dealer in onions, eggs and ripe tomatoes. Several bottles of vin rouge and vin blanc materialized.

We had two crews of civilians hauling rocks to fill the bomb craters. We paid them in paper money and C rations.

The word spread fast when we learned that the shops in the village near the base had lots of French perfume and face powder. Being ambassadors of good will, we really set up the first European Common Market. Wart traded G.I. soap for vegetables and perfume. We then swapped the perfume and lipstick to air crews, which took them back to England. The English girls had been several years without cosmetics.

"Oh, ho, ho, Henry Higgins, just you wait . . ."

Our paradise lasted about a week. Then a squadron of 9th Air Force P-38s (fighter planes) was moved to the base to protect the gasoline. The fighter pilots had been in France longer. They could parlez vous and we could only use a sign language and a few winks. Guess who took over?

When the foot soldiers arrived in late August, we had the runways repaired, a functional black market in perfume and G.I. soap, and several thousand gallons of fuel for the armored columns.

The French baker was delivering long loaves of bread to our mess tent and the priest was worrying about the young girls.

When the first American infantry officer rode up in a jeep, we expected praise and stood at attention. He looked at me and said:

"Where the hell you guys been? Damn it, don't salute me. There may be Krauts around here.

I was sort of glad to return to England. Our war was better.

## NOTICE

If anybody remembers serving with Lt. Hank J.H.B. Dykstal of the 44th Bomb Group will you please get in touch with Hank J. B. Dykstal, 3A Edinburg Drive, Wisbech, Cambs. England. Young Hank never knew his father as Lt. Dkystal was killed in action in late 1944. Hank would appreciate any information from those who knew his father and photos if they are available. Write direct to Hank or the Newsletter and we will see to it that the information is passed along.

# LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I've just finished your latest newsletter. I've read them all with great interest. I think I enjoy them more than my father. I missed being around in WW II by at least five years, but my interest is as strong as those who lived through it.

I'm always looking for mention of the 93rd BG as that was my Father's. (he flew missions from October '44 to April '45, before that he was a pilot instructor in the States). I have only one picture of him overseas (with a moustache yet!) so I can't send a copy or any spares. His ship was B-24J assigned to him the 20th of March '45, Sqadron letter 'W' (Willie). In all 36 missions no one was injured on his plane.

I would be interested in news about the 409th Bomb Squadron and the 93rd Bomb Group or from anyone who might have known my father then. I love hearing what other people remember of that time everyones version is different.

Well I just wanted to write ya'll to thank you for the news. As both an interested descendant and historian I appreciate the value of your work. My Father is Edward L. McGuire, Jr.

Yours truly,  
Mary T. McGuire

*(ed. note: Thank you for your letter Mary and while I'm at it how about joining the Association in your own right. Immediate family members are eligible you know. Just send Evelyn Cohen your \$5.00 dues and get your own Newsletter.)*

Hello Everybody!!

I'm one sad fellow that we couldn't be at the reunion this year (1974) but do to the sad mess the oil companies put us in we didn't feel like we could take the time off. We had plans to go right to the nite of the banquet and ball. The next best thing was to call you luckier people on Saturday the 27th but the hotel would not send anyone to the banquet room and get one of three people - Bill Robertie, John Woolnough or Harold Anderson. So to this day, Sunday 28 July 1974 we have not talked to anyone.

We would like anyone to drop us a letter and tell us what went on this reunion.

We sure missed everyone this year.

James (Bob) Carey

*(ed. note: We missed you too Bob and hope you can make England next year or Valley Forge the year after.*

Dear Evelyn:

30 years ago to date I flew with the 389th B.G. as a Radio Operator in the crew of Jessie L. Mynick.

All those years I have wished I could find some of the gang but have never been able to locate anyone. Then out of the blue I received a telephone call at work from a Mr. Ed. Griffin who I didn't know. He put me in touch with Mr. Aaron Schultz.

I received a copy of the Newsletter and back in time for 30 years I went. I can't express my mixed feelings. I close my eyes and in my mind it's sweating out the mission all over again. Funny you forget the bad and remember only the good times.

Enough of this for now. Thank you for letting me ramble on.

Cheers,  
J. L. Morton

*(ed. note: Ramble on anytime J.L. This is your Newsletter.)*

Dear Sir,

Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the 2nd Air Division 448th reunion at Wilmington, N.C. this past weekend. It was the first reunion that I have ever attended. I have been to many Air Force Association reunions in Washington, D.C. I think the banquet was excellent.

I also enjoyed the mini reunion of the 448th Friday night. It was the first time that I had seen our 448th Commander, Col. Charles B. Westover then. The last time I had come in contact with him was many years ago when he had our entire crew stand at attention in his office while he gave us the going over. We had lost three B-24 Liberators in a row, we left three ships over on the continent all piled up. He just kept us at attention for quite some time until he wanted to know whose side we were flying for. The ships were all results of flak holes.

Again, I want to tell you how much that I enjoyed the trip to Wilmington, with best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,  
Richmond Henre Dugger, Jr.  
Broadnax, Virginia 23920

Dear Bill:

As a new and elated member of the Second Air Division Association I can only thank someone who submitted my name to a fellow member of the 448th Bomb Group, 715th Sqdn. I am so happy that after all these years someone had the forethought and initiative to gather fellow airmen together to reminisce over days gone by and am looking forward to the up and coming reunions. I cannot express my feelings on receiving the Newsletter and all that it contained and will surely pass all my available information on to my fellow crewmen.

Again let me express my gratitude and admiration on your fine job and wish that we may get together in the future and exchange greetings.

Francis X. Sheehan  
33704 Shiawassee  
Farmington, Michigan 48024

Dear Friend,

While on a teaching assignment at Lakenheart/Mildenhall Air Force Stations in England, I was made aware that the Second Air Division has an organization. I don't know why I hadn't heard of this before, but in any case

I was a bombardier with the 392nd Bomb Gp. (H0 from Aug. 1944 to March 1945. Could you please send me whatever information you have relating to membership, publications, back issues of the Newsletter, etc.? I'll be returning to the States early in July and would appreciate having this information.

Cordially,  
George Barger

*(ed. note: There are many more like you George who would be just as delighted to hear about the Association. How about passing the word and sending Evelyn Cohen any names and addresses you might have?)*

Dear Evelyn,

A few weeks ago I was fortunate in that I sat across from Col. & Mrs. Griffin (Griff & Bobbie) at an ROA dinner and found about the Second Air Division Association. I am enclosing my check for membership.

Incidentally Griff provided me with a copy of the December 1970 Newsletter with its short history of the 491st Bomb Group. I was in the 853rd Squadron from 8 July 1944 to 13 April 1945. Flew 30 missions and ended up as lead navigator. The article brought back many memories. On the Misburg mission of 26 November 1944 (article says 1945), my crew was scheduled to lead that one. We were also scheduled to go on pass and the crew opted to

take the pass, even though it broke up the lead crew rotation. We lost all 13 crews on that mission and you can imagine the feeling we had when we returned to the base the next day.

I am looking forward to receiving the Newsletters and hope that one day I will be able to make it to the reunions.

Yours truly,  
Henry W. Liljedahl

Dear Mr. Warth,

I was surprised to run into an old World War II buddy who informed me that the Second Air Division, 8th Air Force had an association and were planning a reunion in 1975 in Norwich, England.

Now I have a number of questions: First, I was a member of the 734th Bomb Squadron, 453rd Bomb Group stationed at Old Buckingham. I would like to join the association if I knew who to write to. Secondly, I would love to make the trip to Norwich next year with my wife.

My war-time buddy gave me your address as he understands you have the necessary information regarding this trip and the organization. I am interested in the dates, cost, etc. If I should be writing to the wrong person, please advise as I am interested in hearing about the old groups and perhaps I can run down some of my old crew members.

I am enclosing a self-addressed envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely,  
Roger R. Hahn

*(ed. note: Dis is de place. Hope you have luck in running down some of your old crew members. Send names and addresses to Evelyn Cohen.)*

Dear Mr. Warth:

Enclosed is my check for \$25.00 deposit for the Second Air Division Assn. Reunion in Norwich, England in 1975.

Both my wife and I are looking forward to a really great trip. I have not been back since the war and my wife has never been there so it will be quite a nice experience for us both.

Sincerely,  
Edward M. Holgate

Dear Bill:

I can't begin to tell you what a thrill it was to receive your very warm and most enjoyed letter of April 8th.

The memories I have lived with all burst forth as I read your letter and the Newsletter you sent along. Yes, you were right in thinking I served with the 44th. I joined the 44th in June of '44 and flew my 35th and final mission at the end of April '45. I sailed out of South Hampton on May 7th 1945 the day Germany surrendered.

We were in the 68th Bomb Squadron when Major Lenhausen was C.O. I am 50 years old and in all that time I have never met a man I looked up to and thought as much of as I did Major Lenhausen. Do you ever hear from him or what he is doing now? Any news of him would be welcome.

I won't be able to make the reunion this year but my wife and I will be going to the one in Norwich in '75. Bill, I am sending my \$3.00 dues to join the Association so please get me enrolled. Do you by chance have any past copies of the Newsletter you could mail me to read? I sure hope you do.

With best regards,  
Bob Winters

*(ed. note: You will be happy to learn Bob that Major Lenhausen is a member of the Association and I'm sure he will be glad to hear from you. His name and address is in the Roster you must have by now. Extra copies of the previous Newsletters will be sent as soon as I get a minute. Welcome aboard.)*

Dear Joe,

I was sure glad to see your article in the 2nd Air Division News Letter of March 1974 regarding the 1975 planned reunion in late May.

Please find my check for the \$25.00 for my wife, Barbara, and myself.

My wife teaches high school but we are hoping if the reunion is in late May we can hire a substitute and she can make the trip too. I sure want her to see our old 448th's base at Seething and also to visit Norwich, London and possibly some points on the continent.

I was fortunate enough to have made the olympic games in Munich and for the first time put my feet on German soil.

It was quite unfriendly when I finished my missions on April 11, 1944 prior to the invasion so after 28 years I got to see part of the country that we will never forget.

It's too bad everyone can't go back to visit but of course there are many circumstances which prevent this for those of us who are fortunate enough to be still alive.

If you find out the specific dates I would appreciate you putting it in the Air Division News as soon as you know.

My wife and I sure had a wonderful time at Colorado Springs last summer and like so many others I never knew there was an organization prior to being advised in the mail by Ken Englebrecht of our 448th Bomb Group.

I'm sure there are still hundreds who are unaware of such an organization and I wish there was some way they could all be advised because they don't know what they are missing.

I sure appreciate the work you and our elected officials are doing in behalf of our organization and especially in making plans for our 1975 reunion in Norwich.

Best personal regards,  
Leroy Engdahl

Dear Bill:

Last week while visiting Norwich Central Library, Mr. David Stoker happened to show

me a copy of his letter to you, dated 31st May. In it I noticed that you were both waiting to hear from me with reference to our Society's activities, in particular with regard to the 2nd Air Division. Please accept my apologies for the delay and misunderstanding on my part.

Briefly, the Society, which is six years old, consists of a group of individuals who are gathering together information from every source available to form an accurate factual history of aviation activities in East Anglia during World War Two. We realize the task is immense and that information is scarce, but by such means as sifting through official war time records, corresponding with aviation experts, digging up the remains of aircraft wrecks to establish identities, interviewing local people who remember incidents and by reading all the relevant aviation literature we can lay hands on, we are slowly amassing a detailed wealth of information.

The 2nd Air Division has always been a favorite subject for our research, especially for myself with all its former airfields concentrated around Norwich, in which I live.

As well as compiling facts on 2nd Air Division aircraft complete with crew lists, mission details, serials, eye witness accounts, we have located and unearthed several aircraft wrecks that were not completely cleared away by the recovery crews. One recent example that may interest you, concerns a B-24 of the 392nd B.G. This aircraft, a P.F.F. serial number 42-51150 was returning from a raid in a badly damaged condition on the 23rd March 1945 when, about ten miles north of Norwich it suddenly burst into flames and plunged to the ground, killing eight of the twelve crew members. The radar operator, with the rank of Captain, survived the crash, parachuting into a local graveyard, landing squarely on top of a headstone. The Captain's remarks on this feat were, according to an eye witness, not printable. A search for the wreckage of this aircraft produced, among other fragments, pieces of moulded fibreglass probably from the radome.

From each wreck investigation we keep recognizable parts that are in reasonable condition and these are cleaned and restored for exhibition purposes and to form the nucleus of our proposed aeronautical museum. These,

together with items of flying gear such as helmets, goggles, flak jackets, uniforms, insignia and including parts of aircraft such as instruments, gun sights etc., all of which have been collected from various sources over the years by members, will form an exhibition to be staged in the Central Library at Norwich later this year.

In addition to the above, it is also proposed to exhibit examples of art work found on derelict former 8th Air Force airfields. To date a large number have been discovered by my brother Steve and these he has photographed. I enclose a selection of prints taken from his color slides showing examples of art work he discovered at the former 361st F.G. airfield at Bottisham, together with his detailed description of their location and composition.

Another project in which the Society is at present involved is the recording of names of all American airmen buried at the American Military Cemetery at Cambridge. These names, together with those listed on the Wall of the Missing, will form a book to be produced in a limited quantity by the Society, a copy of which is to be offered to Norwich Central Library or the American Room.

There are many other projects at present going on in the Society, not to mention my own investigation of factory assembly and part numbers found on aircraft parts, which is intended to provide positive identification of wrecks where no records of type or sub-type are available.

In your letter to David Stoker, of the 17th May, you mentioned that your Newsletter might be of assistance in our researches. From the one or two copies I have been fortunate enough to see I would say that it would be a valuable source of information and such an offer would be gratefully accepted.

I hope this letter has given you a little idea of what we are doing and hope to do.

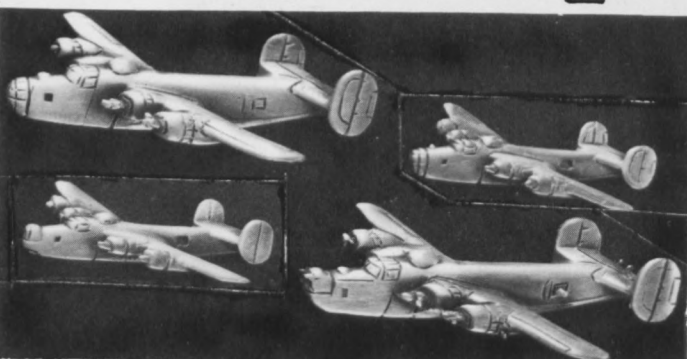
Thank you for showing your interest in us.  
Sincerely,  
Chris Gotts  
6 Gravelfield Close  
Valley Drive Estate  
Norwich, NOR 86P,  
Norfolk

# Official 2<sup>nd</sup> AIR DIVISION JEWELRY

Fine 3 dimensional, cast antique pewter B-24's

Check and circle item wanted below

TIE TACK  or TIE BAR



ITEMS ARE SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

## 2<sup>nd</sup> AIR DIV. Memorial Fund

Send check or M/O for \$4.95 to

**DEEP SIX MINIATURES**

Box 134 Northboro Mass. 01532

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
P-N

PLEASE PRINT

# REUNION PHOTOS



384 members gather for Memorial Services on board the USS Battleship North Carolina. Photo by Zimmerman



Milt Veynar at Ladies fashion show. A staunch supporter of men's liberation! Photo by Denton.



Our President Bill Brooks about to pounce on Helene Denton. Dottie Brooks and Jean Hayes refuse to be disturbed. Photo by Denton.



At the Head Table. Jordan Uttal, Bill Robertie, Tom Eaton and Joyce Uttal. Photo by Henry.



The crowd begins to gather for the banquet. Photo by Cobin.



[L to R] Mary Lou Petty, Dorothy Norman, Roxie Walsh and June Zimmerman. Photo by Zimmerman.



Jean Hayes, Helene Denton, Russ Hayes and Jackie Hanify. Photo by Denton.



Hazel and Bill Robertie. Photo by Henry - he insisted!



[L to R] Earl and June Zimmerman, Sally and Aaron Schultz. Photo by Zimmerman.



The Snoopy Squadron of the 2nd AD. Sons and daughters of members. Photo by Cobin.



Pete and Mary Henry 44th. (Henry's Camera again)



Al Franklin of the 44th examining nose art reproductions by Jim Auman. Photo by Henry.