

NEWS LETTER

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

March 1975

AMERICAN TIES WITH EAST ANGLIA

by Christopher R. Elliott

An East Anglian who has links with the New World recalls some milestones in the American Air Forces association with East Anglia which will soon have extended over a period of nearly 35 years.



In January, 1942 the first American Service men landed in this country. Their coming — two million were to follow between 1942 and 1945 — had a profound effect on East Anglian village and town life. In February, 1946, at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, the 8th U.S.A.A.F. officially departed, but later that year at Marham, in conjunction with R.A.F. Bomber Command, the U.S.A.A.F. carried out rocket bomb experiments, and, finally in 1948, when the Berlin blockade started, returned to England where they have been stationed ever since.

When the first American Service men since World War I arrived in England in 1942, many East Anglians found, to their surprise, that a good many of these Americans had our names and that some had better connections with the Puritan "family" of John Winthrop, of Groton, Suffolk, who voyaged with other local men and women to the New World in 1629, than many native claimants.

For my part I had an American cousin on my father's side in the 8th Air Force,

a native of Ohio and, later in the war, a cousin on my mother's side, a native of Ipswich, married a Wattisham-based American from Pennsylvania. By now, with the 35-year link coming up, thousands of other East Anglian families can make similar claims.

Allan A. Michie, the well-known American journalist and commentator of the war years, who had friends in West Suffolk, told me after the war that some 50,000 Americans, mostly 8th and 9th Air Force men, married local girls. Indeed, the marriage rate in some areas was extremely high.

Are the Americans of today very different from those we first got to know 35 years ago? The best spontaneous judgment I heard passed on this point was as a guest of my American cousin in the famous American Red Cross Rainbow Corner, now demolished, at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Windmill Street, Piccadilly, where there was a notice over the main entrance which said *Through These Portals Pass America's Finest.*



An American, seeing me reading this, said: "Son, that may be true. It all depends on who's the judge, but I reckon that it would be true to say that we are no better and no worse than our fathers and your fathers who served in World War I. We certainly ain't angels."

The East Anglian community through the years has honored the American Air Force. Major General William E. Kepner, one of the Eighth's commanding generals, was given the first non-British honorary freedom of Norwich, and from the Mayor of Cambridge he received a casket containing the scroll of freedom for his entire force — some 300,000 men and women.

Elsewhere there are several tangible monuments to their three war years in the Eastern Counties. In Norwich, for example, where on market days the Americans used to ride cattle Wild West-style, the city is proud of the American Room at the Central Library — a memorial to the 2nd Air Division which flew Liberators in Norfolk.

At least two good books by East Anglian-based American authors emerged from the war-time occupation: *Suffolk Summer*, by John T. Appleby, in 1948, the proceeds of which were given towards the upkeep of a memorial garden in the Abbey grounds at Bury St. Edmunds; and *Here we are Together*, by Robert S. Arbib, junior, a little earlier — in 1946. What, I wonder, is the present generation of Americans writing about East Anglia?

(ed. note: The above article appeared in the Eastern Counties Newspaper, Norwich, England. It pretty much says it all.)

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448th RAMBLINGS



by
Joseph T.
Michalczyk
(448th BG)

Less than two years ago membership of the 448th in the 2nd Air Division Association was very close to not even existing. I was also one of those among the absent.

Upon being awakened from my sound sleep I attended my first reunion held at Colorado Springs in July of 1973. A turnout of 624 members from assorted Groups impressed me.

After returning from the reunion I spent the remainder of the year, along with our Vice President Ken Englebrecht, searching for 448th people who had become lost. Our search bore fruit and our membership is now climbing.

At the reunion this past year I was appointed historian of the 448th and I hope to do a good job in this capacity. Our number one concern has been, and will continue to be, growth of our Group in the Association.

We are interested in obtaining as many personal stories, photos and records as we can. If any of you can help we will appreciate it. All material will be copied and returned immediately. Let us all get to work.

PLANNING A TRIP TO ENGLAND?



By Tom Swint
(467th BG)

It has been 30 years since we used to shiver around the potbelly stove in Sack Hall, Rackheath. I still have some fond memories of riding a bicycle around the English countryside with the former Monica Jean Atkins, then a WAAF stationed at nearby Horning Ferry.

I talked about this with a friend of mine who was planning a trip to England last summer. He agreed to budget one day for me and go back to my old base and see what the hell had happened. I was a bit apprehensive because Dick Moody had been a Navy officer in The Big War and he might not appreciate the sentiments that an old flyboy would have for concrete aprons, hardstands and English pubs.

Dick followed my directions explicitly: First find the Blue Boar Pub in Norwich. Order two black-and-tans. This will arouse the curiosity and/or suspicion of the barkeep. Ask him how to find the Golden Gate to Lord Stracey's estate and the village of Rackheath. If he gives you any lip, depart in a huff and seek out the Green Man Pub.

Dick is an excellent reporter. He found the Blue Boar got directions and soon was driving around the old site of the 467th Bombardment Group. The Flying Control Tower was part of an auto-parts junkyard with a mean watchdog. The old subdepot area is now light industrial and there are several rows of tract homes.

He ran across the old chap who used to be the King's Clark (clerk, I suppose) and this old fellow remembered the Americans well. Many old timers at Rackheath remembered the Americans with the same gusto as they recalled the V-1 buzzbomb and the V-2 rocket. Some gave us top billing.

Some of the old buildings were standing, like the concrete Ops Block and a few scattered Nissen huts were seen about. Dick took color slides and they made my heart go flippedy-flop when I remembered bicycling down those narrow roads, always chilly, to eat powdered eggs, bully beef and orange marmelade.

At least there was one consolation. They ain't raising pigs on OUR base yet. A little wheat and maybe a stray calf or two. Lots of the concrete apron has crumbled but some light planes still use the runways.

If you're planning a trip to England, Dick had a good idea. He set aside so much to spend each day. When his plane landed at London, he went to a Dunn & Co. store and bought a good warm British sports jacket to keep warm. Then he sought out a Budget-Rent-a-Car outlet (one in Winbledon) and rented a car for four weeks.

Staying off the well-traveled tourist traps, he wound his way up one side of the island and down the other. Each afternoon about 3 p.m. he would tie down for the night in a "tourist home" in some village that offered bed and breakfast super cheap. After his afternoon "tay" he would explore afoot and gravitate to the local pub.

I forgot to ask him to check on the Abulutions Building at our old site. I'm sure the coating of ice hasn't thawed in 30 years. It should be intact.

Dick did say that the "clark fellow", Jack E. Bunkell, Rackheath Parish Council Clerk, said that Lord Edward Stracey had gone to his reward. Lord Edward never forgave me for feeding his horse some extra sugar from our K rations.

TRY THIS IN YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER

"The Second Air Division Association is making every effort to locate anyone, and everyone, who served with the 2nd Air Division of the United States Air Force in England.

All personnel ever identified with the following Bomb Groups and Fighter Groups are eligible to join the Association. Bomb Groups: 44, 93, 389, 392, 445, 446, 448, 453, 458, 466, 467, 489, 491 and 492. Fighter Groups: 4th, 56th, 355th. Scouting Force: 361st and 479th. Also all attached units.

Anyone who served, at any time, with one of the above listed units please contact Ms. Evelyn Cohen, 404 Atrium Apts., 2555 Welsh Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114. Each member receives the Association Newsletter, published quarterly, and a copy of the latest Roster of Members which now numbers over 2000 names and current addresses."

(ed. note: The letter appearing above was sent to over 80 Newspapers this past year by Roy Jonasson (389th BG) and the results were amazing. We urge everyone to make a copy of this and send it to your local paper or papers.)

NOTICE

Just a reminder to all of you going to England with us this coming May. Please bring one book along with you pertaining to your locality so we can present these to the Library. A bookplate will be inserted in each one designating the giver. Many, many thanks.

SWEDEN WAS NOT A TARGET—BUT IT CERTAINLY WAS A HAVEN

The Newsletter has been very fortunate in making contact with Torbjorn Olausson of Sweden who, with this issue, will begin a series covering all 2nd Air Division aircraft that landed in Sweden during the war years.

The articles will include photos of each and every plane taken immediately after landing. Some were wrecked beyond recognition but all are identified by their serial number. In addition, where possible, he will detail the final disposition of these planes.

Torbjorn is a Swedish Television Producer and recently completed a Documentary covering this period and the events that took place while the various crew members were interned.

We are commencing this series with a listing of all the aircraft from all the 2nd Air Division Groups which landed in Sweden. If any of our members were on the crew of any of these planes Torbjorn will appreciate your getting in touch with him. While he has most of the facts he still has a few gaps to fill. Write Torbjorn Olausson, Swedish Broadcasting Corp., 105 10 Stockholm, Sweden.

The next issue will contain photos and stories on all the 44th BG aircraft.

Serial No.	Type	Nickname	Down	Unit	Photo
42-63962	B-24D-15-CF	Princess	Bulltofta 29/5-44	44 BG	5
42-63971	B-24D-15-CF		Trollhättan 18/11-43	44 BG	2
42-72858	B-24D-160-CO	Pistol Packin Mama	Bulltofta 9/4-44	44 BG	2
42-94892	B-24H-20-DT		Bulltofta 20/6-44	44 BG	
42-73500	B-24J-50-CO		Säve 29/5-44	44 BG	1
41-24111	B-24D-20-CO	Piccadilly Filley	Högsby 9/10-43	93BG	4
42-40128	B-24D-30-CO	War Baby	Örebro 18/11-43	93 BG	1
42-40610	B-24D-75-CO	Death Dealer	Rinkaby 9/10-43	93 BG	1
42-95030	B-24H-25-FO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	93 BG	5
42-51523	B-24J-5-FO		Bulltofta 17/1-45	93 BG	3
42-109816	B-24J-105-CO		Bulltofta 21/6-44	93 BG	
41-28787	B-24H-15-DT		Bulltofta 20/6-44	389 BG	
42-94973	B-24H-20-FO		Bulltofta 29/5-44	389 BG	4
42-50649	B-24J-1-FO		Sövde 24/8-44	389 BG	1
42-100146	B-24J-75-CO	Mistah Chick	Halmstad 21/6-44	389 BG	5
42-100190	B-24J-80-CO	Princess Konocti	Halmstad 24/6-44	389 BG	3
42-7502	B-24H-1-FO		Örebro 18/11-43	392 BG	2
42-7637	B-24H-1-FO	The Queen of Peece	Smedstorp 3/1-44	392 BG	3
42-51125	B-24H-25-DT		Röstänga 20/6-44	392 BG	1
42-95135	B-24H-25-FO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	392 BG	2
42-7627	B-24H-1-FO	DTO	Rinkaby 9/4-44	445 BG	1
42-110065	B-24J-130-CO		Rinkaby 29/5-44	445 BG	
42-51213	B-24H-30-DT		Bulltofta 20/6-44	446 BG	1
42-52733	B-24H-15-FO	Jiggs	Bulltofta 20/6-44	446 BG	1
42-94765	B-24H-15-FO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	446 BG	
42-100306	B-24J-90-CO	War Goddess	Visby 22/3-44	446 BG	2
41-29191	B-24H-5-CF	Hello Natural	Bulltofta 6/3-44	448 BG	4
42-51079	B-24H-20-DT		Bulltofta 20/6-44	448 BG	
42-52118	B-24H-10-FO		Bulltofta 9/4-44	448 BG	1
42-95013	B-24H-20-FO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	448 BG	
42-95089	B-24H-25-FO		Bulltofta 21/6-44	448 BG	2
42-95200	B-24H-25-FO	Dual Sa?	Bulltofta 20/6-44	448 BG	
42-50648	B-24J-1-FO		Sövde 4/8-44	448 BG	1
42-110040	B-24J-130-CO		Bulltofta 9/4-44	448 BG	1
44-10517	B-24J-		SW Falsterbo 25/3-45	448 BG	
42-52174	B-24H-10-FO		Bulltofta 25/8-44	453 BG	
42-52240	B-24H-10-FO		Rinkaby 9/4-44	453 BG	
42-52244	B-24H-10-FO		Rinkaby 9/4-44	453 BG	
42-94850	B-24H-20-FO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	453 BG	
41-28667	B-24H-5-DT		Bulltofta 9/4-44	458 BG	1
41-28718	B-24H-10-DT		Rinkaby 30/4-44	458 BG	
41-28963	B-24H-20-DT		Hellerup 17/1-45	458 BG	
44-10521	B-24J-60-CF	Laden Maid(en)	Säve 2/4-45	466 BG	4
44-40093	B-24J-145-CO	Lovely Lady's Avenger	Bulltofta 21/6-44	466 BG	3
42-94948	B-24H-20-FO		Sövde 25/8-44	489 BG	
42-95011	B-24H-20-FO		Rinkaby 29/5-44	492 BG	
44-40103	B-24J-145-CO	Say When	Bulltofta 20/6-44	492 BG	3
44-40106	B-24J-145-CO		Bulltofta 20/6-44	492 BG	
44-40112	B-24J-145-CO		Klagstorp 20/6-44	492 BG	
44-40136	B-24J-145-CO	Silver Witch	Bulltofta 20/6-44	492 BG	1
44-40142	B-24J-145-CO	Sknappy	Bulltofta 20/6-44	492 BG	3
44-40159	B-24J-150-CO	Bootling Boop	Säve 18/6-44	492 BG	3
44-40195	B-24J-150-CO	Boulder Buff	Bulltofta 6/7-44	492 BG	8
Unidentified					
41-28945	B-24H-20-DT	No Nothing	Sövde 6/8-44		1
41-29005	B-24H-20-DT		Bulltofta 21/11-44		
42-50343	B-24H-20-CF		Bulltofta 20/6-44		
42-50586	B-24J-1-FO		Hjortshög 21/6-44		
42-50770	B-24J-5-FO		Sövde 4/8-44		
Fighters					
43-28616	P-38J-15-LO P-51		Barkaby 27/11-44		
43-6365	P-51B-5-NA	Z Hub	Skummeslöv 15/4-44		
43-6461	P-51B-5-NA	Hot Pants	Rinkaby 13/5-44	4 FG	4
43-7158	P-51B-		Ljungbyhed 4/8-44		
42-106854	P-51B-15-NA		Kalmar 22/5-44		
43-12463	P-51B-1-NA		Lomma 25/8-88	357 FG	1
44-13345	P-51B-		Ljungbyhed 4/8-44		
44-13917	P-51D-5-NA		Lomma 25/8-44	357 FG	1
44-13939	P-51D-5-NA		Bulltofta 6/8-44	339 FG	1
			Kungstorp 4/8-44		

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Alfred Jenner



Alfred Jenner, aged 57, is Group Editor-in-Chief, and Deputy Group General Manager of Eastern Counties Newspapers Limited, publishers of four daily newspapers, including the "Eastern Daily Press", and 19 weekly newspapers. Born at Lowestoft, he has lived most of his life in Norwich and has worked for his company for 40 years.

His interest in the American Memorial Trust stems from several sources, but in the main it comes from his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany after being shot down over Berlin in April, 1941. After America came into the war what had been exclusively RAF POW camps began to receive American air crew prisoners and for the next two years Mr. Jenner had ample opportunity to watch his transatlantic allies in adversity.

"Quite frankly, they behaved better than most of our other allies in the camps," Mr. Jenner says. "They were generous and, to men who had been behind barbed wire for two or three years before they arrived, refreshingly arrogant in their attitude towards the German guards. Unlike the British they had never suffered the anxieties of being alone in Europe and, therefore, had an unshakable confidence in the idea of victory. This was a great help to our morale."

Mr. Jenner also saw the US 2nd Air Division in action from close quarters because his camp during the last year of the war was in the direct run up to Berlin for the Flying Fortresses and Liberators. Day after day he watched these formations flying through heavy anti-aircraft barrages without ever breaking formation. Every so often a stricken bomber would pull out, smoking or in flames, but the formation would just tighten up and go on without hesitation.

There are two other links between Mr. Jenner and the Americans. First, his sister is married to an American colonel, now retired and living in California. Secondly, he was official press officer when the American Memorial Trust library was opened in Norwich in 1963. "I think the authorities were looking for an Aunt Sally," he says, "Because it was thought that the late President John Kennedy might attend the opening of the library. Had he been able to do so the city would have been invaded by press men from all over the world and something would have had to go wrong. As it was, I had a most enjoyable time with the American press corps and was given a free hand in the City Hall by the Town Clerk to make quite certain that they had everything they wanted."

Mr. Jenner, who has visited east, middle and west America twice in recent years is married with a grown-up son and daughter.

THE LIBERTY RUN



by John W. Archer
(Associate)

The Air Force called it the Liberty Run. Airmen had another name for it — run like hell for liberty!

The liberty run was actually a convoy of 15 or so trucks carrying 360 airmen and one disgruntled officer to the nearest town. Norwich was a favorite rendezvous being within easy reach of all the 2nd Air Division Groups.

Liberty runs were always rush and hurry propositions. After the days work was over fatigues were cast aside, a fast shower taken (often cold water), a faster shave and a snitch of that good smelling stuff which couldn't be had on the civilian market. This was the last chance to quit the Air Force, partially at least, and get four hours of freedom.

There was always a rush for seats and many were still grabbing at the tailgate while the trucks were moving off. Of course, if you were lucky enough to be on station No. 104 (Hardwick) a more comfortable ride could be had by riding an old, beat-up, British bus. In either case the first 12 miles were the toughest. After that you became insensible to the pain and discomfort.

Everyone was all shined up. The guy next to you was probably the mechanic who was so damned crummy looking on the flight line earlier in the day, but right then he was the epitome in sartorial splendor.



TIMBERRRRR!

The trucks disgorged their load under the shadows of the stately Norwich Castle. There were the Liberty Run's usual greeters. Children from six to twelve who liked gum and candy and even knew what day the rations were issued! The girls were there also, the steadies, waiting for their particular date. Those airmen who were not meeting anybody disappeared into the blackout.

Some headed for the Bell Hotel or the Maids Head for a quiet meal in a relaxing atmosphere. Others headed for private homes with rations they had begged, borrowed or obtained by bribery, stealth or other means for a dinner and evening in a warm family gathering.

The bookworm made for his favorite bookstore where he read, discussed and haggled over books with the owner. The Samson and Hercules ballroom was preferred by many. Here was the place where the action was really lively. "The next dance will be a quick step!" When they said 'quick' the Tiger Rag was a waltz compared to some you got under that general title. Then there would be the 'excuse me' jobs. The girls did the cutting.

The Pubs were another favorite watering stop. Although they received only limited supplies of beer and very little of the 'good' stuff there always seemed to be enough to go around. Near the exit two MP's on their rounds checked that everything was under control. On occasion their presence brought relief to the anxious landlord.



Now where is that damn truck?

At 11 pm the trek started back to the Cattle Market where the trucks were warming up and ready to go. One had to make it fast if a seat was expected. Standing after having a few dozen beers and a supper of fish and chips could well cause the stomach a few problems.

The ride back to the base was always something to remember. The driver, in most cases, was usually as merry as some of his passengers. The pin-point blackout headlights searched the dark winding lanes toward the base. Considering the darkness of the night and the strangeness of the roads it was a wonder that the Liberty Runs ever made it back to the base. But after a thirty minute or so journey the friendly looking nissen huts hove into view.



Hic! Burp! Belch! — Take your choice!

If you were unfortunate enough to miss the ride home, and let us face it the base was 'home', the long hike was hardly good for the soul. Arriving in time for a late breakfast you could at least be thankful for a cold, foggy dawn which meant — 'no mission scheduled due to unfavorable weather conditions'. Of course if you had to fly there was always the oxygen mask at zero altitude!

WINGS GOD GAVE MY SOUL

by Joseph W. Noah



This is the story of one of America's greatest fighter pilots — George E. Preddy, Jr. This book can best be described by taking from the introduction as

written by General John C. Meyer who had the privilege of flying with George Preddy.

"I have yet to meet a man of such single-minded and dedicated purpose, of such intense desire to excel, not for himself but for his squadron, for his country. Above all, always, for his country. His appearance and conduct on the ground belied his skill, tenacity, and fighting heart in the air. But his achievements confirmed them. George Preddy was the complete fighter pilot.

The author writes of Preddy's exploits with accuracy and flair. But especially, he captures the total flavor of the man — the core of steel in a largely sentimental soul, the coolness under fire, the professional with his passion for essential details."

I've read the book but I couldn't say it better than General Meyer. It is a revealing history of a dedicated man taken, for the most part, from his own diary.

Copies can be purchased from the author Joseph W. Noah, 4660 Kenmore Ave., Suite 1106, Alexandria, Virginia 22304. Price is \$4.00 per copy plus postage. Buy it. You'll love it.

Attlebridge Notes

10

(466th BOMB GROUP)

Editor:

Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough

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REGIONAL RALLIES SCHEDULED

40% of the known 466ers live within 500 miles of Orlando, Dallas, or Los Angeles yet have not had a reunion in their area. With this in mind and in view of the relatively small number going to Norwich, we are trying a low-key Regional Rally concept. The program will simply include a meal, a time for talk, and a tour opportunity.

To keep the paperwork down, make reservations with the motel and identify yourself as a 466er. If you do not stay at the motel, advise the coordinator a week in advance. If you need a question answered, supply the coordinator with a stamped, self-addressed envelope - keep it simple and easy for the coordinator and he or she might want to do it again.

The meeting place and coordinator are listed below:

SE 15-16 Aug, Cocoa Beach, FL, Mary Leeds, (305) 784-0253

SC 1-2 Aug., Six Flags Inn, (817) 261-4211 Arlington, TX - J. M. Daniels.

SW 1-2 Aug., Newporter Inn, (714) 644-1700, Newport Beach, CA - C. V. Meconis.

Of course, all 2nd AD people are welcome.

CHARMED LIVES

A 12 Aug 44 PR report reads as follows: "A B-24 Liberator Pilot, 2nd Lt. Paul S. Evans... recently brought his plane with all four motors inoperative to what is believed to be the first instrument crash landing on record in the ETO."

"Coming back from an attack on Strassbourg, the B-24, named "Reliable Babe", came down on a strange field without injury to any crew member despite crashing through the control tower, a truck, an automobile, and approximately 32 trees."

"Two motors... were knocked out by flak over the target and the terrific strain was too much for the remaining two as they circled the nearest English field for a landing. The sudden descent caused frosted windows and the pilot, unable to see, landed on instruments, but the loss of all the motors was the really great problem. Evans and his co-pilot, 2nd Lt. David E. Cahill... were pleased and astonished to find that no one was hurt after shuddering to a stop..."

The Evans crew were on their first mission in 527-R on the 12th of August. They returned to combat on 15 August, the a/c was back in harness on 8 Sep 44. With 094-B they had a forced landing in Belgium, 18 Oct. The a/c and men returned to combat in short order. On their 33rd mission they suffered a mid-air over Belgium, 16 Apr 45. 585-H was demolished and they parachuted (all OK). This was the end of combat operations for them and the a/c (see Jun 73 News Letter). Though charmed, they resist location efforts.

HISTORY PROJECT

The writing of the history goes well. By the end of 1974 the first draft of the chronology, thru Aug 44 was complete. There are still a few troublesome gaps. We are looking for details on the following: ARC facilities in Norwich. The fate of Hammond, Allen, & Lanham crews (missing 12 Aug 44, 5 Sept 44, and 2 Apr 45). Pinpoint location of the water tower in 1944/45 (it has been moved). Gas Hauling missions.

MAPS FOR NORWICH REUNION

Those of you going to the Norwich reunion will be looking for a good map to help in orientation. In 1971, after I had bought every map I could find and after having found the base the hard way, I stumbled on to the map I should have bought in the first place. It is the one inch series (one inch equals one mile) published by the Ordnance Survey. The details are complete, including dotted lines for runways. These can be found at book shops and in Railway stations. Sheet 125 covers Attlebridge as well as Wendling, Shipdam, and North Pickenham (392nd, 44th, and 491st/492nd Bomb Groups). Sheet 126 covers Horsham St. Faith and Rackheath (458th & 467th BG - as well as the City of Norwich.

Ed Note: We would appreciate the donation of sheets 136 and 137 to complete our coverage of the area. JHW



This engaging shot of these young ladies and this PFF a/c was taken to commemorate our 100th mission. Russ Clements, Photo NCOIC, supplied the photo. Anyone know the girls in this 18 Aug 44 picture? I flew this a/c (42-95592, "Black Cat", revetment 58) on its first combat mission, 15 Aug 44 and again on 1 Nov, my last mission. This was the last 466 plane shot down in the war. On 21 Apr 45 we lost the Farrington crew and Capt. Weiser in that shootdown.

Editor's Notes:

Norwich visitors might look up Wm. H. Wilkins, 9 Larkham Lane, Clarkson Road. Vic Hadley tells me that Mr. Wilkins used to produce "B-24 Ashtrays" out of the scrap aluminum base men provided. One of those ashtrays would make a great addition to our historical collection.

I try to answer every question I get. I always return keepsakes immediately. There are times when I get letters that do not require an answer. I am grateful for these, but am sorry that I can not find time to acknowledge them. Thank you all.

Those of you that go to reunions know that your gifts keep our projects going. Those of you that can not get to reunions should know that we can use your support too, especially this year when not many of you will get to the reunion. Send your donations to Treasurer Stuart Peace or to me - JHW.

Some of our members are looking up missing 466ers in their home state by telephone or letters. If you want to try your state or local area, drop me a line and I will send you some WWII addresses to check.

LOW LEVEL BOMBING RAID

Ray Barr, gunner on the Griesback crew (785th, Mar/Jun 44) has reminded us to include an account of the low level mission in the History Project. He sent a clipping from a Springfield, Missouri newspaper. It reads as follows:

"The combat wing of B-24 Liberator bombers made their run at 6,500 feet, dropping their bombs and the railway bridge near Blois, France collapses into a heap of rubble. On this first low altitude heavy bomber mission to be flown in support of Allied ground troops invading France the bridge was destroyed and the B-24's came home, flying formation behind fast, maneuverable two-motored B-26's which made a business of low altitude bombing."

On 11 June 1944, according to 466 mission records, 19 a/c from the group bombed at an altitude ranging from 4,900 feet to 6,350 feet. Tikey was the pilot of the lead a/c, with Sisco in command. The second section was led by McGregor, with Frank Elliott in command. There were no casualties, no planes missing, no enemy a/c sighted, and little flak. Crews commented that they liked bombing in three ship elements at low altitudes.

The mission folder included a citation for this mission. 8th AF General Order No. 466 (yes, that is the correct number), signed by Lt. General Doolittle, and dates 12 July 1944, cites the 96th Combat Wing for "extraordinary heroism and outstanding performance of duty in action... all three bombardment groups... made the run on the target and the bridge was successfully destroyed..."

Questions remain for the History Project. Which group led the Wing? Was this the lowest B-24 raid in the ETO? Are related pictures available? Are there any first-person stories on this mission to be had? What were we doing in a formation of B-26's?

MORE ON TRACER ACTION

In a routine search for pilot Roy F. Hurst I wrote to County Clerks in Indiana and Oklahoma. The name was listed twice (two different addresses) in the roster I have. The one in Indiana came back with "no record." The Blaine County Clerk in Wagonia, OK very kindly told of a Mrs. Roy L. Hurst now living in Oklahoma City. Her thrilling response to my letter told of her being the mother of LeRoy Franklin Hurst who was killed in an accident in England (see story in April 1973 News-Letter). LeRoy was the bombardier on the Williams crew. She told of how little contact she had had with anyone since the loss of her son, and how good it was to be in touch at this late date. Her delight increased a hundredfold by the recent visit of Stu and Sara Peace (he parachuted from the Williams a/c). Stu wrote, "We must have stayed for two hours. She is a real personable lady, and was very interesting and entertaining. She very definitely appreciated our visit... Thank you for letting us know..." LeRoy's mother sent this note, penned by a friend of his. "He belongs to another Air Corps now with the greatest of all Commanders and we know LeRoy will still carry out commissions assigned to him and do it in a big way."

Mrs. Roy L. Hurst has joined the Second Air Division Association. The rewards of tracer action are huge and immediate. Why don't you try?

CHEMICAL WARFARE



by
Bro. R. J. 'Roxie'
Marotta, SDB
(44th BG)

The 806th Chemical Company (Air Operations) was formed at Hunter Field Savannah Georgia in December of 1942. As was usual during that rather hectic period men were hastily assigned to units which were destined for immediate overseas duty, often with very little regard to competence and/or training. It is a tribute to the men who served in this unit – and undoubtedly others – that they responded with alacrity and enthusiasm to whatever task was assigned to them.

Upon arrival at our first base (Hardwick) we were immediately given the task of handling incendiaries. This in spite of the fact that none of us had ever seen an incendiary during our training back in the States. But bomb damage evaluation pointed out that the incendiary bomb was doing more damage than the 500 pounders. It was decided to increase the use of incendiary bombs and it was our job to learn (on the job training) how to store and fuse them. For this work we were transferred to Shipdham and the 44th Bomb Group.



Handling these clusters was ticklish business.

It was at this base that we began to work in earnest and once having mastered the handling of incendiaries our attention was turned to the development of the sky marker, the brainchild of Col. Clarence Breedlove. The sky marker was born because the bombardiers had trouble dropping on the lead ship. These markers were simple but deadly when something went wrong.

They consisted of a 100 pound casing filled with a smoke producing acid and

two small glass plates on each end with a gasket and detonator that would explode and allow air to pass through. When they worked properly they looked like a big chalk mark drawn through the sky.

It was far from glamorous work because all too often a convoy would arrive in the late afternoon and we would immediately proceed to unload the bombs. Then we would have a 50 or 60 plane mission to arm and fuse. We would eat on-the-run and work right through the night usually dropping exhausted in the early morning light. THEN we would learn that the mission had been scrubbed!

One of the biggest rewards we got was at the end of the War when they ran those Trolley Missions showing us the bomb damage to cities and railroad yards. It was then that we knew we had indeed 'contributed' along with everyone else.

This is not a tale of heroic deeds in the strict sense of the word. It is simply a recounting of the story of men who, in spite of the fact that they had no hope of being awarded medals, performed their assigned tasks with simple devotion to duty and the knowledge that the part they were playing would save lives and hasten the end of hostilities. They considered this reward enough.

VALOR OF "VALKYRIE"

by George A. Reynolds (458th B.G.)
(Associate)

"A U.S. Bomber Base Somewhere in England, May 8, 1944. Another of the war's miracles witnessed and experienced. . . A painfully wounded ball turret gunner, alone in a crippled, pilotless Liberator, rode out a crash landing today and then saw the bomber catch fire and explode after he had limped agonizingly to safety a short distance away. . ." is how the yellowed newspaper clippings begin. Now, 30 years later that gunner, Ray D. Bates of Haleyville, Alabama, recalls his nightmarish flight as though it happened yesterday.

– Paraphrasing – At Old Buckenham the 453rd Bomb Group put 12 B-24s up that morning for the mission on Brunswick, Germany's aircraft factories. Snafuing began, kept cropping up, and some might have thought these an omen – rightfully! Ten of the 12 birds went down in the same area where Major James Stewart, of the 389th Group, earned a DFC just four days ago. Nearing the target, some 50 German fighters jumped the formation. Almost immediately aboard the Lib "Valkyrie," Bates and two other crewmen were wounded, four fires started, two engines went out, a wing was damaged and its controls were partially shot away. The pilot, Lt. Robert P. Catlin, knew he'd lost his battle to keep up with the formation. So, he salvoed the

bombs and everything moveable, then turned for home. Fortunately, a P-38 Group arrived to take care of the Luftwaffe, and one of the Lightnings peeled off to escort Valkyrie back to England.

Over the Channel when ditching seemed imminent, a changing of the guard – the P-38 gave way to a P-51 that came out to ride shotgun for them on to base – improved their luck too. Catlin was able to coax his battered kite farther. Nearing home base, however, a third engine went out, and he ordered the crew to bailout. But first he went aft and assisted one wounded gunner to jump, then going back forward, took the controls until his copilot, Lt. George Ware, leaped. Catlin hit the bailout bell, set the autopilot and left.

Shortly Sgt. Morris Irby, the top turret gunner, came forward and was amazed to find the cockpit empty. He had heard none of the bailout poop. Assuming he was alone, Irby nosed the bomber over and dived out at 700 feet. Valkyrie veered slightly and crashed into a clump of trees.

Sgt. Bates, with his wounds throbbing, flung off a pile of equipment which avalanched upon him and climbed out of the wreckage. British civilians came to his aid, but he sent them toward the plane shouting, "Help the pilot and copilot." Before they could reach it, however, the burning Liberator exploded.

"That gunner had guts," said Capt. Mitchell Sweig of Chicago, Illinois, an Army surgeon. "There was a piece of shell two inches long and an inch wide in his left knee, a lot of little holes in his right knee, a hole in his abdomen and a patch on his face. There was also a two-inch gash in his right arm down to the bone."

"What's in a name? According to Teutonic mythology, a beautiful maiden who brings the soul of a brave, slain warrior to Valhalla and there waits upon him divinely is known as Valkyrie. There was nothing fictitious about a B-24 bearing this name, however. But rather a miraculous feat in its fateful protection and deliverance of her crew on home grounds. And it did so with a rudder shot away, its wing crumpled, three dead engines and only partial control available for 400 miles.



The Wreckage!

FRIENDS OF THE EIGHTH

by Charles Gallagher
(Associate)

Many of you readers of the 2nd A.D. Newsletter may have been intrigued by references to Friends of the Eighth meetings in England, and perhaps you are wondering what the hell it's all about.

With his usual endearing modesty, Roger A. Freeman would be loath to admit the interest which the publication of his monumental work 'The Mighty Eighth' stirred up amongst aviation 'buffs' in this country, but the facts cannot be gainsaid.

Many of us living in East Anglia found ourselves stimulated by Roger's meticulously detailed reference work, and set about delving further into the history of the dozens of bases scattered all over the region. Inevitable we met at various sites, correspondence introduced us to other kindred spirits, until finally Stu Evans, Steve Gotts and myself decided to do something positive about testing the temperature of opinion.

Rather apprehensively, we booked a hotel room, and sent out 25 invitations to known 8th AAF enthusiasts. We were encouraged when 33 turned up. Stu Evans chaired the meeting, and Steve Gotts presented a tape-synchronized slide show 'Memories of the 8th'. Many of those attending brought memorabilia, photographs etc. and we were off to a flying start.

To our next meeting we sent out 50 invitations, and 82 turned up, to the next 98 invitations were sent out, and 150 showed.

By this time, we were making new contacts every day, and ex-Weather Officer Louis Pennow, Special Services Officer on USAF Lakenheath, and Col. Jim Fletcher ex-91st B.G. currently at the same base, suggested that we might consider holding a meeting at Lakenheath.

Col. Head, Wing Commander 48th Tactical Fighter Wing, and Col. Louis Babbitt, Base Commander showed their interest by agreeing wholeheartedly to our using the Officers' Club.

This meeting was a knockout. Over 250 were present. Roger Freeman gave an illustrated talk on the Mustang fighter, and we were privileged to have as Guest of Honor Major Urban L. Drew, late of the 361st Fighter Group — a 2nd A.D. outfit!! — who gave a pilot's appreciation of the P-51, and who better to do this than 'Ben' Drew who shot down two ME 262's on one mission.

I would like to emphasize that the people who attend our meetings do not come simply to look at the 'pretty picture'. They are nearly all serious students whose common interest is the 8th AAF, and who are anxious to demonstrate their appreciation of the sacrifices which so many young Americans made to keep their country — and this one — free.

Many of our number are extremely interested in 2nd Air Division — Tony North, Chris Gotts, Norman Ottaway, Mike Bailey, Stu Evans, Martin Bowman, Steve Gotts, Roy Walters, Wally Clayman to name but a few — and we correspond regularly with ex-members of the Liberator Groups. We look forward very much to the forthcoming Reunion in May/June 1975, when we hope to meet many of our correspondents in the flesh.

It is our intention to establish within FOTE a specialist group on 2nd AD. For instance, Steve Gotts is currently engaged on a History of the 361st F.G., Norman Ottaway is providing plans of bases for several authors who are writing on 8th AAF subjects. Chris Gotts is researching 466th and 467th B.G.'s, Martin Bowman will shortly publish a book on Norfolk airfields. Stu Evans is compiling material for a comprehensive loss listing of 2nd A.D. aircraft, whilst myself and Steve Gotts are working on a sound synchronized slide show history of the 491st.

You will have noted that these are all 2nd A.D. projects — many other of our members are engaged on other 8th AAF

research schemes, Vic Maslen, Ron Sisney and others on 401st BG; Malcolm Osborn on the History of Nuthampstead — home of the 398th and 44th FG — Stan Bishop is getting together a day-to-day record of 8th AAF missions. And so it goes on. All this adds up to a great deal of interest in the 8th Air Force.

GOOD NIGHT BETTY

Mortality is a precondition to living, and I don't think any of us would want to change that. The older we get the more tired we become. But the passing of a loved one will always leave a void in the lives of family and friends.

Betty Jacobowitz died February 10, 1975 and she will be sorely missed by all of us who had the privilege of knowing her.

Betty, always exuberant, ushered many of us into the 2nd Air Division Association on the occasion of our first reunion, and her friendly reception was a major factor in our returning to future ones.

Her affection for the human race as a whole was contagious, and one always came away from a meeting with Betty feeling better towards the world at large. Death must have been proud to take her even if it did, however untimely, stop her tuneful voice. However, life is perfected by death and being in this state of repose is only a slumber.

Good night Betty, 'till we meet again.

Bill Robertie

NECROLOGY

Betty Jacobowitz, 466th
Richard C. Coleman, 389th
Charles O. Brubeck, 4th FG
George Folda, 392nd
John J. Latimer, 389th
Harold G. Thompson, 466th



Friends of the Eighth Meeting at Lakenheath AFB, Suffolk, England, 21 September 1974. [L to R] Stu Evans; Louis Pennow, ex-Weather Officer; Urban L. Drew, ex-361st F.G.; Roger A. Freeman; Col. H. Head, Wing Commander 48th Tactical Fighter Wing; Col. J. Fletcher USAF; C. Gallagher; Steve Gotts.

The beautifully detailed water-color painting is of 'Lou IV' the P-51 flown by the late Col. Christain of the 361st Fighter Group and was painted by Stan Glead one of our group, who is a well-known aviation artist.

"FLAK HACK"

A RUGGED OLD BIRD

by Don Olds (453rd BG)
(Associate)

On Monday, May 8th, 1944 the crew of "Flak Hack" sat in the briefing room wondering what their target was going to be for that day. They did not have long to wait. When the map was uncovered Brunswick stood out bright and clear.



[Back row, L to R] Donald Jones, pilot; Lt. Bill Croft, co-pilot; Fred Stein, navigator; Herb Bradley, bombardier; officer on right is unidentified but was not part of crew. [Front row, L to R] "POP" the crewchief; Sgt. Ernest J. Finocchio, Asst. Engineer/Gunner; Sgt. Seymour Goldberg, Radio and TTG; Sgt. Jim Westbrook, waist gunner; Sgt. Clarence Mace, TG. Enlisted man unknown.

Just a month ago to the day, April 8th, "Flak Hack" and her crew had paid their last visit to Brunswick and it was anything but a walk through a rose garden. But Brunswick it was and to Brunswick they would go.

Nothing much happened until they approached the target area and then all hell broke loose. Fighters began attacking from 12 o'clock low. The closer they came to the target the more intense became the German fighter attacks. They came through the formation from every direction causing untold confusion. Two B-24s on the left of the "Flak Hack" crew rammed into each other and went down together.

A short while later an 88mm shell hit the plane and exploded on the right side of the nose wheel. Herb Bradley, the bombardier, was practically leaning on the nose wheel when the shell exploded but fortunately he was wearing his flak vest. Pieces flew upstairs and hit the co-pilot on the right ankle.

Bradley said: "When the lines ruptured the red fluid turned to a mist and I thought we were on fire. I grabbed a fire

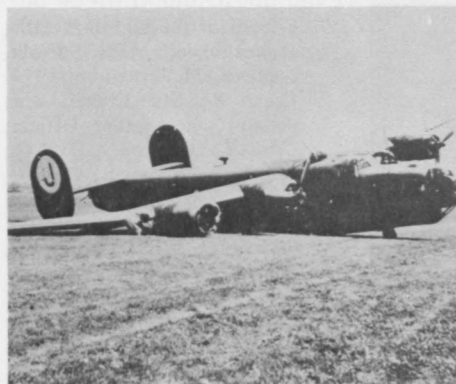
extinguisher but couldn't get it to work. I tried to contact the pilot on the radio but got only silence. I grabbed the emergency handles that would open the nose wheel door and was getting ready to bail out when I noticed the legs of the navigator, Lt. Fred Stein, standing calmly at his table above me. Composure returned and I stood up. Fred motioned that my headset had become unplugged and this accounted for the total silence. Where I had suspected everyone had jumped but me I now found that everyone was very much on board and alive."

It was not an easy job to get this battered hulk back to the base in England but the experience gained on 16 previous missions paid off. Their days work was not yet finished, however. Upon arriving over the base they discovered that their landing gear cables had also been severed.

Lt. Donald Jones, the pilot, was instructed to maintain a certain airspeed and everyone would jump from 2,000 feet. Since none had ever jumped before, and had very little previous training or instruction, it was decided to exit via the camera hatch located aft of the waist gunners position.

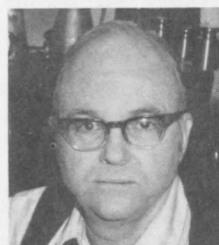
Bradley recalls: "One at a time we faced the tail of the plane in a squat position with our arms around our knees and rolled out. I was one of the last to go and as each one ahead of me left I thought of how close their heads came to hitting the sharp edge of the hatch. Months later I saw a film titled 'How to Exit from the B-24'. You guessed it. We had faced the wrong way! We should have been facing forward before rolling out. It's a wonder none of us hit our heads on the hatch door when we hit the slip stream."

The crippled Lib, occupied now by only the Pilot and Co-pilot proceeded to fly to another base where heavy type maintenance was performed. Here Lt. Jones managed to make a remarkable belly landing for which he was later awarded the DFC. The rookie co-pilot rode the plane in with Lt. Jones and wondered if they were all going to be like this. Most of them were!



Who cared how just so long as you could walk away from it!

ROGUE'S GALLERY

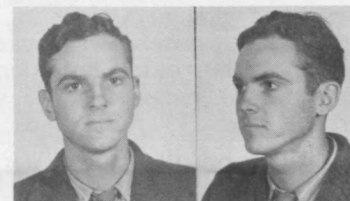


by Ted Parker
(491st BG)

Preparing for your first mission was, in most cases, a period of intense reflection. Something like "What in the hell did I get myself into?"

On the occasion of preparing myself for my first mission my confidence was in no way fortified when I was told to report and have my 'escape' photo taken. Escape photo? I had the horrible feeling that getting shot down over enemy held territory was something that was expected of me.

The picture taking ceremony was quite simple. First you were told not to shave for a day or so to give you a seedy look. Next step was off to the photo hut where I was given a civilian shirt, tie and suitcoat then photographed.



That's odd. I haven't changed a bit!

The idea behind all this was to make you look somewhat like an ordinary civilian be it French, Dutch or other European down on his luck. Right then I felt very 'down' on mine!

As events turned out I managed to foil those who were ready to write me off as a future 'escape' artist and never had to use mine. They are now a part of my scrapbook of pictures of the men and machines of the 491st BG.

There must be some members of the Association however, who had occasion to use their escape photo. Why not send in a set to our Editor with a story attached relating the incident and, if possible, a copy of the papers made from their use.

Bill Robertie has gathered together a mountain of material relating to the people and events of the Second Air Division and has made the Newsletter a most valuable asset to our Association. So come on you guys and gals out there. Send in some stories of interest and assist him in keeping the Newsletter at the high level of excellence it has achieved through his efforts.

(ed. note: Flattery will get you everything Ted. Want a full page next issue?!)

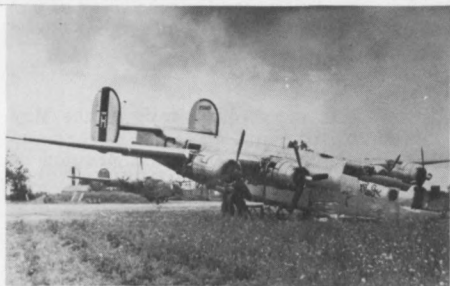
U.S.A.F. PHOTOS OF 2nd A.D. B-24s

(Part 1)

Compiled by Tony North (Associate Member)

Over the past few years I have been collecting photos of B-24s of the 2nd A.D. Many of these have come from good friends in the 2nd A.D.A. both in England and the U.S., but my most prolific source of material has been the U.S.A.F. photo files in Arlington.

It has become apparent to me that there are quite a number of association members who are also photo collectors, either of B-24s in general or of one particular group or unit. To assist them and perhaps to encourage others I think it will be of interest to publish in the "Newsletter" a listing of negative numbers of official U.S.A.F. photos available together with a brief description of the aircraft depicted. At the present time I have unearthed some 250 photos including some in color, appertaining to the 2nd A.D. and obviously a listing of such magnitude would be far too long for a single issue of the "Newsletter"; therefore it is my intention (that is if Bill will grant me enough space) to cover one or two groups per issue which should keep things going for a couple of years. To avoid any accusations of favoritism, the listing will be in numerical order of groups, starting with the 44th (that at least should guarantee that the first list gets published!)



"My Gal Sal"

44th BOMB GROUP (SHIPDHAM)

- 26066 A.C. — A vertical shot showing six B-24s over Kiel dated 14th May, 1943.
54024 A.C. — Formation of 66 B.S. aircraft including "Corky" dropping supplies over Holland, September 17th, 1944.

WANTED

45 Second Air Division Members still young enough to possess the same spirit of adventure they exhibited 33 years ago when they set off for England.

A great deal of progress has been made since we announced in the December Newsletter that there were still 106 empty seats to fill. Unfortunately there were additional cancellations due to economic conditions. So now all we have to do is fill the remaining 45 seats.

If your almost certain you can go please don't wait until the last minute to sign up. Do it NOW. We HAVE TO FILL THOSE EMPTY SEATS.

NOTICE

Our Membership Secretary, Evelyn Cohen, advises that there are still a few who have not paid their dues. Please help us out and if you haven't paid by the time you read this why not get your check off to Evelyn right away. It helps, honestly. And remember — if you are experiencing financial difficulties please let Evelyn know.

- 44927 A.C. — B-24J of the 68 B.S. over target (not given) 6th August, 1944.
62409 A.C. — B-24J "My Gal Sal" (42-50626) of the 68 B.S. after crash-landing 2nd September, 1944.
62418 A.C. — B-24D "Prince" (42-63962) of the 67 B.S. in flight.
62422 A.C. — B-24J "Sweat Box" (44-40071) of the 506 B.S. after crash-landing 6th November, 1944.
B-62575 A.C. — A formation of seven aircraft of the 67 B.S. including "Prince".
62578 A.C. — B-24D (41-23819) in flight.
B-62578 A.C. — B-24D "Lemon Drop" (41-23699) in flight.
71055 A.C. — B-24D "Victory Ship" (41-23813) in flight.
80534 A.C. — Formation of five 66 B.S. aircraft including 42-50427 en route to Saarbrucken.

Copies of photos in various sizes and prices can be obtained from 1361st. Photo Squadron, Aerospace Audio-Visual Service (M.A.C.), 1221 South Fern Street, Arlington, Virginia 22202.

I would welcome any queries, comments or additions to these listings, addressed to 9 Irving Road, Norwich, NR4 6RA, England. I would also be most grateful for the loan of any material to add to my collection. Photos would be copied and returned immediately in good condition.

(ed. note: The fact that I was in the 44th has nothing whatsoever to do with what material gets published first Tony — Most of the time!!!!)

THE "ANGEL" IS ALIVE AND WELL



by
Col. Charles
Freudenthal
(489th BG)

489thers will be glad to know that their favorite Halesworth watering spot is still going strong, thirty years after the Group left for Liverpool and the convoy home. Only the owners are new; everything else is still vintage 1944.

I can't say the same for the rest of Halesworth, though on my first return visit to APO 55 in 1957 the base was still much in evidence; dilapidated, and nearly a ghost town, but nevertheless clearly recognizable. The walls of Holton Hall were still standing, and even with the wreckers hard at work we could walk through some of the hallways and up the big staircase, almost to the room Group Navigator John McGrath and I shared for a while. The old shortcut through the woods took me up to the Combat Officers Mess, but it was filled with sugar beets, and nostalgia was temporarily snuffed out.



489th commander, Col. Ezekiel W. Napier (right) and Deputy Commander Lt.Col. Leon R. Vance at Wendover, Utah, in December 1943.

My wife and son and I drove around the taxiways and some of the hardstands, even down part of the runway, and finally up to the control tower where so often that summer of 1944 those who had stayed behind stood to sweat out the returning birds. A few of the names came back to me — Special Delivery, Sharon D., Satan's Sister, Betty-Jim and Jo. The balcony where we watched for the red "wounded aboard" flares, and the tiny rooms that had been offices were still there, almost, it seems, as if we had just left. Over the years, however, someone had kept chickens in the place and most

(Cont. on Page 12)

LETTERS

Dear Bill:

In response to John Woolnough's report of a model kit of a B24J offered by the Model Products Co.

While it does have the markings of the 466th BG and the RAF; it is in error on the markings on the third ship. This ship was the last forming ship of the 491st BG and identified on the model box as belonging to the 15th AF. The ship in question was "Tubarao" and all former 491st BG men will remember her.

When I found this kit while Christmas shopping in 1973 I was of course happy to see it. Not happy when I read the credit of our "Tubarao" given to the 15th AF. I immediately wrote to the company and advised them of their error and sent along proof in the form of a picture I had of her and other references to her in other publications. I received a reply from the makers of the kit with apologies and that the error would be rectified.

Haven't had time to put the model together yet; but I'm sure all of our members from the 491st will be happy to know that it is available. I'm too busy hunting down former 491st men to be playing with model airplanes. HELP!!!!

Sincerely yours,
Ted Parker
491st BG

(ed. note: So all you 491st types let's get with it!)

Dear John (Woolnough):

I remember one flight with a throttle jockey who flew our zebra striped forming ship up to form a mission and then tried to thrill two nurses who went with us by flying that old B-24 like she was a P-47. He buzzed the water at Wroxham Broads, upsetting a sail boat, then flew a wheels-up buzz job right down the center of the strip. I'm sure we weren't 10 ft. off the runway. The nurses were thrilled OK, but I've often wondered what was said to him when he went to de-briefing.

Jack Reynolds - 786BS
Engineer on Roser Crew (466BG)

Dear Bill:

I am desirous of becoming a member of the Second Air Division Association, and have been given your address by members of the Friends of The Eighth here in England. I was formerly a pilot with 375th Squadron, 361st Group, Eighth Air Force Command E.T.O. and flew 76 missions in P-51 Mustang aircraft. I am also a Fighter Ace with seven confirmed kills. Please send whatever information is necessary for me to complete to join your Association, together with the required dues.

Regards
Urban L. Drew
361st Fighter Group

(ed. note: Welcome aboard Urban and many thanks for taking those seven off our back. You 'little friends' were always a welcome sight - believe me!)

Dear John (Woolnough):

I met Dom Gigante in a super-market recently. He asked if I had received a newsletter awhile back with a photo of us in it (Sep. 74 issue). The photo showed us in front of a Nissen Hut. It said the men were unknown...

Mario Munafa
785 BS Crew Chief (466 BG)

(ed. note: Dominick, how about getting Mario to join the 2nd AD the next time you see him. Then he won't be missing all this 466th news. Also, someone please tell me which one is which. JHW)

Dear Evelyn:

I am currently writing a sequel to my 1971 book on the history of the WW2 4th F.G., DEBDEN EAGLES, and I would like to correspond with former 2ND A.D. aircrew who could recount actions of the 4th F.G. in combat they witnessed while the 4th's red-nosed Mustangs were escorting the 2nd A.D.

Garry L. Fry
4th F.G.

Dear John (Woolnough):

Thanks for telling the tower story (Dec 1974). When I visited Attlebridge airfield in 1973 I met a fellow in the office of the turkey farm (located in the Attlebridge tower building) who was an ex-RAF pilot. He wanted to hear some war stories. (He should get his fill during the Norwich reunion).

Tom Stromberg
Tower Operator (466BG)

Dear Bill:

Thank you for doing the necessary regarding my dues to insure my receiving next years Newsletters. I know that you will maintain the very high standard you have set over the years and I, like countless others in England, look forward to reading them in 1975. This is not being condescending; they really are excellent and must be unique among WW II organizations. What amazes me is that you can publish each quarter using really good quality paper. This of course makes photos come out really well.

Could you pass on my sincerest thanks to: firstly yourself for your magnificent contributions of photos, information and material. And also your humorous and informative correspondence. Thanks also to Ray Betcher (467th) for all his time and efforts in sending me: two copies of books on Rackheath; numerous photos and countless information. I would also like to publicly thank Messrs. Francis X. Sheehan, and Richmond Dugger both of the 448th. Newton L. McLaughlin and Lt. Col. John Woolnough (466th). Alan Healy (467th) author of the 467th Group History. Especially Myron Keilman of the 392nd for all his excellent efforts over the past year and Tony Chardella of the 359th Fighter Group based at East Wretham. He tells me that this Group was part of the 8th AF but I don't know if it was part of the 2nd AD. I hope so because he very kindly sent me two reels of camera gun film.

I am still waiting to hear from Russ D. Hayes of the 389th and James V. Tootell of the 446th. Perhaps someone can give them a shout? I would also like to hear from 489th, 453rd, 445th and 446th members. I'd hate anyone to be left out. Don Olds is very kindly assisting me with the 453rd. Many thanks to him and all the above personnel. Their time and magnificent contributions have been gratefully received.

Sincerely,
Martin W. Bowman
(Associate)

(ed. note: You didn't leave anybody out Martin - honestly!)

Dear Bill:

I have excellent NOSE-ART photographs of the following famed B-24 bombers of the Second Air Division: Tubardo, Peep Sight, Mist'er Chance, Bird Dog, Picadilly Commando, Bonnie, Blonde Bomber, Squat'n Droppit, Slick Chick, She Devil, Splash, Flying Submarine, Crow's Nest, Mi Akin Ass, Jamaica.

I will be happy to furnish a good negative on loan basis without charge to any of our interested members. The photograph of Jamaica is superior to photograph published in recent Newsletter.

Other negatives will be prepared soon, and the new list will also be published in the Newsletter.

Sincerely,
Wiley S. Noble, Secretary
3D Strategic Air Depot Asso.

Dear Evelyn:

Happy New Year Sweetheart. May 1975 be filled with Fun, good health and happiness, and I hope this finds you O.K. and enjoying life.

It has been a long time since 1945 when we decided to leave a remembrance back there in that never-to-be-forgotten town of Norwich.

The night that Jim Hodges and I reached the town, just after the Jerries did, one thought that it was a 'gone' town then with the streets strewn with rubbish and geysers shooting up from the ruptured water mains wherever one looked. Recall rampart horse lane? At the Cathedral where the bridge crossed the river? Well that's where the war first caught us on the way to find old Catton Camp. I had an all gone feeling when a building caved in next to the bridge. I can feel it yet. Well Evelyn that's that so I'm enclosing my check for the Memorial. Please channel it through for me. Thanks a million.

Ken Gregson
Headquarters

(ed. note: Evelyn is the 'sweetheart' of all of us Ken, and if she sometimes wearies under the burden you would never know it when there is work to be done.)

Dear Bill:

Joe Warth got in touch with me because of an inquiry from an English lad I had known while in North Pickenham. You forwarded that inquiry to Joe. The results were amazing. You actually found me!

I too would like to get in touch with a few of the fellows I had known while serving with the 8th. I would especially like to get in touch with a former buddy from Lynn, Mass. named Daniel Lampros. Also Laurence Ellinson, Laurence Kessler and Morton Polovy who lived in the N.Y. area.

The letters (Newsletter) Joe sent brought back a lot of good memories. I joined because of that. Thanking you in advance,

I am,
Fred Wacksman
491st BG

(ed. note: As you know by now Fred we found Dan Lampros for you and maybe some of our members in the N.Y. area can help with the others. We aim to please!)

Dear Miss Cohen:

I recently came across a copy of the May 1972 Issue of Air Force Magazine. In it was an Article concerning a forthcoming Reunion of the WWII 8th AAF 2nd AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION. This is how I got your address. I will now explain why I am writing to you. I am trying to find out if any of the 2nd A.D. outfits that didn't publish Histories at the end of the war have done so or are planning to in the future. The units that I seek information on are the 392nd, the 453rd, the 458th, the 466th, the 489th, the 491st, the 492nd and for the Fighter Groups the 355th and the 361st. Also does the 2nd AIR DIV. ASSOC. have a NEWSLETTER and if so could you include my name on the MAILING LIST? I would appreciate very very much any help you could give me. I have and will continue to put a lot of time and money and energy into this. I am constantly tracking down former members of the 8th who are in my RESERVE UNIT and who now live in the PITTSBURGH area. Being single I have a lot more advantage in doing this and a good deal of my money goes into this also. I hope to hear from you and again thanks much.

Sincerely,
Jim Young
Associate

(ed. note: I'm sure some of our members can help you in your search for material on 2nd Air Division Groups Jim. And while being single does have its advantages, being married has a great many more. Thought I'd get a plug in for our hard working and beautiful wives.)

Dear Evelyn:

The renewal of my membership in the Second Air Division Association is always a distinct pleasure for me. And, a donation to the Memorial Library Fund brings a sense of deep gratification, in that I know what the Memorial Library has done, and will continue to do a great deal to help promote the good relations that have always existed between the United States and Great Britain. Relations that are extremely important in these days of great international stress.

Due to a recent heart attack I will not be able to attend the reunion in Norwich. However, I am already planning to attend the 76 reunion in Valley Forge.

Until 1976, I am ---
Sincerely yours,
Walter M. Rude
445th BG

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is a check for ten dollars, for a donation to the library and dues.

I cannot begin to tell you how much my family and myself enjoyed the reunion at Wilmington.

Although I was disappointed in not meeting people I knew from the 491st, I did not feel I was a stranger. We had a grand time! I wish we could make it in England next year. However, the school year is over by June 21. Anyway, my daughter is getting married on June 1st!

You can be sure you will see us in Valley Forge in '76.

With warmest regards,
Sherman Levitt
(491st BG)

Dear Miss Cohen:

Recently, I was surprised to read in the AF Times an article by Mr. Ted Parker requesting information on former members of the 491st Bomb Group. In reply to my letter to him I learned of the Second Air Division Association. I am pleased to know an organization such as this exists and I am honored to become a member.

I was a crew chief with the 854th, joining the squadron at Pueblo, Colorado and served until returning to the states in June 1945.

Mr. Parker sent me several copies of previous newsletters but didn't have the latest. Would you please send me this copy.

Sincerely,
William C. Koon
491st BG

Dear Bill:

Regarding the buried treasure article at Shipdham by Ian McLachlan.

After the flying crews left for the States I was one of those left behind to prepare the field for return to the British.

The men left in a rather big hurry, which is understandable, but they did not follow instructions about returning government equipment to the proper depots. We had truck loads of paint, food, clothing you name it. When we tried to return these items to the proper depots we were curtly told that they were going home too and for us to "bury" these items. Taking them at their word we did - bury them that is. I can vividly remember many cans of paint being thrown into the pond at Shipdham and other areas around there.

I can still remember bringing used clothing to the local Rector. When I told him we had some clothes for his poor he took his pipe out of his mouth and told me to place them on his porch. I knew he was thinking of a few bags or parcels and was not ready when I had the driver back up the huge 6 by 6 and empty out nearly a ton of clothes. I didn't wait around for his comments!

I sincerely hope the scuba diver can come up with some paint cans to verify this story. Maybe some of the local inhabitants recall the story about the clothes.

Bro. 'Roxie' J. Marotta S.D.B.
44th BG

Dear Mr. Robertie:

I am writing to request that my name be placed on the mailing list for future issues of the Second Air Division Newsletter. As a result of two relocations my name has been dropped from the roster.

From July of 1944 until April of 1945 I was assigned to the 790th Sq., 467th Bomb Group stationed at Rackheath. I was a pilot and completed a full tour of 35 missions.

Quite coincidentally, I was in Norwich in September and happened to see the article in the local paper about next years reunion. I wrote Mr. Mortlock and got your address.

I would appreciate having any information that you can supply.

Yours very truly,
Carl E. Epting, Jr.
467 BG

(ed. note: By now Carl you have received all the information and are a member of the 2nd ADA - a most unique organization you will have to admit.)

Dear Bill:

You might be interested to know that the little boy who asked to 'join' the 2nd Air Div Assoc a dozen years ago because of his uncle who was shot down over Germany in '44 and for whom he was named - is now a 6 foot 18 yr. old working on his pilot's license, soloed last spring, enters Middle Tenn. State University next fall in their flight program. Also, summer before last he climbed the Mattahorn in Switzerland, last summer climbed Mt. Rainier. I gave him his late uncle's wings as a memento when he soloed.

Reverend H. L. H. Meyers

(ed. note: We couldn't be happier Reverend and only hope he stays with us. Even attends one of our reunions.)

Dear Joe, (Warth)

I received your very welcome letter reference to the 2nd Air Division Association. I read the news letter from cover to cover, backward and forward. It certainly brings back fond memories.

I am going to start right now to get my vacation lined up so I can get to the '75 reunion in Norwich. If all works out, as I hope it will, I will be sending you \$50.00 for my deposit.

When I read your letter and found you had been in existence for twenty seven years I could have kicked my tail bone for what I've missed in all these years. I'll be very frank - this is the first correspondence I have had from anyone in the 2nd Air Division. I have over the years attempted to contact members of our crew with no success. It's real hell to lose track of members of your crew who you ate, slept and drank with.

It will be nice to do some reminiscing. I wish to thank you for your time in informing me about the 2nd Air Division and I certainly hope I can arrange my vacation so my wife and I can attend the reunion in Norwich.

Sincerely,
Roger R. Hahn
453rd B.G.

Dear Bill:

Received my copy of The Mighty 8th and The Log of the Liberators and was very pleased with the both of them. I was especially pleased when I saw a picture of my plane, Pregnant Peg II in the Mighty 8th. I was with the 392nd BG 577 BS. We were assigned to Peg when we first arrived at the 392nd, and flew tail in Peg until June 21, 1944 when we were shot down on a mission to Berlin. We were flying a replacement plane that day as Peg was being patched up from a mission two days before. I would appreciate any information you may have on Pregnant Peg. Thank you very much.

Harry R. Walz
392nd B.G.

Dear Evelyn:

Just to satisfy my curiosity - the cartoon on the 2nd page of the December News Letter done by A/S Gerry Turner - can we find out if he was ever a camper at a place called Camp Mooween in Gilman, Conn.? If so, I haven't seen or heard of him since the early '40's and would love to get in contact with him.

The latest letter was great and I enjoyed Bill's Clobber College article... Keep up the great work...

Yours,
Dan Winston
491st BG

PS: Best to Jordan Uttal...

(ed. note: Sorry we can't help you on the whereabouts of Airman Gerry Turner Dan. Being native born thieves we stole this cartoon out of a copy of YANK Magazine. Sorry about that!)

Ms. Evelyn Cohen:

I enclose check for \$5.00 and your statement for 1975 dues. Just one thing - when I was contacted to join the Assn., I understood there would be some News Letter information of personal interest such as the 467th H.B.G. in Rackheath, where I was a Navigator 1944-45.

It's impossible for me to get away from the job for a "reunion" other than thru your News Letter.

Yours very truly,
Jerome H. Dapper
(467th BG)

(ed. note: We have to depend on members from the various Groups to submit material Jerome. So how about you writing an article, or two, or three about the 467th? I guarantee you it will get printed.)

Hi:

Here are my five bucks and gladly. I would be interested in learning just how in the Hell you found me. The Air Force Reserve certainly don't know my whereabouts, or at least they have no record of me. I am lazy by nature and do tend to let my correspondence slide; so, it could be my fault.

I was stationed at "ole buck" which was just outside Attleborough. My plane was Lightman-N-Nan and we had a huge picture of "Miss Lace" painted on her nose. (you know - that sexy broad of Male Call).

I spent many enjoyable evenings at the Officer's club trying to help Jimmy Stewart sing the only song he ever learned. Anytime after the 4th stiff drink, Jim would get to thinking he was the world's greatest singer. That's a singer! One night after about the 12th singing, one fellow asked Jim if we couldn't sing some other song. Jim said, "There isn't any other song". Oh yes, if you haven't already guessed, the song was Arizona ragtime cowboy joe.

Bye now, it's been fun,
Ham Jackson
453rd B.G.

(ed. note: England has its Scotland Yard. The U.S. has the FBI. We have Evelyn Cohen. The first two are sadly outclassed!)

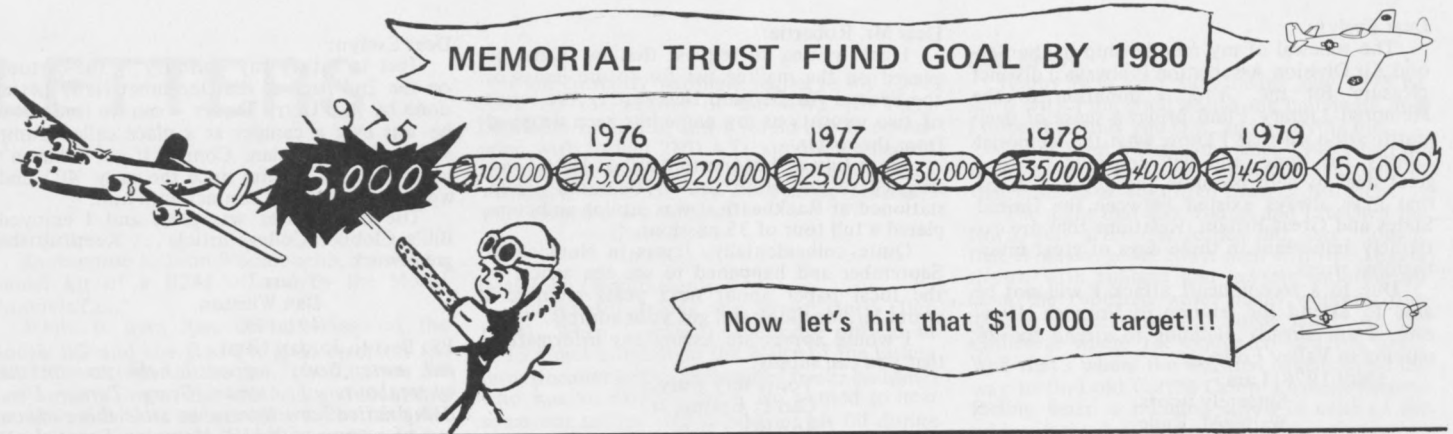
Dear Mr. Warth:

I don't know how you found me but I am sure glad that you did. For years I had the sad feeling that most of the bomb groups that operated in East Anglia during WWII had just become a memory and that any organization comprising any of them had never been formed. Your News Letter has wiped out that feeling and I am thrilled to be able to join the 2nd Air Division Association and once again become a part of something that was the greatest experience I ever had.

When you have a chance please drop me a line.

Sincerely
Bert Carlberg
44th B.G.

MEMORIAL TRUST FUND GOAL BY 1980



NORWICH AT WAR

by Joan Banger



In a Britain without industry, when Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds were merely wide spots in the rolling, English road, Norwich was one of the greatest cities in the realm.

When war clouds first gathered over Europe it was unthinkable that these ancient cities of no military value would become primary targets. However, when the German war machine leveled Poland the world then knew what was coming, and come it did.

Here is a photographic record of the damage Norwich suffered throughout the war years together with a detailed account of each raid. It is these detailed accounts that give an insight into the courage of the people of East Anglia.

One grim statistic pointed out in the book is that in 1939 Norwich had 35,569 dwellings. By the time the war ended 30,354 had suffered damage to some degree.

You can order a copy of this book from Wensum books, 33 Orford Place, Norwich, NOR 06D, England. Price: Hardback (Airmail) \$12.49; Hardback (Surface Mail) \$10.23; Paperback (Airmail) \$9.64; Paperback (Surface Mail) \$7.38.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To all you Group Vice Presidents. New memberships are coming in at a very satisfying rate, but what we are pleased with most of all is that the new memberships are spread over all the Groups and not confined to three or four. The 453rd, 458th, and the 491st are all moving. Keep up the good work and let's shoot for that 2500 mark. YOU CAN DO IT!

"ANGEL" (Cont. from Page 9)

of the ground floor was littered with piles of straw and pieces of glass from the broken windows. It was, nevertheless, a spot I knew and remembered well.

Some of the quonset huts were standing, too, along the line and near the empty hardstands. And in one, strikingly alight under a late afternoon sun and starkly prominent on the wall amid the dust and litter of 13 years, was the "TRAINING STATUS BOARD - 845th BOMB SQUADRON". It held no names, no writing of any sort, but it brought a quick surge of memories. I thought about squadron commander Pop Tanner, and Carl Hillstrom, Jim Gilliland, Clarence Jungman, John Gregor, John Mahler, and so many more. Wonder where they are now and if they ever think about Halesworth and the 489th?

Do they remember leaving Herington, Kansas, and seeing all the unwanted issue gear flying out of the waist windows at the beginning of take-off roll? Maybe they remember leaving Morrison Field at night, and seeing the Florida lights fading from view as they started the first leg of the flight to England? Trinidad first, followed by Fortaleza, Belem, Dakar, Marrakech and finally Hollyhead in Wales, from where we were led at low level over the countryside to Halesworth. The hot war really started there, incidentally, when Ray Sullivan made his first contact with English mustard.

Do they think about the missions - to Oldenburg first, and later to Saarbruecken, Koblenz, Magdeburg, Hamm, Munich, Cologne, Laigle, and a lot of others? About the friends we lost; Medal of Honor winner Lt. Colonel Leon Vance and so many more whose names and faces have dimmed over the years?

What about the 100th mission party on October 18th? And dodging buzz bombs in London - and watching them go over Halesworth, too? And the practice missions to English cities like Doncaster and Bury St. Edmund; bicycling to Southwold and Lowestoft; powdered eggs at three in the morning, before briefing? the D-day missions? And way, way back, do they remember the salt flats of Wendover?

My last visit to Halesworth was four years ago, and this time it was harder to get oriented. A turkey farm had taken over much of the space, and a housing development was going up too. I did find Group headquarters fairly intact, and part of the runway. I couldn't find either the hospital area or Site 5. In town, memories of the 489th are still strong, and I found quite a few who remembered "your Liberators roaring overhead before dawn." Here and there someone would remember the name of a personal "Yank" friend, but the base itself is fading back into the countryside. It's different; and I'm not sure I want to go back again.



"SAY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU GETTING BUSTED AGAIN HOLGATE?"

-Pvt. Tom Flannery