

NEWS LETTER

Vol. 14, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

November 1976

PLAYBOY CLUB - LAKE GENEVA - 1977

The Playboy Club, Lake Geneva is a place where the good life you've always dreamed about can be yours to live. It's a 1400-acre paradise where you can pick and choose from a myriad of exciting activities, wine and dine on the very finest, see top-named entertainment or simply relax and enjoy the scenic beauty of the area.

Playboy takes you millions of miles away from it all (though metropolitan Chicago is just 90 minutes down the road). It's that very special place to spend a very special evening or day.

See it as an all-seasons inn, boasting the best of everything in year-round recreation facilities — from a 25-acre privatized lake or two chair lifts and ski lodge.

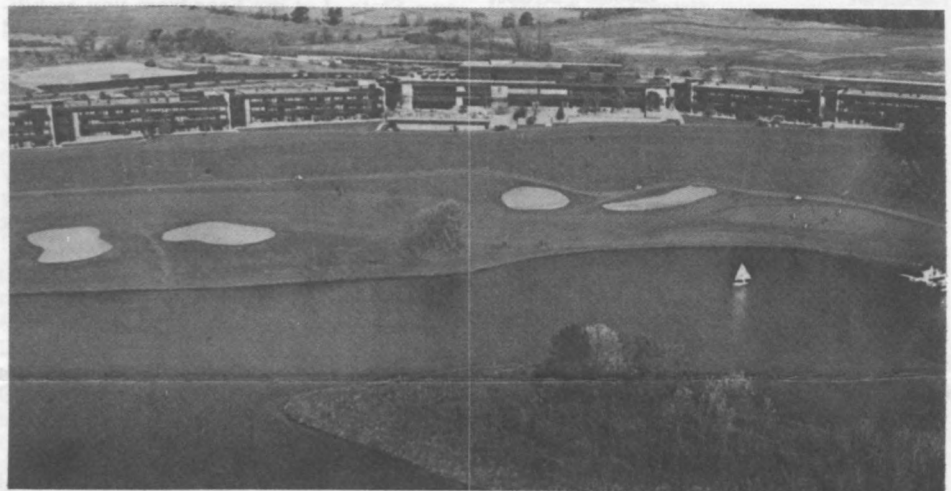
Playboy is one wonderful unexpected surprise after another. It's a star-studded floorshow, the glamor and excitement of Las Vegas without the neon. It's a shopping spree where you can leisurely browse in charming boutiques and shops brimming with books, gifts and gourmet treats.

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Playboy is not the world as you know it. It's the world as you'd like it. Isn't it time you discovered it?

The Playboy Club-Hotel is two miles east of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, at the junction of routes 50 and 12. Just minutes from the Illinois-Wisconsin border . . . 75 miles from Chicago, Illinois (served by O'Hare Field) . . . 45 miles from Milwaukee, Wisconsin (served by Billy Mitchell Field)

By Air? Most lines serve Chicago's



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Your Private Lake. 25 acres of sky-blue waters stocked with largemouth bass for fishing. Then there's sailing, ice skating or just strolling its shore.

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Indoor and Outdoor Swimming. Take a dip any day of the year in huge pools both indoors and out.

Riding. Equestrians will delight in miles and miles of bridle paths. Explore the grounds by bicycle, snowmobile or even a horse-drawn carriage!

Skeet and Trap Shooting. For the skilled marksman, a range designed and equipped by Winchester experts. Beginners will turn sharpshooters after a few lessons from our professional instructor.

Your taste. You may dine formally in a room aglow with candlelight and crystal, or casually — supping in front of an open fire. You may have a quick lunch, sample a sumptuous buffet or sip something cool at a sidewalk cafe. Whatever your mood, it can be matched at one of Playboy's nine convenient dining and drinking spots.

The Living Room. Begin the day with a delicious eye-opener breakfast. Later for lunch or dinner, serve yourself from the lavish buffet.

The Playmate Bar. A rustic retreat where you can relax and enjoy lunch or dinner.

The Penthouse. A compatible combination of fine food and drink plus star-studded entertainment.

The VIP Room. The ultimate in dining, where Bunnies present an elegant gourmet dinner.

Man at His Leisure Bar. At cocktail time (any time at Playboy), you'll find new friends gathered here enjoying man-sized drinks.

The Sidewalk Café. For sitting and sipping and sampling something a little special.

The Pro Shop. Serving hearty snacks and robust thirst-quenchers.

Jug of Wine Bar. Also located in the Ski Lodge. Great atmosphere, complete with fireplace and views of the slopes. Action inside and out.



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PRESIDENT'S CORNER



The trend has started. Members are now signing up their wives and children as Associate Members with the youngest, so far, being four years old! A Membership card would be a nice Christmas gift for all members of your family, but don't forget to indicate to Evelyn their relationship to you.

We need volunteers to help track down new members in each and every State. How about a little help. If anyone needs information concerning a prospective member in Indiana I will try to find them for you. All I need is a name and a hometown. If we had a volunteer in each State it would save a lot of time for the Group VPs who could then handle their own State. Let me hear from you ambitious workers. A list of State contacts will be made available in the next Newsletter. It's easy to check out a lead, incidentally, by dialing 555-1212 which is free information service.

We are Still looking for a few large donation for the Memorial Trust Fund. Any of you members with 'connections' try putting the bite on a corporation or Trust in your area. Our goal is \$50,000 by 1980! We'll make it.

Cheers,

Earl Zimmerman

Royal Flush

by George A. Reynolds (458th BG)

Mister Webster's definition of a royal flush is the five highest cards of a suit — not a bad poker hand. Since combat flying and poker share a common bond of risks, it was natural for Crew #8-A of the Azon bomb project to dub their new B-24J with this title.



The "Royal Flush"

Ship #40291 was created in the states (San Diego) along with thousands of other Libs, but there is where the equality ended. She was a bright and shiny plane with a queenly image, and shipped to England from Pinecastle as one of the original 10 Azon aircraft over the southern route. Here her real personality came to light.

First, she bit the co-pilot at Trinidad by stepping off a taxiway, burying a wheel in muck and blocked the runway with her posterior. There was much official cussing and discussing before "Flush" agreed to move so the field could be reopened. She was a perfect lady on to Natal. Then she developed gas on her tummy, and caused a lengthy delay until the source could be found. No misbehaving to Ascension nor to Monrovia, Liberia. But now she abandoned all semblance of good behavior. Jungle grew right up to the runway's end, and on takeoff, a prop ran away. With green coming up fast, the pilot called for more supercharger, and his co-pilot broke the safety on the turbo, then wound off at least 79 inches of mercury. Flush climbed only high enough for her pilot to make a 180 and land on the same runway he'd just departed. Those few moments seemed like hours to the harassed crew.

After an engine change, Flush labored to England with a stopover at Marrakech, Morocco without further trouble. During training for combat operations, she behaved pretty well. Component parts would function, stop and work again perfectly later without explanation or good reason. On the deck she undulated more readily and pronounced than sister ships. Aloft, more than once, she defied trim tab settings and meandered on her own tangent, but nothing serious ever came of this. Occasionally engines would simply quit. The crew chief and engineer were seeing visions of bananas after a time.

Finally, 31 May 1944 her co-pilot spent several hours on his shakedown operational check in Flush. He was pronounced cleared, and the check pilot, Lt. McCarthy, took the empty seat for another flight. On takeoff, Flush sent another prop away wildly. But this time English homes were beneath the flight path instead of jungle, and McCarthy reached over and severed the "jugular vein." So, with her jeans bulging with wages of sin, Flush bought the farm. But there was no weeping, wailing nor gnashing of teeth for the wacky kite after it augered that hefty ditch across Horsham. The skeleton crew walked away, and Flush just gave up the ghost.

So goes the saga of a war bird that never laid a single egg in a German henhouse. The Sentiment of her crew was: It's heartening to see a royal flush come along only rarely. Not in poker, in B-24s.

DUES DUES DUES

It's dues paying time again and it will help considerably if we all pay as promptly as we can. Dues paying time brings with it a continuing problem. Evelyn sends your new membership card with the dues statement in order to save the cost of another mailing. If a few weeks are allowed to pass many think that they have paid their dues. Please help eliminate this problem by sending your check as soon as possible. If you paid dues after August 31 then you are paid up for 1977. This would only apply to those who have joined since that date.

News of the 453rd BG

by Don Olds

John Hildebran, George Mazzara, Richard Rollo and Don Baldwin are former 453rd men who have visited Old Buck Airfield this fall and they tell me the old base has all but disappeared from the face of the earth. The tower has been torn down, the runways are gone and very few buildings remain standing. One thing of genuine interest was the Operations Room. The operations board is still on the wall and readable although the paint is beginning to flake.

This past June, some light contractors were grubbing up undergrowth and bushes at Old Buckenham Airfield when they turned up a rusty ammunition box. Inside were two Model 1911A1 Colt revolvers with two leather holsters, one empty and two full clips of ammunition, a flying helmet and goggles and a plastic wrapped survival kit issued to airmen.

The guns are both in new condition and the police at Attleborough, where the box and its contents are being held, doubt that they have ever been fired. On one of the holsters is branded the name of S/Sgt. Stephen W. Mullany and his service number . . . ASN 17082576 . . . which has been passed on to the USAF authorities at the American base at Lakenheath in an attempt to learn more of the history of the box and its contents.

I'm hoping someone will send me a picture of SHACK HAPPY, a 734th SQ plane that was lost on 2 Oct. 44. Lt. James F. Emerson was the pilot and it was struck by bombs dropped from above by the 389th BG. An article is being prepared for a future newsletter and we would like to illustrate it with a picture of either the plane or an Emerson crew picture. If someone will loan me a photo of either I'll copy it and return it promptly.



This photo of LACE is a 453rd plane well remembered by many. LACE's engines chalked up over 500 hours without being changed and her original set of tires made more than 250 take-offs and landings. A crash landing in England after 67 missions ended the string. Except for new spark plugs and repaired battle damage no part of the bomber had been rebuilt, replaced or reconditioned. When her Varga-inspired portrait received a flak wound over Germany her engineering and combat crews presented her with a Purple Heart for 'personal injuries received in action'.

I'm going to ask once again for the 453rd members to please send me any addresses, either current or old WW 2 hometowns, of people they worked with at Olk Buck. I'd like to contact them and encourage them to come to Lake Geneva. We led the 2nd ADA in attendance at Valley Forge and we can do it again in '77 if everyone will just contribute a new name or two.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Olds family.

I Remember, I Remember

by L/C Charles H. Freudenthal
(489th BG)

I wish I could remember more details about things that happened at Halesworth, like dates, times, names — and who said and did what. But I can't. All that comes to mind are the bits and pieces; the odd fragments. For instance:

There was a mission, in September 1944 I think, when we were to carry 2000 lb. bombs. We would load with three per plane; two in the forward bays and one in the left rear. I wasn't on that particular mission, but as Group Bombardier I went out to the hardstands to check equipment, target folders, etc. . .

I remember I was talking with the Command pilot Lt. Col. Byron Webb out by the Group lead aircraft when one of the one-tonners suddenly came loose from its shackle and clunked on to the concrete. We heard the noise, we saw the bomb, and we saw the red smoke pouring out of the grenade fixed in the tail fin. We all took off. I mean, we lit out for somewhere — anywhere! Nobody remembered (who could think and run at the same time?) that when caught near an explosion you were supposed to hit the ground ASAP. By the time anyone thought of that we were all long gone from the vicinity. As a matter of fact, the last I saw of Col. Webb when he shot by me, wiping out a good ten yard head start, in almost nothing flat. His advice, yelled back over his shoulder, was something like "Move out, that's a two thousand pound SOB too!"



Enroute to Munster, 25 October 1944. "Satan's Sister" (No.250451, 844th), and "The Sack" (number unknown, also 844th). Anyone know the crews?

Actually, it was not until I was making my first turn, crossing the taxiway, that the first flash came to me about hitting the ground. I did. It took less time to change my mind however, than it did to fall down. I bounced up like a tennis ball, and took off for the nearest slit shelter, coming in about fourth. About this time, the realization was coming to most of us that if the monster were going to explode at all, it would have done so before any of us could have moved a step. So we began to slip back, feeling, and no doubt looking pretty stupid. It didn't turn out so bad for those who didn't get too far, but some of the faster types reportedly ran to the outskirts of Halesworth, and it took them 30 minutes to walk back!

Do you remember August 6th 1944? Captain Glenn Miller and his orchestra played a late afternoon concert in one of the hangars that day. If you have the "Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band" album (RCA) you might find yourself in the picture on the inside cover. It was taken at Halesworth.

The story behind Miller's appearance, incidentally, is that he was scheduled for a concert at a fighter base that evening. The 489th was asked to provide the airlift. Col. Napier agreed on the condition that they play at Halesworth first. No play, no airlift. It sure was a great concert, remember?

Finally, if my notes are correct, it was the day Lt. Morgan C. Higham and his crew, of "Bomb Baby", returned after bailing out over the North sea. They ran out of gas on the way back from Brunswick the day before and bailed out at low altitude. Higham's chute opened just as he touched the water. There were no serious injuries. Anyone have any more details?

Think it over? Yes, but don't dawdle until someone else has thought it over, worked it out, and put it over.

WARNING

Several years ago a letter was making the rounds advising all Veterans that a bill had been passed in Congress which would give all WW II Veterans a dividend on their G.I. Insurance for each month of service even if they had dropped their insurance after the war.

It was a gigantic hoax then and, having surfaced again recently, it is still a gigantic hoax. If such a form comes into your possession throw it away.

Better still, send it to your Congressman!

Life is like a bank account. You get back only what you put in. Experience is the interest.

492nd At The Reunion

by 'Pat' Corriere

With the help of our own Steve Dunn and Joe Warth of the 44th, the 492nd got off to a good start in setting up a hospitality room with the 467th letting us join them also. I don't know where Steve got his experience but he did a bang up job in getting fresh bottles and keeping the glasses filled. In fact he made my wife an expert in scrounging for more ice cubes. It seems that the one on the 14th floor on which the hospitality room was located was not making cubes so the ice machines on the other floors had to be raided.

Being new to coming to a reunion, I just drank and listened. This was the time for stories and I didn't have much to say.



(Left to Right) Ed Goldsmith, Arcade J. Boissele, Steve Dunn, Sebastian H. Corriere and Floyd R. Kingsley.

The picture shows from left to right, Ed Goldsmith, Arcade J. Boissele, of course Steve Dunn who took time out from bartending, Sebastian H. Corriere and Floyd R. Kingsley. John Losee came up too late to get in the picture but he told of his adventure in the skies over Germany.

One story in particular. He was forced to land in a neutral country, which one I'm sorry to say I can't remember at this time, but the fact is the 856th Squadron was attacked by Jets and took a terrific beating as the B-24 was no match for a jet. This is a very interesting story that I hope someday to write about in this Newsletter if John gives me all the facts.

Now, celebrating our 30th Reunion, many of the stories told brought back memories of nights and days spent in keeping planes in the air, getting them to their targets and returning safely, hopefully in one piece. It doesn't make any difference now if we had been officers, enlisted men, ground crew or air crew or what. Our new target is comradeship and fellowship, with a hell of a good time thrown in.

Its too bad that the only thing to almost spoil the groups get together was the cancelling of Gilbert Green's reservation by someone and he had to stay at another hotel. This caused him a good deal of inconvenience in getting to the various doings. If this happens to you again next year Gilbert, we will make sure that we put you up with one of the bunnies. That should ease up any pain or any inconvenience!

Next year the 492nd will have something to offer to its members as this year I did not quite know how the Second Air Division ran their reunions. The 44th and the 466 did a bang up job on identification. Watch our stuff, next year.

Howling Banshee — Two-In-One Liberator

by H. W. Drinkut 3rd SAD

During 1944 an 8th Air Force Liberator was returning to its base in England from a mission to Germany. Its hydraulic system had been damaged by flak, and it was forced to land without use of its brakes. The aircraft crashed off the end of the runway and into a high bank. Lt. A. R. "Dick" Ayers of Bement, Illinois, Engineering Officer from 3D Strategic Air Depot, AAF 505, Watton, examined the plane and found that the entire nose section was so badly crushed and torn that the aircraft would have to be salvaged.

On the following day another Liberator became involved in a taxi-ing accident which twisted and sprung the rear fuselage back of the bomb bay, beyond repair. Lt. John H. Blake, III, of West Orange, New Jersey, another Engineering Officer from 3D SAD, was sent to examine the damage, and his findings also resulted in placing this aircraft in the salvage category.

That evening Lt. Ayers and Lt. Blake were comparing notes when the same thought occurred to them almost simultaneously, "Why not join the undamaged front section with the undamaged rear section of the second aircraft?" This would make one complete heavy bomber from the two wrecks. As far as they knew, it had been done once before in Italy but never in the ETO, and never under field conditions by a Mobile Repair Unit as would be the case here, since both sections of the aircraft were too large to be transported to the 3D Strategic Air Depot for assembly. Assembly was made at Horsham St Faith, home of 458th Bomb Group.



A Mobile Repair unit, with M/Sgt William E. McIver, of Greensboro, North Carolina, as the Crew Chief, was sent to the scene and went to work immediately. They built their own scaffolding, jigs and cribbing as they went along. The two damaged planes were separated at the center of the bomb bay, and the undamaged halves joined together using specially designed stress plates.

Despite the magnitude of the job, the removal and replacing of thousands of rivets, a maze of control cables and hundreds of electrical, hydraulic and oxygen connections, the twelve men on M/Sgt McIver's crew completed the job in twenty-nine days. So well were the sections lined up and joined together that when the inspector made his final check, he found that less than one fourth of the variations allowed at the factory had been used. Mathematically the splicing figured considerably stronger than the original de-

sign. Capt. Henry R. Miller, Jr., of Mt. Kisco, New York, the Test Pilot who flew the aircraft after completion, reported that it handled perfectly and cruised at about ten miles per hour faster than the average plane of its type.

The "TWO-IN-ONE" Liberator — HOWLING BANSHEE — whose front half had 30 missions and whose rear half had 26 missions, was returned to operational status at Horsham St Faith. This is another typical example of the excellent work performed by personnel of the 3D Strategic Air Depot, Watton, England, for the B-24 bombardment groups of the 2D Air Division!

Seething Flier Who Was Seething

(Reprinted from Eastern Daily Press)



Waveney Flying Group, based at Seething, is to hold its "fly-in" and air display on Sunday, June 20th — weather permitting.

This annual event has always caused much interest and entertainment, and a correspondent reminds me that even during World War Two, when the Liberators were flying bombing missions from the airfield, entertainment helped to make life a little more tolerable for the crews.

One such incident occurred in May, 1944, after the group's 70th mission. Seething's control tower received abundant "buzzing" that month as crew members finished 30 missions, and hardly a day or a mission passed without some Liberator or other approaching the field firing celebration flares.

Pilot 1st Lt. Julius L. Engdhal, 713th Squadron, was the first officer to complete 30 missions, and the occasion called for a double celebration, for while he was flying his 30th mission to Mulhouse, France, notice was received at Seething of his promotion to first lieutenant.

Accordingly, and on return to base, he was divested of his flying equipment and thrust into a bizarre outfit of red, white and blue pajamas with oversized silver "bars" on the shoulders, a top hat, and a sandwich board proclaiming: "I finished my D.F.C. mission," of which the D.F.C. was represented by a pasteboard replica of the ribbon.

He was then paraded around the perimeter in an open jeep, and finally presented with a bottle of Scotch. The celebration ended that evening when he was given a congratulatory dinner by the base commander.

"Lassie Come Home" Didn't

by Earl Zimmerman

During the reunion in Norwich 1975, my wife June was in deep conversation telling a war story when a sneaky type squirmed into the group to eavesdrop. June was telling of the time a plane crashed on her home from the 458th at Horsham St. Faiths and the sneaky type, John Archer, mentioned that he had a photo of the crash. The next day John produced the photo and advised that the name of the plane was "Lassie Come Home". Prior to that day we had no knowledge of the name of the plane or that a photo existed. The photo brought back a lot of memories.



It happened on January 14, 1945, a bright Sunday afternoon about tea time. The 458th was coming back from a mission and seemed to be using the short runway as the planes were coming in over the Boundary Inn on Aylsham Road. All of a sudden it happened, the sound of engines turning over high RPM, a loud crash as the plane took off the top of the house and a large shadow passing by the window facing the back garden.

June's father went from house to house telling people to put out all fires as the smell of 100 octane was in the air. The plane landed upside down in the middle of a ring of houses, the distance across the ring being no greater than 150 feet. The plane hit only two homes, June's suffering the greater damage. Two small children playing in the garden next door were killed. We pulled two survivors from the fuselage, one died on the front lawn. Chris Gotts, FOTE, is attempting to locate the one survivor through information sent to him.

An eye witness explained that the plane had #1 feathered, gear down, full flaps and banked into the #1 engine. As you will notice in John Archer's picture, the Davis wing is flat on the ground and the landing gear, extended, sticking straight up in the air, although the tail section seems to have landed upright. When the plane hit the house one of the engines fell off and buried itself in the Anderson Air Raid Shelter and has not been seen to this day.

You talk about shattered nerves. I get a day off from combat and the 458th tries to put me out of action. Pedaling back to Hethel that night I thought of volunteering for the opening in the Armament Section but knowing that Aaron Schultz had all of the rackets sewed up there I changed my mind and stayed on combat. After all, we did get flight pay and every once in a while a pretty little ribbon.

If any of you 458th lads know the identity of the lone survivor of Lassie Come Home please let me know.

Rude Comments

by Walter Rude (448th BG)

GOWEN FIELD — 1942-1943. Let me begin by saying that I realize many members of the 448th never saw Gowen Field, that you were assigned to the unit at the several way-stations on our trip to Seething, England. Those way-stations were Wendover, Utah, Sioux City, Iowa and Herrington, Kansas. However, it is my feeling that most everyone will enjoy either a little reminiscing over those days or a first time introduction to that period in the history of the 448th.

When we first hit Gowen Field it was in the late fall of 1942. The training squadrons there were equipped with B-17s (horrible!), but the type of aircraft made little difference due to the fact that the flight, composed of nearly 60 men, would at times only have one aircraft to work on. The bolder self confident extroverts would somehow manage to actually perform some of the simpler tasks on the engines or airframe. However, most of us more introverted souls ended up with a bucket of kerosene (100 - 130 octane fuel), a rag (not wool) and with strict orders from a rough-tough dock chief to "Get that God damned airplane clean!" It was quite some time, if I remember correctly, before a lot of us ever turned a nut or bolt.

It was during this period that a humorous (embarrassing?) incident happened to yours truly. A large group of old timers from the Caribbean and Panama areas had recently been assigned to the outfit. Their previous assignments had all been on single engine trainer and fighter aircraft. When they were finally assigned to a working flight they naturally stood around gaping at the then huge B-17s before them.

One big fellow with no stripes on his sleeves attracted my attention and since I had just recently sewed on my first stripe (by Act of Congress) I decided to pull my rank on this unmotivated and stripeless critter. In the most authoritative voice that I could muster I said "Hey Mac. Get off your duff, grab a bucket of cleaner and a rag, and give me a hand with washing this cowlings." He looked a little surprised but very quietly acquiesced and soon joined me in applying a little elbow grease to a large pile of dirty engine cowlings.

He introduced himself as Walter House but preceeded the name with no indication of rank. I, in turn, introduced myself and we had a very pleasant conversation as we polished the cowlings.

Bright and early the following day I wended my weary way back to my bucket, rag and cowlings. You could have knocked me over with a feather when, within a few moments after my arrival at the work area, here comes my new found friend and assistant Walter House, BUT — he is now M/SGT Walter House! Sewn quite neatly on each sleeve of his coveralls were six of the biggest stripes I had ever seen. I quite readily displayed my embarrassment.

M/Sgt. House was a fine person and quickly allayed my embarrassment by explaining that on the previous day he couldn't find any clean, striped coveralls so he had donned a new, stripeless set. We

had quite a laugh over the incident.

Eventually Sgt. House shipped out as line-chief of one of the first cadres equipped with B-24s. Over a couple of beers one night, and prior to his leaving, House confided to me that he hadn't even been inside a B-24.

Months later, in England, I ran into House again in a pub in Norwich. We were sipping arf & arf when I asked House "Walt, when you left Gowen Field you didn't know a darn thing about a B-24. How in heck did you handle the technical questions your people were bound to ask sooner or later?" He replied: "Walt, when that situation arose I just drew myself up to my full height (he was over 6 feet tall and well over 200 lbs), put a fierce scowl on my puss and roared — God Damn it! Can't you read tech orders?"

Walter House could think on his feet!

A young man who had just received his college degree rushed out and proclaimed the joyful tidings: "Here I am, World! I have my A. B." And the world replied: "Congratulations! Now sit down, son, and I'll teach you the rest of the alphabet."



MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY HANUKKAH

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Over the past few years our membership has increased tremendously and with this increase we have found ourselves with many, many new friends. This has delighted us and we cherish them all, but it has created a problem in our ability to send seasons greetings to everybody.

We are taking this opportunity to wish all our friends — old, new and those yet to be made — a very Merry Christmas, a happy Hanukkah and a prosperous New Year.

Evelyn Cohen

Hazel & Bill Robertie

Attlebridge Notes #16

(466th BOMB GROUP)

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HARRY B. MCGREGOR

Captain Harry B. McGregor

(from "Attlebridge Diaries")

Captain Harry B. McGregor was a pilot's pilot. He had more hours than any of us and an authority with an airplane that we never questioned. His crew (716) came from Tucson and was assigned to the 787th along with my crew (715). So we knew him as well as anyone did. He had a slow draw that came from Panhandle, TX. When I think back on him, I think he was very much like the impression most of us have of Jimmy Stewart. He was always right — we thought. He was invincible — a giant in a land of uncertain young fliers. The war hardly seemed to affect him. On most missions he was in the lead position (not the deputy lead). He had flown with Colonels Pierce and Fairbanks as Command Pilots. He took Major Frank Elliott, 787th CO, into combat ten times. People felt safe with good old solid Harry.

On the 9th of August 1944 Harry (on his 28th mission) was assigned the deputy position off of the PFF lead. The Mission Report stated that McGregor was hit by AA fire, the #3 engine caught fire and the wing broke off between the #3 and #4 engines. The a/c went over on its back and into a spin. Four chutes were seen.

How incredible that his plane should get hit. We couldn't believe that he could be gone. The news of the shootdown sure shocked the base. His was the last of the original crews in the 787th (our crew had moved to the 784th for PFF leads). We all wondered what chance we had if Harry could not make it.

The Missing Air Crew Report shows that only Carl Forester (ball turret) and Floyd Liles (right waist) survived the tragedy. Nine were killed (the regular crewmen plus Ed Piergies, Pilotage Navigator).



The McGregor crew went down in "Penthouse For Ten", 42-95268-K-30 over Saarbrücken on 9 August 1944.

The Story of the Keys Crew

(Extracted from draft of "Attlebridge Diaries - History of the 466th BG," by J. H. Woolnough).

The Mission Report for #101 on 9 August 1944 says that Lt. Keyes (541P), in the 1-5 position, flying 374N (Hot Box), with #4 feathered, straggled behind on the way back. Here is Charles M. DeWild's (541N) story of that mission.

"We were first hit and knocked out of formation over Saarbrücken. Lt. Keyes got the ship trimmed out level at about 14,000 feet. I could still see the Group above and ahead of us when we leveled off. Sgt. Switzer (ball turret) had been seriously wounded. McNamara (541B) went back to help take care of him. I climbed into the nose turret and navigated using a flak map. I decided to make a run for the coast and chose a place near Aachen to cross over the Rhine. As we crossed the river we were hit by a burst of four shells. Sgt. Goode (541E) was badly wounded at this time.

"Although we continued to lose altitude, we managed to reach the Dutch Coast and actually got over the Channel. Keyes requested that I come to the flight deck and prepare for a possible ditching. Sgt. Grover (541R) contacted Air Rescue, giving our position. A few minutes later we lost a second engine and turned back. Lt. Keyes ordered us to prepare to bail out. I was in the bomb bay with Grover and the waist gunners (Lottinger and Zarembo). I told them to jump out as soon as we were over land.

"When they bailed out I could see that we were getting close to the ground. Tracer shells, gun emplacements and ground personnel were easily discerned. I called to the co-pilot (O. B. Smith) and motioned for him to come and bail out. He shook his head, "No!" My first thought was that he or Andy Keyes had been hit. Although I knew I should bail out quickly, I climbed back to the flight deck to find out why they weren't bailing out. Andy said that we had wounded aboard and that he was taking it in. By this time I saw that we were too low for me to bail out, so I took up the ditching position behind the armor plate on the flight deck.

"With the bomb bay doors open, I could see the ground coming up fast. Our first contact was with the top of a big dike. The plane lurched on impact and it seemed we were 40 or 50 feet in the air again. We hit the wheat field on the second impact. The nose hit first and the plane flipped end over end. I don't know whether the top turret came out of its mooring or whether I was thrown up into it. When I regained consciousness, I was inside the turret looking up at the sky through the torn bottom of the plane. A large piece of armor plate was still lying along my back and head. I believe that this armor plate kept me from being killed. I managed to climb from the plane by myself although I was dazed and having difficulty breathing. The ring of my parachute had punctured my chest, breaking my sternum.

"The four engines were lying in a row, about 30 yards in front of the plane. Keyes and Smith were lying, side-by-side, between the two in-board engines. Keyes died minutes after I got to him. Smith died that night in the hospital at De Haag. The time of the crash was 1204 hrs.

"The first people to reach the crash were a young Dutch fellow and a small boy. Soon the Germans brought a local doctor who tended Smith and me. They didn't remove us from the area until 5 p.m.

"I was taken to a small town where there was an ambulance waiting. Switzer and Goode were

in the ambulance. We were taken to the hospital in Den Haag. The next day the three of us were moved to the POW ward in the Queen Wilhelmina Hospital in Amsterdam. Five or six days later we were put on a train marked with red crosses and loaded with war supplies. We ended up in Frankfurt at an interrogation camp. I spent 3 days in solitary and was then sent to Stalag Luft III in Sagan.

"I met McNamara later in Mossberg and we discussed the shoot down. There was a misunderstanding between him and Keyes concerning the wounded. He had reported that he didn't think that Goode and Switzer were capable of bailing out. However, when it became apparent that the plane was going to crash, he aided them in bailing out. Both were given morphine. When he pushed them out he was fearful they wouldn't get their chutes open. He said it seemed like an eternity before the chutes opened. Switzer landed in the water and was picked up by a German patrol boat. Goode hit in the marshes and was rescued by the Dutch Underground. Because of his serious wounds and because he had bled so much, they turned him over to the Germans.

"The treatment at the PW camp was good except for the lack of food. When we moved out January 29th with Russian Artillery in the near distance, things went from bad to worse as far as food and living conditions were concerned. By the time we were liberated, I had lost 55 pounds.

"Incidentally, I bought a bike the day before that mission. I rode it to the Briefing Room the next morning. I wonder who got it?"

This was quite a day in the life of the 466th BG. The formation plan had the following typed along the bottom: "KEEP 'EM TUCKED IN!!! GO GET 'EM YANK!!!!!!". The movie at the Opera House on this night was "Yellow Canary" with Anne Nagle and Richard Greene. And the war went on.

9 August 1944

(from "Attlebridge Diaries")

Jim Auman (431G) wrote in his diary, "Today Rapuno and I flew a volunteer mission with Lt. Godbout (421P) to a ballbearing factory at Stuttgart. There was an overcast so we hit Saarbrücken instead. Flak was very accurate over the city. We lost two ships on our way out. One turned into an orange torch just off our right wing. No chutes. We ran into very accurate flak again near Cologne.

The tail gunner (Ed Lukanic) took a piece of shrapnel in the heel and leg and was removed for first aid. A part of the same burst hit my right ankle. Lost lots of blood, could not walk. Major Thompson (Command Pilot) gave me first aid (morphine, tourniquet, etc.)."

The 466th Mission Report stated that 14 aircraft sustained Class A damage, two were considered Class B. Lt. Lundquist (544B) was killed as a result of "shrapnel lodging in his neck." We lost the McGregor (716) and Keyes (541) crews with their planes.

Remember?

Those cold water showers?
Long Johns in February? Frozen relief tubes?
"Time Gentlemen, Please!"

That short runway, #04?
When your navigator knew the lead was off course?
"Put out that light, Yank!"

Cardboard chaff boxes flying at you?
Time it took to get gals off the base after a party?
Empty walk-around oxygen bottles?
When they called your name at Mail Call?
When they didn't?

News on the 392nd "Crusaders"

by Bob Vickers (392nd)

The Group 'mini' reunion at Valley Forge could almost be termed a 'maxi' since, according to Joe Whitaker and Myron Keilman, it was the largest 392nd turn-out ever — thanks to all of you who made special plans to attend and make it a very special occasion. By our count, a total of (59) members and their families came and shared this truly memorable experience and we are looking forward to seeing all of you once again (and, hopefully many more) next year in July at Lake Geneva!

Before passing to some other news tidbits, we were further honored in the 392nd at the reunion by having one of our old Crusaders, J. D. Long, elected to a vital position on the 2AD Board, that of Vice President! Their choice could be none better as we all know J. D. will accomplish a professionally competent and conscientious job. (He was a rough and ready 578th-er — so what else? — and rode herd on that wild 'McCarthy & Otis' crew combine!). In a serious vein, J. D. had dedicated his tenure (September News Letter) in perpetuating the continued growth of the Memorial Foundation financing goal. As a 392nd goal, and very special one for this year's reunion, let us all plan on behalf of the Group to honor this worthy program by a separate contribution for the foundation. We are honored to have you in that position, J. D., and we will support you all the way!

In the way of a few brief notes: We have just over 340 names on the Group directory now with more continuing to come. The next 392nd Directory will be published in December. I have held off because of the influx of names so as to include everyone possible as well as getting those from our Area Contact Directors which they may locate. My many thanks to those of you who agreed to undertake these tasks, and for those of the Group who would like these gent's names they are: Cliff Peterson, 2120 Woodcrest Dr, Winter Park, FL 32789 for SE U.S. (FL, GA, ALA, SC, MISS); Bob Beatson, 7813 Locris Court, Upper Marlboro, MD 20870 for East Central U.S. (MD, VA, PA, NC, W-VA); Bill Sullivan, 9 Orchard Road, Wilbraham, MASS 01095 for NE U.S. (New England States, NY and NJ); Bill Whiteaker, 220 E. Blossom Ave, Okla, City, OK 73110 for South Central U.S. (OK, TX, LA, ARK, TN, LA); Gene Surbaugh, for North/West Central U.S. (KS, MO, ILL, KY, COLO, NEB, IOWA, WIS, MINN), address, 1311 Faith Dr No.27, Salina, KS 67401; and Dick Griffin, 2 Cypress Tree Lane, Irvine, CA 92715 for SW U.S. (CA, AZ, NV and OR). Please send any newly found members' names to one of them or me to insure each gets on our Group Directory and is encouraged to join our 2AD roll. We have over 132 plus in 2AD now, and with each of your helping efforts our goal is to get at least 250 or more joined up with 2AD by next Reunion!

... a few of our troops made the recent England package trip including Cliff and

Mary Peterson and Bill and Ruth Nock. We understand it was a well-planned affair and all got back to Wendling. Bill and Ruth Nock dropped a line to say they saw the old faded mission log on the wall, still faintly readable in the old Combat Officer's Mess building. Among the many other nostalgic reminders at the old base included our War Memorial obelisk. Bill also related that Chris Gotts of the FOTE organization was interested in the story of the 392nd. On this latter item, I am pleased to relate that our manuscript on the combat story of the Group titled, 'The Liberators From Wendling' is now in the hands of the publisher, Aero Publishers, Inc., of Fallbrook, CA and has received most favorable review comments. We are advised that final information on publication will be out momentarily — so stand by for the particulars!

On other items, our many thanks to Marilyn Lane for offering to make us a Group banner (based on Myron K's specs suggestion) for next year's 'mini' and to Jim Blanco for his kind offer of help in being our 'on-scene' coordinator for the Lake Geneva affair as may be needed for our meeting. We will be in touch, Jim, just as soon as we get some reunion details to work with from the fine 2AD planners, and, your gesture is most appreciated . . . to Curt Haukom and his fellow crew members, we owe special recognition also . . . for they had the most individual crew representation at our 'mini'!!

As a closing note (at last!): Lets get as many 392nd types joined up with 2AD ASAP and before the end of '76! (we want to get their names published on the next 2AD Directory which, I believe, will be coming out shortly after January first). Secondly, mark your calendars now for our '77 'mini' in July! Lastly, it was a warm pleasure in meeting everyone at Valley Forge and please contact me if there is anything I might do as your VP in supporting our Group's annual reunion efforts and future growth in membership.

To our past VP, Joe Whitaker, a special thanks to you and to Myron Keilman for your mutual efforts for helping the 392nd get off the ground once again. We're now off and running well but we've got to get to altitude on finding more old members, so . . . as a final thought: Could each and everyone make it a point to take a few moments of their time in some small way to help us find at least one of our former comrades? When you succeed it is a most gratifying experience.

(ed note: Bob's new address is 6424 Torreom Dr. NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87109.)

Top Scorers

Steve Birdsall is attempting to compile a complete listing of B-24s which flew 100 or more missions. The 467th's **Witchcraft** tops the list with 131, there's the 458th's **Final Approach**, the 446th's **Ronnie**, the 466th's **Slick Chick** . . . if you recall others please send the name or any other details to the editor . . .

U.S.A.F. Photos of 2nd A.D. B. 24s (Part 4)

Compiled by Tony North
(Associate Member)



392ND BOMB GROUP (WENDLING)

- 26845 USAF — A formation of B-24s over solid cloud during a raid on Bremen 16th December 1943.
- 53033 USAF — A formation of four B-24H's.
- 53953 A.C. — A superb in flight shot of B-24H (42-7478) "Flying Crusader" of the 578 B.S.
- 62412 USAF — Two B-24H's in flight, nearest a/c named "Our Gal".
- 62413 USAF — Crash landing of B-24H (42-7469) "Rose of Juarez" at Watton, Norfolk November 1943
- 62575 USAF — Formation of 392nd B.G. a/c over Europe 24th November, 1944.
- 70946 A.C. — Armorers load bombs on to "Fords Folly" 6th June 1944.
- 71048 USAF — A formation of three B-24s nearest a/c B-24H (41-29433) "D" of 576 B.S.
- 75230 A.C. — A formation en route to Bielefeld, Germany 10th March 1945. Nearest a/c B-24H (41-28772) "El Capitán" of the 578 B.S.
- 75788 A.C. — A/C "P" of 576 B.S. (42-95031) in flight with the port stabiliser shot away 16th February 1945.
- 80213 A.C. — "Pregnant Peg" force-landed in a field near Watton, Norfolk 14th December 1943.
- 81182 USAF — A/C "M" of 576 B.S. over Magdeburg, Germany 3rd March 1945.
- 81199 A.C. — A B/24HH (41-28916) "O" of 576 B.S. over target.

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.

Who needs a B-24!!!



Photo by Paul Wright 392nd

Fields of Little America

by Martin W. Bowman (Assoc)

During World War Two Norwich was set in a forest of fourteen Second Air Division airfields. Each was built within a thirty mile radius of the Cathedral City, being located mainly in Norfolk with some in Suffolk. Almost daily each base despatched its Liberators until the rivulets merged into a massive bomber stream aimed at Germany and its environs. Like the RAF crews, many Americans never returned. Memorials throughout Norfolk testify to this grim fact. In Heigham Street, Norwich, there is a plaque dedicated to a 458th BG B-24 crew who sacrificed their lives rather than hit a row of houses. At Old Catton a tablet commemorates two B-24's which crashed in the vicinity killing twenty airmen. Nearby is the "Cat on the Barrel" which was reputedly taken aloft by crews flying from Horsham St Faith.



This USAAF originally had 75 airfields in the U.K. but the total finally reached 250. Living conditions were often described as "rugged" with 15-18 men in each nissen hut. Coal was rationed and only illegal sorties into local woods kept the pot bellied stoves going. Even so, men were known to "hit the sack" with overcoats and pup tents on! The food was often mediocre, some of the crews were known to be "flak happy" and death beckoned in combat. Others died in needless accidents and on training flights.

However, there were the ubiquitous "liberty runs" which hit Norwich every week. The City was like a giant octopus, with its eight main highways reaching out into the countryside, dragging "liberty trucks" into its maelstrom. Men spilled out onto the cattle market, filled their ears with the bucolic Norfolk dialect and melted away to bars and dance halls. Late at night they returned to their far flung bases and on the morrow it was back to their B-24's like "Shoot Luke", "Suzy Q" and "Little Beaver". Their colourful montages, often depicting the nude female form, showed a keen sense of individualism. Sadly, they have all since been resigned to the melting pot but those artists' paintings still linger on.



Bungay 1943

Throughout "Little America" there is still a constellation of airfields, now overgrown and discarded like Hollywood film sets, where the American Star reigned supreme. On their crumbling nissen walls are paintings and inscriptions left behind in 1945. Left to the farmers' discretion, they are one of only a few living memorials bequeathed to the region. They and the shooting-in butts, looking like Saxon long barrows, will provide the region's umbilical link with the Eighth for some years to come.

The U.S. Third Air Force carries on the tradition throughout East Anglia today. RAF Mildenhall, Lakenheath and Bentwaters etc., are a far cry from the spartan bases of the War. Mildenhall is the home of the Command Historian, Vernon D. Burk. His office block is shared with the RAF. On one of my three visits a typical RAF type, with "scrambled egg" on his cap, a handle-bar moustache and a mosaic of medal ribbons, entered with an accordion purchased from the PX. Vernon showed me around the base, stopping at the Post Office to collect any mail. This building is an atomic fall-out shelter in the event of nuclear attack. Today's American servicemen have many inducements to serve in England. One is pay and the other, leisure activities. At Mildenhall there is the cavernous Bob Hope center where many non-coms were playing Pool, table tennis and drinking at the elongated bar. Everywhere there are water fountains and Coke machines. Cents are not used because they can work out cheaper in British machines. I had difficulty in calculating the right denomination of dimes, nickels and quarters. To think that Sterling is called, "funny money"!

RAF Lakenheath, a short drive away, is similar to Mildenhall. We visited the base library for books for Vernon's wife who is studying by correspondence with the University of Maryland. Dinner was in an ultra modern refectory where we were joined by High School kids out for lunch. On sale were editions of the "New York Herald Tribune", printed in Paris that morning.

Accommodation on the "luxury bases" is about \$250 per month for a four-bedroomed house. Those living in RAF-built homes, which are considered standard, are cheaper. There is everything to sustain a large American community, including swimming pools, gyms and stores. Although these "leisure centers" have replaced windswept airfields and drafty nissens, their forebears, the 2nd Air Division, is still much in the minds of the parochial East Anglians.

Hethel Highlights

by Earl L. Zimmerman (389th)

All of the rumors are over, at a night briefing on July 31, 1943, the combat crews at Site #10 Benghasi, Africa, learn that the target for the next day is to be the oil refineries at Ploesti, Roumania. It will be the seventh mission for the Sky Scorpions after weeks of practice at low level flying in England and Africa.

Col. Wood is the leader of Red Force, flying with Capt. 'Fearless' Caldwell, 565th Sqdn. A total of 29 planes take off and every plane reaches and bombs the target. 358 men from the 389th go to Ploesti, some fly with the 98th on Detached Service.



Red Target is totally destroyed after being hit from three different headings. Seventeen planes return to Site #10; three land elsewhere in North Africa; 3 land in Cyprus; 2 go down in Turkey, James & Mooney; 2 crash at the target, Hughes & Horton; 2 go down in Roumania, Neef & O'Reilly; two crews that flew with the 98th BG, McGraw & Darlington go down in Roumania.



Many stories have been written about Ploesti so I will leave out all of the details. In spite of a monumental foul up the Sky Scorpions are given credit for really bashing their target. Of the five Groups that went to Ploesti the Sky Scorpions are the last to arrive thereby losing the element of surprise.

As a result of the mission, the 389th BG is awarded the Presidential Unit Citation and Lt Hughes is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. A total of 29 DSC's, 14 Silver Stars, and 314 DFC's are awarded to men of the 389th.

Veterans of the 389th who flew on the Ploesti raid and who are active members of the 2nd AD include: Ardery, Bilby, Blakis, Boisclair, Coleman, Crowley, Denton, Green, Griffin, Hamilton, Hayes, Hinchman, Katz, Klinghoffer, Makin, Moore, Morgan, Norton, Paulin, Powell, Sayre, Schwelling, Sisson, Sively, Smith, Tucholski, Weinberg, Wright and Zimmerman.

U.S. Veterans' Deep Affection for East Anglia



At Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Mr. Tom Eaton, chairman 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, with (left to right) Mr. Alfred Jenner, a governor; Mrs. June Zimmerman, a former Norwich girl, and her husband, Mr. Earl Zimmerman, newly-elected president of the U.S. 2nd Air Division Association.

Reprinted from the Eastern Daily Press

Much of the buzz of conversation last weekend at the fabulous Sheraton Hotel overlooking Valley Forge in Pennsylvania, center of Washington's memorable stand against the British 200 years ago, was about East Anglia.

The reason this particular gathering at Valley Forge was so different from all others taking place at this time in the U.S.A. was that it was the annual get-together of the veterans of the 2nd Air Division which flew and fought from Norfolk and Suffolk during the last war.

Over 6,000 of their comrades lost their lives fighting from bases here and many of the survivors meet every year to remember their dead and to thank the many East Anglians who befriended them when they were far away from home.

Placards giving atmosphere to the conference rooms bore such titles as "44th - The Flying Eight Balls," "446th - The Flying Deck," "466th - The Attlebridge Alcoholics," "786th - Bryants' Brash Brats." A typically incongruous note this, to English eyes, but no more incongruous than the aged air gunner marching unsmilingly through the throng at the pre-banquet reception in full flying kit, belts of .5 ammunition hanging round his neck, and dragging a parachute behind him. Or the half-dozen paunchy, middle-aged American veterans who had squeezed themselves into their 1945 uniforms for the occasion.

Nearly 700 veterans and their wives attended the three-day reunion at the end of which it felt that at least half of them had personally asked me to take back their warm thanks to East Anglia for all the kindnesses they were shown during the war, and for the warm hospitality they have enjoyed on visits to East Anglia since.

Mr. Tom Eaton, chairman of the governors of that Norwich shrine to the dead of the 2nd Air Division, the U.S. Memorial Library, was even more the center of attention, many gifts for the library being pressed upon him, including a replica of the Liberty Bell which played such a symbolic part in the American War of Independence.

Mr. Eaton was clearly moved by the depth of the affection in which the people of this area are held by the American veterans and said so in his speech at the banquet. "The Memorial Library came out of an experience shared together," he said. "This is what the library is all about and there are many ways in which the library can be developed to send out the message from you which it was created to send out."

The chairman of the governors was given a standing ovation at the end of his speech, though, as he said to me afterwards, we as governors should have been giving the veterans that treatment because they had just handed over another check for over \$6,000 towards the target of \$50,000 which they hope to reach by 1980 in order to safeguard the future of the library. With this latest donation they have already collected over \$16,000 in just over a year, leaving \$34,000 to be raised by the end of 1980.

While on the subject of gifts, most poignant probably was the \$200 from the family of a farming member of the association who had been killed on his tractor earlier this year.

Chief American speaker at the banquet was Judge Frederick Bryan, senior U.S. District Judge, a founder governor of the Memorial Trust Fund, who said that Valley Forge was the most fitting place for the association to meet because it was there that a force of 11,000 men survived to fight and win the War of Independence.

The 2nd Air Division went to England, also at a critical phase in American history, and also to establish itself as an efficient fighting force. It was part of the 8th Air Division which could put no fewer than 34,500 American airmen into the air at once at maximum effort.

There were many other reasons why this reunion sounded more like an East Anglian occasion than an American one. Not the least by the presence of several Norwich women who married American airmen during the war.

Pride of place among these must be given to Mrs. June Zimmerman, (nee Courtenay) who married her husband when she was 17. Mrs. Zimmerman confided to me that when she left the city in 1946 she never expected to be entrusted with the Invocation at an American gathering of nearly 700 people, but she did this so well that the dignity of the American ceremony of lighting candles in memory of the dead was made even more significant.

For an English governor of the Memorial Trust like myself the occasion underlined the tremendous importance of the Norwich Memorial Library to the 8th U.S. Army Air Force.

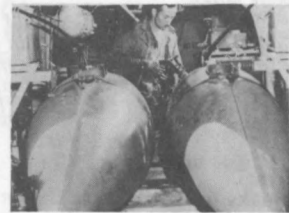
As Col. Jordan Uttal, the American representative of the Board of Governors said: "The library is a living memorial and as such is the adhesive that keeps us all together. Of all the American groups we are unique in that we have a real purpose in the existence of our memorial in Norwich which I know is in the hearts of you all."

Truckin'

by George A. Reynolds (458th BG)

September, 1944: General Patton's rapidly advancing armored forces came to a screeching halt in northern France — literally out of gas. Most units of the 8th AF went to their relief in some form, but it was the heavy bomber units that responded most prominently. For they stripped away combat riggings and became flying tankers.

On the 12th the 458th flew its first "truckin' run" with six aircraft, and delivered over 13,000 gallons of gasoline. The Group continued fuel hauls with varied numbers of ships and cargo until the 30th when 51 B-24s delivered 83,124 gallons. The 25th was its peak day as 67 planes carried 107,727 gallons. After that final day came, 727,160 gallons has been delivered to the ground forces in only 13 actual days of truckin'.



Truckin'

I tol' you dogfaces a hunnert times. We ain't got no ethyl, jes reg'lar.

Ground crewmen installed and filled fighter auxiliary tanks in the waist and bomb bay of the Libs for easier off-loading at Lille, Clastres and St. Dizier — destinations of this Group. A total of 494 aircraft were dispatched for the missions. One crashed on takeoff killing all aboard. Another left for St. Dizier and was not heard from again. Four others received damage in ground accidents, and were placed in salvage.

Often, fumes were so strong inside the kites crewmen wore their goggles and oxygen masks to see and breathe properly. Probably one spark at the wrong time, and an aircraft would have been just another Roman candle. Altitudes for the flights were 500-1000 feet, courtesy of enemy radar, and hardly enough to use a chute even if the opportunity arose. No combat mission credit was allowed for these sorties.

Usually, four-six crew members made the runs, and no flying was scheduled nor permitted during darkness. One crew of five departed Horsham late, was delayed on the return and had to remain overnight at Clastres. Just across the way, village night spots became alive at dusk with the sound of music, fun and games. Being freedom loving GIs, of course, they decided to help the friendly natives celebrate their recent liberation. But one crew member had to remain and safeguard the aircraft. And the democratic pilot suggested they all flip coins to determine who stayed. Tossing was fast and furious. The loser sighed, strapped on his trusty 45 and settled down to guard duty. Gesturing to his grinning, departing airmen, the pilot realized that he was the only one on the crew who spoke any French.

Letters

Attn: Tom and Wanda Lankowski

Dear Tom and Wanda,

In the September, 1976, issue of the Second Air Division Association news letter, you made the brazen claim that you are the best polka dancer in the division, and you have the audacity to ask for any challengers.

I, Stanley Z. Dreyer, with the concurring consent of my wife, Alice, hereby challenge you to a polka dance-off duel at the next reunion in 1977, which I understand is scheduled for the Playboy Club at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. We appear to be about the same age, weight and height. Do we have your acceptance?

Oh, Yes, in all fairness you are hereby forewarned that, despite the name, both my wife and I are also Polish.

Sincerely yours, For the Fun of It,
Stanley Z. Dreyer
6283 Parkview Road
Greendale, Wisconsin 53129

P.S. The Second Air Division Association is hereby authorized to publish this challenge in its next news letter.

(ed. note: I refuse to referee - should you ask that is! Equal time will be awarded in the next Newsletter to Tom and Wanda. Tune in for the next episode folks. Will Tom defeat Stanly. Will Alice defeat Wanda? Will the dance floor survive?)

Dear Evelyn:

Many thanks for sending me the newspaper item which included my picture.

This year's reunion was the first one which I attended, and I must confess that I was not too enthusiastic when Harold Dorman, my navigator, first suggested that we join the festivities. However, my wife and I had a truly great time, and since so many of our crew members live in the midwestern part of the country, we are looking forward to Lake Geneva next year.

I am sure, as so many of those present said, a large part of the credit for this year's success belongs to your efforts.

Thanks again, and have a good year.

Ira Wells

P.S. Why is it that, except for you and for me, so many of our members are so old?

(ed. note: Old? We're not old. We dress ourselves up to look that way so you really old ones won't feel out of place.)

Dear Bill:

Received my copy of the latest newsletter this past week and it looks to be another good one. I, (or we) goofed one spot however . . . remember the picture I sent you of the four men and said 'If you use it flop it over because it was printed backwards?' I had the names on the back and when they flipped it over they didn't flip the names . . . hence, wrong names under the men in the photo. I never even gave it a thought or I would have issued a 'beware'. Only other thing was a missprint by the printer. I had a line in my article that said . . . longest chow line I ever stood in. In the article the word comes out show instead of chow. I checked my carbon of the article and I do have chow. Guess the printer didn't think that made sense and figured it should have been show.

Cheers,
Don Olds

Dear Bill:

TELL Joe Ramirez and his crew that if Super Wolf had not been shot down on it's 90th Mission we would have made old Witchcraft look like a paper plane.

Sincerely,
Robert L. Sims 467th

(ed. note: If you think I'm going to touch this your crazy!)

Dear Mr. Robertie:

I am trying to get the 361st F. Group interested in joining this fine organization. I am trying to locate our 361st Buddies and would appreciate you sending me 8 or 10 copies of the September 1976 Newsletter which will exemplify the work that has been done over the past 31 years.

Hopefully in July 1977 at Lake Geneva we will have the 361st represented.

Thanking you in advance.

Sincerely
John Hoffman
361st Fighter Group

(ed note: We are all rooting for you John. Keep plugging.)

Dear Ms. Cohen:

I have just learned of the 2nd Air Division Association News Letter. I was in the 44th Bomb Group, stationed at Shipdam, England.

I had often wondered why I had never seen or heard of any reunions that were held by this particular group.

I would like to subscribe to the news letter and also would like you to advise me on how I could get information on the Old 44th Bomb Group.

If any books have been printed concerning this group please let me know.

Very truly yours,
Sam R. Raulston

(ed. note: Dis is da place Sam. I was also in the 44th and possibly I can help. Let me know your needs.)

Dear Evelyn:

Although I continue to get the News Letters and the Rosters, I never seem to get any statements for dues. I suppose I should rejoice in this, but I still like to pay my share. Anyway, a \$5.00 check is enclosed, and if that isn't enough, let me know.

I really enjoy the News Letters, and am very sorry I won't be able to attend the 30th Annual Reunion. I was in Valley Forge a few months ago — at the Sheraton no less — and it was really beautiful. I did 6 weeks of very pleasant duty at Valley Forge Military Academy in the spring of 1943 (Aviation Cadets) and have very fond memories of the area.

Keep up your good work.

Sincerely,
John C. Mott
446th

Dear Earl, (Zimmerman)

My dues and application are going in the mail today to Evelyn Cohen. It was a great and pleasant surprise to learn of the existence of the Association because I had never run across anything along these lines except the Air Force Association, which incidentally I never joined. At any rate, I am sure I will enjoy the News Letter and as of now am planning to drive to Valley Forge in July to see who I can find that I know.

Thank you very much for your letter and the back issues of the News Letter. I will look forward to meeting you in Valley Forge and hopefully some other men from the 389th. Actually, I will join the Association under the flag of the 453rd, because that is where most of my time was spent. The connection with the 389th, was on a training mission in the summer of '44. I was co-pilot on Don Gillies lead crew and we spent about six weeks at Hethel learning to fly one of the Mickey ships which we took back to Old Buck with us.

I checked out several friends who flew in Europe, but found no one who had been with the 389th. If I do run across anyone, I will make sure you hear about it.

Thanks again for writing.

Sincerely,
John DeLury

Dear Evelyn:

I look forward to receiving the newsletter and hope the organization continues to grow. Was most interested in reading the letter from Howard Dye and the "Go Getters". I crewed the Go Getter after the original crew chief was shipped out. The first Air Chief Dye flew we named "Dye's Dynamiters" but that may have been at Wendover Field, Utah. I still have a picture of it and several of the Go Getter. He was also known as Doer Dye.

Any idea where the next reunion will be held and approximate date? We choose our vacations in November for the following year so unless I know before then it is almost impossible to make the reunion. The wife and I did go to England last fall but did not go to Norwich. Had read in the newsletter that there was hardly nothing at our old base so we toured southern England.

Hope we can make the reunion — keep up the good work.

Sincerely
Charlie Wagner
467

Dear Mr. Robertie,

I am writing a history of air crashes in this locality, of the Pennine Hills, between Manchester and Sheffield, now known as the 'Peak District.'

Amongst the 20 or so old USAAF wrecks that still lie in the area, are 3 'B-24 H' planes.

I wonder if, through your newsletter, I could trace the whereabouts of surviving crew members from these 3 accidents.

1. B-24 H. 42-94841 of the 857 B/Sqd. (Part of 492 B/Gp) from 'Harrington' that crashed near Holmfirth on the 9/10/44 at 16.00 hrs. The plane's Captain was 1st/Lt. Elmer D. Pitsenbarger and from the crew of 10, the sole survivor was S/Sgt. Curtis B. Anderson.

2. B-24 H. Serial now known (but could be 42-51112). Sqd. and Group not know. — Crashed near Mossley, Lancashire on the night of 19/12/43 after being abandoned by its crew over 'Boston' Lincolnshire and about turned and flew across country fully bombed up.

3. B-24 H. Serial not known, Sqd. and Group not know. Crashed landed intact near Glossop, Derbyshire, 5 Crew members walking away, thought to be about late 1944 or 1945. The popular local story is that the plane had been taken for an unauthorized flight from somewhere in the U.K. and that the crew were subsequently jailed.

Any help at all will be most appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
R.C. Collier Flight Lieutenant
F.A.F. Volunteer Reserve.

(ed. note: Can any of you give any help to Ft. Lt. Collier?)

Dear Bill:

I want to again thank you and the other members of the committee who planned such a fine convention. It was our first but will not be our last. It was a great weekend.

During our talks, I mentioned the fact that I wanted to secure some good pictures suitable for framing of the B-24. You mentioned you had some material that may be reproduced. If you will send me what you can I will have it copied and safely return your pictures as soon as I possibly can do so.

I plan to do what I can to promote membership this year and hope the organization continues to grow.

Keep up the good work. You can be proud of your newsletter and thank God we have men like you in the organization.

Sincerely,
George J. Makin (389th)

(ed. note: Should have your photos by now George. If not let me know.)

Letters

Dear Bill:

My husband was right when he kept telling me about the people in the 2nd Air Division being swell. I really loved every minute of the reunion and we are looking forward to the next one at Lake Geneva.

From a woman's point of view, I can really appreciate the work Evelyn put in organizing activities at Valley Forge. My hat is off to her and the others who helped make my first attendance at a reunion a memorable and enjoyable occasion.

Since we were too late to enter some of our pictures of the reunion in the Newsletter, Pat and I are going to make a poster of them for the next reunion in order that some who recognize themselves might want one for their albums.

Till the Play Boy Club in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin in 1977.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Sebastian H. Corriere
(492nd Bomb Group)

ed. note: It's always nice to hear from the wives. We would really like to hear from a lot more.)

Dear Miss Cohen:

I see that I have let my membership in the Second Air Division Association expire. Please inform me as to the cost of current dues.

Several years ago, the Second Air Division Association Newsletter had a feature article on a B24 named Bull of the Woods. As Bull of the Woods is a chewing tobacco that was produced by my grandfather, I am most interested in getting one or more copies of this newsletter.

Please advise.

Sincerely,

William B. Taylor
Col. U.S.A.F. (Ret) 44th

(ed note: Should have you copies by now Bill. If not let me know.)

Dear Bill:

Walter Ryan wrote me that he heard about your reunion in Valley Forge and went on Saturday. We appreciate you allowing him and his wife to visit with you. It looks like you have a good association and a lot of members attending. We have about 1050 on our mailing list. We held our first reunion in 1969 at Hot Springs, Ark., 1970 in Fairborn, Ohio, 1971 in Colorado Springs, Col., 1972 in Atlanta, Ga., 1973 in Virginia Beach, Va., 1974 in Los Angeles, Calif., 1975 in New Orleans, and this year in Philadelphia. Next year we go to Chicago and 1978 we are going to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In reality, I'm sure a lot of our members could also be a member of your association as many of us were members of the 44th Bomb Group in 1941. I was with the 44th when it was formed and went with the 98th when it was split out of the 44th in early 1942.

Walter informed me that you are in charge of the Newsletter and would like to exchange Newsletters. I'll be glad to put you on my mailing list and would appreciate very much putting me on your mailing list. I took over the Newsletter 4 years ago and put out 4 issues per year. I'm sending you a copy of my last issue and will send you the next edition which I'm working on now and should be printed shortly, as it is due in September.

Looking forward to hearing from you as time permits.

A. Roy Cofer, 98th B.G. Asso.
2678 Oswood Drive
Tucker, Ga. 30084

(ed. note: Your quite right Roy. The 44th formed the 90th BG (Pacific), the 93rd (England) and the 98th while at Barksdale Field. Any member who served in the 44th at that time is eligible to join the 2nd ADA. Why not make a note of that in your next Newsletter. In the meantime I'm happy to exchange Newsletters.)

Dear Ms. Cohen,

Enclosed is \$5.00 for my membership dues for the 2ADA. I was an Operations Clerk (CPL.) in the 784th Bomb Sq., 466 Bomb Group. I have been employed at Eastern Airlines for the past 31 years (11-28-45) and presently am Manager of Field Training, Sales & Services, Fla. & Bahamas. I'll be looking forward to your newsletter et.

Sincerely,
Earl Smith

Dear Evelyn,

Many thanks for so kindly sending me the information regarding the Valley Forge Reunion but now, after putting you to the trouble of sending it over, we find we cannot make it after all.

For months past we had figured on making the trip to the U.S.A. but during the past couple of weeks several complications have arisen which have made it impossible to get over there.

It look as if we will be going to Israel this year but we definitely intend to attend one of your Reunions in the States in the near future.

I'm sorry to worry you with requests for information and then not act upon it.

Thanks a lot Evelyn.

Yours Sincerely,
Maureen & Mike Bailey

Dear Ms. Cohen,

My friend, Ed Devon, a FAA air carrier inspector assigned to my company, Delta Air Lines, gave me the information on our Second Air Division Association of the Eighth Air Force. The News Letter was very nostalgic, and intensely interesting.

Enclose herewith is my check for ten dollars (\$10.00) membership fee, and my request for membership.

I was a B-24 aircraft commander, assigned to the 446th Bomb Group at Flixton near Bungay, and participated in the D/Day invasion air armada.

Am in my 31st year with Delta Air Lines out of Atlanta, having flown all the major equipment Delta has used including the 747. Unfortunately, we are selling off "Fat Albert", and am currently flying the SFO run on the L1011 TriStar and love it!

Will be looking forward to publications in the hope of reestablishing some old friendships.

Thanks for the time you give to helping maintain a great fraternal spirit.

Sincerely yours,
Dana L. Jones

Dear Bill,

I have been wanting to drop you a line for sometime to tell you what a tremendous job you are doing with the 2AD Assn. Newsletter. I look forward to each issue and I must say they get progressively better.

In the June 1976 issue of V.F.W. Magazine, I ran across the enclosed article on the 2nd Air Division which I am enclosing. Don't know if anyone back East has seen this or not but thought it a very good article. If Mr. Reynolds is not a member of our association and is eligible, I sincerely hope someone signs him up.

Keep up the fine job on the Newsletter; sorry I won't be at Valley Forge, wrong time of the year.

Sincerely,

Edward M. Hunton (Hqs)

(ed. note: Thanks Ed, and George Reynolds is indeed a member of the Association. He keeps us going with a least one interesting article per issue.)

Dear Bill:

My wife and I were pleased at the very friendly reception by complete strangers who became friends before the reunion was over. You can be sure that we don't intend missing any in the future. As any married guy will tell you, if the "little woman" is enjoying the affair it becomes easier to go to the next one.

I was pleased that the 492nd had increased its attendance at this reunion. From all signs there should be more next year. I intend to keep working on it.

I would like to say that I enjoyed our two English friends very much. In fact I was very much choked up at the end of their speeches.

I hope I was able to catch you before the Newsletter went to press

Sincerely,

Sebastian H. Corriere

(ed. note: You missed Pat, but you made this one. Printing deadlines come and go rather rapidly you know.)

Dear Evelyn:

I appreciate Col. Charles Merrill sending my name to you. I have lost contact with most of the old Group. Charley visited with me this summer in Ft. Collins. We hadn't seen each other since 1944. He brought me up-to-date on John Keilt, Ted Timberlake and George Briwb.

I enjoyed your Newsletter very much. Keep them coming.

Sincerely,

Earl C. Hurd 93rd BG

Dear Bill:

I have a rather extensive collection of unit histories, photos, films and video tapes of films culled out from around the world over the last 20 years. Much of my material covers 2nd AD units. If you would like I would be happy to bring some of this (perhaps the film and tapes of combat action etc.) to the reunion next year at Lake Geneva. If this would interest you just let me know.

Regards,

Victor C. Tannehill

(ed. note: Bring everything you have by all means. Come early and stay late.)

Dear Bill:

The arrival of the latest Newsletter in this mornings post prompted me to think that I hadn't written to you lately but I'll use the excuse that I thought you'd be busy with the reunion and the million and one other things you seem to do.

I hear the reunion was a success and I was very sorry I couldn't make it after all. The reason was purely financial, as you know we're a poor old country now what with the sinking pound etc. We can't even get any rain now!! I really would have loved to come over and meet all my friends again the ones I made at the Norwich reunion. Perhaps one day.

Drop me a line if you can spare me a minute or two.

Sincerely,

Tony North

Dear Bill:

Thanks for your reply to my recent letter and my apologies for not responding sooner. First off, let me proudly point out to you that I am now a card carrying member of the Second Air Division Ass'n. You and others have convinced me (after 31 years!)

You make reference to the one pound which I "contributed" towards the Memorial back in 1945. Now that you have mentioned it, I do remember it and I am happy to note that in 1963, the American Room came into being.

Bob Coleman



In the early days of our arrival in England, tents, mud and speeding jeeps were the order of the day. This one is racing to the Mess Hall for dinner. He later received a section 8!



Special Services arranged for willing Hollywood celebrities to bolster the morale of the Groups. In this instance Martha Raye seems to be enjoying the informality and hospitality with men from the 93rd.



Going to the theatre was a popular pastime for the G.I. on pass. In this instance the Hippodrome has just concluded the first show and the occupants depart for home, pub and eventually the cattle market.

Looking Back

by Bob Coleman (93rd)

I don't think there was a bomber base in England that didn't throw a Christmas party for the kids from the surrounding area. This one took place in Christmas 1943 at the 389th BG. Decorations were modest but there was a present for every child.



Third class accommodations on British Trains during the war were not too luxurious and one did their own thing. In this case the British Sergeant seems to be completely relaxed as does his wife and fellow passenger. The 'Yank' who took this did so to record the scene for later publication in the Newsletter. That's foresight!!!!



Adolphe Manjou was a veteran of WWI and never missed an opportunity to visit the G.I.s. Here he appears to be somewhat overwhelmed with attention and service. Here he is showered with cookies, cakes and coffee, thoughts of which, in such volume, could be something less than appetizing — facially speaking.