



# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Vol 20

## ABOUT THE MEMORIAL

by Jordan R. Uttal (Hdq.)

It is most gratifying to advise you that Evelyn Cohen and Dean Moyer have commented with enthusiasm about the very large number of donations to the Memorial Trust which have been received with your dues remittances. All of us are most grateful to you who have contributed to our continuing efforts to keep the memory alive in perpetuity. The bigger the capital fund which we leave, the greater the income that will be available to truly maintain our "Living Memorial" for the generations to come.

Please be assured that no contribution is too small, and as you know now, we have been told that contributions to the 2nd Air Division Association are tax deductible. To those of you who have not already sent in your dues, we urge you to do so, and to add that extra amount, whatever you can spare, to our growing fund.

At the same time we remind you of the opportunity to make "Special Contributions" over and above whatever you have sent in with your dues, with a specific dedication to an individual, a crew, a group, an event, service connected or otherwise. The September issue of the *Journal* illustrated four different bookplates that are available. We pointed out the possibilities such as:

1. In memory of someone who was a war casualty

2. In memory of someone who has passed away since the war

3. In honor of a special event in your lives, a birthday, wedding, anniversary, retirement, the birth of a grandchild, a graduation, business promotion, etc.

Since our September solicitation, we have received 23 of these "Special Contributions" which have been forwarded to England for books or cassettes dedicated to the individuals specified by the donor. Of these 23, the contributions break down as follows:

14 were in memory of individuals who have passed away since the war

2 were in honor of special birthdays

1 was in memory of all of our 2 AD war casualties

2 were in memory of individual war casualties

1 was in memory of an entire crew which fell during the war

1 was in memory of all the casualties of an individual group

1 was in memory of a recent death from the surviving members of the crew

In addition, one of our groups has conducted a drive to memorialize the recent passing of their group adjutant. This effort raised \$625.00.

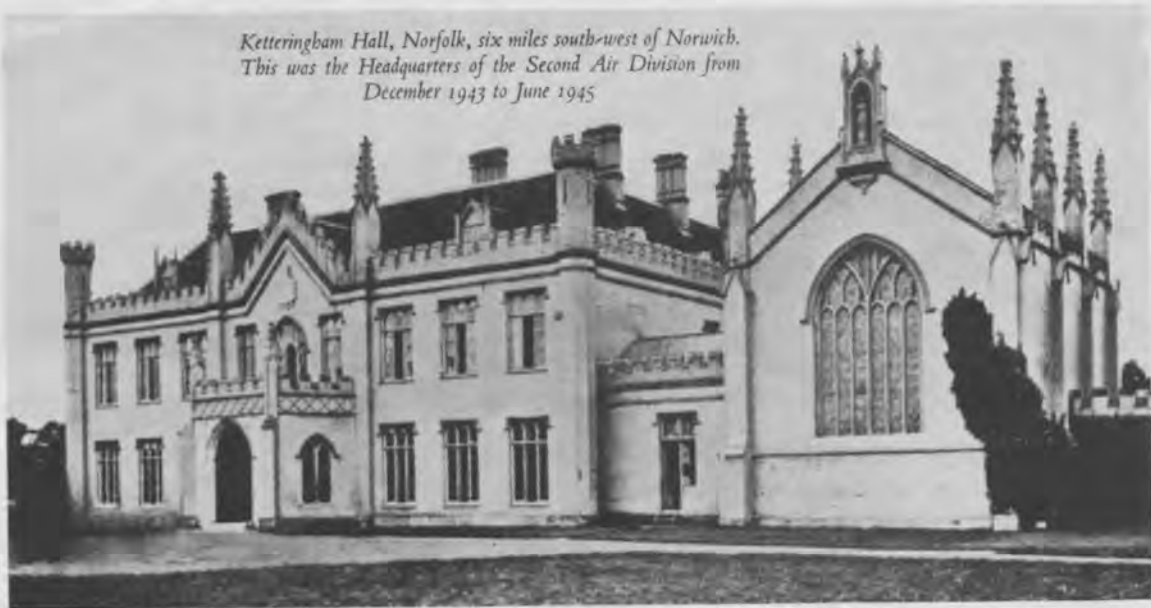
One of the most unusual was a donation

from a member of one of our groups who flew on the mission to Hanover on 12 September 1944, to the memory of a fighter pilot of the 392 Fighter group who fell while defending the formation on that mission.

To purchase a book specifically dedicated requires a minimum of \$15.00 I am sure however that I will have learned at the May annual meeting of the Board of Governors in Norwich that perhaps inflation has raised that figure. If so, I will advise you at a later date. Whatever the case I will be pleased to handle your "Special Contributions" and carry out your specific instructions as to dedication. Checks for this purpose should be made out to *Second Air Division Association*, and mailed to me in Dallas. Your donations will be acknowledged by me, and either you or the family of the person honored will hear from the Librarian in Norwich acknowledging the gift (without mentioning the amount of the check) and wherever possible, advising which books or cassettes have been purchased with the funds.

I will be pleased to answer any questions or supply any information you may need on this subject. Again to all of you who have contributed we send our grateful appreciation.

*Ketteringham Hall, Norfolk, six miles south-west of Norwich.  
This was the Headquarters of the Second Air Division from  
December 1943 to June 1945*



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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

### OUR GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

This issue of the *Journal* is carrying "thumbnail sketches" of our Association Group Vice Presidents, that you might get to know them better, and "meet" the person on the other end of the phone line, or mailing address, whom you seek out when you need information about your Group in WW II, its personnel, and about the Second Air Division Association.

Our Group Vice Presidents each serve a one-year term, and are chosen at each year's Reunion by vote of their Group members in attendance. The choice is made on the basis of their ability to inspire, to lead, and their willingness to work hard for their Group members, and for the good of the Association, during their term. This year, we are privileged to have a strong contingent of these key people, and I want to extend to each of them a warm thanks for their continued good work for the Association. Our Group Vice Presidents are more than just "unit contacts", they are truly administrative executives. They are the "backbone" of our organization; they make our Association "tick". Their work is all unpaid, voluntary, dedicated. This year, the quality of their participation is unsurpassed.

Just what does a Group Vice President do? Each will, during the course of the year, write, exchange, and/or forward dozens of letters and articles about and for our members, and non-members, who are searching for renewed contacts with long-ago comrades of WW II, or who are interested in their Group or unit's part in WW II history. They will research out new members, so that everyone possible may enjoy the

benefits of belonging to our Association. They will help organize mini-gettogethers, so that 2nd Division people may renew and maintain acquaintances. They will search unit history, so that all may profit from a better knowledge of that Group and its part in history. And they will be especially interested in the 2nd Air Division Memorial and its well-being, making sure their Group is fully involved to assure that the Memorial continues to have the backing needed to preserve it into perpetuity.

In addition, they will maintain contacts with the Air Force, other Veteran's organizations, WW II historians and writers, the Press, political heads, and today's citizenry, for the purpose of researching, advancing, and disseminating our "story", — the Story of our Association now, of our "living" Memorial, of our proud part in preserving democracy and high human ideals for the World in those critical WW II years.

Your Group Vice President has undertaken the job because he is proud of the work, proud to be of service, and because *he wants to help you*. By reading his sketch, and seeing his picture, you will know him a little better, and perhaps find him a person with interests in life like yours. But at any rate, he will now be more than just a signature on a letter, or a voice on the other end of the phone. He asks that you use his services; he likes what he is doing. Ask him to help you find a lost 2nd Air Division friend; ask him about your unit; ask him about books, articles, or people he has contact with whose knowledge will enrich your understanding and appreciation of your Group, the Air Division, the Air Force. You'll be happy with the results!

DAVID G. PATTERSON  
President

## THE .50 CAL. PLAQUE GOES ON (13 left)



I have just completed and mailed the 90th plaque and no one could have convinced me that this idea would be as successful as it turned out to be. I'm happy to say that a steady improvement in materials, skills and engraving techniques has been a continuing process. The last 5 plaques I made cost \$2.00 more, but I was successful in absorbing that increase with the name being done in old English Script. It's really effective.

I have just sent our treasurer another check for \$35.00 which should bring the total benefits to the 2nd Air Division Association up to \$276.00. I'm still getting requests for the plaque and I hope these last 13 units will bring that amount up to \$300.00. The cost for the plaque is \$26.00 and it would help if you included \$1.00 for postage. Send to E. R. Rokicki, 365 Mae

Road, Glen Burnie, Md. 21061. Tel. (301) 766-1034.

Again, many thanks to all who have participated in this venture. I have asked Evelyn to continue to use this money to pay the dues for those who request this assistance. Bless you all.

# LIBERTY RUN - NORWICH

by Tom Flannery



Departure



Arrival



The Palais D'Dance, the Movie and the Red Cross were Lousy with GI's.



10:50 P.M.

# BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP  
by  
Vere A. McCarty



This is pretty heady stuff for an amateur, a column signature and a by-line! Thanks to editor Bill Robertie and artist Ed Hohman. I appreciate the many letters of encouragement, and quite a few telephone calls. Especially welcome are those that add a little subject matter that can be used for the Bulletin. One of the phone calls was from Colonel Fred Knorre . . . hoping to coordinate our San Antonio reunion schedule with his Kelly Field class reunion (1938). To most of us who went over with the Group, Col. Knorre was the 'father figure', tremendously respected, rather quiet, very competent, up there in the 'front office' keeping everything on an even keel. It is most gratifying to learn that he will attend our reunion in October.

Two new members known to many 446th BG folk, are Phil Balcomb, former Ordnance Officer, and Art Darrigrand, S-2. Art is now a County Judge in New York State. He flew to England with us in the "Buzz Buggy." Nearly got his feet wet, too . . . but that's a story for another time.

Last Bulletin we started a series of aircraft numbers, planes assigned to the 446th Bomb Group. Response has been most encouraging. As you look at the list below, see if you can recall squadron identification, airplane names, the pilot first assigned, and whether lost (if so, where and when) or returned to the U.S. Please drop me a line if you can fill in any information or correct any misinformation. As I mentioned before, I will send a copy of the finished product to all who assist. Also, please write if you know anything noteworthy about any of the airplanes or their crews.

41-28978			Crashed at Bungay 5 Oct. 44 (Berlin)
41-29125	-D	Tar Heel Baby	Crashed at Bungay 1 Jan 45 (Andernach)
41-29524			Crashed at Cliftonville 27 Apr. 44
41-29543			
41-29550	JU-	Tailwind	
42- 7494	FL-	(Ryan)	Lost: 20 Dec 43 (Bremen)
42- 7498	RT-K	Desperate Desmond (Mattes)	
42- 7505			
42-7539	FL	(Cle)	
42- 7542			Lost: 4 Apr 44 (Ditched in Eng. Channel)
42- 7554			
42-7559		Brown Knowser	
42- 7564	FL	Kelly (Lietke)	
42- 7572	HN-M	Werewolf (Princes O'Rourke) (Wylie)	Lost 11 Apr 44 (Hannover)
42- 7574	FL-	Henry's Pride (Griesinger)	
42- 7576	HN-A	Stardust (Blackdog)	
42- 7577	RT-	Buzz-Buggy (Henderson)	Lost: 31 Dec 43 (Bordeaux)
42- 7578	FL-	Hula Wahine (Goss)	
42- 7581			Lost: 31 Dec 43 (Bordeaux)
42- 7583	FL-	Wee Willie (Sheley)	Lost: 23 Mazy 4 (Saarbrucker)
42- 7584		Merle Lee (Crosland)	Crashed at Hawkinge, Kent Jan 44
42- 7587	FL-	(Shafer)	
42- 7588	FL-	(Martin)	
42- 7589			Lost 25 Feb 44 (Furth)
42- 7592	FL-A	Sweet Moonbeam McSwine (Nack?)	

The first aircraft listed in the March Bulletin, "Minnie," seems to have belonged to the 458th Bomb Group, according to Tony North. There is also a conflict about a/c 41-29411 (FL-H)? Was it "Just One Time," or "Ridge Runner"? Or did it carry both names?

John Archer writes from England that he was in the old 'Aero Club' at the Flixton (Bungay) airbase recently to inspect a mural which has been uncovered after all these years. He says that it had been whitewashed over and that there is evidence of other murals under the paintwork in other parts of the building. John also sent a clipping from a Norwich newspaper that featured a visit of 2nd ADA member Art Livingston and his wife. Art, a ball-turret gunner in the 707th Squadron, had donated a complete uniform, including medals, to the Norfolk and Suffolk Aviation Museum. John Archer is a member of the museum which is located at Flixton.

And speaking of murals, new 2nd ADA member, Jim Schultz, who worked at the officers club with Frank Bruno, got home with the painting that hung over the fireplace at the club. He sent a photo of it now hanging in his den. Lt. Charles Coates, the artist, had given it to Jim when Coates rotated home. What a prize! And what memories . . . (I hope that Jim will send another photo, a glossy black and white, suitable for printing in the *Journal*).



The Road Back.



"All You Need is A Sticka Gum."

# I REMEMBER: Eddy White

by Myron Keilman (392nd)

On the mission to Hanover 11 Sept. 1944, Eddy White was leading the 579th Squadron's eight airplanes — his nineteenth mission. The target was an ordnance manufacturing plant. Bill Long, Eddy's navigator recorded these events:

"Events: Pre-briefing at 5:00 A.M. — regular briefing at 5:30. Flying ship #615 and leading the 579th high. Shelton flying as Nose Navigator. Took off at 8:35, climbed to assembly and left the English coast at 10:00. We entered the enemy coast — (France) at 1040, flying north of course. A lone P-38 (probably a captured ship radioing our course, etc.) — was sighted in the vicinity of Sigfried line. About five minutes later, ME-109's attacked formation ahead of us. Two ships seen going down in flames (B-24s). One crew bailed out — another wasn't so lucky and the plane spun into the ground. The 109's left us suddenly — we had no fighter cover with us at all — must have been at the interim when the groups were changing.

Flak at the time was intense and quite accurate. No one sustained any injuries at the time, though. All reported o.k.

We finally got on course and hit the target — PFF. Huge volumes of smoke could be seen rising from the town. Smoke rose in pillars up to 15,000 ft. in a short time. All this time our number three and four engines were smoking and streaming gas and oil. We were hit badly. It's hard to determine whether the fighters caused the damage on us or the flak at the Sigfried line.

Over the target the flak was heavy and intense — our ship received many hits — lots in the nose, though no one was injured from the flak. Alex and I huddled together in the nose and prayed. Bombed at 23,000 ft. — Such flak. The sky was black with it! Reports later were that the German fighters put up their greatest opposition in a long time to meet us. 47 bombers were lost in all.

Here are our damages up to the target area. #1 turbo regulator shot away. #3 shot out and streaming oil. Burning also. Interphone shot out. Bomb sight damaged. After leaving the target we left the formation and feathered #4. #3 couldn't be feathered at the time. Picked up a P-47 escort and made it back to the Zeider Zee O.K. Got there at about 14,000 ft. Avoided flak fairly well.

Had a huge hole in left wing. #3 had two cylinders shot out. Damage very complete. We had hopes of making it back to the base.

At Dutch territory between Zeider Zee and the North Sea Whitey called us to bail out, but changed the order. We decided to try to cross the North Sea. Began lightening the ship throwing out all loose equipment. Someone threw out the waist window and it struck on the right horizontal tail plane

causing more drag — Whitey and Jim had trouble controlling the ship and gave orders to clear the nose and prepare for ditching. Such a feeling realizing that we were going to have to land in the Channel — yet all crew members remained calm.

We had a single P-47 escort who arranged with the Air Sea Rescue to meet us. Rescue sent launches out every 15 miles on a heading of 90° from Gt. Yarmouth.

30 Miles out from Yarmouth we hit the water — ship almost completely out of control — climbing, descending, banking, etc. Sea calm and sunny — very good conditions. Hit the water at 2:45 P.M. skidding to the right with a terrific crash. Hit at 105 M.P.H. — the bottom half of the plane was ripped off from the bomb bays to the camera hatch. The tail turret and tail was torn completely off. As soon as we hit, the plane evidently nosed down and the rear went up into the air. Everything was very confusing but most of us managed to get out. McAllister, the Radio operator and Shelton the Nose Navigator failed to get out O.K. and went down. Whalen pushed his way out of the nose up thru the canopy. White followed him. The top turret dropped and Hayden escaped thru the hole where it was. Eight of us were picked up within 15 minutes. Only three got into the life raft.

Injuries — *Pilot* - none; *Co-Pilot* - cut on right ankle. *Bombardier* - none; *Engineer* - bruised. *Navigator* - dislocated left shoulder and broken nose. *Nose Navigator* - went down. *Radio operator* - went down. *Tail Gunner* - dislocated toe and cut head. *Rt. waist* - cut arm and head; *Left waist* - cut neck and mouth. Plane sank in 15 minutes.

Were picked up by Air Sea Rescue launch and taken to Naval Hospital in Gt. Yarmouth. From there to Morley Hall for further treatment. Navigator's shoulder out for 11 hours — most painful.

Plane torn completely up upon hitting the water — White did a perfect job — should get the D.F.C.

Shelton went down on the 30th mission. Tough luck. Probably got out of the plane but couldn't keep up — as did McAllister. Rest of the crew alright — but looking forward to a long stay in the hospital.

No more missions for at least 1 month."

Within ten days or so, Eddy, co-pilot Whalen, bombardier Alexander, engineer Hayden and gunners Egler and Sabolish had recuperated, and surprisingly were returned to duty at Wendling.

Upon departing from the hospital, one of the friendly nurses, bidding Eddy farewell, said "Come back and give us a buzz sometime." Without thinking of the consequence, Eddy assured the lady that he would.

Back at Wendling, Eddy and his crew mates were welcomed as heroes — which they were. They rejoined their Nissen hut bunk mates — Charlie Neundorf and his crew. They immediately went pubbing on Charlie's night off (not alerted for the next day's mission) and in general "got back into the swing of things". When it came to flying, it was a different matter — Eddy didn't have a complete crew.

Eddy's ability as a lead crew pilot was still honored, but it was tough to rebuild a lead crew once it was broken up. Nevertheless, as a squadron commander, I deemed it important to take advantage of Eddy's great experience and talent. I elected to rebuild his lead crew. While selecting a lead-type navigator, radio operator and gunner, we gave Eddy, Whalen and Hayden opportunity to get used to flying B-24s again by means of new engine slow-time flights and practice bombing missions. Then it happened!

After a new engine test flight, Eddy "just happened" to be in the vicinity of the hospital. He "ran" the propeller to the high RPM (revolutions per minute) position,



Missions Completed — Weissberger (N), Keilman (Cmd P), White (P), Shumaker (B), Whalen (CP).

lowered the nose of the ol' B-24, and buzzed the convalescent ward — not just once, but three times. The bold tail insignia of the 392nd Bombardment Group plus the numbers of the airplane were easily read by hospital personnel. I don't think Eddy had landed the airplane back at Wendling one hour before I as squadron commander was notified that Eddy was in trouble.

Charges of willful buzzing of a hospital and several counts of unprofessional conduct of an officer of the U.S. Army Air Forces were preferred against Eddy. The general court martial was held at the 14th Combat Wing Headquarters at Shipdham. I was called to the stand to testify as to Eddy's loyalty and pilot ability. That was easy to do, and I still remember the last question the trial judge advocate asked me — "Would you want this pilot, Edward White, to be returned to your squadron for further duty?" Without hesitation, I replied, "Yes, I would." With that I was dismissed.

It wasn't until the next day that I was informed that Eddy had been returned to duty — but had been fined a sizable sum. The loss of pay was tough — but tougher still, I couldn't get Eddy promoted to Captain — the earned rank of a lead-crew pilot.

On 29 November 1944, eighty-one days from the tragic mission to Hanover and the ditching, Eddy and his crew returned to operation. They led a squadron of ten B-24s on a mission to bomb a railroad viaduct at Atenbeken, Germany (near the Rhine River). This was Eddy's twentieth mission. No flak, no fighters, excellent bombing results, and all airplanes of the 392nd returned safely.

Nine more missions were led without incident, and Eddy and his crew were sweating out their thirtieth mission. — What would it be?

24 March 1945 was planned by General Eisenhower and his staff at Supreme Allied Headquarters to be a big and important day. It was the day the Allied forces were to cross the Rhine River for the final drive to conquer Berlin and end the war. The 2nd Air Division, including the 392nd, was scheduled to fly low level re-supply missions to allied troops just after they crossed the Rhine River the morning of the 24th. As lead crew commander, I selected a well-experienced and competent pilot (Capt. Eggleston) and crew to lead the 392nd. A couple of practice missions were flown in France, and special intelligence briefings were held with sand box mock-ups of the Rhine River and drop areas. All was in readiness on the evening of the 23rd.

I had just finished eating supper and was returning to my quarters — no doubt to write a V-Mail letter to my sweetheart wife, when Capt. Eggleston approached, saluted and said, "I can't fly the mission tomorrow." The statement stunned me. I remember that I couldn't believe what I had heard. He had flown practice missions and

was well prepared. I asked him to repeat what he had said. He did — the same words were spoken. His countenance assured me that he meant each word he had spoken. With one or more hard looks into his eyes to assure finality, I turned away and headed for my jeep. I knew no words of mine would change his mind. Even if they could — if his heart wasn't in it and he wasn't fully committed, he could and no doubt would, jeopardize the success of the mission. It was the first time in nineteen months of combat operations that a pilot of mine had refused to fly.

I went to my office and scanned the roster of some twenty lead crews. — Who could possibly take a mission like this "from scratch"? Who would the group commander approve without question? I didn't have much time to "doodle". Eddy White and crew was my choice. Back in my jeep I jumped and headed for the Squadron combat crew Nissen hut area with the dreaded thought that Eddy and crew may have gone pubbing — as they usually did if they weren't on alert. I was in luck. Eddy was about to leave for the movies. I told him that Eggleston couldn't fly the mission, and I needed him and his crew. He sensed that it was something important — or I wouldn't be doing the asking. If it were a routine change, Sgt. Vivian would be told, and he in turn would notify the crew concerned. Eddy was given a real quick idea of what the mission entailed. With only a moments thought, he looked me in the eye and said, "I will if you will." That seemed really impertinent and, as squadron commander, I felt like "dressing him down" — but he had a point. I wouldn't ask him to do anything I wouldn't do. This would be his thirtieth and last mission of his combat tour. He — and I — hoped it would be a "milk-run" type. Well, I didn't have the say of when or which combat missions I would fly as command pilot. Squadron commanders rotated or were selected at the designs of the group commander. I knew it wasn't my turn — nor was I scheduled for this mission. Nevertheless, I had Eddy's partial commitment, and I still had to notify Col. Loran Johnson that Eggleston had "crapped out"; that Eddy White and crew would replace him — if I would fly with him as command pilot.

Luckily, Col. Johnson was in his quarters and, without mincing words, I spelled out the situation. I had been with the Colonel for nearly two years; so he didn't question me nor harangue about Eggleston, and of course I could take over from the scheduled command pilot without question. With his approval, I crowded Eddy, his navigator, M. Weissberger, and bombardier, M. Shumaker into my jeep and headed for the group intelligence building. We were given a thorough, but hasty briefing: studied the route into the target, turning points, land marks on the Rhine River, the dropping area colored smoke signals,

500 foot altitude approach, slow to 130-mile per hour air speed for bundles release at 1,000 feet, and then "get the hell out of there" tactic.

Rest assured that I didn't sleep much that night — the mission would be my forty-third — more than anyone had flown in the 392nd.

Briefing was bright and early at 6:00 A.M., and I took off with Eddy White and crew at 9:30. The weather was clear. Our assembly of twenty-six (26) airplanes and the route to the drop zone near Wesel, Germany, were bright and clear except for the tremendous smoke screen the allies had laid down to hide their intentions and movements along the Rhine. As we flew across Holland at 500 foot altitude, I remember the windmills, the neat green fields of the countryside; and, as we neared the Rhine, the scattered gliders and crashed transport planes. The navigator and bombardier kept us right on course, and we spotted the colored smoke signal at the drop zone just across the Rhine. Eddy throttled back, climbed to 1,000 feet slowing the airspeed for the release of the bundles. The bombardier released them in a salvo, and Eddy turned the formation for home. The last airplanes in the formation swung wide after their bundles released, and they were shot up very badly with German 20 and 37 millimeter ground weapons. Three B-24s were shot up so badly they had to crash-land. Several men were killed. Some were taken prisoner by the Germans — but they were soon overtaken by American forces and freed.

I vividly remember the "scarey" exit. As we rolled out of our 180° outbound turn in the dense smoke, we were confronted with being on near collision course and altitude of an inbound group of B-24s. Talk about brushing wing tips! It didn't take long to ram the throttles to climb power setting and "get the hell out of there"!

We landed 5 hours and 50 minutes after takeoff — tired but satisfied with a job well done. Eddy, his crew, and his close friend, Charlie Neundorf, went pubbing that night on their bicycles to celebrate. — The results of "that mission" were more harrowing than actual combat. Can you imagine riding hell bent from a pub on narrow English country roads on a dark night? But that's another story.

Eddy continued serving with the Air Force. He spent several years flying transports in the Arctic, and for six years he flew ten-engine B-36 bombers in the Strategic Air Command. He retired as a major with twenty years service — including three years (1940-1943) service and a combat tour with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He retired again in 1979 from Boeing Aircraft as a precision machinist in their "skunk works" (new aircraft development). He built and flies his own airplane today.

Yes, Eddy was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross!

# TARGET: RIVER CROSSING BRIDGES, KOBLENZ

by Phil Manson (466th)

This briefed target today is a pair of steel bridges, one vehicular and one rail north-east of Koblenz, Germany across the Rhine River. The purpose of their intended destruction is to cut off the retreat of the German armed forces eastward from the present battle area into the Homeland and also, to interdict any westward bound military traffic coming to assist in the battles now raging as the Allied armies close to the Rhine. They are close together and parallel to each other and can be seen distinctly from the air because of the water background.

The bomb load is four two thousand pound general purpose bombs intended to wreck the heavy structure. Because of their weight and size these bombs are slung on special heavy racks, not usually a part of the aircraft, but which are installed whenever they are used. Therefore, they are separate from and do not release on an electrical signal from the Sperry Norden bomb-sight, but must be individually finger fired from a hand held push button. The racks themselves looked battered and bent from repeated usage but they were in place in the aircraft holding 8000 pounds of heavy explosive. Who dares say to the Crew Chief who has been up all night working on the ship that the racks look like a real shaky do and they might not work. This might get you a court marshal and anyhow it was too late for all that. This was to have consequences later.

We were flying today in aircraft number 262, aptly named H-A-R-D LUCK. The motors were OK, but otherwise she wasn't exactly in factory condition. The rear and the nose turrets were suffering from a high altitude thrombosis and would not rotate. The hand held waist guns were missing the limiting stops and the optical sights which had been torn off when the gun got loose in flight, but we had flown without those before and certainly the guns would fire. All that was needed was a good motion of a turkey shoot lead angle and — Gary Cooper himself wouldn't need anything more. We rumbled down the runway and up into the Blue.

This was the second mission to Koblenz for the crew. On the first, the ship got forty flak holes, one about six inches in diameter. This causes the War to at once become very personal. Now we were on a return engagement without benefit of invitation but this mission subsequently proved how much change had been caused by the Allied army advances and the constant bombing campaign. At the target there was one three gun battery firing. The shots were well placed for azimuth and lead but were about eighty feet too low. We sat up there and watched them bang off, comfortable in the feeling

we would be out of range before a correction could be made.

The bomb run was made GH — by instrument. The terrain below was ten-tenths cloud covered and for some unexplainable reason the bombs began dropping from the initial point plus five minutes, to the target plus five minutes, at which time the target suddenly became visible. This undisciplined execution of the drop, so unlike iron discipline exercised in this procedure had scattered the ordnance all over the landscape below. The closest hit was about 1500 feet and on the wrong bridge if you please. The GH was not very selective in picking out bridges today.

On the way home thinking we were in friendly territory, I had taken off the heavy flak suit when suddenly the ship came under fire from light mobile flak below. We had passed over the German salient which now everyone knows as the Bulge. The shooting quickly petered out and we carefully noted the location on the map.

Arriving home at Attlebridge the visibility was seven miles, the best for any landing in the last three months. There was a New Years party planned for tonight and the Mission Alert was on for tomorrow.



January 1, 1945 — Target — Bridges — Koblenz — Germany.

Having missed the bridges yesterday we were sent out to get them today and having missed them today we will very likely be sent to get them tomorrow.

This mission was a very unusual affair. The weather wizards had forecast a high velocity wind from out of the northeast and as the bomb run was directly into the north, it was going to be a slow death pace for ninety miles to the target. But even so, the briefed wind velocity and true airspeed at bombing altitude would have given us an estimated ground speed of 123 knots. It didn't work out this way. Later when we got up there and turned on the bomb run the weather was good and the visibility was clear. Conversely, from below the same was

true. Their target today was The Mighty Eighth Air Force and all the shooting was going to be over open gun sights as conditions were perfect for visual tracking. We knew the gunners were veterans who had retreated from targets overrun by the advancing armies and they were down there dulling their sights with a sticky finger, just like Gary Cooper used to do before the turkeys came into range.

In the plane it was business as usual. I had lined the floor of the Navigators compartment with extra flak suits for protection. The bomb racks were powered up and I had put on a German Wehrmacht helmet in honor of the occasion. With a fresh on course checkpoint below and a pilotage map in one hand that had the bridges marked on it, I was ready. The bombay doors were open and an icy slipstream was howling throughout the aircraft. I knelt on the floor half in apprehension and half in fury doing pilotage and thinking that today, very shortly somebody was going to get a jolt — about 480,000 pounds of high explosive. The next glance at the ground showed the same village below that was there before. We were crawling down to the target at a hastily calculated groundspeed of 15 knots and there was no turning back now.

Oh those wonderful weather wizards with their 123 knot groundspeed! The slow pace continued until finally the Leaders smoke markers and bombs were dropped. I pressed down on the firing button and nothing happened. The racks were jammed. I then tried to salvo as we went through the air markers and the salvo bar would not go down, so off came the Wehrmacht helmet and swinging it as a hammer the salvo bar slammed down and those fat sausages began their inexorable descent. They accelerated and became a blur and then disappeared from sight. Seconds later the explosions blossomed in a field far beyond the target. The seconds of delay in release caused a futile hit on the ground below. All was wasted.

During this time we had taken no anti-aircraft fire. Not a burst came up all the way down the run which was very unusual and very lucky. Immediately after bombs away the formation went into a diving left hand turn to get off the target and get back the ground speed we needed so badly. This turn afforded a clear view of the squadron coming down behind us. The flak coming up at them was intense and accurate. They were being hit and damaged with the bursts coming into and alongside the aircraft. Apparently the ground fire had been withheld until it was certain we would bomb at this place and to conserve ammunition. Now there came a voice over VHF saying, "Hello Lincoln Blue Leader, hello Lincoln Blue Leader, this is your number two B-Baker reporting. I have now lost two engines and cannot hold formation. My Navi-

gator reports he cannot navigate any longer. His table has been shot away. I am now leaving the formation. Over to you." Back came the response. "Roger B-Baker. We read you. Goodbye and good luck. Try and pick us up on the way out if you can."

The 458th Bomb Group flying above us at 24,500 feet had a headwind of 180 knots and were hanging up in the jetstream on their props burning gasoline and going nowhere. They finally aborted the mission and came home.



Such is the lamentable story of the bridges at Koblenz as it occurred over New Years 1945. It should have ended there, but there is an interesting finale which happened here in Boston about 1971.

My wife and I had been invited to dinner at a friends home nearby. We drove there and were shown inside to meet the other guests. While the introductions were being made I noticed a picture postcard pinned to a bulletin board on the wall. It was a pastel scene showing a river, a curving river. There was something else also, rather hard to see from a distance, so curiously I stepped nearer for a better look. Something familiar here — there were two bridges over the water and then recognition shot through me. Yes, it was the Rhine and yes, it was Koblenz, many years later. The bridges were still there. Someone had sent a postcard to our friends who could not possibly know I would see it, or that it would so forcibly remind me how we scored a clean miss on those bridges so long ago. It was a clear case of H-A-R-D LUCK. Nobody present that evening knew why I stared so intently at the postcard. I was looking for four bomb pocks in the terrain beyond the bridge. It was obvious that whoever had taken the picture had obliterated them. Some people have no respect for truth or history. The conversation in the room went on — I never said a word about the postcard. After all, Old Soldiers are only supposed to fade away. Doug MacArthur said so—.

## TO THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE 2AD MEMORIAL TRUST . . .



DAVID J. HASTINGS

nacious Princess Pat" of the 566th Bomb Squadron.

He also points out that his family maintained close ties with crews from Attlebridge and Shipdham. In his own words, "the kindness of the crews to the youngsters was tremendous, and one of these days it would be wonderful to meet them again."

David Hastings joined the R.A.F. in 1950, served in Germany, and joined the Royal Observer Corps in Norwich on his return to civilian life in Norwich. He and his wife, Jean, to this very day continue to serve in the R.O.C. He received his pilot's license in 1963, and currently flies a Rockwell 114 Commander out of the Norwich Airport (Horsham St. Faith) on business and pleasure. He is joint managing director of his company, active in Trade Associations, in civic affairs, and an enthusiastic sailor out of the Wroxham Broads, where so many of us spent leisure hours.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, their son Roger, and their daughter Carol, we extend a very warm welcome into our unique 2nd Air Division family. We look forward to meeting them in the not too distant future. In the meantime however, we extend our thanks to him for undertaking to participate in our mission — to keep the memory alive of the close ties between our two peoples — who have contributed so much to each other, and to the preservation of our precious love of the freedom of the human spirit.

JORDAN R. UTTAL

## WELCOME !!!

It is a very great pleasure to announce the addition to our Board of Governors of Mr. David J. Hastings, a native of Norwich, and an old friend of the 2nd Air Division.

Mr. Hastings first association with us was on the very day in 1943 that the first Liberators landed at Horsham St. Faith (458 B.G.), and he still has the silver dollar that was handed to him as a very excited young schoolboy by one of the first of us who came out of the front gate. His main memories, however, center around Hethel, and the 389th Bomb Group, where he spent all his school holidays and every spare hour. As a matter of fact, he was adopted by the crew of "Pugna-

## JOHNNY COME LATELY

by Bob Mallick (453rd)

We were Johnny come lately in the war and didn't arrive at the old 453rd until late December of 1944, when the Krauts were all softened up. Our 26 or 27 missions were swift flown from January thru April and our first 6 runs were all milk runs. We had no fighter problems until later on towards the end when the remnants of the German Air Force put up a brief stand. We did start picking up holes from mission number 7 and nearly always came back with a few flak dents and dinges. We took one shot into the supercharger duct work on the #2 engine that looked like an 88 MM went in, turned and ripped out the trailing edge of the wing without exploding.

On about our 25th run we were hit by a few ME 262's. The usual cry of "Bandits in the area" went out and "Sock it in tight" was the VHF cry. They dropped down from about 12:30 high on a group to the front and left of us and the escort P-51's were coming right after them to box them, but they went on right thru the B-24 formation taking out one of ours who flat spun without smoking.

I figured they got the pilots. The gunners in the formation didn't ask many questions but they did damage one of the P-51's, who suddenly changed angles caught fire and dove straight thru the cloud deck. I felt that everyone was shooting at anything that re-

motedly resembled a fighter plane.

Right about then my calf muscles started balling up in my legs and my feet began dancing a jig of their own on the rubber pedals. I never did see any chutes open as the 24 went down thru the cloud deck. It just seemed to revolve so slowly, then speed up as the nose came around then go slow and then speed up again to complete the flat spins. I don't remember what town we were even approaching in Germany. At one time I had a record of where we went and what we carried and the dates, but it is long gone.

I think what I abhorred the most was the cold. It seemed I was always freezing in those damned electric suits for those hours on end. Maybe I had the nervous cold sweats, but I froze all the time.

**"Anyone interested in playing golf at reunion in San Antonio, please advise Pete Henry, 164 B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, New Jersey 08831. We must make arrangements well in advance. If we can get together five or six foursomes (or more) we'll conduct some sort of tournament, on Friday, October 2, 1981."**

**H.C. 'Pete' Henry**

# BANDITS

## IN OUR FORMATION

by Del Wangsvick (453rd)

Here is more about the 22 April, 1944 mission discussed by Glenn R. Matson of the 458th in the March, 1981, issue of the 2AD *Journal*: My Group, the 453rd, also flew this mission. I did not fly that day and did not keep notes, but I did have a hand in flight planning, briefing, and debriefing. Here is what I remember:

The target was in Hamm, at the edge of Germany's industrial Ruhr Valley, and another Group was leading the assault. Very little time was to be spent over the heavily defended Ruhr Valley; however, it seemed that the lead crew missed a final visual check-point and elected to make a second 'run' on the target, leading the formation in a huge circle right over the Ruhr in order to get back to the I.P. (Initial Point). This, of course, was an invitation to Germany fighters and anti-aircraft gunners and resulted in damage to and losses of B-24s.

What's more, the additional time so spent caused the formation to return to the English coast after dark, and — unlike the Royal Air Force — ours was not accustomed to nighttime flying at that time. The formation broke up at the coast, and each crew had to find the way home. (England was 'blacked out' of course, and so were the aircraft.) The resulting confusion was inevitable and occurred on a vast scale. Here is some of it:

Our (452nd) aircraft tabbed 'G' was flown by Captain George Baatz of my (732nd) Squadron. Because of being so far off from flight plan, he broke radio silence to identify himself to a British 'shore battery'. He got a response (in good English): "'G' for George! For identification, turn on your lights." Captain Baatz did so, and his aircraft was immediately riddled with bullets, apparently from an English-

speaking Nazi fighter pilot who had been on the shore battery's frequency. Needless to say, Captain Baatz immediately returned to a blackout configuration and found his way back to Old Buckenham in the dark.

Back at 'Old Buck', Captain Fern Titus, I believe, was returning from the mission with Lt. Col. Frank 'Smiley' Sullivan (C.O. of the 732nd Squadron) in the right seat as Command Pilot. Navigating, as I remember, was Lt. DeWitt C. Jones III — a sharp Navigator. Three times he directed the plane over 'Old Buck'; that's the darkest place in England!" Finally convinced, though, the pilots managed to land in the dark on what they thought to be the runway, and fortunately it was!

Some of our aircraft were followed and strafed by German fighters as they were landing. One of our last aircraft to land had been unable to release his load, but spilled his 500 pound bombs on the runway. Our trucks cruised around to the 'hard stands' and picked up crews who had landed. Finally, one crew — Lt. Witton's, I believe — was still not accounted for and presumed lost. The trucks 'shut down'. Eventually, Lt. Witton and crew walked into the Debriefing. They had landed in the dark, missed the bombs on the runway, and walked in before anyone else on 'Old Buck' knew they were back.

## THE 445th HIGHLIGHTS

by Frank DiMola (445th)

I have been receiving some great mail from both new and old members of the 445th. My local mail carrier, "Rocky", has a great sense of humor. On week-ends when I am home he blows the whistle and hollers "Mail Call." The neighbors can't figure it out. Just keep the mail coming. I love it.

John H. Robinson, Memphis, Tenn., wrote me two letters. He sent me a clipping that he had placed in his local paper and I got some results from it. Also, John sent me his war records of his entire 30 missions that he completed. But to me — to the 445th and the 8th AAF — it was the story of one of the greatest air battles in our history. It was #11 for Robby on Feb. 24th, 1944 and the target was *Gotha* I guess we just can't say or write enough about this mission.

Charles L. Turner, 702 flight engineer is still on top of the world. In Henderson, Kentucky he got himself involved in the oil industry. In his spare time he raises and races harness horses. I hope to meet him this racing season in the Meadowlands in New Jersey.

If any of the ex-officers survived the officers mess hall, I have the name of the cook who helped you thru your grunts and groans while you were in flight. His name is Wally Steiner and he is now hiding in Bethle-

hem, Pa. Wally recently joined the 2nd AD and is now a butcher boy. W.F. O'Rourke is with General Mills in Ontario, Canada. (We have them all over the world). Dave Patterson finally got his whole crew together by finding the last member, Carlton Scott of Illinois. His son Melvin of South Carolina is also an associate member. While on this subject, we could make our wives associate members and enjoy the benefits.

Sam Miller, Tullahoma, Tenn., was an original member of the 700th Sqd. His ship # was 42-7619. Hey Sam do you remember the names of the best of your crew? I have a list that would interest you. Remember Jim Elliott, Doreman Donnerth, John Herman and Victor Auchard? If some of you pilots could remember the number and name of your ship and the crew chief, I would like to have it.

And of course Buddy O. Cross, Amarillo, Texas. All he does in his spare time besides hanging around a GE plant is go around to the large shopping malls — setting up a table with a big B-24 on it and looking for ex-2nd AD boys. Great job Buddy, and you still owe me the largest steak you can find in Texas. I expect to pick it up when I see you in San Antonio.

I also received many calls from past President of the Association, Steve Posner, New York. Just to think that a few reunions were held right here in New York and I never knew about it.

After much searching, looking for some ground personnel, I finally found my First Sergeant, Edger Lowe, now living in Darborn, Michigan. He also recently joined the 2nd AD. He has really mellowed after 35 years because he signed and sent me a 3 Day Pass! I can't use it because somebody stole my bike! I also got a lead from Ralph Levine, Teaneck, New Jersey who, by the way, is almost a neighbor of mine, about another ground chap, a former crew chief Gino Capodagli, Conn. I knew Cappy well since we joined the 44th together. I also contacted another crew chief, Al Ellwein, Litchfield, Ariz. (Watch it you fly boys - us ground fellows are starting to swell the ranks).

I must relate a story about my First Sgt. We all knew each other fairly well, so when we boarded the Queen Mary in October '43, Edger Lowe came over to his friends and told us to volunteer for KP. We did so and were able to stay top side for most of the trip. Besides we ate better. Some of the fellows were Steve Petrock, Al Guarnieri, Eddie Goldsmith, Joe Fernandez, and myself. Boy what an All American crew that was. We must have peeled one half million spuds.

I would like to thank everyone who helped to make "The Birsic Memorial Fund" a \$625.00 success. We are planning to purchase a microfilm viewer or a slide projector for the Library. Some additional funds will be needed.



# NEWS OF THE 44th B.G. 200 MISSION PARTY

(by Pete Henry (44th))

I will start off by reprinting the announcement that came out in our daily bulletin the day preceding the event:

**"HEAR YE: HEAR YE: HEAR YE:** You are invited to step inside to the greatest carnival since Noah — the 200th mission party of the 44th — on Friday, August 11 — Beer — Hot Dogs — Dancing Girls — Games of Chance — The first officer found wearing insignia of rank to be shot out of a cannon by the lucky private who wins the draw — No rank for the day — what there is is reversed — Colonels become Privates and vice-versa — Master Sergeants are reduced to 2nd Lieutenants.

Athletics in the morning — the most colossal display of muscles and grit since David scored a probable on Goliath — see the First Sergeants battle the Privates at volleyball with no holds barred — Watch Capt. "Stretch" Weaver and his "Stringbeans" compete with Sgt. "Fat Stuff" Rosen and his "Pumpkins" in the most outstanding display of Eighth Air Force pin-ups since Mr. America signed with Minsky. — See Col. Gibson's "All-Brass" softball team take the field against Lt. Horne's "Single-Bar" boys — Bike races, sack races, chin races, horse races — And to top off the afternoon, a softball game between the two leading station teams — pop bottles specially designed for umpires supplied to all spectators.

And in the evening the Carnival moves into Hangar #2. Dice tables, games of chance, concessions of all sorts — the USO show "Petticoats", the biggest and greatest entertainment spectacle since the Follies of 1918. — Brimming beakers of beer brewed by Britain's best — Luscious hot dogs so tender they yelp when you bite into them — Special entertainment by station celebrities including the following songs: "Going My Way?" by Capt. Vaughn — A duet by Lt. Col. Shachtman and Major Barnes entitled "We got Plenty of Nothin'" and Capt. Wright leading his S-2 choir in "It ain't Necessarily So" —

It's the biggest thing to hit England since the Blitz: The 'Flying Eightballs' 200th mission celebration. You can't afford to miss it: It will be something to keep from your children. Come one, come all: It's Carnival Time at Shipdham!"

Well, suffice it to say that in that announcement, you have read the story of what happened, before it happened. It was all that and then some.

To start the day off right, the boom of our stubby little cannon at 1000 hours, signified reveille — a fine time of day for reveille. Anyone who might be looking toward innovating a permanent change in the standard Army hour for rising, could probably find a host of votes of approval here;

although we suggest that this "Gallup Poll" be made when it's all "Over, Over There".

The festivities were opened with a softball game between Col. Gibson and his "all-Brass" and Lt. Horne and his "Buckin'-One Bars". It was a good fast-moving game, but Horne and Co. pulled a bad bit of strategy by winning the game, although the score was close, 2-1. They are now known as just "The One Bars".

Interest then turned toward kegs of beer flowing along the side-lines and other athletic events such as football, volley-ball, football throwing, baseball pitching, and a three-legged race. This last race featured the team of Johnson and Phillips (General Johnson, 14th Wing Commander and Lt. Col. Phillips, 14th Wing A-3). They were doing nicely until just after the turn into the home stretch, when they seemed to make a coordinated duo-Swan Dive into the ground. But they got back on their three-legs and finished in time to congratulate the winners.



Pete Henry and General Johnson a "few" years later.

One of the most popular gestures of the day was General Johnson, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, driving to the ball field. In place of the usual emblem of rank, there was a small khaki flag adorned with buck-sergeant stripes. The General was at the wheel and Sgt. Mike Fusano, his regular driver, was taking his ease in the back seat, complete with cigar.

All rank and army rule was dispensed with for the day, with the exception of the Military Police and Lt. Col. Griffin, the Ground Executive Officer, who became an M.P. The rules stated that any person found wearing rank insignia, was to serve beer for five hours. However, in the course of events, someone decided on a more suitable punishment — a dunk in the fish pond beside the Aero Club. It all started with Lt. McCaslin, the Group Training Officer, who was found "impersonating" a Master Sergeant. Before the afternoon was half over, the dunkings were frequent regardless of whether a person was found violating the rules of the day or not. "Baths" were even handed out to General Johnson, Col. Gibson, WAC Lt. Luce, our Cryptographic Officer, and Phyllis and Sally, our Red Cross girls. Phyllis and Sally were dressed in cover-alls but they had their own clothes soaked when two men, dressed in the familiar blue skirts, jackets, and hats, were also given a "swim". A few unfortunate officers, visiting the post at the wrong time, were thrown into the drink before they had a chance to explain. But it only served to get *them* into the spirit of things also.

## THE 448th SAGA

by George P. Duponts (448th)

Major Robert L. Campbell, Although I never personally had any occasion to talk with him, his conduct as a 712th squadron commander told me that he was someone I could be proud to serve under.

While at Sioux City preparing to go overseas, a radio operator broke his arm. His pilot visiting him to say goodbye was asked not to leave him behind. He implored him to ask Major Campbell to let him go with his crew. Major Campbell visited him and the radio operator begged him to be allowed to go with his crew.

Finally he said, "Look Major, it's my left arm that is broken. I use my right arm to key radio messages. I can make it just fine." He was so persuasive that he was allowed to go. He was shot down on his 19th mission and broke a leg and was captured.

At Herrington, Kansas where the group was in transit, a S/Sgt. Michael P. Core who had contracted malaria in the Pacific before joining 712th had not taken his overseas physical. A notice that your physical preceded everything except your own funeral had long been posted.

Major Campbell came into the barracks and asked Mike why he had ignored the physical order. When told he didn't know if he could pass the physical, the Major asked if he wanted to go overseas.

"You bet!" was the reply.

"Well we're about the same size. Give me your uniform and dog tags." the Major said. Wearing the enlisted man's uniform, the Major passed his physical and S/Sgt. Core went overseas with the group.

Major Campbell was killed and is buried in Margraten, Holland.

A small tribute to a real man.

In the evening, the carnival moved to one of the hangars and the U.S.O. show "Petticoats" featured the entertainment program and was heartily acclaimed by all. Beer was more than plentiful — five kegs are still unaccounted for — guess someone enjoyed a prolonged celebration.

Well, a good time was really had by all — but it ended with the close of day. Operations were resumed on a normal keel and the Group went on to do an excellent job of bombing on the following day.

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By 11 August 44 my crew had about a dozen missions under our belt but the four officers were on detached service to the 93rd Bomb Group for G-Box training. We didn't know about the 200th mission party until we landed at Shipdham, while on a practice mission, the afternoon of the 11th and found it still in full swing. Unfortunately, we had to return to Hardwick for de-briefing and missed the rest of the festivities. What a lousy deal! One of those missing kegs of beer disappeared off base for a personal beer party — but that's yet another story.

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# GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

## 44th Bomb Group

'Pete' Henry and wife Mary

Howard C. 'Pete' Henry has spent the past 30 years working for General Motors and plans to retire in 1981. Pete's interests and hobbies are 2nd ADA, Golf and Photography. I might add that he excels in all three with the possible exception of his golf game, although he does claim a hole-in-one as recently as 1979. Pete is originally from Kentucky and Mary from Virginia. Pete and Mary have lived in 16 Apts., in 14 cities and 5 States. He do get around!



'Pete' can be reached at 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831. Tel. (609) 655-0982.

## 93rd Bomb Group

Charlie Weiss and wife Peg



Charlie Weiss worked in communications, intelligence and security before retiring from the Air Force in 1963. He then went on to work for the Dept. of State in the Foreign Service and retired from that job in 1976. He now plans to stay retired. Charlie was raised in Texas and Peg was born and raised in England. Charlie and Peg love the outdoors

and regularly hunt and fish.

Charlie can be reached at 21 Moran Drive, Waldorf, Md. 20601. Tel. (301) 645-1660.

## 355th Fighter Group

Ralph A. McDonough

After the war Ralph joined a major food chain, The Kroger Company, and spent 38 years in management. Ralph took early retirement and became a partner in a Food Brokerage firm in Columbus, Ohio. Ralph became heavily involved in amateur radio and this led to his present responsibility of Emergency Coordinator for the State of Ohio. His call number is K8AN. Ralph claims the wife is the goodlooking one in the family but is terribly camera shy.



Ralph can be reached at Box 240, RD 2, Adena, Ohio 43901. Tel. (614) 546-3930.

## 389th Bomb Group

Earl Zimmerman and wife June



Earl decided early in life to make a career out of the Air Force. He stayed in and became a Special Agent OSI. Retired in 1964. Among other things he is now a Private Investigator. He just can't keep his nose out of other people's business! While in England during the war he did take time out to marry June Courteney who lived behind the Boundary Inn

on Slynke Rd. on the road to Horsham St. Faiths. Earl claims that his only hobby is trying to keep track of the 389th gang.

Earl can be reached at 8922 Haverstick Rd., Indianapolis, In. 46240. Tel. (317) 846-1462.

## 448th Bomb Group

Joseph Michalczyk

Up until the time when he suffered his first stroke Joe was a carpenter in Ludlow, Mass. Having been forced to retire because of his stroke, Joe turned his attention to designing WW II uniforms according to HIS specifications as to what the uniforms should have looked like at that time. The photo tells the story. You will have to agree that Joe has a flair for designing although I don't think the Pentagon will ever buy these. I wish we could print all his designs but space simply won't permit.



Joe can be reached at P.O. Box 224, Ludlow, Mass. 01056.

## 458th Bomb Group

E. A. 'Rick' Rokicki and wife Ceil



Rick joined United Airlines in 1946 and advanced from Aircraft mechanic to his present position as Aircraft Ground Support Equipment Manager in Baltimore. Rick has been in aviation most of his life having taken his first plane ride at the age of 7. He bought a 1929 Travelair bi-plane and learned to fly in 1931, taught by a WW I German pilot — much to his mother's grief! His main hobby today (he has many — too many) is antique aircraft. He is a volunteer worker for Smithsonian and restored the only remaining Curtiss F0C-2 Sparrowhawk, 1933 Dirigible fighter at the National Air & Space Museum restoration center.

Rick can be reached 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, Md. 21061.

## 466th Bomb Group

J. M. 'Pappy' Daniels

'Pappy' Daniels has spent his working life working for one department of the government or another. He was first employed by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. His first government job was typing the first Social Security cards in November and December of 1936. He was a pilot during the war and retired from the Air Force after 33 years, 6 months and 15 days. He is now, in his retirement, a professional Sweepstakes contestor and has won 116 prizes ranging from two rolls of toilet paper to a 1977 Dodge Charger plus \$2500 in cash. You will have to write to him to get his secret.

'Pappy' can be reached at 1500 W. Shepherd St., Denison, Tex. 75020. Tel. (214) 465-5019.



## Headquarters

J. Livingston Jones and wife Tina



J. Livingston Jones is an engineer (BCE from Ga. Tech) and is a member of numerous organizations including The National Society of Professional Engineers, The Professional Engineers Society Of North Carolina, American Waterworks Association and many others. His hobbies range from Sports, Bridge, Travel, Golf and Dancing.

J. Livingston can be reached at 316 Ridgecrest Rd., Asheboro, N.C. 27203. Tel. (919) 625-3854.

### 392nd Bomb Group

James F. Thomas and wife Elva

After doing his stint with the Air Force Jim joined United Airlines as a pilot and flew with UAI for 34 years. He flew everything from the DC 3 to the 747. Originally from Sanford, North Carolina he retired in California. Jim's main hobby is golf (he claims no expertise just loves the sport) and traveling. After 34 years with the Airline it's easy to understand his interest in travel.



Jim can be reached at 8933 221H Biscayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646. Tel. (714) 536-2294.

### 445th Bomb Group

Frank DiMola and wife Elizabeth



Immediately after discharge from the service (well almost immediately) Frank joined the New York Telephone Company and has been with them ever since. Frank didn't say what his job was, but I know he can do one thing flawlessly — he can do some 'patching' (telephone lingo) and come up with a three way conversation. His hobbies are landscap-

ing, gardening, bowling and tennis with a minor hobby of 'patching in' Prez Dave Patterson, himself and me in a three way telephone conversation. They get feindish delight in ruining my whole day.

Frank can be reached at 390 Madison Ave., New Milford, N.J., 07646. Tel. (201) 262-2649.

### 446th Bomb Group

Vere McCarty and wife Marie

In June of 1945, Vere went from driving B-24s across the skys to the quiet life of farming. He decided that farming was not for him (too quiet?) and went to work for the State Veterans' Affairs Department in Portland, Oregon and was later transferred to the Salem office and became Veterans Services Division head. The number of Veterans programs he had a hand in boggles the mind so we won't try to reproduce them here. His hobbies are also many.



Vere can be reached at 740 Ventura St N., Salem, Oregon 97303. Tel. (503) 393-4379.

### 467th Bomb Group

Kenneth Darney and wife Dot



Ken retired from the Bendix Corporation after 30 years of service as a Mechanical Designer. Not wanting to completely retire Ken now operates his own Drafting business known as "Darney Drafting & Design". You might want to keep that in mind should you need this type of service. Ken is another antique buff. Only instead of restoring old airplanes Ken

sticks to restoring only old Buicks. That's another thing to keep in mind should you have an old Buick clunker laying around.

Ken can be reached at 4510 Ridge Road, Baltimore, Md. 21236. Tel. (301) 668-0409.

### 489th Bomb Group

Charles H. Freudenthal

Charlie made a career out of the Air Force retiring after 36 years of active duty. He is now involved in Real Estate in Vienna, Va. During his spare time he is now trying to learn to play decent golf (the lament of many golfers Charlie). He is also an avid reader and for the moment he is trying to gather enough material to warrant the printing of a Group History.



Charlie would really appreciate 489th types digging into their 'foot lockers' fo material he can use. The only bad habit I can discover in Charlie is that he roots for the Boston Red Sox!

Charlie can be reached at 8421 Berea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180. Tel. (703) 560-6422.

### 491st Bomb Group

Mike Fagen and wife Margaret



Mike is another who made a career out of the Air Force, but he started long before many, or most, of us having joined in February 1937. Upon retirement from the service Mike went to work for the Merced County Welfare Department as a social worker where he joined the retirees club from the Air Force and the dependents of military who obtained

jobs there. After ten years of that he retired again and decided to take Social Security. Now that he has fully retired he has gone back to his first hobby, stamp collecting. Of course he has acquired a couple of more along the way such as gardening and auto repair and tune-ups.

Mike can be reached at 1155 Spruce Ave., Atwater, Calif. 95301. Tel. (209) 358-4185.

### 492nd Bomb Group

Elmer W. 'Bill' Clarey and wife Maxine

Bill is another who made a career out of United Airlines, retiring from his job as dispatcher on July 1, 1979 after 37 years of service. Bill has an interesting, but demanding, hobby — he restores antiques. He didn't say what type of antiques so I'll assume it's anything except planes or cars.

Bill can be reached at 2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022. Tel. (415) 961-0231.



### GROUP CHAIRMAN

#### 453rd Bomb Group

Donald J. Olds and wife Mame



As you members of the 453rd know Don didn't serve with the Group during the war but went over to England after the war with the 406th Fighter Group. Back in the early 70s when we were frantically trying to get somebody from the Group to act as Group VP without very much success Don volunteered to act as Group Chairman and then step down the following year when the Group was supposed to elect a VP. That never happened as the Group members re-elected him as Chairman at each reunion. Don has done a great job in building the 453rd membership to its present status.

Don can be reached at 1403 Highland Dr., Rolla, Mo. 65401. Tel. (314) 364-5817.

## 453rd BG NEWS . . . SOME OLD, SOME NEW

by Don Olds (453)

The March *Journal* told the story of HOO JIVE going to Sweden and Charles Huntoon, its pilot, told the final chapter of its war-time service. Now, a couple of crew members, Winfred Maxwell and Harry DeSautel, have written about its early years. HOO JIVE was one of the originals, and Al Tolley flew her to England in Dec. of '43. Harry and Winfred pretty much agree that a gunner during phase training referred to dance, drink, pretty women, etc., as HOO JIVE. So for the lack of a better name the plane became HOO JIVE. Al Tolley, the only crew member now deceased, and his crew were transferred to the 389th as PFF's after 10 missions with the 453rd BG. Sam Rainer, one of the original crew members has written a little article about HOO JIVE's early years and it will be appearing in an upcoming *Journal*. And to Charles Huntoon up there in New Hampshire, contact Paul Pflug, the original navigator down in Tampa, Fla. He has many of the early flight logs and other data on that aircraft that might interest you. His address is in the roster.

Got a letter from Joe Miele, crew chief from the 735th Sq. Joe has been in and out of the hospital recently but now reports that he's feeling fine and at age 68 is ready for service again. Joe says the 735th ground crews were a dedicated hustling group of conscientious and energetic hard workers. He said a combat pilot asked him to name his plane HATTIEBELLE after his wife. The name was promptly painted on and HATTIEBELLE had 112 missions and was still going strong when the 453rd ceased flying.

Frank Thomas, the treasurer of the 453rd memorial committee tells me that donations are coming in and a savings account has been set up to earn a little extra interest. I'd like to urge everyone to send a least some amount to this most worthy project. Most of us had a friend that didn't come home with everyone else, maybe just a face that you can still see that vanished one day and his resting place is known only by God. The committee is determined that a memorial will be erected at Old Buckingham so that their family and friends will know that those who stood shoulder to shoulder with them through those turbulent times has not forgotten them.

Sounds like the San Antonio reunion will be well attended by 453rd troops. Word has been received that several will be making their first reunion. I know I'll leave out some names if I try listing them, but among them are, George Rundblad, Charles Church, Frank Tarbell, Jack Nortridge, Ed Townsend, Al Orr, Herman Kremer, Jay Jeffries, Robert Harper, Dick Rollo, Kenton Morris, Seymour Cohen, George Mattecko, Norman Raeber, George Wear and

Lou Ginsberg, piano player par excellence. Then there are the probables, Al Pekar, Carlis Gibson, Cliff Kellow, Robert Haynes, Gus (Bob) Johnson, Ed Bebenroth, Paul Pflug, Louis Scherzer, and I'm sure there are more. All of these will be attending their first 2nd ADA reunion.

ARCHIBALD was one of the early 453rd aircraft. Some of the ground crew that serviced her pose in front of the ARCHIBALD CASTLE. In the back row left to right —



Robert Bessey, Ralph Keeney, Herman Gilchrease and Eugene Fox. In the front row are four men but I only have names for three, Leonard Finkelstein, Robert Fiegl and John Dorsey. I think they were in the 732nd armament shop.

Bob Harper, formerly in group S-2, is painting a water color of some 453rd planes forming up behind WHAM BAM with the Old Buck Airfield in the background. He thought perhaps it could be sold at San Antonio with the proceeds going toward the memorial. Thanks for that generous offer, Bob.

One thing I'd like to get cleared up. Was there one of the original crews that crashed on takeoff from Florida when the group was flying to England in Dec. '43? There is one crew from the 734th Sq., Crew 43, that I've never heard about or seen mentioned after the group arrived in England. Crew 43 had Samuel Dean, pilot; Edward Wolbers, CP; Radames Caceras, Nav; and Douglas Dauphin, Bomb. Enlisted men were Bert Sauls, Louis Karp, James Henderson, Kenneth Merkle and Douglas Schmoker. I've heard that this crew was all killed in that takeoff crash. I've heard that the officers were all killed in a crash as they were hitching a ride to England on someone else's plane. Some crews did indeed not fly their own plane across, but did go as passengers on other aircraft flown by group crews. But if they did perish in the crash of another group plane, whose crew were they riding with? The group history doesn't mention any of this, but I'm sure there are those of you out there that have some memory of the incident and I'm hoping you'll write and let me know what you remember.

Hope you'll all get your reservations in with Evelyn as soon as all the details are available. Looking forward to seeing a lot of our old friends in San Antonio in October.

## HETHEL HIGHLIGHTS:

by Earl Zimmerman (389th)

Remember phase training at Biggs Field, Texas. I had an opportunity to return a few weeks ago and even after 38 years, I found many original WWII buildings still in existence. Some of the original hangars are still being used, also the Hqs. bldg., the Officers Club, Base theater and Chapel. There are a few barracks left, one being used as a BOQ and a few in the old enlisted area.



The field still has the same appearance, the hot weather and the ever present sand blowing in from Mexico. But, alas, it is not an airfield anymore, the U.S. Army has taken over and it is now part of Fort Bliss.

Do you recall the Juarez Passport? When you visited Juarez you had to change all of your money into \$2 bills. That was to prevent Kraut agents from obtaining large denominations of U.S. currency and if \$2 bills showed up anywhere in the world Uncle Sam would have a good idea where they came from. So I was informed.



Juarez looks about the same, as seedy as ever, but the food is just as good and I found the ever present dish of hot sauce on the table.

One of the famous watering holes, the Paso Del Norte hotel is now closed. I walked through the beautiful lobby one last time, no doubt it will be torn down one of these days.



The old bridge to Juarez has been replaced and of course there is no sign of the medical station which was mandatory for all returning G.I.s.

If I am not mistaken the 389th did not have any fatal crashes while training at Biggs, but I was told that after the war a B-36 crashed into the Franklin mountains.

## 489th WRECKAGE FOUND

by Charles Freudenthal (489th)

John Archer, our friend from Bungay who has been of great help in the 489th Memorial project, has sent me the following clipping from one of the newspapers over there. He didn't identify it, and judging from items on the reverse side, it seems to have been printed just after the end of the Olympic Games:

"Thirty-six years ago one of the vast number of United States Air Force Liberators which used East Anglian bases in the war met its end only minutes after taking off from the airfield at Holton, near Halesworth. Its bomb load blew up and only two of the 10 on board survived.

"The tragedy occurred when the bomber, failing to gain height, hit a willow tree and the pilot tried to make a forced landing in a field at Manor Farm, Westhall.

"On Saturday, directly after the barley crop had been harvested from the field bordering Hares Lane, relics of the disaster were recovered in a search by one of a number of teams engaged in this type of mission in East Anglia.

"The searchers were members of the 390th Bomb Group Memorial Museum at

the old Framlingham airfield, and they had with them as guests personnel of the 100th which has its base at Thorpe Abbots. The precise location of the crash was known as a farmer in the parish, now retired, was working in one of his fields not far away and saw what happened. Windows were blown out of the Methodist Church a few hundred yards distant.

"The 390th Group Museum team paid their first visit to the site in the winter but as the field had just been planted it was not possible to investigate. . .

"Saturday's intensive search began about 8 a.m. 'We were a bit disappointed because we picked up only small pieces,' said Mr. Martin Thompson, the public relations officer. 'We were not quite sure at what angle the plane went in. We dug about three different holes and came to the conclusion that the Liberator went in pretty shallow on its belly. There was wreckage scattered far and wide but all very small. It was mostly on the surface but certainly not much below plow depth.'

"Members of the 390th Group Museum have recovered so much stuff from crash sites over the past 12 years that they cannot get much more in the former control tower at Framlingham, which they have converted, and so they are making gifts to

other museums. Most of the finds at Westhall were presented to the Thorpe Abbott enthusiasts. . . ."

According to the records I have, this could have been 42-94874, which crashed about 20:30 hours on June 25th, with only two survivors; Sgts. James Wood and John Fura. Lt. Edward Hamilton was the pilot. The mission that day was to an aircraft factory at Villacoublay, not too far from Paris. John McMullen's diary gives bomb release time as 19:27 hours, which would seem to tie in with the time of the crash if the plane was returning from the mission. The only other possibility I can see would be the crash of Lt. Philip Sherwood and crew about 0900 on July 13th. That was on take-off, and there was one survivor, Sgt. Theodore J. Harris. However, the record's description of the crash site as a "half-mile north of the field in the landing pattern" fits with the location of the wreckage, and unless someone has more information I'd say this is the answer.

The 489th lost four aircraft that day, by the way. Lt. Blackburn and crew to flak; F/O Saubert on landing (two killed); and Lt. Coffman to "unknown causes." Roy Waller survived that last one, and maybe he'll fill in some details for the next time around.

## HELL YES THE 392nd LIVES

by J. F. Thomas (392nd)

We hope you noticed with some disappointment and anger that the 392nd Bomb Group didn't have one article, not even a letter to Evelyn Cohen or Bill Robertie in the March issue of the *Journal*. That isn't Bill's fault by any means; the fault is mine and yours. I don't know about you, but I don't expect that to happen again. I'll feed Robertie so many articles on the Thomas crew and their adventures and misadventures that you'll think we were a solo act.

We had a very short and intense time with the 392nd Group. We did little of a heroic nature, but we felt, and still feel a sense of pride that we were lucky enough to fly our tour with the "Group From Wendling." It is our biased opinion that the 392nd was one of the better Groups in the Second Air Division, with a history that will compare with any other. That's the way it was in the Big War, and that's the way we intend it to be in the Association.

So, how about it? We have just as many yarns to tell, SNAFU's to report, etc. as any other outfit. Let's get those letters and stories in to Bill so he can keep the 392nd represented in the Association as it so ably represented itself in the Second Air Division.

Now that I've blown my stack, back to the normal report.

We now have a greater respect and greater sympathy for Bill Robertie and Evelyn Cohen, or any other persons who handle our public relations and publicity. Eve-

lyn recently sent us a list of over 300 names of 392nd people she had amassed over the years. We are in the process of getting a letter, a copy of "The How And The Why" of the Association, and an application blank to each of them. That takes some time with a \$25 typewriter and little typing ability. Fortunately, Bob Powers ran off a hundred copies of the "How and Why" article for me. We have asked Dave Patterson for a hundred. We trust that Evelyn will furnish the application blanks.

We are pleased to report that Evelyn's new member lists show us to be picking up more and more members. Some of you out there are helping us. We don't know who, but we certainly appreciate your efforts. Conversely, it grieves us to report that we have a member or two peeling off and leaving our Association from time to time. We plan to contact them to try to get a reason for their departure. If they truly no longer have an interest in our Association, that is one thing, but if we are losing them through some action or inaction on our part, we want to know the reason.

We try to write letters of welcome to all new 392nd members reported to us. We are several behind, but we are working on catching up. Have had several nice replies with rundowns on the members service with the Group. Just had one from James H. Hair. He is a postal worker near Baltimore and just happened to see a piece of mail with Second Air Division Association logo on it. From that he became a member.

Our other efforts include a call at the offices of the American Association of Retired Persons at Long Beach. They were

very kind to us. We hope they will publish a short article on the Second Air Division Association. Their membership numbers in the millions, and there must be hundreds of Second Air Division people on their rolls. Also, we have written several Veterans magazines re our coming reunion in San Antonio.

This V.P. job doesn't pay much, but one is amply rewarded by meeting a great many fine and friendly folks. Through newspaper articles we met Gil Teske (392nd) and Jay Jefferies (453rd). Met R. C. "Dick" Boucher on the golf course, and found Henry DeKeyser from the list that Evelyn Cohen sent me. All outstandingly gracious people. Jay called all over the U.S. getting in touch with his crew after we looked over our roster. Dick and I have played golf several times. I'm trying to play him even and it's a chore to keep him out of my wallet. Gil has sons in Texas; he plans to see us at the reunion in San Antonio.

Speaking of nice folks, our WWII Squadron Commander, Myron Keilman, and his wife Blanch vacationed at Laguna in January. We played golf, had dinner, etc. a couple of days. Bob and Marge Powers from Escondido joined us for dinner one evening. Had a great reunion. Myron is another golfer you had better watch. He swings a mean stick.

In closing, we believe the coming reunion in San Antonio will be one of the best ever. We sincerely hope that every 392nd member will make every effort to attend. The chances to get together dwindle down to a precious few.

More anon.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

*From the Diary of  
Will Lundy (44th BG)*

Sept. 11, 1942

Solid ground! Most welcome, unsinkable, sweet smelling, beautiful foreign solid ground. The Queen Mary was a great ship, but I'm really happy that portion of the trip is now but a memory.

Like most of my companions on this trip, it was our first experience outside of the continental U.S. Sure, I'd been down across the border to Mexico for part of a day a couple of times, but Scotland is 6000 miles away. So now with every passing moment something new or completely different appeared for comparison or wonder. All conversation was directed toward these foreign sights.

There, up ahead of me, is a railway station with a troop train patiently waiting for the shuttle boats to bring our Group ashore. As each boatload landed the troupes gathered their meager belongings and trudged on up to the station. There to greet us were some hardy Scots dressed in kilts and making us feel welcome with lively bagpipe music.

The train itself was much smaller than those that cruise the vast distances across the States. In fact the passenger cars are almost toylike by comparison, but even though much smaller these cars do have some advantages over ours.

The first obvious difference is the boarding. Rather than entering at the front or rear of the car, all we had to do was open one of the many doors and step into the small compartment which had opposing bench-like seats. At the far end of the compartment was a sliding door that provided access to a long corridor running the length of the car.

The train station itself was built on a level with the train right up to a few inches of the train. So entering was both easy and rapid. Soon we were under way, slowly easing out of the station at Greenock, gathered speed and on our way southward toward England.

After several hours of expressing through both small villages and larger cities, we stopped in the Midlands of England at Crewe. Why? Calisthenics. Yes, right in the middle of the city's train station. Nearly 900 officers and men fell out, formed four lines along the platform as best we could and proceeded to jump and flail our arms, etc., much to the wonder and some amusement of the natives. We were told the calisthenic activities were scheduled to get the kinks out, but I rather suspect they had a more immediate reason. Most of us aboard the Queen Mary had had no opportunity to take showers or baths as fresh water was limited to drinking, etc. Salt water doesn't do much with a bar of soap. So without changing clothes, little cleaning and cramped up in small compartments for many hours, I'm afraid we were more than a little ripe. The exercise mixed us with

fresh air temporarily alleviating the problem.

We slowly made our way back on board, but not before we managed to grab some hot, unsweetened tea and "cakes" which were so freely given to all travelling servicemen. As we were to learn, and appreciated over and over again, almost all train stations have booths or facilities where some type of refreshment was graciously given to us.

Back on the rails southward, we rocketed along, occasionally slowing, often hearing the rather haunting sound of our train's whistle as it warned of our approach across roads. As we passed the road, we could see gates closed to prevent bicycles, pedestrians, or an occasional vehicle from crossing. It appeared that these gates were opened and closed manually. No automatic equipment here. Also, by looking ahead, I learned that whenever barrage balloons were flying we soon would be entering a city. The more numerous the balloons, the larger the city. Also, the farther south we went the more balloons were tethered by heavy cables to discourage low level strafing and dive bombings.

Naturally there was no luxury of a dining car (if any did exist), so out came the "D" rations. There always has been criticism of the "D" rations, but when you are hungry you will eat most anything. I must have been in worse shape than I thought 'cause I not only ate all I could get, but it actually tasted good.

As daylight gradually faded, we were introduced to our first blackout instructions. All doors and windows must remain closed and the double covering tightly in place. Absolutely no light can be allowed to be seen outside, no matter how dim the light might be inside. With darkness also came fatigue, irritability, and fitful sleep.

Finally orders were received to get ready as the long train ride would soon be ended. It was long past midnight and an air raid warning was in effect. So use caution — extreme caution — not to show light of any kind, including cigarettes. London was receiving its nightly attack by German bombers about 30 miles away, occasionally circling in our vicinity before or after making their bomb run.

That uncomfortable chill of fear accompanied me as I followed my buddy out into total darkness and as usual toting my worldly goods on my shoulders. Up steps and into a waiting British lorry. As each truck filled, it slowly pulled away, the driver apparently almost feeling his way along curving, narrow roads as his headlights were only tiny slits cut into covers over each light. Now, finally barracks! Open one door, close it, open the next, close it and you are in a large room full of beds. In a few seconds one of the beds was full of me, as it was 3:30 AM. Who cares where I was.

Next morning I awoke to see that we were located in low rolling green hills where barracks were widely separated and sprinkled along country lanes, all suitably

camouflaged. Meandering through the general area was a section of the Grand Union Canal, built in the 18th century to provide a water route for barges carrying goods to and from London and the industrial midlands. Bordering the canal and a road over it is a Pub! How about that, a fine old English pub right on our base. Where are we? Cheddington aerodrome. And where is that? Near a small village of Tring — intriguing and musical name, that. Is this going to be our operations base? No, just temporarily until the permanent base is completed. Seems that it was necessary to improve the runways and taxiways at Shipdham to support the heavy weight of our fully loaded B-24s, which should arrive in a few weeks.

With nothing but time on our hands and few coins in our pockets, its back to basics. Reading of Articles of War, rifle drills, Gas Mask drills, new Olive Drab woolen gas resistant clothes (special flaps etc. at all openings at wrists, front and fly), orientation meetings, and, of course, the last resort, close order drills by the hours. So much so that shortly many G.I. boots began to wear out — and no replacements. Then, enterprising officers began utilizing bicycles to save their shoe leather while directing us in more close order drills, until too many boots were holey.

The unlikely combination of a pub bordering a canal, inky blackness, a bridge, and shaky American bike riders, resulted in several unintentional swims in the murky water as well as some cold underwater explorations for submerged bikes.

### Blackouts.

I find it terribly hard to navigate at night with no lights. Sure, I have a brilliant flashlight, but every time I try to use it I get a chorus of "Mind that torch!" or "No lights" or "Mind that light, Yank". It didn't take the English long to identify any sign of light at night as being the mistake of one of us. After so many years of living in brilliant desert sunshine, my night vision just wasn't. While I was having trouble determining that even buildings existed on the other side of the narrow streets, our English allies could recognize friends. I finally learned to negotiate the darkness by watching the silhouette of buildings against the slightly lighter sky. No matter how many carrots I ate, night viewing improved little.

### Money.

Its always a problem for servicemen. In the first place a private like myself with 10 months service got a gross monthly pay of

## Deceased

Ed Kopacko - 93rd  
Henry A. Socha - 361st  
Neff W. Hassinger - 389th  
Harold A. Dawson - 446th  
George M. Herriott - 446th  
James A. Steele - 466th  
Edwin E. Wilson, Jr. - 467th  
Paul Prazuch - 467th  
Gadd N. Norwood, Jr. - 453rd

\$30.00, and considerably less with insurance deducts, etc. Secondly, English money is chaos! 4 dollars to the pound conversion, then 20 shillings to the pound. So about 20 cents to a shilling, \$2.00 to a half-crown. However, beyond that, in use I couldn't understand the language. 2 and 6? Two and six what? Threp 'n bit? Hay penny? Florin? It might as well have been a foreign language. The answer for me was to dig down in my pocket and drag out my total fortune of coins. Then I'd hold it out for examination and selection for the payment of my purchase. Let them have their pick, hoping I had enough, and thanking heaven for the completely honest English.

#### **Pubs.**

The public house tradition is outstanding. First throw out all your old concepts of American bars and start over. Begin with a neighborhood house that opens its doors to all strangers. It welcomes those who desire a pint or two of ale, invites them to a game of darts, hopes they will join in with others in group singing regardless of quality of voice. Friendly conversation and discussions abound. Even though I cared little for the warm ale or scarce Scotch whiskey, I fell in love with the Pub tradition, where I met many friends, Polish allies speaking little English, English soldiers, etc.

#### **Natives.**

The English people are amazing. They have been at war — total war — for two years. Everyone seems to be doing his part to keep the Germans away from their homeland as well as their allies. The youths are in the services if possible or in military production of some sort. With the men gone, many of the women are taking their place in the factories, fields, home guard, anywhere. They have had little food due to severe rationing, no autos, air raids and or alerts every night and some daytime, too. But never do I hear them complain. Cheerfulness, and good humor is what I find. In my wandering on the buses, I have been approached many times by people who sincerely welcome me and thank me for my sacrifices that I was making for them. Truly heart warming. I feel great compassion for them all, and indeed, happy to be serving on their side.

#### **Buses.**

With shoe leather worn out for most, a couple friends and I put on our smuggled civilian shoes, followed the canal to Tring daily to ride local buses. Our pass restricted extended travel, but off we'd go in those famous double decker buses eastward to Watford and west to Aylesbury! Cost to servicemen was minimal, so we took in all the routes available. The upper level permitted much better views of the most picturesque countryside.

#### **Air Raids.**

Cheddington lies west and slightly north of London by possibly 30 miles. Although Germany has finally given up on most daylight raids, they continue to pound England every night. Lately they have been concentrating their fury on London. Even at this distance the defending searchlights are visible and occasionally the fires illuminate the

horizon. Occasionally the Nazi bombing runs come directly over our base. Even though we know that London is the primary target it still causes a cold chill or two and several anxious minutes when I hear them overhead. They are easy to identify even at night by the uneven or non-synchronized engines. Needless to say none of us had to be reminded to "mind our torches".

#### **Allied airplanes.**

Cheddington Aerodrome has been devoid of aircraft ever since we arrived. It is completely camouflaged even to having small wood chips and pieces covering all of its runways and taxiways. To better acquaint us with our allied planes, the R.A.F. brought in a few of their planes for us to see close up. The Spitfire is a splendid fighter, very pretty in flight and maneuverable. I even enjoyed the sound of her engine. The Halifax appears old, boxy and slow. Her .30 caliber machine guns seemed small and ineffective, but then it is a night bomber where most danger is from flak. I did like the machine gun ammunition supply system, which had long continuous racks making automatic feeding to all guns. The four engine Lancaster bomber has a very thick wing that should provide tremendous lift. Maybe it appeared so thick when compared with our own Davis winged Liberator.

They gave us a flying exhibition with the Lancaster being the most impressive in my estimation. They "feathered" one outside engine and then proceeded to bank into the dead engine — always a no-no in my experience. No problem. Then they feathered both engines on one side and still flew and maneuvered with ease. Very impressive, but I still believe we still have the better aircraft. All we need is a chance to prove it.

#### **The war.**

The invasion of England by Germany is still a possibility, though not so acute. Consequently almost every field of any size still has dead trees, stumps, limbs and other obstacles scattered about to discourage airplanes or gliders from landing. Nearly all road signs had been removed making travel difficult for all except the locals. One afternoon when we took one of our cross country marches complete with rifles, packs, etc., I was in the front row of four leading our squadron. We were a mile or so from the base, following a narrow winding country lane. As we marched around a particularly sharp bend, I looked ahead to see two small lads playing in the road. Hearing us they turned and looked at us, then jumped up, yelled "Germans!", turned and ran for their very lives. No doubt we were the first Americans they had ever seen, and proved how very real an invasion possibility was to them.

#### **Food.**

For the four weeks that we were at Cheddington (and for several months at Shipdham) we participated in the Lend-Lease Program. I started to say benefit from the program, but we only participated by receiving British rations. We got our share of mutton, fish, potatoes and some vegetables. It was fair, at best, when compared

with the tremendous fares put on by our great cooks back in the States. However, when compared with the quantity and quality available to the average household in England, it was way above average. Once, for a supplement, I wandered into a well-stocked sweet shop in town and tried to buy some delicious looking candy. Ration card? No? Well, if you had one you could buy 2 oz. a month! Live and learn, I goofed again. The one thing readily available, it seems, is fish and chips, and are they good. Hot, sprinkled with salt and vinegar, wrapped in a newspaper. Then walk away, tear a hole in the paper and have a feast.

#### **Cheddington Base.**

The base itself seems rather temporary. The flight line has a few permanent facilities and no large hangars. Living quarters are widely scattered as they should be, but there were no sewer systems. Latrines were therefore of the self-contained type. That also means that they must be periodically emptied. So guess what all of the privates in our outfit were assigned to do? All too frequently it was the Honey Bucket brigade. Many times yes, it was good to hear that soon we'd be moving to Shipdham.

#### **England.**

All Americans associate England with fog and rain, but so far we have had reasonably good weather. But, of course, this is only September. What has impressed me most is the seemingly timelessness of everything. The buildings appear to have been there for ever, just like the hills and roads. The stone streets, curbs, narrow sidewalks, and buildings shout age and history. "We've been here for centuries and will be for many more." The streets and lanes have been utilized for centuries and appear to have occurred out of necessity, rather than any preplanning. Only those roads of Roman origin were designed for military use from one defensive point to another, and as straight as terrain permits. It seems the haphazard growth lent itself to the charm, character and beauty of the country.

#### **Payday.**

Sept. 30 proved to be our first payday, and following Army tradition we received our princely sum in English money. Somehow our leaders came to our rescue and gave out wholesale promotions. Without airplanes on which to perform our "skills", I found out that I was a buck sergeant even before the listing was posted showing I was a corporal. Things are looking up!

#### **October 4th.**

At long last, some of our airplanes and combat crews dropped in for a visit. The 66th Squadron airplanes flew in today so that we could proudly show our allies what a great plane we have to take on the Germans, not only over their territory, but in daylight.

#### **October 10, 1942.**

11:00 AM. Depart Cheddington for Shipdham where both the 67th and 68th Squadron planes and crews joined us.

Now, to get down to business and put some pressure on that very large German war machine.



# THE WHITE CLIFFS of DOVER

by Lyndon C. Allen (44th BG)

None of us made that second mission without preliminarily making that *first*. But I am sure each of us have particular memories of our *first*, and that's what this is all about — *my* specific memories of our *first*. The White Cliffs of Dover play a significant role in these memories.

My memory fails me as to the preliminaries of this, our, what we thought to be, a "baptism of fire". I am sure we fairly well followed the sequence Louis W. Wust described in the March, 1980, issue of the *Journal*, Page 10. The awakening, usual truck ride or walk to the mess hall, those delicious powdered eggs, the truck ride to the flight line; all done thousands of times by thousands of other Second Air Division members. Of course, to us gunners, the briefing took on a different aspect from that to which it did to pilots and others to whom it was so pertinent. It was more of an occasion of seeing where we were going, what to expect along the way, etc. The obtaining of our flight cloths was very similar to that which Louis described. One thing he

left out, though, was that we were always issued some form of nourishment to take along to help sustain us on our waiting to get back to the next meal. For the longer flights, I'm sure all remember those "C" rations we were issued; for the shorter ones we were usually given candy bars. (For us, "Ping Bars" were the predominant type. No one on our crew liked them except me, so I usually made some pretty good trades and really enjoyed more than my share of "Ping Bars". Wish I could have one now — even with my diabetic condition!) But this was to be a rather long one, so I presume we were issued the "C" rations this time.

Our pre-flighting, of course, was different, but once we were in the air I guess we were all pretty much in the same situation. This "Number One" for us was to be the bombing of an airfield near Nancy-Essy, France. Incidentally, this took place on August 18, 1944. After assembling over England somewhere, we headed east. Our plane was one of the last in the formation and, as I was tail gunner, I had no other planes to see and give me moral support.

Leaving the English coast was the significant aspect, to me, of our first mission. Ever since I had geography back in Elementary School, I have heard of, and have seen pictures of, the White Cliffs of Dover, and there they were, directly below me! How beautiful; how magnificent; just as they had been shown in pictures! at first I completely forgot the apprehension of this being our first mission. But as I watched those white cliffs starting to become smaller and as we continued east they became even smaller, until finally they were gone! That apprehension suddenly came back. What were we getting into? What did we have to expect before us? Would I ever see those beautiful cliffs again? I'm not the only one who ever had that feeling, I know, but with no planes behind me and the cliffs gone, what next!

Well, it turned out to be a milk run; and no flak, no "Jerries", no nothing. The bombing was good. Our first mission had accomplished its purpose. It was not the "baptism of fire" we had anticipated; it was just a long eight hour and twenty minute flight.

Yes, coming back I *did* get to see those majestic cliffs again. I saw them several times later, by the way, but never with that apprehension that was there on the *first* mission; the apprehension that was so accentuated by the passing of those White Cliffs of Dover over the horizon as we went east on that *first* mission.

## 458th COMMENTS

by George A. Reynolds (458th BG)

Many thanks to all who sent greeting cards and notes over the holidays, and for your expressions of appreciation for this column. It is my pleasure in writing anything about the Group and its members.

Now, to include a bit on the latter that I've neglected for too long, names of some of the newer ones. The 2nd ADA and 458th extend a very sincere "welcome aboard" to: Dr. Richard Allen, Col. Donald Brewer (in Eng.), Dr. Walter Burnett, W. W. Clark, Melvin Cohen, Harry Craft (Crabbe), Dr. Porter Danford, Dr. D. J. Desjardin, Gus Duhon, Col. Melvin Fields, Henry Jaber, James Keel, Evans King, Homer Knisley, Allen Kretschmar, Harry Lucas, John Martin, Pat McCormick, Harold McNeeley, Elton Miller, Dale Nelson, A. J. Paredes, A. J. Pizzica, Dr. W. K. Ramstard, Seymore Reisman, Raymond Rocco, Raymodn Scorza, William Seaman, Delbert Shaffer, Col. Lester Skidmore, Joe Tomich, C. M. Verdin, LTC L. D. Vehslage, Robert Wood, Eugene Young and Maj. Bard Suverkrop.

Some enjoyable and interesting letters over the past year are worthy of mention — Charles Dyott, with Pan-Am in Miami, told of a couple of visits back to Horsham since the war. Gus Duhon, a member of George Bradley's crew wrote about a crew reunion in AZ and the great time with seven members present. D. D. Roberts reported he was a mechanic on "Oh! Mona," and John "Ingy" Ingram told some of his experiences with "Elmer" and ole #715-G, and I think these are the only mechanics that I knew in the assoc. Also very nice notes from Dr. Routan in

Texas and Col. Brewer in England. Col. James Hogg now resides in Idaho, but so far we haven't convinced him to sign on again with the 2nd Air Division.

It occurred to me that former 458th types include at least four generals, about six times that many colonels, a score of doctors/dentists, several serving on judicial benches, numerous company presidents and many execs. I suppose one could say the Group had little to do with this, but all of these "heavies" had new wings to test 35 years ago, and coincidence just doesn't appear strong enough to "hold them." A colonel once summed up the outfit to me thusly: "We had the best officers and men, the best base and birds, so it just figures we had the best damn Group in the 8th AF."

John Woodworth, another new member, sent a response to my request for serials/nicknames. He was navigator on "Last Card Louie," named in Tonopah, and its number was 53441. He also reported an error in the mission calendars for June 14th — the Guyancourt sortie was instead flown on the 15th. John added some interesting info on the May 23rd strike on Bourges. The Group was heading south while a large formation of that other four engine bird was climbing eastward. His crew came so close to one of the others, they could actually hear its engine noise. Some of that kind of togetherness ain't for the birds! Thanks also to our happy, smiling master brewer, E. A. "Gus" Gagel for the ident of "My Bunnie II" — 42-51270 and "Patchie" — 42-51219.

Tony North, FOTE, writes fairly regularly, and in his latest he reports there is much indecision on where to build the new airport terminal building in Norwich. In '79 talk of erecting it next to the western-most taxiway seemed

to be permanent. Too, they have inflation, and another problem looms with the loot. He proposed (in jest) that I start a collection, since it will house a similar Group display as the old, and call it "The 458th Memorial Terminal." I have promise of several interesting stories in the near future, and look forward with anticipation to passing them along.

Glenn Matson is interested in the origin and particulars of a blue felt patch aircrew members wore behind their wings. He says it always prompted the "snowdrops" to get one on his way back to the base with speedy dispatch (between missions) despite all of those inebriants, other alluring diversions and the very strong will to procrastinate. Can anyone help with this? The patch, that is.

Rick Rokicki writes that he's busy, but faithfully follows up on every lead for new members, and gives assurance he will somehow find the time to check on each one sent to him. So, bug those old buddies with a short note to sign on — he'll be glad you did.



Gunners conception of the B-29.



# LETTERS

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed is my application and check for ten dollars (\$10.00) for membership in the second Air Division Association.

I was very happy to be contacted by George Reynolds in regards to his book and also to hear from Rick Rokicki about becoming a member of the association. I am very interested in getting in contact with members of the 458th.

Last month I had a reunion with the engineer of our crew, Richard Julian, of Leominster, Mass., for the first time since June, 1945. We really did enjoy reminiscing about the times we had with the 458th.

I am delighted with the prospects of getting back in contact with my ole buddies.

Wayne L. Austin  
Route 1  
Newbern, Tenn. 38059

To Vere McCarty (446th),

Just a note to let you know I read the article in the June *Journal*.

One little change. The name is KOHLER — not KELLER.

I really do like the journals very much. Just wish I had known about the organization sooner.

Joe Kohler (446th)  
431 Watenhilt Ave.  
Dayton, Ohio 45420

Dear Bill:

The purpose of this letter is to correct an intentional error by James Hoseason in his book, *The 1000 Day Battle*. I was one of the editors of his original manuscript and also contributed some of the ideas and data, including my diary notes and my own "D" day flight plan which is reproduced on page 129 of the book.

Without my prior knowledge or approval, the target time on my flight plan was changed from 0600 to 0628. Hoseason took a novelist's liberty to make my flight plan agree with the route and times of the 448th B.G., (Seething) which are depicted on page 131. While this may seem to be trivial, there are two significant flaws that require comment. First, when a book is written as a documentary, facts are not altered to make them fit a story. Such an action makes all other data suspect. Second, our crew was selected to lead the entire 8th Air Force on "D" day. Ours was the first heavy bomber to hit the Normandy coast and we did it precisely at 0600, not 0628. The selection to lead this important mission was based on our high experience level at that time and quite naturally, we were proud to be chosen. Suffice it to say that I do not want the intentional change in a purported documentary to become accepted as fact and remain set in concrete.

I have written to Hoseason taking exception to his arbitrary alteration of my flight plan, a partial reproduction of which is enclosed. In my letter, I requested that future editions of his book be corrected to correspond to the facts. Apparently, he is not willing to do this. Since most of the purchasers of the book are probably members of the 2nd Air Division Association, I wanted to set the facts straight through the *Journal* and would appreciate your publishing this disclaimer.

Robert A. Jacobs (93 BG)  
203 Cannister Court  
Hampton, VA 23669

Dear Bill,

I noticed in the December issue of the newsletter a picture of the Metfield explosion. I think the man facing the camera might be Don Whit-ed, Ida Grove, Iowa. He was, as nearly as I recall, group armament officer. I do know that he played bass in our dance band, the Bombshells. I would like to have seen the article. I remember that I was watching a movie in a quonset hut at the time and the force blew the screen from the window beside our seats. We went outside to see what was happening and, seeing the smoke, ran towards it. It was while we were running that a second blast went off and the hangar door nearest us lifted slowly from its runners and laid over with a sigh. That stopped our curiosity!

The Bombshells developed out of a series of jam sessions in Red Cross clubs across the USA, probably from Blythe. Every musician in the Army Air Corps headed for the Red Cross club as soon as he had unpacked his barracks bag. After we landed in England, the group grew, so I made a couple of trips to London to visit a school friend who was a Special Services Officer. Before long we had found enough instruments and recruited enough players to have a standard orchestration, playing both special and regular arrangements. There were about an equal number of flying and ground personnel, and only on rare occasions did our playing conflict with our flying. I do remember one early morning coming home from playing at a RAF base and seeing the orderly coming in to call us for briefing as I was taking off my socks. I was lucky enough to get a good nap between briefing and the gun for "start engines."

Morris Jones

Dear Ms. Cohen,

I recently became active in a Pacific Northwest group of ex-Eighth Air Force people. Many belong to the 2nd Air Division Association and I, too, wish to join.

I flew as a B-24 Navigator with the 702nd Bomb Squadron, 445th Bomb Group. We were members of the 2nd Wing, stationed at Tibenham, East Anglia, England, Our C.O. Was Col. Terrill. Soon after the 445th became operational they experienced heavy losses and our aircraft came in as a replacement. Flying was done during 1944. We completed our tour of duty just after D-Day.

Bob C. Shearer

Dear Bill,

Thanks for putting a photo and item in your newsletter of Dec. 1980 about the Glenn Miller plaque but sorry that you put the wrong date. It was Aug. 17th, 1944, not 1946, as Glenn disappeared in 1944 on Dec. 15th. It is always nice to receive the *Journal*, as they are so interesting. I have found another member who would like to join the 2nd Air Division Association, as his father was a pilot in the 56th Fighter Group and lives near Norwich, and this son would like to go round the old air bases with me. Please, do you have any membership forms? I am enclosing a clipping I had put in our local paper.

A man in Holland sent me a tape letter. Begging for help for more items for his "Liberation Museum", he asked me if any of my American friends could help. Could you run an item in your *Journal* and all the items I get will go over to Holland in Sept. when the "Royal Norfolk D-Day Veterans Association" go over. Or, if any of your members would like to bring something if they are coming to Norwich, if they'll phone me from their hotel I will come and meet them. My phone no. is Norwich 404840.

Sid Cullington

(ed. note: Sorry about the date Sid but blame it on the printer. He's myopic!)

Dear Bill,

Here is some more info for you to use as you see fit. The pictures from the luncheon on 24 Jan. did not turn out, but it was a great success. There were 64 people in attendance. Once again three groups were not represented, 44th, 93rd and 445th. Headquarters and 56th F.G. were represented. The next luncheon will be on the 16th of May. By popular request I am extending my mailing list about 100 more miles. 300+ miles for a luncheon! Now that's dedication.

Wally

P.S. There were about 20-25 Air Division Association members at the B-24 Dedication.



L to R: James W. Reid, Jr., William D. Skinner, Roy G. Martin, Glenn E. Tedford.

Dear Mr. Michalczyk,

I want to thank you for the opportunity of joining the 2nd Air Division Association. Like I stated on the application, my late father was with the 714 Bomb Sqdn. However, I'm not too sure of the exact dates. I believe from late 1943 - early 1945. I do know he was there, as I have a photo of the squadron standing in front of a B-24. On the back it states: 714th Bomb Sq. Seething Air Base, England, Nov. 1944. This photo is an 8 x 10. My father is about in the middle of the 1st row behind I believe the pilots, that are kneeling.

I was also wondering if it is possible of getting any history or pictures of the Air Base at "Seething". I also noticed that there is a coat of arms for the 448th Bomb Group. I have a print for the 714th.

If it is of interest, I was stationed in Germany with the 385th M. P. BTN. from April 68 - April 69.

Kim Worden  
1308 W. 39 St.  
Lorrain, OH 44053

Dear Sir,

I am doing research on the second world war and I am 14 years old. I had gotten your groups address from the B-24 (group) Club.

I am planning to write a book in the future and what I need from you is for you to put the following ad in your publication that you put out, if you would. The ad is as follows:

"I am looking for any second division crews who have seen combat and are willing to contribute their experiences to my book. Specifics that are needed are as follows: Vets who flew for the pre-invasion missions, of breakthrough missions for the ground troops and crews who flew on "Big Week" are really needed."

Would it be possible to send me back issues of your publication. I would join but since us teenagers are known for their waste of money it is true of me, too, and I wouldn't be able to sign up for quite a while. Please (if it is possible) send me some of those back issues, it would be of the utmost importance to me.

Chris McDougal  
3921 67th St.  
Urbandale, Iowa 50322

(ed: Glad to help Chris and I'm sure some of our members will write to you. If they don't we will transfer them to the Luftwaffe.)

Dear Evelyn,

I have just caught up with some reading, including the *Journal* which is just great, and realized that I think I had a dues notice. Therefore my check for thirty dollars (10 for dues, 5 for blazer patch??).

The remaining amount I would like given in memorial to mark the memory of James P. W. Fluhr who served with either the 44th or 93rd and finished with the 445th. Jim was an outstanding mickey navigator and a sterling husband and father of a son and daughter.

To those with whom Jim served, his wife Paula, resides in Atlanta at 3461 Embury Circle, Chamblee, GA. (sorry, no zip).

The efforts of our Group V. P., Frank Dimola, really paid off as he was able to patch Ralph McCool and me for our first long, or any, talk in thirty-eight years.

Else joins me in sending our earnest intention to make "Reunion 1981".

My congratulations to all the good people who make 2nd Air Division real.

Steve Posner (445th, 389th)

Dear Evelyn,

I am enclosing my check in the amount of \$10.00 to cover 1981 dues and two Blazer Patches. I was in the 389th and we were shot down over Germany, April 11, 1944. We all made it back with the exception of one Eng-Gunner. His name was Hunnefeld from Ohio. He was also the youngest of our crew. I am going to try to write a record of this last mission (we had completed twelve) and if it comes out okay I will send you a copy. I have never put any of this down on paper but after 36 years I can remember most of the details. We were POW's in Stalag 17B at Krems, Austria.

T. W. Barksdale, Jr. (Pappy)  
Rt. 2 Box 478  
Gray Court, S. C. 29645

Dear Mr. Henry,

For several years I did crash-research in the Twente district in the east of Holland.

I am very pleased to get in touch with you and I hope that you might be able to help me to get more information about the crew of a B-24-H of your 44 Bomber Group.

On 22 December 1943, the mission to Munster in Germany, a B-24-H of 44 Bomber Group/66 Bomber Squadron, serial no: 42-7533, crashed near Vroomshoop in Holland.

Sadly 7 members of the crew were killed in action and buried during the war in the General Cemetery at Den Ham in Holland. Their names are 1st Lt. W. W. Oakley, pilot; 1st Lt. R. K. Collins, co-pilot; T/Sgt. J. W. Christian, bombardier; S/Sgt. R. F. Smith, BTG; Sgt. A. C. Timme, RWG; S/Sgt. L. R. Weaver, LWG; S/Sgt. W. Sondag, TG.

So only 3 members of the crew survived this sad day. To my knowledge all of them were captured by the Germans. Their names are: 1st Lt. Frank D. Powers, navigator; S/Sgt. Abel Fleischman, radio operator; and T/Sgt. John F. Byers, engineer.

My questions are a.) How many aircraft of your Bomber Group took part in this mission?, b.) How many failed to return on this day?, and c.) Please, I should like to get in touch with any of the above mentioned crew members of your Bomber Group.

I do really hope that you will give me the present addresses, if possible, of these airmen of the 44th Bomber Group.

H. B. van Helden  
Salviastraat 16  
7531 VW Enschede  
Holland

Dear Bill:

During the last few days I have sorted and discarded some things left from my mother's house and ran across a stock of old Winston-Salem, N.C. newspapers dating randomly from Jan. 1944 to June 1944.

I found the following clipping and realized the whole thing was new to me. I never heard of, nor visualized a 4-engine, twin-tailed GAF fighter plane at any time. I am sending this to you for your information and to use as you see fit, but I would be interested in learning if anyone in our organization has ever heard of anything like this.

J. D. Long

#### GERMANS USE A NEW PLANE

London (UP) — The Germans were reported yesterday to have a new, four-engine, twin-tailed fighter plane. The aircraft, which American fliers saw during violent air battles over Southern Germany, were unidentified. But American fighter planes were reported to have shot down two of the planes.

U.S. heavy bomber crews were unable to give a full description of the new planes that mostly stood off from the series of sky battles following a concentrated rocket-firing Messerschmitt 110 attack on a formation of U.S. Flying Fortresses.

First Lieutenant James, E. Staber, of Wyandotte, Okla., said that the four-engine planes crossed "our bomber formations, from directly in front of us and I definitely saw one of our fighters knock one down."

Some London air observers believed the new fighters might be an improved Focke-Wulf 200K, about which little is known. The original 200K was a single-tailed bomber but recently it was reported undergoing modification as a fighter and perhaps as a super rocket platform.

Dear Bill,

Interested in exchanging?

We remember the B-24 for the 33 missions we flew with 'em before they took 'em away and gave us Forts for the next 125.

At the moment, you have the advantage of me, at least on the surface. You would appear to have a large number of people who are supporting the operation. We all know that that gives the opportunity for a large number of people to boot the ball and leave you stranded.

This operation has largely been a one-man show and how much longer it will go on remains to be seen. The letters of appreciation restore the flagging spirits regularly, so the future doesn't show too much likelihood of closing down. But this old man would like a few people more than have been doing to contribute a few lines so that his fingers don't have to work for every inch of space on the sixteen pages we've been trying to maintain.

Just received Vol. 20 No. 1 of your *Journal* from Col. Frank Halm of the 94th. Have written to Sgt. Myers of the 93rd Bomb Wing at Castle AFB to tell him of our publications of the past and sent him a sample of this present one. Didn't think to look it up — but, while the 848th, 849th, 850th and 851st Bomb Squadrons were re-activated as strategic missile squadrons, I forgot to see if a similar Lazarus-act had been pulled on the squadrons of the 34th and 493rd, our wing-mates. Incidentally, I was working for Martin-Marietta at Beale AFB on the final phases of the Titan I program — and didn't learn that the military unit taking over at the conclusion of the TURNKEY inspection would be my own 848th.

Glad to put you on our mailing list, if you're willing to exchange.

Joseph L. Milliken  
LTC USAFR Ret

Dear Bill,

Attached is latest information concerning the Eighth Air Force Museum's B-24 which you know from previous correspondence is being restored to non-flying condition by Buck Rigg, Curator, Eighth Air Force Museum.

Buck is able now to accept and store for future use any memorabilia which we at the Second Air Division would offer. If any of the readers of the *Journal* wish to donate items, they should write to Buck Rigg, Curator, Eighth Air Force Museum, Public Affairs Division, 2nd Bombardment Wing (SAC), Barksdale AFB, LA 71110 and tell him of their item(s).

In turn they will receive a proffer of gift statement which after filling out, would be returned with the item(s). Envisioned for display purposes will be areas in the yet to be built (new) museum by Air Division, Combat Wing, Group and Squadron.

The present museum, though temporary, and not as readily accessible to the public as it will eventually be, is nevertheless very well appointed and quite interesting in form and content and would be well worth a visit if you are in this vicinity.

I am looking forward to the reunion in San Antonio, having visited there on numerous occasions in the past. I know that all will have a memorial experience.

Phillip G. Day  
237 Pennsylvania Ave.  
Shreveport, LA 71105

Dear Evelyn,

I have recently become an associate member of the B.A.D. 2 Association and I would like to join the 2nd Air Division Association, too.

Would you please send me details of Associate Membership and also details of the availability and cost of back issues of the newsletter and any other publications or insignia.

I have always been interested in the exploits of the Eighth Air Force and I joined the B.A.D. 2 Association because I work with British Aerospace at Warton, formerly USAAF Station 582. As you probably know, many of the 2nd Air Division Aircraft passed through Warton and the site remains much as it was during the war years.

I look forward to hearing from you in due course.

C.W. Marfleet

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed is my check for \$15.00 for dues with my application for membership to the Second Air Division Association. I have enjoyed reading the June issue of the *Journal* you were so kind to send along with the application blank for membership in the association. Our ground crew-chief, Curley Nelson sent me his Dec. 1890 copy and after reading both issues, I am sorry that I didn't know of this organization many years ago.

The article in the Dec. 80 issue, by Leo S. Bielinski, "BAIL-OUT BUGABOO," A Tanked-up B-24, sure did bring back old memories for we were flying Curly Nelson's old B-24 "IRON CORSET" on the mission with Napoleon, to the Royan Estuary North of Bordeaux. I was flight engineer for Arnold Richardson's crew.

Many thanks Evelyn, for your prompt reply to my inquiry about the Association, and also to Curly Nelson and Will Lundy for their letters and help with names of people in the Association.

I hope to meet you at the reunion this Oct. in San Antonio. Thanks again for the good job you are doing.

Ellis C. Lebo  
67th Sqdn, 44th. BG.

Dear Bill,

Decided the original would be the best copy to send you for printing. I would like to have it



returned. I have contacted eight or nine people who were interned in Sweden to no avail. I am sure Torbjörn is convinced I have not attempted to get the identification for him. He has been told by letter several times of my attempts, but placing myself in his position I am not sure it would be believed.



The color picture of the "Mrs." is for your files. The 13 bombs on top row was there due to the "Mrs." being the first 453rd bomber to make the 13 without an abortion. She was on her 70th -11/11/44 when she went down due to a direct hit. We didn't make it back on our next mission.

Frank Thomas

Dear Bill:

In reference to your article on the 562nd Air Force Band shown on pages 7, Vol. 15 No. 4, December 1977, please find the current, up to date status on our organization.

Through the publication of the aforementioned article, cooperation of several members of the 562nd Air Force Band and the Veterans Administration, we now find the following status to apply to the twenty-eight members (enlisted) who served in the second Air Division, 8th Air Force, AAF Station 147, Ketteringham Hall, England:

Twenty members are living in U.S. with current addresses on hand.

Six members are deceased and are verified by relation or Vets. Admin.

Two members are unaccounted for and status remains unknown.

Any additional help received through the Second Air Division Association membership in accounting for the following two men would be deeply appreciated: Joseph F. Herde, SSN: 32884815; current address in 1945 was 5229 77th Street, Elmherst, Long Island, N. Y., Instrument: sax and clarinet.

Donald L. Larson, SSN: 12044134; current address in 1945 was RD #1, Ripley, New York, Instrument: trombone.

It is our feeling that should we be able to obtain a status on the above two men possibly we could be the only military band throughout all the services of World War II accounting for each and every enlisted man.

Having been the First Sergeant and Assistant Bandleader of the 562nd Air Force Band, I hope the membership will understand my interest and concern for full accountability.

Earl D. Brown  
M/Sgt. USAF, retired

Dear Evelyn,

How lucky can I get? My second year as a member of the Association — and we are holding this year's reunion in San Antonio (a mere 270 miles from home). Depend on my being there.

Have corresponded with Pete Henry (we served together in the 67 Sq 44 BG). Have good intentions of writing Bill Robertie — but likely will put it off until I can give him something that is worthy of being published in the *Journal*.

Enclosed check is for "overdue" dues for 1981 — two 2nd Air Division Blazer Patches and two 2nd Air Division Decals (if still available) — balance to Memorial Library Fund.

See you in San Antonio!

William (Bill) S. Aldridge (44 BG)  
282 Somerset Circle  
Bedford, TX 76021

Dear Mac, (McCarty, 446th)

Enclosed is the crew information I have available for Lingo's crew. Of our 31 missions it is my guess that at least 25 of them were in "Battle Dragon" whose nose art was shown on the back of the 2nd Air Division Newsletter for June, 1978. 705th Squadron, 446th BG.

The only reunion I've been able to attend was the one at Colorado Springs. I've got about 3 more years before I retire and then hope to get in on more of the action. Had hoped to make Norwich in '79 but it didn't work out.

Lingo was a veteran in the regular Army Air Corps. I understand he was Gen. Hap Arnold's personal mechanic. As a result, he was given a waiver to go through pilot training, from Arnold. How much higher could you go?

George A. Linko really knew airplanes and engines. This was demonstrated by three missions in July '44 when Battle Dragon was shot up and out of action. July 8th we flew "Wanda Lust" to Hamm, and on July 11th, to Munich (8 hours and 25 minutes). On July 12, it was Munich again, with us scheduled for "Wanda Lust". Linko refused that aircraft, said it couldn't make the trip. We were given "Happy Go Lucky" and made the round trip but "Wanda Lust" wasn't so lucky. It was assigned to another crew anyway. On the way to the target it dropped out of the formation with no further word from her. Maybe it got to Switzerland/ I'd like to know. I've always felt that George's knowledge kept us from an adventure that might have been more than we bargained for.

Another thing I can thank him for is being best man when I got married at Gowen Field. Joan is still putting up with me.

Our crew broke up to fly our first two missions on June 4 and 5. Our first mission together was on D-Day. For me, personally, it was quite an experience which I hope to write up for the Bulletin someday. I finished my tour August 12, 1944. I think the rest of the crew finished a few days earlier.

Co-pilot Ken Shook suffered a ruptured ear drum and was sent to a Pathfinder crew, so didn't finish with us. When our tour was over most of us returned to the U.S. Linko stayed on at the 705th (maybe 706th) as engineering officer. George wasn't a great letter writer, but I understand he trained in B-29s and was in the Far East at War's end. By the grapevine I heard he retired as Colonel. Shook was out for awhile then went back in the Air Force and retired in the late 60s or early 70s. Selling real estate in Tempe now.

Other crew members were: Joseph Ticknor, Navigator; Damon Cox, Flight Engineer; Kenneth Mason, Radio; Myer Chain, Ball Gunner; William McCash and Kenneth Prey, Waist Gunners; Arthur Ginsburg, Tail Gunner; and yours truly, Gordon Bishop, Bombardier.

Gordon D. Bishop  
RR 7, Box 144D  
Evergreen, CO 80439

Dear Bill,

After all of these months, lots of letters, meetings, etc., I thought that it might be appropriate to drop you a line or two to let you know what was or is going on out here in California.

Have talked to Pres. Dave Patterson several times and have gotten several letters from him. He keeps quite busy with Association matters, to say the least.

Last September, I put a notice in the San Jose Mercury newspaper to the effect that I planned to have a meeting here of all members of the B-24 groups that participated during WW II. I anticipated that I would be able to find some people that had never heard of the 2nd Air Division and that I would be instrumental in getting them to join.

As it turned out, there was quite a cross section of service personnel that came to the meeting. Represented were P-38, P-47, B-17 and B-24 people. It was good to have all of them attend the meeting.

Here is a list of the people who did attend and also a list of the ones who were contacted but did not attend. Someone out there may recognize the name of a buddy or two!

Attendees: 2nd Air Division President Dave Patterson and wife Joan, Thomas O'Grady, Ed. and Doroth Parsons, Frank Yochem, Walt and Shirley Ringen, Bill and Marion Crum, Ford P. Tracy, Joseph Hogue, Fred Knorre, Bill and Maxine Clarey.

Non-attendees: Robert Meuse, John Pedgren, Bill Florentine, Jim Stokes, Ray Baker, Rohl Barnes, John W. Delury, C. McCool, Francis J. Phelan, Charles E. Hughes, Col. (ret.) and Milford W. Henry.

So Bill, this is it for now. Plan to see you in SAT next October.

Bill Clarey (492nd)

Dear Mr. Jonasson,

It's nice to know that I have been found. Frankly I didn't know that I was lost - merely retired. My brother told me about a letter he had received from a relative of ours in Hartford, Connecticut, which related to the search for the two of us. As you probably know, Jonathan was in the 389th Group for a much longer period of time than I. My military service was primarily with the 78th Infantry Division. After spending a number of months in an army hospital in Cardiff, Wales, I was transferred to the Air Force on limited duty. Shortly thereafter the war with Germany ended and my brother and I returned to the states on the same boat in the later part of May, 1945.

I would be very interested to know if the 389th Bomb Group has published any information related to the part it played during the Second World War. I have seen a history of the regiment and division that I served in - the 78th - and noted that my name did not appear under Purple Heart decorations. I received three Purple Hearts just before being discharged from the Air Force and have the feeling that the 389th Group may show my name in their records. If you can shed any light on this I would be most obliged.

When I receive a membership application it will be filled out promptly and returned. I will follow your suggestion related to a current roster, etc.

I wish that my wife Gerry and I had known about past reunions in England as we have been over many times and probably could have attended a couple.

Thanks again for your kind letter and again it's nice to know I have been found - alive.

Ralph G. Poriss  
Post Office Box 393  
Newcastle, Maine 04553

# THE PX PAGE

## 389th BOMB GROUP INSIGNIA PATCHES



Earl Zimmerman informs us that he still has a supply of the 389th insignia patches on hand and they can be had by sending Earl \$2.50, postage included. Send your check or money order to:

Earl Zimmerman  
8922 Haverstick Rd.  
Indianapolis, IN 46240

## 2nd AD BLAZER PATCHES



Evelyn Cohen informs me that she still has a large supply of 2nd AD Blazer patches on hand so if you missed ordering one that last time around DO IT NOW.

I wish we could show you this in the original colors but printing costs forbid this. Just take my word for it that they are beautiful and make a brilliant display at reunion where everyone seems to have one.

Cost is \$3.00 and send your check or money order to:

Evelyn Cohen  
Apt. 06410 Delair Landing  
9301 State St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19114

## CALLING ALL "EIGHTBALLERS"

From Norm Tillner: The thought occurred to me that some ex-44th members might like to have the 'eight-ball' insignia in jewelry form. I have had 100 tie or lapel tacs and 25 sets of cuff links made up. They are exact copies of the regular insignia.

Anybody who wants one should send me a check or money order and I will ship right away. The price is \$7.00 for each tac and \$14.00 per pair for cuff links. Also include \$1.00 for postage and handling. They are approximately .78" in diameter, or a tiny bit larger than a one cent piece.

You will notice in the photo one insignia without the projecting nose. The manufacturer goofed on his original tooling and it, of course, is not authentic, but in some respects it seems more attractive than the authentic one particularly as a charm. I only have the manufacturer's sample of this configuration but the tooling is made and if anyone wants this style, I will have them made up. Same price as the others. Just figure an extra 60 days for delivery.



Send check or money order to Norman N. Tillner, 324 Hazel Drive, Corona del Mar, Calif. 92625. Also include \$1.00 for postage and handling.

*(ed. note: They are beautiful and very authentic. I purchased two!)*

**NOTE:** Evelyn has advised me that she has been re-supplied with 2nd ADA car decals. They are two for a dollar. Send check or money order to Evelyn Cohen, Apt. 06410 Delair Landing, 9301 State Road, Philadelphia, PA. 19114. A SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) would help her a lot.