



SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



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MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

by Charles L. Cooper (445th)

"Mission accomplished" — words spoken time and time again some 36 years ago by a group of youngsters, making precision deliveries in the assigned B-24 Liberator, to various targets in Europe. A feat accomplished by the togetherness and teamwork developed by constantly training with one another in their respected positions, day after day after day. Nine young almost adults, from various parts of the USA, molded together into one crew — to function without question upon any given order of their commanders. Then — V-E day and separation.

They returned to their homes in various parts of the United States, each to pursue his own separate destiny, no longer dependent on the crew-mates that had become a part of each other.

After thirty-plus years a sense of nostalgia struck and "The Great Search" begins.

David Patterson, after a visit to Europe in 1975, and a visit to the Air Force Museum (including an effort to get into Poland to look for the spot where the crew from the 700 Bomb Squadron, 445th Bomb Group had made a forced landing on March 15, 1945) commenced a search for his fellow crewmates of yesteryear.

First a check of his old files (there had been Christmas cards, etc., at first, just after returning from the war), then a look at old orders to try and uncover addresses of his crewmates so he could get in touch, only to come up short of a complete list of addresses.

From his home in Alamo, California, co-pilot David Patterson had very little trouble locating pilot Claud W. Palmer in Seattle, Washington, as the now practicing CPA had not wandered very far from home.

The "Great Search" started in the summer of 1975, and led David Patterson from Washington to Florida, to St. Louis to Houston, and to the presidency of the 2nd Air Division Association.

In November of 1975, Patterson had visited his former pilot in Seattle and rehashed old experiences. Then the 2nd Air Division supplied the address of Ed Vaughan, the radio operator, in Houston, Texas. A telephone call to Vaughan produced the address of Robert Honeycutt, the tail gunner.

After attending the Valley Forge, Penn., July 1976 reunion, word was passed by a member to a friend, to a real estate agent in Lakeland, Florida, and contact was made with Charles Cooper, the engineer.

Now the search was in full swing. Patterson took to the "wild blue yonder" and visited each of his newly located crew members, forever searching for the others. Unable to attract any of his crew to the July 1977 Lake Geneva, Wisconsin reunion, Patterson attended and further pursued efforts to build the membership of the 445th within the Air Division Association.

Through a contact with the mother of a crew member while in the Pennsylvania area, he located crew member Richard Nason, who was living in Whittier, California.

By using the Air Force, Veterans Administration, Bureau of Vital Statistics, American Legion, motor vehicle and driver license bureaus in various states, David Patterson searched and searched down to the last crew member.

He found armory gunner Arthur Fetskos retiring from the Air Force and moving to Merritt Island, Florida.

Fetskos hardly got settled in his new home in Merritt Island, Florida, when in came Patterson and Cooper for a mini-crew reunion with a trip to Cape Canaveral and the Space Center and a flight around central Florida for crew members Patterson, Cooper, Fetskos and Helen Fetskos in Patterson's Cessna Skymaster (not a B-24 but nice).

The July 1978 San Diego, California reunion reaped success for Patterson's "Great Search." Attending that reunion was the commander, Claud Palmer and wife, and crew members Cooper, Nason, and their wives, in addition to a large element of 445th members. New 445th members turned up and Patterson was together with half of the crew, well on his way with his search.

The June 1979 Norwich reunion found Patterson and Cooper making — once again — the final approach for landing at Tivenham, but this time in a helicopter accompanied by Kenneth Fox, the RAF "kid" on the base during the '40s. A later trip to the base via bus with Fox as their guide, carrying air ministry declassified drawings and plans, and with no less personage than Paul Schwartz, one of the organizers and former deputy commander of the 445th was exciting for both Patterson and Cooper and 15 other 445th guys. (Paul Schwartz, incidentally, lives in Tampa, Florida, and has graciously received Cooper and Patterson in his home for some real nostalgia treats.)

The search for the one missing crew member, Carlton Scott, was a most frustrating search by Patterson and ended after a most unusual chain of circumstances.

Patterson in 1980 had located a relative of Scott's son. The son, now living in the Carolinas, mentioned to Scott — who had also started to try to contact former crewmates — that the relative had had a phone call from a David Patterson of California trying to contact Scott. A follow-up put Scott in contact with Patterson and Patterson with the last link of "The Great Search" was now once again "mission accomplished." Scott is in Illinois.

Whereas Dave is due a lot of credit for completing the big search, he did not "fly that mission alone". Flying co-pilot for Dave, doing all those chores that keep the ship on course was none other than Joan Patterson. She made every flight of this search with Dave, she encouraged him to fly the next leg, looking up addresses, making reservations, packing and unpacking and all those things that have to be done, but sometimes are taken for granted. And as always, it is now as it was then, the inspiration to "Mission Completed" are the girls who were always there. So to Joan Patterson goes the thanks of the Palmer/Patterson crew members for assisting Dave in the search for the crew.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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Vice President
Membership EVELYN COHEN
Apt. 06410 Delair Landing, 9301 State Road
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114
Vice President
Journal WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
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4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, Va. 22003

American Representative, Board of Governors,
Memorial Trust JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230

GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters J. LIVINGSTON JONES
316 Ridgecrest Rd., Asheboro, N.C. 27203
44th BG HOWARD C. HENRY, JR.
164B Portland Lane, Rossmore, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831
93rd BG CHARLES J. WEISS
21 Moran Dr., Waldorf, Md. 20601
355th FG RALPH A. McDONOUGH
Box 240, RD 2, Adena, Ohio 43901
389th BG E. KOORNOYKE
867 Reynard SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49507
392nd BG J. FRED THOMAS
8933 221st Biscayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646
445th BG FRANCIS J. DIMOLA
390 Madison Ave., New Milford, N.J. 07646
446th VERA A. McCARTY
740 Ventura St., N. Salem, Oregon 97303
448th BG JOSEPH T. MICHALCZYK
241 West St., Ludlow, Mass. 01056
458th BG E. A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061
466th BG G. C. MERKET
716 Top Hill Dr., Tyler, Texas 75703
467th BG PHILLIP G. DAY
237 Pennsylvania Ave., Shreveport, La. 71105
489th BG COL. CHARLES H. FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)
8421 Berea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180
491st BG MICHAEL FAGEN
1155 Spruce Ave., Alwater, Calif. 95301
492nd BG E. W. (Bill) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022

GROUP CHAIRMAN

453rd BG DONALD J. OLDS
1403 Highland, Rolla, Mo. 65401

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
Art Department EDWARD J. HOHMAN
895 Richmond Dr., Hermitage, Pa. 16146
Art Department ROBERT L. HARPER
148 Pebble Beach Dr., Crescent City, Calif. 95531
Photographer ROBERT T. COLEMAN
5790 E. Cochise Tr., Tucson, Ariz. 85715

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PLAQUE HAPPY ROKICKI ADDS TWO MORE

Rick Rokicki has added two new plaques to go along with his original offering. One can be done with wings added. The other can be done with a pewter B-24 containing the tail color of your Group and Rick will supply the pewter B-24. They are shown below with their cost. The plane plate was the first in this line of plaques.



A. \$30.00



B. \$36.00



C. \$37.00

DESCRIPTION: Solid walnut, 6x9x $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, brass plate (or Black enamel over aluminum), plate size 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 4 rounds of .50 cal. ammo with steel belt clips and polished projectiles. No primers and safety drilled for legality. The inscription plate can read just about anything you desire. All you have to do is advise any pertinent info you want included. **EXAMPLE:** Name, rank (if desired), Bomb Group, squadron, location, dates (from - to), Aircraft name or number, whether ground or flight crew, gunner, pilot, navigator, bombardier, etc. If you were ground crew, whether mechanic, armorer, crew chief, etc. If attached to MP or HQ or Sub Depot, G-2, control tower, etc. Please give all the info you can think of and I will try to sort out that which I feel will best fit the plaque. If you were flight crew and wish to have the number of missions and any decorations, please let me know. Remember, there is a limit to all that can be done on the plate, but my guarantee of satisfaction still stands. . . Money back if not fully satisfied! Again, you do not have to be flight crew to have this plaque made. Prices again: (A) \$30.00, (B) \$36.00 and (C) \$37.00.

Send check to: Rick Rokicki, 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, Md. 21061. Any profits after costs, go to the 2ADA treasury.

389th's SORE THUMB GUY

by Roy Hoelke (389th)

My tour was over and I was exuberant. It meant separation from my crew, but it even more importantly meant "Home for Christmas!" The Group promised me operations work and a captaincy if I would stay on. I declined — couldn't miss that Christmas again at home.

On the way to our ship at Southampton I found myself in one of those full width railcar compartments with about six other guys, mostly tough, pensioned fighter pilots.

Small talk ensued as I watched the landscape slide by. "Poker anyone?" I heard someone say. Now I made a completely out of character statement (for me) which started out innocently, as follows: "I always lose at poker, pinnoche, or any other game, except hearts. Our crew's four officers would often play hearts for a shilling a game. Toward the end of our tour they wouldn't play as often because I always won," I incredulously heard myself say. A dead silence now prevailed, and I felt the

hairs on the back of my neck rise and prickle.

I began to feel smaller and smaller. One mean looking P-51 pilot said, as he tossed a seat cushion across my knees, "Let's play cards. Let's play hearts. Let's play for a shilling a game." I now felt so small that I could have crawled through a crack in the door, but I recklessly told myself, "O.K., you've done it now! Play and win or eat crow for the whole 389th!" Shillings were anted, cards professionally shuffled and dealt — and I won — and won — and won. Finally, much later, after everyone had tried his luck with me, I heard someone say, "The hell with it!" The cushion was removed and the cards disappeared.

For the rest of the ride we sat and stared out of the windows. No one could leave the compartment or I would have been long gone!

So, even with my foot in my mouth, I was lucky enough to be able to uphold the honor of the 389th!

FORTY-FOURTH BOMB GROUP

by Pete Henry (44th BG)

The 44th BG 200 mission party was detailed in the June 1981 *Journal*. At the end, I remarked about a missing keg of beer and Will Lundy has the answer.

"The 200th mission party meant non-operations and for me that meant an opportunity to sleep-in and catch up on a little rest. I didn't get started until almost noon, ate, and watched a soft-ball game. I would have liked to play as it was one of my favorite games, but being a groundcrew man there just wasn't time to play.

In the afternoon I drifted down to the hangar area as that is where most of the action was, not to mention the free beer. Even with many barrels being tapped at the same time there were so many drinkers that there were queues, long ones, at each barrel. I heard someone calling for volunteers to get some barrels, so I hopped on the big truck along with several others, and off we went for a truckload of beer.

After picking up a full load, a couple of schemers in the group suggested that when we unload back at the hangar some of us hold back one barrel by several of us hiding it in the corner and standing in front of it. These schemers said they knew of a pub not far off base where they could get a spigot, and we could have our own beer bust. Naturally, there were no dissenters, the plan worked to perfection, and shortly about 10 of us were on our way off the base. We approached the MP gate about 40 miles per hour. When the MP saw we were not about to slow down he wisely dived for safety.

These guys were right. Shortly, we pulled in behind a pub to get the truck and us out of sight. We were all in fatigues — no rank that day — and didn't want any MP finding us. The spigot appeared miraculously and we were soon pouring it down, chug-a-lugging along with some terrible singing. And the longer it went on, the worse the "singing" went. Our songs attracted a few locals, and soon they were having a pint or two right along with us.

It wasn't long until my tongue loosened up and I let it be known my birthday was the day before — so we all had to drink to my health, and again, and again.

Chug-a-lugging is a terrible way to drink beer and it wasn't long before my stomach was telling me so. Had to abandon the merriment and find some unoffensive spot to unload my burden. After parking my cookies I returned to the barrel, got another pint, and picked up right where I had left off.

It began to get dark, I think, as things were pretty fuzzy by then, and a couple of the veteran drinkers with better capacity than most of us amateurs rounded up the rest of us drunks, poured us back into the four by four, and took us back to the base.

The barrel did not go back with us. I guess someone at the pub kept it for his private stock — but I don't think there was much left in it.

Needless to say, I can't remember the trip back or how I got to bed. I must have had help, just as I had so much help celebrating my unbirthday. And I sure *paid* for it too, with an early mission alert — loud, screaming engines and a pounding head."

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Elsie and Jim O'Brien were among 35 8-Ballers who attended the 44th Memorial dedication at the Dayton (Ohio) Air Museum on November 11, 1981. Our own Joe Warth was Master of Ceremonies. Jim sent a photo of the plaque presented to the USAF Museum by Col. J. Stone and Col. R. Uppstrom of the 44th Strategic Missile Wing in Ellsworth Air Force Base, South Dakota.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOLDED WINGS

Edward Gerrez - Hdq.
 Charles J. Benner - 44th
 Ellsworth Berlitz - 93rd
 Sam J. Feldman - 389th
 Rev. Frank I. Madden - 389th
 Walter P. McHugh - 445th
 Aubrey E. Jones - 446th
 H. G. Soldan - 448th
 Raymond Callahan - 458th
 Waldo D. Butler - 458th
 Gerald Hesselgesser - 467th

A letter has been received from Mrs. Wanda Mulvey of Las Vegas, Nevada who is interested in hearing from wives or husbands that were associated with her husband John Jay Mulvey at Lowry Field in Denver, Colorado and/or the 44th BG in Shipdham. "Jack" drowned at Matunick Beach 7 Sept 51 at the age of 31 years. Anyone wishing to contact Mrs. Mulvey can do so at; 2752-C Eldora Circle, Las Vegas, Nevada 89102.

I neglected to mention in the December-8-Ball column that John Page, one of our

Friends of the Eighth from Watton, Thetford, Norfolk, made a presentation at the 44th BG mini-reunion in San Antonio. John placed in my care for the 44th BG a B-24 Liberator carved out of one solid piece of aluminum with 44th BG markings. I know that John spent many hours getting this ready for the San Antonio reunion and I want to thank him again for the gift and apologize for not acknowledging it in the December *Journal*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The latest list of new members from Evelyn Cohen shows that the 44th BG now has the largest contingent in the Second Air Division Association. We only lead the 389th by 6 members but we are number 1. Much of the credit for this lofty position has to go to Will Lundy and Ellis Lebo. You've heard it before and Chas. Weiss said it again in his 93rd column last month, each member find a member. Let's stay on top.

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This completely exhausts all the material I have on hand pertaining to the Flying Eightballs. I need your input to keep this column what I hope has been interesting for you. Please send me some stories right away for the June *Journal*.

392nd BOMB GROUP REPORT

by J. Fred Thomas

My wife and I shook hands in passing a few days ago; I remarked that it can't be time to make out the quarterly report, can it? In going over my log I can see why the time has passed so quickly. There were 70 days of the past 100 when we spent some of the day on Second Air Division Association business; 40 days we typed one or more letters, sometimes 5 to 15, depending on the matter to be mailed. Along with that we made several hundred phone calls and received as many. Who says you can't find work if you look for it?

We did take time out in November to make a trip back east. Stopped off in Chicago to attend a retirement dinner and party for retiring United Airlines Pilots. One of our newer members, Chester Dart (389th) was in the retiring group. We continued on for a week in N.C. where Bill Wall (392nd) and I dug up another golf course. The Sanford Herald gave us and the Association some more print. This time the planes ran on schedule and we had no problems enroute.

Earlier in November we had one of the Veynar Second Air Division Association posters framed, covered with non-glare plastic, and shipped to the Confederate Air Force Museum. A few weeks later we had a call from John Alger, the CAF Museum Curator, saying that our poster hangs in their museum. We have had letters from people who have seen the poster; we are also still getting mail from our AARP article and the other posters we displayed at the fairgrounds out here and in N.C. In response to the CAF request for information on our outfits, we have donated a copy of "The Mighty 8th War Diary" to their museum.

Our most ambitious project since joining the Association was the promotion of a dinner for our Division members from our general area. We have felt we have a gap between signing new members, the quarterly *Journal*, and the annual reunion — which many are unable to attend. So, with that in mind, and at the suggestion of several new members, on January 22, we threw it up to see if it would fly. From all reports so far, it worked out just fine. We had 74 people attend, and we had the same friendship and camaraderie at our party as that displayed at San Antonio. Old friendships were renewed and new ones made. Quite a number brought memorabilia which was looked over with great interest. We had the only roster, but we had generous cooperation from everyone. Jay Jefferies (453rd) selected the banquet room and called the 453rd members. Dick Boucher (445th) called the 445th people, and Bob Powers (392), as usual, helped me in any way he was able. Blanche Keilman and my wife, Elva, tended the check-in table and kept the records. We were gratified with the response from our 80 pieces of mail and the phone calls. Any number

drove 40 miles or more to Huntington Beach, but we were especially pleased that several had enough interest to drive considerably farther. Dick Wilkinson drove in from Indio, George Russell and Bob Miller drove up from Poway, and Marge and Bob Powers drove up from Escondido. Myron and Blanche Keilman were in the area on vacation and stayed over an extra day to attend before returning to Sacramento.

We didn't have an emcee the caliber of Jordan Uttal; my attempts at the mike left a lot to be desired. I was rescued by a very articulate Joanne Affronte (Hdq/458th) when it came time to talk of the Association. She said more in two minutes than I could have said all night. All in all, it was enjoyable; the only regret I have is that I didn't have time to visit with everyone as we would have liked.

Those attending: 44th — George Carvour, Arthur Gaines, Will Lundy, Robert Miller, and George Russell. 93rd — Ken G. Hebert, Dick Wilkinson, and Dick Catterlin. 392nd — Myron Keilman, Bob Powers, Jack Crane, Willis Miller, John Donnelly, William Hebron, Harold Prouse, R. E. Griffin, and J. Fred Thomas. 445th — Robert E. Mead, Alex Raffy, Jr., Dick Boucher, Matthew Brockmeyer, and Charles L. Walker. 446th — William F. Simmons and Robert T. Moore. 448th — Robert E. Smith and William J. Southern. 453rd — Jay Jefferies, C. Doug Leavenworth, Dan Brody, and Dan J. Reading. 458th — Joanne Affronte, Joseph J. Tomich and Frank Gibson. 467th — Henry Wedaa and Al J. Shower. 472nd Tech Depot — J. F. Murta and Willis B. Storey. Except for Dan Brody, Joanne Affronte, and William F. Simmons, the members were accompanied by their spouses. George Carvour was accompanied by his two daughters. My apologies if we missed anyone.

Now, on to Nashville! When we report again it will be June, too late to make changes of any great degree. Once again, we urge you to get your reservations made now.

To close we include several tales that Myron Keilman thought he heard at our mini-reunion at San Antonio. He had to have his tongue in cheek in several instances. Mercy!

392nd REUNION STORIES

by Myron Keilman

There was a gunner who made a tour of the United States at government expense. The man was shot down over France, but evaded being captured. While hiding out with the underground, he was presumed to have been "killed-in-action", and official reports and records listed him as such. His father and mother were presented his Purple Heart Medal posthumously. When the allies freed the territory where he was hiding, he was returned to the United States. It

seems that, up to that time, the U.S. Army Air Force didn't have a procedure to process persons that had "returned from the dead", and the Sergeant became a sort of living unknown soldier. Thus he wandered from place to place as a free spirit. When he became bored with one airbase, he would ask the first sergeant to cut him orders to another base of his choice — then to another, and another, and another until he had visited cities and airbases throughout the U.S. He was finally "resurrected" and honorably discharged. To this day he carries with him the elaborate certificate that was sent to his parents and signed by President Roosevelt, declaring him killed in action.

☆☆☆

Then there was the pilot that witnessed the inevitable. In the days of the Mighty Eighth, the skies over England and Europe at times were filled with formations of bombers going and coming on their bombing missions. To every man involved (10 men to an airplane and as high as 3,000 airplanes in a day's operation), it was always a concern that one formation would get "off track" and fly into another, but the subject was never discussed nor briefed. One day in the spring of 1944 as the 392nd was returning from a mission over France, this pilot was watching a stream of B-17s approaching at a couple of thousand feet below. Then it happened! One formation of twelve airplanes cut in front of another formation, and all "hell broke loose". Bombers collided with bombers, then breaking up, exploded or caught fire; some men bailed out. Some bombers banked frantically to avoid others, the flaming and broken airplanes spiraled and fell. Then the awesome scene vanished — as the pilot's own formation passed them by.

☆☆☆

Then there was the ball turret gunner that at breakfast before every mission procured a couple of empty cans. On his first mission, as the formation crossed the English Channel and before the climb to bombing altitude, the pilot ordered all gunners to test fire their guns. While the ball gunner was checking out his guns, the pilots, navigator and bombardier took advantage of the occasion to use the relief tubes to empty their bladders. In so doing, they sprayed the ball turret to the extent that the visibility from within was zero. This made the turret and the gunner absolutely useless for the duration of the mission. Thus, to avoid episodes of this kind in the future, the sergeant issued an empty can for the flight deck and to the bombardier before every mission.

☆☆☆

Then there was the pilot that thirty-five years after completing his tour of combat learned there was a climb-out pattern to fly and a formation assembly procedure. It seems that the lieutenant would take off, climb straight ahead until he broke through the clouds, then join up with whatever formation he caught up with. Sometimes, it was the 392nd!

453rd BG CORNER

by Don Olds (453rd)

Seems like I just finished writing about the San Antonio reunion and here it is almost time to go to Nashville. Reservations are being snapped up at a near record pace, so if you plan on being with us in Nashville, I strongly suggest you contact Evelyn right away.

Some of the 453rd who were in Texas who didn't get listed in the December *Journal* were, Jim McNew, Herb and Cynthia Bradley, Lou Ginsberg, John Sommers, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Witzel and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sinclair. There might have been others whom I missed. The 453rd should be congratulated on their fine turnout. Hope we can do it again in Nashville.

Congratulations also go to our own Andy Low, who was elected Vice President of the 2nd ADA. For those who might not know, Andy was an original officer with the 453rd cadre who went overseas with the group in Dec. '43. He was a graduate of West Point, Class of '42. Served as Sq. Commander of the 735th and when Lt. Col. James Stewart left the group for Wing Hdq. in July of '44, Andy became Group Operations Officer. He was shot down on 31 July 44 while flying Command Pilot on the Wing PFF plane with the 389th BG. He spent the rest of the war in various Stalag Lufts. After the war he served as commander of several Air Force Operations, both overseas and in the Pentagon. He is a retired Major General. He and Helen now reside in Narragansett, R.I.

Sorry to report the passing of Jack Tisch shortly after seeing him in San Antonio. Our condolences to the widow, Betty. Some of our new members since the July *Journal* are John V. Pool, Jr.; Robert C. Sears; Anthony Cassino; J. Schoenberg; Grier S. Wallace; Paul J. Fenoglio; Clint Johnson; Ray R. Keith; Victor J. Martini; Robert E. Nelson; George R. Netzel; Herbert Reinners, Edward C. Smertelny; Harry C. Winslow; Robert J. Wexler; M. S. Lyon; Raymond J. Rogalla; Edgar Domingue; John R. Sommers; A. M. Lacalle; Walter V. Scott; William B. Adams; Herbert G. Lambert; Charles E. Broadwater; Leonard E. Morgan; Theodore Sanborn; Warren J. Klein; Richard E. Maxwell; Melvin S. Shapiro and Lloyd Prang. Two new associate members with 453rd ties are Cindy Herrman and Paul Fiedler. Not a bad list but just think where we would be if everyone got just one member. It's not that hard to do, just ask them. Some people send in annual dues for a friend and when they learn more about the 2nd ADA they don't have to be reminded to renew their membership.

Just recently located Everett Ehrman, one of the 732rd original pilots who flew *Portland Annie* and was shot down 8 Mar. 44. They were hit over Berlin by flak and

389th NEWS

by Bud Koorndyk (389th)

Once again, as we begin this New Year of 1982, I would like to thank all of the members of the 389th Bomb Group for the offers of assistance in my role as your Vice President.

As I have begun the task of digging up the whereabouts of some of our old comrades, by scanning thru old addresses and thru informaton sent to me by Evelyn Cohen and Earl Zimmerman, I took a few minutes to reflect on the transformation of our Second Air Division Association from a meager membership of some 50 to 75 members to today's latest figures of 4164 members.

From the correspondence I have been receiving, our Assoc. has continued to advance to a highly respected position among Veterans organizations.

And now you might ask, what has that got to do with the 389th Bomb Group in particular?

I would like to reflect a moment on transforming dreams into realities. The reality or goal, I would like to strive for in our Group, is to increase our membership by a minimum of 100 members in this coming year. From the latest figures I have received from Evelyn, we have a total membership of 402 which is the second largest in our Second Air Division Assoc.

And now comes my plan of action to attain this increase. As I have mentioned previously, many of you offered your services to me at the reunion in San Antonio, so I am accepting that offer from each and every member.

Below you will find a prepared article which each and every member can make a copy of and send in to the editor of your local paper. This will give us immediate coverage throughout the United States. I call this the old 389th maximum effort.

The article does include my name and address as the contact person and I will handle the correspondence, membership applications, personal letters, etc. from this end.

Dear Editor (Your Paper's Name, Address, Etc.)

Second Air Division - 8th Air Force

Reunion: July 1-4 Nashville, Tenn.

The Second Air Div. of the 8th Air Force is making every effort to locate all former personnel who served with them in England during World War II. Included in the Bomb and Fighter Groups are the following: 44 - 93 - 389 - 445 - 446 - 448 - 453 - 458 - 466 - 467 - 489 - 491 - 492; Fighter Groups: 4th - 56th - 355th; Scouting Force: 361st and 479th. Anyone serving with the above Groups please contact: Bud Koorndyk, 867 Reynard St., S.E. Grand Rapids, Michigan 49507. Our membership receives a quarterly Assoc. Journal or Newsletter.

Further particulars for joining our fast growing Veterans organization will be sent out immediately upon request.

The reunion, which is held annually, will be July 1st - 4th, 1982 in Nashville, Tenn.

Our membership at present is over 4000 members.

So let's dream as others have dreamed in the past, but remember that the only ingredient that makes dreams come true is a large dose of hard work from each and every member in our Group.

Note: All 389th members are asked to be sure and wear their badges to the reunion in Nashville. Anyone needing a badge, please contact me and I'll send one to them.

had to bail out over Holland. One gunner broke an ankle but the rest were with the underground from one to six months. In the end the Germans captured them all. Maybe we can get him to tell the entire story for a future *Journal* article.

We would like to remind everyone the fund drive is still underway for the memorial to be erected near the Old Buckenham Airfield. It will be dedicated to those from the 453rd BG who gave their lives defending freedom. Send your contributions to Frank Thomas, 118 Lakeview Dr., Carlinville, Ill. 62626. Just today I received a letter from Charlie Parker pertaining to the Memorial. He will be producing an etched plate of the Attleborough Train Station from which he'll print 100 fine art black ink

drawings. He'll offer these for sale with the proceeds going to the Memorial. This program will take several weeks and you'll hear more about it in future *Journals*. I've seen many of the pen and ink drawings Charlie has made and he does an excellent job.

Jack Nortridge of Dallas asked me for all the names of our people in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area with the idea of trying to get them all together some night at a centrally located restaurant for a night of fellowship. We have a lot of folks in that area and Jack should be able to get a sizeable group together. We also have a goodly number in the Tampa-St. Pete area and if someone would like to get them together for an evening dinner let me know and I'll send a list of people to contact.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Vere A. McCarty



I missed crew member Barney Thompson when I reported last issue, rounding Welbourn's crew up to four at the reunion. Here they are with a painting of their airplane, "Rubber Check"; J.W. Williams, Warren and Sara Welbourn, Sam McClung and Barney Thompson.



I received some conflicting data about the identity of 446th BG aircraft and I confuse easily. But I caught my own error when I read "Satan's Little Sister" identified as #42-50318. It should have been #42-95180, RT-N.

Howard Edmunds, who was a navigator (704th Sqdn), says, "We got B-24H #42-95306 in Lincoln in April, 1944. We flew from Goose Bay, Labrador, and planned to land in England. We ran into strong head winds and storms and set down at Nutt's Corner, Ireland, with only 30-minutes of fuel left. We left the plane there and took a boat to England. I did not know that our plane eventually wound up with the 446th." It did . . . in the 706th Squadron. She was lost on a mission to Merseburg on June 29, 1944.

I'll not run a list of aircraft this column. I just received a list from J.R. Beiting that I have not had time to study and to update my own list of 199. In the meanwhile, please keep sending your copies of orders, especially overseas shipment orders, listing crew members and sometimes airplane numbers. Names of personnel with their serial numbers have helped me to get quite a few new members, so keep them coming.

I think that the new member of the year has got to be Chaplain John E. Gannon, whose address is, Box 364, Penney Farms, FL 32079. I received from him a priceless 12-page letter and will run excerpts from it as I can. I only regret that it can not all run in this issue. But he says, "Your request for information has plugged me in on a host of memories I never knew I had. I am writing

in the hope that some of these reveries may be of interest . . . not historical or technical . . . just memorial." He goes on to say, "I was proud to be a member of the 446th BG. I was 40-years old when I took my first flight in a plane. it was a navigational flight from Davis-Monthan Field, across the desert and circling around Phoenix. What a wonderful sight! That green garden coming up out of the desert sand. I went on several flights over the majestic Rockies; one with Lt. Fowler, one with Lt. Schmidt (who became our group C.O.) and some down around Colorado Springs." And again, "For several years I kept all my records and had thousands of names and addresses but in travelling about in the army, later in teaching, and finally in retiring to a small apartment in Penney Retirement Community I had to dispose of much property, files and records. It was like cutting off an arm. A shock that we must all take if we live long enough. I had cards on each of the 70 planes we lost (700 men). I had flown with some of them on low flying missions because I wanted to see the beautiful country."

At the San Antonio reunion, one of the "veterans" was a lady. She reminisced about how she came to be part of the 446th.

"It was January, 1944. I'd just been discharged from my war work in London, after being ill. I was home, near Bungay, about two weeks when I received a directive from the local Labor Board telling me to report for an interview regarding work at the USAAF base at Flixton. It was with some apprehension that I went . . . a mixture of fear and concern about working with so many 'foreign' men and with no knowledge of their customs."



"I presented myself, Joyce Dyke, at the interview with 17 other women — six to be employed. I was one of the six. The first day was bleak. It was snowing. I was to work alone. I was panic stricken. I was to work in the Combat Officer's Mess, for Lt. Cols. Brogger and Knorre; Majors Stahl, Pope, Quattlebaum and Mitchell; and Captains Cather, Cutcher, Arnold, Willis, Schmidt, Hurr, Dougherty, Jones and Lee. I was to serve them all their meals, six days a week, 12-hours a day, and longer if the mission of the day was late."

"In October, 1944, Sgt. Gilbert Esteves was assigned to work in the Combat Mess and became its night Mess Sergeant. (I will skip how tall, handsome and wonderful he was . . . v.a.m.). We were married on April 28, 1945, in the little Catholic Church in Bungay. My dear Majors Stahl and Quattlebaum were there."

"I arrived in New Orleans in February 1946. Gil and I have two sons, Roger and Glynn, and a 2½ year-old granddaughter. The people here are kind and generous but the New Orleans climate has been a hard adjustment. I do feel a pull from across the Atlantic and Gil and I went back for a visit last summer. I found that it hadn't changed much."

"As I look back on those days at Flixton, they were some of the most memorable of my life. I somehow grew to be quite possessive of those men. I loved each one of them — I admired them for their bravery and dedication and cried many tears for those who did not return from their missions. I am proud to have known them and can never express enough gratitude for what they did for me — and for England."

Some of the newer members include: Thomas F. Brown, Alfred P. Cook (who gave me Chaplain Gannon's address), A.B. Dorsman, Donald O. Forsyth, Warren J. Stickney and Frank M. Wallis. Frank, a tail gunner, went into the aviation cadet program after the war and got his pilot's wings. He retired in 1967 after tours in Korea and Vietnam, 24 years service, and 10,000 hours flying time. Other new members: James W. Chapman, Louis E. Deutsch, Austin P. Lloyd, James F. Lattimer, Louise B. Perkins, Bernard L. Huttain, Ralph J. Glenn, Frank W. Foster, Daniel C. Hutto, Harold J. Messer and Louis J. Motts.

On a sad note, William P. Booth (705) reports the death of both his co-pilot, Robert Kallstrom, and his navigator, Aubry Jones, during the past year.

Fred Breuninger reports on the 4", black and white, shoulder patches (like those he had at the reunion). They can be obtained for \$2 each, including cost of shipment.



The white, short sleeve, military shirts are \$25 each when a minimum of 7 is ordered. Neck sizes to be given. The shirt is of good grade, military cut, with epaulettes, with "The Bungay Buckeroos", etc., silkscreened on the back. Order from Fred Brueninger, 24185 Okeechobee, El Toro, CA 92630. (He may have to hold your checks to accumulate an order of 7 or more).

LOST - AND NEVER FOUND

Charles Freudenthal (489th)

In my last 489th newsletter, I quoted from Irv Schildknecht's diary, in which he mentioned that his regular crew (E.T. Clark, pilot) had ditched on the way back from their first mission, and so far as he knew at the time they were all being carried MIA.

So came a letter from Malcolm Sturgis, ex-846th, to remind me (he had told me once before) that "When I returned from Europe after VE Day, I went with thousands of other flying crews to the Separation Center at Sioux Falls. When I was there, Clark and his crew surfaced —. They were picked up by German Air/Sea Rescue out of Heligoland, and ended up in Stalag Luft in Barth, as I recall. . ."

Now that letter started me thinking, and I've been looking through the records I have, wondering what the final outcome was with so many other MIA crews. I've been in touch with Harry Vought, the Bombardier on the Clark crew, but none of the others. On July 7th, 1944, for instance, there's an MIA for Bryan Wooten, Jr., and crew, who "Fell out of formation when hit by AA fire at the target—" (It was Aschersleben). He was flying with the 44th Group, but I don't know why. Crew members were Gerald Whitty (CP), Robert Klecker (N), Edward Suskey (E), Charles Weinstein (G), Linford Eastburn (G), John Hughes (RO), Henry Foralin (G), Robert Adams (G). Apparently no bombardier was on the mission. Then on July 21st, Lt. James Haas and crew were lost "over enemy territory". I have no reports of any chutes being seen. Other crew members in 95267 were Andrew Serfozo (CP), Andrew McCracken (N), James Kearny (B), Claud Crews (E), Edward Karkoska (G), Edward Whelan (G), Leroy Crabtree (RO), Floyd Smith (G), and William Woodlief (G). I'm not sure of the spelling of several of those names.

And does anyone have a clue about the Ed Florcyk crew? They were flying 94905 out of the 846th when they were shot down on the July 24th mission to St. Lo. Again, no report of parachutes. Raymond Deats was the CP, Gilbert Roberts (N), Eugene Moss (B), Albert Kapnick (E),

Frank Trowbridge (RO), and George Scofield, Virgil Deyo, Bob Lovely and William Lowther, gunners.

Lt. Florcyk is standing at the left in the photo below — I was able to read his name on his Mae West — but I can't identify any of the others. Does anyone recognize the nose art on the plane?



Lt. Edwin A. Florcyk and crew of the 846th Sqdn. were shot down on the St. Lo mission on 24 July 1944. There was no report of any chutes being seen. Photo was taken after their first mission on 30 May.

There were lots more MIAs of course. Four more in July, and others in the following months. The last recorded was #4819, on November 6th. Lt. Daniel Durbin, with "one engine and one supercharger out, landed in Belgium" on the way back from a mission to a synthetic oil plant at Sterkrade. The full crew is recorded as having eventually returned. Again, I have no roster.

A quick run through the records shows that the 489th lost about 50 aircraft. A lot of the crew members made it back; and a lot didn't. If you have any information at all about any of those who did, I'd like to hear from you.

Halesworth Memorial

As soon as the blizzards stop and the roads and villages can be seen again, I plan to get over to England to make our memorial arrangements; i.e., location, price, etc. I would like to have the design and wording firmed up beforehand, and since time is getting short, this will probably be the last call for input. If you have any suggestions, let me know ASAP! When a price is locked in, you will be hearing about money needs. We already have \$307.36, thanks to a lot of people (and \$6.97 interest from the bank).

For the benefit of recent members, or any who might not have seen the proposed wording I put in the October 1980 newsletter, here is a repeat: "This memorial is dedicated to the memory of those members of the 489th Bomb Group, USAAF, who gave their lives in World War II. The 489th

THE LAST ONE?

by Pete Henry, 44th B.G.

July 12, 1981, Major General Hal C. Tyree, Jr., retired from the Illinois Air National Guard following 40 years service with the United States Air Force and Illinois National Guard.



TYREE

Commissioned a Second Lieutenant-Pilot in 1943, Lieutenant Tyree flew 35 missions with the 44th Bomb Group, Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force in 1944-45. From 1945 to 1981, he alternately served in the Air Force Reserve, and Air National Guard, being called to active duty in 1951 where he served with the 126th Light Bombardment Wing, part of NATO Air Forces at Bordeaux and Laon, France.

From 1954 to 1979, Lt. Tyree rose from First Lieutenant to Major General and was Commander of the Illinois Air National Guard from 1978 until he retired last July. During the retirement ceremony held at Chicago's O'Hare airport, General Tyree was presented with the Legion of Merit from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Washington, D.C. It joins the 20 or so decorations bestowed upon this man during 40 years of service to his country.

Is General Hal C. Tyree, Jr. the last member of the old Eighth Air Force to retire?

was stationed at Halesworth Air Field from April 1944 to December 1944, and flew 106 operational missions in B24 Liberator bombers. Colonel Ezekiel W. Napier, Commanding. 'I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.' Isaiah 6:8."

The quote from Isaiah is the one inscribed at the chapel at SAC Headquarters. Another one suggested is "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matthew 28:20.

There have been suggestions, with regard to the dedication, to direct it to all who served, rather than those who lost their lives. This is certainly a point to be considered, but I feel strongly that we — the living — should not dedicate a memorial to ourselves. We could, of course, make this memorial more a visible sign to future visitors of our presence there, and our efforts, than a remembrance of lives lost. Such an approach would be entirely appropriate too. I will be guided by your thoughts, naturally. Please let me have them.

NOTICE

Mike Fagen still has some copies of the 491st Group History at \$4.00 a copy. If you want one write to Mike at 1155 Spruce Ave., Atwater, CA. 95301

448th Bomb Group Profiles



by George DuPont

Michael P. Corce, a Master Sergeant, had been in the Air Corp from early 1930s. During the time he was crew chief to General Andrews (Field in Washington named after him) flew the first B17s on a goodwill tour of South America. Flew 54½ missions out of Guadalcanal. He was shot down on a photo mission of Truk Island (a main Japanese base). He was wounded, spent nine days on a one man raft, was picked up by natives of a Japanese held island and spent a month suffering infections from his wounds. The natives canoed countless miles in helping with his rescue. After his return to the U.S., he volunteered to join the 712th as line chief.

In the blazing heat of Wendover, Utah, our Col. Thompson decided to have an inspection with everyone in full field equipment. Mike was standing next to me with fatigues and a two day growth of beard.

When Col. Thompson came and asked me where my dog tags were (I had all my other equipment), I replied I had neglected to put

them on. I was summarily dressed down and told to report after for extra duty (running in the blazing sun with your haversack filled with rocks until you collapsed). Well I thought of poor Mike. Now it was his turn and he would really get it. The Colonel took one look at this disheveled Mike, rared back in anger stopped when he saw all those medals pinned to the fatigues and asked "Where did you earn all those medals?" Mike slowly and in detail explained each award. Finally the Colonel remarked, "Sergeant, I see you have shaved but, next time let's put a blade in your razor, shall we?" So much for equality, I surmized.

Another time, Mike had thoughtlessly stolen a Jeep, driven off our base (in England) and in a drunken stupor carelessly crashed into a culvert.

Now this was it. It had to be the end. But no. Mike got into Class 'A's (shoe shine and all), pinned on his medals and stood before the court martial board. When asked about

his medals at the inquiry, he again patiently took time to explain them in detail.

Following this the Chief of the Board remarked. "Well, no one is perfect. Let's be a little more careful next time."

While a Staff Sergeant at Wendover, he contracted an unspeakable disease which was cause for loosing all your rank. Again his medals came through, and instead of being busted, he was promoted to Tech Sergeant. This caused quite a lot of laughter among those who knew.

Another time, a pilot sought to chew Mike out about a mechanical problem which no one could foresee. Mike listened through it all and when the Lieutenant was through Mike said, "I've never taken that from Generals and see no reason to take it from you," and leaving the pilot standing there, walked off. Later, the pilot, explaining he was under stress, apologized. To the enlisted men, Mike was a power "beyond the throne" and he would make pronouncements such as "Bomber crews get better with experience, while Fighter pilots will get a little careless with more kills until some recruit shoots them down".

To us enlisted men, working and living with him was an experience; unique, but never dull.

Artwork for heading was contributed by J. Michael Kennedy. Mike works at the A. D. Werner Company in Greenville, Pa. with Ed Hohman. Thanks for a fine job, Mike!

PASTTIME OF A GROUP VP

Francis DiMola, 445th V.P.

It is absolutely surprising how the elected vice president of a Bomb Group can really get involved in many things. I received a letter from, let's say, Ralph Levine, New Jersey saying how pleased he is to know about the 2nd AD and would like to join. So I sent him all the info and then Ralph tells me about a few more fellows who also were part of the 445th. He gives me the address of Gino Capadagli, Conn., Crew Chief, who in turn tells me about Ed Lowe, Michigan, our First Sgt. of the 700 BS, and he in turn tells me about Al Ellwein, Ariz., etc., etc. Each one gives me one or more names and it never stops. It is a great satisfaction to know that I can bring people together after so many years.

Let me go briefly through mail that I received since San Antonio. Ken Fox, Norwich, England — keeping me posted about the various sites we spoke about for a possible memorial . . . Henry C. McCray, Mass., 702 BS, Armorer-Gunner assigned to A/C 42-7517, original member of the 445th. His pilot was Gordon W. Johnson. Aboard that A/C was John Nortavage, Pa., Ordnance Chief. . .

Ian C. MacTaggart, C.Eng., Essex, England, looking for info about "Consolidated

Mess" 701 BS. In the meantime, he made a visit to N.Y.C. and Princeton, N.J. and we missed each other . . . Harry E. Jones, Washington, D.C., receiving a letter from Colin Sleath of Norwich, England, about his contribution to the Library . . . Thomas Newton, Michigan, 701 BS, who sent me some copies of Duty Roster of the Ground Personnel . . . Elmer M. Fisher, Pa., looking for William Tierney, Marion Sawyers and Hobart G. Bowlby. . .

Max Loya, N.M., receiving a plaque representing the crest of the 445th B.G. — "Bugs Bunny." Buddy Cross, Texas, made the dedication . . . A.E. Bertapelle, Colo., requesting info about the 2nd AD. He was a member of the 462nd Sub-Depot. They certainly did a good job in "Keep them flying." . . Ernest Marino, Colo., expressing great pleasure that he and Betty had at Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Texas. . . Two letters from Clarence Simonsen, Alberta, Canada. His specialty is "nose art." He also wanted Jimmy Stewart's address so he could write him and find the name of the ship Jimmy flew in. I told Clarence that Jimmy flew in anything that took off the ground. He was always flying . . . Chris McDougal, Iowa, looking for info about the mission to Kassel 9-27-44, what

crews flew in A/C Nos. 42-94921, 42-94939 and 44-40294. Does anyone know? Let me know and I'll send you his address. . .

Ed Lowe, Michigan telling me about the automobile crisis in his area and telling me how much he is enjoying his retirement . . . Ben Schlosser, S.C., requesting roster of the 445th . . . Kyle Bailey, Ala., also looking for the roster . . . A constant writer is Henry Lively, Kan., whom I met at San Antonio. Nice hearing from you Hank . . . Eric W. Smith, Mo., 702 BS, first heard about us in Sept. '81. He signed up . . . Bernard Fishman, Pa., looking for Ben Schlosser and they correspond. . .

L.R. Cummings, Va., finally joined up after mislaying his membership card for two years . . . Paul Eggleston, Illinois, writes that he discovered his accountant, Howard Sellke, Illinois, was Jimmy Stewart's navigator . . . W. A. Taff, Mass., looking for "The History of the 445th." I mailed him a copy . . . William G. Ash, Calif., picked up the local paper and read about the 2nd AD and he joined up.

The Memorial Library is still requesting 35mm color slides of our cities and places of interest in our country. The mailing address is in the Dec. '81 issue under the "About the Memorial" report.

Plans are in full swing for Nashville, and I suggest you make your reservation ASAP.

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE

by Raymond E. Wilson (466th)

B-24 bomber crew members are familiar with the change of the radio operator's position from the flight deck to a more sophisticated, private room with a door, which opened into the waist-gunner's position and was just above the bomb-bay looking toward the tail-end of the plane.

As a radio operator, my first reaction to the change was a feeling of claustrophobia. Visual contact with crew members was nil. Interplane conversation was ruled "only when necessary." This then was the setting for my "experience" on a fateful Spring day in 1945.

The date was March 25. For my crew, it was combat mission Number 27 and we were aboard "That Red Headed Gal" in the squadron lead. Making up the crew that day were Capt. James H. Flowers, pilot; 1st Lt. James D. Cole, co-pilot; 1st Lt. Kurt Pinke, navigator; 1st Lt. Phil D. Bramsen, bombardier; 1st Lt. Donald Scott, bombardier; 1st Lt. Melvin Rossman, navigator; T/Sgt. Maurice D. Curry, engineer; T/Sgt. Raymond E. Wilson, radio operator; S/Sgt. Walter E. Hatley, gunner; S/Sgt. Sidney B. Hovde, gunner; S/Sgt. Eugene Kondis, gunner; and S/Sgt. Edward E. DeFrates, gunner.



Back row, standing (l-r): 1st Lt. Kurt Pinke, Nav.; S/Sgt. Sidney B. Hovde, Gunner; T/Sgt. Ray E. Wilson, Radio Oper.; S/Sgt. Walter Hatley, Gunner; 1st Lt. Phil Bramsen, Bombardier; Capt. James H. Flowers, Pilot.

Front Row, kneeling (l-r): 1st Lt. James D. Cole, Co-Pilot; S/Sgt. Eugene Kondis, Gunner; T/Sgt. Maurice Curry, Eng.

Members of crew not in photo: S/Sgt. Edward DeFrates, Gunner; 1st Lt. Don Scott, Bombardier; 1st Lt. Melvin Rossman, Nav.

Our target was oil supplies in an underground storage plant in the Brunswick area. It was a visual bomb run and we were meeting stiff resistance in the air. There were plenty of ME109s around and an unusual amount of flak, which was very demoralizing. A P47 and P51 escort saved many of us that day! As we proceeded to the target, I had given all essential information to Second Air Division. It was after my last control point message and we were approaching the I.P. that I knew I was in

trouble. My stomach was about to blow!

I had heard about this condition in flight training and realized what my problem was.

First, I called the Command Pilot and explained my situation. I requested that our alternate lead plane take over the squadron communications. I contacted the waist gunner position and asked that an empty ammunition case be placed where I could reach it. Next, I made preparations for the emergency. Oxygen was my first consideration. By this time we were flying at an altitude of 23,000 feet. The bomb-bay doors were in open position just below me and we were on our bomb-run to the target!

The exploding flak and the pursuing ME109 aircraft were of little consequence to me at this time, however.

I positioned my selector switch on interphone so I would be sure to hear any "bail-out" orders. I heard the pilot, Capt. Flowers, order all gunners to aim with accuracy to avoid hitting some of our own fighters that were following the ME109s into our formations.

I was holding my oxygen mask with my left hand and removing my flight suit with my right. A critical moment arrived when I disconnected my heated suit to get through three-layers of clothing to the "long johns"

so I could relieve my stomach in the ammo box. The action that followed was much like the blow-out of an auto tire.

During the hassle to maintain oxygen and prevent heat loss, I became "slap-happy". I remember thinking what beautiful fudge was frozen in the ammo box!

Afterwards, as I was making a desperate effort to get my flying clothes back on and the electric heat re-connected, I realized my hands were becoming numb and helpless.

But Someone Up There was on my side

VA Looking for POWs

The Veterans Administration is trying to locate about 57,000 very special veterans, some of the almost 100,000 living American former prisoners of war who are potentially eligible for benefits from recent legislation. The new law requires VA to search out the former POWs and advise them of their new benefits. VA has the names of about 43,000 of the group because they filed claims of one sort or another and were identified as former POWs. Others must be found.

The POW Health Care Benefits Act of 1981 makes it easier for former POWs, held by the enemy for as short a period as thirty days, to establish entitlement to compensation for certain psychological and nutrition-related disorders regardless of when in their lifetimes they first appear. Eligibility for inpatient and outpatient medical care, on a priority basis, now exists for all ex-prisoners of war. A recent study found that POWs whose confinement was characterized by starvation diets, lack of medical care, and inhumane treatment have a higher incidence of physical and psychological disabilities.

The largest group of former POWs is from World War II — some 93,000.

Finding all eligibles is not an easy task, and VA is asking members of the public to advise any former POWs they know to contact VA. All VA Regional Offices can answer questions. Toll-free numbers are available in each state.

and watching out for me. Slowly and with much concentration, I made the electrical connection and started a stimulation process. I recovered during the return to home base. My hands were sore for a time from the frost bite, but this soon cleared.

After returning to the base and during the communication interrogation, I was asked why I had not sent the bomb strike message. The communication officer, Capt. Baruch, had not been notified of my problem.

I was informed by my alternate that the bomb strike was reported as poor.

While the on-ground bomb strike might not have been successful, my air-borne strike in the ammo box was perfect! I reported all details of the incident. Investigation later revealed bad food and unsanitary conditions at a substitute mess hall, where we had breakfast before leaving on the mission, was responsible for my stomach upheaval.

When I told my story at interrogation, some of the fellows admitted they had the same trouble. But they solved it the easy way . . . down their leg and into their clothes!!

TOWER TALES

by Ben Wacker (491st BG)

One duty we controllers had at night was to plot air raid warnings. The R.A.F. Air Defense Command would give us the coordinates of advancing luftwaffe bombers, whose raids in 1944 and 1945 were more of nuisance than a danger. We would chart the routes of these intruders on a special map and call "Red Alerts" (on the P.A. system) when these bombers were in near proximity to our base. The job also entailed the alerting of "ack-ack" crews, who usually "played it cool" and wouldn't open fire. One night, however, flashes from bomb bursts were noticeable nearby. I personally do not know what was hit, but rumor had it that an anti-aircraft crew at a nearby air base opened fire and revealed it's position. The Jerry (or Kraut . . . eitherway) bombers let go and knocked out the main runway for a day or two. Was that rumor true, Bungalow?



On duty in the Control Tower.

One of our minor problems was the regular replacement of whip antennas. It wasn't that they malfunctioned or were fragile. They were just "buzzed off" by sneaky, "hot-rock" pilots!

In Harlingen and it's satellite gunnery range airstrip, it was the AT-6 Flyboys who did the dirty work. In England . . . You guessed it . . . The P-38, P-51 and P-47 Pilots did the dastardly deeds — playing with Government Property.

Looking back in time I will say this: We really got a bang out of it. Fortunately, however, not a fatal one.

NOTICE

Several golfers have expressed an interest in having a Third Annual 2ADA Golf Tournament in Nashville. Anyone desiring to participate, write to me at 164 B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831.

Pete Henry

I REMEMBER: GOING PUBBING

by Myron Keilman (392nd)

The English Public Place or Pub has always been the community meeting place of the local gentry. During the years of the Big War our Americans of the Army Air Forces in England learned to know and appreciate English hospitality and kindredship through the pub, whether it was on an R & R (rest and recuperation) leave in London, King's Lynn, Edinburgh, etc. etc. or in the local communities adjacent to our many air bases.

Pubs are known for their unique names like "Lady Guinevere", "The White Horse", "The Red Rooster", "The White Swan", "The Plow Share", "The Ox Head", and "The Red Lion". Now the beer as I remember it, came by the names of stout, mild and bitter, half and half, and nut brown ale. It was served from casks at room temperature. Some of us never developed a taste for it. To say the least, none of it resembled our US of A brands of cold lager, pilsner or bach.

The pubs, depending upon rationed availability, also featured light war-time snacks of sandwiches or fish and chips. The always prominent and well-worn dart board was available for fun and games. The loser bought the beer. The darts were available from the inn-keeper for a threepence or so. Of course, the beer was rationed; thus, the pubs closed down at 10:00 p.m. to conserve beer, electricity, and coke for heating. At closing time — regardless of the activities — the pub-keeper would call, "It's time, gentlemen, it's time." With that, everyone "bottomed up", sang "Knees Up, Mother Brown" and filed out.

The most popular "pubbing missions" for our 392nd Bombardment Group people were the twice a week Liberty Runs to Kings Lynn. A convoy of four or five 2½ ton trucks with about thirty men each left the base at six o'clock in the evening, drove the 20 miles and returned at eleven. Of course, aside from the pubs, the men took advantage of the cinema and the Red Cross canteen with its vaudeville acts, music and dancing.

Some of our combat crews, and two in particular, took advantage of the pubbing opportunities at the cross road pubs and small communities within a ten mile radius of our Wendling Air Station. If there ever was an art to this business of pubbing, Charlie N. and Eddie W. could be classified as artists. From the time these two arrived in England (just in time to fly their first combat missions on D-Day, 6 June 1944) until Eddie completed his last mission on 23 March 1945, they studied, practiced and competed in the ancient art of pubbing. They and their officer crewmen shared the same Nissen hut. After supper, a watchful eye was kept open for Sgt. Vivian to post

the next days combat alert schedule. They kept their bicycles oiled and tires pumped up so there would be no delay or friction once the war-time demand for their services was not a detriment to their adventures. Occasions of special celebration, such as the return from an especially tough mission or even a birthday, would trigger both crews to sally forth on their bikes to one or more of their favorite pubs. Can you imagine a gaggle of eighteen bike riders charging down those narrow Norfolk roads, in daylight or dark? What a panic it would be when they stormed through the black-out curtain into the dimly lit hallows of an unsuspecting pub! No, I can assure you it was not like a Hell's Angels act — it was more like a Wild West scenario where the cowboys came to town after months on the trail and stormed the Longhorn Saloon. Nevertheless, these Yanks were totally accepted and — I dare say — appreciated.

Charlie and Eddie were great competitors. Each thought he could ride his bike faster and further than the other. From the time they checked out through the guard gate until they reached their primary objective, their pedals fairly flew. They never just "took it easy". It was "full-bore" whether it was daylight or pitch dark, or icy roads with each wheel in separate ruts. They didn't pay any attention to their invited guests — me included. When on their bikes, they raced. Charlie says that Eddie was a bit devilish. He would try to cut ahead on the turns in the road, but Charlie got even by sliding his bike sideways ahead of Eddie as they arrived back at their Nissen hut and Eddie hit the fence. Devilish?

These two were well-known at the pubs of East Derham, Swanton Morley, Little Dunham and many wayside pubs where they competed in darts between themselves and, of course, with the local gentry of farmers. At the beginning of their tour of combat, the local dart players were delighted to play with Charlie and Eddie for pints of mild and bitters; that is, until Charlie and Eddie attained the skilled level of the game and started winning. — Then they often had to play against each other. I never was competitive in darts, but I liked to watch the varying techniques of the Englishmen. I remember this one evening at the "White Swan", Charlie and Eddie were playing a couple of the local champs by spotting them points. It was the intriguing technique of one of them that held me fascinated. As he stood ready to shoot, he held the dart pointed downward right in front of his right eye. As he concentrated and sighted on the dart board, he swung the dart point to and from the board — coming within a fraction of an inch from his eyeball. Then — like Huby Greene and his dipping up and down before his golf shot

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOC.

35TH ANNUAL REUNION

NASHVILLE, TENN.

July 1 - 2 - 3, 1982

HYATT REGENCY HOTEL, 623 UNION ST., NASHVILLE, TENN. 37219
SHERATON-NASHVILLE HOTEL, 920 BROADWAY, NASHVILLE, TENN. 37219

Thursday, 7/1
Registration — Hotel Lobby 10:00 AM — 5:00 PM
Norwich Pub — Noon - 5:00 PM (cash bar)
Cocktail Party — 6:30 PM - 7:30 PM
Dinner & Mini-Reunions — 7:30 PM - We will have separate rooms available for each group, where possible.
Norwich Pub — 10:00 PM — Midnight (cash bar)

Friday 7/2
Registration — Hotel Lobby 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM
Buffet Breakfast — 7:00 AM - 9:00 AM
Business Meeting — 10:00 AM - Noon
Combat and reunion films — 1:00 PM - 3:00 PM
(We will be happy to show any films you care to bring and we will have a 16MM sound projector available.)
Norwich Pub — Noon - 5:00 PM (cash bar)
Buses leave for Opry Land Hotel — 6:00 PM - 6:15 PM
Cocktail Party and Dinner, Opry Land Hotel — 6:30 PM - 9:00 PM
Buses depart Opry Land Hotel for Ole Opry House — 9:00 PM
Buses depart Ole Opry House for Hotels — 12:15 AM

Saturday 7/3
Registration — Hotel Lobby — 9:00 AM - 1:00 PM
Buffet Breakfast — 7:00 AM - 9:00 AM
Discover Music City Tour — 3 hours —
1st tour departs at 10:00 AM return 1:00 PM
2nd tour departs 1:00 PM returns at 4:00 PM
Cocktail Party — 6:00 PM - 7:00 PM
Gala Banquet 7:00 PM - 9:30 PM
Dancing — 10:00 PM - midnight

Sunday, 7/4
Buffet Breakfast — 8:00 AM - 10:00 AM

COST PER PERSON

Single Occupancy \$325.00
Double Occupancy \$240.00 per person
Triple Occupancy \$215.00 per person

CHECK HERE IF 1st REUNION

Name _____ Spouse _____ Group _____

Address _____

Sgl. _____ Dbl. _____ Triple _____ Arrival Date _____ Departure _____

Additional Person in Room — (Name) _____

Full Payment Enclosed _____ On Account _____ Phone _____

ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE SENT TO EVELYN COHEN — DO NOT SEND TO HOTELS

FOR GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS — FULL PAYMENT BY MAY 15, 1982

Cancellations — full refund if written notice is received not later than June 15, 1982.

Ole Opry House Tickets — We will have to turn back Opry tickets 30 days prior to July 2nd, therefore, late arrivals without reservations will not be able to attend the performance.

If you wish to share a room, advise me and I will try to take care of this.

We have some rooms available for handicapped persons and if you need one please advise.

Hotel rooms will be available from Monday, June 28th at our special rate.

All charges other than those listed should be paid directly to the hotel upon checkout.

If you cannot attend all events, let me know and I will advise you as to costs for the events you wish to attend.

The Hyatt Regency will give us special parking rates at the hotel and you will be able to go in and out without being penalized.

If this is your first reunion please check appropriate box on reservation form.

Golf Tourney: Pete Henry is planning this tournament, anyone wishing to join Pete in a round write him at once at 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831.

If you have any questions you can reach me at 215-632-3992 after 6 PM. All reservations must be sent to me, Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing, Philadelphia, Pa. 19114.

AGAIN LET ME REPEAT: Unless you make advance reservations, we cannot guarantee seating at any meal or entrance to any event. This is especially true of the Mini-Reunions.

The costs listed on the reservation form include all the events listed, registration, breakfasts, buses, meals, bus tour, etc.

SAYS THE PHILOSOPHER:

*Many fine dinners have slipped down my throat,
Many rare wines have I swallowed,
Usually lodgings were worthy of note
That dotted the pathways I followed,
So what if tonight I don't find a good bed
When I come to our yearly reunion?
I'll happily trade in my comfort instead
For companionship, cheer and communion.
I'll take what I have to without getting surly,
and, next year, I'll think about signing up early.*

RHODA UTTAL BANDLER, OCTOBER 5, 1981

he flicked the dart. I was concerned for his eye, but fascinated.

Speaking of the Swan, it was three miles from Wendling at a cross road. It was our "artists" favorite pub. Mr. Smith and wife were the pub keepers, assisted by son Jeffrey and daughters Vera and Sally. Elderly farmers in the parish were their patrons and came to socialize and play darts. Charlie and Eddie were almost family. It was here that they took their squadron commander pubbing; it was here that they celebrated the low level re-supply mission to Arnheim — when Charlie led the squadron; it was here they celebrated the hellish mission to Munster and Eddie's near fatal ditching; then Charlie's thirtieth and last mission; and finally Eddie's.

After this evening of hilarity, dart contests, and good fellowship, "Oldman" Smith called his usual "It's time gentlemen, it's time." Everyone drank up and sang "Knees Up, Mother Brown"; then he brought forth his cache of old Scotch whiskey and shared some with our great pubbing "artists". Both C and E were really happy and carefree, but when back on their bicycles, it was business as usual — racing. At eleven o'clock at night — even during the March equinox — it is very dark. On the down side of the first hill from the pub, Charlie sensed that Eddie was no longer with him. He stopped peddling and held his breath. There was just the sound of scraping and skidding of a bicycle on the macadam. Braking to a stop and groping his way back up the road, he found Eddie recovering from a headlong spill. The rest of the way home was sober and painful. To this day, Eddie wears the cheek-bone scars.

In June 1972 while attending the 2nd Air Division reunion in Norwich, I again took the opportunity to visit a pub or two. The blackout curtains and rationing were gone, but everything else was about the same. I took my wife to the "White Swan" — but this time it was one near the train station at Windsor Castle.

Addendum

As a point of interest regarding C and E, but not related to pubbing, is the fact that the two continued to serve in England. Charlie had volunteered to stay with his squadron, the 579th, as a lead crew pilot instructor. Eddie volunteered and was accepted for weather reconnaissance duty in fighter-type aircraft — P-47s and P-51s. In spite of his skinned up "puss" he reported for duty on or about 1 April 1945.

Two weeks after he left Wendling, Eddie came flying back — in a P-47 to pick up his laundry. When returning to the airplane with his old pubbing buddy, he looks at Charlie and said "Charlie, would you like to fly this P-47?" Charlie said "I sure would!" (Charlie hadn't flown a single engine airplane since he trained in the Vultee "Vibrator" basic trainer.) With that,

Eddie motioned him to get in, helped him buckle on the parachute and gave him a five-minute cockpit check as to start engine procedure, what levers to push and pull, the takeoff speed, stalling speed, landing speed, and a few power settings. — Then Charlie was "up and away". He flew around for a little while in the local area, and before Eddie could get anxious, he brought the P-47 in for a typical three-point landing. Eddie was impressed.

To top their days together at Wendling, about two weeks later, Eddie came flying back in a P-51. After a visit with Charlie, and about to get in his airplane, he turned to Charlie and said, "Charlie, would you

like to fly this P-51?" Charlie replied, "I sure would!" Beckoning Charlie to "mount up", Eddie gave him a similar quickie cockpit check, and off Charlie flew — the usual over-controlling notwithstanding. For a B-24 lead crew pilot who was grateful for P-51 fighter cover on thirty combat missions, it was great to exchange cockpits for a little while. For about an hour, he climbed and zoomed, did Chandelles and lazy eights and, as a finale, he sneaked in a victory roll to end his fighter pilot career. (He wound up his Air Force career flying and managing the operations of C-141 and hugh C-5 transports.) Again, Eddie was impressed.

ABOUT THE MEMORIAL

by Jordan R. Uttal

You've done it again, old chums — and on behalf of all concerned we thank you for the Memorial Trust donations you have sent in with your dues this year. Based on what Evelyn and Dean have told me, we are certain to equal or beat the amount you donated last year (over \$10,000.00).

Also appreciated are the dozen or more "Special Contributions" you have sent to me for books dedicated to the memory of specific individuals whose memory or accomplishments you have chosen to honor. These contributions total another \$1500.00, so far, and they will always be welcome.

When I attend the Annual Governors Meeting in Norwich in May, the news of these donations will, I am sure, be greeted with enthusiasm and gratitude by the Board of Governors, and the people of Norwich.

In the meantime, in Norwich there are continued efforts being made to raise funds to permit the hiring of an American Librarian. Also, architectural plans are being considered to provide the possibility of individual group memorials within the present confines of the Central Library facilities.

Will have more to report after the Norwich meeting. I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in Nashville in July. Until then I send most cordial greetings and repeated thanks for your support of OUR Memorial.

REMINDER

To facilitate bank deposits — and to insure validity for your Income Tax deductions, your checks (or dues, for donations to the Memorial Trust Capitol Fund, and your "Special Contributions". *All should be made out to: 2nd Air Division Association.*

Dues and accompanying Capital Fund donations should be sent to Evelyn.

Interim Capital Fund donations should be sent to Evelyn or Dean with the check noted (in lower left hand corner) "For Capital Fund". "Special Contributions" for books in memory of specific individuals should be sent to Jordan in Dallas with the check noted (in lower left hand corner) "For Books". Details also should accompany the check.

ALSO — The Library is most interested in receiving color slides of American Cities or resort areas. These may be sent direct with the details to Colin Sleath, Norwich Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR 2 1NJ.

Colin is also interested in receiving any of your wartime diaries or cassettes you might want to make of your memories of your time in England during the War.

458th COMMENTS

by George A. Reynolds (458th BG)

Louis Freiberg called with welcomed poop. He was a controller in Horsham tower, and gave an interesting explanation of the "caravan" role. This mobile control unit, (I knew it was there, but . . .) afforded a better grasp for the landing pattern of returning birds by moving it adjacent to the active runway, and it provided a safety feature. One enemy aircraft could slip in, strafe the tower cab, and this would leave a passel of post-mission B-24s upstairs shuffling for a landing sequence at their most vulnerable state — low on fuel and manned by tired crews.

Freiberg also identified Capt. Robert L. Sellers, from an earlier inquiry. The captain didn't experiment with radar approaches as I stated, but rather dabbled with something similar to the present-day instrument landing system wherein a radio beam is angled upward from the runway to establish the

Over There

I used to wonder
what they think,
As they flew over
the channels brink.

But now I know
the story well,
For I have flown
that very same "HELL".

It's like a nightmare
over there,
With flak and fighter
everywhere.

You needn't fear
or worry then,
If it's to get you
it'll get you in the end.

You cannot see
the target below,
Because the clouds
are wherever you go.

Bombardier whispers
"Bombs away"
You start the trip
for home and pray.

When at last
the shore you see,
You know it's "England"
green and free.

So down upon
your knees you pray,
To God for keeping you
safe this day.

William C. Nelson

correct rate of descent while "on the gauges." Then flares were fired into the air at the runway's end so a pilot knew when to chop the throttles, etc. (Would any of the pilots care to comment on the success, failure, details, etc. of this activity?) Sellers was from NYC, but no contact has been made yet. Louis also said he's visited with my "good reunion buddies," Warren & Norma Burman, and enjoyed kicking the good old days around.

Fred Frenz wrote a long, interesting letter, and passed on quite a bit of info on the Group, Fred goes back beyond Tonopah, then to Horsham with the 753rd Sq. and the Azon project. His ship, #41-29330, missed the records somehow, but was also lost on the initial Berlin mission.

J. van der Maas of Amsterdam wrote that his air war historical team has recently uncovered another of those birds shot down on "the" Berlin strike, #42-52450-G of the 754th Sq. He sent photos of a prop and part of the nose turret, and promised to send the full account of his research, when it's complete, for the *Journal*. The crew of this ship was Lts. B.E. Ballard, H.E. Bengry, R.W. Johnson, FO E.J. Singer, Sgt. J. Nemeth, Sgt. E.E. Sowles, Sgt. V.W. Krueger, Sgt. R.D. Rice and Sgt. J.N. Lewis. Bengry, Nemeth and Sowles were KIA, Singer and Lewis MIA. All were POWs except Krueger who escaped and was hidden by the Dutch for several months. Johnson is a 2nd ADA member, and I'm trying to contact Krueger for additional info about the mission, crash, etc.

The bird augered in west of Purmerend, Holland, 6 March 44.

Steve Birdsall has written in pursuing more angles on 458th birds to include in his nose art book due out next year. Does anyone have a photo of "Filthy McNaughty?" Also needed is a better shot than the one I have of "My Bunnie II" — perhaps one showing the entire nose section. There is a great deal of interest in the Zodiac ships of the 486th BG that were reassigned to other Groups when the 486th converted to '17s. I now have a color shot of "Cancer" that came to the 458th, but does anyone know her fate? The serial is believed to be 42-52650. Any photos sent on loan will be handled carefully and returned ASAP after copying. Of course they will be acknowledged by Steve. Send direct, or I'll gladly relay.

Veep Rokicki reports good and bad news . . . he said sales of his shell/plaques so far number 97 with a profit of more than \$325 going to the 2nd ADA treasury since he began in late '79. Also, another number 97 — contacts for new members with 38 of these added to the fold. The other kind: 16 from our ranks did not re-up for '81, including one death, Dr. Richard Allen of Las Vegas, Nev. *We know* this is a great organization with a lot of fellowship and enjoyment now, and it's expected to continue into the years ahead. But members make the outfit . . . let's ALL try to tell someone else who doesn't know the Association's message and mission — SOON!

This is the information I have on Norwich

Approximate ship date — end of May early June 1983.

Ship sails from New York City and you would have to make your own arrangements to get to NYC.

British Airways now flies to the following cities and will return you to that city nearest your home:

JFK Airport New York; Dulles Airport, Washington, D.C.; Miami International; Chicago O'Hare; Detroit; Philadelphia; Seattle; Anchorage; San Francisco; New Orleans; Los Angeles; Boston; Toronto; Vancouver

The cost of the cruise includes your air fare to the above listed cities.

The 1982 costs are listed below and we can expect an increase of 10-12% for 1983.

Inside stateroom with bunks	\$1260.00 per person double occupancy
Outside stateroom with bunks	\$1495.00 per person double occupancy
Inside stateroom with 2 beds	\$1420.00 per person double occupancy
Outside stateroom with 2 beds	\$1525.00 per person double occupancy
Inside stateroom single	\$1385.00
Outside single	\$2090.00
Deluxe Accommodations 2 beds	\$2265.00 per person double occupancy
	\$2365.00 per person double occupancy
	\$2465.00 per person double occupancy

There are of course more luxurious accommodations and if you wish costs on these, we will be glad to obtain same.

We have no costs on the Norwich portions of the trip.

We will have 5 days on ship, 5 days in Norwich. You may return via air immediately after the reunion or stay 10 additional days before flying home from London, but you must return within 20 days of start of trip. We have reserved 150 staterooms and keep in mind that these will be reserved according to date of receipt of reservations and check.

EVELYN COHEN

TARGET: FORTIFICATIONS AT ROYAN

by Philip A. Manson (466th BG)

Mission number 35. My last. For ten months and thirty four prior missions, this day had been sweated. Now it was at hand. Let nothing go wrong now. The thirty four behind me did not include any of the aborts, recalls and mechanical failures for which no sortie credit was given. In most respects these were the worst of all. Bad weather, or some unforeseen misadventure would prevent the penetration of enemy territory and frustrate the effective prosecution of the War that day. So — do it again Soldier, no mission credit today.

But this was The Big One and the weather forecast for the continent was good. To make the trip more pleasant, we were flying a brand new airplane. It smelled factory new and it was beautiful. It was the latest model B-24J, armor plated and with a set of engines with less than 100 hours. The inside appointments were clean, the windows were clean, the guns all functioned and up front there was a bombsight with a new mercury levelling feature which enabled the Bombardier to get a last minute level of the optics in very few seconds before bomb release. I had heard about them but never used one. In the Navigators station the windows and astrodome were clean and it had a freshly varnished hardwood plotting table. The kneeling cushion in front of the bombsight was clean and the .50 cal. ammo cans, the instrument panel, rack — everything was painted fresh green. This was a deluxe joint which looked like an airborne executive office. Even the props were clean. This was very easy to take.

But, the ship was in the War and the war was still on. In this, the month of April 1945, we didn't expect the war to end early next month, when the German armed forces surrendered. Presently, the simultaneous invasion of the north and south of France had driven the enemy to safe haven wherever it was available to them in France, notably the ancient forts along the Gironde River leading inland to the port of Bordeaux from the Bay of Biscay. These had been built in the era of the Napoleonic Wars and were reputed to have granite walls ten feet thick. The river was an old invasion route into France from the sea and the forts were erected at the mouth of the river at Pointe de Grave and along the shores on both sides leading into Bordeaux, about 103 kilometers from the sea. They could not be assaulted by infantry by land without heavy casualties and were invulnerable to shellfire and apparently it was not advisable to bomb them with HE from the air. We learned at Monte Cassino, Italy, this sort of attack has drawbacks. The large masses of rock form a natural obstacle wherever they fall. This could be and was defended by the Herman Goering Parachute Div. at Cassino in hand to hand fighting. We took very heavy casualties before capturing this strongpoint. But the method of attack for these forts became

apparent at briefing this morning.

For several weeks we had noticed an increasing accumulation of fighter wing tanks alongside the hardstands at the 466th. There was much speculation going around as to how these would be used. We had lively visions of a low level mission such as the Rhineland drop — a real shingle lifter where the rifle fire was heavier than the flak and if you had to bail out, a tree could be more useful than a parachute. It was explained the tanks were filled with napalm, fitted with contact fuses and were to be dropped on the forts to burn the occupants out. This was the message at briefing. Looking back now, I wonder why nobody questioned the absence of fins on the tanks. Bombs have fins which stabilize their mass in its downward flight. A bomb has trail and cross trail characteristics carefully shown in tables and used in the solution of the bombing problem solved before every drop. This information is vital to obtain accuracy in hitting a target.

But, the briefing was completed. We suited up and were driven to the revetments in trucks. The aircraft were started. Attlebridge Tower fired a green-green flare and the mission began to roll. I had recently met Angus Manson, who was the Pharmacist in this village who invited me to visit there to meet his comrades in the Royal Observer Corps. It was a very gratifying experience. They had never met an American before. Considering we literally put thousands of planes in the air over their heads every day, this was amazing. They had a burning curiosity about our flying formations and procedures in the air.

After the Mission was formed on Q-Queenie, the 466th Forming Ship, we departed on course over Splasher #5, climbing over the Channel to a dog-leg turn in the North Sea and then southerly to the Continent, entering France around the Cherbourg peninsula. The day was clear, the sun was shining and conditions were ideal for flying. We flew southward keeping well to the west of Paris. By now the Bay of Biscay was in sight and pilotage navigation using the coastal features was easy. Now the Gironde River was in sight and lying further to the south under a faint pall of grey smoke was Bordeaux and the urban sprawl surrounding it. It had never been bombed before. No enemy action was contemplated and nothing hostile was in sight. We continued on the southerly heading to get well south of the town before turning northward so to make the bomb run from the south to the north and head direct for home after the load was dropped. The long, sweeping right hand turn to get on the run seemed to be laden with menace. When the right wing went down in a bank the town became visible. When the wing came up again it would disappear. Our intentions were being made known on the ground with slow and menacing deliberation. It didn't matter that you had never been bombed before. Today, the fates had decreed

your turn had come. The napalm was hanging on the racks in those tanks, ready to obey a primary law of physics by falling at 32ft/sec/sec when released, or so we thought. Then over the intercom came the order, "on course - open the bomb bay doors". The formation tightened up and the bomb run began northward. Arachon passed underneath and the two lakes at Lacanau and Carcans gleamed in the sun. The plane banked gently to the right, getting upwind of the target as the bombsight fed drift corrections into the Ci autopilot. Except for the noise of the slipstream howling through the open bomb bay doors nothing unusual was happening. We continued up the run, gently banking to kill more drift and then with a loud click the bomb racks began to release. It was "bombs away". Then things began to happen. At once it was apparent not all aircraft carried napalm in tanks. Standard ordnance could be seen describing a slow trajectory as it began its acceleration downward. But the tanks were falling crazily, skittering all over the sky in erratic lateral excursions, some toppling end over end and none behaving as the bombs did in their neat downward fall. It was the lack of fins which caused this wild flight pattern. And then, out of the east, flying directly into the fall of tanks and bombs, there came a loose gaggle of Junkers 88's intent on bombing the forts themselves from a lower altitude. We couldn't make this out until the "Cross of Lorraine", symbol of the Free French became visible on the fuselage of the aircraft. These madmen were flying captured aircraft as if life itself depended on it. The scene was wild. Every tank that made a crazy excursion sent sunlight glinting as if it had mirrored sides. The Second A.D. Groups continued coming down the bomb run and the air was filled with falling tanks and bombs. The heavier bombs, as if by an act of grace, refused to hit any Frenchmen in the German aircraft. The napalm tanks were now impacting on the surface of the river, far from the forts. My tanks missed the forts by a wide distance and the pandemonium below was such that I did not observe the bombing of the Groups coming down the run behind us. I was overcome with remorse because of the poor results and did not realize until very much later that tanks could not be dropped from high altitude with any sort of predictable results. This was a scant consolation after all we had put into this mission and especially since it was my last.

At 24000 feet in the air over France, that day, the worst was over. In that Executive suite, I went on vacation for the remainder of the flight home. The BBG music came pouring into the headphones, the GEE navigation was not jammed as it usually was. A fix could be had in seconds, but it really wasn't needed as the terrain below was so visible. So I lit a cigarette, closed out the log with an estimated eta to Attlebridge and wrote a letter to the folks at home saying what we would do when I got there. This was the day the war ended for me.

IT WAS SAFER IN COMBAT

by Glenn R. Matson (458th)

By 3 August 1944, most of the 458th original combat crews had completed their thirty missions. With our tour completed, there wasn't much for us to do while we were waiting for orders to go back to the States. Most of us enlisted crewmen sat around playing cards or sleeping and caressing in Norwich.

As usual, I was taking my afternoon siesta, when a T/Sgt. from Ordnance came in and told me to report to Lt. Fisk, the Ordnance Officer. I asked him, what for? He said I was to clean up the bomb dump. No way! I told him, get yourself another boy, and rolled over to finish my nap. Later I got dressed in my Class A uniform and set off for Norwich.

Someone in the upper echelon decided we should help around the base, performing menial tasks. At first I thought cleaning the bomb dump, pulling guard duty and trucking bombs was degrading. After all, I had done my job toward the war effort. I was upset with the whole idea and balked like a mule. Being stubborn led me to several confrontations with the powers that be.

The next morning I was ordered to report to Captain Robert K. Bonnet's office (I don't recall his official function at this time). I was promptly informed that I had better not refuse an assignment again or my stripes would be reduced. I listened impatiently until I was dismissed.

That evening an orderly from the First Sgt. told me to report to the Orderly Room. This I did and was ordered to pull guard duty that night. Again I refused and we got into a wrangle over the detail. As I turned to leave, he grabbed me and we began to tussle. It was then I let him have it in the midsection. As he doubled up I left for the barracks. I had just returned, when I heard two M.P.'s were looking for me. I figured these guys mean business and I am liable to end up in the stockade for the duration. For my own protection, I hastily reported back to the First Sgt., apologized to him and promised I would go on guard duty.

He made sure of that as I was driven back to the barracks under guard, in a six by six truck, to pick up my .45 automatic and winter flying clothes. I was then taken out to the perimeter track in the boondocks and dropped off. I had no idea what I was supposed to do. With only a .45 automatic for a weapon, I wasn't about to take on any German paratroopers.

Well, here I am on the outside of nowhere, it is wet and damp and getting dark. This won't do, I thought, not an airplane to sack out in. Then I spotted an old engine crate at the edge of the ramp. I decided this would make a nice shelter and I could get out of this miserable weather. I crawled under it, curled up in my nice warm sheepskin winter flying suit and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a noise outside my shelter. Should I investigate it or stay hidden under the crate? I had no idea what to do. Hell-damn, I should do something; after all, I am a soldier. So I lifted the crate and peered out. The night was pitch black and I couldn't see a thing. Then I heard voices and someone dragging something over the fence. I crawled out from under the crate on my stomach and listened. They came closer and I knew I had better do something post-haste. When they got within about ten feet, I pulled the slide back on my .45 and shouted with authority, "Halt! Or I will shoot!" Needless to say, the two slightly inebriated officers froze in their tracks and dropped their bicycles they had dragged through the fence. One of them could not utter a word and the other stammered in a shaky voice, "Don't shoot! We are officers," and gave me their rank and names. I warned them to put their hands up where I could see them. To tell the truth, I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. Now I had a dilemma — what am I to do with two lieutenants with their hands up in the air? I was going to call for help, but did not know from whom, where or how to call. I was still lying on the ground as I told the one who could speak to show my their AGO cards. Obediently he complied and placed them on the ramp. I told them to step back and keep their hands up. I then wormed my way up to where he had laid them down. Then I couldn't read them because it was too dark. I figured if they had these cards, they must be OK. I told them to move on and be careful, as there were trigger happy gunners posted all around this area. With this in mind, I am sure they had a fearful trip back to where they were going. No doubt they were also sobered up by then.



Bomb Hauling Truck

After they had left, I crawled back under my engine crate and went back to sleep. I slept so long, I missed the truck back to the base and had to walk back. Personally, I don't think anyone missed me.

After being convinced by means beyond my control, I soon learned to enjoy these jobs and the guys I worked with, especially the Ordnance troops, who loaded the bombs on the bombers. I thought gunners

RECOLLECTIONS

by William E. Smith

After our last mission was flown on April 25, 1945 against Hallein in Austria, we were transferred to the Air Transport Command as we were not scheduled to follow the Group to the Pacific. We had more than enough missions to return to the Zone of Interior and probably would have ended up training others. We were transferred to an air base called Wharton on the west side of England and ended up flying a brand-new B-24 back to the ZI by Iceland and Greenland. That's another story in itself, though.

While waiting around to head home, I was told to go to an air base at Lankford Lodge in Ireland with my co-pilot, Lieutenant Floyd Malmberg, and a base engineer. The purpose was to bring back to Wharton a war weary plane they had worked on there. This would be a piece of cake I thought. They flew us over to Lankford Lodge in a C-47, the only flight I ever had on one, and the weather was great. When we arrived though, it started getting overcast and in a relatively short period of time, a fast moving line of thunderstorms blew through from the northwest heading back towards Wharton. I didn't have enough experience to be concerned about what was probably a squall line and proceeded to file my clearance and took off. I approached the storm from the back side and with all the pink-cheeked innocence of the dumb kid I was, I penetrated it. That was my first trip but not my last through a real, genuine thunderstorm. Only those of us who have actually piloted through one, a real one, know what's involved. I'm totally inadequate to describe it except to say that the engineer aboard wanted to bail out over the Irish Sea. I hung onto the bucking bull until we came out on the other side where it was clear and beautiful.

were a strange breed. These Ordnance guys were something else. They worked their buns off under the most miserable conditions, yet seemed to take delight in their labor. It was unbelievable the work they got done in the shortest time possible and then found out it was all for naught and had to undo it. As a matter of fact, it is my opinion their job was more dangerous than flying combat. For instance, the time when about ten of us guys riding on a bomb hauling truck catapulted an anti-aircraft gun pit going forty miles an hour. When the vehicle came to earth on the other side, the only person on it was the driver. Then the time we spent all night loading this B-24 and just before takeoff they scrubbed the mission. The bombs had to be offloaded and this ordinance man went up in the bombardier's section and released all the bombs on the deck, in salvo.

THE PX PAGE

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Letters

Dear Evelyn:

I have been meaning to write to you since last October but just now getting to it. My crew from the 466th got together in September '81 at Martha's Vinyard for a reunion.

We had six members present, myself, Roy Finley, Leonard Seigel, Dick Chapdelaine, Dutch Roache, Bill Rogers.

I had a good time with my crew which we always do.

We got together 25 years after we split up in England at St. Louis, and have been getting together every two years since. Our next reunion will be at Lake Tahoe in early October '83.

My crew is from all parts of the U.S. from coast to coast but they all make a great effort to attend.



Its hard to put into words just how we feel towards each other. We have a bond which other people don't have. When we meet its just like one big happy family. They have to be not only one of the best crews, but also the best friends a man could have.

Other crew members are Bill Pond, Red Werner, Dick Cramer and John Minsuagh whom we lost in 1978.

Enclosed find my check for \$20.00. Take out my dues and send the rest to the library fund.

I am sending a picture that Ray Finley sent me. Maybe you can use it for something.

Mel Westbrook

Dear Bill:

Friends of mine in Holland have asked me to try to locate the family of T/Sgt. William H. Kirlin, Jr. Please put this letter in the *Journal*.

Kirlin was the radio operator on Lt. Larry Hewins' crew flying out of Hardwick with the 93rd BG 409th BS. He was killed on the low level supply mission to Holland on September 18th 1944. Other crew members were Scott Greenberg, Sadler, Dukeman, Shabatura Malone, Burford and Bolton. All became POW's after crash landing near the Dutch/Belgium border.

Any information regarding the present address of Kirlin's family and any details of the above incident will be passed on to Holland. Please write me.

Ted Parker, 491st BG
297 Proctor Ave.
Revere, MA 02151

Dear Sir:

I just joined the 2nd Air Division Assoc. and received a copy of the September *Journal* and read your column Bungay Bull.

I was the navigator on the Spirit of 77 and Gaetano Federice was the pilot. We keep in touch but have lost track of the rest of the crew and believe it or not this is the first I've heard of your organization. We planned to go to San Antonio but couldn't locate enough other members we knew and finally found out they were all booked anyhow; so now we can work on next year and perhaps with your help we can locate old friends.

You might be interested in a little history of the "Spirit of 77". The name came from our crew number which was 77. Originally we painted a full length white Spirit on the side with a womans' shape with a hood and flowing cape. We also painted the tires with white side walls and had no trouble finding our plane on the line.

Well, we left Denver for our staging area Lincoln, Nebraska and when we landed the commanding officer at Lincoln was waiting for the crew with the white side walls. He said the paint would ruin the tires and even suggested we might have to pay for the tires. Well, try as they might they couldn't get the paint off so they painted them black again. (Apparently black paint doesn't ruin tires). As long as they were painting they also painted over our Spirit on the theory that it would be too visible to the enemy. As it turns out the Spirit would have been no more visible than the Big H that was painted on our tail; And as for the tires, I think our plane was the last one in the Squadron to need new tires.

Although it had several hundred holes in it the "Spirit" was still flying after we completed our 29 missions. We wanted to fly it back to the states and sell War Bonds but the 458th BG needed instructors so we were transferred to Horsham St. Faiths at Norwich, where we served as instructors for three months before returning to the states where I entered pilot training.

I guess I didn't mention we were in the 705th Squadron and Col. Cutcher was our C.O. I'm looking forward to hearing more about the 446th.

Louis J. Motts

Dear Bill:

As you know, 3D SAD performed countless thousands of special services for the fourteen B-24 BG's. But probably the most unique request from 2D Air Division Headquarters was their desire to have small models of the Liberator bombers.

Their idea was to have solid models, about 10 inches wingspan, with each mounted on a separate base. The models would be arranged in same manner as the desired formation patterns, so that new pilots and crew could be trained quickly in combat formation flying.

3DSAD's machine shop, under direction of M/Sgt Howard Lougheed, and with the assistance of a local foundry (Page-Huntley Foundry of Waton) made about 250 of these model bombers. Scrap aluminum was melted and poured into molds made by the machine shop. The finished model was attached to a base with piano wire.

I am trying to locate a photograph of the model, as well as an account of their use by a pilot or co-pilot of the 2D Air Division.

John Page, manager of the foundry, may be planning to use the same mold to construct similar models for sale to interested persons. You can discuss this with John should he attend the San Antonio reunion as he plans. John may not recall his father's efforts in the project, as John was but two years old at the time!

If there is space in next Newsletter, please include my request for information about this training method.

Wiley Noble
7266 Goodwood Avenue
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

Dear Vere:

The enclose paper memories from the past have yellowed over the years, but I have cherished each page and picture. This is me in a jeep.

I'm sorry to report that I could not come to San Antonio, due to illness of my wife. My heart wanted to come but I had to face reality.

We at Group Operations at Bungay didn't do as much as all those in the heart of the battle, but in a small way we tried to help. Oh, we had our thrills during those years at Bungay! Helping the officers plan and execute the battle plans, we had to rush out and get peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and steaming coffee for the planning room when the field orders came down. Fred Breuninger and Dan Hutto were the prime fellows with their Jeep from Messhall to Group Ops. I don't think we could have won the Air Battle without them.



I came from the original cadre at the 39th Bomb Group at Tucson, Arizona in 1942. We were spawned in 1943 as the 446th with a small group of B-24s and were sent to Orlando, Florida, for combat training. Then to Almagordo where we lost a few crews in sand storms. Then to Denver for a few months of heaven before being dispatched to England via South America and Africa. We arrived in Muddy November, 1943, and you know the rest.

M/Sgt William R. Ramsay
446th BG Hqtrs (S-3)

Dear Bill:

I for sure want a copy of Roger Freeman's book "The Mighty Eighth War Diary", my check is enclosed.

Also, Bill, would it be possible to talk you into running a follow-up solicitation on the P.X. page of the *Journal* for Eight Ball tie-tacks & cuff links. It started as though all would be gone quickly, but when the orders stopped coming, I still had twenty sets of cuff links and almost fifty tie-tacks left. I also had a few charms made up; they are the same price as the tacks, \$7.00 each, plus \$1.00 per order for shipping.

I couldn't make the San Antonio reunion. I had just started a new career as a letter carrier with the U.S. Postal Service and don't think that a new start should request time off. Maybe I can make the next one.

Thank you for your help, Bill, and keep up the good work on the *Journal*. The fun that I have gotten out of filling the orders already received for the jewelry has well compensated me, even if I don't recover expenses.

Norman N. Tillner
324 Hazel Drive
Corona del Mar, Calif. 92625

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my dues payment plus a ten dollar donation for our Memorial Library in Norwich.

I plan to write you a story shortly in regards to a WW II experience that you may be interested in for our *Journal*. You of course, along with the staff, will be the judge of if it warrants merit to appear in our *Journal*.

Hope this finds you and all enjoying good health.

Bob "I" Mantel
492nd BG 856th Sqdn.

Dear Evelyn:

Just a note to say thanks for a great reunion. Betty and I had a wonderful time. The hotel was great, the food was great and the activities well organized. We especially enjoyed the day at Lackland as our son went through there a few years ago, as well as a couple of nephews.

We know how much work is involved in organizing an affair of this magnitude and can appreciate the hours that you and your committee put in. It is very much appreciated by many, many people.

Leo McBriore

Dear Bill:

As a member of the 2nd A.D.A., The B-24 Liberator Club and The Experimental Aircraft Association and naturally a B-24 enthusiast, I got to kicking around an idea. After reading our *Journal* and the B-24 "Briefing", about David Tallichet's B-24, the only world's operational bomber (Liberator), and his difficulty of getting spare parts, the plane is flown now only for special events, and the cost of 200 gallons an hour to fly our beloved bird, is limiting showing off this great airplane.

My idea and suggestion is to approach all 2nd A.D.A., B-24, and E.A.A. members with the idea of purchasing this B-24 and donating it to the E.A.A., this way it will be shown and flown every year at the E.A.A. international convention at Oshkos Wisconsin, where over 200,000 aviation enthusiasts gather every summer. If you have ever been to an E.A.A. convention you'll know what a great aviation gathering it is, if you haven't I suggest that you attend the next one, I believe that it is the worlds greatest aviation spectacle, Bar-None! I have been an E.A.A. member since 1965 and haven't missed a convention since joining E.A.A.

The confederate A.F. is associated with E.A.A. and bring a lot of WW II aircraft and put on a wonderful show every year, but sadly missing is an authentic B-24, a few years ago they flew in an C-87 transport, cargo version of a liberator, which was wonderful to see, but not a real B-24.

Give my idea-suggestion a thought, with over 2,000 2nd ADA members, plus B-24 club in E.A.A. — maybe, just maybe, enough interest might bring Mr. Tallichet's B-24 to the E.A.A. for the world to see flying every year!

Edmund R. Teliczan
(93rd BG 328-329th Sqdns.)
Box 300
Baldwin, MI 49304-0300

P.S. — Maybe Dave Tallichet, might even consider donating the B-24 to E.A.A.?

Dear Evelyn:

Just a quick note to thank you again for the reunion arrangements at San Antonio. Hope your visit to Texas was a pleasant one. We all had a great time. The barbeque was fine and the Lackland activities were great. Not a dry eye in the house. Someday you'll have to tell us how you wedged all those people into the banquet room and still managed to serve hot food.

See you in Nashville next year and Norwich in '83.

Thanks again and best regards,

Jeff & Terry Gregory
467th BG

P.S. — Enclosed are dues for wife and myself and a little extra for the Library.

Dear Evelyn:

My wife and I surely enjoyed our first reunion in San Antonio. Three of my crew were there, first time we had seen each other in 36 years.

It was a fantastic job you did in making arrangements for so many — especially those extra 300 or so, like our group.

Will soon make a special donation to the memorial fund in memory of a friend who crashed in the Pacific.

Warren Welbourn, 446th

Dear Evelyn:

Please excuse this manner of writing. Eyes going bad and hands are shakey. Can't write legibly. Am very much interested in going to Knoxville. Enclosed find check for \$50.00 for me and my wife. When is it? How many days? I ask these questions so I can arrange for travel.

Also about Norwich in '83. Would very much be interested but only for the "Land Package" so called. The boat trip etc. is for us too long, being retired and on pension one has to budget and plan ahead. The land package and plane trip I can arrange for. Got to get to Hethel. Remember last time they wouldn't let us on the base.



Enclosed you will find a photo of Jimmy Stewart. It was sent to me by Eugene Sullivan of Sacramento, Calif. He was from the 389 BG, 567 Sqdn.

My wife's and my dues are enclosed as well. Thanks for listening and all else.

Ralph E. Fowler

Dear Evelyn:

It was so nice to see you again and to meet your charming sister. We really enjoyed the reunion and plan on attending the next one. I think you did a superb job with such a large group of people. Janice, my wife, and I recently had lunch with Jordan and Joyce. Had a great time talking "old times" and seeing pictures of friends taken at former reunions.

Evelyn, I am enclosing a check for my dues also for associate membership for Janice and \$5.00 for library fund.

John Sanders

Dear Evelyn:

Well I just finished reading the December issue of the *Second Air Division Association Journal*. See you had a fine time at the San Antonio Reunion. Also the 445th Bomb Group had a fine attendance. I attended the 8th Air Force in St. Paul in October however I really didn't enjoy it. There were too many wheels and long, winded speeches. There were only 5 members from the 445th who showed up at the St. Paul Reunion.

So I am now enclosing a check for \$25.00 for the 2nd AD Reunion in Nashville, Tenn. in July 1982. I understand this is a deposit to be applied towards the cost of '82 Reunion.

We have 5 to 6 feet of snow here in Minnesota and more coming down — fun, fun, fun, My wife and I plan to leave for Arizona next week. Adios Amigos.

Thanks for your work and efforts.
Herbert Rudh - USAF Retired
445th Bomb Group

Dear Evelyn:

Would you please send me the new address of Walter C. Wyatt. His last residence is listed in our 1980 Roster as 848 Bonita Ave., Elk Grove Village, Illinois. Wally was our navigator on crew. He has since retired and moved to California, but has not sent me his new location.

Also, can you locate a Richard A. Berner, last listed address 3079 Monroe Rd., RD-R-No. 6, Midland, Michigan, in the 1980 Roster. He is one of four 2nd AD members in my area. I am trying to arrange a Saturday night get together with these members but haven't been able to contact Berner by phone. Your help will be greatly appreciated.

The last request is the best of news. I have, after much searching, located two of my former crew members, Clyde Hatley and Joyce Freeman. With Walter Wyatt we were members of Crew 715, 857 Squadron, 492 BG. I need two membership cards rush. Locating them after 36 years was a shock to my nervous system, but well worth it. For a brief moment I had my youth back. I was 23 years old. I talked to each of them via the phone for over an hour — a very worthwhile experience. Present plans call for us to get together next summer for a crew reunion as well as attending future conventions. Maybe the 492nd is on it's way up.

Please send membership cards to me for personal delivery.

Clyde S. Hatley, Rt. #1, Box 140, Salisbury, N.C. 28144; Joyce K. Freeman, Spring Street, Box 33, Wise, Virginia 24293.

They both belonged to the 492nd BG, 857 Squadron, #715 crew.

Also enclosed is check for \$50.00 for my wife Betty and I to attend the convention in Nashville. Please be sure to get our tickets for the Grand Old Opry. We are really looking forward to it.

Archie A. MacIntyre
4533 Lakeview
Beaverton, Mi. 48612

Dear Evelyn:

Just received the *Journal* today and am firing off to you a \$50.00 deposit as you requested towards a room in Nashville for the next reunion. For whatever its worth my wife said she prefers the Hyatt Hotel.

Our first reunion in San Antonio was magnificent, the parade — well what's left to say — we shall never, never, forget it, it was indeed a magic moment.

Both my wife and I are looking forward to Nashville with much interest and to our own found pals. As for you — I insist on at least one dance — which didn't happen in Texas. God Bless you and yours and see you soon.

Bernie Kirschner (467th)

Dear Mr. McCarty:

I am writing to you concerning a B-24 Liberator which crashed into this village on 25th Feb 1945, from the 446th BG which were at Bungay, Suffolk. Just recently new houses have been built on the site where the B-24 crashed and an engine and several other parts (including a 50-calibre machine gun) have been uncovered by the machine digging the footings. I wondered if the pilot which was flying it on that day is still around. His name was Lt. Adam Kivinciak.

The whole crew bailed out so no-one was hurt. I lived at a place called Raydon then (the home of the 353rd FG) and always remember being woken up by one hell of an explosion at 0745 hrs that Sunday morning.

The local paper ran a story on the parts found from the B-24 and if you could contact the pilot or any other member of the crew I would be happy to send him the story from the paper, including a picture of the engine.

Steve Songer
5, Windmill Hill
Capel S. Mary
Ipswich, Suffolk
England

Dear Bill:

Just had word from John Archer in England that he will handle sales of my prints in England and Europe. So when you do the ad or story about the availability of my prints you might add this: John Archer — European Sales, 29 Station Road, Earsham, Bungay, Suffolk NR352TS, England.

Quite a few people have asked about "The Bag O' Bolts" story and perhaps a little note would provide the necessary information.

I was their S-2 and knew many of the original crews on a personal basis. I was there the day they brought their "battered B-24" back to Seething and remember the incident clearly.

Then, thanks to the 2nd Div. Directory, I was able to locate Dwight Covell, co-pilot on that mission. He later took over the crew and finished their town after Broxton was seriously injured in an English train wreck.

I'd also visited Broxton a few times while he was recuperating in the hospital and we had the time to talk over the mission again and again. I also flew with Broxton on training flights and once to Ireland, where I heard the story re-told to others.

Dwight Covell has written many long letters recounting his version of the mission and we've made a few phone calls, too.

Since the story was printed I've contacted Claire Sharpe, the bombardier and Don Birdsall, flight engineer. With what they've added I could write a good book!

The number 477 was painted on the nose by someone unknown to me. Many of the 448th planes had numbers on their nose when we flew over — there was a similarity to its serial number 27764, but this could be coincidence.

I painted a picture for Tom Allen — 448th pilot now living in Switzerland — he wanted a picture of an O.D. B-24 departing the Florida coast in Nov. '43. He said "we never had time to name our plane." They were shot down on one of their first missions. But when I looked up the serial number of the plane he flew over in — our colonel and some of his staff were also on board — it turned out to be the serial number of "The Bag O' Bolts"! So it did get a name, and the plane that Tom Allen went down in was a different one than perhaps he remembered.

There are many other facets to this story, but these are the important ones. It would still be great if someday someone could afford to reproduce the story in color.

Yours for telling the story of the 8th AF and the contribution of the B-24 and its crews.

Bob Harper (448th S-2)

Dear Evelyn:

Please accept enclosed \$50.00 check as advance room deposit for "Nashville" '82 reunion.

Both June and I had a grand time in San Antonio and are looking forward to Nashville in July.

Just a few words about happenings up here on the Niagara frontier.

Had a luncheon get together in Buffalo area before the holidays. 14 in attendance and a good time for all. Working on a dinner-dance in April, Western N.Y.

Gail & June Irish

Dear Ms Cohen:

Enclosed find my dues for 1982 — also a small sum for memorial fund.

Have also made payment for new member from our crew — Ted Augustin — Please send him Journals, etc. as he is very anxious and interested receiving same.

Thanks for your splendid efforts for San Antonio Reunion, it was Joyce and my first, but will not be our last.

Will try and round up rest of crew for membership.

Dale Rummens

Dear Evelyn:

Since I have joined the 2nd Air Division Assoc., I can hardly wait for the newsletter to arrive. I enjoy reading it very much, I keep thinking and hoping that one of the fellas in the 53rd Station Complement attached to the 445th BS at Tibenham, England would have also joined the Assoc. and put an article in.

We were the first of the sections to reach Tibenham and start to get things set up to receive the Bomb Group, at that time we did not know it would be the 445th Group. I worked in the Control Tower (3rd from left, 1st row, S/Sgt John L. Boyle) setting up the radios and stringing antenna wire. When the first planes, B24's arrived we still were not ready, and had to land them by Aldiss lamps. Soon after though, all was ready and we started our regular operations.

We in the Control Tower seemed to be always in the thick job, getting the group off in fair weather or foul and waiting, always waiting for them to return.



Towards the end of the war in the E.T.O. we were all formed into the 404th Air Service Group, and when the war ended we were all split up and sent everywhere. I went to Casablanca, Africa with the Air Transport Command and eventually was placed on what was known as the Purple Project. We were to go to Manila — no delay enroute. We left Africa in a C-54 landed at the Azores - Bermuda - Miami Beach - Tuscon - Arizona and eventually Hamilton Air Field at San Raepheh California, by the time we arrived at Hamilton Air Field the war with Japan had ended. We hung around Hamilton for about 3 months and were sent to our discharge points. I went to Rome, N.Y. and was discharged on 13th day of December 1945.

I had an exciting time in the service, met many, many good friends — especially one — Bennie Tise. He and I have been corresponding and visiting each other, been to each others childrens wedding, and my wife Jean is god mother to Bennies youngest daughters recent baby daughter Tamara — now 7 months old. We have been in touch since we were discharged all these 34 years. In the photo he is 3rd from left in the second row (exclude Lt. Howard).

Enclosed please find the photo I mentioned of the control tower personnel Lt. James Ratliff Commanding.

John L. Boyle

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is a fifty dollar deposit for the Nashville reunion and hopefully for two seats at the Grand Ole Opry. We will require a room for two.

I will also hope to attend the 1983 reunion in Norwich, but will have to discuss this one for a few days. Will try to send that deposit immediately upon making up my mind.

The 1981 reunion in San Antonio was outstanding and we appreciate it. Thank you for your special attention to our daughter Lisa. She really enjoyed herself also.

Vernon A. Baumgart

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed with my dues is a little extra for the Memorial Fund which I give in memory of my cousin, Brig. General Bartlett Beamon, Chief of Staff, 2nd A.D. 8th AAF, a pilot in both World Wars in the European theater.

In the March 1981 Issue of the *Journal* I was pleased to read that Staff Sgt. Bob Montel had joined our fine association. He commented that he was "one of the very few that was lucky enough to make it back from the original 492nd BG..." I flew six missions with nose gunner Bob and the rest of Lt. Hamilton's excellent crew as replacement radio operator and remember when Bob finished his tour. It was quite a party! He might like to know that in *The Fortunes of War* by Allan G. Blue, page 41 verifies that Lt. Hamilton's crew joined the "exclusive club" he refers to. I flew the Bernberg mission on July 7, 1944 with this crew and I am sure that all of us who are alive today from the "original" 492nd remember that day:

"On July 7, 1944 Wilhelm Mority's Sturmgruppe of J.G. 3 accounted for 23 Liberators of 492nd Bomb Group in Bernberg area" (History of Eighth Air Force)

If Sgt. Montel or any of his crew are in contact with the Association, it would be a real pleasure to learn how the world has treated them since those days in North Pickenham.

Another comment regarding another letter which discussed the fact that many R.O.'s had a hearing loss as a result of their service and wondered about the cause, I too came out of the war with a slight impairment which the medics say is from high altitude* — not the headsets or gunfire.

Ralph P. Beamore
T. Sgt. 492nd 856th Sqnd.

*With a cold, etc.

Dear Evelyn:

Regretfully, I must inform you that my husband, Lt. Col. Jackson S. Tisch died on October 21. He was a victim of cancer and, fortunately, did not linger for very long.

Jack was always proud of his association with the Second Air Division, and loved nothing better than to recount stories from his wartime experiences.

I am grateful that he was able to attend the mini-reunion of the 453rd in San Antonio last October. He had a very good time.

Betty Ann Tisch

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is check for dues. I am so grateful to be an associate member of the Second Air Division Association. Many thanks to all of you who work so hard — you deserve a gold star, for sure.

Although Dick and I were unable to attend a reunion, we always enjoyed reading about them — and I continue to do so.

Have been fortunate enough to meet a couple of the 389th guys and their wives — and pleased to correspond with others. What a pleasure it would be to meet others — at a Florida based reunion! Why not journey this way? Well??

Continued good wishes and congratulations on a job well done.

Eleanor (Mrs. Dick) Coleman
Miami, Fla. 33157
Assoc. 389th

Dear Evelyn:

Received your check for thirty dollars (\$30.00) rebate mini reunion. Please do not feel bad about the bad meal — I eat in restaurants five days a week and really expect it.

I will return the thirty dollars in the form of a donation for the memorial.

June and I thought everything was 1st class at San Antonio. A beautiful hotel.

Russ & June Hayes

Dear Bill:

Possibly you recall our conversation about a year ago regarding the crew — the enclosed photo. At that time Bob Vickers suggested that you might help in getting some of the old crew in touch with the family of co-pilot Jack Berger who is now deceased. The family were acquainted with the crew but have lost contact.

Cornells crew were 2nd Air Div. 8th AF but as you see there are no identifying insignia on the B24. All I can see is what appears to be a "Bugs Bunny" type squadron badge on the A2 jacket of the man I assume is Daywalt in the front row.

If you could help locate some of these men it would be greatly appreciated. The gentleman who would like to make contact is: Ralph Berger (co-pilot's brother) 11728 Hagland N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87111, phone 505-298-0082.

Many thanks.

Dr. John F. Kirkpatrick D.C.
New Mexico Chapter
8th AF Historical Society



(l to r) Pilot, John J. Cornell; Co-Pilot, Jack E. Berger; Nav., Gaar A. Ingeles; Bomb, Clair D. McMahon; Nose Gun., Willis Stahl; Radio Oper., John Kochta; 1st Eng., Isodor Hebert; Gunner, James Daywalt; 2nd Eng., Bernard Rawson; Tail Gunner, George Siegel.

Dear Bill:

Because I was tardy in sending my check to Evelyn for the San Antonio reunion, I was among the missing and from the reports in the *Journal* I missed a real good time.

As my son and grandson reside in Houston, my wife and I were Texas bound anyway. I wanted to see the Confederate Air Force Air Show at Harlingen and while I missed seeing the gang of the 2nd A.D., I think the thrill of seeing my old friend, the B two dozen, flying overhead in formation with a seventeen and twenty-nine, really brought a lump in my throat. The sight of P-51's, zeros, A ME 109 and others all in the air at the same time with our bombers, is something to see.

The Air Show really takes over the city for four days and is really worthwhile. I was a little surprised to see no representation of the Second A.D. at the booths or at "Diamond Lil" the B-24 that still flies. I saw no one I recognized there either.

Recently I was amazed to find that there were over 18,000 B-24's built and only 12,000 17's. Somehow the P.R. men have favored the Flying Fortresses in their publicity. At the air show I thought the 24 was sadly neglected.

How about "our" Texans and others getting on the ball at next years CAF air show and giving the Second A.D. and one of the few remaining flying Liberators some well-deserved acclaim.

In the WW II Army Air Corps room there is a large mural on the wall at the Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. It is a beautiful picture of a bomber — you guessed it — a B-17. How about some favorable publicity for the "Lib" and the Second A.D.? Incidentally, there is now an ME 262 on display in Washington at the Museum.

How about a "maximum effort" from the 466 BG.

Fred Venables

Dear Mr. DiMola:

Please forgive me for not writing this note to you much sooner.

I have not been feeling well, and this is the first chance I have to get in touch with you.

My girls and I would like to thank you for your nice letter as well as the photo of the Birsic Memorial Bookcase. Dorothy, Linda and I are so thrilled and very proud to see the Memorial Bookcase placed in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, Norwich. We are so grateful to all the good men, who donated funds and made it all possible. It seems so fitting that this bookcase was made in Rudy's honour. He loved books and his "Bomb Group History" was indeed a labor of love.

We shall look forward to the day when we have a chance to travel to England and see the book case personally. In the meantime, thank you again for the wonderful photograph.

Bozema Birsic

Dear Evelyn:

Just a note to say "thank you" for such a lovely reunion in San Antonio. It being our first, we enjoyed it more than we anticipated! We are hoping to see everyone again in Nashville next year!

Vera and Howard Cole

Dear Evelyn:

We both had a wonderful time in San Antonio. Enjoyed meeting you and seeing so many old friends.

Enclosed is a check for my dues, a library contribution and an associate membership for Ruth Tracy.

Looking forward to our next meeting.

Dave Tracey

Dear Evelyn:

Thanks for the check. It was exasperating not to get our room as planned — but we knew it was through no fault of yours. It was great that you were able to redeem our room fee — but I'm sure the hotel made it up from those nasty lawyers.

Blanche and I did enjoy the reunion and the fine activities associated with it. We will not attend the Nashville reunion but anticipate attending in 1983, with the trip on the QE II et al.

Myron Keilman

Dear Mr. Robertie:

I wonder how many of us appreciate the significance and importance of the 2nd AD's *Journal*? From its purely historical aspects where else can we obtain the story of the 2nd Air Division in such intimate relationships. In my opinion this is a very valuable document. It is where we should put all available information about the division. Time is of the essence. Much may already be lost.

Forgive me if I'm flying over terrain already obliterated by the "LIBS." But I feel it is important that the story of all units connected in any way to the success of the 2nd should be documented. The 987th M.P. Co. How many folks know anything about them? Also the Station Hospital at "Morley Hall". That name will bring back memories to many. It was located midway between Wymondham and Attleboro on the North side of road A-11. It wasn't part of the 2nd or for that matter of the 8th Air Force. It was operated by the services of supply. It may be a problem to locate someone who could furnish us with their story. And also by golly, wouldn't it be interesting to know the story of the "Battle of Norwich" as waged by the Red Cross girls? To that end I have contacted a friend in California who was in the trenches at the Bishops Palace asking her to furnish us with at least some of the details.

We're at 26,000 feet, weather over the target is "clear." Right on!!

John Rex

Dear Mr. Thomas; (J. Fred, 392nd)

I have a friend, an Englishman, who is interested in locating any members of the 8th Air Force who were in Bedford, England during World War II.

Having been away from home for a number of months, I only now read the AARP Bulletin, Sept. issue, which published the picture of you and others in the 392nd Group.

My friend's name is Mark Wheatley. He and his wife served in the hospital at Bedford and became well acquainted with many of our airmen. He had always hoped to come to America and renew some of those friendships, but the years passed and it wasn't until this summer that he finally was able to come. However, he had lost addresses and didn't know how to go about trying to locate members of the 8th who had been in Bedford.

After I saw the AARP article, I thought contacting you might be a way to start.

If you have any suggestions as to how I can help him locate any of these men, I would appreciate hearing from you. Mark is back in England now, but plans to come back to the U.S. for a visit in a few months. His address is: Mark Wheatley, 138 Marsh St., Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria, England, LA 142BX

Mary E. Clarke

Dear Mr. Robertie:

I am sorry that I can't attend the reunion and hope that it is the best reunion. I am off on a great project and am going to stick with it. I am going to write the 453rd BG history and need your help. Mr. Olds the 453rd contact has already sent me a group history that was un-published and was written by some 453rd people. It is pretty rough and needs a lot of filling since it was only written from the 453rd records.

Mr. Olds has got pictures of group planes which is already in the process of being printed. Basically I would like to come up with new pictures and personal stories of the group to see it some justice.

I really hate to ask, since you've already helped me so much but this is so important that I must ask. Could you please print an add in the *Journal* for me. I know that I may be pretty young to be doing this but I feel this group does deserve a history and since I have no experience as the people that I want to write about, I feel that I can do my darndest to do what I can to write this great groups history.

The add I want to place in your *Journal* is as follows. To any 453rd BG vets. I am going to write the 453rd BG history and I need your assistance in portraying a true history of the group. I would like to hear from any of the groups flyers or personnel who want to contribute any of the following. Any group pictures of planes or crews, any pictures of the base or of sites around the base. If possible I would also like to hear any stories of anything around the base or about the missions you flew. Since the group histories are not always accurate I would really like to hear from the people who were actually there.

Chris McDougal
3921 67th St.
Urbandale, Ia 50322

Dear Sirs:

Please note address change. I appreciate all you are doing for the old division.

I was pilot of crew 44, 734 BS 453 BG. Was shot down March 6, 1944 when we were to bomb Geushager, on Swedge Berlin. Jeffrey Ethell, an aviation writer, teamed with Alfred Price to write a book *Target Berlin, Mission 250, 6 Mar 1944* and quoted a number of times air account I sent to him. It was published in England in 1981 and should come out in the states in 1982. It has accounts of about 150 participants on both sides of the conflict, including some from German kids.

Herbert Cripe



93rd planes returning from one of the last missions of the war. "Me and My Shadow".



One could find windmills throughout East Anglia - some still operating, some stilled by the hands of time.



"Solid Comfort" being loaded for a low level drop somewhere over Holland.



Big Ben at 2:35 P.M., somewhat dimmed by that well known atmospheric condition - The London Fog.

LOOKING BACK

by
Bob Coleman
(93rd)



A visit to the Castle Museum in Norwich was a 'must' for Airmen on leave.



Shortly after "D" day American troops were wallowing in French mud and rubber boots were badly needed. The nearest supply was the Air Force in England, but they only had their own to donate - and this they did.



Street scene in York, summer of 1944. Aldous for Diploma Ices. Ever try one?



Just below the market place in Norwich. Lyons Tea Shop. Sign points to A.R.C. dormitory on Bethel Street.



War and Peace. Headquarters of 93rd BG and a field of wheat.



A local resident admires the antique china and porcelain figurines on display in this shop window. I wonder what they would be worth today!



Coffee and doughnuts served to line personnel "taking 10".