



# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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## A Routine Bombs On The Target Mission With 491st

by John J. (Jack) Van Acker (491st B.G.)

In the January, 1983 issue of the *Journal* Mary Carroll Leeds suggested, in a very interesting article about the American Red Cross, thoughts about daily lives may be of interest to future historians instead of logs of flights. She has a very good point because, after all, most of our time was spent just trying to cope with the conditions and I am sure there are a lot of good stories out there.

As a replacement crew pilot to the 491st BG, 853BS, immediately after the disastrous Misburg mission, I think that there also were many "routine" missions that have not been written up which were quite interesting and exciting — even though the plane didn't go down and everyone got home without a loss.

One of these took place on February 14, 1945 during a seven hour mission to Magdenberg. My engineer, Frank Sine, was sick so they came up with a replacement from another squadron. We drew a B-24 that came in the day before from an extended stay on the ground in France, but we were assured it was in good flying condition. It was — but the unforeseen happened.

The replacement engineer was in the top turret across Germany, when moments from the I.P. he suddenly slumped forward on the turret control causing the turret to spin around and around out of control. The oxygen swivel joint had apparently corroded during the long ground stay in France, twisting shut the oxygen hose. With a loud gush the hose broke and all the oxygen from rear flight deck positions disappeared. My radio operator, Sol Cusimano, realized he had no oxygen and went for a walk around bottle. I told him to get the engineer on one too.



March 3, 1945 — "On Way Across Germany"

We turned on the I.P., opened the bomb bay doors and hung in there close. Sol said the walk around bottle would not fit up in the turret, so he dropped the turret seat and with his back to the open bomb bay tried to pull the engineer from the turret, but stiff legs prevented him from coming down. The red flash of close flak bursts were all around. The ship lurched. I knew the walk around bottles wouldn't last long under strenuous work conditions so I called the waist for help. The flight deck refill connections were inoperative. Bombs away! Bob Moyer, our youngest crew member and waist gunner shed his flak suit and walked through the bomb bay catwalk to deliver all the walk around bottles he could muster from the waist position. With his help, Sol got the engineer down on the floor and onto oxygen. His skin had turned dark — they gave him artificial respiration.

As Aircraft Commander, I had to decide quickly: one, stay with the formation and lose the engineer when our ability to supply oxygen to him ran out; two, drop to a low altitude and run it alone across Germany; or three, drop to a low altitude and make a run for the Russian lines that were much closer. None of the alternatives

were very attractive to me. I decided to dive for Russia at the count of ten.

Sol called out! I stayed in formation. Fortunately our engineer started to come around and he was half dragged up to the nose area where we had oxygen. Joe Plumbo, our navigator, helped pull him up, but to do so he temporarily disconnected his own mask. Upon returning he was so groggy that he mistook his helmet for an oxygen mask. John Roy, nose gunner, always alert, came out of his turret to help both Joe and the engineer get on oxygen as they were both helpless. Sol went to the waist area where he could get on oxygen for the trip home.

I was glad that we didn't have to drop out of formation as "bandits" were reported in the area. It was a long routine trip back to England and the "routine" crew teamwork made it possible to get back to North Pick and cope with the conditions on the ground.

I am sorry I do not have a record of the substitute engineer's name, but I understand he was O.K. after a day in the base hospital. I have always wondered who he was and how he was after we got back to the States. He never told us how he liked the ride!

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## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

With great anticipation, a capacity group looks forward to the 1983 Annual Convention in Norwich, England. This year's return marks the Twentieth Anniversary of the original dedication of the American Memorial Room, Central Library. It will be a time to renew acquaintances and relive fond memories of some forty years ago.

For those who will be unable to be with us, we assure you that we will pause in the midst of the festivities to remember especially our comrades-in-arms who laid down their lives while flying with the Second Air Division. On behalf of our total membership, we will reconfirm our unstinting support of the Living Memorial. We will not break faith; we will not forget.

With respect to our Association over the past year, membership has continued its steady growth. There still is ample opportunity, however, to "Reach out, and touch someone." We continue to be amazed to read notes from new members

who report they are so pleased to be with us and receive the *Journal*.

They report they had only recently learned of the Association! So, each one, reach one!

Similarly, contributions to the Memorial Trust Fund for the past year were at a new high. Our membership does accept this responsibility for continued support in a positive way. We do care!

It has been a great honor for me to have headed the Association over the past year. It was my great privilege to have lead the Second Air Division, and the Eighth Air Force, as Command Pilot during my combat tour. Thus, the addition of Association was particularly rewarding for me.

There are many substantial contributors to the success of our Association. I trust you will continue your admirable support to those who follow in position of responsibility. Thank you.

ANDY LOW

## So. Cal. Members Have A Ball At Tustin

J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

Going on the premise that the Association should be more than four *Journals* and one national convention per year, on Feb. 19, a committee of members from several Groups staged a Division dinner and an evening of discussion, entertainment, and the usual camaraderie of old friends meeting and finding of new friends. The affair was held at the Revere House in Tustin, CA, and was attended by 125 members, their ladies and guests. From all reports, and from where this observer sat, the evening was a huge success. Every Group and Wing of the Division was represented, and veterans who were on many of the biggest and most hard fought air raids were present. It would be our pleasure to list each one who attended, but the *Journal* space will not allow.

At the head table we were honored to have ex-President, Dave Patterson and wife Joan, Bill Clarey, VP 492nd and wife Maxine, George Epperson, VP 65th FW and Mrs. Epperson, Joanne Affronte', Hdq, and yours truly, VP 392nd and wife Elva. After a minute of silent prayer and meditation in honor of our lost members and those since departed, dinner was served. Thereafter, Joanne Affronte' gave the history in her inimitable manner, and Dave and each VP made remarks to the gathering. There was discussion from the floor, and we had two artists display their wares. One does paintings of planes, and the other did plane nose art in the war and still paints A-2 jackets. Should you be interested in the services of these gentlemen, let us know and we will connect you.

After dinner, the highlight of the evening was Ken Timmons (392nd) showing of the B-24 combat films he brought down from Vandenberg. It was the first time we had seen the films, and we believe they were enjoyed by all.

Being on the committee, we must thank all those who came and give credit to those who made the evening so enjoyable. We had many offers of help and the cooperation of all hands still overwhelms us. In particular, we thank Dick Boucher (445th) and Art Grimes (44th) in selecting the Revere House for our meeting and their help after. Then, a great deal of credit for our success goes to my roommate, Elva. She stuffed the over 300 letters we sent out. (We missed several members, and we regret that.) She also selected the decorations and the flowers that added so much to make the banquet room attractive. Joan Patterson, Joanne Affronte', and she handled the greetings and the name plates. Dave Patterson and Bob Powers (392nd) took care of the seating arrangements, and again, we thank Ken Timmons for bringing and showing the films. No doubt, we have overlooked someone who helped, but be assured all the help was and is appreciated.

To editorialize, it took some effort to bring the evening about, but with all the help and cooperation, nobody was overworked, and we hope we can do it again next year. It is our opinion that if other elements of our Association aren't doing this sort of thing, they are missing a good bet to make the organization mean a lot more to all.

## 445th NOTES

by Frank DiMola (445th)

With plans for the 36th reunion just about completed, we can now relax and enjoy the forthcoming event. Many thanks of course to Evelyn Cohen. From the list that I received we should have about 40 to 50 attending this Norwich reunion. I remember the first reunion that I attended and it was in Norwich back in 1979, Elizabeth and I were greatly impressed by the English hospitality and the wonderful reception given to us by the entire town of Norwich.

Basil D. Red Jr. (Miss.) sent me a beautiful made up book of the entire crew that he flew with. It was a life story of all the members and their combat experience with the 2nd Division. His pilot was Roland J. Campbell (Tx) who has attended many reunions. Curt Crouch was also in attendance and did a great job of capturing the wonderful reunion in Nashville.

Most recently, I read in the New York Times an article about the up coming celebration of the 75th birthday event of Jimmy Stewart a member of the 445th in the early phase of his career. I made a few calls to the members of the Chambers

of Commerce, Indiana, Pa. and received all the details of the event. On May 20th 1983 a gala dinner party is planned and some of the members of the Second Air Division Association are planning to attend.

With the help of Dave Patterson, our past President, I was able to undertake a membership drive with great success. Dave drafted a letter for me asking for unsigned men of the 2nd AD to get in touch with us and get together. You see, I have a list of about 125 ex-personnel of the 445th who are just waiting to join up but . . . I have received about 12 new members from the list mentioned. Buddy Cross, (Texas) has had good success in the Southwest area.

The big Apple Computer has finally come thru with the latest roster of all the Groups. If anyone is interested in a copy, please drop me a line. The list is now over 300 members long and growing every month. Just think how big we can get if everyone could get just ONE new member for this coming year. I received a nice letter from Jim Reeves (HQ) of the program he is undertaking. Good luck, Jim. If every member just drafted a small notice about the 445th BG and sent a copy to

your local paper or your local clubs — VFW and American Legion. You may be surprised at the response you will get. When you get some names and addresses, just forward them to me and I will follow the leads up. I have sent some letters to the *Air Force* magazine and the Nation VFW organization.

Glenn Jorgensen, Jr. Calif., wrote me a very interesting letter about his experience with the "Scandinavian Carpet-baggers" after he and his crew finished their tour with the 8th AAF. Very interesting to read. I would like to hear from the members about some of the thrills and chills that they had and also if you have some old photos and group shots, lets have a look at them.

Just read an interesting article that was sent to me by Robert Springer NY about the "Wolfpack" reunion of the 56th Fighter Group. The fighter aces that met in New York were Hub Zemke, Bob Johnson, Bud Mahurin, John Truluck and Mike Jackson. This was a high scoring outfit of the 2nd, having 40 aces and shot down 1006 enemy aircraft over Europe. We owe these fellows a lot of thanks.

So long for now till we get back from Norwich with more news.

## 453rd BOMB GROUP REPORTING

by Don Olds (453rd)

By the time you read this the 1983 reunion in Norwich, England will be over and the most of us will be back to the same old grind. But, as this is written it is late March, so I can't tell yet what a grand time we all had. That will have to wait till next time.

Our dedication of the 453rd Memorial Room was scheduled to take place at noon on the 30th of May. I'm thinking about taking a couple of rolls of color slides at the ceremony and will send them to anyone who wants to view them. You pay the postage. Also hope to get a cassette tape and narrate each numbered slide so a person can look at the slide and be told what they are seeing. I'm not much of a photographer but will try to put something together for those who were unable to attend.

The publicity committee of the American Ex-POW's asked me to please mention their 36th annual reunion to be held this July in Cleveland. For more information write to, AMERICAN EX-POW, PO BOX 34083 in Cleveland, Ohio 44134.

Have had a little response from people who are interested in getting a copy of the group history we had printed up in 1976. This summer I'll try and get a price on having a certain number printed. I don't know how we are going to finance them as yet. Maybe someone will float us a small loan till they are sold.

Letters, letters, we get letters . . . Samuel Scott has been making a record of his combat and POW experiences for his children and wrote seeking some information on some particular missions. Also Clay Giambruno of the 732nd Sq. wrote about the many crews he flew with. Started out with Frank Overlin and then flew with Boyd, Kassab, Frazier, Crowley, Reinders, Warfield and Bishop Crews, and finally ending up with the Milley Crew. Got a letter from Charles Mosgar out in Spokane wanting to know if we ever heard of his pilot Wendell Faulkner, whose plane he served on as crew chief in the 735th Sq. Sent him Wendell's address and phone number and they have now talked by phone and arranged a visit later. Charles

has also joined up.

As we ad new members we also sadly report the loss of some. Recently Rev. Charles Weidemann and Edgar F. Townsend departed this life. We extend our sympathy to their families.

Finally, congratulations to the city of Indiana, Pa. for throwing a 75th birthday celebration for their favorite son, James Stewart on May 20-22nd. Hope many of the 453rd veterans from that area got to march in the parade in his honor.

One more thing . . . it was in the last *Journal* material I sent in but was eliminated due to lack of space, I guess. Many thanks to all of you who sent Christmas greetings this past holiday season. Mimi and I appreciate your thoughtfulness very much. Just sorry we can't respond to each of them personally but it is just impossible.



This photo was taken at the 8th AF Memorial Dedication in Dayton, Ohio back in Oct. of '82. On the left is Frank Thomas, treasurer of the 453rd Memorial Room fund drive and secretary of the 2nd ADA. On his left is Andy Low, current president of the 2nd ADA and next to him is Ramsay Potts, former CO of the 453rd BG. At extreme right is Milton Stokes, one of the original pilots of the 735th Sq. and Chairman of the Old Buckenham Memorial Room Committee.

# 8 BALL-Y-HOO

by Pete Henry (44th B.G.)

I attended the 2ADA Executive Committee meeting in Philadelphia Saturday, March 26, 1983, and was pleased to learn that the 44th is still Number one with 437 members out of total of 4,581 2ADA members as of March 14. The average age of our 2ADA members is now 61 years old and it is estimated that approximately 250,000 people, combat and support, passed through the 2ADA in WWII.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the December *Journal*, Hathy Veynar requested Personal History cassettes for the American Memorial Room in the Norwich Library. She has received 33 tapes, so far, and eight are from the 44th B.G. We're number one again! This is a continuing program so send your tapes to Hathy whenever they are ready. Disregard the March 1 deadline.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There are still copies of the "History of the 44th Bomb Group - Flying Eightballs - Liberators Over Europe" available. This is the second reprinting of this book and it is doubtful that another printing will be attempted when the present stock is depleted. If you are interested in obtaining a copy, the cost is \$22.50, including postage. Please send checks made out to H.C. Henry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

After several years of trying, I finally corralled Bob Krueger of the 68th Squadron Assn. for the 2ADA. Their next reunion will be in Bellmawr, New Jersey, at the Monticello Motor Lodge, October 20, 21, 22, 1983. Write to Bob Krueger, 7302 Beechwood Road, Derby, New York 14047 for details. Bellmawr is just south of Camden, New Jersey and across the Delaware River from Philadelphia. Welcome aboard, Bob.

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One of our newest members is Wallace Balla from the 68th Squadron, now living in Greenwich, Connecticut. Last Fall, he retired as a Senior Captian with Eastern Airlines after flying the Lockheed L-1011 "Jumbo jet" between New York and San Francisco and Los Angeles. He reports that the L-1011 uses one and one-half times the GROSS weight of our old B-24 in fuel burn-off just to get to San Francisco and it still weights over 350,000 pounds upon arrival.

A colleague at Eastern was Helmut Hetz, former test pilot for the Luftwaffe in the ME262. Helmut told Wally the reason the Allies lost so many crews over St. Lo during the D-Day invasion was that we made our "Departure Turn", from the bomb run over the beaches, around a big cumulus cloud near the target and the

FLAK battery homed in on the cloud, which was at our altitude. Wally's ship, "Flak Magnet", had 300 holes in it when they got back to Shipham.

He sent me a couple of photographs, one which was printed in the March *Journal* showing a formation of B-24's with WQ/H in the foreground. Wally says that was "Three-engine" Elmer Kohler. The poor guy always got flak in at least one engine and had more three-engine time than four. He also had his earphone cord cut, under his left ear, by a chunk of flak and, on another occasion, had his throat mike cord cut under his chin.

The other photograph is Wally's crew. Missing are Jack Egan, the H2X Navigator, and "Acey-Deucey" Ben Richman, the Bomb Aimer, who were on some other mission when this picture was taken. Ben got the nickname, "Acey-Deucey", because he was the original "all night-every night" card sharp.



Back row l to r: 1st Lt. C.W. Hill, pilot; 1st Lt. R.W. Kirmse, Bombardier; 1st Lt. W.R. Huston, Navigator; 1st Lt. Wallace J. Balla, Co-Pilot.

Kneeling l to r: T/Sgt. V. Abrahamian, Engineer; S/Sgt. J.E. Groghaus, Ball Turret Gunner; S/Sgt W.W. Staples, Tail Gunner; T/Sgt. Walter A. Fitzmaurice, Radio Operator.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

You will probably be reading this after our reunion in Norwich, May 25-31. Jordan Uttal advised us at the Executive Committee meeting that the Individual Group Plaque project for the Memorial Room will be 99% completed by the time we arrive. The only item that may not be finished is the Individual Group Roll of Honor. Ninety-three members of the 44th B.G. contributed \$1,800 for our plaque.

One of the contributors was Virgil O. Hinton, 211 Amarillo, N.W., North Canton, Ohio 44720. Virgil, who is a member of a law firm in Canton, Ohio, sent me a very nice letter with his check and said that he would like to hear from quartermaster personnel from Shipdham and Ketteringham Hall. He has often wondered what happened to Col. Hamilton D. Mathis, Bill Dowling, Bill Duncan, Alfred Touchette, Sgt. Pecoraro, Sgt. Taylor and a few office people. He was saddened to hear of the recent death of General Kepner and has a photo of the General presenting him with a Certificate of Merit at a ceremony held at Ketteringham Hall in 1944.

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I received a letter, and questionnaire from Lowell W. Newton, Professor of History at the University of Louisville. The Professor is working on a book-length project entitled, "U.S. Bomber Aircrews in Europe, 1942-45". He is attempting to learn what crews thought and how they felt about a variety of important issues. I returned the completed questionnaire to Professor Lowell advising him about my crew and myself. If anyone would care to assist, write for a questionnaire to:

Professor Lowell W. Newton  
University of Louisville  
Belknap Campus  
Louisville, Kentucky 40292

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just as this column was going to press (that is, I was sending it to Bill Robertie), I received a letter from Ralph Golubock in Dallas Texas. Ralph has been having a bit of a health problem and we all hope he's feeling tip-top again real soon. Ralph and Thelma, his 'co-pilot', visited Shipdham in 1980 and took some pictures which he sent along to me. Printed herewith is a photo of the 44th B.G. Control Tower and another of Ralph standing in front of same. He reports that there is a building on the other side of the airfield where they are rebuilding Dehaviland Gypsy Moths which was the RAF trainer in WWII.



# BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP  
by  
Vere A. McCarty



By the time you read this, the presentation and the dedication of the Bungay plaque will have been accomplished. We all owe Bill Davenport and his committee our thanks for having done such a fine job. In Bungay, John Archer performed yeoman service in working with local officials to find an appropriate location for the plaque; in acting as consignee, taking delivery of the air freight shipment in Norwich and seeing to its placement in the Bungay Community Centre; and, in making arrangements for the May 30th dedication ceremony. Thank you, John. We can always count on you.

The Individual Group Memorial Project... the aviation artwork, etc., portraying Bomb Group markings on wall space in the Memorial Room at the Norwich Central Library, could still stand support from us. Due to the Bungay Project, the 446th Bomb Group is lagging behind some of the Groups. For those who have not contributed, but wish to do so, checks made out to the Second Air Division Association, marked "446th BG Memorial", should be mailed to your Group Vice President.

The matter of contributions to the project rang a bell with Dale Story. It caused him to look up a receipt showing that he had contributed to the Second Air Division Memorial Fund on March 31, 1945. He was then a 706th Squadron lead pilot.

H. Lawson Corley was a bombardier, 705th Squadron. Eugene Winn was pilot. Both are new members. Their airplane was shot down on May 25th, 1944, and Corley spent a year at Stalag Luft III. During that time he wrote a book on his experiences as a prisoner of war. He hopes now to publish the book. I hope you will let us know, Lawson, when it is available. Corley would also like to locate Janet S. Hill, widow of co-pilot Willard O. Hill. Janet was last known to have lived in Toledo, Ohio, at 136 Rosalind Place. Can anyone help?

Other new members since the last *Journal* are: David M. Cook, Wilfred J. Frigge, Donald Greer, Wendell M. Hunter (also 20th Wing), John E. Kinney, Henry D. Kotzmoyer, Marion A. Kujawski (also 491st BG), Albert J. Mauzy, Robert W. Nunn, Gene B. Ryan, Douglas R. Stevenson, William A. Swartz, Thomas J. Thomas D.D.S. (our Group Dental Surgeon, re-upped after a long absence), and Vincent Ward.

Thomas L. Moore was quite shaken when he read the last Bungay Bull news. He telephoned to say he wished to correct a slight error — paraphrasing Mark Twain — that the notice of his death was an exaggeration. Sorry about that, Tom, for the goof, but happy that you were able to correct it for me.

I received a clipping from the *Beccles and Bungay Journal*. I would like to share it with you:

"The American airmen who flew from East Anglia during the war left a deep impression on the region and its people.

If you lived through that era, you will probably remember that you either liked or disliked "The Yanks." There were no half measures.

They came, they saw, and in some cases they appeared to "conquer."

Some married local girls and carried them off to the States, many were generous to a fault with their chewing gum, some drove rather too quickly on our roads, and told us everything hereabouts was inferior to their homeland.

Now we have all grown older, and memories, on both sides of the Atlantic are mellow and fond. Nowhere are those

memories more vivid than around Flixton and Bungay.

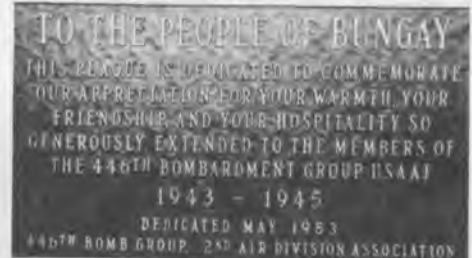
Last week, Bungay Town Council received a reminder of "The Yanks" when a letter arrived from the veterans of the 2nd Air Division of the American Eighth Air Force.

The letter said the veterans wanted to present the town council with a plaque for display in the town.

The council unanimously agreed to accept the offer and to decide later where the plaque should be displayed.

It is due to be handed over on May 30th when the Americans will be in the District for a reunion.

The proposed wording of the plaque is another indication that the people of Bungay and district made as deep an impression on their wartime guests as the Americans did on us.



Its purpose will be to thank the people of Bungay for the warmth and hospitality shown to the servicemen of the 446th Bomb Group between 1943 and 1945.

So, almost 40 years after the war ended, the Americans are coming again, and bringing further proof that the wartime memories are as strong on their side of the Atlantic as they are on this."

## REPORT OF THE 458th B.G.

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

Of necessity, this was written before the 36th Annual Reunion in Norwich. At this time, my listing shows 26 members, 19 wives and one son (Bill & Mickey Cunningham's), attending. We shall have good representation at the 20th anniversary celebration of the American Memorial Room of the Norwich Public Library. Also, for the first time, we will be able to view the Group Memorial Project that you so generously contributed to. The 458th actually went 84% over goal. Some Groups did not do as well and those were helped a bit to make the grand total necessary to complete the project. The final analysis will be part of the next Executive Meeting if not solved at the Convention. My sincere thanks again, to those who participated in this "call".

I've received a few telephone calls and letters from 2 ADA members when they locate a potential member. Happy to say that our percentage of sign-ups keeps going up. Harold Armstrong sent me names and

addresses of 3 potential members. Gerry Boucher who I "signed up" in mid March sent me 5 when he sent his application back. Had a call from Walt Edgeworth (453rd) and Bill Clarey (492nd) regarding some fellows they knew who were in our Group. Believe me, every little bit helps and for the most part, most of the contacts had no idea that the Association existed. Again, I want to thank George Reynolds who sent me another listing of possible members. Appreciate all the help you can offer: the Group listing is at 310 now.

For those of you are looking forward to the 1984 Convention, plan on making Palm Springs, Ca. the place to be. Evelyn Cohen is sparing no efforts to make this be a super event. No need to tell you golfers that some of the best courses are there and challenging, to say the least. Check the coming issues of the *Journal* for full particulars, and get your deposit in early. Let's make the Palm Springs reunion one of the biggest in 458th attendance... plan for it!

# ABOUT THE MEMORIAL

by Jordan Uttal

Once again writing against our worthy editor's deadline of 15 April, I do not know when you will be receiving this issue of the *Journal*; before the troops assemble in Norwich on 26 May, or after we return. Regardless, I am pleased to bring you up to date on the 2AD Memorial Trust activities as of mid April. There will be more to report in the September issue.

**Individual Group Memorial Project** — It is with great pride that I can report that as of March 19th (the date of the Executive Committee meeting in Philadelphia), all but two of our 14 Bomb Groups, and Headquarters unit have reached or exceeded their \$750.00 goal per unit. Accordingly we have sent 75% of the funds to Norwich, retaining some excess to provide for last minute unexpected expenses. We have therefore advanced the money for the shortfall of the two groups, but we feel that their collections will be up to goal shortly.

In phone conversation with Norwich on 22 March, we were told that the project will be completed by the time we arrive, including the Fighter memorial panel which we have financed out of the funds collected from the Bomb Groups and Hdqs. As a matter of fact we budgeted for it in that fashion. We know that our few Fighter Group members will be pleased that their units are being remembered.

Unfortunately though, one element of the project cannot be completed by Convention time. I refer to the Individual Group Rolls of Honor. With great regret we were informed that these books could not be prepared in the style which the Governors deemed fitting, but they will be completed in the near future. In the meantime the spaces in which they will appear will be made ready, and in place, with suitable group identification. There is room provided not only for each Roll of Honor, but also for other vital group records which will be included.

To all of you who contributed, we thank you for this additional financial support. We do not foresee any future Division wide solicitation for funds, except for your usual, and sincerely appreciated annual contributions to the Capital Fund.

**And speaking of Capital Fund Contributions** — Bless all of you, who, in spite of the alleged recession, and the solicitation for the Individual Group project, sent in with your dues this year, almost as much as we collected last year. (Again this information is as of mid March) It might turn out to be more. We feel that you all will derive satisfaction from making this gift to the 2AD Memorial Trust at the banquet in Norwich.

**2AD Personal History Program** — Hathy Veynar has sent off the majority

of the cassettes received to date, to Norwich for classification and titling. I am pleased to add that BBC has repeated their interest, and a half dozen cassettes were sent to them so that they could decide if the material is suitable for a radio documentary they are thinking of making. Regardless of what comes of this, these recorded memoirs of 2AD personnel are very much desired by the Memorial Room, and if you haven't already sent one to Hathy, please do so. Whatever arrives before her departure will be taken along.

There is more to report but in the interest of space limitations, I will hold the rest for the post-Convention report. In the meantime as a member of the Board of Governors, and your representative on that Board, I repeat our very sincere appreciation for your interest, your dedication and for your support, financial and otherwise.

*"They also serve who only stand and wait"*

— John Milton

Memorable words they are, written centuries ago by the famed English poet, in "Paradise Regained". They were written to describe the emotional and physical effect on the families of Royal Navy personnel while the ships were off at sea. How often I used to think of those words during my almost two and a half years of service with the 2nd Air Division in England. How often I noticed and felt the tension among those of us on the ground while the groups were off on a mission — the joy and gratification when all went well — the sorrow and depression when things didn't come off — and the grief when we learned of losses.

I thought of those words again, in mid March visiting with Bill Robertie, when he expressed the wish that more former ground personnel members would contribute material for the *Journal* about their experiences, adventures, and reactions during their wartime service. Then, just a few days later when the March *Journal* arrived, I noted Phil Day's article from the 467 Group encouraging that same idea.

So, you who "also served", remember that you too, made great contribution to the effort and the Victory. That effort and contribution was duly noted in the final report of Division Operations written for General Kepner on 8 May 1945, and forwarded by him to 8th Air Force.

The summary forward to that detailed 57 page report, full of graphs, tables, and analyses makes note of the following facts:

- The improved bombing accuracy of 2AD, and the fact that in January, February and March 1945 2AD led the entire 8th Air Force in accuracy.

- The growing monthly number of sorties flown and bomb tonnage dropped.

- The growing decline of bomber non-effective sorties.

- The growing decline of mechanical and equipment failures to an all time low in April 1945 of 2%.

- The decline of crew and aircraft losses.

- The almost 95,000 sorties flown and almost 20,000 tons of bombs dropped by 2AD crews.

- That the tonnage of bombs dropped were spread over 605 targets attacked by forces of one squadron or larger, and 444 targets attacked by less than one squadron.

The forward to this report concludes with this recognition of all personnel of 2AD as follows:

"The human story behind the figures printed in this summary can easily be visualized. It is obvious that the ground crew worked valiantly to service almost 95,000 aircraft sorties. The low mechanical and equipment non-effective rate is testimony to the quality of that service. The Ordnance, Chemical and Armament crews who loaded the 20,000 tons of bombs (and ammo), the Intelligence briefing and interrogations of 400 odd missions, the communications personnel, the clerks, cooks the drivers, the Quartermaster people, weather, medical, photo, personnel, ground operations crews, all merged into a team which made the 2nd Air Division one of the most potent and effective striking forces in the world. But, the striking power rests primarily with the combat crews whose deeds of heroism, devotion to duty, and skilled airmanship were legion. To the officers and men of the combat crews who flew the Liberators, Mustangs, and Thunderbolts, we dedicate this "story in figures" of their achievements."

So on behalf of all of us — whatever the capacity in which you served and did your part to write a proud chapter in American history, please send your articles to Bill Robertie. You should also record them on cassettes for the 2AD Living History Program for the Memorial Room, and send them along to Hathy Veynar. They will be most welcome.



"I think he's bucking for a promotion."

## PLAQUES . . . Good News & Bad News

Once again, the .50 cal. plaque was a "sell out" after the December issue of the *Journal* was published. Had more requests for the plaque than I could fill and ran out of materials in early March. Wish to advise all that I have restocked all materials and am ready to go with another 30 units. As in the past, all 2ADA members will be honored on a "first come, first served" basis.

The "format" of the engraved plate is fairly flexible, as each one is done to order. Will engrave as you like or will do as I think best from the material supplied. Remember, you need **NOT** have been a flight crew member to order this plaque. As of this month, the ratio is 55% ground crew to 45% air crew. Just be sure you give me as much information as you can and I will sort out what I think should be used, unless not given that option.

The plaque is 6-1/2"x10", solid walnut

with 4 ea. .50 cal. shell and their connecting links, black enameled plate ("silver engraving"), over a contrasting gold colored back plate with either a pewter B-24 (with your Bomb Group tail colors) or Airmen's Wings. Have: Command pilot, Senior pilot, Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Aerial Gunner or Air Crew Member wings. The plaque is **ALSO** now available with both the B-24 and the 8th Air Force emblem (see photo), for an additional \$5.00.

The following information should be included in your request:

NAME (as you would like it engraved)

RANK (if desired)

DUTY (Pilot, Gunner, Aircraft Mechanic, Armorer, etc.)

BOMB GROUP & SQUADRON (or Support Unit)

LOCATION, DATES (from - to)

If flight crew, give number of missions, decorations, Aircraft Name or number, etc.

As before, you must be 100% satisfied or your money back . . . **GUARANTEED!**

Continuing with the **GOOD NEWS**: I have given Dean Moyer, treasurer of the 2ADA another check. This one for \$120.00 which now makes a total of \$712.00 since beginning this project. Many thanks to all those who have participated.

Now for the **BAD NEWS**: Mailing costs of the plaque came to a total of \$478.12. The average mailing cost has been just over \$2.00 per unit. It would be appreciated if you would include that amount to ease shipping charges. Plaque costs remain at \$39.00 for standard unit, plus postage.

Please make your check out to:

RICK ROKICKI

P.O. BOX 8767

B.W.I. AIRPORT, MD. 21240



## MISSIVES FROM THE 492nd

by Bill Clarey (492nd)

Hurray, the 492BG went over the top in their contributions to the Individual Group Memorial Fund.

Thanks to each and every one for making my job, which I love, a whole lot easier.

I'm sure that the issue of the *Journal*, following the Norwich convention, will have pictures in it of the additions to the

Memorial.

I plan to take some pictures of it and anyone wishing color copies of it, please let me know.

A very successful executive board meeting was held in Philadelphia the latter part of March. A lot of important and pertinent changes were made for the betterment of the Association.

Fellows, for posterity's sake, please get those cassettes, about your experiences, to Hathy Veynar. I think that 33 have been received so far and the ones I listened to were great. So, let's get busy!

Thanks to Evelyn Cohen and her sister Lillian for that wonderful brunch. Just like us gentiles like it!

# Rackheath Aggies are Coming Back "COLGATE CALLING"

by David J. Hastings (BG)

In 1943 John Laing & Son Ltd. constructed the airfield at Rackheath with a main runway of 2,000 yards, two auxiliary runways of 1,400 yards, two TS Hangars, and accommodation for 2,900 men.

March 12th 1944 saw the arrival of the 467th Bomb Group with 58 B-24 Liberators, commanded by Colonel Albert J. Shower, who was unique in remaining in command throughout the entire tour of duty. The Group flew 212 combat missions and lost 48 aircraft. The 467th returned to U.S.A. in June 1945.

A very brief history of just one group in the unique 2nd Air Division USAAF, who came to our aid in those dark days, and helped us to retain the freedom we enjoy today.

In May of this year, the Annual Convention of the 2nd Air Division Association, which is still a growing organization after over 40 yrs., is being held in Norwich, so once again we will have the privilege and pleasure of seeing and hearing those people to whom we owe so much, for we must never forget that over 6000 members of the Division never made it back home.

As one of the Governors of their Mem-

orial Trust which looks after the wonderful Memorial Room in the Norwich Library, I have always enjoyed the opportunity to repay just a little of this debt, for like many other young people I spent many happy hours at Rackheath and Hethel during the war years. The convention lasts from Thursday, May 26th to Monday May 30th, although I'm sure many of them will be staying on in Norfolk. Their program is a fairly hectic one, but on Monday, May 30th, the members will be returning by coach to all their old bases, so once more the "Rackheath Aggies" will be back. Rev. Benians hopes to arrange for a Memorial Service as part of this visit, and I hope that the village will fill the Church and hopefully many old friendships will be renewed. A list of all those attending the Convention will be available from the Norwich Tourist Office in May and if anyone wants full details of their program, please contact me on Norwich 720334. Having had the privilege of seeing these people over the years, I can only say they have not changed — they are still just as friendly and kind and their love of Norfolk has not diminished. Let's make sure we give them a warm "WELCOME HOME" in May.

(From the Journal of the 65th FW)

## July, 1944

by George M. Epperson, (Ret.)

**5 July** — Ajax asked us to check with the 56th for any further dope on their observation yesterday of a camouflaged rocket site from 14,000 ft. at 0823 at 4Vm8362 on NE of Woods, ramp clearly visible leading into tunnel. 3 bomb craters on NW side of rocket position, 250-300 yards away, no other damage.

**5 July** — 4th Gp pilots are not to mention anything that happened during their first night away for the base to newspaper men. (See 14 July below)

**7 July** — From 56th Gp. AAF pilot brought there, Elder, Gordon P. ASN 1474678, 12th Gp, 13th Sq. Rank Flight Sgt. Ship No. X-LW1004. Spitfire 9C. Bailed out over Clacton. Unidentified by Ajax. Phoned Boxted at 2245 to keep finger on this pilot until further notice.

**8 July** — From Lt. Morse, 56th Gp. RAF pilot placed in guard house. Confessed to being PFC and AWOL. They will hold him until relieved of burden by proper authority.

**8 July** — On C Channel from Capt. Larabee: 56th called any fighters or bombers with bombs that there were 25-30 Ju-88's on NW corner of A/F between Dreux and St. Andre. Several ftrs acknowledged. Col. James called back a few minutes later and said they thought the field was Illiers/L'Eveque and 479th told to take a look.

**9 July** — 1025 crossing out Bradwell, 4th Gp a/c at 6,000 ft. fired on, 8/10-9/10 clouds. A/c just on top, accurate for height, just leading them. 12-15 bursts heavy, 3rd section of lead squadron almost caught it.

**13 July** — Maj. Claighorne, Martlesham, called regarding JU-88 captured nearby field. 3 prisoners. Plane landed when given green light.

**14 July** — Ajax called re possible violation of security — info of 4th Gp going to Russia leaking out before they went. Understand Major Andrews as Sta F 356 has made a check and he wants a report. The whole deal is to have facts on hand in case 8AF take any further action on a report turned in by CIC.

**16 July** — 479 Gp called that one flight of 479 Gp planes escorting a crippled B17 to Woodbridge were fired on by anti-aircraft at 1345 over Clacton, 10,000 ft.

**19 July** — From 355 Gp. Ju-88's were engaged over Augsburg in free for all. Three squadrons took part in this engagement at 25,000 feet at 0952 to 12,000 feet. There were two separate engagements. The 354 Sq. bounced first at 0952 and then shortly after 358 and 367 were bounced resulting in a good show.

## HETHEL HIGHLIGHTS

by Earl Zimmerman (389th)

For years I have been trying to locate someone who knew of the origin of the Green Dragon, the formation ship of the 389th. At last I have the definitive answer. It has been determined that M/Sgt. Pashal Quackenbush, the artist of the original painting, used to ride his trusty two wheeler to Wymondham and visit a charming old house which adjoins St.

You can lay to rest all of the rumors about the Sky Scorpions and the original painting in the Officer's Mess, which was a blue dragon.

You will have to say one thing for my articles, they are not very long . . . Got one more item for you. I have been trying to get ahold of Al Kopp and his letters have been returned so I finally wrote to his ex wife and she advised that he passed



The  
Green  
Dragon  
Inn

Thomas a Becket's Chapel. It dates from the fourteenth century, has diamond shaped window panes and a timbered front with curiously carved heads. And the name of the secret hideaway? You guessed it, "The Green Dragon Inn."

away on April 10, 1983 of natural causes. Her letter was dated the 15th of April. Seems he went to live with one of his daughters. We lost another one . . . I am trying to get his papers regarding the 389th but don't expect too much.



## How To Make Donation To Memorial

Our president, Andy Low has requested that we prepare these suggestions for insertion, as a permanent record in the Association Handbook which has recently been prepared for the guidance of Association elected officers and Group Vice-Presidents.

### Cash Contributions To Capital Fund

(a) With your annual dues — you may contribute any amount. Send checks made out to 2nd Air Division Association — to Evelyn Cohen. In lower left hand corner please specify amount for dues and amount for contribution.

(b) During the year — if you wish to make a contribution to the capital fund, send checks made out the same way, to 2nd Air Division Association to our treasurer, Dean Moyer. Please specify in lower left hand corner, "For Capital Fund".

The Board of Governors allots funds to the Library annually for the purchase of books. However if you choose to allocate your contribution for the purchase of books, just make that specification in the lower left hand corner.

(c) "Special Contributions" for Books — Since 1981 we have offered our members the opportunity to make a special contribution for books in the name of a specific individual, either a wartime friend, killed in action or otherwise deceased, or for a dear one who has passed away or in honor of a special event in the lives of one's family or friends. In such cases,

please make out the checks the same way, to 2nd Air Division Association specifying in lower left hand corner "Special Contribution in honor of - - - -". Please send such checks to Jordan Uttal, 2AD representative on Board of Governors, with details as to name of individual, rank, group, or relationship, date of passing, and if possible something about the individual's interests so that an appropriate book can be selected. Acknowledgements will be sent from Norwich to the donor or to anyone the donor specifies, in which case names and addresses are needed also.

(d) Do you wish to contribute a specific book? — If so, please write direct to Mr. Colin Sleath, Deputy Divisional Librarian, Norwich Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR 2 1 N J. He will advise you whether the book you wish to send direct is already in stock.

(e) Have you thought about a bequest in your will? — Here again such bequests should be made to the Association. You have the right to specify the use of such funds — Trust Capital Fund, Special annual book purchase in your name, or to the Association Treasury, for support of the *Journal*, or other Association activities.

Please note all checks should be made out to the Association. We are a non-profit organization, listed as such by IRS, and contributions to us are eligible for Income Tax deduction on your part. Checks made out in any other fashion may not be granted exemption if you are questioned by IRS.

Any questions? If so, write to Evelyn Cohen, Dean Moyer, or Jordan Uttal.

## Living Memorial To Brave Men

(from *Eastern Evening News*, 2/4/83)

The American Memorial Room at Norwich Central Library is a unique and strong link between two nations, illustrating the special relationship which exists between people of this region and Americans from all parts of the United States.

Norfolk people fortunate enough to visit America often recount stories of how they met ex-Servicemen who spent a tour of duty in this area and of how many were aware of the memorial to the 6000 members of the US 2nd Air Division who lost their lives in the second world war while flying from East Anglian bases.

In May the 2nd Air Division Association will be holding its convention in the city and it is expected that about 500 people will cross the Atlantic for the occasion. Their visit will coincide with the first refurbishment of the memorial room which will enhance this splendid memorial.

No doubt the visitors will view this historic room with a sense of pride and accomplishment.

The Americans did not want their memorial to be a dead monument of stone. They wanted it as part of a library whose books would maintain a vital flow of ideas between the two countries.

And one of the most remarkable things about the memorial is the fidelity with which the Americans have kept to their original conception of a living and continuing memorial.

It may be seen in some quarters as "another glorification of war" but if that is the case they might as well rewrite the history books and erase passages about great deeds.

Across so many years memory becomes blurred and sometimes elusive but it is right that Norwich should keep faith with those brave US airmen and that the city that welcomed and comforted them during the war years should continue to honor their memory.

The barn was constantly surrounded by Germans driving, stopping and yelling to each other. After a few hours of this everything became quiet and they were gone.

The only thing I can figure is that they thought they had captured everyone in the plane. They knew how many are usually in a bomber (10) and when 13 were captured they must have figured that they had everyone on that particular plane.

After hiding out for three days I was finally contacted by the underground. I returned to England on June 8th just 80 days after leaving. Yes indeed, March 18, 1944 will always be a day for me to remember.

## MARCH 18, 1944 (my day to remember)

by Morris Elisco (453rd)

While reading the 2nd AD *Journal*, very carefully as I always do, I came across the article by Glenn Matson and couldn't help but recall that memorable day March 18, 1944.

It started as any other day prior to a mission. The briefing, the preparations involved for our 8th mission to the 'Fatherland' etc. On this day we led the entire wing. Col. Miller flew co-pilot to our regular pilot Major Phil Stock. Our plane was named Little Brian, who was Stock's son and on this mission we had 14 aboard.

My job as radio man was to set everything up for the relay to the base on the time the bombs were dropped and their accuracy. Upon entering Germany we were greeted by flak and enemy fighters.

I was standing between Col. Miller and Major Stock waiting (for what seemed like an eternity) for a signal from Lt. Schneiderman our bombardier so I could relay the message. How vividly I remember Stock

saying "what in the hell are we doing here? Let's get the hell out of here". I finally received the signal and proceeded to relay it back to the base.

While doing this I heard Stock saying that he was feathering #2 engine. Although pieces of flak were bouncing off Little Brian it never dawned on me that we had been hit seriously. Here we were flying back to England (6 hours away) on three engines, a sitting duck for flak and/or fighters. At 10,000 feet we had to feather #4 because we were losing fuel. This meant dropping to a lower altitude which was worse yet. At 6000 feet we figured we might make the channel so I started sending an S.O.S., after this I depressed the key so a fix could be made on us for Air Sea Rescue.

Unfortunately we never made the channel and were told to bail out. As luck would have it I landed in a tree and had to cut the shroud lines to release myself. It was a good 20 feet drop to the ground and I injured both legs. A little French girl was standing there looking to see if I was friend or foe. After explaining that I was an American she gave me refuge in a

# "HOO JIVE" — A Tough Old B-24

by Sam S. Rainer (453rd)

Don Olds' article about the "Hoo Jive", brought back many memories of a tough B-24. The original crew was with the 453rd Bomber Group (BG), 734th Squadron. Alfred P. Tolley (deceased) was pilot, Frank Guild — co-pilot, Paul Pflug — Navigator, Lee Strait — Bombardier, Winfred Maxwell — Radio Operator, Everette Vogan — Engineer, Kenneth Wise — second engineer-gunner, Henry De Sautel — Engineer-gunner, George Kardos — Tail Gunner, and Sam Rainer — Armorer-Gunner. After finishing our final phase of training November, 1943, with the 453rd BG at March Field, California, the crew was sent to Hamilton Field, California, to pick up a new B-24, later to be named the "Hoo Jive". Our destination from Hamilton Field was "Old Buckingham," England, by the southern route.

When we started out, to our dismay, we found that when the nose wheel was let down it would turn in a position parallel to the wing instead of parallel to the fuselage, as it should. To land, most of the crew would move back in the plane to make it tilt on the rear skid. Two of us would tie a rope to the nose gear and try to pull the wheel into a normal position. This became standard procedure for landing until we got to England. The ground crews at various stops attempted to fix the nose wheel, but it was not until we reached England and our own ground crew at "Old Buck" corrected the situation.



While flying over the equator in South America, the "Hoo Jive" was caught in one of those turbulent up-drafts that caused the plane to go straight up several thousand feet above our flying altitude. Neither the pilot nor the co-pilot could control the plane. We were forced up to an altitude where oxygen would have been helpful. We had very little oxygen in the system. All of a sudden we got on the down side of this disturbance and the "Hoo Jive" started into a nose dive. Luckily, the pilot and co-pilot were able to pull the plane out and the "Hoo Jive" stood the stress.

## 392nd Report

by Fred Thomas (392nd)

April 11 — I came back into town last night ready to lay some heavy stuff on you, but I found my personal troubles are minor. The bad news is that our Co-Pilot has been hit. Don Whitford drove himself over the the hospital where they told him to lie down for triple by-pass surgery or go west in about 30 minutes. Seems he saw the better part of valor, had the surgery, and is now on his way toward recovery.

Don became a member of our crew at Salt Lake City in February 1944. We trained together — flew 30 missions together, and then were assigned to Victorville AFB where we flew several months together. In all that time I never came close to giving Whit an order. He is the type who needs no orders; he was a true CO, and I do mean CO-PILOT. Even though he wanted to be a twin engine Pilot, he never complained about half a B-24. Be that as it may, he now has an order — *get well and mind your doctor!* Don't you dare head any direction; what kind of sorry crew do you think we would have without you? See you in Norwich.

Things about the 392nd and the Second Air Division store in general have gone as well as could be expected, what with numerous distractions. We have had considerable correspondence with people who have seen our posters and wrote for information, and we have welcomed several new members. We recently cast 50 letters on the waters to 392nd people, and we are hoping for some success. It hasn't been all work, however, Vince and Gloria La

We arrived in England early in January 1944. After a few training missions, the 453rd was put into action. During the early missions we had an escort of some of our fighters and English Spitfires for a short distance. The fighters would meet us on our return as far as their range could take them. The "Hoo Jive" took a beating from the Luftwaffe and flak during this time but always was able to limp back to Old Buck — sometimes with less than four engines and much other damage.

In the Spring of 1944, the "Hoo Jive" and its crew was assigned to the Second Air Division Path Finder Force (PFF.) Radar was installed to enable bombing when clouds covered the target. The ball turret was removed and replaced with a radar dome. Grant Collins and Leonard Krone were added to the crew to operate the radar making a total of twelve crew members. Since we always flew lead or deputy lead, a command pilot was assigned for each mission. Actor Jimmy Stewart was one of our command pilots.

Russa were with us in early March. We had a pleasant two days touring the Queen Mary, having lunch with Col. and Mrs. Al Shower, and the like. Also, there were several games of golf with Dick Boucher (445th); I have to keep him in walking around money. We had an enjoyable game with Dick Griffin (392nd) and a friend of his. Then, there was the five weeks of jury duty, oh boy!

As for your V.P., he has been hit with a dirty four letter word — WORK. Seems he involved himself in an age discrimination law suit against his old employer, United Airlines. The jury found in favor of the complainants, and the Judge told the company to reinstate them as Flight Engineers. The V.P. now finds himself up to his ears in the training program which one has to go through to fill the third seat in a B-747. Do you remember Cadets? Well, I'm back as one. The only difference is that, so far, we haven't had to fall out for PT. The hours of study and the training is about the same. It is hoped that our training session will be over in another couple of weeks.

After our training is finished, we hope to get back to our hunt for new members, but in the meantime, it will be appreciated if our members will start beating the bushes for lost members and get their names and addresses to me. We will do the rest.

Enough of the deep stuff, see our accompanying article about the good times. See you in Norwich. And speaking of Norwich, if you see us there, please speak to us and tell us who you are and where we met before. We remember faces, but I am very poor at names, and we do want to visit with you as much as possible. See you there.

The PFF squadron was stationed at Hethel with the 389th BG and was listed as the 564th squadron. This squadron, under the command of Major Dale Sisson was named the finest squadron in the ETO. Whenever the Luftwaffe appeared, PFF planes were good targets because of being out front with the radar dome sticking out.

On our last mission, shortly after D-Day, June 25, 1944, the "Hoo Jive" was so badly damaged that we crash landed at Hethel. I was glad to know that the old plane was patched up and put back in action.

The name "Hoo Jive" came about from one of our crew members, who referred to a pretty girl as a Hoo Jive. Since we could not agree on any specific name, we called our plane the "Hoo Jive."

Seven of the crew members met in Orlando, Florida, October, 1980, at an Eighth Air Force reunion. All of the original crew of the Hoo Jive are still living except the pilot, Alfred Tolley. He died several years ago of a heart attack.

# The Amazing Sage of Colonel Joe Miller

by Andy Low

The date was March 18, 1944. The target was Frederickshafen, a long haul for the B-24 over enemy-held territory. Certainly there could not be friendly fighter escort over the total route.

Leading the Second Combat Wing of the Second Air Division was the 453rd Bomb Group, with Colonel Joseph A. Miller, the Group Commander, as Command Pilot. Flying as his Deputy for the mission was the Assistant Group Operations Officer — me, a Captain. It would be his fourth combat mission; for me, my second.

Outbound, the mission proceeded pretty much according to plan. There was some difficulty in the target area, but bombing reports were good.

As the formation was returning, Colonel Miller reported there was trouble aboard his aircraft. Shortly thereafter, he directed me to take over the lead and return the formation to bases in England. I acknowledged, and we moved into lead as the former leader dropped out. As he went down, Colonel Miller waved to us — and they were gone. That aircraft was the only loss for the 453rd. Elsewhere, twenty-eight aircraft were lost to Second Air Division that date, of the 229 launched.

The date was July 31, 1944. The target was the chemical works at Ludwigshafen.

Leading the Second Combat Wing was the 453rd Bomb Group. However, the lead two aircraft were from the Pathfinder Squadron, 389th Bomb Group. The lead aircraft pilot was Captain Bob Lamb, who had come to the 389th from the 458th Bomb Group. Only recently promoted to major, and now assigned as Group Operations Officer of the 453rd, I was the Command Pilot in the lead aircraft. Only one aircraft was lost that day; it was the lead. Shortly thereafter, I ended up in the German hospital at Stammenlager der Luftwaffe # Drei — Stalag Luft III. As I lay recovering from burns, I looked up to see that I had a visitor! It was Colonel Miller, to whom I had waved some months before.

This is the amazing saga of Colonel Joe Miller.

When Colonel Miller parachuted into a French field, he was quickly rounded up and put in touch with French partisans. With underground help, disguised as a priest, Colonel Miller made his way across France to the town of Perpignan near the Spanish border. As he awaited darkness to make his crossing, he was discovered by a German Border Patrol and captured. Because he was in civilian clothes, he was handed over to the Gestapo for questioning and identification. The Gestapo were not constrained by the Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War. The captive must

prove his military identity before being handed over to the military — or shot as a spy. Gestapo methods were much more positive.

Colonel Miller insisted on giving only his name, his rank, and his serial number. He was transported under guard to a Gestapo prison in Paris, committed along with spies, saboteurs, criminals, etc. The Gestapo wanted more military information that would identify him as a military officer. Putting it mildly, he underwent substantial physical and mental abuse as the Gestapo attempted to extract military intelligence. The fact that he gave his rank as Colonel was particularly damaging, for it was certain in their view he knew major planning factors in Allied strategy. Colonel Miller would give them no help, and simply repeated his name, rank, and serial number. After each interrogation he was warned his obstinacy could lead to dire straits as he was led back to his cell.

While in his cell thinking over alternatives to his predicament — how to solve his military identity problem — he remembered an incident of many years prior, and half a world away.

In 1938, three German flying officers were attempting to break an existing flight-time record between Berlin and Tokyo. They were doing well on early legs, and were ahead of schedule in India. However, over the South China Sea they ran into mechanical difficulties. Forced to shut down one engine, they limped along the Phillipine coast in their Heinkel aircraft. Finally, the over-taxed, remaining engine failed and they were forced into the waters of Manila Bay. They climbed into their emergency dinghy, and helplessly watched as their aircraft slipped slowly into the sea. The German crew had transmitted emergency messages when first in trouble, and they had been received by an American Army Air Corps listening station near Manila. A rescue mission was launched. It was Captain Joseph Miller, AAC, who found them, was instrumental in their safe recovery, and eventual return to Germany.

As he grew more desperate, Prisoner Miller could remember the incident in great detail, and was able to relate it to his captors. By happenstance, one of his Paris Gestapo interrogators visited the Luftwaffe Prisoner-of-War Interrogation Center at Oberursel, Germany, and related this story. The Luftwaffe Deputy Commandant at Oberursel, Major Junge, recognized the events, and revealed that he had been the pilot of the ill-fated mission. Although he admitted he might not recognize Miller, he was certain only Miller could know the happening in such detail. Arrangements were therefore made to bring Prisoner Miller to Oberursel. There, after a private conversation, Major Junge con-

firmed that the prisoner was Joseph A. Miller, US Army Air Corps, and therefore Colonel Miller.

Change from Gestapo to Luftwaffe custody made a substantial difference. Colonel Miller was declared a protected person and lodged in a nearby hotel, rather than the Interrogation Center barracks. Clearly the Luftwaffe was trying to make amends for his poor Gestapo treatment.

Once he regained his strength, Colonel Miller informed his captors he no longer wished to be a protected person. (A protected person can not attempt to escape, and is not closely guarded.) Thus, he was moved to Stalag Luft III — South Compound. Through the camp underground communications system he learned that I was a prisoner and committed to the hospital. He feigned illness, and was sent on sick call to the hospital. When not too closely supervised, he slipped into the ward where I was held. Thus, the meeting — and my first indication that he was alive.

But the story does not end here.

The German Deputy Commandant at the Interrogation Center was sentenced to prison for war crimes. Before the War ended, he was able to get his wife and family out of Germany, through Switzerland and on to Ecuador in South America, where they were to await his release.

Shortly after the War ended, Colonel Miller was selected to head the US Military Mission to Ecuador. Again by happenstance, he learned of the plight of the German officer's wife and family. He sent funds to assist them, saying simply the gift was in return for a great courtesy their husband and father had done for him in the past! A full circle, twice around!

As a postscript, it is amazing how small this world can be. And it is gratifying to know there *are* examples of man's humanity to man.

Acknowledgement: Parts of this story are told in the book, *The Interrogator*, by Raymond F. Tolliven.



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# OUR LITTLE BROTHERS, THE P 47s

by Glenn R. Matson (458th)

Our fourteenth mission was an airfield at Mannheim, Germany 25 April 1944. By 0630 we were airborne, carrying 500 pound demolition bombs. It was to be a long flight, mostly over France. While over France we picked up some sporadic flak and not too accurate. As we neared Paris, it became more accurate and some aircraft in our Group were hit, with minor damage. Two of our engines were hit by flak but kept functioning. I watched number two engine as the oil congealed on top of the wing, eventually rolling off in big gobs and sail into the slip stream. In a way it was quite fascinating to watch. In the vicinity of St. Dizier, France, we were intercepted by about fifteen ME-109's. On the first sweep they shot down one of our B-24's. I believe it was 42-52335, one of the 458th Bomb Groups original aircraft. I saw the bomber drop out of formation, no explosion or fire. It appeared to be out of control as it slowly went into a spin. As it was falling, four men bailed out and opened their chutes. The lead ship flown by Colonel James H. Isbell, our Group Commander was hit as a fighter made a head on attack through our formation. The fighter went between us and the Colonels aircraft. We were right in the line of fire, but he seemed to concentrate on the lead bomber. Our gunners picked up the ME-109 and fired on him as he went by. In the tail, I had to wait until the ME-109 was clear of the aircraft beside us. As soon as I could, I laid a long burst at him as he went past us. The ME-109 was going at such a rapid speed, it was almost impossible to track. Evidently the Luftwaffe had changed their tactics, as in the past they would usually approach from

the rear. Today they came down out of the sun at about 12:00 o'clock high.

About this time our Co-Pilot, Lt John Krpan took it on his own to call for fighter support. As he was calling fighter command, some one replied, We would be happy to assist, but right now we have about a hundred of them cornered above you. In the mean time, do your best until we finish them off. Soon a couple of P-47's appeared and dispensed with those that were harassing us. Of the 23 aircraft the 458th Bomb Group dispatched, none of them reached the target, due to bad weather over the area. We received a recall message from 2nd Air Division. The mission had been canceled and we were to abort and turn back.

Our Navigator, Lt Charles Weinum informed our Plot, Lt Charles Melton we would be running into strong head winds on our return trip. So to help conserve fuel, he decided to release our bombs in France. With two engines loosing oil, we could not risk carrying the bombs back, even to the channel. After the bad experience we had once before accidentally jettisoning our bombs on a French village, we were careful this time and dropped them in a unpopulated area.

We had P-47 escort all the way back, and I am sure if it wasn't for them, our losses would have been a lot greater. So I say thanks! to our little brothers, the fighter pilots. If it were not for them, a lot more of us bomber crews would not have got the DFC.

I heard the P-47's set some records in enemy aircraft destroyed that day. It was the beginning to the end for the Luftwaffe.

On December 28 we were ordered to proceed to Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida. However, the weather did not permit us to depart until after New Year's. Each plane was flown by a regular Combat Crew but also carried some Staff personnel as passengers. Bob Hoffman (Assistant Squadron Ops.) and I flew with George Baatz and his Crew #4.

We flew cross-country in easy stages with many overnight stops, weather delays, etc. enroute. Our flying was typically at a low altitude — under 10,000 feet — so that we would not have to use oxygen. I generally rode in the nose turret where — with no crew duties — I could enjoy sight-seeing and reading.

At Morrison Field we spent several days, during which time a number of our aircraft and crews were dispatched on their way individually. One way to pass time was by watching the aircraft traffic. One day I was observing the takeoff of a Martin "Marauder" B-26 bomber on which the co-pilot "raised the landing gear" before flying speed had been attained. This made for a rather messy aborted takeoff.

One of the B-24s in our Group crashed into the bay on takeoff and was lost with all on board. The cause was attributed to an overloaded condition; immediately a dictum was issued to the effect that each B-24 henceforth would take off with normal Combat Crew and their baggage only, barring passengers and their baggage. Lt. Titus and crew had taken off with Lt. Rhode (732nd Squadron Engineering Officer) as a passenger. Their plane developed a malfunction which required that they return and land for maintenance, which was quickly accomplished. However, they heard by grapevine of the ban on passengers and hurried to "get back in the air" before hearing of it officially. When they made an overnight stop at Trinidad, they got official word of the passenger ban, and Lt. Rhode was left behind!

On the day of the crash, Bob Hoffman and I were in town unofficially to try (unsuccessfully) to phone our wives. On our return to the Base, we found that Lt. Baatz had departed without us! This left us without a ride and with no further chance of catching a "hop" from Morrison. Besides Bob Hoffman and myself, five other members of our Squadron were found to be in the same situation. As senior member of this bunch, I was placed in charge of getting us to Homestead Army Air Field near Miami, Florida, where it was hoped that each of us could "catch a hop". I accomplished my assignment by commandeering a "6 x 6" Army truck to take us to Homestead.

At Homestead, I managed to "sign in" as a passenger with an A.T.C. (Air Transport Command) Ferry Crew flying a B-

(cont. on next page)

## My Deployment with the 453rd

by Del Wangsvick (453rd)

### Part I: Deployment Begins

In December, 1942, we were sent to our Secret P.O.E. (Port of Embarkation) which turned out to be Hamilton Field, California, near San Francisco. Somehow, the wives of four of us in the 732nd Squadron learned the location of our P.O.E. and drove from March Field to Hamilton Field. Besides my wife, Doris, the other wives were Helen Rhode, Nancy Hoffman, and Janie Klockow.

We spent nineteen days at Hamilton — waiting for suitable flying weather to depart. On each day, the early morning weather was suitable but by the time weather personnel got around to check it

and plan a briefing — the fog had closed the Base to flying. We had no duties and — under the above circumstances especially — the four of us were very happy to have our wives there. We were in no hurry. Each morning we would go to the Base and check the Bulletin Board to learn that our departure had been "scrubbed" for another day. Then we would go back to our hotel, change our clothes, pick up our wives, and go in to San Francisco.

Our delay at Hamilton included Christmas and New Year's Eve, both of which we enjoyed to the full. Of course, after nineteen days we were all running short of money but had no regrets for that already spent.

## My Deployment (cont.)

24. Since Ferry Crews included fewer members than did Combat Crews, they could still carry passengers. Only after taking off from Homestead was I authorized to open my sealed orders and learn that my destination was Prestwick, Scotland, whence I would be assigned to a Bomber Base with the rest of my Group.

At our first overnight stop — in Trinidad — I ran across Lt. Rhode, who had been stranded there by the ban on passengers with Combat Crews. I interceded for him with the A.T.C. Pilot with whom I was traveling, and we were again on our way as fellow passengers.

We arrived rather late in the day at Belem, Brazil, where we opened some aerosol "bug bombs" inside of our plane and closed it up for the night, taking off again early the next morning.

By early afternoon we arrived at Fortaleza, Brazil, where we found several of our crews waiting for aircraft maintenance, suitable weather, whatever. I quickly concluded that all crews spent several days at Fortaleza (or Natal) before making the "big hop" across the Atlantic. Thus reassured, I — together with several others — went unofficially out of the back gate and caught a bus into town. However, trouble soon developed because we could not understand the language of the ticket taker on the bus and because we had no Brazilian money. We managed to stay aboard until reaching the outskirts of town but were then ejected unceremoniously. Our next objective was to exchange some money for Brazilian, even heading for the American Embassy at one stage. However, discretion ruled when we decided that our status did not warrant such a contact.

Finally, an American in a bar changed some money for us. There we also got acquainted with a young native who spoke a little English and offered to show us the sights of the city. This included visits to scenic and cultural attractions and also several more bars. Whenever our guide began to lose interest, one of us would buy for him another memento to take home: One of our fellows bought him a pair of shoes for his "little bambino". At another stop, I bought him a pair of nylons for his wife.

By the time we were ready to terminate the evening's activities, we had learned that the heavy, rather sweet taste of Brazilian beer had a tendency to "stay with us". We arrived back at the Base tired and ready for a couple of days rest before "heading across the drink". (Did we get it? Watch for the next installment.)

## ONE ENGINE AND A PRAYER

by Forrest S. Clark (44th)

We had been awake all night listening to the steady drone of the RAF winging its way through the darkness over the English countryside headed for Germany.

In the cold hours of dawn the call for a mission was almost a relief, for here was action beckoning after a night of fitful sleep. Twelve aircraft winged their way out over the frigid North Sea in the pre-dawn hours of Nov. 18, 1943.

Before long we were at altitude and the bleak grayness of the surface, the bland countryside of England gradually gave way to the spacious steel blue sky at 30,000 feet over the North Sea. There were just a few wispy clouds obscuring the water below and a few contrails from bombers flying in our Group.

We knew the target for today was near to the Norwegian capital of Oslo and we were likely to encounter some German fighter opposition. It was a well known fact that the Luftwaffe had a few squadrons of ME 109s at the ready in the area of Denmark and Norway and would be waiting for us. We did not have long to wait.

As we approached the Skaggerak, a body of water separating Norway and Denmark, someone shouted over the intercom "There's Jerry, look at them . . . they'll be back. They're just going to get some help." As it proved, this remark was prophetic.

We saw the coast of Oslo in a short time, snow blanketed Oslo and then the bomb run, the target area and the call of "Bombs away".

We turned quickly out to sea again as some planes dropped their bombs into the water having failed to drop over the target. In spite of that the target had been hit by most of the planes in the formation. It

was then we started to lag behind the rest of the formation.

"Be on the lookout for fighters" came the warning from the cockpit. The gunners scanned the skies for the expected Messerschmidts and they did not have long to wait.

Out of the sun screamed a dozen enemy fighters aiming directly at our plane. The bullets ripped into the plane hitting the rear, the sides and the wings. One round hit a waist gunner wounding him critically. The gunners returned the fire as the fighters made pass after pass.

In the fight the tail turret gunner scored a hit on one ME 109 and the Jerry went down under the plane trailing smoke and fire. We could see our tracers hitting the wings of the fighters and then, just as suddenly as it began, the fight was over as the enemy broke off combat and climbed out of sight in the direction of Norway.

Now that we were free and clear of fighters the immediate job was to get the badly crippled plane and wounded gunner back over hundreds of miles of frigid North Sea water with two engines out and losing altitude.

It was at this point that I did something I had never done before. I got down on my knees next to the waist gun position and prayed. I hoped someone would hear. It was the only thing to be done except wait to ditch into the choppy 40 degree water.

We jettisoned everything we could to maintain altitude but even then we kept getting lower and lower until we could see the waves clearly through the hatch. We just sat waiting for the order to bail out and trying to rehearse how we could get free of our chutes and inflate our Mae Wests. The water came closer and closer

and yet there was no land in sight. Two engines were dead and the third sputtering and about to die any second. The gunner lay motionless and bleeding at his waist position as there was little we could do for him.

For almost 180 minutes the pilot alternately babied and bullied that hugh ship along on one good engine and three uncertain or almost dead engines.

The crew sighed with relief when suddenly just below us appeared the low coastal marshes of East Agnli, but our troubles were not over yet. When the engineer attempted to lower the landing gear only one wheel came down. Working frantically it proved impossible to lower the other. Then the lowered gear stuck in place and could not be raised. The order was given to bail out and all but the pilot, wounded gunner and co-pilot did so. The job then was for the pilot to bring the crippled plane in for a landing with one wheel stuck in the lowered position.

The pilot deftly touched down on one wheel balancing the plane as it sped along the runway and then slowly, ever so slowly, lowering the other wing. The plane came to a crashing stop spinning off its propellers and making a great circle with smoke pouring out of it. The pilot, gunner and co-pilot got out safely.

It was not until later that upon inspection of the plane two 20mm cannon shells were imbedded in the one good engine.

This is not to say that the pilot, Lt. R.C. Griffith, had not done a heroic, skillful and amazing job of landing the crippled aircraft. For that he got the Silver Star, but was there someone else at the controls?

Was it skill, heroism, courage and luck plus that unknown quantity the power of prayer? I think so.

# 448th Bomb Group Profiles



by George DuPont

Capt. Stone was a short pudgy man nicknamed "Ace". It took the help of another crew member to force him through the wedge of the armor plated seats. He obviously knew that he could only come back with the airplane since it was unlikely he could bail out. He had been an instructor on B-26s, the aircraft known as the Baltimore Prostitute (since it's wings were so short it had no visible means of support).

One day a squadron of B-26s landed on our base and since "Ace" had been an instructor he greeted some of his former students on the line.

Their disdain for the B-24 was obvious and remarks ran the gamut of "freight car" to "the crate the B-17s came in." Stone once said they couldn't even be used to "buzz the field." Well that did it! "Hackles" up Ace asked me to get a parachute and come along as engineer. He "volunteered" to fly a "test hop" and away we went. Making his first pass at about 40 feet and 180 mph we had no more crossed the field boundary than to our surprise (and consternation) a nose turret of another B-24 appeared directly ahead and below us. This was the ultimate insult! Some "chowder head" flying underneath us during this "impressive demonstration" of buzzing. Ace pulled up and

circled back and this time "no more nice guy". When we crossed the field this time only the fence seemed too high. Witnesses later said there was a "wake" in the grass from our bomb-bay. A few more passes of the same caliber attested to the fact that this was "skill" not just "luck".

Well before the cylinder heads had stopped crackling as they cooled, Ace was talking to Col. Mason who informed him that although the demonstration was impressive it was also costly. It seemed a directive had come down from HQ and he was promptly fined one months salary.

Mar. 6 1944 before dawn and prior to boarding his aircraft, "Ace" told everyone in earshot that this was one day he was not going to miss. He would tell his children and grandchildren about the First Berlin Raid. "Big B" as it was called. He had waited an eternity to savor this day and no one, but no one, was going to deny him this privilege. With Lt. Berquist as co-pilot they launched their challenge into the Norfolk skies. As the altimeter continued it's slow but steadily increasing readings, Berquist found himself feeling first a little discomfort, then pain and finally excruciating pain from blocked sinuses. An experience no one envies. Ace was determined nothing would rob him of

this day and ordered the engineer into the co-pilot seat and told Berquist to "bail out" as they were still over Norfolk. As Berquist made his way back to the waist, "Ace" waited until a voice on the intercom gave the distressing news. The co-pilot was trying to leave via the waist window and only the timely action of the gunners who subdued him with a fire bottle prevented his jumping overboard. It seems "Ace" didn't inform them. Well he could hardly throw an unconscious man over the side. The "fates" had interceded.

The second Berlin raid was going to be different. Another co-pilot did the trick. But not without some new challenges. As he returned after the raid he was unsmiling. As soon as engines were out, he stuck his head out the window and shouted. "Get me a jeep." As the breeze from the props died down we all knew. Fate had struck another cruel peculiar blow. This time it was the GI's.

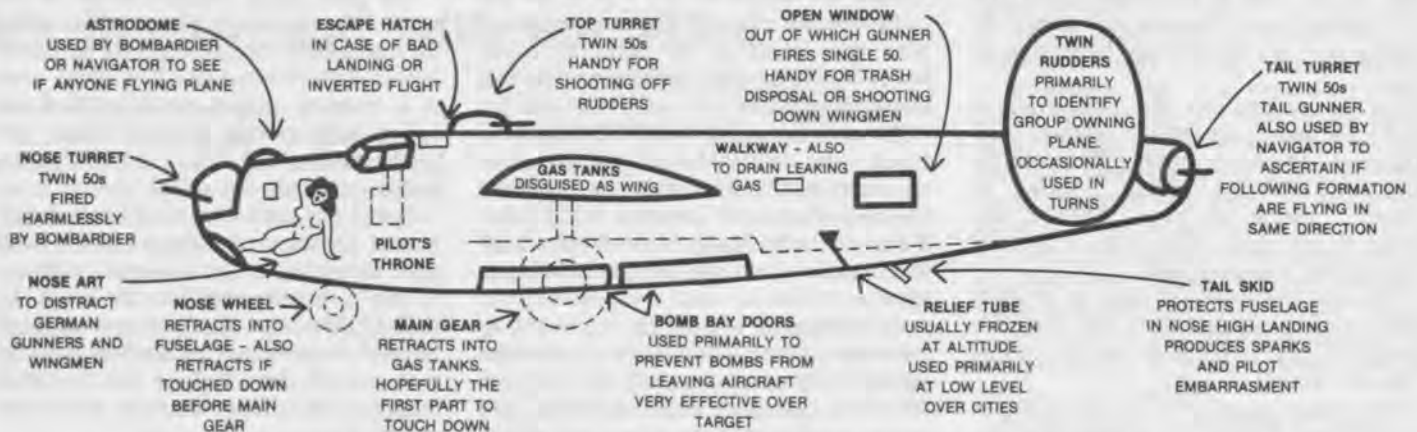
## Attention 8-Ballers

Will Lundy has received about 15-20 orders for his book "History of the 67th Bombardment Squadron — 44th Bomb Group — Flying Eight-Balls" since the first printing was depleted. Will said that he will have a second printing made if he can get a few more orders. (Probably needs minimum of 100) I found this book to be of interest to all 44th Squadrons, not just the 67th. Interested members should send \$12.50 to: C.W. Lundy; 3295 North 'H' St., San Bernardino, CA. 92405. The original printing resulted in donations to the Memorial Library of \$200 from Will.

Pete Henry (44th B.G.)

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TOM PARRY  
93rd BOMB GROUP

# NANA

by Hugh "Joe" Brewer (389th)

THIS ISSUE, AND THE ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL PREVIOUS TO THIS CARRIED A LETTER ABOUT THE B-24 "NANA".

I was tail gunner on this plane. The pilot was, one of the best. An ole Georgia boy that was cool, calm and never excited. 1st Lt. Rutledge Laurens from outside Atlanta, Georgia.

Our co-pilot was Jack Millington from Arizona. He was a very happy go lucky person. I understand that Millington stayed in after the war and was killed in action in Korea. Whether this is true or not I don't know.

Our navigator was John McClellan. Mac, was another top notch man with the compass. To the best of my knowledge he never had any trouble finding our way in and out.

Our bombardier was a Lt. Jack Rogers from Florida . . .

Other than me being tail gunner, the rest of the crew of "Nana" was Mallie Harper, Columbia, S.C. engineer and top-gunner. Cromer, Waist . . . Casey radio and gunner. Bedford B. King from Chickasee, Oklahoma, Ball Man.

I trained with a crew that had a James Roper as pilot. Roper was from Texas. We went through the dust at Alamogordo, Clovis and Tuscon . . . Then by

bus to Amarillo . . . Catch the chockta limited for a final few days home. While home one of my friends died in a B-24 crash at Clovis. I stayed for the funeral and served as a pall bearer. When me and the other guys on Roper's crew checked in to Topeka, Kansas, we were all AWOL . . . So we went busted . . . split up my original crew. I then went on to join up with Lt. Rut Laurens crew. We flew the northern route over . . . Trained in a B-24 and flew a god damn 17 across the North Atlantic . . . After arriving and being staged we were assigned to the 389th . . . We had a good crew. The officers were truly gentlemen . . . No rank and spit'n'polish . . . Just damn good guys.

The reason our ship was nose arted and named "Nana" was, at that time Emile Zola's book "Nana" was a big hit with men . . . Nana was the best French prostitute in history . . . And since a lot of guys were fooling around in Ole London Town we thought we'd bust out with "Nana". By the way, the ship before Nana was the "Pink Elephant" we left it with another crew in Banghazi . . . We flew back to Hethel in ATC . . . What was the 4 engine transport the ATC used back then.

We made two trips to the desert . . . Banghazi the first time . . . Tunis and Algeria the second time. Had fun both times.

Our C.O. for the 566th squadron was Tom Conroy, I think he was a Colonel .

. . . Lt. or Capt. Jack Westerbeck flew as observer with us the time I shot down my first fighter.

I remember we pulled two missions in one day. Early AM . . . Before daylight. Coming back after the second mission it was way after dark. A huge bonfire at the end of the runway guided us through the fog. Back in 43 we didn't have all the goodies . . . But we did have a hell'va lot of German fighters and flack.

We cashed it in on a mission over Bremen, December 20, 1943 . . . Marched up to Passau and were liberated.

As we were being trucked into the staging area . . . Along comes another truck, and I'll be damned if it wasn't Laurens, Mac, Rogers and Middleton.

Our co-pilot was Middleton . . . Not as previously stated. I put down Millington. No it was Middleton.

Our other crew member was Dan "Gluck" Gardner. I believe that's a total of 10.

Father Beck . . . The only Holy man on the base. Padre would be red eyed and hung low, but he'd bless the hell out of anybody that could walk, run or crawl.



## TRAPPED IN A TAIL TURRET!

by Glenn R. Matson (458th)

My mind was made up, if circumstances prevailed I wanted to be in a position to evacuate in the shortest time possible. I had learned that time is of essence in a doomed B-24. Earlier I had made it a habit to open my tail turret doors when ever we were fired upon. One time the flak was heavy and bursting so close, you could hear it rattle through the plane like hail on a tin roof. Automatically as usual, I decided it was time to open the turret doors and be prepared for any eventuality, then I could roll out fast if need be. I pulled the door handle and was shocked to find out they would not open, they were stuck. I tugged and jerked on the handle until I broke it. Now I was trapped inside the turret and could not get out. We got another burst of flak and I became panic-stricken. Bracing myself and with all of my strength I tried forcing them open with my back. After several attempts I finely unhinged them by force. At last I was free and could get out, but the doors were an entangled mess. When we landed

and were parked on the hardstand I removed the cables along with the doors and threw them out of the aircraft. The next mission, I found they were back on again. No way! I said, they have got to go and I ripped them out once more. The assistant crew chief saw this and just about had a fit. He said, What the hell do you think you are doing? I spent half the night replacing those doors! Sorry, I told him, you don't have to replace them again. I want them off permanently. With a disgusted look and a shrug of his head, he picked up the doors and walked off. Needless to say, from then on it was one cold and miserable place to be with the freezing cold wind whistling through the turret like a wind tunnel. I tolerated it, knowing I would not be trapped inside the turret again and could get out with out having to force the doors off. It did not occur to me I could have left the doors open all the time. Maybe it was an act of defiance or maybe I didn't want someone else to experience the terror I did.

## Reunions Over The Years

Time	City
1. October 1948.....	Chicago, Ill.
2. October 1949.....	Chicago, Ill.
3. October 1950.....	Cleveland, Ohio
4. October 1951.....	New York, N.Y.
5. October 1952.....	Chicago, Ill.
6. October 1953.....	Chicago, Ill.
7. August 1954.....	Washington, D.C.
8. August 1955.....	Washington, D.C.
9. August 1956.....	Chicago, Ill.
10. August 1957.....	Hershey, Pa.
11. August 1958.....	New York, N.Y.
12. August 1959.....	Chicago, Ill.
13. October 1960.....	Washington, D.C.
14. October 1961.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
15. September 1962.....	Chicago, Ill.
16. June 1963.....	Norwich, England
17. October 1964.....	Chicago, Ill.
18. June 1965.....	Washington, D.C.
19. June 1966.....	Dayton, Ohio
20. June 1967.....	Washington, D.C.
21. June 1968.....	Chicago, Ill.
22. June 1969.....	Gettysburg, Pa.
23. June 1970.....	Cincinnati, Ohio
24. July 1971.....	Williamsburg, Va.
25. May 1972.....	Norwich, England
26. July 1973.....	Colorado Springs, Colo.
27. July 1974.....	Wilmington, N.C.
28. May 1975.....	Norwich, England
29. July 1976.....	Valley Forge, Pa.
30. July 1977.....	Lake Geneva, Wis.
31. July 1978.....	San Diego, Ca.
32. June 1979.....	Norwich, England
33. July 1980.....	Cambridge, Ma.
34. October 1981.....	San Antonio, Tex.
35. July 1982.....	Nashville, Tenn.

# NIGHT VISITORS

by  
**HAROLD  
HOPKINS**

As most of us have learned, military intelligence has its uses and its limitations. It can be reliable or less than reliable. It can be correctly interpreted or be completely misinterpreted. The results of all this can be helpful or disastrous, and sometimes hilarious.

When we arrived at Old Buckingham in December of 1943, German intelligence had apparently been doing at least some of its homework, since (word soon circulated through the barracks) Lord Haw Haw had noted in one of his nightly broadcasts that the 453rd Bomb Group had arrived in England and that the Luftwaffe would soon be over to give us a hot reception, or words to that effect. I don't think it bothered anybody much. We recognized it as propaganda and most of us realized that if the Germans were really in a position to do anything much they would have kept quiet until it was done. By the time the 453rd arrived in England the Blitz was mostly history. When German bombers flew over England it was mostly at night. Enough of them did do so to provide a little excitement and enable us to identify the sound of the German Bombers' in-line or water cooled engines when we heard them, and then decide whether or not to fret.

One night long after we arrived we heard some of those sounds, lots of them. Luftwaffe bombers had started out on a mission but apparently were unable to reach their target, perhaps because a strong defense was put up. As the bombers scurried back to Europe, one of them, loaded with small magnesium incendiary bombs salvaged

the whole load in an open field just a few hundred yards from our base. It was never quite clear whether the crew thought they saw a target of opportunity below or were just rid of their load so they could get out of there in a big hurry.

A considerable number of the bombs ignited upon impact and they lit up the whole countryside. As we watched and wondered from our barracks the light became so intense that, as one of the fellows said, you could read the London Times if you were extremely news minded.

Naturally everyone was in a stew. I was in the 734th Sq. then, and living in a barracks that included some of our headquarters intelligence clerks. Most of us were mystified about just what these fellows did. They took their work seriously and were usually tight mouthed about it. But one of them, a little younger and brasher than the rest, had his own notion of what was happening.

"Boys," he yelled, "they're marking the target." "They," of course meant the Germans, and "the target" meant us. Most of us by that time had calmed down when we saw the fire was spreading, but as the significance of this remark began to sink in, we could all imagine the 453rd illumined in noonday brilliance for leisurely contemplation of Luftwaffe bombardiers yet to arrive. There was some considerable sweating, even though it was cold weather.

The lights burned briskly for awhile and finally flickered out. Nobody, at least in our barracks, knew exactly what had happened until the next morning, when some of the older head had pieced together some more facts. But for a short time some of us were beginning to believe Lord Haw Haw knew a little too much for comfort.

He drove his German made car of Swedish steel and an interior of Argentinian leather to a gas station where he filled up with Arab oil shipped in a Liberian tanker and bought two French tires composed of rubber from Sri Lanka. At home he dropped his Moroccan briefcase, hung up his shirt made of Egyptian cotton, and donned his robe from Hong Kong with matching slippers from Taiwan.

More comfortable now, he poured a hot cup of Brazilian coffee into an English mug set on a Mexican placemat on an Irish linen tablecloth atop a Danish table varnished with linseed oil from India. He then filled his Austrian pipe with Turkish tobacco, lit it, picked up his Japanese ball point pen, and wrote a letter to his congressman demanding to know why there is so much unemployment here in the United States.

(ED: Pete Henry thought you would like to know what he fired up his pipe with? A Match from China! What else?)

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**1984**

**PALM SPRINGS**

**DOVER**

*I stood high up on Shakespere Cliff,  
Overlooking the shores of France,  
The solemn stillness, that before me lay,  
Made my heart thump and dance*

*I could see the coast of enemy shores,  
Appearing far from me,  
The waves that in the Channel flowed,  
Seemed to whisper "Victory"*

*To my left and plain in view,  
Were homes and terrain of Dover,  
The haunting silence of folks a few,  
Seemed to believe it would soon be over*

*The cruel, cruel yoke of Nazism,  
Is now entrenched abroad,  
But from the skies, a Voice above  
Said: "Now it won't be long"*

*I know some day, I'll stand again,  
High up on Shakespere Cliff,  
and overlook the straits and lanes  
Of Dover's snowwhite cliffs,*

*Peace will be ours, and war no more,  
The kind of world GOD wills,  
So Here's a Toast from Coast to Coast  
And to Dover's chalk like hills,*

— S/Sgt. Irving L. Shuffler

## New Member Looking for Assistance with Book About Aircrews

Professor Lowell W. Newton sent a letter to Pete Henry requesting assistance. He is working on a book-length project with the working title, "U.S. Bomber Aircrews in Europe, 1942-45". One of several objectives is that he is attempting to learn what crews thought and how they felt about a variety of important issues.

The Professor has prepared a questionnaire which he would be pleased to send to anyone who would be interested in supplying information for his project. Please write to:

Lowell W. Newton  
Professor of History  
University of Louisville  
Belknap Campus  
Louisville, KY 40292



# LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I have been recommended to write to you by my friend Alan Garnett with whom, I believe, you have been in correspondence.

I too collect A.2. Flying Jackets amongst other WWII items. I have recently acquired Bill Graff's jacket plus two other which I have had no luck so far in tracing. My prize possession is a 392nd Bomb Group jacket with the name tag **Bode**, inside is the name Jack Bode, John H. Bode and the No. 12192996. The jacket has been painted on the front and back and Jack Bode must have been a waist gunner as the jacket is inscribed Right Waisted Gunner below a caricature painting of a waist gunner. I have written to the unit but have received no reply as yet. Any help you could pass on would be greatly appreciated. The other jacket is from the B.24 Bomberang which was, I'm sure you know, a 328th Squadron aircraft. At some time the squadron patch and name tag have been removed but, as the back is painted with a large kangaroo — 29 bombs — 5 Nazi kills — 5 stars and the word BOMERANG in large letters across the shoulder, it should not be too difficult to trace(?)

Any help you could be in my research will be gratefully received.

Ken Calder  
67 Falcon Rd.  
London S.W.11  
England

Dear Bill:

My original crew with Lt. George Thom were taken prisoners after being shot down over Germany in April 1944. I was hospitalized at that time and wasn't with them and, all this time, never knew what happened to them; if they had survived or what, until I contacted Pete Henry this year in January. Between him and Will Lundy, I have been put in touch with several of my wartime buddies and have hopes of seeing them again one day, and reviving the experiences we shared during W.W. II, while in England.

Joseph E. Cooper

Ms. Cohen:

Truly enjoyed your 2nd Air Division Association newsletters passed to me by William Patrick O'Reilly who was crew chief of the B-24 (Jokers Wild) on which I was navigator. We were from Rochester, N.Y. Hadn't seen each other since the War but met in retirement in Florida. We were with the 448th Bomb Group, 714 Bomb Squadron. Bill Rage was my pilot and we'd love to hear from any of the crew.

I hope to visit Norwich in 1983. Please put me on your mailing list for all pertinent information. Enclosed check for \$20.00 should cover membership, mailing etc. — I don't know what your dues are.

George Robertson  
2700 Bayshore Blvd. - 5208  
Dawdin, FL 33528

Dear Ms. Cohen:

I'm changing cars today and had to destroy the cherished 2AD decal proudly displayed as the vehicle is being traded.

Please send me another in the envelope enclosed for that purpose.

Best wishes for a happy spring and summer and another outstanding reunion. . . . I was sorry to learn of the loss of my dear friend Daisy Elmar from the "Three Nags" where we had many good times.

Bob Calkins

Dear Evelyn:

Noticed in January *Journal* that you had 2nd ADA decals.

I do enjoy reading the *Journal* and the Editor and Staff have my compliments.

Would you please send me 2ADA decal in enclosed self addressed stamped envelope.

Clarence E. Fothergill  
221 Esperanza Dr.  
Lexington Park, MD 20653

Dear Evelyn:

Attached is my final \$204.00 which now completes my cost of our 1983 Norwich Reunion. I would like to know if there is a weight limit of luggage one can take on British Airways. For your information I have been in contact with Trevlin and understand I will leave Dulles Airport at 10PM May 25, 1983 and arrive in England at 900AM May 26, 1983. From that point on I have no information other than your recent Special Information. I have written British Airways in response to an add they had in Peoples for information on Britt-rail pass as I plan to travel mostly by rail after Reunion to visit with wartime friends and relatives in various parts of UK. I secured maps of British Isles and South England from AAA. It is my intention to return on June 16th and I have so informed Trevlin.

Let me say, as per usual, you have done a marvelous job. You have made possible everything I desired during a Reunion. I am enclosing a copy of a poem that I wrote during the War Years from atop Shakespere Cliff of the White Cliffs of Dover. As you will see even then I said "someday I'd stand again on Dover's snowwhite cliffs", you may keep it as a souvenir and if you can, it might be of interest to readers of *Journal*. I wrote a lot of poems on the War and from my album I have made this copy for you.

I have also been in touch with the PRO Officer at the now Fort Detrick, which during 1941-42 era was Detrick Air Base at Frederick, Md. Here is where the 2nd Air Division was activated on 7 June, 1942 (I was there with QMC). It was later redesignated the Second Bombardment Division on 13 September, 1943 (I was at Westover Field, Mass.) and on January 1, 1945 it went back to its original activation name Second Air Division (I was then with 453rd BG (H) Hdq. Sqdn. Because of this, I have suggested to various people via an editorial that they go all out for our 1985 Reunion, place a plaque designation Detrick Field; Frederick, Md. as the Birthplace. You may receive an invitation any day now. I have also given some pics to the interested PRO Officer Norman M. Covert, Dept. of Army, Fort Detrick. I will let you know how we succeed in getting this recognition. In other words Evelyn, I have been a part of the 2nd Bombardment Division since even before its conception as I enlisted in USAAF on March 17, 1941 and my base was Detrick Field, Frederick, Md. until June 1942. Bet it is hard to find another that can say that.

Irv Shuffler

Ms Evelyn Cohen

Enclosed is a Second Air Division Association Membership Application plus a check for \$15.00. The few extra dollars are for postage for back issues of the *Journal*, and a directory of Members home addresses if you have one.

I feel like Rip Van Winkle, I just now woke up and decided to join the Second Air Division Association.

I was in the 93 Bomb Group and I was shot down and interned in Sweden so I am especially interested in material about these sub-groups. If postage and publications expense exceeds what I have enclosed, I will cover that when the material arrives.

Charles L. Kline

Dear Bill:

Will you please run this note in LETTERS TO EDITOR again:

"During the War 3D Strategic Air Depot had urgent request from 2nd Air Division Headquarters, needing scale models of B-24s. The models were about 10 inches in wingspan and in exact scale. Each was mounted on a small stand with piano wire. Purpose for their usage was to demonstrate formation flying by that Group to newly arrived pilots.

Our association needs to hear from anyone who recalls using these models, and even a photograph of them would also enhance a story. Models were made by 3D SAD Machine Shop (M/Sgt. Howard Lougheed NCOIC) with assistance of Mr. Harry Page, owner of Page Foundry in Watton, England."

Bill, this was a "super rush" order by 2nd AD, and actually classified at that time. As far as I can learn, we made no photographs of the approximate 225 models.

Wiley Noble  
3D Strategic Air Depot Assn.  
7266 Goodwood Ave.  
Baton Rouge, LA 70806

Dear Bill:

I received the 2nd Air Div. *Journal* and read it thoroughly. I see that there are few articles on the 93rd Bomb Group so I thought I would go to my old pictures and send you some. I think those who see them might recognize some of their buddies.



This one is Boomerang and the ground crew radio and ordnance crews. I believe this was taken before it left for the United States to rally for the sale of War Bonds. It had flown it's 50th mission and they were sending it there to help the War effort.

I was sorry to see that Daisy Elmar had passed away. It's sure quite a spell since we had a few sips at The Old Nags. I really look forward to reading the *Journal* and looking back at some of the times we had over in England.

Sorry that I will not be able to go to the reunion at Norwich in 83 but might make it later sometime. I hope the pictures will be of some help to you. Many Thanks for the Memories.

Cavett L. Thorp

Dear Bill:

Once again I'm the bearer of sad news — the passing away of another 466er, J. "Don" Brooks from Agency, Missouri, and one of my own crew mates from the "JOKERS" crew. His wife Leeta wrote and told me that he died of a heart attack on 16 March 1983.

Barkev Hovsepian



Dear Bill:

Some time ago I received a large batch of B-24 nose-art photos taken at the 3rd S.A.D. at Watton/Griston. There was no information as to which groups the aircraft came from but obviously the odds are that they served with the 2nd AD.

I have traced quite a few of them and would like to trace the remainder so I would be grateful if you can find space in the *Journal* to publish some of the others in the hope that someone would recognize the aircraft depicted and supply me with information regarding group, squadron and, if possible, serial no.

Tony North  
62, Turner Road  
Norwich, Norfolk, NR2 4HB, England

Dear Ms. Cohen:

Do you have an address for the Caterpillar Club. I joined in England after "bailing out" and would like to contact them regarding a lost "caterpillar" Also I believe there was one in the United States.

Thank you for any information  
Stan Seger  
18150 Ramsgate  
Lathrup Village, MI 48076

Ms. Cohen:

Colonel Shower would not remember me by name but I'm sure he remembers the take-off of Dec. 29, 1944. The group attempted an instrument take-off in dense fog. Of four successive take-offs, two crashed and burned and two were damaged and landed at Attlebridge. We were the next to take off and luckily made it, only because I was checking out my co-pilot, Ed Bowan so he could take over a crew of his own. This permitted me to make a visual take-off because Ed could follow through on instruments if I lost contact with the ground (I could only see enough to keep one wheel near the edge of the runway). Of course we knew nothing of the crashes until we returned from the mission, completed with only part of the group. We did notice the black smoke as we passed over the crash site, but didn't know what caused it.

I was just a matter of luck that we weren't killed in addition to the 15 killed and 4 wounded in the other planes.

Harold Weeks

Dear Sirs:

I am a sixth grade student at Laurel School in Oceanside. I am doing a social studies project on World War II. I was hoping that you could send me information on my topic. I am especially interested in the weapons the people used in the war.

Thank you for your time and help.  
Refugio Mercado  
1203 Langford  
Oceanside, Calif. 92054

Dear Bill:

My good friend and past VP 491st BG, Mike Fagin has informed me that he still has a number of copies of "Ringmasters", a history of the 491st Bombardment Group (H) by Alan G. Blue available.

The current price is \$4.00 per copy — up like everything else from the original \$2.00. For copies write to Mike Fagin, 1155 Spruce Ave., Atwater, CA 95301. We would greatly appreciate a line or two in the next issue of the *Journal* to this effect. Also, Bill — I have in mind a column entitled "Metfield Museings" — to be run on occasion — based on invited input by members of the 491st.

For whatever reason — we as a group who contributed so much in exemplary military action — in my estimation have fallen short in the realm of peaceful outreach. We have been a "silent group" and as the newest VP — but original member I intend to, with your help and welcome editorial advice rectify this situation.

I have seen the *Journal* grow over the years under your auspices and consider it a very fine and professional vehicle.

Carl I. Alexanderson

Dear Vere:

Was glad to receive your letter, Fred Thomas had written that I would probably be hearing from you. I am enclosing my application and check for membership and also a donation for the plaque for the people of Bungay.

We, of course, went to England with a full crew but the only ones to survive and come home were myself, Darrell Holler, David Thimmes, and Warren Monaghan. The rest of the crew was killed when their plane crashed on a trial flight. The last I knew Holler was in Wichita, Kansas, and that was years ago. If you happen to have any of the addresses I would certainly like to have them.

I will not be able to make the reunion this year but will make plans to attend the next one.  
William A. Swartz

Dear Sir:

We would be most grateful to you if the following press release could be published in a forthcoming issue of your Bomb Group newsletter. Our organization has many ex-Air Force Bomb Group men who were prisoners of war.

The 36th annual national convention of the AMERICAN EX-PRISONERS OF WAR, INC., will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 20-21-22, 1983. Hosts will be the BARBED-WIRE BUCKEYES and headquarters will be Stouffers Inn On The Square. Contact: AMERICAN EX-POW 1983 CONVENTION, P.O. BOX 34083, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44134.

Frank D. Furiga

Dear Evelyn:

We have a few members of the Second Air Division around central Michigan.

On April 16, about 12 to 18 will be getting together at the Dorherty Motor Inn Clare for a little Mini Reunion.

I know most don't have a Decal for the window of their cars. Could you send me about 12 or 18 Decals to pass out. I know you don't get them for nothing, so find enclosed a check for \$10.00. If the money for the decals not needed, put it in the memorial in Norwich.

In the past 2 months have found 3 more members of the crew I was with in the 492nd BG. That is 6 out of 10 on the crew and I have a good phone number for the 7th one. Only 3 more to go. What I need is about 6 membership applications.

My wife and I cannot go to England. Hope everyone has a good time in Norwich, and will see you in CA in 84.

Aldon D. Mohney 492nd BG

Hello Bill:

A short time back I wrote you asking for details as how to become a subscribing member of the 2nd ADA. Well I'm glad to say I am now a fully paid up member til Dec. 83. The local newspaper clips I have enclosed may be of interest to you as they concern what we are both interested in. Thanks for telling me you will run a piece in the March issue of the *Journal* regarding DANIEL R. WILLSON as you say. Who knows somebody out there may come up with something. I hope so. If any of the former Eight Ballers may be interested. The old Bomb Dump at Shipdham is now being pulled apart and returned to farm land. The blast mounds have nearly all been levelled off now and most of the Huts have gone. A great pity but that's progress I suppose. I hope to attend the Reunion in Norwich so maybe we shall meet then.

Denis Duffield

Dear Bill:

Enclosed, is a copy of an original print that you may have some interest in. The photo was taken on July 27, 1944 and involves the Replacement Crew #45 of the 714th Bomb Squadron, 448th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division. The location was in front of Squadron Operations at AAF Base #146, Seething, East Anglia. The crew flew mission #1 on June 27, 1944 and Mission #35 on November 9, 1944 with all members finishing the tour together.



Front Row (L-R) - Lt. Lloyd H. Haddock, Pilot; Lt. Robert J. Rentschler, Co-Pilot; Lt. Crystal Lang, Navigator; Lt. Pat Farris, Bombardier.

Back Row (L-R) - S/Sgt. Everett W. Marah, Gunner; S/Sgt. William V. Pyke, Ass't. Engineer; T/Sgt. Richard M. Kennedy, Radio Operator; T/Sgt. Franklin Holtmeir, Engineer; S/Sgt. Lester S. Seabaugh, Gunner and S/Sgt. Quentin L. Loudermilk, Gunner.

I've been able to locate two members of the crew. Farris and Holtmeir but have been unable to get any information on the others.

Dick Kennedy

Dear Tony:

Your letter in the December 1982 issue of the Second Air Division Association *Journal*, with the pictures of B-24 nose art, really got my attention. "Jack The Ripper" was the Ford-built B-24 aircraft, serial number 42-42424, in which we, Crew 89, 791st Bomb Squadron, 467th Bomb Group:

- Completed our heavy bombardment phase training at Wendover, Utah
- Flew our preparation-for-overseas-movement operational requirements at Herrington, Kansas
- Flew the Southern Atlantic route to the 467th base at Rackheath, near Norwich, England

The plane's name came from a 1943 movie of that title, starring Laird Cregar, and was a subtle dig at me because, strictly GI, I insisted that we address each other by rank rather than by given name. The crew consisted of Norris Smith (CP), Wilson Rapp (N), William Voss (B), Louis Marcarelli (FE), Walter Bohnenstiehl (RO), Herbert Vaughn (G), Donald Good (G), Oscar Cushing (G), and Louis Bertalot (G). Crew chief David Pinter's ground crew had "Jack The Ripper" ready to fly whenever it was scheduled.

That unrecognizable portion of the nose art visible behind the plane's name may also be of interest to you. At Wendover, our navigator was Eugene Struckhoff, who coincidentally, was my fraternity brother at Colby College. Colby's mascot is a kicking white mule and Gene and I had a kicking white mule added when we commissioned a flight-line artist to decorate our plane. When we arrived at Rackheath, the plane was flown to the depot at Watton for modifications for flying as part of the allied forces out of England. Modifications included placing armor plate on the plane's sides alongside the pilot and co-pilot stations. And, as you can see in the photo, that sheet of armor plate covered the back two-thirds of the Colby white mule.

Our first combat mission was to Oschersleben on 11 April and we pulled our share of missions, including Hamm, Berlin, Brunswick, and some No-Balls. Near the end of May our crew was transferred to the 15th Air Force and then to the 98th Bomb Group. I have been told that "Jack The Ripper" was shot down early in June but have no definite information on that. Our first mission out of Lecce, Italy, was to Ploesti on 6 June, D-Day for the 467th.

On 22 July, although our crew was not scheduled to fly, seven of them were called to fly as part of the lead crew to Ploesti while our bombardier was assigned to the number two plane. It was a typical rough Ploesti mission and the bombardier's plane went down over the target (where the crew was captured and held prisoners until the 15th Air Force mounted an aerial invasion to Ploesti and flew the prisoners out and back to 15th Air Force headquarters).

Meanwhile, the lead plane took a bad beating over the target and our navigator, doing pilotage navigation in the nose turret was tracking and firing at one of the enemy fighters and the turret stuck in the full right position, leaving him trapped as they started down the bomb run. One of the waist gunners had his hand blown off as he was throwing out chaff. One engine went out completely, another was operating on partial power, gas was leaking badly in the bomb bays, and the hydraulic system was shot out. The colonel and crew managed to stretch their glide back to the base only to run out of gas on the approach and crash short of the runway. There was no fire and everyone got out with minor injuries except the engineer who was killed when the nosewheel was torn off and knocked him into the bomb bays.

I certainly am glad that your interest in WW II led you to contact Bill Robertie, as you did. The picture brought back vivid memories of our plane and crew and of the men of the 467th that Colonel Shower and his staff worked into an outstanding military force.

John E. Stevens

Dear Bill:

Enclosed are some pictures of 3 crews who flew in the 787th Bomb Sqdn. 466th Bomb Group from September 1944 to May 1945. I flew with all 3 crews and would like to hear from them. Please put them in the 2nd Air Division Association *Journal* when possible.



Hard Luck Crew. Front Row (L-R): Gatch - Top Turret, Cincinnati; Hunt - Engineer; Steele - Waist, Hazard, Kentucky; Hale - Nose Turret; Pollach - Radio Operator.

Second Row (L-R): Gimpel - Tail Turret, New York; McKinlay - Pilot, State of Washington; Golub - Navigator; Smith - Co-Pilot, Kentucky.



Gran Slam Crew (Picture taken March 23, 1945 after Osnabruch Mission) Front Row (L-R): Swanson, Right Waist; Fitzpatrick, Tail Gunner; Dinsmore, Nose Gunner; Steele, Left Waist.

Standing (L-R): Thomasett, Radio Operator; Phillip Manson, Navigator, Deceased recently; England, Co-Pilot; Webb, Engineer; Kreich, Pilot.



Third Crew is Burton O. Bond Crew (L-R): Mersla, Gunner; Shelton, Co-Pilot; Muchnik, Navigator; Burton O. Bond, Pilot.

Fred Steele

Dear Mr. Editor:

It isn't often that I complain about items that appear in the *Journal*, but I must take exception to what my good pal Willie wrote in the last issue.

According to my recollections, and allowing for senility, I did not get sea sick going over on the Aquatania, nor did I skip rope. I am against any kind of exercise to this day.

What I do recall is playing poker in the bathroom with a blanket spread over the tub. The MP's guarding us lost quite a few quid.

You will note in the photograph of the WAC formation that I am missing. Normally being tall I would have been right there, but I told you I was against exercise and that included marching of any kind. I am sure 1st Sgt. Bea Puch and our CO Hilda Berry will confirm this.

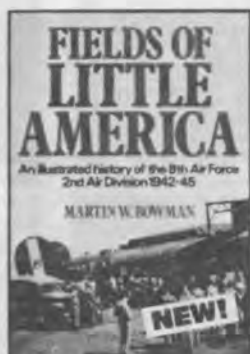
Just wanted to keep the record straight.

Evelyn Cohen

# THE PX PAGE

## FIELDS OF LITTLE AMERICA

By Martin Bowman



By Martin Bowman. A well written, highly photographic history of the Liberator Squadrons of the U.S. 8th Air Force's Second Air Division (the "B-24 Division"). This work contains a large selection of previously unpublished photos including aerial views of all Second Air Division bases. Coverage includes: Ploesti, the Kiel raids on U-boat pens, D-Day, the Ardennes Offensive, bombing accuracy tables, etc. Excellent photos of aircraft, airfields, nose art, aircrews, & bombing raids. 120 pgs., 172 vintage photos, 8½" x 11", hardbound.

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## THE B-24 LIBERATOR AT WAR

By Roger Freeman



By Roger Freeman. None other than Roger Freeman himself provides this first time, in-depth look at the incomparable Liberator. With emphasis on the plane's individuality & unique qualities, Freeman concentrates on historical high points & previously unpublicized service exploits. Included are emphasis on the type's versatility & use in theatres around the world, personal accounts from crew members, vintage action photos, new information which helps provide perspective in the "Lib" versus "Fort" debate, comparisons with the B-17, etc. 8½" x 11", hardbound, 128 pgs., 100 photos.

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Total      \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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