

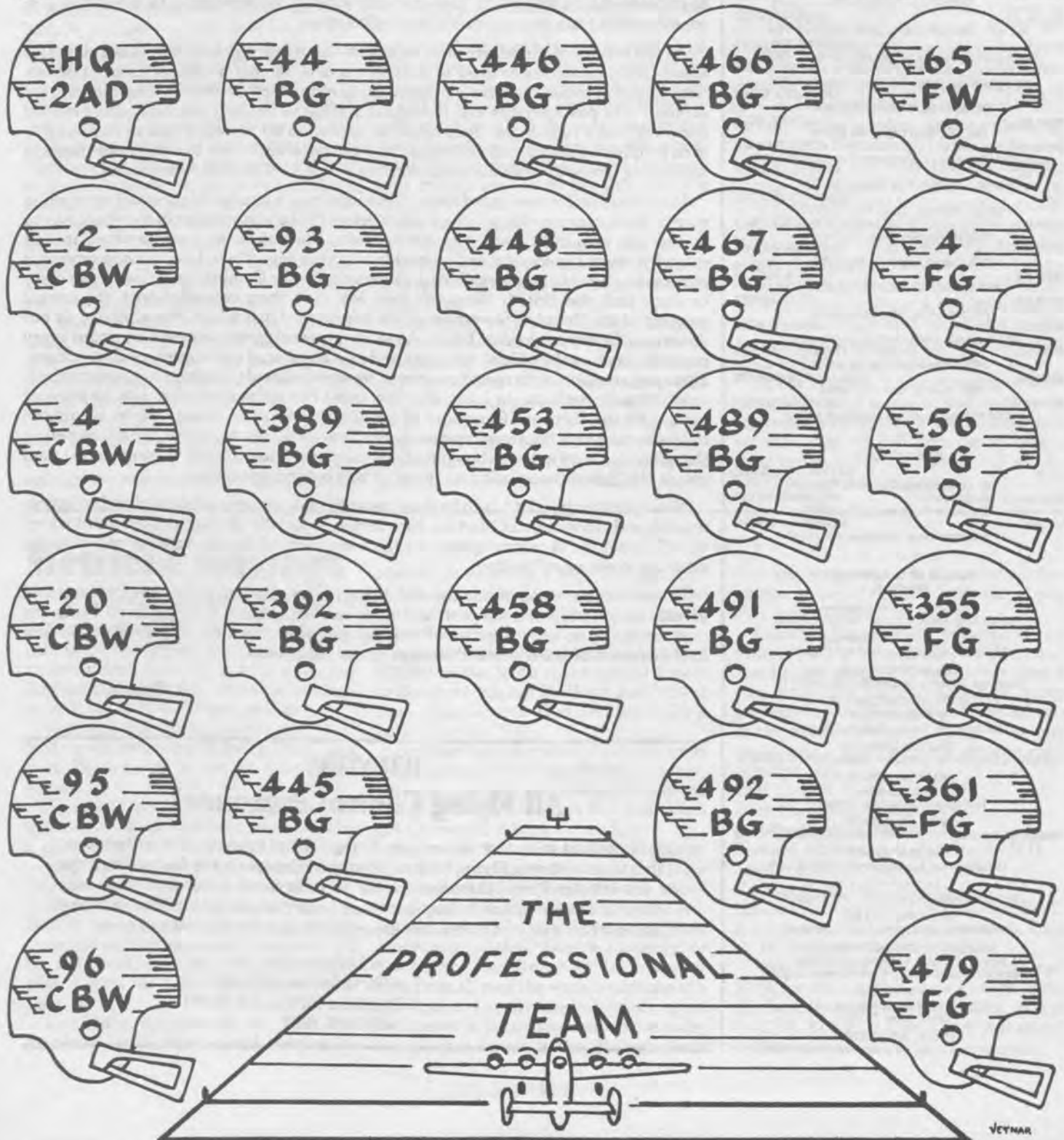


JOURNAL

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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One Last Message

The calendar and the printing schedule for our *Journal* doesn't always coincide with when and what one would write if it was to be read tomorrow, so we write this in the anticipation that even though this is one of the busiest periods of our term of office, you will read it some time after our term as your President has ended. However, we feel it fitting that we express some of our thoughts as that time approaches.

As one would expect, there have been very few hours of very few days since being given the honor of this office that one or several subjects concerning our Association hasn't been in some stage of consideration, and that came as no surprise, because if one is to reap the rewards of satisfaction, one must first make an investment of time and effort. We feel we are receiving rewards, and will continue to receive rewards for our time invested, not because of any great expertise on our part, but to a greater extent, because of the outstanding support we have received from you the member, and especially the cooperation we have received from the staff of officers who serve with us, both those of long tenure and those recently elected. We have yet to be refused help or consideration from any whom we have called upon.

As the results of the efforts of all hands, we have much in which to take pride. Our membership continues to grow in numbers and we remain a vibrant association; we have been able to computerize our membership rolls which allowed us to take advantage of Non-Profit postage rates with savings that allow us to apply monies in other needed areas without a raise in our dues rates; we expect an up-to-date roster to be mailed to each member before the end of the year, and we continue to work to change our image to something closer to what our name implies — an Air Division Association.

In addition to that recounted above, there have been a number of personally rewarding events. First, we were able to accept office before the largest number of members ever to attend one of our reunions and conventions. Thereafter, we were involved in and attended several successful and enjoyable area reunions. Then, I was able to represent our Association at the wreath laying ceremonies at the Cambridge Military Cemetery on June 2nd, the British Memorial Day. My visit there coincided with the annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust which was attended by our American Governor, Jordan Uttal. As your representatives, we were accorded every courtesy, both at the official meetings and at a number of associated social functions. Upon one occasion, with mixed emotions, we were honored to present our Association's most attractive plaque to Lady Mayhew upon her retirement after her 40 years of service on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Being able to attend the business meetings impresses one as to all the work others do on our behalf, as well as the education received as to how our affairs there are administered. We don't have to tell you of the British hospitality, as usual, it was beyond compare.

Now, even though a lot has to be done, we anticipate another successful and enjoyable reunion and convention at McAfee, New Jersey, especially the day at West Point where we will honor our Academy grads. At the conclusion of that reunion we will pass the gavel on to our new President.

In summation, some of our Presidents may have attained more, but few have had greater cooperation and support, and none has appreciated it more. Such being the case, we can do no less for our new President, and I'm certain you will do as well by him in the interest of the continued success of our Association.

J. FRED THOMAS

ATTENTION

All Flying Control Personnel

If you worked in and/or around any flying control tower, please write to me. I'm trying to start a Flying Control Memorial Group. Out of the million guys in the 8th Air Force, there must have been, at least, 5000 controllers who helped get them off and helped get them back down in all kinds of weather. I wonder how many of us are still around. Please let me hear from you.

Lou Dubnow (446 BG)
1189 Galesmoore Court
Westlake Village, CA 91361
1-805-497-1964

The 445th Reporting

by Frank DiMola (445th)

This publication will be in your homes prior to the 38th reunion at the Americana Resort, McAfee, New Jersey. Many times before reunions were held in my backyard like in New York City, Valley Forge, Penn. And I never knew anything about it till 1978. Boy oh boy, did I miss all the great warmth and family type reunions that were held. This time I am very lucky as far as traveling is concerned because we are only 52 miles southeast of the hotel. Just to make one reunion is a lasting memory both for you and your wife. So if you missed this one, make plans for our 39th for sometime in July, 1986. The location is just 50 miles North of Chicago, Illinois. It is called the Pheasant Run, St. Charles, right smack in the middle of the U.S.A.

For those of you that cannot travel great distances, we do have local mini-reunions in various parts of the country. As I mentioned in the previous issue, the west coast will have one in Santa Ana, Calif. March 1st 1986. Other locations are, Dallas, Texas, Chicago, Ill. and Philadelphia, Penn. So keep in touch with your vice president for further details.

I know we will have many first timers at Great Gorge, like Floyd Walker (Okla.) and his wife and they will meet up with Edwin Peterson (Idaho). I did contact the rest of the crew, but no response.

Recently I received from Seymour (Ill.) a list of 25 names of people he has been in contact with. This is how I am able to enlarge the membership by having mem-

bers send me names and addresses of their associates. So let's go members and mail the list to Buddy Cross and I. Most recently I received a most interesting letter from Buddy, relating a story that Peter Abell (Ariz.) told him.

In reading the letter, Peter told us about the last mission we flew when his aircraft was badly damaged while paying a visit to "Gotha". We all know how badly hurt we were after that raid. To quote Peter, "and fire damaged the ball turret gunners chute as well as an extra we carried, so the turret man and the bombardier tried to make a double jump. They did it incorrectly and one of them could not hang on and lost his life". I receive many stories of combat missions, prison life, and many about the air battles. I guess some day I'll write a book. Well anyway, his crew was captured and sent to Stalag Luft 1, located in the northeast part of Germany. They were liberated by the Russian army. The amazing story of Peter Abell was more astounding when he relates that after the liberation, six of them bicycled clear across Germany into France and on to the States— via boats of course.

Jim Pallouras, (Pa.) spends his winters in the state of Florida and met an old friend of the 2nd AD, Paul Schwartz sailing in his 62 foot row boat. Come on back Paul.

Not being a fly boy, I enjoyed reading Milton Stokes (453rd VP) description of "Bunchered Buddies". The 453rd was a part of the 2nd combat wing along with the 389th bomb group. We always showed them the way to all the targets and got them back home safely. I must comment on the wonderful report that was published in the last issue of the *Journal* on "Escort

to Valor, Courage and Undaunted Determination" by Major Warren Johnson, 4th fighter group. I am sure those badly damaged B-24's just loved the sight of those fighters. God bless them for the great wisdom that they showed.

About the Tibenham Memorial, the latest report came to me on June 6th, a letter from Eric Ratcliffe who you all may remember the wonderful reception that we received in Tibenham at our last visit in 1983. Well, Eric is president of the Norfolk Glider Club, stationed on our old base at Tibenham, informs me of the possibility of placing a memorial on the air field itself. This of course depends on how much of the air field they can purchase for the gliders to operate on. What I have in mind is to start to build up a fund for the purpose of placing a memorial in Tibenham and also to assist them in possible purchase of some of the airstrip. I expect to have more information on this by the time we meet at the reunion. Any one planning on a visit to Norwich and wishes a tour of the air base, you may contact him by phone— Tivitshall 803, the code for the Tivitshall is 037-977 from anywhere in the U.K. The Glider Club held their annual V.E. dance in the hanger with over 300 people dancing and listening to a 17 piece band all playing music to the Glenn Miller style. Eddie Chalfaux, a resident, was in attendance. They also received a cablegram from Jim Stewart, wishing they succeed in "saving the airfield."

At the reunion, if any of you have anything of interest to say or show please let me know and that way we can all share it. I am sure that we will once again have a large turnout. See you can all in September almost in my backyard.

Metfield Musings

by Carl I. Alexanderson (491st)

Having missed the deadline for the June column — I suppose this one should be twice as long. However I don't think our Editor would look too favorably on that, so we'll try to keep it manageable.

Retirement is great (one year now) but I find myself busier and more involved than ever. Don't seem to get as much done either!

Several letters from Tom Rogers — valuable as ever, must have been vaccinated by a phonograph needle. Just kidding Tom — and please note I got your name right this time, no "d", just like the Irish do it.

He complained bitterly about the lousy Buffalo weather. But I guess any climate is second rate compared to Houston's. I'll bet they don't have a fish that can compare with a good ole Lake Erie Yellow Perch though.

Lou Gallo inquires about "Bed and Breakfast" in Europe. I find them quite

acceptable as a rule. Clean but not fancy — inexpensive and never overbooked like many hotels. The breakfast part is usually more than ample.

My wife and I along with Bud and Jean Hallett of the 389th spent several nights in Edinborough in a B&B and had a great time. That is until Bud decided to fix a balky English "Telly".

But that's another story. Lou also sends along a great photo of the "Bronx Express" with the maintenance crew posed beneath it. I shall forward it to Bill Robertie. I will get the negative back to you Lou.

From the "It's a Small World" department! Bill Stracener (491st) and Harold Buckhalter (492nd) are partners in a land development company in Lubbock, Tex. Harold is also pilot of the company plane. Would you call that "Double Jeopardy" or "Feathering Your Own Nest"? Correspondence from all over the world continues at a rapid pace. I really need to brush up on my French in particular. I am going to list a number of names on the off chance that

they may strike a chord. If you have information on any of them — write me. If you need info — write me.

I receive these names from such varied sources — Viz: 8th AFHS, VFW, American Legion, etc. and it isn't always clear if they are asking for information or giving me information. Sometimes there are two or three notes in one enclosure — so you see it gets a bit confusing. At any rate, here they are.

Carl Meyers, Boca Raton, Fla.
John H. Boren, Snyder, Tex.
Hal Burdekin, Marshall, Wis.
Howard M. Klingbeil, Bottineau, N.D.
Joseph J. Saner, Bellevue, Ind.
Charles C. Waller, Atlanta, Ga.
Haldon R. Harrison, Los Angeles, Calif.
Raymond H. McAndrews, Van Werk, Ohio
R. H. Kellums, Oakland, Calif.

Well — gotta check the thermostat! High for the day this June 27 here in the Hudson, Haarlem and Housatonic Valleys is 57°F. Eat your hearts out you desert dwellers.

Old Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milt Stokes (453rd)

It's a nice day as I sit down to write to you. It still is early morn — the best time to write, maybe not necessarily when I write best. Advection fog blankets the lower meadow. The grass is heavy with feet-soaking dew. The cows are still lying down, only the Angus bull is on his feet. No birds are singing, or is my hearing completely gone? But this is the time when most young birds have fledged, the bustle of filling their craws no longer push most of the older birds to such a high pitch of activity as seen earlier in June. It's a quiet morning, too early for the distant truck traffic on Route 202 to really disturb the serenity of this beautiful day. Knowing that I must write this letter to you I was seeking some extra inspiration and additional help from on high to make it interesting, pertinent and meaningful to you. You see, we all have different backgrounds, we live in widely separate sections of the United States, we have made our livings in diverse ways. Some don't like the early mornings, can't stand the sunrise, never look for deer in the gray mist, never really hear the first call of a pheasant in the swamps of the farm lands. Some might even say "Bah, Humbug" and go back to bed. Well, I got my inspiration. I'm just glad to be alive. I'm glad for you; I'm glad I know such a good bunch of men and women in the 453rd and 2nd ADA. You and I have so much to be thankful for. We sometimes tend to forget the bad times, the discouragement, the times we lost faith in the whole system. You say you never felt that way? Everyone has had varying degrees of that disease. No need to remind you we survived the air war in Europe when so many did not. Why were you and I spared? I've asked myself that question a hundred times. We lost so many really wonderful buddies, young men full of potential, cut down in the first strides of life. We remember them; we give thanks to God for them; we memorialize them; they have not died in vain. They have made our lives more meaningful; they gave their lives that all of us might live the rich, abundant life that is in evidence all around us. I would that they knew of our love for them.

Jim Martin of Memphis, Tenn. writes seeking a missing crew report of 21 July 1944 raid on Saarbrücken, Germany. On that mission we lost the crews of Gengler (KIA) Cowgill and Banias. The latter two of our aircraft collided in midair. I have a two page report on Gengler, but only one page on Cowgill and Banias, which I'll send to him. Martin was a C.P. on Cowgill's crew and a P.O.W. Martin and Cowgill were wearing back pack chutes and were blown out of the plane with the seat still attached. He tells me he has requested

this report twice, but not from 453rd, 2ADA and didn't get what he needed. Surely hope we can help him. Maybe he and some of his crew mates will join up and we can see him at a reunion.

Bob Steele of Tucson, Ariz. writes seeking info on 733 SQ ordnance members. Originally from Detroit, Michigan, but now lives in Arizona. If you are a member of 733rd Squad. Ordance let me know and I will forward your name to Bob Steele. Incidentally, Bob is not a member of the 453rd BG or the 2ADA. So, we have a selling job to do on him. Thanks, Bob, for your picture; you look well-tanned and fit.

Lloyd Prang of Rolling Meadows, Ill., wrote, giving me a list of his old crew. Those who are not members will get a request to join the 2ADA. Nice to hear from you, Lloyd. Lloyd will be in New Jersey for this next reunion in September. He saw Pete Henry's notice on the 2ADA reunion in the Air Force magazine (June 1985). Pete, I'm wondering how many men take time to write to you telling you of such things? Our thanks to you from the 453rd.

Pat Ramm of Old Buckenham, England, writes that a lot of 453rd people are showing up at the Memorial Room, and he doesn't get a chance to properly welcome them. So, when you plan to visit Old Buckenham, write Pat Ramm, Common Farm, Lt. Ellingham, Attleborough, Norfolk, England NR17-1JU and tell him of your plans so he might be on hand to extend you a proper British welcome. Or, if you prefer, write to: Mrs. Joan Jenkins, Priest Hill House, Fen Street, Old Buckenham, Norfolk, NR17-1SR, England. Joan Jenkins is the Parish Council Clerk, Dave G. Bate is the chairman, and I'm sure will answer any questions if he is available. But please contact some one before you make your visit.

Pat Ramm tells me in one of his most recent phone calls that the runway we saw on our visit in 1983 is almost all gone; they continue to dig it up and sell the crushed stone. Do any of the many millionaires in the 453rd wish to buy the development rights to the rest of the main take-off runway? With enough money I'm sure it could be arranged!

By the time you get this report it will be September. It is being written on July 3rd. You see the Editor needs the copy earlier than usual because of the Reunion-Convention in Great Gorge, N.J. It will be a year of my term that has gone by in that time. We started out full of hopes, remember — a new up-to-date written History of the 453rd, a new Pictorial History of the 453rd — and more. Well, we have had no calls for a new written history of the 453rd — and no progress on the printed Picto-

rial History because Mike tells me the numbers are not there. That is true. We have pictures and some interest from you, but not enough to go to print. At the convocation in McAfee, N.J. we should know more about numbers.

On this job one gets the feeling of taking off, climbing to altitude, breaking free of dark clouds, flying into golden sunshine, blue skies — but no one else is there. There is no formation, no wing buddies and no one breaks radio silence. In this ethereal silence we fly on. There is "Cabin in the Sky", "Choo Choo Baby", "Golden Gabon", "Je Reviens", "Rumblestiltskin" and thousands more; they are all there.

They fly on, they make no noise, no wing moves as air flows over the famous Davis creation. You know who is at the controls of these ships. But no one mans the turrets on the waist guns. There are no bombs in the bellies of these ships. There are no targets to obliterate, no thoughts of destruction, they fly in peace now. They leave us as silently as they come — they must have a new type of engine because they are fast — fast!

But my crew has seen this unusual formation, no one says anything; we know we shall see it again. The landing back at Base is smooth, even the wheels make no sound as rubber touches tarmac. We taxi in, cut all switches, set the brakes, but never filled out the Form "One". The ground crew chief and his buddies ask not why.

PRESCRIPTION FOR A LAUGH

Just a line to say I'm living
That I'm not among the dead
Though I'm getting more forgetful
And more mixed up in the head

For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of the stair
If I must go up for something
Or if I just came down from there

Standing before the 'fridge' so often
My poor mind is filled with doubt
Have I just put food away or
Have I come to take some out?

There are times when it is dark out
With my night cap on my head
I don't know if I'm retiring
Or just getting out of bed

So if it's my turn to write you
There's no need in getting sore
I may think I've already written
And don't want to be a bore

So remember I do love you
And I wish that you were here
But now it's nearly mail time
So I must say goodbye, dear

There I stood before the mail box
With a face so very red
Instead of mailing you the letter
I opened it instead.

ANONYMOUS

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



We get letters! Some heartwarming and some heart breaking. I have received notification of the following 446'ers who have passed on. William R. Ramsey, Albert Jensen and this week by phone Harry Kriebel. Tom Kriebel called to tell me that the story in the last *Journal*, June '85 was one his father had related many times to him. His father flew that mission and the airplane was Lil' Max, which I failed to point out in my brief digest.

Cy Hanko's story regarding a night mission and a squall line is missing. It was apparently given to someone at Palm Springs. He had hoped to see it in this column.

Ed Markowitz has lost interest in the Second Air Division Association, and has dropped out. Gene Thurston writes: "I thought I would drop out of some organizations since I didn't take an active interest in them. But when Bill Davenport wrote me a personal letter, I decided to re-enlist." That makes this job worthwhile.

Also our friends in the Eighth Air Force Historical Society read our Bungay Bull column. This I know because John H. Woolnough, 466th B.G. has forwarded to me the answer to Charlie Kline's question regarding a Swedish Internee organization. for others who may be interested the contact is: Ernest J. Richardson, 10491 Marcia Lane, South Lyon, Miss. 48178.

This column is abbreviated because of the early deadline and the writer's desire to have published the "Saga of the Floundering 446th."

The original copy of this I received said author unknown, but since that time I received another copy from Bill Reiss which says it was written by Major W.R. Talliaferro former 705th Operations Officer and Lt. W. A. Hockensmith, Pilot, now a P.W. Talliaferro is a member and perhaps would care to let the writer know if he is responsible for this. We have lost contact with Hockensmith, whose last known address was 1407 South Midwest, Midwest Okla.

This information will arrive after our meeting in New Jersey. For those who will not have attended, I would like to report that our fund drive has gone very well. Herb Gordon is still receiving checks and adding them to our total. We

are very near having the funds to accomplish our memorial goals. I am sure additional ideas and projects undoubtedly will come from those in attendance. Some ideas I have heard mentioned are some recognition of our deceased members and the possibility of our own 446th Group publication.

It is currently my intention to attend the 8th A F Historical Society meeting October 17-20, 1985 in Wichita, Kansas. We have not planned on having a formal part in this meeting such as a 446th mini reunion. However many of you are near enough to Wichita that you may want to come over and get a report on the happenings and decisions made during our mini reunion with the Second Air Division Association. So if you are planning on being there, let me know.

Keep tuned to Beach bell.

SAGA OF THE FLOUNDERING 446TH

(To be sung to the tune of the "Wabash Cannonball")

*One cold December morning the planes began to roar
Into the wild blue yonder they were going forth to soar;
The target it was Bremen, the mission was the first
And "Brogger's Flying Circus" was out to do its worst.*

*They formed in three ship sections, and then they formed in six,
But when they tried to form the Group, the leader did some tricks;
The inside men were stalling out, the outside did two ten
The "Old Man" grabbed the microphone and said "Now listen, men,
This might be our first mission, but I want you all to know
When Brogger leads a mission it's bound to be a show."*

*"The Groups ahead are veterans, they are the 93rd, and about the way
We're going to fly, I want to say a word:
The Jerries, they are bastards, they know we are new,
They're expecting us to straggle, and they'll get us if we do;
But I'll tell you what I'm going to do if the Jerries start a fuss,
I'll fly so close to the 93rd, they won't know which is us."*

*They were flying over Bremen when the Jerries layed a trap,
Old Brogger took his tin hat up, and laid it in his lap.
He turned to the lead pilot, and this is what he said,
"If something must be shot off, I'd rather lose my head."
The Bombardier was sweating, his sight was synchronized,
We sat there dropping little ones, waiting for the flag to rise,
The bombs, they fell out of the plane, the crisis was past.
Then Brogger said "Let's get out of here, and brother, I mean, fast."*

*The flak was thick about them, the fighters, they were worse.
Above the roar of battle, you could hear old Brogger curse;
The chatter of the turrets, made the instruments all dance,
And old Brogger got so excited, that he ---- right in his pants.*

*They finished up the mission, every plane accounted for;
The Combat Crews were wishing, that the Group would buy a bar,
For when a man has done a job, that takes both guts and spunk,
The thing that he would like to do, is go get stinking drunk.
No matter boy how brave you are, no matter friend how bold,
A flyer's one ambition, is to die from getting old;
When the flak is thick around you, and the fighters by you pass,
The place that you would like to be, is back home on your ass.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



by
Pete Henry
(44th BG)

Yesterday, I started writing this column and had in mind to quote some material that Eugene F. Kelley from Los Banos, Calif. sent to me a while back. Last night, his wife, Elizabeth, called me to say that he passed away 11 May 85. This was very sad news for me because I have enjoyed corresponding with Kelley the past year since he joined the 2ADA. On behalf of the 44th B.G. and the 2ADA, we send sincere condolences to his widow.

Kelley had a very colorful and complete Air Force career. He wanted to be a pilot but was washed out of cadets due to an eye problem. He became an Engineer-Gunner and flew with Lt. Ed Hornberger's crew in the 66th Sqd. They flew most of their missions in U+ and it seemed they were always replacing the bomb bay doors as they often failed to open. On the low level mission to Wessel when 'Monty' was crossing the Rhine, the load of bundles was salvoed before the doors were open. Kelley had to go out in the bomb bay and jump on the bundles until they broke.

Kelley knew that he could be a pilot and earned his pilot's license in 1946 under the G.I. Bill. He had 943 hours in single engine land and sea rating before he finally had to hang up his goggles.

As a Reservist, he was recalled to Davis Monthan in 1949 and assigned to B-50's in SAC under LeMay. Kelley recalls that the B-50 was a great plane with Pratt and Whitney engines (two of the B-24 P&W 3340's back to back — one backfire and they had to change the engine) rather than the 'mouse-powered' Wright engines used in the B-17's and B-29's.



Clockwise — Starting at 1200 hours (man with teacup to lips): Camille Joffre Pelletire, 44 B.G. Armstrong's Co-Pilot; Charles Lee Armstrong, 44 B.G. Pilot; Not identified; Wallace W. Chappell, 381st B.G.; Wm. A. Stroud, 92nd B.G.; possibly Norman A. Vickery (back to camera), 44 B.G. Armstrong's Bombardier (Armstrong reports that Norm was at Coombe House with him); Frank B. Sneff, 44 B.G. Armstrong's Navigator.

Kelley was not happy with this assignment and jumped at the chance to go to Korea where they flew mostly low level sorties — sometimes three or four times a day. After picking up a star for his wings and two Purple Hearts, he returned to the States and was assigned to tankers at Castle AFB. He wanted no part of those flying gas tanks and was released (not discharged) from active duty. He mentioned in his letter about an enlistment in the Army (helicopters) and Vietnam.

You certainly 'seen your duty and you done it' Eugene F. Kelley. If anyone cares to write to his widow, the address is: P.O. Box 1244, Los Bancos, Calif. 93635.

R.C. 'Dick' Harris of the 70th Replacement Depot sent me a photo of 7 U.S. flyers taken at Coombe House (combat Rest Home) 2 Feb 44.

Coombe House was about 5 miles outside of Shaftesbury in Dorset and was used as a hotel before it was taken over from the Red Cross in late 1945 to become St. Mary's Convent School. Ken Underwood, 466 B.G., in a letter to the 8th AFHS back in 1978 described a memorable visit including an interview with the Mother Superior. Ken remembered that he was bored stiff most of the time but he made friends with Charlie Armstrong and they enjoyed the same kind of jazz on V-discs. Thanks to the information supplied by Dick Harris, I made contact with Charlie and have signed him up for 2ADA.

FROM THE MAILBAG — Received a letter from Ed Hornberger in Houston, Tex. after I wrote to tell him that Gene Kelley died (see above). His reply, 18 June, requested a membership application blank so he should be a 2ADA member by now. Ed visited Norwich, the Memorial Library, and Shipdham during the summer of '84.

The letter from T.C. "Ozzie" Osmundson printed in the Letters section of the June *Journal* brought a response from George R. Hill in Evanston, Ill. George took over

Ozzie's job as Communications Chief when he was transferred out in 1943. Ozzie was delighted to hear from George (I forwarded the letter to him) after all these years and immediately penned a letter to him.

R. C. 'Rocky' Griffith wrote that he's been having a bit of a problem with arthritis the past year and hasn't been able to do much traveling. He probably won't make McAfee this yer. I wrote and informed him that we'll be meeting outside of Chicago in July '86 and we all hope to see him there.

★ ★ ★
COMING EVENTS — The 1986 2ADA reunion will be held at Pheasant Run about 30 miles West of Chicago July 10-13, 1986 and the 44th B.G. will hold the annual mini-reunion in conjunction with it. I'm giving you all nearly 10 months notice and hope to see a lot more than have attended the last couple of years. In 1987, we plan to go back to Norwich for the 40th anniversary of the Second Air Div. Assn., probably the end of May.

Open Letter to the 93rd

by Charlie Weiss (93rd)

When you read this we will have had another successful and great reunion! The reason I could predict such an outcome is because they've all been great! Those of you who have never attended one don't put it off any longer — they aren't unlimited!

93rd Bomb Group Memorial — I hope that by the time this *Journal* is read you will have made your contribution and we will have sufficient funds to finalize plans to erect a memorial on the old Air Base Hardwick. Our tentative plans are to commemorate the Memorial during the 1987 40th Reunion in Norwich. Start making plans and every effort to attend this Reunion! If by some chance you haven't responded to the letter from our Memorial Project Chairman, please don't miss the opportunity to have a part in memorializing our Comrades who didn't make it. Those of you who have already contributed — many thanks.

Information request — The widow of Guy M. Webb (pilot with the 93rd and completed 35 missions) requests that anyone who knew her husband to please contact her. Mrs. Frances E. Webb, 10353 Kendall Dr., Kendal, Florida 33176.

93rd Bomb Group History — Nadine and Carlos Vasquez our Group Historians are similar to the proverbial paper hanger but they claim to be making progress on the History. I know quite a few of you have sent your war stories and experiences in to them. Here's a great opportunity to be counted when the final product hits the streets. At the same time send a copy (cassette) to Hathy Veymor so it may be included in the Memorial in Norwich. Think 1987 and the 40th Reunion in Norwich — including 93rd Memorial for Hardwick.

Sharon, Mini, and Danny

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

Dave Glick wrote the other day to say that all of his crew have now been located, and they're planning a reunion in San Francisco along about Labor Day. That makes two complete crews for us — John Predgen's outfit being the first. There's one similarity — each crew has lost one man; George Puska, of John's "JO" bunch, died some years ago in a boating accident, and Benny Brown, a gunner on Ralph Gosa's "Sharon D" died in November 1984, even while the search for him was going on. There's also one difference, JO's crew are all 2nd Air Division Association members. I've provided Dave with some material and incentive, so he can sign up Pilot Ralph Gosa, Co-pilot John Bowman, Gunner Frank Brennan, Bombardier Richard Ives, RO Burdette King, Engineer Carl Wild, and Gunners Fred Hilliard and Jim Mahan. And two added notes: Frank Brennan retired from the Pennsylvania State Police (are you paying attention, Chuck Baker?); and Benny and Ruth Brown's first child, a daughter, is named Sharon D! This job took Dave and John a couple of years to accomplish, because all of Dave's records had been lost in a flood some years ago, so they really had to start from scratch. But great work!

Mini Reunions. We have one every year here in the Baltimore-Washington area, and the first one in California took place on June 29th at Dick and Evelyn Lingenberg's home in Laguna Niguel. Bud and Mike Chamberlain, Don and Betty Wayne, Ted and Gladys Maruschak, and Van and Jerri Vanerwegen made it. Van is planning one for northern California, so hang loose up there. Now how about some other places — like Texas, Florida, or Pennsylvania, where we have lots of Halesworth types?

September Songs

The month of the bean-bag missions to Bricy, and the low level operations to Holland; the month when Field Engineering said they salvaged 42-94888 (on the 28th), a plane which Frank Bodine emergency landed into a P51 strip, and which he thought never flew again. Engineering said they got the plane at Staplehurst (Kent) on June 28th and turned it loose again on 19 July. And as Danny's Diary said on the 28th: "Damn this cold ETO. It was damn cold as the guys left the sack and the ever-lovable English 'biscuits' at 0430. And all for what — just to start fires in Kassel to keep the Hun warm. So you combat men briefed at 0530, while I slept and the mice had a delicious meal on my week's PX rations. You went to your planes and maybe heard the rumor that Lord Haw-Haw said that the 489th was wiped out because they ain't seen our green/white/

Rackheath Salutes 467th and the 2nd Air Division

Jordan R. Uttal

The enclosed article, from the Norwich Eastern Daily Press of 31 May 1985, describes an event in which I was honored to participate during my recent trip to Norwich for the Annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust.

For those of you who have not visited Rackheath base, it is now an Industrial Estate, and with each passing year more and more evidence of the presence of the Americans at Rackheath, and for that matter all the stations, is disappearing. The decision, therefore, of the Broadlands District Council to name a road on the Estate in honor of their American friends was very much appreciated, and when I was invited to participate in this ceremony I was quick to express my willingness to represent the American presence.

When I contacted Al Shower and asked him for a message to convey he was just as quick in responding, so I was able to bring to this ceremony the greetings of the 467th Commander, as well as those of Jim Coffey the 467th Group Vice President, and the good wishes of other friends of the 467th with whom I am in contact.

I was delighted to have the company of Fred Thomas who was in Norwich to present a wreath at Cambridge in the name of the Association. It is my hope that you will all be pleased with this further evidence of the feelings of friendship that remain in the Norwich area for all of us who served there.

Estate event revives wartime

(Courtesy Eastern Daily Press)

The Americans returned to the former Rackheath airfield yesterday for a road opening ceremony which revived wartime memories.

A new road, which is an important landmark in the development of Rackheath industrial estate, was officially opened by Mr. Jordan Uttal, a member of the Second Air Division Association.

He unveiled the sign for the road, which has been named Wendover, after the place in America where the 467th bomb group was formed.

Mr. Uttal recalled that in a year from April, 1944, the 467th group flew 212 missions from Rackheath and had a distinguished record. He read a message of good wishes from the former commanding officer of the base, Al Shower.

The chairman of Broadland District Council, Mr. Sam Watts, said the new road was the result of an initiative by a consortium of companies on the estate which contributed the major part of the cost, £125,000. Norfolk County Council had paid £17,000 and Broadland provided the service of technical staff and made a cash contribution.

Mr. Bryan Edensor, speaking on behalf of the consortium, Guardgrove Ltd., said: "It is definitely going to enhance the well being of this estate and give more confidence to our customers and to the tenants."

The ceremony was also attended by the vice-chairman of Norfolk County Council, Mr. Ralph Roe, and the president of the Second Air Division Association, Mr. Fred Thomas.

green tail for a time. . . Capt. Pritchard, with Col. Morneau as CP, batted in the clean-up slot. Capt. Wagnon was deputy lead as we led the B Wing on the raid. . . The gang says the formation was good all day. Seems Jerry's attack yesterday showed reason enough to fly tight. . . The flak at target was moderate but accurate. Lt. Glick, 845th nav, says he was amazed that no one went down. Lt. Brady, flying his last mission, says he ---- in his britches. Lead navigator Barnett, from Joisey, claimed it was too close. . . Lt. Brown aborted at 18,000 feet over Brussels. Seems Brownie had to run around changing ships at take-off, got off late, and never did meet the mob. For Capt. Ballentine, who roomed with us at Wendover, it marked the end of

a hectic operational tour and lil Wilbur from Texas sure is in for congrats. He took no crap from the B24, despite his 140 pounds. . . All in all, a nice job chums, and Club dues are due the 30th. 'A Guy Named Joe' is at the movie this week, and the enlisted men have a dance Tuesday — stay away, Wolves. Colonel Napier asked that we include this official information: as of the completion of this mission, all crews having completed 31 missions will be required to complete 33. All crews having completed between 25 and 30 missions inclusive will be required to complete 34, and all other crews will be required to complete 35. 'A' lead crews will still be required to complete 30 missions."

392nd BG Report

by J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

Did you ever hear that old western song "You don't know what trouble is 'til you start in herdin' cattle"? Well, you don't know what busy is until you wear two hats in this Association, put your name, address, and phone number in the Queen Mary, the CAF, and a few other places, not to mention taking off a couple of weeks to make a trip to Britain. No wonder the wheels are off my golf game.

Regardless, the affairs of the 392nd B.G. are being attended, and we are continuing to make progress. We have been in contact with Bob Lane several times, and by the time you read this, we expect to have glowing reports on the success of the program scheduled for Sept. 14 for the dedication of our Group's memorial plaque and tree at the USAF Museum at Dayton, Ohio. Also, as you have all received letters of information, we expect and hope we will have seen a sizeable group of you there, as well as a number at our reunion at McAfee, New Jersey. Bob has coordinated this program and has spent a lot of time and effort on our part, and we owe him a large debt of gratitude.

We list the names of a number of new members who have joined us over the past several months. We have written a number of you, spoken with some by phone, and have visited one or two, but pleading other business, insanity, or whatever, we do realize we haven't welcomed all of you, but be assured we know each one of you are with us and we sincerely hope you are enjoying your membership and will become

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Ldg. Rd.
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below, as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else (Bill Robertie or Group VP) simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the *Journal* will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

name

address

group

more active in our affairs. When our new roster is out later this year we urge you to go through it and find the names of old friends and start a correspondence. In the meantime, if you see a name, or hear one that rings a bell, send it to me and I will try to get an address to you. The names mentioned above are: Norman J. Mellow, Edward K. Washington, Roger Clapp, Samuel B. Poppel, Edward Batenich, Arnold J. Dovey, John E. Walters, Louis J. Affinito, Raymond F. Berthiaume, Clyde B. Eaton, Jr., Kenneth B. Smith, Antony Albino, Richard Benson, Francis B. Kelly, Vernon Stillwagon, Frank Lashek, Luther L. Beddingfield, Howard R. Ebersole, George E. Hall, Fred J. Hollien, Fred M. Wald, Willis L. Greaser, Haskell Niman, Alfred P. Rinke, F.W. Shackelford, Irving R. Faulkner, Lawrence D. Jacobson, Philip F. Amundson, Burrell M. Ellison, William F. Engel, Rupert C. Sutphin, William J. Scott, and R. W. Sprowls. Welcome aboard!

The highlight of the period since writing my last article back in April was my trip to Britain. First, you wouldn't believe the weather over there for my stay. Except for one day when thunderstorms moved through, the weather was perfectly clear with temperatures 70°F to 75°F. It was amusing to note in the papers that the natives were sweltering. On May 28, Mr. Denis Duffield of Dereham, came into Norwich for me and we spent the entire day visiting his home, the Littleprouds, the Rowlands, whose house is on the site of our picket post, the Parkers, who do most of the tending of our obelisk grounds, Mrs. Wendy Carter, where the members of the Beeston Parish Council came in to visit with us, and in between visits, a stop at the Plowshare Inn in Beeston for lunch and a pint with the friendly pubkeeper and some of the local folks. It was one fine day, and if Denis Duffield hadn't kept me on schedule, I would probably still be there someplace visiting. The hospitality was outstanding.

We have told you before that you aren't forgotten around Wendling, but two events there during our visit will further bear it out. First, when we arrived at Norwich, Mrs. Grace Kimble, our 392nd B.G. friend from Harlow, Essex, called and had taken the interest and gone to the expense of having a lovely wreath at the Littleprouds for me to lay at our obelisk in memory of all who served with the 392nd Bomb Group. I'm sure you appreciate that generous gesture as much as we do. The other event was at the Littleprouds where I met a lady school teacher who told us she had used Bob Vicker's book "Liberators From Wendling", which we sent over last year, in teaching her pupils about the history of the Wendling area and the part the 392nd Bomb Group played in the history of that locality. We are very pleased with that.

Within a reasonable time, we hope many of you will get back to our old base at

Wendling and the surrounding area, especially if you haven't been back since the war. To be sure, a great deal has left the scene, but enough remains to bring back a lot of memories, and the hospitality of those in the area will make the visit worthwhile. However, before you go, I urge you to write Mr. Denis Duffield whose address is: Jubilee Cottage, Rushmeadow Road, Scarning, Dereham NR 192NW, Norfolk, England, and let him know you are planning a visit. Then, while in London, call him at 96-67440 and set up a date for a visit. He will do all possible to accommodate you, and if he is unable he will suggest someone else. When you visit our memorial room in the Norwich Central Library you will find a list of those who guide our members about the old bases. Don't hesitate to call those folks as they want to meet you and see that you enjoy your visit. And while I think of it, it isn't hard at all to get up to Norwich. The trains run from Liverpool Station about every hour and it's only a little over two hours up to Norwich, and once you are there, you will be well taken care of. Speaking of being hesitant to call, we met a member of another Group who was hesitant to call Tony North, and next day after we had insisted he make the call, that member couldn't say enough in appreciation of the difference it had made in his visit. There is no charge for those services, but I'm sure I don't have to tell you that it would be highly improper if their services ended up as an expense to those who do us those favors. It is hard to repay Mr. Duffield in any appreciable manner, but he does appreciate and collect any original memorabilia of service material used at Wendling. Also, he collects auto license plates from the States. We gave him two issues from California.

In addition to this report, we send two articles from 392nd B.G. members. One, a crew reunion report from Hubert L. McMillan, and the other a report given us by Kenneth Smith. We hope both will find their way into print, but if space does not permit, we are asking they be returned to us so we may submit them for the next issue. We do try to please. Carry on!

Notice

We will shortly be printing a ROSTER of all members.

PLEASE check your name and address to make sure they are correct.



by Jim Coffey

May 30, 1985, was a great day in the history of the 467th Bombardment Group (heavy). Our airfield — once the place from which our aircrews took off to pass the gauntlet of German flak and fighters — is to become an industrial park. The place where our ground crews worked long, hard hours to somehow make our shot-up B-24's flyable for yet another mission now has Wendover Drive, named for a distant place in Utah, where the 467th was formed. (Except for British law, Wendover Drive would have been named for Al Shower.) This conversion of a place required by war to the uses and opportunities of peace is, of course, altogether fitting; it continues a trend begun shortly after war's end and will benefit the people of Rackheath and the Norwich area.

Following an introduction by Mr. A.S. Watts, Jordan Uttal gave an address on behalf of the Second Air Division Association and concluded by reading this letter from Col. Albert J. Shower, our wartime Commanding Officer:

"I am pleased to extend congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of this important development in the Rackheath area. The episode of my life during service at Rackheath provides one of the highlights in my memory, wherein area residents, and Army Air Force guests during the War lived and worked in harmony toward a mutual goal. It is extremely gratifying to learn of the continuing bonds of respect and love between the residents of the Rackheath area and the veterans and their families of the 467th Bomb Group and Associated Units.

"The determination and singularity of purpose shown by the members of the 467th Group were developed and enhanced during our weeks of training at Wendover

Air Force Base in Western Utah. They coped there with the challenge of the desert environment, wintry weather, and badly worn equipment, after which the issuance of new aircraft and the assignment to a Garden spot such as Rackheath seemed like the entry into Paradise. Plans are afoot for a 467th Group reunion at Wendover in appreciation of lessons learned there which proved so valuable in future operations.

"My wish is for continuing prosperity and beneficial development in this area which many of the 467th veterans hold in fond and grateful memory."

Here is an eyewitness report from David Hastings, our Honorary Member:
Dear Jim,

At last I've time to write to you and the 467th with the news about the Great Day on May 30th, when "WENDOVER ROAD" was opened at Rackheath. The Sun shone from a cloudless blue sky, the new Road looked great, F.27 aircraft from Air UK were flying overhead, and the memories came flooding back for many of us. Jordan made a superb speech on your behalf and read the wonderful letter from Al Shower. Then he and Fred Thomas formally unveiled the Road Name. We then toured the site and retired for lunch at the "Green Man". A truly wonderful event and I have enclosed a copy of the program and the EDP press cutting. Having pressed the Council strongly to name the main Road after the 467th I'm delighted that it has now happened and we have yet another permanent memory of you all, to hand down to future generations.

Regards to all the 467th, we'll always remember you . . .

Here, just received from David, is a picture taken after the ceremony:



Far left: Watts, Chairman of the Broadland District Council, left: J. Fred Thomas, 2nd ADA President, right: Uttal. (Hastings is Chairman of the Council's Economic Development Committee.)

Our control tower — where we gathered to wait for our returning crews and to count, with hope and trepidation — remains in private ownership. David Hastings is trying to arrange for the tower to be acquired for renovation and the creation of a museum in part of the building. We hope he succeeds!

Mini-Reunion in Chappaqua, N.Y.

Al Shower attended a reunion of his Class of '35 at nearby West Point in May. My wife Joan and I were pleased that Al could visit us. We spent a delightful Sunday afternoon, May 19th with Ruth and Ed Hooten and Jo and Andy DeBiasse joining us. One of our picture-shy wives captured the four of us 467th veterans. Left to right: Al Shower, Coffey, DeBiasse, Hooten.



Folded Wings

14th CW

Ray Richman

44th

Eugene F. Kelley

448th

LTC. Frank P. Law, Ret.

John R. May

453rd

Morris M. Sobel

466th

James R. Adams

467th

Jack F. Rothschild
Raymond A. Allpress

489th

Maynard W. Kisinger

492nd

Joyce K. Freeman

Problem Solving Could Have Been Fatal

by Frank Thomas (453rd)

The one bucket per week of coke, no fires in the Nissen huts during the day rule was an inconvenience to say the least. The ways in which to beat the cold hut syndrome were limited. You were allowed (during your free time Ha!) to cut designated dead trees, saw them up to stove capacity lengths and heat the huts during those cold English nights. You could, using the dead wood system, even have a fire in the hut's stove during daylight hours. Other methods employed were: the used oil, and in some cases the gasoline drip method, frowned on by command. Outlawed, after a few near disastrous incidents, sending many freezing airmen back to the drawing board.

There was an effective method of dealing with this problem. Two if you considered a method employed by some pilots. Each of these methods required the liberation of a supply of coal. One group liberated their supply from the Chaplin's quarters. A more ethical method used by a select group of NCO's was to liberate the carbon product from the coal storage dump located mid-way between headquarters and the 734th squadron area.

Problems connected with the liberation of coal were minimal when compared with the problems of keeping the liberated item hidden from the prying eyes of command. One method developed and employed in a certain 734th Nissen hut was to place the coal at the bottom of a large liberated cardboard box. Completion of the storage required the placing of small lengths of wood on top to cover the coal. The wood was merely borrowed from a more work related crew. They insisted it was enterprise rather than work related. Enterprising or less creative was a moot question often debated in the confines of a warm hut.

Heating problems having been solved allowed attention to be directed to other pressing problems and needs. The necessity of going to Attleborough each evening to obtain fresh cider gained top priority for study with this elite and creative group. One member of the group located and liberated (in this case with cash) a five gallon stone crock—now five gallons of cider from Attleborough was enough for several evenings of sitting around talking when your hut was well heated.

Complicating situations appear to be seeking places to land and undo solved problems. The first V-2 rocket proved to be the forerunner of things to come. Hitting within one hundred yards of said hut considerable damage to the interior of our heroes home resulted. This first V-2 in itself posed no serious problem, the next three were the culprits. These three V-2's hit right down the main runway at Hethel (389th). Removal of the debris was a must

in order that rebuilding of the runway could be completed.

Looking to the efficient 453rd. Such a short distance removed seemed to be the logical source of help. Crews that were not flying were endangered by the help seekers and many a gunner was shanghaied — to load broken concrete into 6x6's and bring the residue back to Old Buc to be dumped in the area of our bomb storage.

The dignity (of the four best gunners, from the best crew) was victim of this slave labor action. Adding to this dignity debasing they were not allowed to load and unload the debris using a method developed by the nose gunner — something about the unmilitary manner and the removal of the assigned driver from his position behind the steering wheel. This became the only solution when he failed to see the wisdom of the proposed method of unloading the 6x6 as explained by the nose gunner — developer of the novel idea. This then became truly labor of the most difficult and demeaning nature.

There remained only one clear cut solution to this new problem. Prevent the Duty Sergeant from sending these four to Hethel. Fortune was on the side of the righteous. The Sgt. arrived early one a.m. prior to the departure of the R.O.M. and the Flight Engineer. The solution to our problem was realized by extending a little flight crew hospitality. The Sgt. was invited to have a cup of cider with us before completing his assigned rounds. Now the bottom half of the canteen cup contained OLD METHUSELAH RYE and the top half was filled with Attleborough cider — this proved to be a very effective Duty Sgt. deterrent. Seems one Duty Sgt. on completion of this thirst quencher had

forgotten his assignment for the day.

The solution appeared to have created more problems than had been solved a few days later. Early — I mean early — a couple of days later there popped into this model Nissen hut one Col. Van D. Dowda, Sqn. Commander, one Captain and I swear to this day General Timberlake. Remember I said earlier the R.O.M and Flight Engineer hadn't even gotten out of bed, as they were exhausted from the problem solving exercises of the previous day, and determination of what problems were in need of their attention this day. The latter was taken care of post haste by Col. Dowda.

Colonel Dowda kicked the cardboard box and asked the R.O.M what is stored in the box? The answer of course was our fire wood sir. The movement of the Captain was observed as he headed for the stone crock — and what do you have in this (emphasized by a kick) in the crock, Sergeant? Our drinking water Captain. The col. was examining (with a foot) the box once more. Repeating the question of what purpose the box served. The same answer was provided the Col., and just in time to answer the Captain's repeated question pertaining to the stone crock. Now this went on for what seemed to be hours, each question being directed to the R.O.M. Thank God the ranking officer had no questions or apparent interest in the box, the stone crock, or for that matter the R.O.M or flight engineer.

Departure of the three was broken by only two sounds, a sigh of relief and the Captain's parting remark as he left through the rear door) — he said "Frank" I'll make a deal with you — if you promise not to give my Duty Sgt. any more of your drinking water — I promise not to send Whiteheads' gunners to Hethel. Seemed like a fair and just arrangement. We could live with this arrangement—and once again concentrate on uncovering problems crying out for solution(s).

Help Fill Out Your History

by Roger Freeman

A veteran's memories of his war tend to center on the traumatic and comic incidents as passing years separate him from the experience. After four decades only salient events come readily to mind and there is difficulty in retrieving anything from the mists of time. The fine detail of that episode in his life fades away and seemingly obscure matters reviewed by people interested in historical aspects generates little interest. Requests for such information and material can often be irritating because the veteran can see in it no useful purpose towards enhancing the historical records of his or his unit's war.

Through the medium of the Second Air Division Association *Journal* — and the tolerance of its Editor — I have made several requests for detail on odd subjects

like hardstand numbers, squadron call-signs, unit patch designs, assembly ship photographs and so on. One redoubtable ex-B-24 driver who noticed these requests did not mince words: "What the devil do you want all that dross for?" (Well, for propriety's sake I've toned down and anglicised his outburst.) Still, a pertinent question; so let me provide some answers.

Let us start with hardstand numbers; how can they serve 2nd Air Division history? Every 8th AF bomber base had approximately 50 concrete dispersal points for parking aircraft, usually referred to as hardstands. Each was identified by a number, originally displayed on a small painted board adjacent to the appropriate location but soon demolished by man-

(continued on next page)

Help (Continued)

euvering jeeps or trucks, if not chopped up for firewood by a shivering crew chief. The numbering was essential for identification of each location and regularly used by Engineering, Operations and Flying Control. Reference to these hardstand numbers can be found on mission flimsies beside individual crew names and aircraft identities. Knowledge of the numbers given each hardstand location on an airfield can enable a veteran to locate the exact spot where the ship he crewed, or that carried him on a particular mission, was parked. It can also fill out the historical picture in many other ways. Maps showing the hardstand numbers for 12 of the 14 2nd AD bomber fields have been found: the elusive pair being Wendling (392nd BG) and Tibenham (445th BG).

Next, squadron call-signs. What on earth can these add to historical knowledge you may ask. The answer is — potentially a great deal. Each flying unit was allocated a distinctive word — usually two syllable — for use in air-to-air or air-to-ground radio communication. Used in conjunction with the individual letter of an aircraft this call-sign prefaced every vocal radio message from an aircraft, providing its identity to receiving stations. For example; a worried pilot might radio: "Headlock D-Dog calling Beachbell. I have three feathered props and fuel for two minutes. Give me a homing." Beachbell was the Bungay tower (airfield towers also had call-signs) who then knew that aircraft D of the 704th Sqdn. with Lt. Joe Soap and crew was in a spot. The call-signs were issued in a secret document. During 1943 they were changed a couple of times but from the spring of 1944 to the end of the war few changes were made. Unfortunately, no known copies of the secret document exist simply because they were marked for destruction. Many wartime — enemy and allied — records exist where verbatim radio messages are given. Knowledge of the radio call-signs used by different units allows the identification of the individual aircraft and crew involved in these reports. Squadron call-signs for the spring 1944-May 1945 period are known for all 2nd AD groups except the 44th and the original 492nd, while those for the 445th are suspect. For earlier days — prior to April 1944 — few call-signs are known.

Knowledge of unit A-2 jacket pocket patch designs can be useful for identifying the unit to which personnel depicted in photographs were assigned. Historically such patches are important as the badges or emblems by which units chose to represent themselves, a reflection of unit esprit de corps. Many unit patches were submitted for official approval and become the authorized insignia of the submitting units. Many others, although displayed in patch form by units throughout hostilities as their accepted insignia, were never submitted for approval. Though ap-

458th BG Report

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

Now that someone had to "spill the beans" and tell all I've retired from the airline business, you would think I've got nothing but time-on-my-hands . . . right? Nothing could be further from the truth! I wonder now, how I managed it all when I was gainfully employed.

Had a visit from Bob Swift of Harborcreek, Penn. who was visiting some relatives in a near-by town. Bob was a bombardier and ended the war as a POW. However, he gave me the names of crew men and of a P-51 pilot who was his roommate while in Stalag Luft. Mailed my "recruiting kit" to all eight. Also want to thank Don Allen and Don Jamison who gave me the names and current addresses of other potential 458th members. I just received a completed membership application and dues check from a "crew 68" fellow that I've been trying to sign up since June 1980! Finally wore him down, I guess.

As you know, Jordan Uttal is the American Representative on the Board of Governors of the Memorial Library. One of the many things he has "taken under wing", is bringing the Master Roll of Honor up to date. Jordan had some very good help from Will Lundy (44th) and Steve Gotts (F.O.T.E.). The 458th had four names that we were unable to verify as having been KIA. Through the help of Lundy and Gotts, three of the four were accounted for. They are: Francis A. Barnicle, Fredrick M. Claudell and Rollin E. Chapman. All are buried at Madingley Cemetery, England. The only one we haven't been able to account for is Patrick Cook. My

proved unit insignia is available through USAF official archives, many examples have been remodelled since World War II, apparently because today's successor units feel it better to project current mission rather than tradition.

Of 2nd AD units, 10 of the 14 bomb groups had a group patch/insignia. Those for which nothing has so far come to light are the 445th, 453rd, 458th and 492nd. Of the 56 bomb squadrons, 40 are known to have had patches/insignia and several of the remainder are believed to have had designs in use. The only 389th BG squadron patch so far identified is for the 566th BS, although photographic evidence shows at least one other squadron had a patch. Only one patch has been found for a 392nd BG squadron, none for the 453rd or 489th and only one for a 492nd unit. All 2nd AD fighter squadron patches have been located but the 361st and 479th Groups appear to have had no insignia.

Moving to other unknowns, there are some interesting status records that have never been established for the 2nd AD. Which individual flew the most missions

Group records show he was in the 754th B.S., Aircraft #2-52404, Date: May 8, 1944. The Mission that day was Brunswick, but no combat losses were recorded. My reference shows that the aircraft was lost on a practice mission that day. Five others, same aircraft, same day have been accounted for. They were F/O Homer Ausman, 2nd Lt. Paul Kingsley, T/Sgt. Raymond Hunter, S/Sgt. Wayne Danielson and S/Sgt. Ben Wishinski. If anyone has any info regarding Sgt. Patrick Cook's fate, please get in touch with Jordan Uttal or let me know, that we may get the only remaining 458th member honored as we have the other 268.

Good news and some Not-So-Good News. First the Good . . . We are very busily working on a new ROSTER with the aim to get it out this year, shortly after the 38th Annual Reunion. It is most important that you check your MAILING LABEL on your next issue of the *Journal* (actually, THIS one!). If there are any errors, do not hesitate to write Evelyn with any corrections, otherwise you will find it this way in the new Roster.

Not-So-Good-News. Twenty-two (22), 458th members failed to renew their membership this year. I wrote to everyone hoping to get them "back in formation", but the response is very slow. This is the first time we've experienced that large a number of "no-shows". A second letter to them is forthcoming. That magic number of 400 members is pretty elusive. We did manage to show 401 at one time this year. Still need all the help I can get from you all. Many, many thanks to all who have helped to increase our membership, and hope to see a record number of 458th members in McAfee, N.J. in celebration of our 38th Annual Reunion.

in B-24s? The contender with the highest figure that I have been able to find is Kenneth L. Gilbert of 93rd BG who completed his 75th mission on 9th October 1944. And what about 100 mission aircraft? Which group put the most B-24s past the century mark? Which ran closest to 467th BG's *Witchcraft* (with 130)?

Another interesting aspect of 2nd AD history is the number of Distinguished Service Crosses awarded. The DSC was only surpassed by the Medal of Honor as an award for bravery, yet little mention of it is to be found in group records. Who received this decoration and what was the total number of DSC awards made in the 2nd AD?

All unknowns deserve to be knowns. So search your memories and your memorabilia. Look for photos, mission flimsies and written records that may hold some answers. If you can find just one piece that will fill the gap in the historical jigsaw, send the information to the Editor so that it can be put on permanent record through your *Journal*. Help fill out your history. Immortalize yourself!

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy J. Engdahl (448th)

The 448th first stateside reunion at Shreveport-Bossier City, La. was a real success being enjoyed by over one hundred and twenty husbands and wives.

A count at our Thursday night banquet revealed that forty to forty-five percent of our attendance were attending their very first reunion and many had not seen each other for forty years.

Friday morning a VCR of our three days back in Seething and Norwich last June for our Memorial dedication was shown and enjoyed by all.

Some of us had seen it a time or two before and still it brought back strong feelings of emotion to see the lovely British people young and old taking part in this lovely and memorable event.

Friday afternoon we played a cassette tape of our message back to Seething for their V-E day services and that was followed by a cassette message from the members of the Waveney Flying Club filled with greetings from various ones and a report on the progress of the control tower restoration. We enjoyed very much hearing from several of the British some of us knew and from others we hadn't met but had heard about.

We were pretty successful in our solicitation for funds to send to Ralph Whitehead so that work can go on now with better weather than those who have been working on the tower had enjoyed. We were happy to send to Ralph Whitehead checks totaling \$827.00.

For those unable to attend this get-together we still need money to carry on restoration of our old Seething tower, so please dig deep and send that tax deductible contribution for this great cause.

Our 1987 Second Air Division reunion back in Norwich was discussed and our people were reminded of the request of the wonderful people of Seething asking us of the 448th to plan on staying over a day or two after the reunion and having a joint get-together perhaps at the Seething Village Hall for a luncheon followed by visits in their homes as they have asked us to do.

The Saturday ceremony at the Barksdale AFB took place in front of a B-24 where a beautiful Memorial wreath was placed by five of our group. Representing those who were POW's was Col. Chester Hacket; representing those who were awarded the Purple Heart was Lester Bise; representing the widows whose husbands survived the war but have since passed on was Maggie Wahnee, widow of pilot Capt. Meyers Wahnee; representing those who were shot down but were escapees was Stuart Barr who was also awarded a Purple Heart and last but certainly not least representing our excellent ground crews was Walter "Smitty" Smith.

The ceremony was followed by a lovely lunch at the Barksdale Officer's Club followed by a base tour which was enjoyed by all.

The weather was nice to us and except for touring inside a tanker aircraft where it did get pretty warm we couldn't complain at all.

Our Saturday evening formal banquet was a lovely affair with our being honored by having as our main speaker Lt. Gen. Kenneth L. Peek, Jr. along with his wife Mary and daughter Dawn.

Gen. Peek delivered a most interesting and enjoyable speech and was very complimentary to the 448th for its part during WWII.

The 1986 reunion at Pheasant Run, Illinois near Chicago July 10-13 was dis-

cussed and it was decided the 448th would plan on another 448th Group reunion at Dayton, Ohio immediately following the 2nd Air Division Reunion for the purpose of dedicating a "448th Memorial" at the Air Force Museum.

This would save in cost of a separate trip since Dayton isn't far from Chicago.

The memorial at Dayton will cost approximately \$1600.00 which includes a memorial bronze plaque laid on a concrete pad to the Air Force Museum specifications and a 4" trunk oak tree.

So all of you start making plans right now for this reunion and send what you can to me making out your tax deductible check to "448th Bomb Group" — Second Air Division and mark on your check "for Dayton Memorial".

Headquarters Report

by Jim Reeves (Hdq.)

For those of you who were Staff Administrative Personnel and Flying Combat Tours I am sure you remember the lengthy and detailed report that was necessary after each mission in compliance with 2AD Regulations Number 55 Series. After each mission the paper work begin to flow into Ketteringham Hall. The Bombardiers report, Navigators, Stat Control, Weather, Air/Sea Rescue and on and on until each section had sent a ream of paper work to the appropriate section at Headquarters.

Being in Operations Section of headquarters it was one of my duties to keep up with the 55 Series of 2AD Regulations. Almost weekly it was necessary to change these Regulations and add to them. One day I received a telephone call from a friend of mine who was operations Officer at 93rd BG at Hardwick. He asked — "Reeves is Headquarters using all of this info that we must send in after each mission? . . . Please discuss with Operations Officer and if it isn't . . . we need to delete some of it . . . because . . . we are flying all day and staying up most of the night in order to comply with 2AD Regulation 55 Series."

I am happy to say as a result of that call Headquarters has not made any changes and additions to the 55 Series lately!!

Earlier in the year I had asked my friend, Joe Whittaker, Division Bombardier to write an article for the *Journal*. Enjoy reading this report by Joe.

★ ★ ★

As we approach the 40th anniversary of Victory day in Europe, one's thoughts return to those years when we were all privileged to be a part of that great team making up the Second Air Division and Headquarters, 8th Air Force, U.S.A.F. during W.W.II.

Through your leadership and teamwork the 2nd Air Division established an enviable record from November, 1942 to April, 1945; during which time 200,000 tons of bombs were dropped on enemy

installations in Europe. The excellent bombing accuracy record was documented by the post war study of the Strategic Bomb Survey Commission. The mission assigned us was accepted by all and accomplished with distinction. The 2nd Air Division has a proud and well earned history.

The formation of the 2nd Air Division Association and its continued support and leadership by many of you from the Headquarters team has not gone unnoticed. Our association is unique in the annals of veterans organizations. All of us are proud of the trust and the living memorial dedicated to our fallen comrades.

Reviewing our leadership since our formation, we have been led by 27 presidents, three from Headquarters. Of these, 22 survive. This past reunion found 12 of us attending. I am appointing myself as a committee of one to encourage all you ex-presidents to be with us at our 38th reunion in New Jersey in '85.

If plans materialize I'll have a completely restored W.W.II Jeep at the next reunion. That should bring back memories for all attending. This Jeep came off the line December 21st, '41, two weeks after Pearl Harbor Day, and could possibly have seen service somewhere in our Division.

Best wishes to all for a great New Year in '85 and trust we all enjoy health and happiness. Looking forward to seeing another record turnout at the 38th Reunion in New Jersey.

Joe Whittaker

★ ★ ★

Thanks Joe for this article. We all remember your great ability and leadership as Division Bombardier.

Looking forward to seeing you in McAfee at the 38th reunion. Eleanor Storms informs me that many of the WACS are planning on being at the reunion. Let's make the Hdq. Mini-reunion bigger and better than ever before.

Duneberg—April 7, 1945

by John B. (Buff) Maguire (389th BG)

My crew flew that particular mission to Duneberg on April 7, 1945. In fact that target was an ammunition and dynamite dump, and we carried twelve 500 lb. GP bombs, and I flew D+plane that day. This particular mission was my 11th, and it was my 3rd mission as a deputy lead pilot. As stated in the Earl Zimmerman article, the 389th BG was leading the entire 2nd Air Division to Duneberg, and the 566th Bomb Squadron was flying the low left position. I do not recall the other two squadrons on that day myself, since we always had one of our four squadrons in the group stood down when missions were flown.

This particular mission is still very vivid in my mind—I guess it is because of the importance of our leading the entire 2nd Air Division on the mission that day, and we still were able to completely destroy the target and I had a ringside seat for the action. At the time, and during interrogation, I was never able to figure out how the ME-109 was able to get through the P-51 fighter cover. I remember the ME-109 diving from above at almost a 180 degree angle between our three squadrons in the 389th BG, then pulling up into formation so that it was flying off of the right wing of the lead plane and the left wing of the deputy lead plane. The ME-109 just sat there firing its guns until it was put out of commission, at which time it did a roll over and smashed into the cockpit area of the lead plane and then into the deputy lead ship.

The Zimmerman article stated that one of the P-51s was hit by our fire and the pilot bailed out. I remember that. The one thing I was most afraid of during this action was being hit by fire from our own guns, because the ME-109 attacked us at the IP and just flew in formation at the beginning of the bomb-run until the ME-109 pilot apparently was killed. We then used the bombardiers of the high right squadron and the low left squadron to still make the bomb run, drop the bombs, and destroy the target.

Even being so close to all of this action, we went over our plane with a fine-toothed comb after landing, and nowhere could we find any holes or hits from any guns. I guess the Old Boy upstairs was looking out for us since we did not even receive a scratch.

Another thing which is very vivid in my memory is the talk or speech that James N. "Jimmy" Stewart gave at our interrogation, telling us what a fine job we did of destroying the target when the lead plane and the deputy lead plane were both lost at the IP commencing the bomb run. At the time, Jimmy Stewart was either a Lieutenant or full Colonel and was the Deputy Wing Commander. I remember that his

remarks were just as impressive as any movie I have seen him in.

The article in the March News Letter is accurate. My notes further say that we were also attacked by jet fighters coming down the bomber stream, and that the 389th BG lost two crews and three planes. One of the planes had the crew bail out.

The Zimmerman article stated that he was doing nothing with the waist gun because he was so busy watching all of the action. I just want him to know that my ringside seat was so close to the action, when we returned to base I had to change my underwear.

More on the Duneberg Raid

by Jim Kratoska (389th BG)

In the March, 1978 Newsletter, Earl Zimmerman was telling his story of the loss of both the lead and deputy lead aircraft by collision with an enemy fighter on April 7, 1945. I would like to add my observations and experience.

Earl did not indicate his plane's position in the squadron, but we would have had different stories to tell the debriefing people. My recollection after 33 years to the day (I received the newsletter April 7, 1978) are as follows:

The time, place and group was as follows:

April 7, 1945, approximately 12:00 hours, 40 miles north of Hanover on the way to Duneberg.

2nd Air Division lead, 389th Group, 567th Sqdn., Aircraft K-

Command: Col. John Herboth

Crew: Pilot, 1st Lt. Bob Dallas; Engineer,

T/Sgt. Bill Strange; Nav. 1st Lt. W.

Grolig; Radio, T/Sgt. Bob Flannery;

Bomb., 1st Lt. A. J. Contra;

LW, S/Sgt. Jim Kratoska; PFF, Lt.

P. L. Michalik; RW, S/Sgt. Bob Gilloon;

P-Nav., Dicky; Tail, S/Sgt. Mark

Strauss.

As you can see, I was L waist on K- and three of us did survive. LW, RW and tail. There are many facets of this mission, the snafu before takeoff (maps forgotten), getting knocked down, meeting on the ground later and not knowing it, capture, escape, meeting two Canadians and Russian escapees in the woods, watching British Typhoons attacking a German Armored Column and finally getting through the British Lines north of Hanover. Obviously all of this can't be covered.

When the German attack started, there was a fighter encounter at 9 o'clock high about 1,000 feet above us. Dallas, our pilot, cautioned us to be sure of our target before

shooting. Almost simultaneously Strauss, the tail gunner, started firing very heavy, so I leaned back to look through his turret to see what he was shooting at. I picked up the German fighter coming straight and level and firing at us. He broke off to his left outside the number three aircraft in our formation.

He was in such a position that I could not shoot at him without hitting number three and he continued to turn at about our same altitude. I did not see any other fighter, American or German, in the immediate area.

The German was now heading at us from about 11 o'clock slightly above us on his right side perpendicular to our plane of flight. He could have missed us if he had leveled out, but there wasn't time because of our closing speed. I instinctively ducked and he hit in the pilot's lap shearing off the front of our plane.

Gilloon, the R. waist and I bounced off the top of the fuselage as we went into a spin. I cannot remember who opened the escape hatch, but I do remember my chute was next to it and I caught the chute before it fell out. Because of the spin it was difficult to get out.

We were at 22,000 feet when we collided and I would guess we got out at about 5,000 feet. This is probably why Earl didn't see any chutes. I recall my chute opened at about 3,000 feet and two 51's buzzed me. I waved and they waggled their wings in recognition. I came down through tall evergreens and landed in a marsh area about three miles Northeast of Soltau. Burying my chute, the process of escape started which is another long story.

After the war, I learned number two had also gone down because of the collision and that supposedly everyone got out. The original co-pilot on our crew was flying co-pilot on number three that day and was just opposite my left waist position on the lead aircraft. We had waved shortly before the attack started.

Oh yes, Earl, I never got a shot at the guy, either.



8th AF Memorial — 448th Reunion Barksdale, Field, La. Speech for Memorial

by Leroy Engdahl

Ever since the beginning of recorded history there have been wars and the threat of wars.

The Bible is filled with stories of battles of nations against nations and tribes against tribes.

Very few generations on this earth escape war. With the exception of professional soldiers, wars are mostly fought by civilians called into active duty.

We are here today commemorating the 40th anniversary of the end of World War II where more people were killed than any war known to man, and to pay tribute and to honor those young men who lost their lives while fighting for freedom.

We have had 40 years of raising our families, enjoying their achievements and feeling the sorrow for their disappointments and now watching our grandchildren grow up.

In Europe alone, where we of the 448th Bomb Group served during WWII, more than 300,000 Americans paid with their lives in order to preserve the freedoms we enjoy. Not many American families escaped the loss of a family member or a loved one. No place on earth enjoys the freedoms and opportunities that we here in the United States of America enjoy.

In times of peace normally sons bury their fathers, but in times of war the situation is reversed and fathers bury their sons.

There are American military cemeteries all over the United States and in many foreign countries where our men have fought and died.

Their losing their lives was not the end of these tragedies; their parents, most of whom are no longer alive, their families, close friends and loved ones mourned their losses for years to come. Even occasions such as today bring back memories and feeling of sorrow.

It is here today where men and women of the 8th Air Force of WWII and of today's 8th Air Force pay our respects, honor and give our thanks and appreciation for the freedoms we still enjoy because of those who did not return.

We have not forgotten you — we honor you today.

For You the War is Over

by Eric Sherman (446th)

It was July 20th, 1944. The Place: Flixton Estate, home of the 446th Bomb Group, a couple of miles south of Bungay in East Anglia, England. The mission for tomorrow was rocket launching sites in the Paj de Calais region of France. These type missions were known as "milk runs" because of their short duration and the bomb release point being out over the English Channel. Glen, Nelson and myself had attended a special briefing in the evening, as we were to lead the 446th Bomb Group.

When we walked into the briefing room the early morning of the 21st (my 25th birthday), the long red tape on the briefing map really set us back. It extended deep into southern Germany. The target was Munich, not the rocket launch sites. This was a nasty twist, we could be late for my party at the Club that night. (Little did

we know then that we would miss all the fun). This was to be Glen's last mission; Number 30 (lead crew personnel were required to fly five fewer missions because we only flew when we led our Squadron and/or the Group. This put us way behind regular crews in missions flown over a given length of time. We still acquired ample flying time, being scheduled to fly the weather plane, Group forming plane and pre-flying our plane the day before we were scheduled to lead). The rest of the crew had 27 missions. This was our 28th mission together. We felt good about each other. I considered Nelson Seagraves to be the equal of any Bombardier I had known. Glen Hoffman was an excellent Navigator. The enlisted men were tops. There was T/Sgt. Lutes, Flight Engineer; T/Sgt. Kopcynski, Radio Operator; and Gunners, S/Sgts. Jackson, Olson,

McDonald and Clay. And on this mission the Co-Pilot was Lt. Hand and our Group Navigator, Capt. C. Ballard was in the nose turret to do dead reckoning navigation.

So off we went on a scheduled 10 hour mission instead of the 4½ hour "milk run" we had hoped for. Our planned altitude was 21,000 feet, but as we crossed into Germany we encountered a high weather front. Visibility dropped fast and the other Groups faded out of sight. We tried to climb over the weather, but the plane topped out at 25,500 feet and responded to the controls like a drunk whale, while the clouds persisted. I decided to turn back and find a "target of opportunity". Occasionally we saw puffs of flak in the clouds, but never quite close enough to hear the bursts. It was an eerie situation. As we completed our 180° turn and let down we broke into the clear at 20,000 feet. I looked around to see how many planes were still with us. It appeared that our Squadron was alone and, according to the waist gunners, we had picked up a few planes from other Groups.

Glen checked the map and then exclaimed that immediately ahead of us was a bridge crossing an unknown river. This was to be our "target of opportunity". The bomb bay doors were opened and we made a straight run on the bridge. Our bombs were on target, according to those who could see the results.

Now, let's get home. We were the first planes to be returning "thru the pass" (over Ostend) on this day. The first bursts occurred just as we started our let down toward the Channel. It put an oil leak in #1 engine and Glen said he had been hit in the back by a fragment. I immediately started a slow turn to the left (you can't forget your formation) and feathered the damaged engine. Two more shells exploded under the plane, probably killing those below the flight deck level and setting fire to the plane. The Co-Pilot got out of his seat and disappeared into the smoky radio compartment. The intercom was dead and the flying controls non-existent. I got out of my seat, but had forgotten to remove my oxygen mask and was jerked back. After I released myself I turned into the radio compartment which was full of flames and was again driven back to my seat. After a short interval I looked again and the compartment was clear. I got up, took two steps, when I remembered that we were close to the Channel. Again I returned to my seat, this time to get my "Mae West" life jacket from behind the seat and I realized I still had my flak vest on. I removed the flak vest, donned the "Mae West" and returned to an empty radio compartment. The bomb bay was closed, but the top hatch was open. I put my upper body out the hatch and my parachute hung up. (I had the only seat pack left in our Group). I experienced no sensa-

(continued on next page)

For You (Continued)

tion of air passing by and somehow I was finally free falling. (I had always felt that the plane turned over, but subsequent information that it blew up convinced me that that was what set me free of the plane). I counted to six and pulled the rip cord. It opened at what I guessed to be about 12,000 feet over the Scheldt Estuary. I skillfully guided my parachute by tentatively pulling on the shroud lines. This skill paid off. I guided my chute right over a chimney, fortunately the houses on the Isle of Tholen were built close to the ground and I managed to kick my way from the chimney. I landed alongside the house with my toes just barely touching the ground. Friendly people rushed up to assist me in getting out of the chute harness. They brought a chair and a glass of water. (What a relief to escape the chute leg straps. The descent had taken what seemed like forever). Then, as if by signal, everyone disappeared and moments later German soldiers came running from both ends of the narrow lane. They were reasonably friendly and put me in a 1939 Ford converted to a charcoal burning engine. We visited several locations where parts of the plane had hit. (Shortly after I opened my parachute, a part of the plane I took to be an aileron, had fluttered down on fire and descended faster than my chute, another near miss as it was less than 25 feet away). They then took me to a "dug-out" where Sgt. Lutes was also brought. We were told that Lt. Hand was dead. Sgt. Lutes told me that the bomb bay was on fire so he opened the top hatch when Lt. Hand appeared. He started up in the top hatch and collapsed so Sgt. Lutes pushed him out and followed him. Sgt. Kopcynski was still looking for his chest pack parachute when Lutes jumped. (Subsequent info from Sgt. Kopcynski after the war was that he also went out the top hatch and hit one of the rudders. He spent the remainder of the war in a German hospital and was permanently crippled. This explains why the radio deck was vacant when I made my escape). Lutes noticed that my flight jacket right sleeve was covered with blood. It wasn't mine, so it must have been Lt. Hand's. He must have suffered a bad wound. The rest of the crew never got out. Why? Maybe killed or severely wounded by the flak bursts. Sgt. Lutes was untouched. I suffered 2nd degree burns of my face and hair. Sgt. Kopcynski would also have been OK if he hadn't hit the tail on leaving the plane. What's called the flight deck was the place to be to survive, but not for Lt. Hand. Who decides who is to live or die — is it fate, chance or God's hand?

While waiting for their orders, one of the soldiers (who turned out to be a conscripted Austrian) gave me a sort of yellowish colored coarse bar to eat. It tasted awful and after one bite I hid the rest. He

also returned my cigarettes and lighter. Shortly after, a Nazi officer appeared and started berating the soldiers. Though I didn't understand German, much was obvious by his tone of voice. However, I did manage to understand "Yankee swinerhund" as he slapped a cigarette out of my mouth and confiscated the package and Zippo lighter laying close by. He then laid considerable verbal abuse on me, but my ignorance of the language was my protection.

They put Sgt. Lutes and me in the local jail for the night. The next day we were driven to a prison in Arheim, Holland. After 5 days of solitary we and several other POWs were placed on a train for our journey down the beautiful Rhine River to "Dulag Luft" at Frankfort on the Main, Germany. It was a clearinghouse for all POWs. Five days in solitary in a very compact cell (5'x9') was followed by interrogation by a gregarious German who had my complete military history at his fingertips.

The following day I was transferred to an open compound and saw Sgt. Lutes for the last time. The next morning we were shipped out to our final home for the duration. My destination was Barth, Germany, about 90 miles N/O Berlin. The new home was called Stalag Luft One. Several members of my Group were permanent POWs. My face had healed. The weather was fine. My friends needed a

shortstop for their fast pitch softball team (equipment furnished by the Y.M.C.A.) and the Red Cross food parcels provided an adequate, if not exciting diet. We even played a tough game of two hand touch football that the Germans finally stopped because of broken or bent limbs.

About November the "Country Club" atmosphere ended. The war was going badly for the Germans (our secret radio and internal communications system kept us abreast) and the Allied airstrikes were bringing German trains to a standstill, and, with that, no Red Cross food parcels or packages from home. Now our daily sustenance was a slab of very coarse brown bread about 1 inch thick and a handful of dehydrated vegetables with an occasional bowl of wormy barley and "ersatz" coffee.

When the Russians overran the Barth area, they tore down our fences and gave us meat (horse or cow — no one cared) and released a cache of Red Cross food parcels found at the camp headquarters. We finally ate well again. But the devious politics of the Communists started their "cold war" tactics and for three weeks they would not permit our Air Force to fly in planes to evacuate us. Finally it happened, those beautiful B-17's (even to a B-24 pilot) landed at a nearby air field and we marched over to board them and fly to Camp Lucky Strike in France.

"Home Alive in '45"

Ludwigshaven — A Mission to Remember

by Major R. B. Seigh, USAF (Ret.) 389th

January 7, 1944 is a date that I shall remember for the rest of my life. Reading George Makin's account of that mission brought memories of the role our crew played in that battle over France. I was a member of Captain Jerome M. Kennedy's crew flying the right waist position.

We joined the 389th Bomb Group in September of 1943 and were assigned to the 565th Bomb Squadron. On this particular mission to Ludwigshaven, our crew was flying deputy lead on the right wing of Captain Willhite. The mission to the target was uneventful and without too much trouble. As we came off the target for the return to England, my pilot became concerned as well as Lt. Col. Jack Dieterle who was flying as Command Pilot, on the route that the Group Leader was taking. He elected to leave the main bomber stream and head toward Paris, France.

The flight over France was without trouble until approximately 26 miles from that city we were hit with fighters. Captain Willhite was hit almost immediately by a head-on attack. I saw the shells hit the right engines and set them on fire. Shells also hit the nose, cockpit area and waist area. Captain Willhite's B-24 started

a bank to the right.

My pilot attempted to bank with him but the angle became too steep and we were forced to pull away and level off. In the meantime, Willhite leveled off and flew directly over our aircraft almost colliding with us. Willhite's plane did a steep turn, nosed down and about 5,000 feet below us the right wing came off and the B-24 cartwheeled toward the ground. Meanwhile, the steep bank had forced us away from the group. Seeing this Captain Kennedy increased his speed and took over the lead position of the 389th. At about this time, a lone P-47 came by and kept some of the fighters from us but eventually he had to leave the fight and return to England because of low fuel supply.

I have no idea where the 445th was, but I can tell you that they were not near the 389th. We lost 8 or 9 B-24's that day. A group of Spitfires picked us up near the French coast and escorted us to England. As a side note, only one man survived from Captain Willhite's crew and that man was the top turret gunner and I believe his name was T/Sgt. Swetz. We were lucky that day and I guess the Good Lord was with us.

Moment of Glory

Michael J. Donahue (93rd)

Now that I am in the autumn of my life, and the hectic days of going to college, raising a family, and making a living are coming to an end, I have time now to remember, and recall things that happened in the past. There are occasions when I become a little nostalgic and I hark back to the days of my youth to the airfields of East Anglia, located north of London, in Merry Old England.

The U.S. Air Force, and England's RAF, are engaged in an aerial war with the Axis Powers. It is the aim of these forces to defeat the German war machine by destroying industrial, and strategic targets with day, and night time bombing raids.

This time of Air War was entirely new, and never before in the history of aerial warfare has a battle been fought like this. As far as I am concerned it will never happen again.

Some forty years have gone by, but the old memories of my flying days in the military have become more important to me now. Before I grow too old to remember, or I go to the big air base in the sky, I would like to tell about some of the experiences I had when I flew as a radio-operator gunner on a B-24 heavy bomber during World War II.

Preparations for flying combat missions began in the States with many hours of training. After completing basic, radio, and aerial gunnery training, we were assigned to a combat crew which consisted of ten specially trained men. We flew many hours together as a team, and when our training was completed we were sent to the European Theatre of War.

It was on the morning of July 12, 1944 that our crew was scheduled to fly out 6th mission. We were awakened by the officer

of the day at 02:00 hours. There were twelve enlisted men or two flight crews that lived together in a Nissen hut. The turn over of the men that occupied half of our hut was so frequent that we really didn't have the time to make friends or to get to know them better. As the time passed and I became a seasoned combat veteran, I realized it was not a good idea to make too many friends.

Breakfast was served at 02:30 hours. The main briefing for the mission would begin at 03:30 hours. When our crew entered the briefing room, a large map of Europe stared at us from the front of the long darkened room. We were unable to see the target area and the routes we would take, because of a huge white sheet that hung over the map. When the sheet was removed it revealed that the target for today was, "Munich". Amid the moans and groans of the crews, S-2 explained the routes in and out of the target area. Weather conditions over the target would be clear. Flak will be heavy on the way in and out. 1200 anti-aircraft guns surround the target area. We will have an escort of P-51s, and P-38s, fighters. Me-109s, and Me-410s, will also be in the area. Our group will put up thirty air craft.

Instructions sheets were handed out with information pertaining to the mission. Stations at 05:30 hours. Start engines 05:50 hours. Taxi 06:00 hours. Take off 06:19 hours. The gas load will be 2700 gallons. We will carry 10 500lb. bombs. Length of the mission will be 10 hours, 6hrs. on oxygen.

Religious services were available for those who wished to attend. As a Catholic I received Holy Communion. Our Chaplain told me that I didn't have to go to confession, because if I died on this mission I would go straight to Heaven. I said, "Thanks a lot Father, but if you don't mind I would as soon go to confession".

In the locker room is where we got dressed for a mission. Flying at 30,000 ft. it can be 70° below zero, so it is necessary to dress warm and avoid getting frost bite. We wore green fur lined flying suits, and wool lined leather boots over our G.I. shoes. Next to my jacket I strapped on my 45 cal. automatic, over which I put on the inflatable life jacket, or the "Mae West". Gloves, flak helmet, oxygen mask, box of C rations, and your parachute were put in a flight bag and carried to the plane. There were two types of chutes, the chest type, and the back pack. I preferred the latter, although it added weight to your body, it is always there when you need it.

In the still of the early morning hours we were taken to our plane by truck. It was a B-24J. call letters, 578R. Her name was "Return Engagement".

Credit should go to the ground crew and all the people who contribute to the success and safety of every training and combat mission.

Pre-flight over, the taxiing began. One Liberator took off from runways illuminated by red and blue marker lamps. We were first to take off leaving the runway at 140 mph. Thirty B-24s, completed their take-offs without incident.

I fear take-offs I guess because of the full tanks of gas and the heavy bomb load. Any accidental jarring of an arming device or a faulty fuse on a bomb could cause an explosion.

Since assembly had to be made under clear conditions. Going up through the cloud cover is a scary experience. It sometimes took us 30 to 40 minutes to get on top of the overcast when it existed. To avoid fatal accidents, all planes had to climb at the same rate of speed and to a briefed spot. It's a great relief, especially when you are flying blind for so long, to bust out on top of the clouds and see the beautiful morning sun rise.

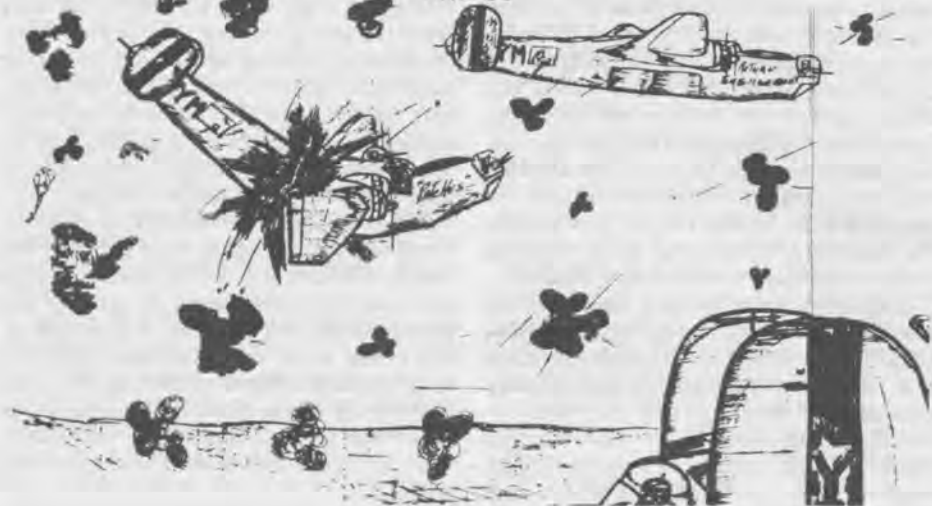
To help assemble the gathering planes was a gaudily painted war weary Liberator called "Balls of Fire". This was the assembly plane of the 93rd bomb groups. It could be identified by the black, white and yellow stripes painted on its fuselage and tail section. It shepherded the bombers until the group successfully formed up into a tight formation.

I flew in this war relic as an engineer. My job was to fire red flares from the flight deck of old balls of fire at two minute intervals. This also helped to complete the assembly and at 08:00 hours we joined the other groups of the Division and headed for Germany.

At 09:15 hours we reached the French coast and control point No. 2. A bomber from the 329th sqd. had to abort because of engine trouble. The formation starts to climb to an altitude of 30,000 ft. It was astonishing how the hours spent at high altitude could sap a man's strength. There

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WHEN WE RETURNED TO OUR AIR FIELD AFTER OUR 20th mission we counted over 100 holes in our plane. AFTER THE GROUND CREW PATCHED HER UP, WE GAVE HER THE NAME "Patches"



Moment (Continued)

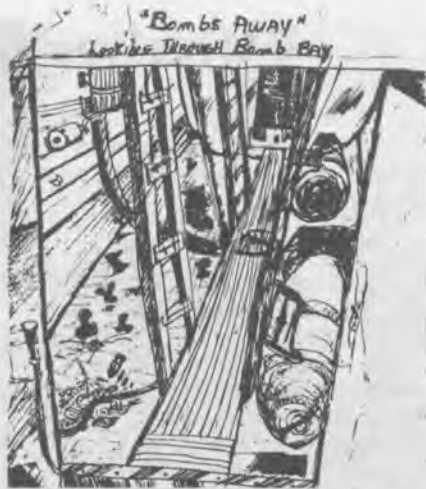
are many reasons for this exhaustion, like breathing for hours through an oxygen mask, below zero cold, dehydration, feeling the jarring impact of enemy shells and bullets, watching your best friends in the next B-24 trapped in their burning plane and unable to get out. Somewhere over France I relieved Neadue, the engineer, in the top turret gun. I scanned the sky for enemy fighters, and checked the vertical and horizontal movement of the two 50 cal. guns. The sun is bright and warm as it shines through the plexi-glass dome of the gun turret. The squadron looks good as the planes maneuver to form a tight Formation. Trailing back from the engines of the bombers are long white flowing vapor trails which make a beautiful sight against the blue sky.

It is 10:30 hours, over Germany, flak is reported at 12 o'clock. I put on my steel helmet. 11:15 hours we reach the I.P., six miles away from the target.

The bomb run was made on automatic equipment which linked with the Norden bomb-sight, enabled the bombardier to control the lateral movement of the aircraft while on the run-up to the target.

The bomb bay doors are opened amid the flak bursts. The noise you hear on the bomb run are loud and frightening. First you are aware of the whine of the planes' engines as they strain under the heavy load. Then you hear the rush of wind as it whistles through the open doors. Outside, the exploding shells bang against the side of the plane. From this position I can see the ground below and the city of "Munich". It is my job to hold open the doors with the manual handle so they don't close. Any closer will prevent the bombs from releasing. Waist gunners are throwing out "chaff", a tinsel like material used to foul up the enemy radar. As I was watching the glittering tin foil fall to earth, a piece of metal about the size of my thumb ricochets around the bombs in the bomb bay and came to rest on the cat walk before me. Although it was a close call, there was really no cause for alarm, because when I picked up the shell fragment from the cat walk, I could plainly see that my name was not on it.

It's 11:50 hours, the bombardier with the sights on the target shouts "Bombs Away". 5000 lbs. of bombs hurtle down from each Liberator on the Marshalling Yards below. I close the doors, and send a strike report back to England in Morse code. Capt. Spence changes our heading to the northwest, and we begin the long trip home. Marshall, the left waist gunner, reports that the plane on the lower left wing got a direct hit between #3 and #4 engines and went down, no chutes were sighted. Two other Liberators were trailing smoke and were falling behind the formation. Without the protection of the formation, these bombers are vulnerable to



enemy fighter attack.

I believe it was our 15th mission when we were shot up pretty bad and had lost an engine. Due to the loss of oil pressure it could not be feathered, so it just windmilled. The slow turning prop had so much drag on the plane that we lost speed and altitude and had to drop out of the formation. Being all alone over enemy territory and bandits reported in the area, we were like sitting ducks. It was then that a beautiful P-47 Thunderbolt fighter, appeared out of the blue sky and flew real close to our right wing. I remember distinctly the black and white squares painted on its cowling. He followed us all the way to the coast of Holland, then as quick as he appeared, dipped his wings, peeled off and was gone. I think about that little brother, hope he survived the war, and is living somewhere in peace.

I guess the 389th took the brunt of the fighter attack losing the greater part of the days 44 Libs. shot down.

Our heading is northwest and we are somewhere over Belgium. I sensed something was wrong when I called the navigator for a position report and got no reply. I attached an oxygen walk-around bottle to my face mask and proceeded to crawl to the navigators compartment in the nose of the plane. When I got there, Kelley's head lay on the table as if he was asleep. Immediately I saw that his oxygen mask was disconnected from the oxygen system. I connected the loose hose to the outlet and in few minutes he started to return to normal. To this day he doesn't know what happened to him.

Its 14:30 hours and the coast of France comes into view. We start our let down and crossed the ice cold waters of the English Channel. If you had to ditch in the channel, your chances of survival would be slim. The white cliffs of the English coast appear on the horizon. Crossing the coast and the green fields and hedge rows of the English country side, the bomber formation heads for home base.

I can remember a pleasure flight on a beautiful day in September, when I flew with Capt. Bryne, in a Liberator to an

airfield located about 200 miles from our airbase in the northern part of England. The reason for this trip was to pick up the entire "Glenn Miller, Air Force Band", and return them to our airfield for a performance that evening. The members of the band and all of their instruments were put aboard four awaiting B-24 bombers. The band sat where they could, some on the flight deck, others huddled in the tail section. The plane wasn't designed for passengers.

On the return trip to our base, the four bombers flew at top speed, in a tight formation, and at tree top level. It was the wildest, and roughest ride I have ever had in a B-24. The band was scared to death, and so was I, even though I had completed 13 missions at the time.

I was standing at the waist window watching the pilot of the next plane sock his wing tip into our waist window, when a member of the band staggered up to me and yelled into my ear, "How the hell do you stand this?" I believe his name was "Johnny Desmond", the lead singer of the band. I guess they felt sorry for me, because they got me and my crew front row seats for the concert that evening.

On the night of Sept. 13, 1944, in one of the big airplane hangars on the base, the big band performed for all the service people. I heard the popular and well known arrangements of the Glenn Miller Band. Songs like "Serenade in Blue", "String of Pearls", and "Little Brown Jug". It was a thrilling performance and it was an event I will cherish the rest of my life.

The next day we flew to Southern France. Instead of bombs our planes carried military supplies, such as maps, etc. to General Patton, Third Army. Six Liberators from the 93rd Bomb Group were escorted by six P-51 fighters. In close formation we flew at 7000 ft. When we were over the French coast I could see below us the remains of the equipment and ships stranded from the D-Day landings of the beaches of Normandy. We made the drop to the infantry, and returned safely to our base in England.



"Hardwick", our home base appeared before us in the distance. We flew over the field in a tight formation. The pilots like to show off their flying ability by buzzing the field before we land. We peeled off from our squadron and began our final

(continued on next page)

Moment (Continued)

approach to the landing strip. The return of our group is a great air show and is exciting to watch. The drama and tension can be seen on the faces of the spectators as the planes come in for a landing. Crash landings are not uncommon. Some bombers come in for a landing with one or two engines out. Bombers firing red flares indicate there are wounded aboard. Many land with no brakes, or no landing gear down and locked.

In the Fall of that year I was watching a mission return from "Berlin". The pilot of a Liberator upon landing lost control of the plane, slipped off the runway, traveled across the dirt field and crashed full speed into a radio shack. All ten men perished aboard the plane. Two men in the building also were killed.

With the squadron safely on the ground, each plane taxied along the perimeter track to the dispersal area and our hardstand. From the inside and top of the aircraft, the gunners waved to the awaiting crowd. From the flight deck I opened the top escape hatch and crawled up on top of the slowly moving bomber. Out in the open and sitting between the two inboard engines, it felt good to breathe in the fresh air, and to relax my aching back. I waved to the people who gathered in the sunshine along the taxi strip. Although I didn't really know any of these people, I could see in their faces the admiration and respect they had for us as we went by. As I sat up there on top of that bomber, it felt like I was back home, riding in a parade, sitting in an open convertible. It was a good feeling knowing that you had successfully completed another mission.

We parked the old war bird, and went to the briefing room for interrogation. Coffee and doughnuts were served by the Red Cross. Whisky was served by the Flight Surgeon.

After these proceedings, we went to the locker room to change our clothing. Like most high school locker rooms we learned

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey (492nd)

This excerpt is from a letter that Ed Petelle sent me as regards the saga of the Tequila Daisy.

Dear Bill:

The current 8th Air Force News 'Mail Call', came as a real shock to me!

The last time I saw or heard anything about "Tequila Daisy" was watching her limp off in the general direction of Switzerland.

If my memory serves me correctly, it all began at Biggs Field, Texas in February of 1944. As an Armorer Gunner, I was assigned to a B24 crew under the command of Captain Harold D. Stanhope. Other members of the crew were Lt. Bill Whitsitt (Navigator), Lt. Archie A. Lee, (Bombardier), Tom Muldoon, (Eng.) Louis Muldoon, (R.O.) (Tom's brother), and Hugh White, (waist gunner). Unfortunately, I cannot remember the names of our original co-pilot or ball turret gunner.

It was permissible to have our wives join us for a few weeks during the 492nd's Bomb Group flight training, so I told my new bride to come on down. Since Dorothy was the first of our crews' wives to arrive, the fellows wanted to show her a good time. The party in her honor was held in the best night club in Jaurez, Mexico. What a bash!

Just about everyone managed to get "bombed" (to put it mildly) on a nice tasting pink beverage laced with tequila and generously.

The infamous "Tequila Daisy". On the way back to Texas, the old Juarez bridge

was jammed with G.I.'s, on foot, in trolley cars and autos constantly bumping into each other.

Some say that it all started with the dozen people in the big Buick, driven by a certain Captain Stanhope. At any rate, a riot started, involving about a hundred (who was counting)? G.I.'s, Mexican soldiers and civilians of every race and color. The M.P.s and Border Patrol guards from both countries were finally able to restore order. Somehow, we managed to get off with reprimands and no Court Martial.

The seed was planted!

Enroute to England, we has a short layover in Florida. It was there that the officers chipped in to hire an artist to dress up our already beautiful silver B24. One of the "Pretty Girl" calendars was chosen and the replica was truly a work of perfection. Of course, she was named "Tequila Daisy".

We flew her on the 492nd's first mission to Mulhouse, France on May 13, 1944 and a few other missions over Germany and France.

After only about 6 or 7 missions, we were given a new lead ship equipped with special navigation and bombing equipment. At about the same time, our crew was transferred to the 44th Bomb Group.

I believe it was mid-June, 1944, that we were leading the 492nd, when one ship on the way to the target, became disabled and apparently headed for Switzerland. It was "Tequila Daisy"!

To the best of my recollection, that is her story.

what really happened on the field of combat that day. We learned about the wounded, the near misses, and about the boys who didn't return. We heard about the tail gunner, whose severed arm wouldn't

stop bleeding and had to be thrown out of the tail hatch in an open chute, hoping to find aid from some one on the ground.

That morning before the mission, a war correspondent from "The Stars and Stripes" magazine shared my locker with me. He told me he was new on the base and was assigned to fly with another crew to get pictures and the story of the mission. That afternoon I also learned that the bomber he was flying in was shot down and was missing. His personal effects remained in my locker for a few days before I turned them in. I was hoping he would show up, but he never did. Photographers and correspondents were considered as bad luck to fly with.

I completed my tour of duty in the E.T.O. with 30 combat missions and 34 training flights. My last mission was on Jan. 13, 1945 to Worms, Germany. I returned to the United States on Feb. 6, 1945. In the months that followed I flew with the Air Transport Command, until my discharge from the service.

Saved by our little brother.





Lady Mayhew surrounded by (left to right) Tom Eaton, chairman of the Memorial Trust; Nick Walter, clerk of the trust; Fred Thomas, president of the 2nd Air Division Association; and Paul King, vice-chairman of the trust.

389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West (389th V.P.)

To all who served with 389th B.G. 2nd Air Div. stationed at Hethel, Norwich, England. Knowing that these notes in the *Journal* go to those members in good standing I am again asking for your help in locating former members and getting them to join the 2nd Air Div. Assoc. As your V.P. I have several people who are working very hard in tracking down people and referring their names to me. Publicly thru the *Journal* I wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jonasson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vadas, their efforts are greatly appreciated.

The main responsibility of your group V.P. is working with the group membership. Recently I received a list from the Assoc. board listing those with unpaid dues. I in turn sent a letter to those listed reminding them of the unpaid dues and I want to thank all who responded. So come on all you fly boys help us keep this plane flying.

I continue to receive letters and telephone calls from friends and others with 389th interests. Received recently a letter from a friend of 389th. A Mr. S. W. Main, 72 Tuttle Land West, Wyandham, Norfolk N.R. 18 OD 18 England. As an employee of Lotus Cars Ltd. Whick utilizes as a factory site a large portion that was formerly the base of the 389th at Hethel. He has been granted permission by the co. as a guide to come of the areas that are still left of former base. He has permission to take people up to the chapel. Letter much more detailed, if interested see me at 1985 reunion for more details. This could be a lead to much help in touring the Lotus plant as well as remains of base for the upcoming reunion in 1987.

Another letter that will be of interest to 389th members was from George LaPrath, Carmichael, Calif. who saw the B-24 "Delectable Doris" with the 389th tail emblem fly in to an air show in Oregon a few months ago. He has since learned that it is privately owned and F.A.A. licensed and based at the Air Museum which is at former Topeka Air Force Base, Topeka, Kansas. I hope to have a color photo of this plane with me at the reunion.

As I have mentioned before keep your letters, calls and referrals coming as they are greatly appreciated and quite helpful. If any one has any W.W.II experiences or photos that might be of interest to the rest of us in the 389th please send them and I will include them in my notes to the *Journal*.

Since the *Journal* will not reach you until after the reunion at McAfee it was great seeing the "Old Timers" and meeting the "First Timers". Thanks to all of you for a wonderful and successful reunion.

US Librarian in City 'Should be Permanent'

(Courtesy Eastern Daily Press)

The work of an American librarian for the unique American Memorial Room in Norwich was so vital that the temporary post should be made permanent, the governors agreed yesterday.

Mrs. Sue Vision had shown clearly that the way forward for the American library was through education, particularly in schools, the chairman, Mr. Tom Eaton, told the annual meeting of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF.

It was essential that an interne American librarian should be appointed on a regular basis as soon as possible, he said.

The governors backed Mr. Eaton's suggestion that the post should be paid for by the trust, supported by grants from the county council and educational charities.

Mrs. Vision, who has completed five of her six months at the library, said an important job in the library was to prepare tapes and videos for educational programmes. The material was there and it offered "a perfect opportunity for cultural liaison."

Mrs. Vision said she was impressed by the collection of books in the memorial room and by the visitors, ranging from youngsters interested in American cars to women trying to trace wartime sweethearts.

Before the meeting, Lady Mayhew, who has served on the trust since it was instituted in June 1945, was presented with gifts to mark her retirement as a governor.

She received a vase from the governors, and she was presented with a plaque by the president of the 2nd Air Division Association, Mr. Fred Thomas, of California.

2ADA Film Library

The demand for VCR tapes I through V has been very heavy and there have been as many as eight people waiting for one tape. If you consider the average turn-around time is two weeks, that means at least a two month wait for the last person. We hope that you will understand the delay and we will handle each request in the order that it is received. Please be sure to insure *each* tape for \$50.00 before you pass it on or return it to me.

Pete Henry (44th BG)

Trucking

by Phil Day (467th)

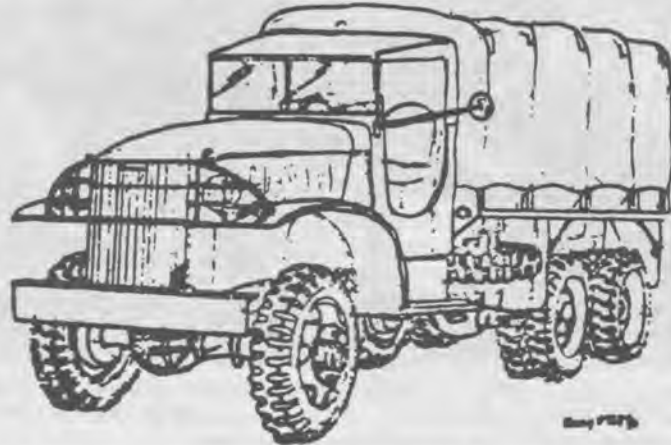
If you thought the title meant flying gasoline to France, for Patton's armies, later. This is about something possibly dear to some of you or fondly recalled by a few of you but remembered by all of us, the three axle by two and one-half ton class of vehicles and most especially the General Motors Corporation 352 and 353 trucks, commonly called the 6 x 6. Everyone of us at one time rode in, or drove, a 6 x 6. Mass produced, a total of 562,750 of these 2½ ton (carrying capacity) vehicles were built. Known as Jimmy(s) or Deuce and a half(s), this was the most commonly used vehicle in the Second World War, far more so than the more famous Jeep. Production began in 1939, and it stayed in service with the USAF to as late as 1956. Mass production began in January 1941, about the same time as the B-24 and lasted well into 1945, again like the B-24.

Manufactured by General Motors Truck and Coach Division of Yellow Truck and Coach Mfg. Co., International Harvester Co. and the Studebaker Corp., the 352s had a 19" shorter wheel base than the 353s. Models we drove or rode in were identified by a three or four letter code. The first letter was the design year, A-39, B-40, C-41, D-42; the second letter designated the cab type, C-standard, F-forward cab (cab over engine) and U-amphibian or non-doored, open topped. The third letter, if a K stood for front wheel drive, if a W in the third or fourth letter stood for rear wheel drive. Then CUKW followed by the long or short wheel base number designates a truck designed in 1941 with an amphibian cab with front and rear wheel drive; DCW followed by the long or short wheel base number would designate a truck designed in 1942 with a standard cab with rear wheel drive only, a 4 x 6. The serial number identified the type of body and axles on the frame. A through G stood for various bodies, cargo, stake body, gasoline tanker, van, water tanker, with or without winch. Following the letter was either a 1, meaning "split type" drive axles by Timken or 2 meaning "banjo" axles by General Motors. The line drawing is of a DUKW 353, Serial No. A1XXXX a '42' design, open cab, front and rear wheel drive, long wheel base truck with cargo body, without winch and with "split type" axles. Wooden slatted seats folded up and out from the steel sides of the cargo body, slatted wooden backs were above the sides and wooden bows overhead held up the canvas cover of the body.

Though not as complicated as a B-24, the 6 x 6 still had 9135 component parts, of which over 3600 could be of different make or manufacture.

Powered by a 6 cylinder in-line engine of 91.5 brake horse power, the 6 x 6 could

turn out 45 MPH quite easily on hard surface roads. The transmission was five forwards (fifth like overdrive) and one reverse. The front wheel drive could be engaged or disengaged, depending on road or terrain, and when engaged the hi-lo transfer case could be shifted to low for additional driving wheel power. At Rackheath I remember them hauling me from mess to flight line, to and from the planes and to and from Norwich for liberty runs.



Funny, I don't remember riding in them from flight to quarters or the mess hall, maybe once back on terra firma I preferred walking! Probably it carried bombs, fuel, food, I don't know, you will have to tell me. I read a story by a farm boy who wrote "I couldn't ride from the mess hall to briefings (in the truck), it was too much like on the farm when we would load cattle in the trucks before dawn to take them to the slaughter house". It wasn't that way for me, I usually took the time and opportunity for a nap.

So rapid was the advance of Allied armies across France in the fall of 1944 that it became increasingly difficult to get supplies to their leading elements. To supplement the various Troop Carrier and transport organizations, first the 20th Combat Wing flew supplies, food, medicine, gasoline, to France from 20 August to 11 September, then the 96th CW, the 458th, 466th and 467th BGs, took over. The 96th CW delivered 2,117,310 gallons of gasoline to bases in France, the 467th 646,079 gallons of that. First the 80 octane gasoline was in 5 gallon jerry cans, loaded through the waist windows, later it was carried in our outer wing tanks, in bomb bay tanks and fighter wing (drop) tanks stacked in the waist area. We first flew to Orleans/Bricy airfield south of Paris, then to Claustres airfield at St. Quentin. Colonel Herzberg and a staff of Operations, Flying Control, Weather, Engineering, Communications and Medical personnel from the 467th were stationed in France during this period. Over one hundred fifty B-24s, from every Group in the 2AD were on Rackheath during this time, all war weary, worn out. "Tankers" were crewed by pilot, co-pilot,

navigator, engineer and radio operator and two passengers were allowed to go on each flight. Claustres had been bombed by the 467th on 8 August (Mission 94) and all going there were very interested at seeing first hand the results of that effort. We flew at altitudes of 1000 feet or less, ready to go "to the deck" if attacked by enemy fighters, all armament except the top turret guns had been removed. I flew fifteen of these flights, two in one day on

two occasions, once to an airfield near Nancy, France, so newly captured that German equipment, wrecked airplanes, bombs, etc., were still scattered all about and we were advised to stay in the vicinity of our airplanes due to land mines and booby traps still in place. Of course, there were no accommodations for us. I do not recall sleeping any place but in the plane when we had to remain overnight. I wrote home of trying to find lodging in a town near Claustres. For two packs of cigarettes, a native walked with us, led us, to a number of places including a "cat" house and the police station, but we ended up back in the plane. We carried blankets with us and mine in some manner became infested with fleas (a dunking in gasoline and an airing out cured that). We carried "C" rations, a box of canned meals sufficient for one meal for ten people, with us and generally ate this as we were told not to eat the food we would find in France. I wrote of eating French bread and drinking red wine on one occasion and getting a bad case of diarrhea as a result. I also acquired scabies during this time and had to wear the same suit of "Long Johns" for ten days and not bath for that period but put some "Calomine" like lotion all over my body to cure or kill the itch of them. I also got very drunk on Calvados in a bistro, ran some (black, colored, Negro) soldiers out of it with my .45 caliber M1A1 Automatic (back then I was a dyed in the wool Southerner, but not now proud of what I did) and flew back to Rackheath the next day sucking on 100% oxygen. All in all, it was an interlude from combat, not pleasant but better than combat.

Gas Station on Wings

by George Dubina (389th BG)

In the summer of 1984, some members of the Dubina B-24 crew got together and conversed with others available only by phone. In the course of recollecting the summer of 1944, we found several flights that existed in our memories; but which are not recorded in our 201 flight records. As the thrills and chills of these flights exceeded those of most of our 35 combat missions, we tried extra hard to document them as well as 40 years of recall will permit.

After 22 combat missions between June 29th and August 23rd our behavior became bizarre enough to warrant several weeks off from flying, including a week off base on R&R. As the Scotland R&R site was reserved for another crew already scheduled, most of our crew took their R&R in London.

It was in August of 1944 when General Patton was cruising through France like a big bowling ball, knocking the Germans to the left and right and out-distancing his supplies. We had already participated in the 2 Saint Lo flights that resulted in General Patton and his tanks breaking through the German lines and crossing the French countryside on his way to the Rhine. So what happens? B-24's are called on to help out. You may think to do a little bombing? Ah-Ha; but, that is not to be. . . We're called on to deliver much needed petrol to our energetic General and his armored vehicles. The 389th is asked and in turn, the 567th Squadron, and lo and behold, Dubina and Crew to come to the rescue.

We're told to go to Horsham St. Faith where we'd pick up our B-24 loaded with petrol (wing tank in the Bomb Bay and waist), and so we were transported, most elegantly, in the back of a ton and a half truck to our rendezvous. Incidentally, it was a skeleton crew: Jeff Steinert, Navigator; very much in need; Moe Moeller, Engineer;

Joe Hegeous, R/O; Harold Bayless, Co-Pilot; and George Dubina, Pilot.

After lunch at Horsham St. Faith, we were taken to a B-24 that we had been told was loaded with 77 octane gas to be used in tanks, jeeps or whatever land transport might need it.

We had airplane fuel in our main tanks, but the Tokyo tanks, gas tanks in the forward bomb bay, P-47 belly tanks in the aft bomb bays and P-38 wing tanks in the waist of the B-24 contained gas for ground vehicles. To our consternation, the plane sat on its tail skid and the nose wheel was off the ground. Assured that the nose wheel would indeed function once the engines were revved up, we prepared for take-off. The plane smelled so strong of gas that we decided using a Zippo might be hazardous, so smoking was forgotten.

As the first plane rolled down the runway, bright sparks from the tail skid bouncing on the runway gave the appearance of someone trying to torch the plane. The first one takes off, we move up a bit, and wait for the second to go. . . No green light, wait some more—still no light. After a few more minutes, we begin to move. The second 24 moves out, takes off, and then it is our turn. Out on the runway, and after 30 seconds, we get the light. Step on the brakes, rev up the engines, the 24 straining to go, release the brakes, and it lurches forward eagerly rolling down the runway picking up speed, 80-90-110. I pull on the wheel, nose lifts, and I await take-off — and I wait, and wait, the craft is reluctant to be airborne. We're running out of runway!!! Finally, it grudgingly lifts off, and none too soon, and we just skim over the first poles that make up the runway path. We continue clearing them; by not more than 25 feet! The craft simply does not want to gain altitude, and we're at almost stalling speed with that load, mashing along. I look out the window and

there to my left, a huge conflagration where the first 24 went through what we were going through; but unluckily, stalled out and plowed into three houses. Scary — I guess, I then start a shallow turn to get into the wind. What caused all this? Taking off downwind. We were the last to take off on that heading for immediately the tower switched to another runway. Whew!! But that was close, and fortunately with our training, no time to think, we did the right thing instinctively.

As usual, the weather in East Anglia provided solid clouds from 200 to 20,000 feet, and as unescorted single planes were flying deep into France, we were to stay at low level out of radar range. Navigating by G-Box, we were to fly due south, cross the Thames Estuary, and then through a mile-wide corridor between balloons suspending wires to snare buzz bombs on their way to London. The flight went over Canterbury and down to Beachy Head; and thanks to the many G-Box fixes and prayers, we reached the English Coast and sunshine safely.

After an uneventful flight across the Channel and to the south of Paris, we arrived at our destination, a captured German airfield at Chartres.

A number of planes were both ahead of and behind us, and redball tankers were loaded from the plane. It was late at night when we were finally unloaded, and room and board was our plane and K-rations. Ground personnel at the field would swap C-rations; but, only for K dinners (cheese).

Time on our hands — what to do — a little village a couple of miles away. Maybe a beer or two; perhaps a cutie pie too!?! Off we go hiking down the road, lane, or path, I forget. However, we get there and find a Bistro!?!? After looking it over, viewing the interior, dark, musty and none too septic, we decide to drink of *whatever*, wouldn't be worth the risk of maybe getting *whatever*!! So it is back to the airfield, to retire for the night in some remarkable accommodations, 1. the ground 2. in the waist, take your pick. . . sweet dreams. . .

The route back to East Anglia unaccountably took us over still occupied Ostend, Belgium. While we ate lunch at Horsham St. Faith, the tanks were refilled and we repeated the first day's efforts; but landed at a different airfield nearer to Germany, which had been captured the previous day.

Upon return from the second gas mission, we were ordered to return to base; hungry, dirty, exhausted and grimy from three days of tension with no change of clothes, shaving, etc. . . As the 389th at Hethel was celebrating its 200th combat mission with lots of pomp and ceremony and visiting brass, we were forbidden to fly home; but, returned in a truck and a funk.

For the five crew members who flew gas, the return to combat status the next day was a welcome relief.



Left to right, back row: Harold Bayless, Co-Pilot; George Dubina, Pilot; Robert Bourne, W. Gunner; Marcus Moeller, Eng.; Jeff Steinert, Navigator; Joe Hegeous, Radio; Roy Hoelke, Bombardier. Front row: Robert Dawson, Waist; Richard Entwistle, Nose; Paul Engel, Tail.

About the Memorial

by Jordan Uttal

Writing this to meet a 15 July deadline set by our worthy editor, I am not in position to provide the details concerning the Annual Meeting of the Board of Governors which I attended in Norwich on 31 May. Protocol establishes that I make my full report first to our Executive Committee, and then in digest form to the Business Meeting at our New Jersey Convention. So, you will be getting more of the details in a later issue.

However, I can give you the encouraging bottom line. In spite of the battering the British financial community has been undergoing, the value of our Trust assets as of 5 April 1985 has risen to £150,000 as compared to the £130,000 I reported last year. It is true that most of the increase was due to the \$18,000 (£14,500) presented to them last October at Palm Springs, for the Schools Book Project. Still we had a further asset appreciation of close to £6,000.

Our income for the year, even in the face of lower interest rates came to £9,200, and we broke just about even for the year, income against expenditures.

Most important, in my view, as I will be reporting in detail in New Jersey is the fact that as a result of the accomplishments of our temporary American Librarian, Mrs. Sue Vision, and the lessons learned therefrom, the Board of Governors (and I, enthusiastically in accord) is of the opinion that *we have reached Phase 2 of our plan*. It has always been our wish to have our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room serve not only as a fitting tribute to our fallen comrades, but also to provide, in perpetuity, a strong testimonial to Anglo/American friendship, a cultural and educational facility of outstanding quality that will become increasingly effective in reaching out to schools, community organizations, and the interested public at large.

We feel that we have, for the time being, accomplished Phase 1 — having, through your generosity and dedication raised sufficient funds which will provide enough income to handle our annual needs of books, cassettes and films, and such maintenance as the County cannot provide for years to come. Now, the additional funds that you will hopefully continue to donate, and those raised in England must provide additional capital to produce sufficient income to support, periodically to start with, *our own American Memorial Room Librarian*. The work Mrs. Vision did in her first five months positively enhanced the appearance, the reputation, and the recognition of the 2nd Air Division Memorial. On this basis we are convinced that we must go forward on our own.

It is significant that the borrowings from the Memorial Room increased 14% over the past year. Without doubt the showings of David Hastings films, and the work of Sue Vision have contributed to this increased usage of the Memorial Room.

The Hastings Films: The demand for the showing of these films, *Remember Them*, and *A Village Remembers* has been strong, particularly since last October when the showings have been almost weekly in various parts of the Norfolk area. The season culminated on V.E. Day when there were three showings in one day. Since my return, I have been advised that the Ipswich Town Hall was packed to overflowing one night during the week of 10 June when David was given the opportunity not only to show the films, but also talk about the Division and the Memorial.

In connection with the 30 copies of Video Tape which those of you ordered, the fall of the pound led to a profit, and with your concurrence the funds have been turned over to the Trust which is now richer by 100£. Our thanks to Jean and David Hastings for rounding out the amount, and for their great efforts.

V.E. Day Observance at the Norwich Central Library: Sue Vision thoughtfully arranged for a 40th Anniversary of V.E. Day observance on behalf of the Memorial which generated three packed houses in the Lecture Theatre of the Library. Both of the Hastings films were shown as well as the Anglia T.V. *"The Men Who Flew the Liberators"*. Many were turned away from each showing, but their names were taken and there have been subsequent showings to which those who missed were invited. Suitable publicity about our efforts was arranged, and we owe thanks to Sue and David along with Colin Sleath for the floral decorations which he arranged in the Memorial Room, and to Paul King and Tom Eaton who were in attendance, and who introduced each performance.

Seething Village Donation: This occurred since I left England so I do not know the details. A gift was made to the Trust by the Village of Seething from which Colin Sleath was able to place orders for 11 books. Our warm thanks to the people of Seething.

Individual Group Rolls of Honor: Final proofs were handed to me in Norwich, and as soon as I have finished checking them against the original corrections they will be returned to Norwich. The finished copies (always subject to further additions) should be in the Group V.P. hands by the time of our Convention. Again a salute to Paul King and his staff, and to Tony North for their considerable efforts.

Retirement of Lady Mayhew: At a luncheon on the day of the Governors Meeting, Lady Mayhew was presented with a gift by the Board of Governors, and was given a plaque from the Association. Rick Rokicki did a beautiful job on the plaque which included the 2ADA Seal, miniature B-24, P-47, and P-51, and the inscription read: "Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force expresses its respect, admiration, affection and gratitude to Lady Beryle R. Mayhew, Original Member, Board of Governors, for her forty years of devoted service to The Memorial Trust of 2nd Air Division, U.S.A.A.F., June 1945 - May 1985." I was pleased indeed that Fred Thomas was in attendance, and he was asked to make the presentation in our behalf. Lady Mayhew was most grateful and asked me to tell her friends in the 2ADA that she will be pleased to hear from them at any time. Her new address is: Ingles Court Hotel, Folkestone, England CT 20 2SN.

Retirement of Nick Walter: Clerk to the Governors for the last nine years, Nick retired as of 31 May. I was pleased that Tom Eaton asked me to convey the warm thanks of the Association for Nick's efforts in our behalf (just as his father before him). I was also delighted to meet the new clerk, Mr. Jon Skelton, a solicitor in the same firm as Nick and all of his predecessors as Clerk, back to 1945.

Retirement of Mr. D. P. Mortlock: Long a friend of the 2nd Air Division, our Memorial, and many of our members, Sam has retired as of the end of June as Norfolk County Librarian. Prior to his leaving he wrote to the Memorial Trust assuring us of the continued dedication on the part of Norfolk County authorities to the perpetuity of support for the Memorial. We take this opportunity to repeat the Association's thanks to Sam, and to wish him and Barbara many happy, healthy years of pleasant retirement together.

I look forward to seeing many of you in New Jersey.

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

June 30, 1985

General Fund Account:

Balance June 30, 1984		56,900.69
Receipts: Membership Dues	54,073.21	
Interest Earned	6,191.25	
Surplus 1984 Convention	8,614.71	
Sale Decals \$4.00/Computer Printer	\$80.00	<u>84.00</u>
		<u>68,963.17</u>
Receipts and Balance		125,863.86

Disbursements:

Journal: Telephone	590.98	
Gasoline	279.37	
Rent	5,200.00	
Office Supplies	132.46	
Postage	1,022.97	
Printing	268.97	
Journal Printing	9,218.05	
Postage	11,316.67	
Envelopes	1,462.00	
Paste-up	3,728.00	
Handling	637.86	
P.O.Box Rental	<u>98.00</u>	33,955.33
Membership: Postage	2,200.00	
Rent	5,200.00	
Prtg. & Envelopes	<u>906.88</u>	8,306.88
GENERAL: V.P.s/Exec. Bd. Postage/Prtg.	4,027.95	
Computer Supplies	229.61	
Corp Filing Fee/Illinois	8.00	
Treasurer Bond & Stamp	71.32	
Wreath Cambridge Cemetery	32.50	
Pres. & Lady Mayhew Plaques	76.80	
Uttal—Trip to Norwich Mtg.	777.36	
Balance on Decals	325.00	
Executive Board Meetings	3,369.50	
Non Profit Stamping Permit	<u>100.00</u>	9,018.04
Capital: Films & Cassettes (Henry)	415.40	
F.S. 756 Copier (Cohen)	1,125.00	
I.B.M. Computer (Rokicki)	6,000.00	
File Cabinet (Robertie)	<u>53.50</u>	7,593.90

Total Disbursements:

Balance General Fund June 30, 1985		<u>58,874.15</u>
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66,989.71

Memorial Library Fund Account:

Balance June 30, 1984		18,785.07
Receipts: Donations	19,712.60	
Interest	<u>867.99</u>	20,580.59
Receipts & Balance		39,365.66
Disbursement to Memorial Library Oct. 1984		<u>18,000.00</u>

Balance June 30, 1985

21,365.66

Library Plaque Fund—Balance as of June 30, 1985

543.20

Balance Cash on Hand, All Funds as of June 30, 1985

\$88,898.57

Where the Cash is — as of June 30, 1985

Checking Fund Account Citizens Natl. Bank, Lyndora	387.16
Insured Money Market Citizens Natl. Bank, Lyndora	49,325.62
Dollar Savings Bank, Butler PA Savings A/C	19,185.79
Dollar Savings Bank, 2 C.D.s (\$10,000.00 each)	20,000.00
Total Cash Available	<u>\$88,898.57</u>

Dean E. Moyer, Treasurer, Second Air Division Association

Dean E. Moyer

CUSTOM PLAQUES

I'm sure you have heard it before. . . "Back By Popular Demand". After not submitting the Plaque write-up for the June issue of the *Journal*, I received several letters (actually 6) and 2 telephone calls wanting to know if they had "missed the boat". Have now procured all necessary materials to resume manufacture of these plaques.

Still 2 basic models: (1) With large 8th Air Force Logo (now further enhanced with the addition of a quarter inch deep backing plate that adds depth to the plaque), and (2) the .50 cal. shells. These are of "museum quality" 1943-1944 vintage and are not always readily available. However, I do have a small supply at hand.

The Logo or Shells are mounted on solid, polished walnut plaques. All are 6½ in. wide, but lengths vary from 10, to 10½ to 11 inches long, depending on the particular configuration of your "model". Necessary information should include:

NAME — as you would like it engraved

RANK — if desired

DUTY — Gunner, Pilot, Navigator, Mechanic, Crew Chief, etc.

LOCATION — of airfield

BOMB GROUP — and SQUADRON (or attached unit)

DATES — from/to (month and year of E.T.O. duty)

IF FLIGHT CREW: 1) Missions 2) Decorations 3) Any additional info you might want to add

The BASIC cost remains \$45.00 with one (1) "identifier" (B-24 or full sized pewter airman's wings). Add an additional \$5.00 for the second identifier (small 8th AF cloisonne or miniature pewter airman's wings). The B-24 will have the Group colors on the tail at no extra charge.

A full line of WWII ribbons, battle stars and oak leaf clusters is available. Silver or Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, American Defence (yellow), American Campaign (blue), National Defence (red), E.T.O., WWII Victory. Others on special order. All above come with brass mounts and are \$1.75 each. Battle stars and O.L.C. (bronze) are 75¢ each. Silver (denoting 5) are \$2.50 each. Can make up to 3 rows (9 ribbons) on plaques with the large 8th AF logo. Only 2 rows with shells.

Shipping charges: Using Baltimore as the shipping center, any radius extending to Chicago, \$2.50. Outside that arc, \$3.50.

Use any of the photos as a starting point. Any combination is possible, generally. If you design your own from the options shown, and it is esthetically right, I will build it. If it doesn't "look right" to me, I will suggest a change or two before making it. Overpayments will be returned and underpayments will be noted as such with the shipment. Please include your telephone number in your request to avoid possible delays. Do not hesitate to write or call (301-766-1034) if you have any questions.

P.S. Wives: Makes an excellent surprise Christmas gift. Guaranteed to please or your money back!

Have mailed a check to Dean Moyer, 2ADA Treasurer, for \$100.00 as profits made from plaque sales. The total benefit to the Treasury has now reached \$1,562.00. Many thanks to all who have supported this program. Send your order to:

Rick Rokicki
P.O. Box 8767
B.W.I. Airport, MD 21240



\$39.95 (plus \$3.00 postage)
B-24 in 448th B.G. colors can be had with full sized pewter wings and black engraved plate. Wings, full size or miniature, are \$5.00 additional.



B-24 and B-17 heavy cast, vinyl covered 24K gold outlined aircraft \$5.00
Second Air Division key ring \$2.00
Postage and mailer \$1.25



Letters



Dear Friend:

Please announce to your participants that the Jewish War Veterans, U.S.A. National Memorial, Inc. is actively seeking copies of service records, decorations, citations, photographs, and other writings relating to the military service with United States and its allies of men and women of Jewish Faith for insertion in our National Archives.

The archives are under the supervision of Col. S. J. Pomrenze (Ret.) former Chief Archivist of the United States Army. We are also interested in donations of memorabilia such as medals, weapons, uniforms, artifacts, etc., in connection with the museum maintained by us in Washington. The Memorial is chartered by an act of Congress and is an IRS C (3) Corporation for which contributions are tax deductible.

We will certainly provide any individuals who have an interest; such further information as they may ask, and we thank you for your cooperation in calling this to the attention of the participants at your reunion.

Ainslee R. Ferdie, PNC
President
1811 R St., N.W.
Washington, DC 20009

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Bill:

I had a clipping from the Stars and Stripes for over 40 years. Today I cannot find it. It said: The crew of a B-24 went into a spin with a fully loaded bomber and lived to tell.

Crew members were: Pilot, H. Boles; Eng., C. Wolfe; Nav., E. Nash; Tail, P. Graw; Bomb, S. Anderson; Ball, J. Grinley; Waist gunners: S. Acuff and L. Donnini.

We took off on a real foggy day — the tower told our pilot (H. Boles) that the cloud top was about 8,000 feet. We climbed to 18,000 feet still in the clouds. The ship was covered with ice and nosed over and went into a spin. We lost over 7,000 feet in a matter of seconds. We tried to bail out but were unable to move. Finally Lt. Boles pulled it out at 10,000 plus feet. We climbed back up and joined another Group to complete the mission.

Name of Plane: *Heaven Can Wait*,
George R. Kelley

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Bill:

I am a former member of the 93rd BG, 329th; and a retired Col. from the 102nd Tac Ftr wing based at Otis AFB Cape Cod. We have a monthly paper down there that I had something to do with in my active days. It is mailed to all former members who are retired.

There was an article in the March 1984 issue of the 2nd AD *Journal* by Edwin C. Baker, "Ploesti". We would like to publish that in the *Sea Gull* but before doing so would need your OK. I would appreciate if you would just put an OK on this letter and return it to me in the enclosed envelope. If you wish, I will send you a copy. Do you happen to have a picture of a B-24 that we could use in the article? If you do, it would be a good addition to the article.

My wife and I hope we can make the reunion this year. We sure enjoyed the one in Cambridge. Our thanks to you and all the officers of the Association for keeping us tuned in through the *Journal*.

Michael Corcoran, Jr.
9 Ridge Hill Road
Scituate, Mass. 02066

Dear Fred (Thomas):

Well, it was forty years later on July 21-22-23, 1984 when the Hubert L. McMillan B-24 crew of the 579th Squadron, 392 Bomb Group, Eighth Air Force gathered for a reunion at the beautiful campground of waist gunner Dick and Marie Hardy in Elmira, New York. The crew completed all 30 missions together over enemy occupied territory during some of the bitterest fighting in WWII. While on R&R in Scotland, another crew flew their plane *Mairzy Doats* on some missions and was shot down. Upon their return to combat they completed their missions in the B-24 *Envy of 'em all* with only minor injuries to some of the crew. All went separate ways after their combat missions were over — but through the years most of the crew kept in touch. Only one, Frank Dodge of Seattle, Washington was never contacted during the last forty years. Before the reunion he was successfully located — still in Seattle. This completed the location of all crew members and the reunion was underway. All ten crew members and their wives attended, and after forty years many memories of times past and the flying of the missions all over again was the subject for 3 days of wonderful times with each other. For the wives this was indeed an experience to be remembered, since not anyone of them had met all the wives of the whole crew. A side note which Howard Jennings brought up — was that they were all from 62-67 years of age, all still living for years later, and not a single divorce among the ten couples. As Jack Gallagher, bombardier, and wife Vivian said "it was a very unique and rare situation for crew members from all parts of the country without the draw of a convention to travel to one spot to meet."

Those attending were:

Hubert L. McMillan, Brady, Texas — Pilot
Dwight J. Guckert, Ingomar, Pennsylvania — Co-Pilot
Howard Jennings, Woodland Hills, California — Navigator
John R. Gallagher, Oreland, Pennsylvania — Bombardier
Will G. Lindberg, Rockford, Illinois — Radio
Temple Hill, Charlotte, North Carolina — Flight Engineer
Frank V. Dodge, Seattle, Washington — Armorer Specialist & Ball Turret Gunner
Gilbert W. Gray, Colonial Beach, Virginia — Waist Gunner
Richard W. Hardy, Elmira, New York — Waist Gunner
Don Wiersma, Comstock Park, Michigan — Tail Gunner

As a post-script to the reunion the following poem was composed and presented to the crew by Marie Hardy, wife of Dick Hardy, waist gunner.



To Mac and "His Boys"

There was a time
You'd not bet a dime
That you would get the chance
To laugh and to dance—
To experience joy and tears
For another forty years.
How blessed we are

You survived thus far—
Able to be here
All full of good cheer.
Thank the Lord
That he could afford
To spare the lives
Of these ten nice guys.

Marie Hardy 7-20-84

Also the crew plans a second reunion the first weekend of October 1986 at the Hubert L. McMillan home near Brady, Texas. Hubert L. McMillan (392 Bomb Group)

Dear Bill:

First allow me to introduce myself. I am the son of Sgt. Charles F. May, formerly of 564th BS 389th. I am married to an English girl and have four children and as you see I live in Norwich and have since 1969.

The main reason for writing is while under employment with the Norfolk County Council, I befriended a gentleman who did most of Roger Freeman's art work, his name is Norman Ottawuf, any way as a boy Norman lived near Hethel during the war. Both he and I are trying to find information about a plane called *Mary the Flying Red Head*. We think the aircraft started life as *The Flying Red Head* and *Mary* was added later, it was a B-24 and camouflaged; and belonged to the 566th or 565th B.S.

If anyone from the 389th knows anything about this plane we would be most grateful.

I have been in touch with Bob Nicely and he recommended you as the man most likely to solve the mystery. I also wish to contribute towards the pictorial history of the 389th with my father's photos. I will be writing again to Bob.

I thank you for your help. Look forward to hearing some good news.

Paul T. May
71, Colman Road
Norwich
Norfolk NR4 7AN
England

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Oscar (Boudreaux):

I read in the current Second Air Division Association *Journal* under Metfield Musings about you and some of your military background, and I must assume that you are the Boudreaux that used to "carry the mail through bloody gulch".

If so, we go back a long way; in fact, to Blythe, Calif. and the winter of 1944. I was Pappy Cearnal's co-pilot. Together we survived the winter in Blythe, the train trip through the desert to Hamilton Field, the reassignment to the ETO, and the train trip to Camp Kilmer, N.J. Then the boat ride to Glasgow, a night on the town in Stoke-on-Trent, escape school in northern Ireland, and assignment to the 389th BG.

We were also flying the slot right under you when you had your mishap over the Baltic. This was a traumatic experience for all of us. Our crew knew that it was a "Blythe" crew going down; so, they watched but reported no chutes and no boats in the area where the plane went in. It was several years later that my wife ran into your navigator on the street in Knoxville, Tenn. and heard that you had made it. What was the navigator's name?—Vincent?

We moved to La. in 1975 and went through the motions of looking you up but had problems. We thought your first name was Bill, and there are a lot of Boudreaux's in Napoleonville!

I hope you'll make it to the reunion this year. I have been to the last three (Nashville, Norwich, and Palm Springs) and was beginning to think I was the only survivor of the 565th Sqdn.

If you are the "Blythe Boudreaux" we ought to get together and split a crawfish. If not, we ought to anyway. I'm sending a copy of this to Lloyd West, the 389th VP because he ought to know about you. I'm also sending a copy to *Journal* Editor William G. Robertie as it illustrates the importance of reading the entire *Journal*.

Felix B. Leeton
7325 Bonanza Place
Greenwell Springs, La. 70739

Dear Sir:

On the 24th of February 1944, at eleven o'clock in the morning, an American bomber crashed at the hamlet of Baalder (in the municipality of Hardenberg). Five of the crew died in the crash and an unknown number were able to leave the plane in time.

This year it will be forty years ago that our country was freed from the German occupation, we would like to pay attention to this "crash" in the magazine of the Historical Society of Hardenberg. An eye-witness can point out exactly the place where the plane came down, and the article that is planned to be written will be based on his account.

In spite of this eye-witness's account however, and the research we did into the records, a large number of questions have remained:

- who were the members of the crew (only five could be identified)?
- which type of bomber crashed, of which unit, stationed where?
- what was its destination?
- what happened in the air? etc., etc.

If you might be able to give us further information about the questions mentioned above, I would be very grateful.

The following members of the crew died: 2/Lt. Robert A. Blomberg, Sgt. Edward T. Cooper, T/Sgt. Richard E. McCormick, S/Sgt. John J. Sheppard, M/Sgr. John Gunning.

Thanking you in advance for your help, I send you my kind greetings.

W. van der Veen
Weidehof 6,
7772 GX Hardenberg
The Netherlands

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Evelyn:

When I was in England during WWII, I was awarded a "caterpillar pin"—which I lost some time ago.

Do you have any information on whom I might contact to get a replacement of my little caterpillar worm pin?

Jim Payne
5011 N. 37th St.
Milwaukee, WI 53109

Dear Evelyn:

Here is something for the 446th B.G. Our Company the 1821 Supply Ord & Maintenance arrived at Flixton Field, Bungay on Sept. 1943.

As Thanksgiving was approaching we were looking forward to a turkey dinner.

The day before Thanksgiving the 446 B.G. arrived and there went our turkey dinner.

Our base Commander, Col. Jacob Brogger (West Pt. Grad) told our C.O. that he would make it up to us one day.

That Christmas of 1943 the 1821 S&M was treated to a sit-down dinner of turkey.

Our food was served on dishes by the officers and E.M.'s of the 446 B.G. we also had table clothes and napkins. The K.P. was also done by the officers and E.M.

It was a day I never forgot, thanks to Col. Jacob Brogger.

I am enclosing some pictures of the B-24s that were at Flixton Field.

Looking forward to seeing some of the men of the 446 B.G.

Vincent J. Mocaluso



Dear Pete:

Thanks for sending the things to Harold (Slaughter). I understand he has gone stone deaf now and he was so pleased that I contacted him and that I passed it on to you.

We took an airplane over, then Willie Welent burned it up in Sweden on us. Harold was good and we moved to lead fast and inherited 'T' for Tommy, 'Flak Alley', as our lead ship. They moved Slaughter into Operations and gave me the crew and I went straight to lead. The major crew was Tom Hybarger, Bombardier, and Frank Shea, Navigator. We had one helluva crew—flew a lot of PPI too.

We wound up with a 'J' (model). It was the first ship in the Wing with no camouflage—no paint of any kind. The ground crew immediately named it the 'Lone Ranger' because it stuck out like a sore thumb.

We tried an 'H' model, but the Sperry autopilot and bombsight just could not measure up, so we stayed with the 'D' until we got the 'J' with the Norden. We were lead on D-Day and I think it was that silver 'J' we were flying.

I came home in a C-54 and I want to forget that trip. We landed in Iceland at around 2:00 in the morning and Bob Kollner and I agreed we had the best meal of our lives—butter and the first white bread we had seen since we left Gander. Didn't have room left for the eggs when they came. I still remember that meal.

I can also remember the look on the face of the Red Cross woman interviewing us at Atlantic City. She asked, "My God, how do you fellows get so much rank so young?" And she received the answer, "Lady, where we come from, all you had to do was stay alive."

Again, thanks for sending Harold the info. We're still having trouble finding Shea and Smith but know where the rest of the crew is. Now, did you ever hear of a pilot named Charles Upton Durrell? Let me now if I can help more.

Charlie Kuch (44 BG)
2214 S. Avenida Guillermo
Tucson, Ariz. 85710



Hello Lloyd (West):

Congrats on your being elected 389th V.P. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Got the March '85 issue of the *Journal* and must say that the cover was very informative in depicting the relationship of the numerous B/G's and fighter groups and their relationship to their commands and the names of the various airmen.

In case you haven't enough problems to take up your time, let me lay another one on you.

For a long time now I have been trying to locate a former war buddy, 1st Lt. Israel Levine, Navigator, assigned to the 389th, but with no success.

Only recently in glancing thru the old 389th historical album (the one published in 1945 by the Newsfoto Co., San Angelo, Tex.) did I spot his group photo. That's Lt. Levine front row right. Unfortunately, none of the crew member's names are listed.



And since you are the great white father of the 389th, I was hoping that you might be able to identify any member of that crew. I don't know the pilot or co-pilot's name but perhaps you might have a copy of personnel orders that would list the crew members wherein one I. Levine is listed as navigator or travel orders or something.

At the Palm Springs shindig I had shown the album to a few former members of our group, even to Roy and Mildred Jonasson, but to no avail. Incidentally, I was a first timer at the P.S. shindig and it was a great experience for me.

In an effort to avoid any duplication of a search, let me numerate what clues I have been able to determine.

Israel Levine no longer resides at the address given in the album (800 E. 179th St., Bronx, N.Y.) which is 40 years old. Contacted the AFMPC/MPCD003 in San Antonio but received an unable to locate reply.

This I know: The crew became operational on or about Nov. 1984 or early Dec. of that year and flew combat until the Germans cried "uncle".

Perhaps there is a list of the members who received the DFC. Levine's pilot and co-pilot received that award on a mission wherein the 566th was leading the whole formation with my crew, (pilot John Faughn) in the slot position off the right wing of the lead plane, the target eludes my memory. The lead plane and the B-24 to our left were shot down

before we approached the turning point for the bomb run. That left us in the lead with no Bombardier to drop flares on the bomb drop position. Since my ASN was Navigator, and bomb release trained, Levine's crew did carry a Bombardier, and were the sqd. immediately behind us, they cut short the I.P. turn and took the lead. For this they received the DFC. Perhaps this might shed light on their identification.

Other clues: They were not members of the 566th, but one of the other sqds. They were housed in a cinder block barracks that had wood double decker bunks. The other sqds. were housed in Nissen huts. The crew of course were members of the 389th Bomb Group.

I'm hoping you might be able to shed more light on this search. If you can, I will most certainly follow thru. I might even hold out a Hershey bar or a package of American cigarettes as an incentive. Most certainly my greatest appreciation. It might even lead to an increased membership!

In the event you cannot help unravel this mystery, I would published in the next edition of the *Journal* with the possibility that somewhere some one might be able to identify some member of the crew and furnish a name and address or phone number.

Best of luck in your new exalted role.

David B. Powers
12692 Foster Rd.
Los Alamitos, Calif. 90720
Ph: (213) 594-8253

Dear Bill:

At first glance you probably don't recognize the name. I sent you a list of missions the 93rd flew. On April 22, 1980, I received a letter of thanks from you and was glad the list was of help.

My wife and I are planning a trip to Europe in August. It has been 40 years since returning to the States, and as you recall, the 93rd was at Hardwick. My memory is a little vague remembering the exact location of the Hardwick Airfield. I want to visit the airfield although have read different articles of some of the boys being back and finding the fields built up with industry, housing, farming, etc. Nevertheless, I want to go back if only for a glimpse. I also want to visit the Library. Could you suggest anyone that I might contact that could be of assistance on getting to the airfield? We would like to go to the Library first and from there to the airfield. Since our trip will take us to England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, at this time I cannot give you the exact dates that we will be in London. Our tour leaves the States on Aug. 7, and we return Aug. 22.

Bill, you are doing an outstanding job putting the *Journal* together and I enjoy reading it so much. I just received the current one and it sure rolls back the years.

Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated and I look forward to hearing from you.

Ed Stephens
3 Main Terrace
Perry, New York 14530

(Ed Note: Anyone planning a trip to Norwich in the future should contact Tony North, 62 Turner Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 4HB, England. Tony takes care of the Memorial Room and, in addition to a lecture on the room, will find somebody to take you around to the various airfields (such as they are) or might even do so himself. Do not try to go it on your own because you will miss a lot.)

Dear Fred (Thomas):

Thank you for your kind service. I'm proud to join such a worthy group.

Still curious about Daedalus.

Enclosed photo of T-Bolt at Air Museum at Long Island. The Jug Lovers News enclosed will give you an idea of the outfit. They're Flyers, Tech Reps., and guys that worked at Republic (for recruiting?)



Please put me in your group. I'll probably move to Tustin in near future.

Kal Gladstone
3205 Los Feliz Blvd. #3-111
Los Angeles, Calif. 90030

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Bill:

Shortly after receiving the March issue of the *Journal*, I also received a letter from Al Hilbourn, co-pilot on Curt Vogel's crew (458th B.G.). It was in regards to the article "Mid-Air Over Cromer". According to Al's letter, it was Sgt. Chester Carlstrum who was the flight engineer on Les Martin's crew that day (May 27, 1944). Carlstrum was regularly the assistant flight engineer/tail gunner on Vogel's crew, but was assigned to Martin on that mission. Sgt. Abshire, apparently was one of the waist gunners and the "second chute out". Both Carlstrum and Abshire are on my list of MIA/KIA that day, aircraft listed is #295183 Briney Marlin. Hilbourn also mentioned that there is a plaque in Chet's memory, placed in the picnic area of the Air Force Museum in Dayton.

I'm sorry about the error in print, but glad to hear from Al. Rick Rokicki

Hi Bill

I sure am pleased the way you treated and printed my story about the big formations. Thanks so much.

I am sending an addendum that will be of interest to all ol' bomber people. It proves the point I made a couple of times in my story. Treat it as you see fit.

Oh yes! The Fighter pilots story (Escort to Valor, etc.) was especially interesting - in fact it deserves some kind of bomber peoples award. Little did we know!

**ADDENDUM TO
I Remember: Those Big Formations
(March and June 1985 Journals)
by Myron Keilman (392nd)**

The American Fighter Aces Association 1984 reunion was held at Phoenix, Ariz. An article in *The Retired Officer*, June 1985, titled "A Gathering of Aces" relates interesting accounts of WWII aces in attendance.

Aces of several other Air Forces were guests. The most prominent were former German Luftwaffe pilots. They included retired Major General Gunther Rall - the third highest scoring ace in history with 275 "kills", and retired General Walter Krupinski, the 13th ranking German ace with 197 victories.

Of considerable interest to all of us in the 2nd Air Division Assn. and especially to all who flew in the big formations is the following paragraph from this cited article:

General Krupinski, who fought the British in 1939-40, the Russians in 1941-43 and the Americans in 1944-45, remembers that all German fighter pilots considered fighting the formations of the 8th AF to be the most difficult and dangerous fighting of all. "Diving head-on through a formation of 100 bombers, your whole life would flash before your eyes. It was the scariest thing you can possibly imagine!"

Myron K. Keilman

A View from the Control Tower

by Lou Dubnow (446th BG)

After several months studying and training with the Royal Air Force, passing Air Ministry exams and standing watches in control towers under supervision of veteran Flying Control Senior Officers, I was finally certified to stand SOLO control watches and was sent to the 446th BG at Bungay in November of 1943. The group was just coming in from the States as I was getting my "Sea Legs" in the tower.

I don't think I'll ever forget the first mission, which was on Dec. 16th. I was on duty as a newly certified flying control officer and this was going to be my first test under "battle conditions". I attended the briefing, was given a copy of the lineup, and when my turn came, I gave marshalling and take-off instructions.

At 0825 AM, I could feel my heart pounding as I gave the green light for the first plane to take-off. It was quite a thrill to watch the first B-24 pick up speed and zoom past the tower and finally get off the

ground and into the air. The rest of the take-off was fairly routine and I went into the tower to enter the take-off in the log book, and wait for the group to return. Well, I didn't have too long to wait. Four of our aircraft aborted. Three landed at the wrong field at Metfield. One landed at Coltishall. One at Seething. One blew a tire on landing and two others crash-landed here. Fortunately none were injured that day and by 1535 hours they were all back at the field. This was my introduction to FLYING CONTROL IN THE UNITED KINGDOM!

Of course, since that first mission, the 446th set up an enviable record of 273 missions, 7259 sorties with only 28 aircraft lost and 58 missing in action. We were chosen to lead the 8th Air Force and 2nd Bomb Division on the first heavy bomber mission of D-Day. Also, the 706 BS flew 62 consecutive missions and 707 BS flew 68 without a loss!

My First One

by George Ferrell (458th BG)

There was flak, fighters, weather, hard bunks and Spam, and I'm sure enough of these for everyone flying combat. But we also had that first mission to make. Seemingly, airmen recall the first combat flight above all others. I'll never forget mine as flight engineer on 8 March 44 with crew #8 of the 752nd Squadron.

It was a big one for the 458th, a raid on the Erkner ball bearing plant 16 miles south of Berlin. According to later news reports, up to then, it was "history's greatest daylight air attack." This was the Group's second visit to the German capital city, the Eighth's third. Aside from being an important strike (and my first) it remains more vivid in my memory because of serious difficulties that came with it.

Capt. Rodney Freeman, sqdn. ops officer, piloted our plane that day. Lt. Francis Hartle flew as copilot while our crew pilot, Lt. Gail Cragun went along as a passenger. When we arrived to board the ship, I discovered it was a J model, whereas our regular bird was the H, with a different fuel transfer system. Since transferring fuel was one of my duties and I was not familiar with the other system, I hurriedly reviewed the procedures with the crew chief. I suspect, now, that ignorance was bliss and that I prayed for no trouble aloft.

Weather was lousy, and we had to go to 26,500 feet to get above it. The outside air temperature was -60 degrees centigrade. After we formed up I left the waist gun position to begin transferring fuel. That system control panel was on the command deck over the bomb bay, had no outlet for my electric suit and no oxygen plug for my mask. So, two walk-around bottles went with me, each holding a five-minute supply.

I began transferring gas from the wings to the main tank. The next thing I knew Jim Rhew, a substitute waist gunner, was reviving me. Memory tells me I switched oxygen bottles once before blacking out. After coming to, I started back on the fuel chore. An instant replay. Rhew had to revive me again. Perhaps it was faulty oxygen bottles, that is, they didn't have a full five-minute supply. Anyway, thank the Lord for an alert Jim Rhew!

Capt. Freeman called to ask whether I had finished the transferring. When I said no, he told me all about how I was endangering the whole crew as well as a few choice words about the mission, aborting and maybe some other stuff of that tune. I figured it best not to mention my problems with anoxia and blacking out twice. I did my best to finish the fuel job, and returned happily to the waist gun position to plug into the heat and constant air again.

We completed the mission with no further mishaps. I still remember my great relief when the crew chief back at Horsham told me that all of the gas had indeed been drained out of the wing tanks. They were bone dry — just like my throat gets now when I think about my first one.

Land Girls, and Sheep, in crash Drama

by John W. Archer

The bomber crews had been briefed long before dawn for the mission to Wizetner, France on the morning of April 27th, 1944. But for one B-24 Liberator of the 446th B.G., tragedy struck after take-off. Two days earlier, their 25th mission over Ludwigshaven, their ship, 42-7505 *Old Faithful* suffered flak damage and was still being

after bouncing over a ditch at Billingford, about twelve miles west of Flixton. The aircraft narrowly missed a nearby church, and skirted roofs of a farmhouse and buildings. As the downed bomber came to rest it ploughed thru a large flock of ewes and lambs belonging to Mr. W. C. Saunders of Chickering Hall.

B-24 H-1-FO 42-7610
Satan's Sister

Pilot—1st Lt. Clark H. Jensen
Co-Pilot—1st Lt. Henry W. Kingsbery
Navigator—1st Lt. Edward T. Hamma
Bomb.—1st Lt. Willis J. Hause
Eng.—T/Sgt. William J. Watkins
Radio Op—T/Sgt. John R. Keegan
A/E—S/Sgt. Melvin H. Howard
Gun—S/Sgt. Wayne (NMI) Back
A/R—S/Sgt. Walter R. Nye
A/G—S/Sgt. Albert J. Wagner



repaired. So they flew another original ship, 42-7610 *Satan's Sister*. 1st Lt. Clark H. Jensen, with co-pilot 1st Lt. Henry W. Kingsberg struggled at the controls as *Satan's Sister* lifted off the runway at Flixton in squadron order at 0750 hours.

Within a few seconds an engine exploded. As the aircraft headed over Harleston, at only 200 ft. altitude, it jettisoned its bomb load. One of the eight 1000 lb. bombs exploded when salvoed, and blew off the tail turret, and damaged the control surfaces. The bombs fell over marshland at Park Farm, Syleham, no damage or casualties. *Satan's Sister* turned to starboard and glided into a good controlled landing,

Two land-army girls, Dorothy Kemp and Nora Lewis, employed by Mr. Saunders, were at work in the dairy, and hearing the crash ran to the scene and assisted the airmen to make their escape. They were followed by Mr. Saunders and several workmen. Airmen from the nearby 100th B.G. soon arrived with rescue equipment.

The pilot and engineer were killed. Eight other crew members were injured and taken to the 65th U.S. Hospital at Redgrave Park. Master butchers eventually came to the crash site, and retrieved the stricken ewes and lambs, the meat ration being boosted by the events of that disastrous crash.