

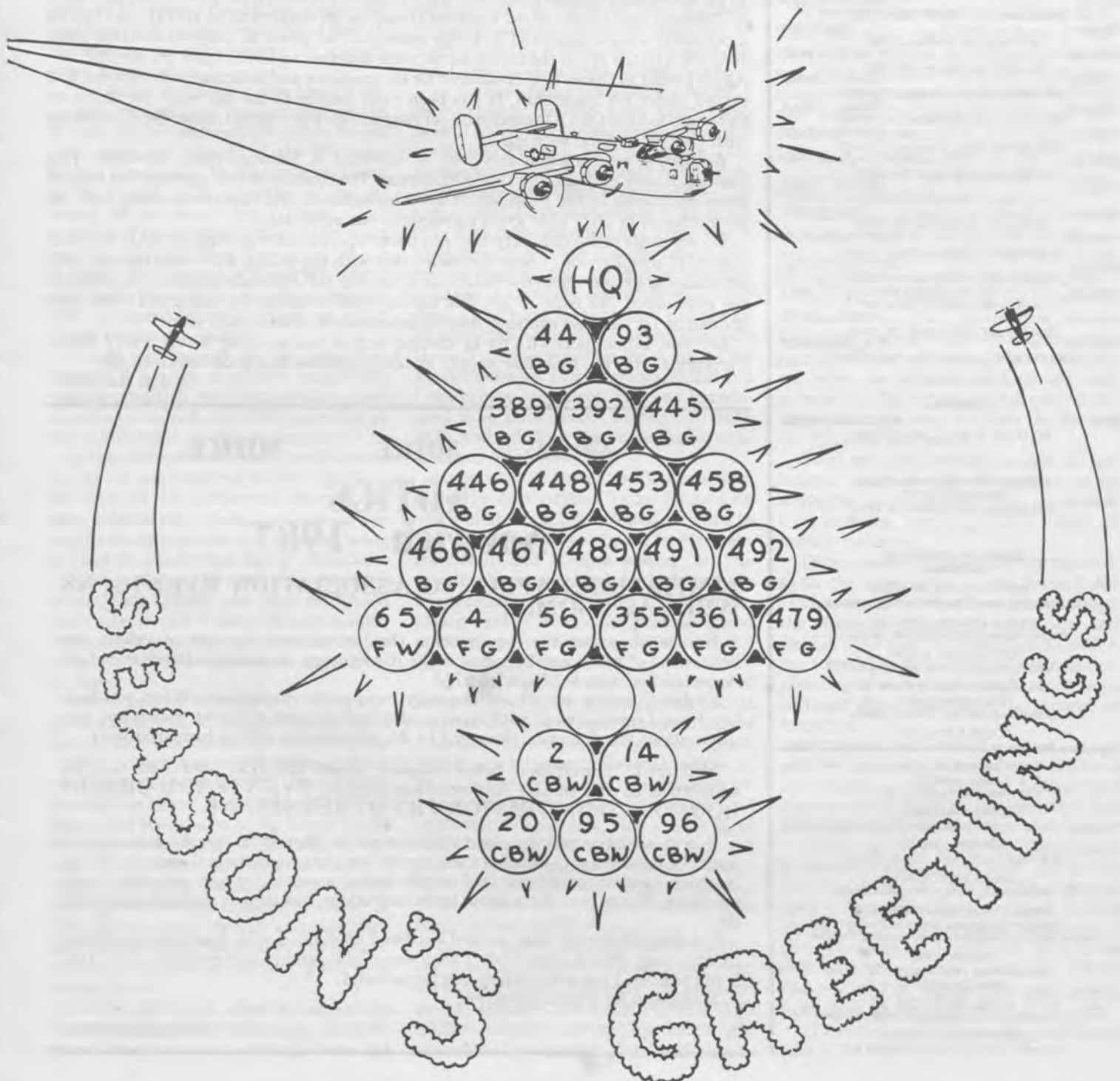


JOURNAL

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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President's Message



On October 16-19 it was my pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the 8th Air Force Historical Society. I was asked by Judge Ben Smith, President of the Society, to attend inasmuch as their convention this year had the theme "Salute to the B-24". I enjoyed the convention. A three hour discussion was included on the program Air War Symposium "The Ploesti Raid, 1 August 1943". Three members of 2AD were on the program. General Ramsey Potts of the 93rd Bomb Group, General Leon Johnson of the 44th Bomb Group and General Phillip Ardrey of the 389th Bomb Group. Approximately twelve other men who participated on the Ploesti raid were present.

As your president I am happy to report to you that the state of affairs of your Second Air Division Association is good. We have a GREAT MEMBERSHIP and are still growing. We have GREAT LEADERSHIP in your executive committee and also in all of your Vice Presidents. We have GREAT GOALS that are in the process of being expanded. We are FINANCIALLY SOUND. Our membership is ENTHUSIASTIC. In my opinion our greatest asset is OUR STRENGTH OF PURPOSE. I have done a lot of checking and I know of no Veterans Group as an outgrowth of WWII that has an association with a memorial (a living memorial) as great as our 2AD!! More great HAPPENINGS are in the future as we work together in UNITY OF PURPOSE. Again I want to thank Bud Koorndyk for the guidance and assistance given to me as I served under his leadership. It has been most helpful to me this year. We are most fortunate to have Carl Alexanderson serving as Vice President. I trust that I can share with Carl as Bud did with me.

We have a new position this year — Director of Administrative Services. This position is ably managed by David Patterson. The creation of this position has been of great assistance to the President. Dave's background and experience along with his keen interest in 2AD adds great strength to our association.

We are aware of the difficulty that has been experienced in getting the 2AD Journals out to the membership. I have discussed this with our editor, Bill Robertie, and he is endeavoring to find where the "bottleneck" is after the Journals have been delivered to the post office. We hope to get this matter under control. By using 3rd class mail instead of 1st class we can save several thousands of dollars each year.

My wife, Edna, joins with me in wishing each of you and your family a very Merry Christmas. May the New Year supply Peace, happiness and good health to all.

JIM REEVES

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE Norwich - 1987

LIMITATIONS APPLY TO ASSOCIATION EVENTS, AS WELL AS ROOMS!!

We are sorry, but the requirements that we conform to rules of safety, and limitations of space and services, make it necessary to restrict attendance at all Association events at "Norwich-87".

Evelyn Cohen is our official and only reservation chairperson. When you have "confirmed reservations" with Evelyn, this includes not only your room, but also reservations for all events. (Proper I.D. for admittances will be furnished you).

Without "confirmed reservations" from Evelyn, you can not be admitted to any of the Association events, EVEN IF YOU OBTAIN ROOM ACCOMMODATIONS BY OTHER MEANS.

Your Association officers plead with you not to attempt to "crash" any event; it would be unfair to your buddies who "queued up" first when the call went out for the Norwich Reunion, and it will lead only to embarrassment for you, and your Group members. We are very sorry about these limitations, but there is nothing else we can do.

Our English friends have worked hard and long along with Evelyn to accommodate as many people as possible. I wish we could accommodate everyone — but this is impossible. I am sure each of you understand.

Thank you for your cooperation.

JIM REEVES

The 448th Speaks

(by Leroy Engdahl (448th))

The 448th and the Seething Village School received an unusual amount of recognition in the September issue of the *News Journal*.

On Page 9, a picture shows Tom Eaton presenting a book to Amy Butler, a student at the Seething school. This was a first receipt of books through the Second Air Division Memorial Trust.

Secondly, on page 27 is another article with reference to the Memorial Library. Full credit as far as the Second Air Division is concerned goes to Howard Morton shown in the picture along with Sue Edens, Cargo Manager for British Caledonian Airways of Houston. The article speaks for itself, but it is another example of how we Americans can help improve an already great relationship.

The 448th is thinking now toward our reunion at Seething, again following the Second Air Division reunion, where we will meet with our friends of the Waveney Flying Group and the Village of Seething in the re-dedication ceremony of our restored old Seething Control Tower.

This will be the culmination of two years work by donated labor from many of our British friends headed by Ralph Whitehead and mostly financed by donations and projects sponsored by members of the 448th Bomb Group Association.

I can't say enough for the dedication towards a project of no little magnitude and the unselfish contributions from more than two hundred and thirty members of the 448th Bomb Group Association.

It is anticipated we (448th) will have in excess of one hundred at our Seething Air Base for this great event. People from both sides of the Atlantic are looking forward with anticipation and plans are being worked on now for this happy occasion.

Evelyn Cohen advised me there are seventy-one (448th) who have confirmed reservations and I have already mailed out hotel information to twenty-nine other members who did not get their deposits in on time.

I have help in Norwich on getting nice accommodations in smaller hotels, so if you are interested please just let me know.

I would suggest you plan for at least two days in Norwich prior to the end of the Second Air Division reunion and then we plan to all stay at one of the larger hotels for our two day affair. Hopefully we can stay where Evelyn has reservations for a couple more days. The hotel I am working with now was where most of us stayed in 1984 and is a very friendly and nice place and can accommodate about forty people, so please let me know real soon if you need assistance.

I reported in the September issue of the *Journal* some of the high spots of our financial receipts. After returning home and

paying off all obligations another \$800 check was mailed to Ralph Whitehead for the tower restoration project and we had a few more generous donations, one included \$150.00 for Pat Everson and her project with another \$150.00 to Ralph Whitehead for the Tower project. We had two more donations of \$100.00 each and one of \$60.00 to the tower project. Two of those donations went to the "Special Memorial" which is also for the tower, but this Memorial will be permanently displayed in the "American Room" of the tower. Don't forget the cut-off date for donations in memory of your parents, buddy, etc. is March as this will be on brown parchment paper and laminated to last a long time.

The amount of your contribution will not be shown on the display and remain confidential. To date we have eighteen memorial contributions. We will have as many sheets as needed, but you must get this to me no later than March, please.

In the September issue of the *Journal*, I inadvertently omitted a few people who were of special help with our reunion and I apologize. First, I want to thank Bob Ewing and his wife Phyliss; Art Palmer and his wife Anita and a few others — I'm sorry I don't have their names — for going out on Monday morning and tying about three hundred yellow ribbons on our Memorial Oak at the Air Force Museum grounds. I sincerely appreciate this kind deed. I also want to thank Bob Ewing and his fine crew for inviting me to join with them Tuesday evening for a beautiful Mexican dinner. It was so thoughtful and I would have been alone. Bob and I graduated from pilot school together in July, 1943, and didn't see each other again until last year at McAfee, N.J.

I also want to thank the Ben Johnsons of nearby Fort Arthur, Texas for hauling much of my scrapbooks and mementos to Dayton for me. I went by air to Pheasant Run first and it sure helped me tremendously for this kind deed. Remember if you didn't get a 448th cap and want one, please send \$6.00 to cover packaging and postage to Ben Johnson, 3990 15th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77642.

In that regard I ordered my normal stock level of B-24 mementos we had at Dayton. Those were mine personally and I donated all receipts to the tower fund. Ben Everett donated the 448th tail patch insignia and together we donated \$589.00. I have (26) 448th group patches left and (46) 448th tail patches. They sell for \$5.00 and \$2.00 each respectfully and I do not plan on restocking, so if you want one of them or any of the other B-24 mementos, please write me — address on back of front page of the *Journal*.

I also learned following the reunion that one of our attendees is a professor of physics at Ohio State University and has been for 34 years. He is also supervisor of their nuclear research laboratory. You might remember former pilot, Hershel Hausman

An Introduction

by Tom Eaton
Chairman of the Governors

The idea of the Second Air Division Memorial Library was born in the hearts and minds of able, brave and intelligent Americans, out of their experience of living, working and fighting in England during World War 2. That experience had been shared with us, a people of another country, who spoke the same language and with whom an affinity developed through the stresses and strains of war.

Consciously, or sub-consciously, a great truth was perceived and a feeling grew that something precious had come from this involvement that ought not to be allowed to wither and decay.

What better memorial could there be to their comrades, the 6,300 or more Americans of the Second Air Division who did not return to their homeland, than that successive generations of British living and working in Norwich, Norfolk and North Suffolk, should be given the opportunity of knowing more of the country and people from which those defenders of freedom had come?

Friendship, based on an understanding of each other, is at the heart of the Memorial Library and during the past forty years that basic truth has been quietly nurtured and developed by the Governors of the Trust. The significance of the Fulbright Award is that during the next year the Trust will be enabled to extend its work to schools, individuals and groups by talks, lectures and in other ways, throughout the area in which the Second Air Division was based.

Good relations between people do not happen automatically. They have to be worked at and sustained from generation to generation, as in all other fields of human endeavor.

There can be no more enduring memorial to the Americans of the Second Air Division, who lost their lives, than through the Memorial Library as Americans and British alike seek to strengthen an enduring friendship by gaining a better understanding of each other. We share the same heritage which must never be ignored or forgotten.

and his brave and talented crew led us in the singing of our National Anthem and the Air Force Song. I thought this was certainly worth passing on.

Under the "Small World" department in corresponding with Cater Lee of P.O. Box 850, Foley, Al. 36536-0850, I discovered I had recently purchased a lawn mower from a company he is a partner in and president of. I will visit he and his wife Sara on my way to the 8th AFHS reunion at Fla. which they and several from the 448th will attend Oct. 16-19th.

Thanks very much for reading and "good health".

466 News

by E. W. (Bill) Nothstein (466th)

I tried civilian life after WWII back in Mauch Chunk (now Jim Thorpe), Pa., where my family has lived since 1750. My return home was brief as I reenlisted in 1947. I retired after 20 years with the USAF, spent as a supply technician, bomb-sight and auto pilot instructor and finally as a bombing systems technician on B-47's with the 98th Bomb Wing of SAC.

I then began a second career with the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York as a photo systems technician (not cameras). I recently retired again after 20 years and I'm now a house husband. I have an interest in photography and am just getting started in model railroading (HO).



I am married to Lucille (Lue) Nothstein, a former WAF who served with the 43rd Bomb Wing of SAC in Tucson, Ariz. She is a Microfilm Coordinator with a cooperative educational service. Weather and time permitting she enjoys gardening, reading and traveling.

We have three children, Mike, Nancy and Penny and two grandchildren. Both girls were born in Lincoln, NB and were delivered by Dr. John Rogers, formerly of the 466th and a current member of the 2nd Air Division.

I can be reached at 40 Meadow Drive, Spencerport, NY 14559, phone (716) 352-3350.

Folded Wings

HDQ

Bonnie Paulhamus

392nd

Thomas E. Benadum
Frank C. Jordan

445th

Cyril N. Clarkson
Robert G. Rawson

453rd

Oliver J. Voss, Jr.

467th

Champ C. Burkholder
William J. Martin

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



As I sit down to write the Bungay Bull to all my friends out there, it is just three months until Christmas. So have a Merry Christmas and a Happy Holiday Season. This Christmas will also be the forty-fourth anniversary of my departure from the ETO at Prestwick. We left the dreary old British Isles winter behind shortly after midnight of Christmas Eve, enjoyed a fresh egg breakfast and fruit in the early morning hours in the beautiful Azores. It's funny, but when I have been back there (the Azores) it has been rainy and dreary. For our Christmas Dinner aboard the C-54 we had tuna sandwiches which I thought was turkey. Landing at Newfoundland just after dark, we taxied through snow piled up higher than the airplane to arrive at the operations building and being referred to the Mess. Here it was quite evident from all the remains on the plates on the tables that those who had been there before we arrived had a truly sumptuous feast. The only food left in the line was the necks and the hard baked edges of the dressing. But it was great to be on this side of the Atlantic on Christmas Day, 1944.

In line with this thought those of you who were fortunate enough to have attended our first reunion and Memorial dedication at Wright-Patterson will recall that the young Chaplain who gave the benediction used our Chaplain Gannons briefing prayer from September 1944. That prayer follows:

Eternal Father,

Thou has created us in thine image.

Keep that image pure and whole this day.

May we have the comfort of Thy presence.

With Thy loving arms, uphold us.

Give to us strength, courage, hope and faith.

Bring us and all our comrades safely on our way and safely home.

The Lord Bless you and keep you.

The Lord make his face to shine upon you,

And be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.

As you who attended the Dayton meeting know, we voted to hold our second reunion of the 446th in August at McChord Air Force Base, Tacoma, WA, with the permission and cooperation of the 446th MAW our successor organization. Well, to make a long story a bit shorter, I got an exciting phone call from Pat Brown, Sgt. USAFR Public Affairs person for the 446th MAW suggesting the dates of 15 and 16 August 1987 for our reunion. It is their plan to have a huge hangar party in our honor. She says all we have to do is show up. Apparently Vice President Bush is scheduled to be in the area and it is hoped to have him as a guest also. The plans include bringing in all star ranks who served at any time with the 446th as well as a flyby of all airplanes which the 446th has flown since its inception in April 1943. It is expected that the program as planned will result in considerable national publicity. Who knows, maybe we can get Bob Hope!!

Speaking of flying, well I together with fellow 446ers Jim Riedel, and Fred Breuninger as well as Dick Butler and George Russell of the 44th had a real thrill on 19 September 1986 when we witnessed Delectable Doris, our March AFB B-24 take off to Liberal, Kansas to attend a reunion. Dave Talichet the owner and pilot plans on returning it to March AFB by 15 November 1986. So your contributions to the March Field Museum B-24 fund will be greatly appreciated to help defray some of the cost of keeping our second B-24 flying, gas is a principal expense. This is the only B-24 flying in this country, maybe in the world besides the "C" at the Confederate Air Force. The address is: March Field Museum, MAFB, CA 92518.

Plans are moving along for our visit back to Bungay in connection with the Second AD Reunion in May 1987 and our special rededication program to be held at St. Marys, Flixton following the 2nd AD Reunion. I plan on having been to England working on our arrangements by the time you receive this. It is important that you also be receiving our group publication — Beach Bell Echo. If you are not or know of someone who should, let me know. The details of our St. Marys Dedication as well as 1987 Reunion will be carried principally in that publication.

Speaking of the St. Marys, Flixton dedication, additional funds for this memorial would enable us to increase our endowment fund for the gate up-keep as well as the Roll of Honor cabinet. So if you want, send a check to Herb Gordon, our Treasurer.

A recent mail brought the following poem from Frank Janusz of the 704th "Slightly Dangerous" crew. A poem written by Pilot John Reed's wife in their honor for their third annual reunion in September, 1985. Keep tuned to Beach Bell.

The "Slightly Dangerous" Crew

War clouds hung heavy over our nation in forty-one.
Preparations to defend our freedom had already begun.
Patriotism ran high in every corner of our land.
Defense plants were built which many women helped to
man.

The draft was in force and our young men had to go,
Leaving loved ones behind with hearts full of woe.
The members of a group about which simply no
one knew

Were separately being pruned for the "Slightly
Dangerous"* Crew

When the drumbeats of war were heard far and wide,
These comrades in battle manned their weapons side
by side.

The "cream of the crop" came from every walk of life.
With great love for their homeland, they picked up
the strife.

From every direction they hailed, both near and afar.
Armored with a dauntless spirit, they marched off
to war.

Something else was needed! Some gray and some blue!
They undoubtedly were thinking of the "Slightly Dangerous"
Crew.

The war was still raging abroad in nineteen and
forty-four.
Conditions were grave and the need grew more and
more.

"Rosie, the Riveter" was working both day and night
To produce the instruments to carry on the fight.
Propaganda was rampant, each nation had her
"Tokyo Rose".

How it was counteracted successfully, God only knows.
When Uncle Sam pointed his finger and said,
"I want you",

There was created a valiant and "Slightly Dangerous"
Crew.

Great numbers reported from North, South, West,
and East.

Their point of departure mattered not in the least.
Duty to country bound them together as a brother.
Through peril and danger, they looked to each other.
Those things so dear to them, they temporarily did yield.
Youth was their camouflage and honor was their shield.
Thirty-five missions over Germany they courageously
flew,

These very special men of the "Slightly Dangerous"
Crew.

* The plane in which this group flew their missions was called
the "Slightly Dangerous" thus inspiring the title for the poem.

This poem is lovingly written and gratefully dedicated to the
men of the "Slightly Dangerous" Crew. Thank you for your
inconvenience, anguish, and sacrifices to help preserve this nation
as "the land of the free and the home of the brave". It was com-
posed in honor of this (Sept. 16, 1985), your third reunion, and
the forty-first anniversary of your last mission flown on Oct. 22,
1944. May you have many more!

Many things are deliberately mentioned to vividly recall many
conditions and circumstances that were created because of World
War II. It is my intention and desire to bring back many mem-
ories to all of us who experienced this dark moment in our history.

Top Row (L to R): Carl Siemers (Co-Pilot), John Reed
(Pilot), Augustus Lewis (Bombardier), Bernard Rosenberg
(Navigator), Paul Moosman (Radio Man).

Bottom Row (L to R): Ernest Parish (Waist Gunner), Charles
Costello (Ball Turret), Frank Janusz (Tail Gunner), Dave
Morris (Flight Engineer), Robert Harris (Waist Gunner).

Many patriots could not enlist nor go directly into
combat.

Entertainers gave freely of their art and friendly chat.
The USO was soon formed to bring to the boys far away
A little touch of home and the promise of a carefree day.
Numerous letters were written with the news from back home.
They were eagerly received as was a call on the phone.
Under the sun, they said, there is nothing new,
But they had not yet heard of the "Slightly Dangerous"
Crew.

Ration stamps were issued for several things that we use.
Very important among these were gas, sugar, and shoes.
The black market flourished all over the place.
Much money was handled through this scandalous
disgrace.

Numbers of females were joining the fight by then.
Some tasks they could do to help relieve the men.
These things we remembered and with a fond sad adieu,
They flew into the sky, the daring "Slightly Dangerous"
Crew.

War bonds were floated, "Keep 'em Flying" the slogan
went.

No life was left untouched and treasured plans were
unspent.

This world-wide conflict known as the Second World War
Caused many broken lives and left many a deep scar.
The price of liberty is never cheaply won,
And we cherish the memory of each fallen son.
The obvious conclusion came like a bolt from the blue.
The war may not have been won but for the "Slightly
Dangerous" Crew.

They played as hard as they determinedly fought.
Through the good and the bad, lasting friendships were
wrought.

They dared not to think, "Could our plane be
shot down?"

But persevered onward with a smile, not a frown.
A camaraderie was built very special and fine,
And it dims not the slightest with the passing of time.
They are welded together with a love so strong and true
That precious memories ever linger among the "Slightly
Dangerous" Crew.

Rebecca M. Reed
(September 16, 1985)



Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey (492nd)

The "Happy Warrior" shoulder patch is ready for purchase from Charles W. Barrett, 47616 North Shore Drive, Belleville, MI, 48111. The cost of each is \$6.00 and whatever postage you would like to send him. Jim Mahoney advises me that the original patch was designed by Sgt. Scotty Leith, while at Alamogordo, New Mexico as the insignia for the 859th Bomb Squadron, later it was used by the 788th at Rackheath. Jim has the original drawing of the patch. The patch was not designed for the 492nd Bomb Squadron, as a unit. However, it has been decided that the Group can use it as their official patch. It is really something to see and wear. It would be nice if all the attendees at Norwich next year would be wearing one.

A song book has been published by J.K. Havener, called *Army Air Force Lyrics*. It contains all the songs that we sang during the time that we were in the service. Any one desiring to buy a copy, please let me know and I'll send the address, etc.

By permission, here is one song from the book.

The "Lib" B-24

*Until now her name's hardly been mentioned,
Still they praise all the others before,
and to extol her is not my intention,
Although her merits are more than a score.*

*She was needed and born for a reason,
And she has every right to be proud;
To me it's almost high treason
To slander her good name aloud.*

*It's a visible fact she's no beauty,
And her lines are no work of art;
But she's up there doing her duty,
A patriot right to the heart.*

*She's a queen in the sky and she knows it,
She ignores all ridiculous rib;
She was named for a queen and she shows it,
And that's why they christened her "Lib".*

*On the ground she waddles like a duck,
In the air, she's hard to beat;
When shot up, she shows her pluck,
Though her flaps may look like shredded wheat.*

*She goes where the going is toughest,
Be it Berlin, Ploesti or Kiel;
And she fights where the fighting is roughest,
She's as hard as true tempered steel.*

*When the haul is too long for the other,
Or the load is too heavy to pack;
She's out there ahead of her brother,
Braving both fighters and flak.*

*On a run, she's as smooth and as steady,
As the pillar of old Hercules;
If it's bombing you want, then she's ready,
Just a few of her merits are these.*

*I could list at least two or three dozen,
Of her virtues I've known and seen;
As she fights alongside her first cousin,
The commendable B-17.*

*It is said that queens live and die proudly,
For freedom, for country and more;
But none fight for these more profoundly,
Than our Liberator, the B-24!*

There has been renewed interest of late in making up a personal tape of people's experiences during the war years. Please keep it up. When you have finished with the tape, send it to Hathy Veynar for further distribution. Happy holidays to everyone.

The 445th Reporting

by Frank DiMola (445th)

In the past year an outstanding film made a big hit in the cinema world — a film called "Ghost-Busters". Previous to this "Ghost" film, a few others made the cinema headlines, such as, "The Ghost Goes West", "The Ghost of Frankenstein", "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir", and now we have a new ghost story to tell, "The Ghost of Tibenham". How many of you have seen or heard about the Tibenham ghost? Did you guys see this "ghost" after a "Flak Happy" raid to dreamland? I have been in Tibenham a long time and never heard anything about it. This report will be sent in for publication prior to our St. Charles Reunion and I will bring this subject up for discussion in our mini-reunion. In the mean time, let's hear some more stories on the mystery of the flying ghost in and around the control tower, via mail. OK?

The reason I am reporting this ghost incident, is that I received a letter from John L. Boyle and this is what he wrote to me. "Anthony LaCrona and I often spoke about the English countryside and he often told me that he wishes that he could come back after the war and live around Tibenham. Tony was KIA in one of the missions and I have a feeling that he just might be the so-called 'Ghost of Tibenham'. I do know that you are not going to believe me when I tell you this, but it is true. I have had three experiences where Tony has appeared to me and he was just the same as I last saw him. All he ever said to me was 'Hi Johnny' and he would wave to me then disappear. Everything I have said is the truth and by the way, he was dressed in a flying suit twice, so draw your own conclusions about this. The third time he was in Class AA uniform. So help me God — this is the truth."

On page 13 in the June issue of the *Journal*, Colin Sleath is looking for stories of our experience in England and all about our combat missions and various things that happened to us. Most veterans have now retired and a lot of free time can be used by sorting out long-treasured souvenirs of their war service. I have mentioned this in a previous report and have not heard of any progress.

I did receive a well condensed history from Willard E. Vaughn. He wrote about his combat experience, missions and the men of his crew. Willard also mentioned about meeting his brother Joseph in England after 2 years absence. Joseph was in the Antitank Battalion.

I am greatly pleased over the many calls and letters that I received about my articles that are published. I wish to thank all of you for the material that you send to me.

Ed Roloff has made contact with three members of his crew and they are all plan-

ning to attend St. Charles. After 43 years, what can they talk about?

About the patches that Buddy Cross has made for the Group, it is not a Group Patch as some have been led to believe, but a 2nd AD Patch, Eighth Air Force, with a B-24 in the middle of it. Also the Group number is shown below the flying air craft. I have two types. One is a lapel pocket holder with a pad and the other is just a patch that can be sewn on a cap or garment. I also had pens made with our Group number and Second Air Division on it. Any one wishing any of these, please drop me a line. It will help us to build up a fund for the future.

Buddy Cross did a great job for me and many thanks to a private contributor who helped us finance this project with a paid-up logo. I wish to thank Thomas P. Hart, 5502 Ave. T, Lubbock, Texas 79412. Tom served on the same crew as Mary Beth Barnard's (our Group historian) dad, Joseph Kennedy.

While on the subject of patches, does anyone have a sample copy of the various Squadron patches? If so please send me a copy as I am getting many requests for them. Jim Young told me that he has the original patch for the 700th and is also looking for the 701 and 702 patches.

Eddie Dittlinger has expressed his thanks in locating three members of his crew, Billy Buzbee, Keith Porter and Lee Effner. He also sent me a photo of his crew and I will forward it to our historian Mary Beth. I understand that she will have a few surprises for us at the Reunion, in reference to our Group History and Photo Album.

Another constant writer is Herbert Rudh who keeps reminding me that Minnesota is still on the map and the Association should hold their reunions there, so he does not have to travel. Poor guy. I do not think that there is a place that can hold our large turnout. Oh, Herb there were many thousands of men from the 445th that have retired from the Air Force. I have a very large list and I cannot count them all.

In the middle of June, I received a surprise visitor from England, who was in the area on a business trip. It was a pleasure to have met Ian MacTaggart from Halstead, Essex. He and I have done a lot of corresponding over a span of years and his greatest interest was looking for more details and a photo of "Consolidated Mess". I found another crewman who can possibly fill us in on this aircraft. Ian, contact Robert G. Rawson, 5258 S.W. Charles-town, Seattle, Wash. 98116.

I received from Larry Vecchi, a large map, 3x5, of the northern areas of Germany and on it he had stars indicating missions that he completed. Plus aerial photos of B-24's in flight and bombs away. Material like this will be sent to the Memorial Library for people to see. Thanks Larry.

2ADA Film Library — * Revised 12/86

The following films are available for rent from your 2ADA film library:

	Effective 1-1-87
	Rental
Super 8mm	
*Remember Them (now on 2 reels)	\$5.00
16mm	
Liberator B-24J & Liberators Over Europe	5.00
Target for Today — 2 parts	10.00
The Mission	5.00
Video tapes — VHS format — (Order by Roman #)	
I * Remember Them	3.00
II * A Village Remembers	Order together
III Target for Today	
The Men Who Flew the Liberators	
2ADA Reunion 1973 — Colorado Springs	
2AD Memorial Dedication — Norwich 1963	3.00
IV The Mission	
Night Bombers — RAF	
Schweinfurt & Regensburg	
Memphis Bell	3.00
V Ploesti	
93rd B.G. in North Africa	
The Fight for the Sky	
2ADA Reunion Film Clip — Norwich 1983	3.00
VI *The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 1-8	
VII *The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 9-16	
VIII *The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 17-24	Order together
IX *The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 25, 26	9.00
*The Air Force Story — Vol. II — Chapters 1-6	
X *Smashing of the Reich	
Medal of Honor — The Burning of Ploesti 0.1	3.00
XI *Some of Our Airmen Are No Longer Missing	
2ADA March AFB Memorial Service	3.00
The Superplane that Hitler Wasted — ME-262	
XII *The Story of Willow Run	
Preflight Inspection of the B-24	3.00
Flying the B-24	
(This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 B.G. in memory of Adam Soccia)	
XIII Battleline Series — Bombing of Japan	
The Last Bomb — B-29's and P-51 Documentary	
Target Tokyo — B-24's Narrated by Ronald Reagan	\$.00
XIV Aviation Cadet (NEW)	
Wings of the Army	3.00
XV Air War Over Europe (NEW)	
Target Ploesti	
Raid on Schweinfurt	
Counterblast: Hamburg	
Guided Missiles	3.00

It was originally stated that you may order a maximum of 2 tapes at a time, but we now have a waiting list for all tapes. You may order any number as long as you send \$3.00 per tape and we will add your name to each list. Requests for 8mm and 16mm movie films will continue to be restricted to two reels per person.

Send your requests to: Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
Tel. 1-609-655-0982

They Learned Fast — OR They Didn't Live to Learn

by Archie MacIntyre (492nd)

If curiosity hadn't got the best of me, maybe I could have slept that night. I tossed and turned in near sleep all night long. The biscuits that were supposed to act as a mattress kept separating and it was cold in our hut. Then, toward morning the sounds of aircraft engines being run up brought me to reality. Today's mission was a real possibility.

As it happened to all of us who flew combat missions, at least once in our tour we were obliged to fly as a replacement with another crew. The first time always stands out. After receiving official notice, I made my "no sleep mistake". I made a courtesy visit with the pilot of the crew I was to fly with. To my dismay I found him to be an "officer and a gentleman", and as

a second lieutenant entitled to the courtesies and privileges his rating afforded. He reminded me that if I was on time for the briefing, did my job as the radio operator and brushed up on my military courtesies, we would get along fine. His combat history consisted of two fast missions over the channel into France in support of the invasion front.

Freeman, my top turret gunner, tried to convince me that tomorrow's mission would be a milk run and that I would be back before lunch, but the 3:30 a.m. briefing schedule caused me to believe otherwise. That night while trying to achieve sleep, my security blanket fell apart. I suddenly realized how dependent I was on my own crew members.

After the crew had preflighted the plane, there was that time dwell period when we all tried to relax prior to take off. I was asked and volunteered my experiences over Politz on the May 19th mission. I told them about the frontal fighter attacks by German ME410's, about our plane being hit by a rubber dinghy that almost tore our #3 engine off and my almost falling out of the B-24 through the bomb bay. The pilot at this point told me to shut my mouth or he would have me up on charges of aiding the enemy and affecting his crews' morality. I saluted him and apologized for my loose talk. He was probably right, but he did not return my salute. The rap session broke up. The "go" flare brightened up the dawn and the trip to Politz became a reality.

The climbing to altitude while traveling to the target was boring and rough on the nerves. The strain on the engines caused the plane to vibrate to excess and we were kept on constant watch for enemy planes. Outside of light flack as we entered land fall, the trip was proving to be peaceful. I logged our position reports along with details and made a couple of inspection trips to the waist gunners' locations. Just before we reached oxygen heights I offered both the pilot and co-pilot candy bars and a drink of water from my canteen. The pilot accepted the water with a puzzled look, the co-pilot accepted both offerings with no problem. I think the pilots were surprised I could keep these items at an eatable condition at sub-zero temperature.

Our problems with the German defenses that day have been well documented by others. ME410 rocket carrying planes tore our formation apart. They stayed well out of our gunners range and lobbed shell after shell into our formation. After they broke up our formations they roamed through our flights with their cannons as though they were drawing us into their flack guns over the target area.

One of their flack guns found us as we were leaving the target area. The impact was of sledge hammer proportion. Suddenly the flight deck was in shambles and we were in a wind storm. When I regained my composure I discovered flack had torn off the radio station bubble window. A jagged hole of ten inches diameter was allowing wind to enter the flight deck area like a hurricane. By this time the top turret gunner was out of his station and we were scrambling in our flight bags for anything to stuff in the hole. Luck was with us as he had an extra sheep skin jacket and with a lot of effort plugged the hole, but it required constant back pressure against the jacket to keep it situated. The navigator was now on the deck and informed us that the nose wheel had sustained dam-

(continued on next page)

My First Mission

by Del Wangsvick (453rd)

My first mission was Mission #16 for the 453rd Bomb Group and was flown on March 9, 1944. I flew in Aircraft #613 with Lt. Stock as Pilot, leading the 453rd Bomb Group. Captain Kanaga was riding the right hand seat as Command Pilot. Our assigned target was Brandenburg (Berlin), Germany.

Weather got thick and piled high, necessitating a turnback. However, Hanover, Germany was bombed as a "target of opportunity". Bombing was done by "PFF" (Pathfinder radar) and results were not observed.

On our return to Old Buckenham, our aircraft was met by Colonel Joseph A. Miller, Commanding Officer of the 453rd Bomb Group. He approached me as I debarked and said "How was your mission, Captain Wangsvick?" thus announcing to me the fact that I had been promoted, effective March 1 — a complete surprise to me as I did not know that I had been "put in for it". Later, I was decorated with a tremendous pair of Captain's "tracks" and was required to wear them in the Club all of that evening. Doing the honors, in the picture are: Lt. Bob Hoffman (Assistant 732nd Sq. Operations Officer and my room-

mate, a West Pointer), Lt. Bill Joy (Squadron Bombing Officer), and Lt. Eugene McDowell (Co-Pilot on Lt. Bates' Crew).

"Lace", was a 453rd plane in which I flew once or twice.



This picture shows Bob Hoffman with a plane he flew for a time, named in honor of his wife.



Learned Fast (continued)

age. Flack had torn a flute in the tire tread and there was no way to determine if we had a leak, thus we left the target area with problems but we had four engines turning, we were in formation and no injuries aboard. Thus, with luck we could reach England before our next possible crisis.

The trip home was long and stressful. The various crew members went back to their stations and I devoted my time to keeping the plug in the hole. The pilots had their hands full trying to maintain station in a formation that was scattered all over the sky. When things settled down, I worked my way back up between the pilots and reintroduced them to the candy bar and water routine. This time the pilot accepted without hesitation. He wolfed the candy bar down, took a large swig of water and went back to work. The landing, while not without its problems was safe. The nose wheel accepted the damage and probably saved my life. While I was dismantling the radio equipment and carrying it through the bomb bay doors the pilot called me to one side. First, he thanked me for the candy bars and offered to pay for them. I declined his offer with grace. Next he apologized for this threat to have me put up on charges. Again I told him his apologies were not necessary but appreciated. We parted as friends.

Promotions: A 43-year wait

Al Westlake was promoted to staff sergeant on June 22, 1943, while serving as a tailgunner in the U.S. Air Force during World War II.

But three days later the Brighton, Colo., resident was shot down over the English Channel and suffered crippling injuries. He was held captive in German POW camps for two years and was presumed dead.

In May 1945 he was freed, and he expected to be discharged as a staff sergeant. But the Air Force said it had lost his promotion record and declined to honor his request.

Since 1952, Westlake had fought for that promotion, and in April the Pentagon Board of Corrections finally approved his new rank — 43 years late.

"I didn't feel bitter," said Westlake, 66, "I figured somebody screwed up. That's normal for any branch of the military sometimes.

I Meet the Memorial Room

by Bertha A. Chandler, Memorial Room Librarian



My experiences to date with the Second Air Division Association have evoked a broad range of emotions and lasting impressions which I would like to share with members of the Association. First was the thrill of receiving the Fulbright Award and the looking forward to participating in the operation of the Association's unique Memorial Library. This initial excitement was rapidly followed by the overwhelming, warm welcome which I received from Association members at the St. Charles Conference. I will long remember the good wishes expressed, interest shown in the Library, individual offers of material for the Library, moments such as the singing of the American and British National Anthems by a ballroom full of men and women, followed by lighting of the memorial candles.

After a hectic time of storing away for a year my life in Massachusetts and plodding through my first jet-lagged days in England, on September 30th, I finally saw the Memorial Room about which I had heard, read, and seen photographs for the last two months. In my first days actually at the Library, I have been fortunate to have encountered a fairly wide range of questions: the woman travelling to Oklahoma for her son's wedding who wondered what expenses would be like in the States, the man who remembered meeting a bomber crewman named Leonard Alwert during the war and wondered if the Library had any information about him, the man visiting for a day from Washington who had been at Attlebridge, and the woman doing research on nose art who needed photographs showing the artwork and the bomb groups to which the planes with it belonged. These queries represent only a few of the requests which the Memorial Library receives and to which it responds each week.

Four days at the Library and a day of settling in at my flat led to Sunday, October 5th with visits to Rackheath, Horsham St. Faith and Ketteringham Hall and a viewing of "Remember Them". To stand at the midpoint of the runway at Rackheath and imagine heavily laden B-24 after B-24 thundering to take off; to walk through the remains of a hut and imagine it filled with young Americans; to watch the ceiling fall at Horsham St. Faith and imagine bombers trying to find their way back home to this field after hours of combat flying; to see in the film B-24s forming up, dropping supplies from low levels, two shot down, others landing successfully on one wheel or less — all this brings history alive in a way it never before has been to someone who did not live through those years. The vital importance of continuing the understanding and caring which developed between the Americans and the English in Norfolk and Suffolk is readily apparent as one sees films of war and talks with those who lived through the war years in England.

The time taken to orient me to the Norwich Central Library, the welcome I have received from the Central Library staff, and the concerns we have discussed all indicate to me that the Second Air Division Association has, in the Norwich Central Library, an extraordinary host for their special Memorial. Additionally, there exists a dedicated informal group of volunteers who correspond with Americans, who take visiting Americans to the bases of the Second Air Division, and who are willing to provide guidance about where to stay in the Norwich area and other such necessities.

At the same time that it is giving much to the Memorial Library, the Central Library, like many public libraries in the United States, is operating without the budget it needs for staff and materials to provide services wanted by its users. Thus it is particularly important that members of the Second Air Division Association take full advantage of the Fulbright grant which has given their Memorial Library an American librarian for a year. Now is the time to send materials for the archives. These materials could include photographs with identification of people and places whenever possible, diaries, flight plans, actual group patches, and similar items. Should a family wish to keep original diaries or photographs, copies could be sent to the Library. The building of the Second Air Division Association archives will form a resource of inestimable use for future generations. It will help today's and tomorrow's youngsters to understand the ties which were formed between English and American people during the war. Members are also encouraged to send cassette tapes of reminiscences of their wartime experiences. Additionally, gifts to the Memorial Library are always needed and welcomed. Gifts can be made to the Trust's Endowment Fund or a request can be made that a book be selected by the library staff for inclusion in the book collection.

The members of the Second Air Division Association can be proud that their living memorial extends beyond one location in the Central Library. The influence of this extraordinary memorial permeates the Central Library, reaching users from the Memorial Room to the reference collection to the lending collections in both the adult and children's areas to the schools project collection and thence into a variety of schools in the area. The multitudinous locations where materials are placed guarantees their use by a broad spectrum of people.

As anticipated, my year promises to be challenging and exciting. I hope to keep members of the Second Air Division Association informed about my activities while I am in Norwich through the *Journal*, and I look forward to seeing many members in May.

CUSTOM PLAQUES

Have acquired materials to again offer two models of plaques. However, the cost of the .50 cal. shells has now increased again and I must finally pass on that cost. So, while the basic cost of the large 8th AF Logo stays at \$45.00 (with one "identifier", either full size pewter Airman's wings OR B-24), the cost of the plaque using museum quality 1943-1944 brass shells has increased by \$4.00 to a new price of \$49.00 (also with one "identifier").

The Logo or shells are mounted on solid, polished walnut plaques. All are 6½ in. wide, but lengths vary from 10, 10½ to 11 inches. A new size, 11½ inches will be added to the inventory for those who have 4 rows of ribbons. Length of course is determined by which model you choose to have made. 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 Decorations. Any additional info you might want to add (plane "name", A/C number, etc.).

BASIC cost of 8th AF Logo and (1) "identifier" (B-24 or Full sized Wings), \$45.00. BASIC cost of .50 cal. shell model (1) "identifier" as above, \$49.00.

Add \$5.00 for additional identifiers (miniature airman's wings used in conjunction with the B-24, or 8th AF cloisonne as used with the shells). The B-24 will have your Bomb Group tail colors at no extra charge.

A full line of WWII ribbons is available. Normally stocked ribbons include: Silver Star, Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, American Defence, American Campaign, National Defence, E.T.O., WWII Victory, Pacific Theater (for those who went on to B-29's in the Pacific), German Occupation, Legion of Merit, French Croix de Guerre, Presidential Unit Citation. The last two cost an additional \$1.00 OVER the standard \$1.75 cost of all other ribbons.

All ribbons are secured on brass mounts.

Battle Stars and Oak Leaf Clusters (BRONZE) are 75¢ each. Sterling Silver (denoting 5) either Battle Stars OR O.L.C., are \$2.50 each.

Shipping charges: Using Baltimore as the shipping center, any radius extending to Chicago, \$2.50. Outside that radius, \$3.50. Use your home address or give me a "deliverable" UPS address. I have had better success using United Parcel Service. Generally much quicker delivery.

Use any of the photos as a starting point. Any combination is possible, generally. If you design your own from these options and it "looks right", I will build it. If it doesn't, I will suggest a change or two before making it. Overpayments will have the balance returned while underpayments will be billed with the plaque. Don't forget to include your telephone number with your request to avoid possible delays. Do not hesitate to write or call (301-766-1034) if you have any questions.

Have mailed a check to Dean Moyer, 2ADA Treasurer, for \$100.00 as profits made from plaque sales. The total benefit, to date, has now reached \$1,722.00. Again, many thanks to all who have supported this program.

Send your order to: Rick Rokicki
365 Mae Road
Glen Burnie, MD 21061



Left: \$39.95 plus \$2.50 Right: \$55.45 plus \$2.50

B-24 solid pewter desk or display model available. On left, "Standard" out-of-the-box unit. On right, Customed to your request.

- Large base \$3.00
- Full size wings \$5.00
- 8th AF cloisonne (not shown) \$5.00
- Large engraved plate with up to 6 lines \$4.50
- Bomb Group colors on tail \$3.00
- Shipping charges \$2.50



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 75¢

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POOP from GROUP 467

by Dave Swearingen

Can you believe it's time again to write another message to you for publication in the December 1986 *Journal*. It's great to communicate again with you, but I sure wish some one of you could slow down the passage of time!

Since my last message our recruitment of new members for the 2ADA and the 467th fellowship has slowed. Based on updates from Evelyn Cohen twenty-three 467th Vets have joined the 2ADA, but we lost seven because of non-payment of dues. We need to continue to find more of our lost souls.

William P. McGovern, Attorney and a 467th Vet, is doing the legal paperwork on incorporation of a 467th B.G. Association which attendees at Pheasant Run approved.

Until next May in Norwich when we will have an opportunity to elect new officers, I have named the following as interim officers and board members:

- President J. D. Swearingen
- Vice President G. C. Gregory
- Secretary William A. McGovern
- Treasurer Phillip Day
- Directors Jim Coffey
- Vince LaRussa

All of these men have been elected previously to officer duties. If any one of you wish to write me and add anyone else to the list, please do so. I will name a Nominating Committee prior to our next reunion business meeting, to make recommendations for Officers and Directors for the 1987-1988 term of office.

Joe Dzenowagis continues to process the tape interviews he and his family taped at Pheasant Run. They taped 33 members of the 2ADA as well as David Hastings and Tom Eaton and some of the activities and events. Joe is planning to attend the 2ADA Reunion at Norwich next May and will tape interviews if arrangements can be made that his equipment will require. He is also planning to be at our 467th B.G. Reunion at Shreveport, La. in September next year.

Phillip Day continues to pin down arrangements for our 467th reunion in Shreveport next year. It's several months off, but not too soon to write him and let him know you are interested in this get-together. He would appreciate any suggestions you might have for him. He'll need some help from several of us as we get closer to the dates.

I still haven't received, as of this date (Oct. 15th), any new information about the Norwich 1987 Reunion arrangements. Am sure it will be forthcoming before the issue date of the December *Journal*. However, you who have made deposits and do plan to go, write Vince LaRussa of any suggestions you might have regarding spending a day after the 2ADA Reunion adjourns to go out to the Rackheath base, so we 467th Vets would have more time to visit there.

Again, please help us find more lost souls. Write me about any questions you may have about 2ADA operations. Am always happy to hear from any of you.

Notice

To all members and eligible non-members of the Second Air Division.

California, Arizona, Nevada and elsewhere.

The annual Southern California Reunion will be held at the El Toro Marine Corp Officers Club on 28 February. Mark your calendars now and plan on spending a fun-filled, once in a life-time enjoyable evening with a fine group of ex-Army Air Corp people.

If you do not receive official mail-back invitations by 1 Feb. 1987, get in touch with
Bill Davenport,
13382 Wheeler Place,
Santa Ana, CA 92705,
Tel. (714) 832-2829.

Early reservations are requested so the committee may plan the most economical and enjoyable evening for all participants.

Thanks,

Bill Davenport

My Apologies



Front Row (l to r): Sgt. Goff, Radio Operator; Sgt. Simpkins, Gunner; Sgt. Markley, Gunner; Sgt. Neff, Engineer, Splasher; Sgt. Shank, Gunner. Back Row (l to r): Lt. Torre, Navigator; Capt. Swearingen, Pilot; Lt. Simpson, Bombardier; Lt. Been, Co-Pilot.

As you all know I, along with the rest of you, never make a mistake. The goof on the above photo, thanks to an elusive gremlin, took the form of the wrong caption. Instead of listing the crew members, I listed three 'Pro' golfers who appeared elsewhere in the September issue. I have already apologized to Dave and now I apologize to you the crew members. Mistake? Never. Sloppy proof reading? GUILTY!

BILL ROBERTIE

"Old Bunched Buddies of Old Buck"

by Milton R. Stokes (453rd)

A grey, wet fog blankets the world outside our windows. It is still early morning. Things just seem to take a lot longer and it is harder to get moving on such chilly, uninspiring days. Ideas come more slowly although that should not be. Maybe it is because we grow old too fast. But that is not true either. We grow old in our time; it must be a reward for all the fast paced hectic days of early youth. Maybe when the sun comes out and chases the frost off the grass and lights up all the beautiful colors in the fall leaves, life will be vibrant again. You see it is October now. Time to put another letter in the mail to you telling of all the happenings to the 453rd members. But these pages are too short to encapsulate all the news of such a wide spread and far flung group as ours. In rereading the *Journal* for the third time, all of these thoughts, and more, crowd in on my memory. So I must get to putting it on paper.

At Pheasant Run we had a tremendous turnout of members. Evelyn's list shows one hundred and twenty-one. There were at least five more who were present as walk-ins and were not counted. Now if you are one of those who showed up late and didn't register, we never know officially that you were present. So please make sure you sign up at the registration desk. It won't cost you a cent to do so. We just want to know who attends. A lot of the people at this convention were new to me. I didn't get a chance to adequately meet and talk to all of you. This makes me feel badly and I'm trying to do something about it.

A nice way to meet people is to walk and talk. At Chicago, Russ Harriman and I walked every morning. We tried to leave the hotel at 7:00 AM. You too can come with us when we walk and talk — just let us know that you wish to be included.

There are those of you who try to reach old friends, try to make contact with flying buddies and pals and when you do, you quickly come up to a dead end in many cases. There is one such case which happily we solved. A George E. Cole from Massachusetts wrote to Frank DiMola, of the 445th, asking for information on a Lieutenant Daniel Horgan. The Lieutenant was a cousin of his who had been killed on a mission to Bremen. He also knew that his cousin flew in a combat group that had Jimmy Stewart in command. Frank searched his records and finding nothing on Horgan, sent the request on to me inasmuch as Jimmy Stewart was transferred to the 453rd Bomb Group in early 1944. From the M.I.A. and K.I.A. reports that Don Olds had accumulated and sent to me when we were working on the memorial list for Old Buckenham, I found Daniel Horgan listed. He flew with John B. Mackay's crew

and was one of the ten ships shot down on that raid which cost the 453rd so heavily at Brunswick, Germany on May 8, 1944.

That raid was the worst that many of us had ever flown on. Andy Low led the group, which led the 2nd Air Wing, which led the 2nd Air Division, which led the entire 8th Air Force that day. His write-up of the mission was complete; it even shows the gasoline consumed by each plane, and the "Communications Briefing Form" is there intact with all call signs and flare colors. Then we have the "Missing Air Crew Report", prepared by Reid A. Pringle, 1st Statistical Officer of the 453rd Bomb Group. Each crew lost that day is listed, some show K.I.A., some M.I.A. and a great many were R.T.D. (returned to duty). All of this information was forwarded to George Cole. In my haste to help him, I forgot that he might not know what the abbreviations mean, so a follow up letter will be made. In fact, I'll send him a copy of this "Bunched Buddies of Old Buck" letter!

I couldn't tell George Cole in my letter that I knew the crew, that I had briefed them on practice missions and remembered when they first joined the 453rd and 735th Squadron. Their Nissen hut was very close to our "Flack Happy" hut. The feelings that well up inside when recalling such details that happened over forty years ago are almost overwhelming.

John A. Dolan writes telling of a convention in Atlantic City on November 2-4, 1986, of men and women who served there in the Hospital center in Armed Service Training. John was in Don Kolb's crew. They were shot down on June 20, 1944 on a raid on Politz, Germany. They made it to Sweden, were interned and returned to England in the fall of 1944. John and I represented the 453rd and the 2nd Air Division Association (2nd ADA) in a ceremony in Gladwynne, Pennsylvania, honoring Hap Arnold on what would have been his one hundredth birthday. John, Moose Allen, and I would like to hear from Don Kolb again. Kolb lives in Carlyle, Illinois. Like many, he receives the *Journal* but we have not heard from him.

Wilbur Stites, who was on "Lofton's crew" of the 734th squadron and 453rd Bomb Group, writes to Evelyn Cohen on membership. They had a reunion at Yakima Air Fair on June 28th. He says it was a "... joyful, nostalgic, and memorable occasion". It was their first reunion since 1945 in England. I would like to know the names of the rest of the crew. They will find that every reunion and convention is a "joyful, nostalgic, and memorable occasion". So welcome aboard fellows! We remember Lofton's crew. It's nice to have made contact again after all these years. We have a slot for you in the formation!

Another contact was made with Robert Langenfeld of Centralia, Illinois. Four men from the 453rd Bomb Group had a reunion in his home and he heard of the 2nd ADA for the first time. I must write and get the names of the four. Bob only lists his name and address, but he did join up.

We had a letter from David S. Ives in Medford, Oregon asking for information on his brother, Rodney B. Ives. He was a navigator, 0-683826, 1st Lieutenant, K.I.A., 453rd Bomb Group, 734th Squadron. But unlike the letter from George Cole requesting information on Daniel Horgan, I have no reports other than that Rodney B. Ives is listed as K.I.A. He does not show up on any crew listings that I have. I shall ask Don Olds to search his files for this name and ask for complete information from the Records Center in St. Louis. Do any of you in the 453rd have any information that would help me answer this request?

The council at Old Buckenham acknowledged my letter of August 18, 1986 asking them to plan on our visit. I've asked them to arrange a luncheon for their parishioners and the eighty of us from the 453rd Bomb Group. I've asked them to plan on the same number that we had in 1983, and this time we will pay for all expenses for the lunch. The date of the memorial service and luncheon will be Monday, May 25, 1987. We should arrive in Old Buckenham by 10:00 AM. But again the time has to be coordinated with Division Headquarters. Ours will be a short program and more time for visiting than in 1983. I have not seen what I consider the final list of names for our memorial plaque in Old Buckenham. Don Olds has made his last corrections, but I must hear from Jordan Uttal before closing. Even then it will not be complete or error free.

I received a copy of a letter from Bob and Gloria Johnson and Ed and Evie Bebenroth on a reunion held in September. I have no report yet of whom attended. It was to be in Colorado Springs, Col. Dave Cowen was making the arrangements.

Morgan Hartman flew on a plane named "Portland Anne" (#42-52175), which was shot down at Meppen, Holland but remained in one piece. It was piloted by Captain Ehrman, who passed away in November, 1983. Ehrman was an original pilot with the 453rd. On page 22 of the 453rd history the name "Earman" is a mistake, so correct your copy for spelling.

Hartman asks if any of the original crew of that ship would like pictures of the crash. I believe that ship was originally flown by Louis Scherzer, who is a member of the 2nd ADA. Morgan, you may expedite a reply by calling Lou in Portland, Oregon. (continued on next page)

Retirement Schedule

Time	Activity
7:00 A.M.	Wake up and laugh at silent alarm clock, which had been turned off night before.
7:00 to 7:01	Brisk calisthenics, lying in bed.
7:01 to 8 or 9	Go back to sleep.
9:00 to 9:30	Debate whether to shave or not — (not).
9:30 to 10:00	Breakfast — Bourbon, toast, bacon, eggs, jelly and coffee.
10:00 to 11:00	Give wife orders for the day and point out her errors of the day before.
11:00 to 11:15	Coffee and bourbon break, resting on sofa.
11:15 to 12:15	Front porch rocking chair session, making plans as to how to spend tomorrow in constructive way.
12:15 to 12:30	Highball with next door neighbor's widow.
12:30 to 1:30	Lunch — Beer — Beef — Sandwich — Apple Pie with Cheese.
1:30 to 1:35	Read good book to improve mind.

Old Bunchered (continued)

SHORT BURSTS:

Julian Wilson did not like the way United Airlines handled his flight to and from Chicago. They would not assign reserved seats. Willie asked me to call a former 453rd man named Arthur Pensock who lived in Dickenson City, Pennsylvania. I like to get this kind of assignment. Willie also asked me to help locate Joe Dorsey, formerly of Beaumont, Texas. Now someone in that area can pick up the phone and try to locate Dorsey, please.

E.E. Massey, an old original of the 453rd, has joined up. He lives in San Antonio. He has been sick, so why not give him a call those of you who live in San Antonio? He was on Porky Warrington's crew.

Finally, I owe Moose Allen and Oliver Morris my thanks for their hospitality on a trip into their area of Texas.

In this final 1986 edition, I thank all of you for your support and interest this past year. Lucille joins me in wishing you and yours a joyous holiday season and much happiness in 1987!

1:35 to 3:00	Nap on sofa.
3:00 to 3:15	Coffee and bourbon break (without coffee).
3:15 to 4:45	Review morning plans for tomorrow; decide that tomorrow is a bad day to start new projects.
4:45 to 5:00	Inspect entire house; and tell the wife that she is about as disorganized as the place you used to work.
5:00 to 8:00	Cocktail hour.

8:00 to 9:30	Dinner — Wine — Steak — Salad — Potatoes and Ice Cream.
9:30 to 11:59	Explain to wife why world is going to pot. Prepare her work schedule for tomorrow.
11:59 to 12:00	Write postcard to boss saying how much you miss the old office gang and how you are chomping at the bit to get back to work.
12:00 to 12:01'	Go to bed with second good book to improve the mind and promptly fall asleep laughing.

Instrument Flight is for the Birds

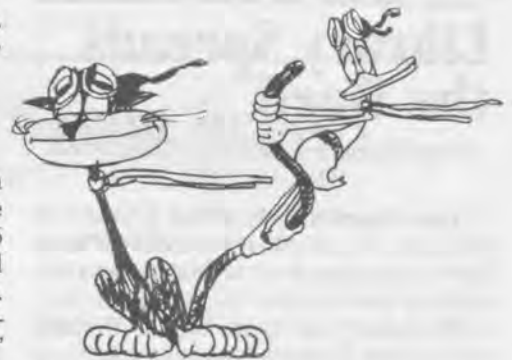
by Rick Rokicki (458th)

I had originally written this article for a magazine called "Pilots Preflight, the Washington Sectional" for the July 1975 issue. It is repeated here with the kind permission of the publisher, Robert Goss.

Recently, a considerable amount of research was made on the "Cat and Duck" method of Blind Flying. At best, it is highly overrated. You are probably familiar with this concept and sounds like simplicity itself. All it takes is a cat and duck and you are on an instrument flight.

The cat is placed on the cockpit floor and, on the theory that a cat always remains upright. He or she is used as a needle and ball. Merely watch which way the cat leans to determine if a wing is low, nose high, etc. The duck is used for the instrument landing. Because a duck will not fly in instrument weather, all you need to do is throw the duck over the side and follow it to the ground. After several experimental flights however, we find this system has some serious pitfalls, and the pilot using the Cat & Duck for the first time, would do well to observe some important rules:

CATS: Get a wide-awake cat. Most cats do not want to stand up at all, at any time. A large, fierce dog should be carried to keep the cat at attention. Make sure your cat is clean. Dirty cats will spend all their time washing. Trying to follow a washing cat usually results in a tight snap roll, followed by an inverted spin. You can see that this will lead to an unsanitary condition rather quickly. Old cats are best. Young cats have 9 lives, but an old, used up cat with only one life left, has just as much to lose as you have, and will be more dependable.



DUCKS: Be sure the duck has good eye sight. Near sighted ducks sometimes fail to realize that they are on the "gauges" and will go flogging off to the nearest hill. Very near sighted ducks will not realize they have been thrown out at all, and will descend straight down in a sitting position. This is extremely difficult to follow in an airplane and could lead to premature ground contact. Use land loving ducks. It is discouraging to find yourself "breaking out on final" to discover that you are over a lake or river — particularly if there are duck hunters around. Duck hunters suffer from temporary insanity when they are sitting in their "blinds" freezing, and will shoot at anything that flies. Choose your duck carefully. Many water birds look very much alike and you may become confused between ducks and geese. Geese are very competent instrument fliers, but are seldom interested in going the way you want to go. If your duck heads off for Canada or Mexico, then you know you have been given a goose. Beware of cowardly ducks. If a duck discovers that you are using a cat to stay upright, she will refuse to leave the cat. Ducks are no better on instruments than you are.

Remember these points and instrument flying will be viewed in a totally new concept.

445th Reporting

by Frank DiMola (445th)

About the Reunion — Nothing but praise to the committee, happy and joyful memories for all, and a sorrowful departure at the end. Much had been reported in the previous issue (Sept.). As usual we had many first timers, who expressed much pleasure in their attendance. It was a heart warming feeling to see various crew members for the first time after 40 some odd years. I too, being a ground personnel, met Hank Backowski and Seymour Grossman for the first time in many years. We three served "on the line".

Along Memory Lane, I received a letter from Eldon Zink and he included a photo of himself of the Army days. It looked very familiar, but I could not recall very well until some time later just who he was. I looked in my old address book that I

Library Spreads the Word

(printed courtesy Eastern Daily Press Oct. 10, 1986)

The American Memorial Library at Norwich Central Library is about to "reach out" to the people of Norfolk — and so received a donation of \$22,000 to do so.

The library, run by the 2nd Air Division Association Memorial Trust as a working reminder of over 6000 American war dead, is proposing to introduce American book sections into selected county libraries, particularly those close to former wartime bases.

First step in the "outreach" program was the recent arrival in Norwich of Fulbright Scholar, librarian Bertha Chandler, from Sharon, Massachusetts.

Yesterday, at a Memorial Trust reception, Miss Chandler told members and guests: "The interest and active participation of many people will make it possible to reap the greatest benefit from the opportunity."

Trust chairman Mr. Tom Eaton described Miss Chandler's arrival as a "significant and unusual event." Capt. John Franklin, executive director of the Fulbright Commission in London, added: "The award is based on the idea that we will be able to use her experience to develop links with the local community through an outreach program."

American representative on the trust's board of governors, Mr. Jordan Uttal, spoke of the bond between the two countries and described the occasion as "this latest unfolding chapter in one of the greatest love stories that has never been told." He presented the trust with a check for \$11,000, so bring the total donation from the association to the outreach program to \$22,000.

kept while in Tibenham and there it was, his name and address in his own handwriting.

I received another report from the Norfolk County Council, Central Library of Norwich informing us of the additional books that were purchased thru our Endowment Fund. The total amount of books purchased is 27 so far and the list contains all books of American authors and American life style and history. It is a great tribute to the 445th Bomb Group for this great contribution.

Did you know that the 445th BG and all four Squadrons are still on active assignments in the Air Force? The 445th BG is located at Norton AFB, San Bernardino, California, handling 141's; the 700th BS in Dobbins AFB, Georgia, flying C-130's; 701 BS in Charleston AFB, South Carolina, flying C-141's; 702 BS in McGuire AFB, New Jersey, an Air Lift Squadron and the 703 BS, in Shea AFB, South Carolina, using helicopters. For those of you who live in the vicinity of these air bases, why not pay them a visit and find out when they have social events and join them? Inform them of your association with that particular Squadron and Group. Let them know of any experience that you had while flying the B-24's or the maintenance that you performed on them. I have attended many affairs that were held at McGuire AFB and at one time I told the young men and women how their Squadron and Group first started and a bit about our activities in the 8th Air Force. At one time we had the Past Commanders James Evans and Lloyd Martin at a ceremony in 1984.

On to the Mail Bag

Much mail is now coming in from writers in Europe looking for information about our activities. Some requests are a bit impossible to answer as, "What type of bombs did Air Craft #123456 carry on June 25th and what was the name of the pilot?" Many writers have names but no addresses and I will first contact you all and you can do what you please. My greatest request is for a photo of the "Consolidated Mess". I even had a visitor from England, Ian MacTaggart, stop at my home while he was on a business in the States, looking for more info about "The Mess".

John W. Campbell has had quite an adventure looking for a Roy Wampler. It is a full page report, just too much to tell. John and Nina Campbell do not know where to hang up their hats — either in Alaska, Washington State, Hawaii or in Spain. His latest adventure is to sail his craft across the Atlantic and I guess then he will carry the craft on horseback to the West Coast.

Charles Painter is in contact with Robert Terrell. The General was greatly interested in reading "The History of the 445th". He was our first Commander. Drop

him a line, his address is in the new roster. Charles also told me that W.W. Jones paid the General a visit most recently. I also received from him a bombing record of all the Groups in the Second Air Division and our Group was the second best in the Division and the 453rd was in "an also ran" position somewhere on the list. Heck, with Milton Stokes at the controls how could the Bombardier find the target?

Plenty of mail from Lee Dotson now residing in Florida. I sent him a list of names for him to track down and get reacquainted with members of his crew.

I would like to receive as much information as I can about that fateful mission of September 27th 1944 — Kassel. Maybe we can get together and compare stories. We have an Associate Member, Chris McDougal, who is making every effort to get the complete story on Kassel. So far he has located 37 crewmen and the list is growing. He sent me a list of 59 names for me to try to locate. He is in touch with Frank Bertram.

I have noticed how many members have personalized license plates. I was impressed with Pete Henry's New Jersey plates, 2AD A44. I expressed my desire to have something like that, and my wife Elizabeth got me special plates for my birthday. Joining the "M" club, I am now sporting license plates, 8AF 445 in New Jersey.

Once again, we are entering the Holy Season for all of us. Elizabeth and I would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas, A Happy New Year and a Happy Hanukah.

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



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

Since our reunion at Pheasant Run in July, the 392nd BG has gained several new members. These include: Richard Hardy, who was a gunner in the 579th BS from April 1944 to October 1944; Edward A. Supko, who served in group headquarters from October 1943 to September 1945; Walter J. Mateski, engineer in the 578th BS on Sabourin's crew, who completed 30 missions in September 1944; Glenn Davis, tail gunner on the Henning crew in the 578th BS in 1945, and Roy C. Weber, radio operator on Forsythe's crew, whose 18 days in the 579th ended on June 20, 1944 on the crew's eighth mission with internment in Sweden following severe aircraft damage over Germany.

Another new member is Edmund S. (Ned) Twining, Jr., who was a pilot in the 578th BS from June 1944 to March 1945. He has lost track of his old crew and would like to locate them if possible. They are Allen L. Doll, co-pilot; Leonard J. Bertoli, Jr., navigator; Harold J. Clark, bombardier; Frank E. Hostetter, engineer; Burton J. Hinckley, radio; Paul N. Morris, Roy H. Grimm, John S. Largen, Jr., and Bolestan S. Gusciona, gunners. Does anyone have an address for any of these men?

Still another new member is M. Neely Young, who was pilot of "The G.I. Jane" in the 578th BS from November 1943 to July 1944. He reports that the seven living members of the crew held their own reunion at Dayton, Ohio in May. Those attending included long-time 2nd ADA members Raymond J. Dunphy, navigator; Ray S. Teater, assistant engineer; and Frederick M. Wald, the original ball turret gunner on the crew. Other living crew members are John J. Goodwin, co-pilot; Robert B. Cunningham, bombardier; and J. J. Rickey, tail turret. The crew flew 31 missions with the eighth mission being the first flown in "The G.I. Jane" on February 11, 1944. The 30th mission was flown on June 17, 1944 but the crew had not been released from duty and the 31st mission was flown on July 12, 1944.

From long time friend and fellow H2X navigator Arnold Dovey comes a "now it can be told" story of a bomb run on a target of opportunity with a special bomb:

"Berchesgarden — Chemically Bombed by Cassell Crew, 392nd BG. On assuming return course from the RP following a bombing at Munich, July 1944, DR Navigator Bevan experienced intense intestinal distress requiring relief. H2X Navigator Dovey bridged the interruption of duties by plotting PFF fixes for the navigation profile for the period.

Bevan selected sections of mercator charts that were denuded of data that would be useful to the enemy. Bevan carefully lined his steel helmet with chart segments to gather his BM and prevent freezing of his buttocks to the steel helmet. This was followed by tedious and time-consuming preparations, rearrangement of communications lines, oxygen bottles, heated clothing, etc., all with careful gloved hand maneuvers. Following relief, these motions were repeated in reverse order, again taking what seemed like forever. The bomb, now frozen, was ready for drop.

Bevan opened bomb bay doors and crouched ready to make the drop on signal from H2X of drop position calculated to carry the chemical package over Berchesgarden. Bomb released with hopes by all that it would contaminate a deserving Nazi scoundrel."

Members of the Harrison Cassell crew who are also members of the 2nd ADA include William F. Cetin, bombardier; Haskall Niman, pilotage navigator; and

Cecil Rothrock, gunner. A new member of 2nd ADA, John A. Colvin, who flew as co-pilot on many of the Cassell crew missions between May 1943 and Dec. 1944 did not fly on the mission outlined above.

A meeting of the 392nd BG Memorial Association was held in conjunction with the 12th Annual Reunion of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society at the Diplomat Resort, Hollywood, Florida, October 15-19. Plans were made for the next meeting of the 392nd BGMA at Tulsa in June, 1987, and for the enhancement of the obelisk at Wendling. Second ADA members attending included; Milton P. Anstey, Laurin D. Austin, Gilbert R. Bambauer, Ernest L. Barber, Luther L. Beddingfield, Arthur L. Benson, Carroll W. Cheek, Charles E. Dye, Howard R. Ebersole, Burrell M. Ellison, Herman S. Garner, Lawrence G. Gilbert, John H. Kedenburg, Clifford L. Peterson, William H. Richards, Keith E. Roberts, David A. Scott, Ernest G. Weiner, Stephen A. Wozniak and the writer.

458th Bomb Group Report

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

I'm pleased to advise you that Bill Jameson reports contributions for the bronze plate memorial and tree at Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum, continue to arrive almost daily. In his last advisory report to me, it appears that by the time you read this, we will have sufficient funds to authorize casting the plate at the Dayton foundry.

"Our Man In Dayton" is Durwood Trivette who offered his services to being liaison toward that end. We could not have better help than Bill and Durwood handling the bulk of this big effort. I do not underestimate the challenge these two have undertaken and they deserve a very special thank you from all our members. If you have not, as yet, sent in your small donation, I urge you to do it soon. Let me tell you of just one member's part.

I received a letter from Kenton McElhatton (I sent him a "recruiting package" in February '86 and he signed up within a week or so), and his contribution. I will quote, in part, his letter:

"Here's my contribution to the 458th bronze plaque fund for Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum. I had borrowed twenty dollars from a friend who didn't make it back to Horsham St. Faith after a particularly tough mission. Figuring that twenty dollars at 6% interest (twice the 1945 rate), for 41 years came to \$232.66. Please accept the enclosed check, rounded off a little, as payment of my debt to him and the 274 others who failed to return to Horsham". The check was for \$250.00.

I will keep you posted as to when we will dedicate this memorial at W-P. I do not have any idea of what month it will be,

since fairly a long "lead time" is to be expected with the casting, museum authorities as to site, tree, etc. I anticipate a local (Dayton) committee to make arrangements (including hotel space) for the dedication. If you wish to be contacted to help in these arrangements, write to: Durwood Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45439.

If you have any questions regarding contributions to the memorial, write to: William S. Jameson, 9715 Springtree Lane, Dallas, Texas 75243.

As a "by-product" of the Memorial Fund raising, I received many inquiries regarding the envelope availability (to purchase), showing the 458th B-24 "Briney Marlin". Having a two color envelope, almost doubled the cost, but working with the print shop, I bought 1500 envelopes and arrived at a printer's suggested sale price: 25 for \$5.50, 50 for \$10.00, 100 for \$18.00, 250 for \$37.50 and 500 for \$60.00. 250 and 500 shipped UPS at 2 to 3 dollars. Other quantities shipped US mail, \$1.50.

Had several requests also for photo enlargements of the "Briney Marlin" photo. I am having the 9x12 inch size made and will offer this for \$8.50 plus \$1.50 mailing charge. An 11x14 size can be made, but costs are considerably more. Write for price if interested. Profits will go either to the Memorial Fund at W-P, or the Memorial Library by way of a check to either Bill Jameson or Dean Moyer, 2 ADA treasurer.

Seems a little premature at this time to wish you all a Merry Christmas, but we do and hope you will have a safe and happy holiday. Mid-October is still a bit like Spring here, but due to change, I'm sure. A Merry Christmas to all!

A Green & White Tale

Chuck Bouchard (489th)

(Written in 1985, shortly before his and his wife's tragic death in a plane crash.)

Submitted by Charlie Freudenthal

The crew of 42-94933 on 2 June 1944 was a volunteer crew which was normally scheduled for every third mission as a squadron lead. This mission, the 489th's third, being no deeper into the mainland than Paris, was a temptation for lead crews to fly in wingman positions to build mission experience and credits.

I had volunteered to fly this one in the "slot" to sharpen up the crew and my formation flying proficiency. The crew was eager for a milk run, and since our regular "Stubby Gal" was in the shop for lead aircraft modification, they put our logo on in white chalk. Some personal messages to Hitler were also added on the two 2,000 lb. bombs.

Scheduling the mission had met with problems. The early morning briefing was accomplished, mission packets and equipment issued, personal property items turned in, crews delivered to their aircraft, preflight inspections and preparations were done, and crews settled in their positions waiting "crank up" time in the early morning. As our start time came, a jeep stopped in front of our hardstand and signalled to cut engines and deplane. We were taken back to the briefing room where we learned the mission was scrubbed because of some question about the presence of German jet fighters on the ground at Bretigny airfield, our primary target.

At midday the mission was laid on again. This time we got through briefing before the command came to scrub again. Can you believe it? — a third call to briefing in mid-afternoon. Same target, same load, same crews, same aircraft. Crank-up time came shortly before 1640 hours, the take-off time.

We flew to a point southwest of London before heading across the channel to pass over LeHavre at 2008 hours. The inbound route was straight up the Seine River valley to the IP, short of Paris, where the turn was to be made to set up the bomb run to the airfield and its cache of ME262s. All was well until we had passed LeHavre and the leader started to descend, apparently in search of improved visibility, even though existing conditions seemed OK. As we descended, the flak from more concentrated smaller gauge guns appeared, probably 88mm stuff, which was no hazard above 20,000 feet. The descent stopped at 16,000. The remainder of the 2nd Division stayed at 20,000 feet without comparable damage or losses. The IP turn was late, and as one error leads to another, the turn was tightened and held to correct the overrun of the intended track to the target, then had to be reversed as we neared the proper track. Those who held position in the "slot" could see the difficulty everyone had holding position and the scramble to regain a good bomb run formation. The intense flak did nothing to help the situation. As the lead bombardier established the run the rest of the Group was still struggling to get into proper bombing position. No luck; the run was now too short to assure acceptable results, and the Group leader fired the signal flares to "Hold bombs." The secondary target at Criel was about 5 minutes straight ahead — OK at 21,000, but dead at 16,000.

Up to the turn at the IP, Stubby Gal II had received no damage, though the flak was noisy, visible, and intense. As we squared away for the bomb run, before opening the bomb-bay doors we took a hit in the left wing. I countered the force of the hit with rudder pressure and full strain of the ailerons to hold position. As things came back to a state of equilibrium, the left wing had a heavy drag and #2 engine was windmilling. A check of ignition, fuel and mixture failed to bring it back to life, so — feather number two! Radioman John McGeachie had just reported "Bomb doors open" when we took a blast in the nose wheel compartment. Mac was hit, in his position in the flight deck well. His left knee was nearly blown away and there were marks of upward travelling shrapnel in both upper legs. Engineer Bill Grant dropped out of the top turret to help, and found that Mac's

oxygen hose was disconnected by his fall, his eyes were closed, and he was very quiet. Bill reconnected the mask and put it on emergency flow, then put a tourniquet above the left knee to stop the loss of blood.

The blast had mangled the nose wheel tire and doors and disabled the inverters mounted below the flight deck, thus knocking out AC power, preventing any adjustments of our supercharger regulators for maximum engine power.

By now we were well on our way to the secondary target and the flak was as thick as ever. Bombardier Herb Lowe was in the nose turret to pickle the bombs visually in coordination with the Group lead. His "Bombs Away" was drowned out by a vicious explosion just under and ahead of the aircraft's nose. The blast took out the bombardier's window and the bombsight. The pickle switch that Lowe was holding went dead an instant before it was needed and the bombs hung up. Lowe was called up to the flight deck to give Grant a hand with Mac, as all hell was breaking loose in our path. Three more hits were suffered in the next few minutes: one on or near the catwalk, with much of its blast being funneled between the two bombs and into the fuel system in the center section of the wing above. The bomb bay was wet with raw gasoline. This one also put the ball turret out of commission. Gunner Eugene Anderson was in the turret and fortunately facing forward when the shell hit. The protective viewing glass probably saved his life. Andy abandoned his useless turret and checked in as now being available in the waist section. The bomb bay doors were left open to avoid accumulating an explosive mix of the leaking fuel and air inside the fuselage.

Another burst hit number three engine, breaking the propeller governor and removing a quarter section of cowling. The engine was still delivering power, but bouncing up and down as much as 8 inches, and the propeller could be controlled only with the feathering button. The engine was feathered.

The last significant hit was one that started the 50 calibre ammunition magazine to cook off in the right side of the waist section, progressively shooting out the left side of the fuselage. Andy, being without a job at this point, pulled the ammo belt out of the magazine as far as he dared and removed a connecting round. The cook-off stopped.

As we departed the target area, Stubby Gal II couldn't keep up with only two good engines, so we turned for home by the most direct route. Now that the stress and confusion of the double bomb run was over, I could hear one of our B24s transmitting interphone conversation on the interplane frequency. No wonder the flak was so intense; it was tracking the formation!

With the two outboard engines putting out about 90% power we could hold 180mph and only lose 200 feet per minute. The flak stayed about 200 yards or more behind us, according to Keith Peterson in the tail turret.

We decided that extra weight, including the bombs, had to go before we got down to hedge hopping to the English channel and on home to Halesworth. Flying the heading Navigator George Burke gave, and with Bill Grant ready to release the hung bombs manually, we aligned with what looked like a major highway near Paris. An intersection a few miles ahead materialized as a dandy target of opportunity. Stubby Gal II lifted like a feather with the release of 4000 lbs. of bombs. We learned later that both roads were severely damaged and the surrounding area made impassable for any traffic except small vehicles, horses and bicycles.

Priorities have a way of changing with circumstances. Number three engine had been giving good power when we shut it down, and if ever we needed power we did now. So in spite of the danger, it was restored to life, still rough and bouncing and with the propeller surging, under control only by the feathering button. But our rate of descent was reduced by as much as 100 feet a

minute. We expected that it would soon run out of oil, but 15 minutes could mean the difference between home tonight or not. We were making headway, with a couple of P51s escorting, and that felt good, though they told us they could stay with us only for 10 minutes, due to their fuel state.

Andy called on the interphone to say number three was on fire, with the flames reaching half way back over the top of the wing. I told him to let me know when it reached the trailing edge, as I was reluctant to lose all this important power. As I look back on this decision, it makes me shudder; the odds were high for an explosion if the fire was coming from sources other than the blown cylinder. I had to trust it and it worked.

We got another few minutes of power before Andy called that the fire was past the wing. I shut it down, and said a quick prayer as co-pilot John Cunningham pulled the fire extinguisher control. I learned later that fire had started to come in the right waist window, and true to form Andy responded to the challenge. He retrieved the stowed window panel and walked into the fire holding it in front of him, fitted it into its frame and latched it to keep the fire outside.



Brand new Stubby Gal and crew after 10 hr. shakedown flight: Wendover, Las Vegas, Tucson, Wendover. Rear (L to R): Sgt. Keith A. Peterson (AEG), Lt. Herbert M. Lowe (B), FO John F. Cunningham (CP), SSgt. Warren R. Markle (E), Sgt. John McGeachie. Front: Lt. Mitchel (N), withheld at Wendover, Sgt. Clifford E. Gowen (AG), Lt. Charles C. Bouchard (P), Sgt. Eugene C. Anderson (BG), Sgt. William C. Grant (AEG).

By this time Lowe and Grant had done everything they could think of to revive Mac, all to no avail. It was looking as though we might not make it home, because number four engine would now die for a few seconds, then surge only to die again. Gradually the power phase part became shorter and shorter. With the channel beyond our reach, I ordered everyone to attach their parachute packs to their harnesses. Herb Lowe asked about Mac, and we decided to put his chute on him and stand by to bail him out if the need arose. Moments later, Lowe reported that Mac's chute was stashed under the flight deck bench with the spare chute and both were in shreds and of no use.

Bill Grant and Lowe told me that Mac was dead; "No breath indication, no pulse, no temperature." If he had shown any signs of life I fully intended to crash land after bailing out the crew. I think I could have pulled it off because Stubby Gal II was handling beautifully in all respects except for power, and the countryside offered many suitable forced landing sites.

BAIL OUT

Right after clearing the Paris area, number four expired to become a windmilling load; so feather four. Now only number one is belting out the roar of power, and altitude has dropped to about 7000 feet. It's obvious we're going down — not home. The crew had been alerted to stand by for bail out. Now I asked them

to go one at a time and to check out as they went. Keith Peterson, Clifford Gowen, Andy Anderson and Warren Markle checked out as they left the waist section. Bill Grant and Herb Lowe left through the bomb bay after tapping my shoulder, but John Cunningham didn't want to leave the co-pilot seat. "Get out," I screamed, and he reluctantly got up, put on his chest pack, and stood behind me, but refusing to go until I did. I said, "Get out, and that's an order. I can't get out till you're gone." He turned and was gone.

Now it was my turn. I figured George Burke must have gone from the nose compartment because I thought he responded as instructed. Off came my flak vest, oxygen mask, throat mike, and flak helmet. Off came the Mae West, and on with the chest pack. Now I stood between the cockpit seats, urging Stubby Gal II into a steep left turn so she would be caught about level when I got to the bomb bay to leave. Suddenly George popped up in the astrodome! He was looking everywhere but to the rear so there was nothing to do but get back in the seat. As I did, I gave the wheel a sharp push forward, which firmly put George, head and shoulders, into the punch bowl size astrodome. Now he looked at me, and at the top of my voice and with thumb signals I told him to get out. He got the message and left.

Once again I righted the bird and took a closer look at Mac. One more lunge at the wheel to get the left wing down, a fast pass to turn "On" all ignition switches, throw mixture controls to "Full Rich", push all throttles "Open", unfeather all three feathered props, roll the elevator trim tab forward — and get out. I pulled the rip-cord as soon as I felt the enormous blast of the slipstream, and the chute opened with a gigantic jerk subjecting the family jewels to an unexpected and severe shock.

NO SOFT LANDING

Stubby Gal was now in a turn to the right in a gentle dive. Suddenly there was a nearly silent concussion which quickly became a ball of dark orange fire. Moments later it hit the ground, about 200 yards from the Seine River and near a double row of tall brick dwellings along a cobblestoned street.

My personal concern was to try to descend into a large wooded area, but I became concerned about the wasps and hornets that seemed to be buzzing around. Then there were cracking or snapping sounds coming up from the woods. Wasps nothing! Those were bullets! I tried to draw up my legs to offer the smallest possible target, and found there is no way to hold your legs in a crouching position when suspended in a harness. The shooting stopped as I drifted over a spread of grain fields. Now a new problem developed. I thought the wind that took me away from the woods would put me down within reach of the first row of houses, beyond which was the burning crash site and the river, and maybe a 50-50 chance of finding friendly French people. It was apparent though, that I had underestimated its strength, and my trajectory looked like a bulls eye for the crash site.

The cobblestone street didn't look inviting either, so I played my ace in the hole and hauled one shroud line, with the draw of a master, to spill the chute. One side of the canopy flapped inward and I quickly released the line. The sudden drop caused by spilling the chute translated into a surprising swing action. A small fruit tree was in my swinging path. I swung under the lowest branch, and found myself looking at the sky, reminiscent of the high side of a playground swing. The shroud lines no longer did their work; they were slack. I returned to earth on my own from ten feet up via an inverted belly flopper and was released from further consciousness or cares for the war for the next few moments.

Someone was pulling on my parachute harness as the real world returned. There must have been eight to ten Frenchmen jabbering and trying to unfasten it. I waved them away and released it. It was clear they wanted me to follow them quickly. The immediate backyard was enclosed by a four foot wire fence that had to be scaled, but those sheepskin lined flying boots were never meant for fence climbing! As I finally flung a leg over the fence there was a metallic clinking sound from the direction of the

(continued on page 18)

Green & White (continued from page 17)

stoop at the rear of the house whose yard I was just departing. One glance revealed two German soldiers there. One had just charged his pistol and the other was struggling with a sticking holster. The armed soldier and I met eye-to-eye at this point, and he prevailed, with a wave of his pistol in his direction. With great regret I returned to the ground from whence I had come and entered the house at the urging of the guards, who closed both doors until the quickly gathering crowd could be controlled.

During the crowd control activities an elderly couple quietly entered from the living room to offer me a drink. The guards had no objection so the lady poured about a quarter of a tumbler of what I assumed was bottled water, and I drank it down. My mouth was as dry as cotton and the fluid went down without any sense of wetness. I indicated I would like more, and the husband responded with a wink and a grin as she emptied the rest of the bottle into my glass. I tried to savor it, but it went down in a few uncontrolled gulps. In gratitude, I offered her my sweaty sheepskin flying helmet. She ran her fingers through the soggy wool until she found the in-sewn name tag imprinted "C.C. Bouchard", when she let out a yell, ran to the front door and repeatedly shouted my name to everyone outside.

Shortly after I was ordered into the street. One guard was across the way and one was beside me on the sidewalk. To the right was a street choked with what must have been the residents for blocks around, calling my name and obviously sympathizing with my predicament. I was ordered to march to the left, and as we came to an intersection a small Opel sedan arrived, with George Burke sitting between them. The driver seemed to know only two modes of driving — stop and go — but he did a fine job of steering through the streets of this old town. Suddenly we stopped in front of a row of shops, and Burke and I were ushered into a one window, one door enclosure, furnished only with a table, a few chairs, and a couple more soldiers.

The senior guard gave us blank forms to be completed "so we could identify ourselves. Otherwise we would be considered as spies." When we refused to go beyond name, rank, and serial

number, he became very indignant, advised us that we were spies and would be treated accordingly. It was a stand-off.

BACK WITH THE CREW

Soon the Opel returned and took us away again in a near panic. Someone had lit a fire under these guards. The first stop must have been a mistake, and now they had to make things right. After a short but break-neck speed trip we stopped in the courtyard of a beautiful academic looking building, and were taken into a sort of reception room where Peterson, Gowen, Grant, and a German interpreter were waiting. Once again we went through the story about identification or being treated as spies. About this time, another car arrived, bringing co-pilot Cunningham.

The next, and most startling arrival, was a beautifully shined beige Hudson phaeton, with red wheels and the top neatly folded behind the rear seat. Its passenger was tall and athletic looking, with sharp eyes. He was in a flight suit such as I had never seen before. It was tan leather, soft and pliable, with zippered pockets and cuffs, all topped off with spotless riding boots and a riding crop. He wore pilot's wings, and wanted to know if we had been shot down by him. I volunteered a negative answer, and had little else to say as he too advised us to fill out the forms so we could be identified. He gave some nebulous reason for the Geneva Convention being inadequate to cover our situation.

The dandy flyboy gave us a few words of commiseration for our destination and left.

By now it was growing dark and we were taken to sleeping "accommodations." Cunningham and I were put in a dark room with concrete floor and walls and no window. The only furnishing was a straw litter on the floor. The pitch dark silence found us feeling around the floor, trying to ball up the straw for a pillow. We soon succumbed to the darkness and fatigue, though my solitary world was gently brightened by a soft, refreshing burp. God bless that lovely couple who shared their best wine with me! Somehow, the personal dilemma was eased with the realization that these people welcomed our help and openly appreciated our sacrifices. Thus closed a very special day 2nd June 1944.

Governors' Reception

by Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Governors

The Fulbright Commission issued a Press Release nationally, on Monday 6th October, concerning the appointment of Miss Bertha Chandler, Director of Sharon Public Library in Massachusetts, as resident librarian to the 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Library in Norwich which commemorates over 6000 war dead. Reference was also made in that Press Release of the Reception and Buffet Lunch held at the Assembly House, Norwich, on Thursday, October 9th.

The aim of the Commission is to encourage Anglo-American cultural understanding, and the award to Miss Chandler, which is the first of its kind, meets this in an exemplary way. An important aspect of her work will be to develop Anglo-American links in the local community through an outreach program of visits and presentations on American topics.

The benefits to be derived from Miss Chandler's appointment will, of course, not be one way; many other aspects of her year in the United Kingdom will be of concern to her. She will hope to gain experience from our library system by working within it, visiting other libraries, meeting British librarians and exchanging professional opinions.

For these reasons the Governors thought it right to hold a reception and buffet lunch to which were invited those both within and without the library service in Norwich and Norfolk.

A Fulbright Award in Library Science is a signal honor for any library, and is unusual, and the Governors are very appreciative of that. The appointment has been made because of what has been achieved already and the potential there is for achieving more.

The Governors therefore decided that the reception for Miss Chandler should be an occasion also for thanking individuals,

charities, businesses and the news media who, over the years, have made their differing but valuable contributions to the development of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library.

The list of those who were invited reflects the Governors' thanks for all that has been done by so many during the past forty years and in particular the creation of the Memorial Room by David Percival, former Norwich City Architect, and development of the Library by Philip Hepworth as the City Librarian.

The occasion was intended to be one for meeting, talking, eating, drinking and enjoyment by all who attended, but the courtesies must also be observed. Thus, for between 10 and 15 minutes about 1:00 p.m. there were four short speeches of welcome, explanation and thanks by me as Chairman; Mrs. Anne Collins, Chairman of the Fulbright Commission and Cultural Attaché at the Embassy of the United States of America in London, who is also a Governor of this Trust, Captain John Franklin RN (Ret.), the Executive Director of the Fulbright Commission in London, and Mr. Jordan R. Uttal, an American Governor of this Trust, and an active member of the U.S. 2nd Air Division Association. That Association has, during the past ten years or so, donated the best part of £200,000 to the Memorial Trust. Miss Chandler, as is only appropriate on such an occasion, also had the opportunity to speak briefly about her appointment.

We have been greatly encouraged by the support given by Mrs. Collins who took the initiative, originally, in suggesting to the Fulbright Commission that they might consider offering an award in Library Science to this library. The Governors are very grateful to her for all her help.

Among the guests were the Sheriff of Norwich and his wife, Mrs. Z. Power-Clare, who was herself a Fulbright Scholar in Michigan, USA, some years ago when she read for her degree.

In addition to the invitation, I sent as well the new illustrated brochure for the Memorial Trust, published in June of this year, to which I annexed an introduction by me, as Chairman, which was printed and distributed with the brochures at the Reception.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd Mabee (93rd)

93rd Memorial: Joe Beach, chairman of our Memorial Committee has sent three rough sketches to John Archer our (UK) contact committee member to proceed with negotiations with stone masons for our Monument and send us estimates. We will have the option to make changes if necessary, then give them instructions to proceed. In general, have come up with what we think the majority of members will like. With over 400 members, we know we can't please all, but we hope the majority will like the end results. I want to thank all for their donations so far, but we think we will need more, so *please*, send your donation to Charles J. Weiss, 21 Moran Dr., Waldorf, MD 20601. Make checks out to, 93rd Bomb Group Memorial Fund, any amount will be most helpful. Joe Beach, our chairman is selling 409th Sqd. and 93rd B.G. patches at \$5 each and has donated, less the cost and including his own contribution, \$191.40 to the Memorial. Thanks Joe, keep up the good work.

Information Needed: Urgent plea to all 93rd men from all Squadrons. I need to know Pilot and Crew names, plane numbers and names, I have just started as 93rd VP and am swamped with correspondence seeking information on the 93rd. Also would like copy of orders for the 329th, 330th and 409th Sqd. men, with crew names, number and all names of planes that flew over from Presque Isle, Maine, Sept. 42. I have the 328th order 6 Sept. 42.

Squadron Contact: Your Squadron Asst. VP's are as follows, contact them for any information you need, if they can't help, write me. I'll be at my winter address, see *Journal* address.

Newly appointed Asst. VP for 328th, Lt/C Clarence W. Neumann (Ret), Jim McMahon 329th, Maj. Carlos Vasquez (Ret) 330th, and M/Sgt. Joe T. Beach, 409th. See roster for address.

Journal Entries: Keep sending your stories in for the *Journal*. I know you have them, I heard plenty at our last convention. Write them up and send to Bill, he will help. Also you fellows that were in the Support Units.

93rd Roster (and Geographical Index): Contact Glenn Follweiler, 1881 E 5150 S, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

93rd History: Don't forget, if you haven't sent historic material to Carlos Vasquez as yet — send it. You'll get it back if you want it back. He especially wants information from your old diaries.

Information Needed: For the following 93rd planes and crewmen, "Euroclydon," piloted by Enoch Porter, "Jose Carioca"

Notice

The Post Office, in its quest as to how to irritate the general public, has done it again. With malice in their eye and ice in their hearts they have rearranged the box numbers here in Ipswich.

I have been assigned — until they figure a better way to make me climb walls — Box number 630. This change has been made on page 2 of the *Journal*.

REMEMBER
Post Office Box 630

if you're writing to me. Bill Robertie

pilot Nicholas Stampolis and "Joisey Bounce" pilot Worthy Long, need numbers of plane, pictures and any other information, also need info on Lt. Howard Dickson who flew non-flying officer as gunner on "Euroclydon" on Ploesti mission Aug. 1, 1943.

Information Needed: Looking for anyone from the 93rd that flew B24D/4272829 on May 12, 1944, shot down from offensive against the Synthetic Oil plant over Bohlen and Zeitz. Any survivors please contact Volker Wilckens, 8034 Germering, Nebet-erstr, 29 Germany.

Freedom Memorial: Recently a foundation was established to raise funds toward the realization of erecting a Freedom Memorial in the village of Eemnes, Holland, to commemorate not only members of the village who were killed by the enemy, but

also the Allied Airmen who died in the fields around their village.

On Nov. 21, 1944, a B-24 Liberator of 446 Bomb Gp/706 Bomb Sqd. crashed near their village. Seven of the nine crew members were killed. The two survivors stayed in hiding in and near Eemnes till the end of the war. The names of the seven crew members killed will be mentioned on the memorial plaque, which will be part of the freedom-memorial.

I was told by Tony DeCillis of the 330th B.S., that Capt. Gene Maddocks of the 93rd B.G. was also hidden by this Dutch Resistance group for the duration after bailing out.

Anyone caring to donate towards this memorial contact either Bill Davenport VP of the 446 B.G. or Tony DeCillis of the 93rd B.G. Addresses are in Roster.

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limited offering:

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Large, 6½ inch Altimeter face clock, battery powered Quartz movement mounted on a solid walnut plaque, size 8 x 12 inch with large 6½ x 3½ inch engraved plate. Information needed is same as previously stated in the "Custom Plaque" in previous Journals.

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Our First Mission Ludwigschafen !!! 8-26-44!

by John P. Zima

Crew

E. Jones, Pilot	K. Szabo, Radio Operator
J. Zima, Co-pilot	R. Williams, Right Waist Gunner
J. Powell, Navigator	Casey, Left Waist Gunner
J. Tierney, Bombardier	Devoughn, Nose Gunner
F. Jenkins, Crew Chief	R. Valentino, Tail Gunner

The day had finally arrived for us to fly our first mission over Germany. After months of training we were alerted to fly the next day. Crews were notified the evening before so that they could go to bed early. We were awakened long before dawn.

We had been at the base several weeks, waiting and ready to fly. But we had to fly our B-24 "Liberators" on practice flight after practice flight. We also had been in ground school, growing weary of subjects like aircraft identification. The instructor would flash a picture of an aircraft for us to identify. We went to class for weeks. One day the instructor came in and said, "The subject is aircraft identification. If it points its nose at you, shoot it. Class dismissed."

Although I had hit the sack early I couldn't sleep at all. I kept thinking about my first mission. I had barely closed my eyes when 2:00 a.m. hit me in the face and a hand was on my shoulder. Groggy, I stumbled into my clothes and headed for breakfast. The dawn was still far away when I gathered my flight gear and went with everyone else to the briefing room.

The briefing room was a Quonset hut with a large map of Europe at one end. A curtain covered the map. For security reasons the route to and from the target was given to the crews at the last minute. After checking in I made my way to an empty seat. Still not fully awake, I slumped into it. The briefing officer rose, the curtain withdrew, and the crews hushed as, traced with red ribbons, the target turned out to be the I.G. Farben plant at Ludwigschafen, one of the hottest targets in Europe. I hadn't heard of this plant, but soon realized that no one in the room was groggy anymore. This wasn't going to be any "milk run." Our Colonel was the last man to speak, and he stressed the importance of the target. He warned us to keep a tight formation. Nazi fighters had been active in the Zuider Zee area.

After briefing, one of my jobs as co-pilot was to assemble the escape kits for the crew. This was a handy little kit that allowed a man to exist for a number of days if shot down in enemy territory. In addition to food, it contained a non-military map of the area. No military items at all were shown on this map so that the Germans might not execute a downed flyer as a spy. Also every man carried a passport picture of himself in civilian dress. The French underground had no trouble getting fake passports, but could not get film with which to take pictures for them. All money and personal items were turned in. The Germans had been getting enough money from captured flyers to be able to pay spies in English currency.

An atheist had told me once that anyone who believed in God had to have a crutch. Not being such a hardy soul, I went looking for my crutch. Amid the confusion I found a priest giving Communion. I knelt down and made my peace with God.

It was the policy at our base to have an experienced pilot accompany a crew on its first mission. This command pilot stood between us on the flight deck. Ours was a pilot who had gone to neutral Sweden when his damaged plane could not make it back to his base. He was eventually flown back to England.

Normally escapees were flown right home to prevent them from being shot down again and giving away secrets to the Germans about their experiences. It turned out that this particular fellow had gotten a young Swedish girl in a family way, but wasn't about to give in to her demands for money. Rather than have him hang around the base the powers that be decided to make him useful by flying with a crew on their first mission.

When take-off time came we gunned our motors and were airborne, flying off to whatever awaited. It being our first mission, we had no idea what to expect. All indications pointed to a rough time, but we had no real indication of how rough. With the help of a considerable tail-wind we made good time. The channel quickly slipped beneath us, and then the coast of France.

Spotting the air above our target, off to the left, was easy. It was awesome. Without exaggeration, the sky was filled with small black balls — FLAK!! I had heard that in World War I the pilots scoffed at flak. How times had changed. To my uninitiated mind it was inconceivable that we were to fly through it. Leaning on my crutch again, I started to pray. As we flew south outside the flak area it seemed my prayers had been answered. Had our leader decided the target was too heavily defended? But then we started to turn straight into the holocaust.

The bomb run began with what was called the I.P., the initial point. This was some feature on the ground that could easily be identified from over 20,000 feet. This helped the bombardier pick up the target. In this case we were flying south toward the I.P. and the target was to the east. Upon reaching our I.P. we made a 90 degree turn to the left and headed on our bomb run. With our bomb bay doors open we flew straight for that obvious spot in the sky, black with flak.

Our 90 degree turn to the left, to say the least, was done reluctantly. The plane ahead of us in the formation didn't look like it was going to turn, so we dropped a little below him and started to make our turn to take its place in the formation. Before we got there it barged in and took its rightful place. We dropped back and flew off his right wing where we belonged. At 20,000 feet on a bomb run is no time to argue who belongs where. At any rate, we were below the plane and I don't think the pilot knew where we were.

I grew more horrified as we approached our target, and my Hail Marys were coming fast and furious. I wondered how anything, especially a 4 engine bomber, could get through. Our nose gunner, who had the best view, said he couldn't stand it and cradled his head in his arms. As the formation ahead of us went through there was a sudden ball of fire, a puff of smoke, and chunks of airplane fell downward to earth.

Then there was a lull, a suspension, followed by events unfolding faster than one can explain. It was our turn. The puffs were suddenly all around us, puffs of black smoke with centers of red fire, curling and twisting as each shell exploded. I saw a shell before it exploded. Suspended about 3 feet to the right, it exploded about 5 feet above us. It was just a blur as my eyes followed it up and watched it explode.

The intercom got busy as the crew cried out at what they saw. "He's hit!"

"He's on fire!"

"He's spinning down!" Crying out from the left and right, their voices were overlapping, cutting each other off.

"He's on fire! He's on fire! My God this is terrible. He's going down."

And then time stopped as the plane we were flying formation with was hit. The plane was to the left, in front, and slightly above us when hit between the number 3 and 4 engines. As the plane rose and turned over on its back the co-pilot was clearly visible in his seat, looking as if nothing was happening. He was either hit or not able to grasp the calamity that had overtaken him.

The huge plane passed over us before beginning its death dive. There was a flash of fire as the right wing parted and went over us. A piece of debris, I think it was the supercharger, came directly at us. We ducked our nose and the debris ricocheted off the nose turret, ricocheted off the navigator's dome, and then

went over the cockpit. I thought that our nose gunner and navigator were dead.

We kept our nose down and the command pilot jettisoned the bombs and pushed all the controls to the wall, prop pitch, supercharger, and throttles, trying desperately to change altitude and get out of range of the guns below. Just then, right in front of us, a shell exploded so close that every detail was visible. Dark red churning gasses and black smoke looked like an angry living thing trying to get at us.

The command pilot motioned for us to go to the right so we stood the aircraft on its wing and went screaming off down to the right. Another burst went off right before our nose. The command pilot motioned us to the left, so we stood the aircraft on its left wing and took off in that direction, hell bent for election. All the while other shells not so close were exploding all around us. It seemed as if we were being singled out, picked on, as if they were bound and determined to get our one aircraft. But surely the other aircraft were attracting their share of attention also.

Then, quite suddenly, unexpectedly, we were in the clear. The beautiful sky ahead was completely clear of shell bursts, as though the war was left behind us. The sky was blue and peaceful. It was as if I had never seen a blue and peaceful sky before. I had never appreciated such a scene before, nor have I felt such appreciation since. We spotted another B-24, all alone like us, so we latched onto it immediately. Being alone in enemy territory was tantamount to suicide as enemy fighters cruised around a target looking for stragglers to pick off. What was left of the formation came into view and we all joined up.

A few weeks later the co-pilot of that other "Liberator" was telling newcomers about this particular mission. I overheard him relating that he had been hit, but his flak suit saved his life. Nevertheless it was quite a blow and knocked the wind out of him. For a time he thought he was mortally wounded, and he sat waiting for death. All the while his plane was gyrating all over the sky, as was our own. About the time he realized he might pull through he looked out the window and there we were. At this point in his story, I spoke up and told him I had been in the plane he saw from his window. Dumbfounded, he wanted to know how in heaven's name we had been able to fly formation with him throughout all of his wild and irregular maneuvers. I breathed on my knuckles, rubbed them on my shirt, and said pompously, "Hot pilot!" of course, our plane was not the original plane with which he had been flying formation, just a Johnny-come-lately. But it made an interesting barroom banter.

When the navigator's dome was hit the navigator and bombardier were showered with the shattered glass. Our violent maneuvering threw them both to the floor, and each thought the other had been hit. When they finally found their "mike" buttons it was a great relief to hear they were all right. Thinking of the nose turret, I called to ask if the nose gunner was uninjured. "Yes, I'm all right," he assured, "but this turret is sure shot to hell!" Our engineer must have set a new world's record for exiting from the Martin upper turret. He had been facing forward when the craft in front of us was hit. He claims he was out of the turret and at the entrance to the bomb bay ready to bail out before the falling debris struck, which believe me was a mighty short time! A further check on the intercom disclosed the fact that we had

come through with all personnel alive and kicking.

Approaching the target the tail-wind had pushed us right along. Now, going back home, the same wind became a head-wind and slowed us to a crawl. It seemed like we could walk faster. In fact, I was ready to get out and run! With all eyes searching the skies for enemy fighters, and with every speck being reported as an enemy fighter, our nerves were raw and the crawling pace aggravated the situation. If fighters had attacked we probably would have given a pretty ragged account of ourselves. After what seemed like hours we were over the Zuider Zee. It looked small on the map, but I thought we would never get across it. Although warned that this was the center of the greatest enemy fighter concentration, we were soon being escorted by our own fighters, cruising overhead. What a relief it was to see them!

All things, good or bad, come to an end, and finally the unsinkable aircraft carrier that was England came into view. We landed, and our first mission, tough as it was, was completed. The crew that stumbled out of that "Liberator" would not have inspired much confidence in an onlooker. After each mission the crew went through a debriefing. Questions were asked about the number of parachutes that were seen, anything unusual that occurred, and so on. The entire crew was supposed to attend, but I could not find our command pilot. Later I learned that he had left the minute we landed and went to headquarters. He told them to pay the girl off and send him home. His romantic escapade might have cost him dearly — his life.

I sometimes reflect on how close we came to "buying the farm," an English expression for those airmen who did not survive. That shell I saw; if we had been flying just a little faster, or if it had exploded just a few feet lower. . . Same for those shells that exploded right in front of us, or the debris that hit us. If we hadn't ducked our nose at that precise moment the debris would have hit the turret directly, probably killing the nose gunner, the navigator, and the bombardier, possibly knocking out the entire aircraft. Or suppose we ducked the nose more than we did. It would have hit us in the cockpit. Of course we didn't duck the precise amount by design. We saw something coming and we ducked. It seems somebody was looking out for us. I don't know about the rest of the crew, and it didn't matter. I was doing enough praying to cover all of us.



HOWARD MacDONALD (305th REPAIR) REPRESENTED 3D SAD AT 2D AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION MINI-REUNION LAST APRIL. (L-R): HOWARD MacDONALD, 3D SAD; PETE HENRY, VP-44th BG MILT STOKES, VP-453d BG; FRANK DIMOLA, VP-445th BG; EVELYN COHEN, REUNION ORGANIZER & VP-MEMBERSHIP; COL. CHARLIE FREUDENTHAL, VP-489th BG; RICK ROKICKI, VP-458th BG; MIKE BENARICKS, 453d BG. MacDONALD WAS TRANSFERRED FROM 3D SAD TO 489th BOMB GROUP, HALESWORTH, SERVING AS FIRST SERGEANT OF A LARGE UNIT. MAC EVEN ENDED UP IN THE PACIFIC, A RECORD FEW 3D SAD MEN CAN CLAIM!



YOU WANT IT WHEN?

The Demise of an Old Lady Called "Bar W"

by T.Sgt. Carl Wirges (389th BG, 565th Sqd.)

It was March 23, 1945 and the 389th BG was shut down. Everyone was restricted to the base. A rare night briefing was called. When we got to the briefing room, there were MPs standing guard holding sub-machine guns. It was just like in the movies. We were briefed for a very unusual mission. It was the beginning of the end for the Germans. The Allied Forces were to cross the Rhine River the next morning.



T.Sgt. Carl Wirges
Before takeoff March 24, 1945

Our job was to fly across the Rhine at 100 ft. off the deck, loaded with 5000 lbs. of supplies to be dropped to Paratroops and the glider troops that went in before us. Unfortunately, this was not to be as we will see later.

This seemed to be a dream mission. We would be over enemy territory for five (5) minutes and get credit for a combat mission. That turned out to be a damned long 5 minutes.

We were on the flight line in plenty of time for the 10:00 takeoff. It was a festive mood. This was going to be fun. Class A uniforms, dress shoes and flight jackets. 50 mission caps were the order of the day. We had American flag bands on our sleeves and a plastic packet written in Russian in case we had to land in their area. We were ambiguous about wearing the Russian packet. In general, this was like no other mission. Everyone was clowning around, taking pictures of each other and just plain enjoying the situation. Quite a contrast to the grim faces and the knotted up stomachs.

Finally, it was time to get serious. The ground crew had put a lot of flak mats in the ship, and I mean a lot of them. The whole floor of the waist was covered with them. We had a bunch more of them for the flight deck, in fact there were about three layers. This was to save my life later that day.

After take off, we formed at 3000 ft. It was a beautiful spring day. CAVU. We crossed the Channel at 1500 ft. From there it was about 250 ft. AGL all the way across the continent until we got to the IP.

As the radio man, I was there for the ride. Not much to do for me. I just enjoyed the scenery standing between the pilot and co-pilot. At that altitude the view was fantastic. As we got close in, you could see men and tanks and trenches as far as you could see. It was awesome. It sure wasn't like a race where some guy shoots a gun for the start. Then, suddenly it turned smoky and the fun stopped!

We were flying deputy lead, of which squadron I don't remember. It didn't make much difference that day because we were all at 100 ft. The smoke was coming from the city of Wesel on the banks of the Rhine. It had been leveled by the RAF the previous night. (An interesting sidelight here — my great-grandparents came from Germany, and later they told me that my great-grandfather had been Burgomaster of Wesel.) Between the smoke from the city and Monty's big smoke screen we missed our target (Ike had trouble with this guy too.) We were ordered to turn to the right of Wesel and make another run. We had the bomb bay doors opened and were slowing down so the supplies we were to drop wouldn't be hurt.

We were then west of the city, and suddenly "the ship hit the sand". By this time I was moving behind the armour plate in back of the pilot's seat, because I could see and hear the machine guns and rifles. A lot of red flashes. In addition to all that I think they were throwing rocks, too. Then Wacko, the first of the 88's hit with a large explosion. It was on the left side, but I didn't know exactly where at the time. (It was outboard of the #1 engine). When I looked up, all I saw was a wind screen full of a B24. The pilot reacted instinctively. He had to or we would have met 10 other guys for a hot dog roast. After the pilots got control of the ship again, we were all by ourselves. The guys decided to go around and try it alone.

Folks, all this happened in about 2 minutes. As Perry Sessoms, the pilot, recalls, the next 60 seconds happened so fast that none of us can remember the sequence of events.

The next hit got the #2 engine, again on the left side. It was knocked out completely, fuel and oil lines spewing. The hydraulic system was shot out, so no feathering the prop. More drag on the left side. We were over the city now, and to our dismay, the Germans had returned.

Now comes hit #3 which is the one that has been imbedded in my mind forever. This one hit the APU under the flight deck and its fuel tank exploded. I was standing directly over it. The flak mats did their job. At the time, I had no idea what had happened. I felt the force of the explosion all over my body. I couldn't see anything, it was hot and the smell of

cordite was overpowering. I was paralyzed with fear. It seemed like a hundred years that I was standing there. Then all of a sudden the smoke cleared a little and I could see the fire extinguisher on the flight deck side of the bomb bay bulkhead. I don't remember how I got a hold of it because the fire was between me and it. I stuck the big spout of the thing down into the fire and it worked. I turned around to tell the pilots that I thought I got it, and Clark Robinson, the co-pilot looked very weird and said he thought he would see me plastered to the ceiling. At that point I saw what I thought to be blood on the front of my jacket. I thought to myself



Ed Teevan
Before takeoff March 24, 1945

that when you first get hit you don't feel it for a while. It was hydraulic fluid. In the meantime, we got another hit in the #3 engine.

So now we are pulling full power on 2 engines and partial on #3. Keeping in step with the tune that has been playing, the superchargers on #1 and #4 quit. By this time it was pretty obvious that we were not going to get to the target area. I was still down in the hole with the fire. Sid Turner, waist gunner, came through the bomb bay cat walk with a liquid extinguisher because the CO₂ was long gone. I pumped the liquid under the engine of the APU. I don't remember when we dropped our load, but I do recall the sudden gain in altitude. I climbed out of the hole to tell the pilot that I couldn't get the fire out, because it was between the engine and the side of the fuselage. I suggested, no, pleaded to get the hell out. I was a pilot (civil) and the altitude looked to be about 500 ft. That would be close, but it was a better chance than crashing with the fire still burning. I was overruled. The pilot thought different, and he was the boss. If it were just me, I think I would have gone. (I was watching that fire.) But the intercom was out, and George Wenik, a waist gunner, was at the other end of the bomb bay pointing at his chute. So I went back up to try again, but by this time it was academic.

Then Wacko #5 right through the left horizontal stabilizer. Johnny Leuthold, the engineer, was trying to close the bomb bay doors to no avail. We were going down. There were only two questions — where and how fast.

Let me set the scene from my viewpoint. After motioning the guys in the back not to jump, I got back up on the flight deck. The navigator had strapped himself in my ditching position so I figured that I would sit on the floor between the pilots with my back against the power console. I always wore a back pack, and that could cushion my back. Waiting for the last minute, I stood between the pilots. With four hits on the left side of the airplane, the drag was so bad that both pilots were standing on the right rudder and the ailerons full right and the ship was very slowly turning with the left wing down. It seemed that one more bullet on the left side would throw the plane out of control. We did have one thing going for us. We were heading back to the Rhine.

Across the river was a long, fairly wide field plowed through a forest. Trees on both sides and on the far end of it. It looked as good as one of the runways at Mitchell Field. Again, we were to be denied. The bomb bay doors are open, the landing gear is half down, can't use the flaps because we had no electrical or hydraulic power. And to top it off, the nose was turning to the left of the field so we couldn't make it. We were low and slow now, and a much shorter field appeared far enough to the left of us that we could make. But if we didn't stop quick after we hit the ground ——. At this time I turned around to sit down, and Eddie Teevan, our nose gunner, was standing behind me. We were about 30 seconds to touch down and he asked me "was the waist or the flight deck the safest place to ditch". That broke the tension for the moment, and I actually laughed. I just sat down and pulled him on top of me. At this point, I knew the fire was still burning and I was 99% sure that this was it. A B24 could explode if you looked at it crooked let alone it being on fire, and 130 octane gasoline pouring out of the #3 engine. I made my Peace with God and waited. The pilots set it down gently, the plane started to slide. It slid forever, and everything inside was bending, closing in. Even the armour plating behind the pilots' seats. Eddie was getting heavier and heavier on top of me, and I was just waiting for the explosion. Then it stopped. Needless to say, no one was slow getting out of that wreck. George Wenik had a head injury. He put his head forward instead of his feet in the ditching position for people in the waist. Sid Turner hurt his leg, and I don't know if it happened helping me with the fire or in the crash. But the men walked away from a pretty mangled airplane under their own power.

In retrospect, that day taught me a lesson that I have remembered. If you have faith in God, you better have it all the way. The bomb bay doors that we couldn't close were a handicap for the flight of the plane. Because they were open, they saved our lives. As the plane slid along in the plowed field, the soil was scooped into the bomb bay and up on the flight deck. The fire was smothered and isolated from the gas spewing from the #2 engine.

We plowed in about 12 miles from Venlo, Holland. At first it was bewilderment. I came out of the cockpit window that the pilot had kicked out. In fact, my head was out the window before his feet were. Then I saw the stream of gas flowing out of #2 about as thick as my wrist. I didn't take the time to stand up, I just ran on all fours. I had no idea where the hell I was, and I heard people talking in German, I pulled my 45 and stood up. Roby, the co-pilot, got out on the right side of the plane where it was split open. He screamed "They're Dutch! They're Dutch!"

None of us knew Dutch or German, and none of them knew English. However, the flags on our sleeves drew smiles and applause. They came up with an old Nash sedan turned into an ambulance. We all climbed on the thing (except 2 guys standing guard on the plane. Why I don't know. There was no Norton bombsight on board and I shot up the IFF. The rest was junk.) They took us to Venlo where the 1st Armoured Division had just liberated their City that morning. We sure were treated like conquering heroes (which we weren't). Between the shock and the booze that everybody was giving us, I don't remember much until the next morning.

You remember the story about the drunk that woke up in the morning in a strange room with a strange woman? It was something like that. I woke up in an empty school room lying on a Red Cross stretcher that was about four inches off the floor. There was a bunch of us there. When I saw some one I knew, things came into focus.

After breakfast, we were taken to a captured German air field, just across the Holland border. We were to fly to a re-assembly depot outside Brussels, Belgium.

What a surprise we got when we got on a C47, or the Dakota, as the British called it. It was really plush because it belonged to Winston Churchill and his Cabinet. They had flown in the night before to talk to Monty. In the center of the plane was a gigantic red chair. You know who belonged to that. None of us were allowed to sit in "his" chair, but we had a pleasant ride to Brussels. The depot was a collection place for people that got separated from their units. There were infantry, sailors, paratroopers, medics, guys like us that lost their ride home and some Aussies.

We had a good meal that afternoon and

then went out on the town. Brussels was a very lively and happy city. All the people acted like it was New Year's Eve. I guess they really deserved to let loose after the German occupation. We were very happy for them and a little sad for ourselves. We had a lot more flying to do before the thing was over. So the next day we flew back to England, and after a 72 hour pass in London, we went back to work.

In conclusion, please allow me some observations.

"Bar W" was an old lady. It was built by Consolidated Aircraft who designed her and built her. She was the only one of her ilk that I flew in. All the others we flew were built by the Ford Motor Co. (Yes, Clyde, there were nomenclature plates on each ship.)



"Bar W" had flown a lot of missions and undoubtedly killed many, many people. On March 24, 1945, she took a terrible beating from the Germans. She absorbed 5 direct hits from 88mm which exploded on impact, and 260+ holes from small arms fire. (Two of our guys counted to 260 and then quit counting.) In her death throes, she struggled mightily to go out in glory. And that she did by saving lives rather than taking them. And she made 10 men take a good look at themselves. All ten came out winners. They all raced sure death by the odds, yet when it was time for another mission, all 10 stood up. And there were many, many others that faced that situation and won.

But in this day and age, I wonder how many men today would score. Fortunately, in any era, it is only a small percentage that would ever be in such a circumstance to find out. I hope that no one will ever have to find out.

But I know and love and respect 9 other guys who know themselves.

A Crew Goes To War — The Hard Way!

(Continued from June Issue)

by Philip H. Meistrich (453rd)

We gave up our pet monkey Daisey June, fearing the cold weather ahead. She was given to "OK" the native trooper who guarded our plane. All he could say and did say, was OK. When I slipped him a cigar, he pulled the snappiest "present arms" I ever saw. He was always mooching cigarettes. When you'd pull out a pack and offer him one, he'd bypass the butt, and make a pass for the full pack. OK also had a cigarette lighter which he was proud of. It had no workings, and never worked, but was his pride and joy anyway.

We were stuck at Eknes because the weather ahead to next destination was unfavorable. The route to Marrakech was through a pass in the Atlas Mts. The bad weather and poor visibility made it impossible to fly through the pass. In the meantime, planes had been landing behind us, and conditions were quite crowded.

The soil in this part of Africa is red, and every time the wind blows, or a vehicle goes riding, clouds of red dust are raised. The shore at the beach is a mixture of sand and broken bits of sea shells. Collected some pretty seashells and sent them home. The natives who earn their livelihood and food by fishing, would drag out huge nets far out into the water, and then pull them back with their haul. Such an operation would last a few hours. One haul netted the entire population one fish each. The catches were put into baskets and carted away to town by the women folk on their heads. The water is clear and green, but cold as hell. While sunning in the sun, heard a good crack that Yanks have been laughing at for years. Here goes, "After the war, we ought to beat the hell out of Mexico for giving us Texas"...

While waiting for a clearance, checked up on our next destination, which was another hole in Morocco, Marrakech, 136 miles from famous Casablanca. Between Tindouf and Marrakech there is a pass through the Atlas mountains which we must go through. It is 5 miles wide, and 9,000 feet high. The sides of the pass reach up to 15,000 feet. Much wiser to go through this pass than around it and into the mountains. There is no climbing over the snow capped peaks. Clearances are given only when there is good visibility. We waited seven days, and there were about 70 ships on the field. We were redlined, due to a damaged tail. Curly Setters threw a beer bottle out of the window half way across the Atlantic, and it went through our tail.

Sunday March 5, 1944. The weather had cleared ahead, and planes were resuming travel. As usual, we left in the wee hours of the morning. We left Rufisque (never got into Dakar) where every Yank is "Joe". Land of Jig-jig. Where native kids would chase our trucks and yell, "Gimme smuk, Joe". Where shoes were shined free of charge at the P.X. Where the beer tastes like you-know-what. I never tasted like you-know-what, but Curly said it did, and I'll take his word. Where the bugle blew at the French garrison on the hill 20 times a day. Where the natives are blacker (not black as) coal.

We took off at 0630, March 5, 1944. The first checkpoint, St. Louis, passed below soon enough and then all semblance of civilization vanished in the Great Sahara. Endless miles of sand dunes, and tan terrain. Occasionally a caravan trail and one or two French Foreign Legion outposts. An oasis here and there. Hundreds of miles of desert, and not a sign of a human being. Between Atar and Tindouf was Black Mountain, which rose from the floor of the desert, and was visible for 50 miles. The navigator was basking in the glory of his successful over water mission, and was doing very little work now, just dreaming. As we neared the foothills of the Atlas range, the terrain took on the appearance very much like that of the Arizona landscape. Just as purple, and just as beautiful. We had to be careful and steer clear of Spanish Morocco. They no like us. The only checkpoints were the oasis at Atar, which we saw, and black mountain, which

we saw, and the field at Tindouf. When we started looking for Tindouf, our radio compass told us that Tindouf was behind. We now checked the terrain for a pinpoint that would lead us to the pass. Everything tallied, and we headed right for the pass. We were briefed to fly through the pass at 9,000 feet. The terrain seemed to be getting closer and closer, so we upped to 11,000 feet, with the rocky peaks just whizzing by below us, and the snow capped peaks off to our right and left. We found a pass, but not the right one. Anyway, a pass is a pass, and the city of Marrakech was ahead.

March 5, 1944 Marrakech, French Morocco. Marrakech looked fairly large from the air. It looked clean and neatly arranged, except for one area that was positively too overcrowded. Looked like a storage area. The buildings in Marrakechall seemed to be clean and white. That vision of loveliness was soon dispelled by our first visit there.



The great airfield where we landed was formerly a French army and commercial airdrome. Used to be neat as a pin, with whitewashed walks, runways, paths, etc. Now the hustle and bustle of the Army Air Forces had overrun the area with masses of planes, trucks, and transport for England, Italy, and the Middle East. Our plane was parked right on the whitewashed stones that spelled the former name of the field. The name was not very distinctive, being covered with oil, grease, gravel and a maintenance crew. The French airmen and planes were all pushed into one corner of the field, by the hordes of Yankee airpower. We were quartered in modern stucco cottages, built by the French in their day to quarter officers and families. These quarters were converted from regular 4 and 5 room homes complete with bedrooms, living rooms, and two-car garages. Style and fixtures definitely French. Even had a "footbath". We Yanks were never wise in the European way of life, and used these high porcelain affairs for something else.

This base had quite a large number of Free French Army and Air Force. They ride patrol in our old A-20's and old Wellington Bombers, donated by the British. Many of the French first-line planes were now squatting on the ground, rusting away. Snappy looking Dewoitine fighters were laying on the junk heap. Big 2 engined Potez Bombers which looked like they would fall apart, were being warmed up. Just like the Republic of France. Once so snappy and proud, now falling apart, or on a junk pile. It is really saddening to think about France, her former glory, and her present position. To top off their sad display of air power, one day a veritable monstrosity of the air pulled in from Casablanca. It was a high winged Farman, built in 1932. It was a high-parasol wing, square fuselage, all metal that looked like pig-iron. Four engines, two in tandem, two push, two pull. It's amazing that the thing flew at all, braces, struts, gadgets all over the place. In 1939, it flew over Berlin, and instead of dropping bombs, showered leaflets on the German capital. This peeved the crew, who wrenched loose all the tools and parts they could, and rocks they had brought along, and dropped them along with the leaflets. We got this information from a crew member who spoke an exasperating

brand of English, but finally squeezed it out.

We were privileged to witness a military review put on by the Frenchies for some visiting dignitaries who flew in. The French Minister of War, the Minister for Air, and the Commanding General of the Free French Air Forces, came over to inspect the base. The whole garrison was out for this affair. The little Minister of War wore civvy clothes, and had no right arm so saluted leftie. Everybody was out for this review. They lined up in a square. One line was composed of French flying men in their deep blue uniforms, bell bottom trousers, and gold braid, and small hats, and white gloves. The enlisted men wore the same (but no braid), and carried rifles. The next line was made up of native Senegalese troops, with red caps, O.D. coats, blue pants and khaki puttees. They had on their full packs, and carried their long bayoneted rifles. Another company of Senegalese comprised the third line. The fourth line of the square was really the one to see!! These jokers were the most colorful warriors in history. They were the Moroccan Mounted Cavalry, mounted on their white Arabian steeds. Of all the guys I wouldn't want to tangle with, these were them. These bearded rough looking Arabs were the fiercest soldiers I ever saw. They carried their broad swords over the shoulders, and long curved daggers in their belts. Their rifles were in hand carved leather cases on their horses. These bronzed warriors all had black beards, and two sharp cagey eyes peeped out from beneath their turban. Their long flowing white capes were slung back over their shoulders, and each cape was lined with sky-blue material. Their tunics were bright red, and their pants were light blue, and they all wore soft leather boots. If Cecil B. DeMille were making an epic he couldn't have chosen finer actors or costumed them more brilliantly, and he couldn't have made it more authentic. The dignitaries marched around inside the square and salutes were exchanged. When the affair broke up, and the troops marched off, it was really a sight to see.



The biggest industry in town seems to be peddling. Native hawkers by the hundreds descend upon you as soon as you hit town. They sell leather goods, wallets, purses, hassocks, shoes, bags, etc., long Arabian rifles, hammered silver, etc. If a vendor asks 300 francs, you're a cinch to get it for 100. You can always

knock the price down and think that you're getting a bargain, but you still pay a good price for what you buy, and it's worth it.

Seven of us alighted from the "taxi" brought around for us. The taxi was an old automobile drawn by a horse. We used the rear approach to Medina, and went through a crumbling hole in the ancient wall.



Medina is without doubt, the dirtiest, smelliest and most depressing spot on this green earth. Houses and people are packed in on top of each other. There are living quarters dug right into the city's wall. To get from one house to another it is necessary to crawl through several houses and over several people to do so. Food that no self respecting Ubangi would eat is sold in the market place, on the ground and out of hand. Flies, maggots, and every insect imaginable hover about the food. Blind beggars sit on the ground and beg alms. Crows and vultures fly overhead, probably waiting for somebody to kick off, so they can swoop and enjoy a meal, if there is anything appetizing about an Arab. And the crows would probably pick a body clean before anybody bothered to move it, or even noticed it.

I once prided myself on my cast iron stomach, but after a few minutes in this place my gut was swimming, and just about ready to wear my dinner on the exterior.

We were taken through Medina on the pretext that our native guide would show us the finer parts of Marrakech and Medina. He kept telling us that, "Medina no good", but we knew damn well that we would wind up there, and the American spirit of adventure was in our blood, so we stayed with our guide. Several times it looked as if our blood would also be on the outside, after several shifty looking Arabs cased us. We had to stay with our guide because we never could have found our way out of Medina.

We really had to buy our way back to freedom. The taxi driver and our guide (there were now about 5 of them!!!) all had to be paid off. We gave a helluva lot too much to breath free clean air again. The taxi driver could not speak English, but his agent (he had to be paid also) kept on insisting on being paid off before he took us out of Medina. We said we'd pay when we got outside and back to the base. We never could have found our way, finally after

much persuasion, he agreed. Then he'd go a few feet, reconsider, and stop, and ask for money again. "No," we insisted, "In Marrakech." We finally got there, after doling our francs every few feet.

I don't know if it was something I ate, the climate, the heat or what, but nobody felt any too good for about an hour after we left the Medina.

The cement in the red-towered walls which surround the city of Marrakech was mixed with the blood of enemies of the faith. The bodies of a hundred thousand captives were thrown into the imperial limekilns and baked into the bricks of the fortifications. Into the foundations of every one of the dozen city gates went a load of freshly severed heads on the principle that there is nothing like a pile of skulls to prevent a building from cracking. Very nice people, these Marrakechians.

On the night of the new moon, they say, you can hear the sighs of all those immured, entombed, and decapitated infidels as they suffer the pains of the damned in the nethermost pits of hell for having rejected Mohammed.

Sultan after sultan from the 10th century onwards has endowed Marrakech with palaces, mosques, gardens, citadels. The greatest palace is that called El-Bedi, which means the Marvelous. It was built by a sultan named Ed-Dhahebi, the Golden One. He had been a slave in his youth, was short legged and had an enormous head and bulging eyes. He rose rapidly and soon became the Grand Vizier. Once in higher spheres, he gathered a clique around himself and began to intrigue the reigning family. He arrested the sultan and had his 20 sons boiled in oil before their father's eyes. Then he had the old man put in a vat with 77 starved rats. The Holy Number!!!

Subsequently, this slave conquered Senegal all the way to Timbuktu, where he burned the famous library. Thereafter, he crossed the Sahara four and a half months on the march, and at the head of his army, invaded the Sudan. He shipped the captives back to Marrakech and made good use of the skulls. With the gold he had looted (it took 500 caravans to transport the booty) he built the palace called El-Bedi. The ceilings are of cedar covered with beaten gold encrusted with jewels. The gateways are of marble with golden thresholds. Most of the gold has been stripped off, subsequent sultans did that. This dwarf-sultan had a hundred thousand slaves, and a personal bodyguard of ten thousand. The plague got him in the end — him, all his slaves, bodyguards and women.

Scoura Pass in the Atlas Mountains — This is the approach to a position against which France and her best troops have been bumping their heads for 15 years. France has lost as many as 700 men in one day. A tribe of Riff Kabyles decided to war with France, and wiped out half the garrison. When reinforcements arrived, and strategy used to trap the Riffs, the tables were turned by the tribesmen who massacred all the soldiers. Nobody knows how many men died in the "pacification" of Morocco. The Kaybyles war cry is "Arah-sidi, Arah-sidi". It can be heard any time a tribesman thinks he has been wronged.

The Berber tribes are the most warlike. You will never find a Berber with grey hair. No tribesman lives longer than 40 years. War is a natural state of affairs with these people. To most clans, war is a source of profit. Besides fighting the French, the Berbers fight amongst themselves, and with other tribes. These tribes would exterminate themselves were it not that by common consent they suspend hostilities from time to time to give their children a chance to grow up.

March 7, 1944 — All set to fly to England. Our gunners loaded up with ammunition, and checked their guns. We were going into a combat zone, and anything might happen. We were to fly up past Spain, Portugal and France and into England. Never know when or where you might run into a Jerry. Our course was up the 11th meridian, turn up the Irish Sea and land at Valley Airport, Hollyhead in Wales. We were carefully briefed on neutral Eire, which has very large signs on the ground saying "Eire" and large arrows pointing to England, just in case anybody wandered too far off course.

Takeoff was at 2345. At altitude it soon became colder as we neared the northern climes, so out came our woolies. The navigator had to make sure he stayed on his meridian. Too far east and Jerry might come up and give us a going over. Too far west, and we are liable to run out of fuel.

On the way up, we listened in on Radio Berlin, and heard the charming voice of "Sally" of whom we were to hear a lot more later. She invited all Americans up to Stalag Luft, where the beds and sheets were soft and clean, and she'd be there. The food was also good, she said. When she had finished, her friend, a renegade American newspaperman, speaking to his "fellow Americans" attacked the "Plutocratic-Juder-Bolshevik" President of the U.S. When that jerk was finished, we switched to BBC, where a charming female voice, sounding veddy-veddy British announced a program of choice swing music, which was very enjoyable. All good things must come to an end, and her program did. Then the BBC reporter came through with the very depressing report about the 68 U.S. bombers which failed to return after a raid on Berlin. Gulp!!! And we're on our way to the 8th Air Force. Yipe!

We were over a solid deck of cumulus all the way. We flew a few extra minutes on the last leg, then turned to the Irish Sea. We ran a few minutes extra in order to stay clear of any areas that the Jerries might be patrolling. We flew the Irish and first touched the shores of England near the Bristol Channel. We flew up the coastline and followed RAF Directional Station 7F7 into Valley Airport. The checkerboard pattern of English countryside was below us. We landed at Valley Airport, Hollyhead without incident. This was the end of the line. The trip was done, and to paraphrase Walt Whitman —

*"The ship had weathered every storm,
The English coast was won"*



We had travelled more than 10,000 miles to come 2800. We had seen four continents, and most of the Caribbean islands. We had travelled over more water, desert and jungle than we had ever thought was on this earth. The Great Adventure was over, the greater yet to come.

Letters



Dear Bill:

I was a T/Sgt. - 16156513 radio operator gunner on a B-24 (392nd B.G.) in England, (8th Air Force). My first mission was "D" day. My 8th was Politz. We were shot up over Germany and limped to Sweden. (June 20, 1944) My question Bill (for my grandsons) is why I never got any European medals w/bronze star etc? Could it be because I still have some of my flight records? My discharge papers indicate I'm entitled to wear them.

P.S. I still have some photos of my pals (crew etc.) in Sweden.

Roy C. Weber
6038 South 20 St.
Milwaukee, WI 53221



Dear Bill:

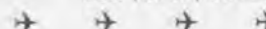
During visits to the Norwich Public Library at Bethel Street, Norwich, while researching the history of Norwich City Police I frequently discussed with the attendant of the 2nd Air Division Library of my own personal contact with American Armed Forces during the 1939-1945 war and he suggested I write to you to further friendships established during those years.

It will be difficult to associate myself with a particular American Unit or group as many of the persons were stationed at different locations in Norfolk or Suffolk. During the period 1939-1947 my parents kept a public house (pub) "The Moon & Stars" situated at Duke Street, Norwich, which was a very popular place of resort of American servicemen. They were known as Maude and Dick and they sold beer brewed by Youngs, Chrawshay & Youngs. Sadly the pub, the brewers and my parents are no more.

During their time at the pub my father operated a fleet of buses which conveyed British workmen to various airfields under construction and many of which were to become home for many GIs. Airfields (Aerodomes) I visited and worked on during this period included Flixton, Seething, Hethel, Hardwick, Thorpe Abbots, Swannington and finally Rackheath. I was conscripted into the British Army at the end of 1944.

My elder brother was in the British Army for most of the war and one of the young American airmen became a close friend of the family — more like a son to my parents. I've often wondered what became of him. He had a rare surname "JONES" (a big joke) and I remember on one occasion writing to his sister who was looking for a pen friend — again all I can remember is that it was Pennsylvania Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey. He wore khaki, was Airman 1st class U.S.A.A.F.,

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Dear Bill:

I am enclosing an order for The Mighty Eighth War Manual. I have both the other books and continue to be amazed at the job Mr. Freeman did. When I visited the library in Norwich this past July I asked one of the staff who Mr. Freeman was, or what he did, assuming that he was a professional historian. Instead, I was informed that he is a farmer!

I also visited, perhaps for the fourth time since the war, my base at Tibenham. The operations building (the "Ops Block" as we called it) still is used by a prosperous farmer as his principal barn. In a dark part of the ancient building one still reads a stencilled sign "Group Communications." This is particularly poignant to me, for I was Group Communications Officer of the 445th, and amidst that cow muck was once situated my office. There the field orders came in as our commanders, first Colonel Terrill and later Colonel Jones, joined the rest of us anxiously waiting for the target for the next morning.

Now to the purpose of my letter. I think your fine *Journal* has previously covered to some extent the tragic and record-making losses of the 445th over Kassel on September 27, 1944. (Mr. Freeman lists it as the severest loss suffered by any Eighth Air Force group on any one mission.) For some time I have thought I should share with other *Journal* readers my diary entry covering that mission. I attach a clean typewritten copy, and just for the record, a photocopy of the actual handwritten pages, which were written on a RAF W/T (Wireless Telegraphy) log, the kind our crew radio operators carried on their missions.

After all these years I find the opening paragraph particularly moving. Most of the copy surprises me, for I was an emotional young man and yet managed to write a quite factual report.

I also want to comment on the *interrogation* after that mission, which

was the single saddest hour or so of Tibenham's twenty-odd months of combat. (Note I use the term then in use "interrogation" rather than "debriefing" which our *Journal* writers seem to have absorbed from some post-war lexicon. There were, to my knowledge no debriefings in our war.) (Would it be interesting to start a debate on that? Almost every issue refers to some debriefing?) If I am wrong, I'd enjoy being convincingly corrected.

Our Protestant Chaplain, Captain Minga, was particularly moved that day. I remember him discovering that all the dwellers in one Nissen hut had been lost, and the tears he could not hold back.

If you want to reprint my diary entry, you have permission.

Howard L. Davis

P.S. I might also inform readers that the glider club which uses part of the old runway at Tibenham has been the beneficiary of a generous gift from Jimmy Stewart, who, in spite of periodic claims by others, was a 445th man from early on in Boise until the last few months of the war. The glider club has built a clubhouse since I was there last, located about 150 feet from the former site of the tower, now several years a memory.



Dear Evelyn:

I am sending my dues payment for 1987 and another check for the Memorial Library Trust fund.

I am very proud to be a member of the Second Air Division Assoc. and met lots of wonderful members at the S.W. Regional reunion in Dallas, Tex. I am always happy to get the 2nd Air Division Association *Journal*.

My thanks to you and all the officers of the Association for making the *Journal* possible.

Herman H. Hetzel (458th)



Dear Hazel and Bill:

I know you do not receive many pictures of yourselves but one more can't hurt. Besides, I have to tell you a tale about the lovely lady with you.



When her father was President of the Association Jimmy Stewart was playing in "Harvey" in London. So, when we were in London before flying home, Jimmy gave Bill some tickets to the show. Bill invited me to go and I had the honor of sitting next to his daughter during the performance.

Tina and I are looking forward to the trip to England next year and renewing our acquaintance with you two again.

J. Livingston Jones

Dear Mr. Robertie:

Thank you for your letter of June 6th. Please excuse that I reply to it only now, but several business trips and some vacation time are the reason for answering late.

Enclosed you will find two snapshots of us at Luftwaffenhelfer.



One picture shows how young we were still as schoolboys (not yet even 16 years) and we had already to act as soldiers. The other one shows the Luftwaffenhelfer in action at the 2 cm anti-aircraft gun. For our own protection we put on the American armoured vests out

of the shot down bombers. Fortunately it has never been tested how far they could have actually saved our life. But the moral effect of safety was reduced so far in the course of hours by the enormous weight of the vests that they were not worn a long time, above all in summer at higher temperatures. Besides it was no duty to wear



them but our private pleasure contrary to the bomber crew!
I look forward with interest to the publication of the report. Please be so kind as to send me one copy.

Gunther Zerhusen, Lerchenweg 21, 4530 Ibbenburen

Dear Bill:

Further to my letter of the other week, I enclose three photocopy cuttings from the Eastern Daily Press and Eastern Evening News (2) respectively in case they may be of interest, together with the printed copy of my introduction to the Memorial Trust brochure. The Governors, at their meeting on October 9th, decided that they would have 3,000 additional copies printed for general distribution as well as for placing with each of the unsold brochures.

When Jordan, Bertha and I visited Ketteringham Hall on October 8th we were shown two editions of Lotus World in which there is an article which might be of interest to you for re-publishing in the *Journal*. Attached is a copy of a letter dated 10th October from F.R. Bushell giving permission to reprint if you so wish.

Finally, please note that we now have a new Governor, in the place of Lady Mayhew, and the following are the details you will require for the *Journal*, namely: Mrs. Francis Davies, 57 Church Lane, Eaton, Norwich NR4 6NY.

She is the wife of Professor Roy Davies of the University of East Anglia and both she and her husband have lived in the USA and are well accustomed to meeting and entertaining Americans. She is a Justice of the Peace in Norwich, as well as having been involved with the Y.W.C.A. as Chairman, and already she has been very helpful in introducing Bertha Chandler to sundry groups and people. She was recommended to the Governors by Paul King and I have no doubt she will be a very definite asset.

As you may have heard, we have

appointed a library sub-committee to be responsible throughout Bertha's twelve months for all library affairs and for working with Bertha in the development of all matters affecting the library. Mrs. Davies is a member of that committee with Alfred Jenner, Howard Temperley, Bill Wuest and myself. Jordan may have taken a photograph for your use when he was here last week but on that point I am uncertain.

I will write again when I have anything further to report for your *Journal* but meanwhile I can assure you that we are very very busy with Memorial Trust matters and there is much to be done during the next twelve months. On that point you should be hearing more through the Executive Committee of the 2nd A.D.A.

Tom Eaton

→ → → →

Dear Bill:

In the March *Journal* you printed a picture of an awards ceremony at the 93rd B.G. taken in Aug. or Sept. 1944. I was a member of the 93rd, but had been shot down in Feb. 1944 and was a POW. As to the photo, I believe I recognize the chap sitting second from right, front row. He looks like a fellow graduate of mine from Bombardier class 43-2 from Kirkland Field, Albuquerque and from Navigator Class, May 1943 from Selman Field, Monroe, La. His name is Richard Bernard Fisher and I have not been in contact with him since graduation.

I wrote to you instead of Carlos Vasquez since I did not see any address for him.

Keep up the fine work.

Dan McCarthy

→ → → →

Dear Bill:

Bertha Chandler arrived safely in England last week and having met her at the Reception for the 1986 Fulbright Scholars at the American Embassy on the evening of the 25th September, she has been duly entertained by me and others since then.

She arrived in Norwich on Friday evening to stay with us at 3 Albemarle Road until Monday when she moved to her flat, 18 Raleigh Court, Rouen Road, Norwich. She started at the Central Library on Tuesday and has been occupied there ever since.

The Governors are holding a Reception and Buffet Lunch on Thursday, October 9th, and I enclose a copy of my Note to all the local news media, distributed yesterday, to which is attached a copy of an introduction I have written for that Reception and possibly to be added to the illustrated brochure at a later date.

I will send you details of any press reports there may be after October 9th.

T.C. Eaton, Chairman
3 Upper King Street
Norwich
Norfolk NR3 1RL

→ → → →

Evelyn:

Enclosed check for '87 dues, plus a little for Memorial, or where most needed.

Had a great time at the Reunion at St. Charles, plus we got one more of our crew members — Jerry Alport — to join the 2nd AD Assn.

Glenn Hill

→ → → →

Dear Sir:

I write with regard to my research project on the problems of morale to men of the Eighth Air Force in England during the Second World War.

A good deal of important work has been done by researchers on the aviation and combat history of the Eighth, but as a social historian, I feel that the day to day problems encountered by the men have been neglected. I have always been interested in the war, but having majored in American history, I find that my interest has now settled on the social history of the American contribution to the Air War over Europe. Therefore I wonder whether some of your readers would be willing to cooperate in a research project aimed at finding out whether morale was a problem. I want to know about any efforts made by the Government and Army to sustain morale, and also the problems on a more personal level. For instance, how important it was to get away from base when off duty. Where the men went, how they spent their time and where the emphasis was generally. It could well be for instance that the ground staff put more energy into making friends with the British because they were here for the duration.

I am also interested in the problems of fear among the fliers. Again, it would be interesting to know how they coped with their own possible mortality and the loss of friends.

I would be pleased to hear from anyone who has anything to say on the subject. In order to form any conclusions at all, I need to hear from all ranks and all departments on the base. It would be of a great help if contacts were willing to enter into a certain amount of correspondence, as it is important to be able to come back to people for specific details to do with their particular role in the war.

I am a 40 year old woman, mostly based at home with children. The material I collect is aimed eventually towards a book about the men of the Eighth. It will be factually and historically as accurate as possible, but I would also like to produce a book with plenty of anecdotes to make it lively and readable and appealing to the non-specialist. I would undertake to obtain anyone's permission before publishing their contribution and would make every effort not to embarrass anyone.

Jackie Stuart
Aldborough
282 Unthank Road,
Norwich,
Norfolk, NR4 7QD
England



Dear Bill:

Got your note in answer to my request. Thanks anyway. I may pursue it farther. If you make any contacts let me know.

In regards to a article on Sweden all I can tell you is that through your *Journal* I made contact with Jim McMahon, in Calif., and are making plans for a reunion in Sweden in Sept. 1987. Maybe if you wrote to him he may give you an article of interest.

I am enclosing an article, from my daily paper, that may be of interest to you.

I am trying to locate Casmier Cechowski (Chi.), Bill Forsythe, Little Rock, Ark., Gilbert Brockway and Francis Young, So. Carolina. Any help to find them would be appreciated.

I'll keep in touch.

Roy C. Weber
6038 South 20 St.
Milwaukee, WI 53221



Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a photo taken Sept. 13, 1944 after a "Recall" because of bad weather. We were P.F.F. crew leading 20th combat wing on mission to ULM. Flight time was 5 hours, 20 minutes; it would have been mission #24 if not a "recall."



Top row (l to r): Julian Blake, Navigator; Don Green, Engineer; George Train, Co-pilot; Andy Berger, Gunner; John Frangione, Gunner; Joe Gagnon, Gunner; Sam Anguish, Pilot; Fredrick Butler, Pilotage Bombardier.

Bottom row (l to r): John Vowvalidis, Bombardier; Rick Margulies, Gunner; Ron Berryhill, Radar Navigator; Lee Jones, Radio Operator.

I would appreciate it if you would print this in the *Journal*, and then return original photo to me. Hope it gets some notes, calls and/or recalls from all crew members. Thank you.

Julian W. Blake
929 Oak Park Blvd.
Cedar Falls, IA 50613

Dear Evelyn:

During WWII I came to Shipdham in Nov. 1943, then went to Wendling. I did TDY time at Bungay and at Bottisham. In fact the small group I was with at Bottisham turned the Base back to the British which meant a complete Base inventory building by building. I left the 8th and joined the infantry in April 1945.

While at Bungay my friend Wayne Weber and I spent time in Flixton Hall, the Adair Family Castle. Their son, General Adair, freed Brussels. Wayne and I were the only Yanks who spent the nights in the castle (65 rooms complete with moat). The castle was built during Elizabeth I's reign, and was destroyed several years ago.

I am the Base Mechanical Engineer at Hurlburt Field and designed the air conditioning for the 2nd A.D. Hq. building #90748, here at Hurlburt.

Dick Wullschlegler
P.S.: Bill I checked sometime back and the Eglin and Maxwell Historians told me 2nd A.D. had been the old 2nd Bomb Division of WWII.



Hi Bill:

Enclosed is a check (\$22.00) for the Mighty Eighth.

I hope you will try once more for the consolidation of the past *Journals*. Everyone I know would like to purchase them and you can have them printed in the States or even England for that matter.

Once printed they will all sell - even as gifts to old friends.

Tony Mammolite (564 Sq., 389 BG)



Dear Bill:

Thought I'd try to bring back a memory of the "Chicken Little" variety. In running over past issues of the *Journal*, I came across an article involving the "Bike Bombing of the Netherlands". In turn the memory surfaced.

You fellows remember that questionable character that would pull up just past the Main Gate with his little van piled high with bikes of "unknown pedigree" for sale. "Bills of Sale", unheard of due to the war time, paper shortage, their cost prohibitive, their warranty limited to, 2 wheels, a seat, handlebars, sprocket, chain and frame. If you could see it that's what you bought.

Well Jimmy was flush probably due to a good run at "Black Jack, (21) or Pootoon", whatever you wanted to call it. Money jingled and the hole in my pocket was getting bigger. A (48) in London not due for a bit. Along came that "Wee Van", loaded, so "Chicken Little" wandered over to inspect same. The absolute epitome of the biking world sat on top of the heap. An all aluminum Italian Racing Bike. God, it was beautiful, and the Devil made me do it. OK! Now I'm down, twelve pound ten. But I've got the prize of the 732nd B Sq., as far as ground transport is concerned.

Three weeks later, the bane of our existence, decreed, "that all bikes of questionable heritage would be confiscated." "Chicken Little," though, fearless warrior of the sky, is anything "but" when it comes to displeasing the powers that be. And so the dismantling of that all aluminum, Italian, racing bike and its subsequent disposal over enemy territory. Take that you Axis "Bs".

In retrospect, I dropped on a secondary target. It should have landed on the C.O.'s hut roof during takeoff.

Jim Halligan (453rd, 732nd)

Dear Bill:

The enclosed photo is from the second reunion of crew 33 from 458 BG, 753 B.S. held in June 26 to 30, 1986.

Left to right standing, James Fittinger, nose gunner; Peter Kowal, navigator; Cedric Cole, radio operator; James Wedding, Engineer. Front row L to R Herman Peacher, tail gunner, Lawrence Scheiding, ball turret, Robert Zedeker co-pilot, and James Martinson, bombardier.



Our pilot George Spoven was killed when we were shot down on the Homm raid on April 22, 1944. Our other crew member Robert Allen passed away approximately 3 years ago.

We were all very fortunate to be alive, being hit by flak and soaked in gasoline, then being hit by fighters. We spent 13 months in German POW hospital and camps.

Our reunion was held in the home of James Martinson and his wife Jane, in Glendive, Montana. Crew members come from California, Delaware, Florida, Wisconsin, Texas and Ohio.

I have seen pictures in the *Journal* of 3 and 4 and 6 and 7 crew members getting together, but I think this is close to a record to have all living crew members together.

Bill, you do an outstanding job on the *Journal*. Keep up the good work.

As you can see I was elected to write to you. Hope you can make heads or tails of it.

Herman A. Peacher (458th BG)
202 Nixon Pl.
Chula Vista, Ca.

Dear Lord Mayor of Norwich:

I have often thought about writing this letter to the good people of Norwich and those who lived in the nearby area of Horsham St. Faith Airbase during World War II, to express my thoughts and appreciation.

I am ex-pilot Harold "Bud" Walker of the Eighth Air Force who flew out of Horsham Airbase on combat missions from April thru October 1944. I'm sure I speak for many aircrews at Horsham Airbase when I say that I felt sorry for the people of Norwich for the problems we caused them during World War II, but couldn't do anything about.

With thirty-six aircraft starting up their engines about 3:30 in the morning, it took us a half hour to get ready for takeoff and another half hour to get everybody off the ground. This created an awful amount of noise for anybody trying to sleep. In addition to knocking plaster off the walls, and passing over their homes real low, on takeoffs, there must have been fear that one of us might crash into your homes on takeoffs and landings. This fear wasn't unfounded as one of our planes did crash with a load of gas, in town while I was there, on takeoff. This happened in the afternoon, fortunately people were out of their homes and except for the crew, no one was killed.

The aircraft we flew were so loaded that we had to use the entire runway for takeoffs and caused us to be only about fifty to a hundred feet above the roof tops. Many mornings when we took off in the dark, I could see the lights on and the people in the kitchen of their homes, and felt that I could almost reach down for a "cup of tea" and a piece of

toast as we went by. These were the times when I used to wonder how the people of Norwich ever got any sleep at all.

On one mission, coming back from Germany where we had been shot up and with two injured crew members, I was wondering how we were going to be able to land at Horsham without scattering things all over. Fortunately we were able to get to a special crash runway at Manston in southern England and get the B-24 down. The British "Air Sea Rescue Boys" did a great job of getting the injured crew members to the hospital. The B-24 rolled three miles down the runway and out into a field. The runway was 3 miles long and a quarter mile wide — so I'm glad I didn't have to try a landing at Horsham Airbase.

Our crew came thru a tour of missions except for one member being injured and sent back to the States and another being hospitalized for nerves. For the crew members and myself, I would like to thank the people of Norwich for their patience and understanding during these times.

I hope to be able to visit Norwich in the 1987 Reunion.

(Ex-Pilot) Harold "Bud" Walker



Dear Mr. Walker,

Thank you for your letter of 12th August, 1986, telling of your wartime experiences flying out of Royal Air Force Horsham, and your often felt concern for the Citizens of Norwich.

The Lord Mayor, Councillor Jill Miller, has asked me to say that she is pleased that

Dear Bill:

I could get your address thanks to the HQ USAF Historical Research Center, Maxwell AFB, AL 36112-6678. I am fascinated by the story of military planes fallen in my region during the 2 world wars. I wrote a few items on the subject and I am preparing some complete books. I am looking for the flyers who fell or went through my region. I live in the South-West of Belgium, in the triangle of the cities of Tournai, Courtrai and Roubaix. After a one year search, I could locate 16 ancient American flyers. Nevertheless I still have to find two or three times more.

Perhaps the names in the list enclosed could catch your attention. If one or more of those men are members of your association, would you please explain the way I can get in touch with them.

For any other information about my activities you can ask the representative of the 8th and 9th Air Forces in Belgium — Monsieur Armand Hardy, 215, Chaussée de Waterloo, 1060, Bruxelles.

Looking forward to hearing from you,
Van Den Brouckhe Dominique
Rue Louis Dassonville, 115,
7770 Herseaux, Belgique.

William G. Gise	Harold E. White
Albert Chase	Harry a. Koliski
Andrew J. Boles	J.H. Singleton
Reino O. Jylkka	Clarence S. Barsuk
Chester P. Snyder	James G. Levey
William M. Ramsey	William R. Muse
Charles L. Snyder	Harry J. Blair
George C. Hayes	Jack H. Webber
Harry A. Kolinski	John H. Greenwood
Frank Lekas	John Tulloch
Mike J. Cappelletti	John Walter
George G. Wedd	Ray Den Day or
William P. Calmes	Ben Day
Floyd A. Franchini	Paul E. Kenny
James M. Hiller	Clifford O. Moore
David G. Chang	Charles H. Elwell
Luther E. Lefever	Allen Jarvis



Dear Bill:

Having served with the 389th from Aug. 44 thru Feb. 45 I find myself interested in knowing more about it. I was shot down in Feb. 45, as a POW, I lost contact with all. In June first heard of the 2nd Division organization, joined at once. Question, where can I find a history are the 389th giving details on its missions, crews, along with casualties, etc? Does such a book exist, how available is it?

Clyde Hicks
633 E. Front St.
Berwick, Penn. 18603

you have written, and was very interested to read of your exploits.

As for your fear of being a noise nuisance, well it is true that your aircraft did create hours of lost sleep, but the Lord Mayor is very sure that the civilian population living in the vicinity were content to suffer the minor discomfort of aircraft noise, particularly when they thought how relatively safe they were in comparison to the dangers the American aircrews faced night after night.

The Lord Mayor has asked me to pass a copy of your letter to the local Committee of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division U.S.A.A.F., as she feels they should know of memories and feelings such as yours.

Good luck,

Yours sincerely,
Wm. J. Connolly
Lord Mayor's Secretary



Dear Bill:

Earlier this year I had received a packet of letters from a Mr. Walter Hassenpflug of Bad Hersfeld, West Germany. He was directed to me through correspondence with you. You had mentioned to him an article I wrote about the Sept. 27th, 1944 mission to "Kassel" by the 445th BG. In his letter Walter stated that as a boy of 12 in 1944 he witnessed the explosion and ultimate crash of a B-24, and had seen 6 parachutes and 4 men killed in the plane. He goes on to state that several days later while his group were picking up leaflets, he came across an airman huddled under a tree and half-lying in a brook.

Strangely enough, I was that airman he found. A one-in-a-million shot. I was the navigator in Capt. Miner's plane, not the ship he witnessed, which was Capt. Chilton's.

To make a long story short, Walter H. is working on a documentation of that day's air battle. It was a perfect excuse for my wife, son and myself to visit the area and meet Walter and possibly help him with the little knowledge I had of that event.

To my surprise, I soon saw that he had more information than possibly anyone else on this globe would have. He started his efforts approximately 2 to 3 years ago and has the persistency of a bulldog. As you can well imagine, it would be a little tough to gather info after 40 years, but this man has left no stone unturned. The slightest clue sends him off searching; the facts he has gathered have astounded me. In his living room he has a map pinpointing where all the downed bombers crashed, along with the fighters of the Luftwaffe. He took us to site after site, and showed me exactly where they

crashed. Showed me houses where some of our men were taken, how they were treated — even showed me some buildings that were used as cells, — he pulled no punches about treatment received, good or bad — and just too many things to write about.

Strangely enough, Walter's English is about on a par with my German — which is zilch, but his interpreter, Karl Lepper was an absolute gem. I cannot sing enough praises of these two gentlemen and their families and friends. I have been to Europe many times, but have never met people as nice as the folks at Bad Hersfeld. We were treated like long lost relatives.

Through Walter's efforts, we were joined by a Mr. Ernst Schroder, a fine gentleman, now a retired architect in the city of Bonn. On that day 1944 Ernst Schroder was flying a FW-190 and was one of the planes that attacked our group. He had two confirmed "kills" that day. He stated that he was in the second wave that hit us, and that most of the damage had been done by the initial wave of fighters. He further stated that those he attacked were already damaged and crippled. I was told more things too numerous to mention. But, he himself came under attack by a P-51 from the 361st FG. His plane was damaged in the tail, and he was forced to take evasive action and head for home — landing at a base close to the area.

I am listing addresses of both Walter and Ernst, and am imploring any and everyone who can pass on information to them to please write. Mr. Hassenpflug deserves all the help he can get on completing his documentation.

Also enclosing the names of 4 airmen that Walter would like to hear from or some knowledge of their whereabouts. In particular he would like to hear from Richard Fromm, who apparently wandered and roamed the woods for approx. 30 days before being captured.

I could go on and on but I think I have put the point over — so, please, please, write Walter H. if you have any information at all.

Frank J. Bertran
P.O. Box 505
Woodbridge, CA 95258

Dear Bill:

Would you please run this in the Journal. McDonald's Crew 647, 1945 England and 1985 Reunion.



McDonald's Crew — 1945, England

Standing (L to R): Orland Call (Nav.); J.L. McDonald (Pilot); Bob Looney (Co-Pilot). Kneeling (L to R): John Watkins (Gunner); Dick Humphrey (Gunner); Ed Hudzinski (Armour Gunner); Tom Conner (R.O.). Sitting: Frank Vadas (Engineer). Missing: Ted Neuhoff (Bombardier).



McDonald's Crew — 1985, Reunion

Standing (L to R): Ted Neuhoff (Bombardier); Orland Call (Nav.); John Watkins (Gunner); Dick Humphrey (Gunner). Sitting (L to R): Tom Conner (R.O.); Bob Looney (Co-Pilot); Frank Vadas (Eng.)

Ed Hudzinski (Gunner) passed away in 1950; J. Lavon McDonald (Pilot) had to cancel at the last minute due to family medical emergency.

This reunion was held in Ft. Worth, Texas in 1985. Eight out of ten crew members still in touch, still around, and still kicking. Not bad, huh?

Frank C. Vadas (389th)

Walter Hassenpflug
6438 Ludwigsau-Hess 1
Akazienweg 6
West Germany

Ernst Schroder
Merler-Allee 3
5300-Bonn 1 (Rottgen)
West Germany

T/Sgt. Charles H. Reilly
167 Essex Street
Beverly, MA, USA
(B-24 J 42-51342
(703rd Sqd., Pilot Joseph E. Johnson)

2nd Lt. Walter E. George
915 West 21st Street
Austin, 21, Texas, USA
(B-24 H 42-50324
702nd Sqd., Pilot Donald E. Brent)

S/Sgt. Francis R. Banish
12. Street
Greenfield, Mass., USA
(B-24 J 42-100308
702nd Sqd., Pilot Leslie W. Warman)

1st Lt. Richard A. Fromm (Pilot)
Detroit, Mich., USA
(B-24 H 42-51080
703rd Sqd.)



A Mission With the 466th

by Edwin C. Lacker (466th)

This mission started as usual, breakfast, briefing, takeoff, form over the wash, and head out over the North Sea.

One of several reasons I will never forget this one is that we were not flying lead as we normally did. Our Squadron Commander Maj. John Jacobowitz was flying lead so we were put in deputy lead.

Our crew consisted of (all listed as in 1944 in Attlebridge): Pilot, Capt. Eugene C. Roberson; Co-Pilot, 1st Lt. Richard H. Kern, Navigator; 1st Lt. Daniel V. Ebbs; Bombardier, 1st Lt. Alan D. Jorgenson; Radio, T/Sgt. Robert Schiker; Engineer, T/Sgt. Stewart S. Langley; Ball, S/Sgt. (only knew last name) Beshel; Left Waist, S/Sgt. Morgan D. Flaharty; Tail, S/Sgt. Stanford H. Kelsey, and normally nose, but Right Waist for this mission, S/Sgt. Edwin C. Lacker. At this writing, Alan Jorgenson died January 26, 1986.

The mission for the day was to Hannover. The route to and from the target was over the North Sea to just west of Bremerhaven, south to the target, and return the same way. We encountered heavy flak over the target, which was normal. When we reached the North Sea, on our return, we started to relax. This was a mistake. Either Maj. Jacobowitz or his Navigator, was too far off course, to the right. This put us almost right over Helgoland Island. For some reason, the three 88s on the Island, used our B24 J for target practice. We were tossed around like flying in weather. The rounds were so close that the fuses stuck in the skin of our ship. One round was so close, under the waist, that our tail gunner got out of the turret and said he was not going to get back in. I sure don't blame him for that since we thought this was no doubt our last mission. God had to be with us, because the Aircraft had 55 holes in the fuselage, and not one of the crew got hit.

I have often wondered why our Aircraft was the only one in the formation that was shot at.

Back to the mission. As we got far enough away so Kelsey could see Helgoland, the tail turret guns started to fire. I got on intercom and asked what was going on. Kelsey replied that he hoped every round hit them on the head.

Before this mission, flak didn't seem to be directed at us, but from then on it was a little different.

The reason that I am writing this is because our Pilot asked if I remembered our Sqdn. Commander. This is how I remember him very well.

Transcribed from My Diary

by Howard L. Davis (445th)

Sept. 29, 1955: (In bed, my own, with a bad cold).

Day before yesterday our group, lately grown complacent and confident because of the apparently failing wings of the Luftwaffe, and proud because of a record which included official credit for the best bombing in the Second Division over a three month period (which netted Col. Jones an invitation for dinner by General Doolittle) suffered a blow such as we never dreamed of. I have never heard of another group being hit as hard as we were day before yesterday, on September 27, 1944.

The target was the marshalling yards at Kassel. The 445th was leading the Second Combat Wing, Major McCoy, C.O. of the 700th Bomb Squadron, the command pilot in our lead ship (Chilton crew), and Major Graham, 702nd operations officer, in his deputy lead. Our group was 39 Liberators strong.

All went well until the target area was reached. Clouds obscured it and bombing had to be done by Pathfinder methods. The 389th and the 453rd groups following us saw that we were going past the target

due to some navigational failure, bombed properly and abandoned combat wing integrity to turn for the proper rally point. The 445th drove some miles beyond the briefed course alone, no bombers for company and no friendly fighters for support.

The Luftwaffe attacked from the rear at about six o'clock (position, not time) in great strength of 100 to 150. They came in waves of about fifteen, Focke-Wolfe 190's, firing at our bellies and coming on through our formation. Our gunners sent a number of them down in flames, but we didn't have a chance. Everywhere, survivors say, planes were burning and falling. Parachutes blossomed all over the sky and some plummeted earthward. Major McCoy's plane was seen burning and falling; two or three parachutes were believed to have opened from it. (Mac, sitting in the movie with me the night before the raid, had told me how he got the surgeon to unground him just for this mission, for he was due to go home after two more to see Carmen and his daughter whom he had never seen.) Sergeant Sloan, my radio operator on that plane, who was afraid of flak, had sent all

Fliers Dictionary

The following definitions were taken from the Castle Air Museum newsletter, 1 Jan 86.

Drat: Expression used by student pilots at level off point on first X-Country when they discover that their maps are still on the desk in Operations.

Useless: That altitude above you; or, that runway behind you.

Navigator, where are we? Term frequently used by old time bomber pilots.

I'll Check: Term used by old time navigators in response to old time bomber pilots; synonymous with "I don't know."

Son of a gun: Expression used by pilots when the airport is twenty minutes away and there is only fifteen minutes of fuel in the tanks.

Feather Two: Term used by pilots to indicate the engine they no longer wanted to use. On B-36 aircraft it might indicate the number of engines that they no longer wanted to use. Note: not used by single engine fliers.

Safety Belt: A device which insures that the aircraft stays with the pilot.

OOPS: Term used by those fliers familiar with fixed landing gear aircraft after touchdown in aircraft with retractable landing gear.

Rough Landing: Where the aircraft quits flying before the pilot does.

of his control point and bomb strike messages perfectly.

Now the group was split up and the six planes which managed to get back to Tibenham flew singly or in pairs. One crashed a mile from here. Three crash landed at Manston, near Dover. (Note: Manston was a very wide and long runway made especially for crash landings by the RAF as well as the American Eighth Air Force.) Three more were believed to have landed in France with wounded or dead aboard.

Twenty-six of our thirty-nine dispatched 445th planes were lost to those weakening Luftwaffe wings.

This amounted to well over a third of the crews and planes of the group. At Gotha we had lost but thirteen.

It was a stunning and unbelievable blow. The rest of the Eighth Air Force in total lost but thirteen planes that day.

The next day, yesterday, we received field orders in the night calling for another maximum effort. Our maximum force available flew out on schedule, twelve strong. All came home.

Jim Graham got back and succeeded Mac as squadron commander. Shay, the published poet ("30 Missions") and my Missouri University friend Sprague also survived Kassel. Many of my friends and acquaintances did not.

The Eighth Air Force, losing no time, sent us twenty new B-24J's and the replacement crews to go with them. Those strange faces are pouring in now. Classes for them keep us busy.