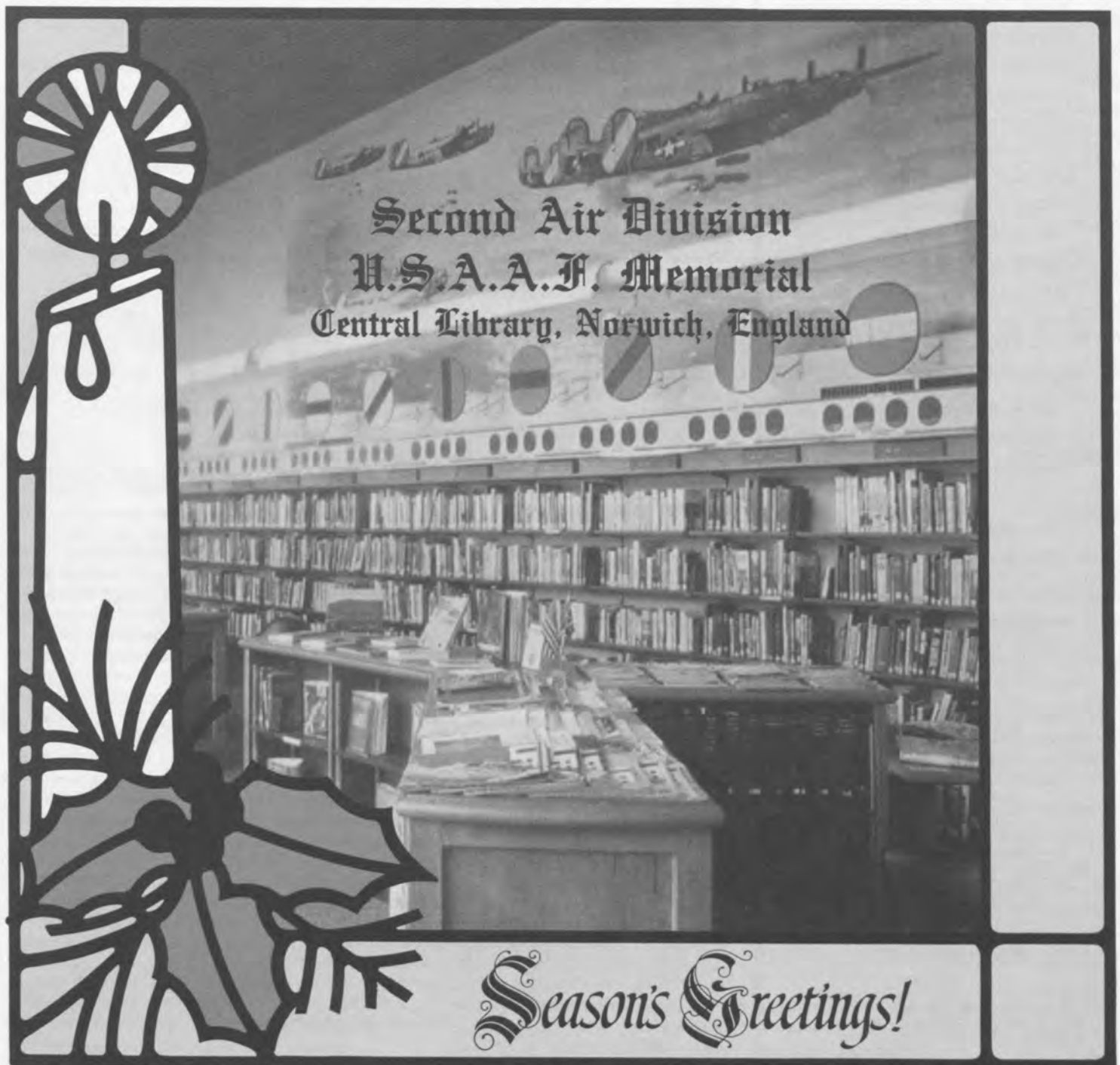


Vol. 29, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1990



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President's Message "Tighten That Formation"

by Richard M. Kennedy



Fall in! Dress it up! Sound off! Get in step! Sound familiar???

Somehow, if we could only manage to listen to those ancient and now far-away winds, I'm certain we might very well hear the distant, but clear, echo of those once familiar exhortations. Those ever repetitive phrases were usually delivered, with a fair amount of intensity, by a G.I. wearing a couple of stripes and carrying that most impressive symbol of authority — the "clip board."

As our training and erstwhile military careers have moved forward, the message and the messenger might have been presented to us in a variety of forms. However, the underlying endowment of the principle, delivered to us, never varied. We were, in our particular military setting, a part of a "team." This concept held true no matter what our individual responsibility may have involved. The wisdom employed by our leaders during those eventful years now appears to have been, with respect to the team concept, solidly conceived. That team concept remained with us and the remarkable record of the 2nd Air Division accomplishments is brilliantly and forever emblazoned upon the historic pages of World War II exploits.

Whenever I speak of the 2nd Air Division Association, I am ever mindful of, and do include each of the Groups. I think we are all well aware of the role each component (Squadron, Group, Wing, Division) played in the make up of the Mighty Eighth. As we view and review our own experiences as part of the 2nd Air Division, I also think it would be accurate to say that we also know full well the role the "Groups" played as a part of the greatest of Air Forces.

We were all players on that 2nd Air Division "Team." That concept when carried over to the 2nd Air Division Association, hasn't changed, each Group remains a part of the "Team." Each Group fought and clawed its way through enemy flak and fighters to earn the right to occupy an exalted place of honor as a bonafide member of the 2nd Air Division, and subsequently, the 2nd Air Division Association. When examining the entire "Mighty Eighth," our 14 Bomber and 5 Fighter Groups are uniquely conspicuous. They alone qualify for membership in our extraordinary 2nd Air Division Association.

"Unity"!!! That's what made the 2nd AD the deadly, effective strike force it was and "Unity" will assure each of us that the 2nd Air Division Association will remain a viable organization, capable of successfully carrying out the mission developed by the Association Founders. We as principled members cannot, in good conscience, consider any course that might result in the slightest erosion of the cohesiveness that has been the cornerstone of this Association and its "active duty" predecessor.

While we were all busily engaged in carrying out our varied specialties during the active years of the 2nd Air Division, we were fortunate to have had proficient and dedicated leaders serving as Group Commanders. Each of those Commanders skillfully guided the efforts of his Group in concert with the overall aims of the 2nd Air Division firmly and clearly in mind.

The heritage the 2nd Air Division Association acquired from its active predecessors presumed quite the same semblance of organization. Therefore, the loyal relationship of the Groups to the 2nd Air Division Association continues to be of prime importance, "Unity" is as much a priority under our present configuration as it was in the years 1943-1945.

The key to ensuring that all important "Unity" lies, for the most part, in the hands of the present 2nd ADA Group Vice Presidents. As I see it, the responsibility assumed by each 2nd ADA Group Vice President, when accepting his office, is a most sober undertaking and it is incumbent on that individual to lead his Group's efforts in unison with the aims and efforts of the 2nd Air Division Association. In my opinion, if a strong and unified Association is to exist, anything less than full Group adherence to basic Association policy is totally unacceptable. The one person who should be unqualifiedly dedicated to this concept of "Unity," by "Group" is the 2nd ADA Group Vice President.

Association history tells me that, for the most part, past and present 2nd ADA Group Vice Presidents have consistently honored the acceptance of their leadership roles by resolutely holding their Groups in a tight "formation."

Unfortunately I have seen, on the part of a couple of 2nd ADA Group Vice Presidents, a deliberate tendency to persuade their Group members to place the overall interests of the Group ahead of the best interests of the Association.

In the face of accepting the office of 2nd ADA Group Vice President, any lack of dedication to Association policy by a 2nd ADA Group Vice President is conceptually fraudulent. When a person accepts a position of leadership in this Association he should be prepared, and determined, to carry out his responsibilities to the full extent expected of him by the membership. If he cannot participate as a loyal member of a legitimately established leadership group, he might seriously consider if he should continue to hold his position. Each 2nd ADA Group Vice President and each Group has a liberal amount of flexibility built into the conduct of Group affairs. However, certain basic concepts should not be abrogated or diluted in any way! Remember, "Unity" upholds the strength of the 2nd Air Division Association.

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Vice President's Message

by Elmer W. (Bill) Clarey

As I write this greeting to all of you, I have a piece of the Berlin Wall sitting on my desk. My friendly neighbor procured it for me while he was on a visit to Berlin, Germany.

If only the piece of cement could tell me its story! I never flew to Berlin on any of my missions during the war, but I can well visualize what the city looked like after hostilities ceased. The broken piece of cement reflects all that may have happened to the city and its surroundings. Hopefully, it will never happen again.

Recently, I had the pleasure of attending my Aviation Cadet Class, 43K, reunion in Fort Stockton, Texas. The townspeople went out of their way to make sure that we enjoyed every minute of our stay. It reminded me of the way that the people of North Pickenham/Swaffham, England responded to our every need.

After 47 years, I still recognized eight members of my class. Also, the Second Air Division Association may be having some new members as a result of this reunion.

While in Texas, I visited the Glider Pilot's Museum at Terrell. This museum is well worth visiting while you are in Dallas or thereabouts.

A very nice visit was had with our Honorary President, Jordan Uttal, in his Dallas home. As my friend Ken Kailey said, this man is a walking dictionary!

At this time, I would like to wish each and every one of you and yours the happiest of Holiday Seasons.

President's Message (continued from page 2)

If you're getting the impression that I'm serious about my approach to my responsibilities — you're right! I'm dedicated with respect to doing my best on behalf of the 2nd Air Division Association and its Groups and I expect to find the same spirit of dedication present in each Association officer as well as in each member. I'm certain my expectations will not result in disappointment.

My research tells me that the responsibilities of the 2nd ADA Group Vice President are clearly defined and all 2nd ADA Group Vice Presidents are, and have been, fully apprised of what is expected of them. The basic concept of "Unity" is not foreign to anyone serving as an officer of this Association. I stated in my initial message as your Executive Vice President that I was dedicated to the "concept of a strong and unified 2nd ADA" and that I would "be as available to each Group and each member that physical and time restraints allow." That pledge is herein renewed.

I salute and congratulate all 2nd ADA Group Vice Presidents carrying the banner of the 2nd Air Division Association in a manner expected by the Membership. I am also willing to discuss, with any 2nd ADA Group Vice President, differing viewpoints related to the concept of a "Unified" 2nd Air Division Association.

I ask the Membership for their support and to accept this treatise with an objective degree of tolerance. The intent is, as always, constructive.

Remember, ladies and gentlemen, we are a "last man" Association and, as such, we should all welcome and cherish the close relationship available to us, Group to Group, within the 2nd Air Division Association. The "Unity" found therein will be most comforting as we prepare to "make camp" and "circle the wagons."

As the days approach one of our most festive Holiday periods, may Bobbie and I wish each of you, and your loved ones, a happy and healthy Holiday Season. God bless you all.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

Elsewhere in this Journal issue I'm sure Evelyn Cohen will have information concerning the 1991 2nd ADA Reunion. It will be in July at the Hyatt Regency in Dearborn, Michigan. Most of us who fly in will probably go into Detroit's Metro Airport. We will take a commuter van from there to Dearborn at \$9.00 a head.

It is hoped that each member and spouse of the 453rd BG will be able to attend and participate. We want and need to meet with each of you and again enjoy your company. Evelyn is now accepting reservations, so let's get ours in early so that none of us will be disappointed by lack of accommodations. Roll Call — Be There! The reunion site for 1992 will be on the West Coast. Plan on that as well.

The 2nd ADA roster lists something over 600 members from the 453rd BG. That's good, and we are growing. The 453rd BG Association has less than 400 members on our roster. That's good, too, but I wonder why the difference? Certainly membership in either is a matter of individual choice and our personnel may elect either, both or neither. If one or more of you are not aware of it, there is a 453rd BG Association. It is separate and distinct from the 2nd ADA. If you are not now a member, and wish to join, send an application and dues to Frank Thomas. Dues are \$10.00 each calendar year; those of us who are already members, dues are due each January.

While speaking of Frank Thomas, I often envy and always admire him. I wish that each of us, and me especially, would complete our responsibilities as well and as timely as Frank. He has (and continues to) served us well with little recognition.

At the 2nd ADA reunion at Dearborn, the 453rd BG Association will have a business meeting the afternoon of Thursday, July 4th. Plan to attend and participate. Do not be concerned about a lack of fireworks; maybe we can generate some there at the time. If you have topics for discussion, consideration, agenda items, please send them to me: "Wib" Clingan, 8729 Samoline Avenue, Downey, CA 90240. That same evening our Group dinner will be scheduled.

At our business meeting the major item, I assume, will be election of officers. We badly need and solicit your participation and input. In the past, too few of us have attended and our officers have been elected by a minority of our members. This is no reflection on those who have held office. They have been splendid and have served us well (perhaps with the exception of your present V.P.). We are fortunate in that we have had and continue to have a wealth of capable, responsible and dependable members. If you would like to place a name in nomination for any of the offices, please do so and do not be reluctant to make it known that you would like to serve in some capacity. It is perfectly all right to nominate yourself. Send your nomination to Bill Garrett, who is chairman of our nomination committee, at 1057 Egan Avenue, Pacific Grove, CA 93950-2407. I had

thought of making some suggestions, but there are so many, so capable, I would utilize all our allotted space. And, I would hate to slight anyone by oversight. I am not at all reluctant to be replaced in this office, so do not hesitate to nominate others for the office of Chairman/Vice President of the 453rd BG/2nd ADA. I am in no way opposed to having another assume the office I now hold. Let's pass it around.

You may, or may not know, there is an American Air Museum at Duxford, England near Cambridge. Of course it is a British operation. There is a very nice color brochure telling of the past, present and future aspirations. Prominently displayed on the inside cover, in top color, are several Group insignia. In the top row is the 453rd Bomb Group. Nice, huh?

This leads to a discussion of our future. What happens when we get down to the remaining few and/or our "last man"? We are not a group of youngsters, — we're not yet old either, but we are gravitating toward that point. We are not a wealthy organization but we do have some monies. Don Olds has been collecting items, pictures and pamphlets for years and has several albums of such items. Should we not make preparation for the disposal of our assets? Select a repository for our historical items and someone or something to leave our nest egg? We can make whatever we have available to one or more of the B-24 museums in the States, to the 453rd Memorial Room at Old Buckenham, to the 2AD Memorial Library at Norwich, to the Museum at Duxford, or...? Perhaps the incoming group of officers can accept this as a project, give it some consideration, reach a resolution. If you have suggestions on this matter please make them known — drop me a line. Tempus does fugit, don't it?

We have had contact with and heard from several of you and enjoyed each. "Swede" and Virginia Johnson came by for a too brief visit; Julian Goodey (of Old Buck) wrote. He again said that those good people at Old Buck had enjoyed having us for a visit. Pat Ramm also called and spoke of his continued interest in and work for the 453rd BG. Wilbur Stites, Don Olds, Leon Helfand, Ralph McClure, Milt Stokes, Glen Smith, Ludie and Mo Morris, Doc and Bonnie Pickett, Lew and Treedy Barley have all been in contact. Some sent pictures, some tapes, but each and every one of the contacts was enjoyed and appreciated. We are a viable organization. We have also had input from Andy Low, Moose Allen and Dan Reading which has been helpful. I'm sure I've omitted some we've heard from, but, as you may know, memories fade as we grow old. We've talked with Lloyd Prang and, in Dearborn, with Russ Harriman.

The 453rd Newsletter we received from Wilbur Stites was up to the quality we have grown to expect from him — nothing short of excellent. I have heard from several to whom the newsletter was mailed, and each of them commented upon its high quality. Congratulations, Wilbur.

Ralph McClure said he had been in contact with M/Sgt. George Smith. George and M/Sgt. Charles Stephens, John Randall and John Cooper are all newly found and potential members. Ralph has also heard from T/Sgt. John Tangorra and hopes to get him aboard as well. Sid Constantinos may also join the 2nd ADA as a Subscribing Member. His uncle was with the 2nd ADA and was one of our losses. Contact was made with Marc Marcus who was a 735th Squadron pilot. We've sent him an application.

The mini-reunion at French Lick, Indiana is now over. Diana and I were not able to be there, which we regretted. We haven't heard from any who were there but we are sure the attendance, cheer and companionship were enjoyed. These mini-reunions are a pleasure and afford a great opportunity for "remembering when." There will be one in Southern California at El Toro Marine Base next March 2nd.

Some time back, Francis Kyle (732nd) and Frank Fluharty (735th) printed a 45 minute VCR tape called "Liberator Men of Old Buckenham" which I've seen and enjoyed. They now have another called "The Way We Were" which I have not seen, but have ordered. They sell them for \$25.00 and they are available from Francis Kyle. This is not a plug — just information. Along the same line there is a Wallace Forman, 2161 West County Rd. B, St. Paul, Minn. 55113 who has compiled a list of B-24s listed by Group, Squadron, A/C Serial No. and name. The listing is available for \$6.00. He also solicits input, additions and corrections, if any. Several hundred are listed. Again, just information, not a plug.

The Collings Foundation continues to fly and exhibit the B-24 to great acclaim, and the 453rd BG continues to be supportive. Jim Walser (734th) is now a sponsor. The 453rd BG, 734th Sq and 735th Sq and individuals are prominent in support — especially Russ Harriman, Frank Thomas and Bob Pedigo. The article in our last Journal by Aimee Stokes was enjoyable — wonder who her grandfather is?

We have several new members from the 453rd with the 2nd AD. Space constraints limit listing all the names, but we are happy to welcome you aboard and thank you for joining with us. We look forward to meeting with you at Dearborn and sharing some memories with you at that time.

Don't forget! For membership in the 453rd BG Association send an application and dues to Frank Thomas at 118 Lakeview Drive, Carlinville, Ill. 62626. Those of us who are already members — dues are due.

Now, a disclaimer. This is being written in mid-October for publication in December. Between now and then, there may be a slip. We hope not, but changes are sometimes unavoidable. If we are required to alter a thing or two, forgive us and ride with it.

It is mid-October as I said. It seems strange to do so now, but Diana and I want to take this opportunity to wish each of you and yours a happy and healthy holiday season. God bless each of you.

Colorful Ted Timberlake Dead at 80

by Carroll (Cal) Stewart



When elevated to brigadier general in August 1943, at age 33, Edward J. (Ted) Timberlake, Jr. became the youngest American general officer since the Civil War. He was the first B-24 group commander in the European theater, and figured prominently in the 30-month high-level daylight bombing offensive.

Retiring in 1965 as a lieutenant general, Timberlake, 80, battled cancer for a decade. His death September 3, 1990 at Hilton Head Hospital on Hilton Head Island, S.C. was attributed to pneumonia.

General Ted, as he was affectionately known, was born at Ft. Hood, Va., one of four sons of a career Army artillery officer. All four graduated from the U.S. Military Academy, three becoming general officers and, in so doing, becoming one of the nation's most prominent military families.

Then-Colonel Ted Timberlake took his 93rd Bombardment Group to England in early September 1942. He led his tiny force of new four-engine heavyweights, tacked onto a Flying Fortress formation more than three times larger, into battle October 9 against the Fives-Lille Steel & Locomotive Works at Lille, France. That day three B-17s and one B-24 were downed by Luftwaffe fighters and flak.

The 93rd completed eight subsequent missions without loss. Roger Freeman, Eighth Air Force historian, said the 93rd had the lowest operational loss among four B-17 and two B-24 groups in VIII Bomber Command during the fall of '42. In December, Timberlake led three of his four squadrons to North Africa, later the Libyan Desert, to support critical Allied landings. The 93rd blasted German and Italian-held ports, shipping, depots and rail yards. One squadron patrolled and attacked Nazi sub-

marines as the Allied invasion convoys moved through the Bay of Biscay.

Returning in February 1943 to Hardwick Aerodrome in East Anglia, Timberlake's outfit earned fame as Ted's Travelling Circus. In early January the stay-behind Circus squadron had penetrated the Ruhr, the first American bombers over Germany proper, to conduct experimental missions in efforts to bomb on instruments only. With Britain's lifeline to the U.S. in peril, due to German U-boat packs savaging Allied convoys in the Atlantic, the 93rd and the 44th Bombardment Group were repeatedly dispatched to blast submarine spawning nests in northern Germany and repair and refitting pens in French ports. Each mission attracted swarms of Luftwaffe fighters and crack anti-aircraft regiments. Only a trickle of replacement crews and new planes arrived.

In May 1943 low-level rehearsals were begun by the only two Lib groups in England, ultimately joined by the 389th Bombardment Group arriving from the States. The three Eighth Air Force groups formed the 201st Provisional Wing, under Timberlake, which flew to Benghazi to conduct a top-secret operation, code-named Tidal Wave. The order to attack Ploesti, Romania, Hitler's gas station, evolved from the Casablanca Conference and the plan came direct from the Pentagon. The 201st Wing hooked up with two desert-based Ninth Air Force groups, the 376th and 98th. Tidal Wave preparation was interrupted during June and July for imperative conventional assaults on Sicilian and Italian harbors, shipping, airfields and rail center, including Rome, in support of the Allied invasion of Sicily in July, Italy in September.

The Ploesti complex included 14 major refineries. Precise targets were to be bombed from near-zero altitude. The largest force of American heavies yet assembled — 178 — set out on the longest bombing mission to date — August 1, 1943 — and attacked through deadly ground fire, flame, explosions and smoke. Aerial gunners exchanged thousands of rounds with flak batteries firing point-blank at on-rushing bombers. German, Romanian and Bulgarian fighters ambushed crippled bombers leaving the target and desert-bound. Fifty-two B-24s failed to return. Crash and forced landings were strewn over the Balkans and throughout the Mediterranean area. Few bombers returned without extensive damage. Ploesti was more heavily defended than Berlin.

Timberlake was grounded by high headquarters on the eve of the Great Mission. The leading 376th committed a critical navigational error over Romania that threw off timing. Heavy short-term and some

long-term damage was inflicted on the refineries. Months later 23 high-altitude missions by hundreds of Italy-based Libs and Forts were required to knock out the complex.

Back "home" in England again, Colonel Ted became a brigadier. The East Anglian B-24s went to the desert for the third time to help neutralize the German Air Force. Notable was the highly successful October 1 assault on the huge Messerschmitt works outside Vienna, with Timberlake leading his B-24s. Only B-24s had the range to deliver payloads to Ploesti, Vienna and other targets from the desert.

Timberlake successively headed the 2nd Combat Wing and the 20th Combat Wing as the entire Second Air Division and Eighth Air Force relentlessly pounded enemy synthetic fuel plants, heavy industry, airfields, rocket installations, rail yards, bridges and massed armor. By war's end, Timberlake had been awarded the Silver Star, Legion of Merit, other U.S. awards, plus numerous foreign military honors.

Timberlake became director of personnel for the Continental Air Force in 1945; served as chief of the USAF operations divisions at the Pentagon, 1947-48; commanded the 315th Air Division in Japan; commanded the Fifth Air Force in Korea during the Korean War; served as vice commander of U.S. Air Forces in Europe, 1959-60; and served as deputy chief of staff, USAF, 1961-62. He was commanding the Continental Air Command when he retired. During the first decade of retirement, he chaired the Hilton Head Sea Pines Residential Council.

Ted's Travelling Circus went on to rack up 391 combat missions — more than any other WWII heavy bomber group — and delivered more tonnage than any other B-24 group.

General Ted's wife, the former Marjorie Campbell, died in 1988.

Survivors include son, Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. III (Ret.) of Alexandria, Va.; daughters, Marjorie Foster of Hilton Head and Shirley Martin of Roanoke, Va.; 10 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, one great-great-grandchild.

Editor's Note: The Timberlake biographical material was compiled for the Journal by Carroll (Cal) Stewart of O'Neill, Nebraska, formerly of the 93rd and General Timberlake's first aide de camp. Stewart is writing a book, Ted's Travelling Circus, expected to be released in early 1992. He co-authored with James Dugan the 1962 Random House release, Ploesti, long out of print.

1990 Reunion - Norwich, England



Candlelighting Ceremony at Banquet



Kurt & Vickie Warning, Bobbie & G. Griffin



Art Sessa and Bill Nothstein, 466th



Bill Nothstein Presents Flag at Church in Village



Still Standing Huts at 466th Headquarters



Service at Cathedral



Parade at Village

WACs Dedicate Pallas Athene Key

by Eleanor Storms

A WAC donation was made in 1978 to have a permanent piece placed in the Second Air Division Memorial Room Library which would honor the women who served with the Headquarters during World War II.

July 30, 1990, during the past Norwich convention, thirteen women who served with the 2AD Headquarters WAC Detachment, gathered in the Memorial Room of the Library to view and dedicate the completed Pallas Athene Key. The name for the Pallas Athene Key represents the insignia once worn on the Women Army Corps uniform during World War II. Usually, insignias worn on uniforms indicate the certain type of work performed, but the WAC's duties were so diversified that Pallas Athene was finally chosen because the Greek Goddess possessed many skills for varied duties. She presided over battles with a determination to win and after victory continued to serve on in peaceful activities.

On the top of the Pallas Athene Key, a turquoise map shows the location of each of the 2nd Air Division Bomb Groups and this key leads the way to their individual shelves of books in the Library.



Jordan Uttal praises the work of the WACs during WWII. (l-r): Gladys Veynar, Virginia T. Davis, Chris C. Henderson, Eleanor Storms.

Jordan Uttal assisted the WACs in coordinating this endeavor with the Memorial Board of Governors. Tom Nash, architect, designed the Pallas Athene Key and Dan Windnam, cabinet maker, proudly completed it from the plans.

Eleanor Storms thanked Jordan Uttal and the others for their assistance and for having the Pallas Athene Key in place for the dedication while at this convention.

Jordan Uttal responded by praising the women for their patriotism while serving their country and for their devotion in performing their duties at the Second Air Division Headquarters. Eleanor Storms presented Phyllis Hunt, Memorial Trust Librarian, with a certificate dedicating the Pallas Athene Key in honor and in memory of those women who served with the Headquarters from 1942 to 1945.

A 2AD Headquarters, WAC Detachment, Memorial Book listing the names of 34 women who once served with the Headquarters at Ketteringham, was also presented to Phyllis Hunt at this dedication.



Eleanor Storms presents the WAC Memorial Book to Phyllis Hunt, 2AD Memorial Room Librarian. (in back, l-r): Hazel Bliss, Marilyn F. Hughes, Earline Embrey, Evelyn Cohen and Lida B. Thompson.

Seventh Midwest Regional Reunion

by Anne Steichen

The Seventh Midwest Regional Reunion of the Second Air Division Association was held at the historic French Lick Springs Resort in French Lick, Indiana, October 10-12, 1990 and was chaired by Paul Steichen of the 93rd Bomb Group.

312 guests attended from Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Nebraska, Colorado, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland, Tennessee, Washington, Mississippi, California, South Dakota, Texas, Kansas and New Hampshire.

Major General Phil Ardery, Ret., 389th BG, author of "Bomber Pilot" and a Louisville attorney and civic leader, was the featured banquet speaker.

The Collings Foundation B-24 "All American" paid an unexpected visit, staying three days at the remote French Lick Municipal Airport to the delight of the local populace and reunion attendees.

Brigadier General Kenneth M. Keene, Ret., 93rd and 466th BGs, was M.C. for the opening session. He read a proclamation from Indiana governor Evan Bayh declaring Thursday, October 11, SECOND AIR

DIVISION DAY in Indiana. Norma M. Beasley, V.P. for Communications, presented a report on the status of the Heritage League. Bruce G. Helmer, 445th and 389th BGs, told of the August 1, 1990 dedication at Ludwigsau, Germany, of the monument to both 445th and Luftwaffe casualties of the air battle of September 27, 1944. This was the largest, single mission loss in the history of the 8th Air Force. The evening closed with the video "Faces of the Second Air Division" and drawings for 30 door prizes, most of which were made by Earl Zimmerman, 389th BG.

Second Air Division President Richard M. Kennedy, 448th BG, presided at the Annual Business Meeting Thursday morning, which was followed by bingo played by a large group and the meeting of the "Site and Chairman Committee," chaired by George Rundblad, 453rd BG.

Wilbur Stites, 453rd BG, served as Master of Ceremonies at the 7th Annual Banquet, General Keene led the Pledge of Allegiance, and Mrs. June Zimmerman, a Norwich war bride, gave the invocation. A gourmet banquet with wine was served, followed by the traditional ceremonial

"Eight Candles for Remembrance" conducted by Earl Zimmerman. Second Air Division President Kennedy presented the "Bomb Group of the Year Award" to the 93rd BG. Accepting the award was Floyd Mabee, V.P. for the 93rd.

E. (Bud) Koorndyk, 389th and 93rd BGs, the American member of the Board of Governors, Memorial Trust, presented a report on the activities of the organization and told of the progress of the Norwich Library. General Ardery, after his excellent address, was presented the highest military honor given by the state of Indiana, "The Legion of Hoosier Heroes."

George Rundblad introduced next year's reunion co-chairmen, Bill Helbling and Marty Borrock, both of the 389th BG and the St. Louis area.

Jack Kennedy, 489th BG, won Low Gross at the Reunion golf outing played over the resort's hill course by 31 players. Benediction was given by Wilbur Stites.

Co-chairmen were: Ken Keene, 93rd and 466th BGs; Lloyd Prang, 453rd BG; Tom Neilan, 453rd BG; and Earl Zimmerman, 389th BG.

2ADA American Librarian Fund Progress Report

by Jordan Uttal

The last miles of our LAST MISSION — the establishment of a Trust in the U.S. to fund a permanent American presence and a British Aide in our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich — are proving the toughest part of our effort.

Our report in the Fall issue of the Journal indicated that we had reached \$450,000.00 — or 90% of our \$500,000.00 minimum target. Since that report, we have had 31 new donors, and our number of pledges (58) has been reduced to 26!

So... we are at 91% of minimum total, but the fact remains that only 25% of our members have contributed. We need at least \$43,000.00, and we are looking to the 75% who have *not* contributed, specifically, *only to those who can afford to make a donation* to help us succeed in reaching our target.

Our Group Vice Presidents will be writing to you who are not already on our list of donors. We devoutly pray that you will heed their request and make this Last Mission a successful Maximum Effort!

Along with my sincere thanks to each of you, I take this opportunity to add my personal good wishes for a Joyous, Healthy, and Peaceful Holiday Season and for a memorable 1991.

Apology

In my up-date on the history of our Association which appeared in the Spring 1990 issue of the Journal, I made a grievous error of omission which I deeply regret. In the middle of the third column I was endeavoring to pay tribute to our past Presidents and I mentioned particularly, by name, six who had passed away.

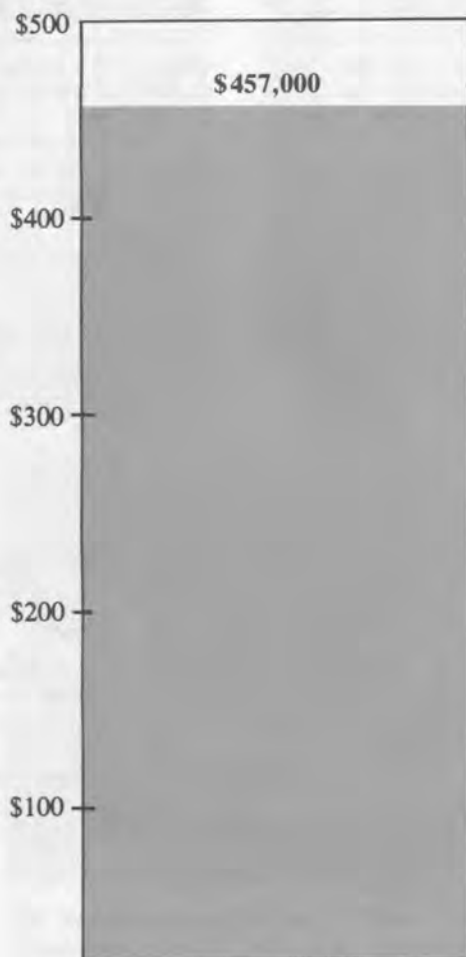
In actual fact, seven of our past Presidents have gone to their rest, and I sincerely apologize for omitting the name of old friend William Brooks, 466th Bomb Group who was President in 1975.

I remember so well that a few short weeks after our return from our successful Convention in 1975 at which he presided, he was here in Dallas, and I had the pleasure of taking him to dinner. It was barely a month later, after his return to Denver, that we had word of his sudden and untimely passing.

So, to the members of the Brooks family, and to all of you members of the Association, I extend my regrets for the unintentional oversight. I remember Bill (and his late wife, Dottie) with affection and respect.

— Jordan R. Uttal

HOW WE STAND AS OF 10 NOVEMBER 1990



HOW DOES YOUR GROUP STAND?

Unit	Number of Donors	Number of Checks	Number of Pledges
458th	283	356	2
93rd	172	218	3
389th	150	224	4
467th	143	176	2
448th	137	154	1
453rd	133	176	0
44th	129	152	2
445th	124	165	2
491st	96	148	3
489th	93	119	1
466th	91	110	2
446th	82	89	1
392nd	80	107	1
HDQ	70	93	2
492nd	30	36	0

In addition, we have had 19 checks from 17 donors from various sources.

PLEDGE COMMITMENT

- I pledge \$1,000
- I pledge \$500
- I pledge \$ _____
- To be given at once
- To be given by end of June 1991

Please make all checks payable to:
2nd Air Division Association

Mail To:
Jordan R. Uttal
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230
Tel. (214) 369-5043

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State - Zip _____

Signature _____

Date _____ Group _____



New book section at the Branch Library at East Dereham. All the branch libraries have the same artwork.

Report on the Memorial Trust

by E. (Bud) Koorndyk

My report for this issue of the Journal is comprised of two speeches given at our activities in Norwich this past July. It only seems fitting to me that each of our members should be privy to the remarks given to those attending the convention in July. This is so because, our Memorial Trust and the Memorial Library it supports are so closely interwoven by our English colleagues who will carry on after we have fulfilled the mandate of being a last man organization.

The speeches were given by Phyllis Hunt, our American Librarian and Tom Eaton, Chairman of our Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Each speech truly reflects the heartfelt feelings of the individuals involved.

Extracts From a Speech by Mr. Tom Eaton, Chairman, 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust

Eighteen years ago, in May 1972, the 2nd ADA held, here in Norwich, what I calculate to have been the 25th Annual Convention of the Association. *I believe that is why we are here this evening.*

At that Convention, interest was rekindled in the work of the Memorial Trust. Questions were asked and answered, new contacts were made and friendships started; and I was invited to attend the 1973 Convention at Colorado Springs. When I spoke there, in some trepidation, the investments and cash assets of the Trust were no more than 20,000 pounds or thereabouts and our book purchases were declining annually because of inflation. Now those assets are of the order of 700,000 pounds, which includes General Arnold's generous donation of \$100,000 and the results to date of your very successful American Librarian Fund appeal.

During those intervening eighteen years, much more than raising money has been achieved. The Memorial Room has been twice improved, refurbished and modernised, four branch library sections have been created in Norfolk, an American Librarian is now permanently employed, together with the invaluable Tony North. The book stock and historical material has been progressively increased and improved, as has the service we give to the public. We are now working with the University of East Anglia and the Imperial War Museum whilst the policy of the Norfolk County Council libraries' committee is positive and constructive. There is also the Fulbright Commission whose contribution has been stimulating and considerable.

All of this has happened because in those eighteen years we have all worked together in partnership, to give that which you hold most dear — the 2nd Air Division Memorial — a quality worthy of those 6,400 of your countrymen "who, flying from bases in

these parts, gave their lives defending freedom." So it must always be.

From what I have seen and read, it is clear to me that the idea of a Memorial Library was inspired by the emotions General Arnold and his colleagues felt as a result of their experiences here in England during World War II. But that idea — inspired as it was — left all the detail to be completed later. The great achievement of these post war years has been, in General Arnold's words, "in developing that idea."

In one of his poems, Walt Whitman wrote:

*"We are not here to dream, to drift,
There is work to be done and loads to lift
Shun not the battle, face it 'tis God's gift"*

It is because Americans and British alike did not "shun the battle" and for so many years now we have worked together for a common cause, that we have also, through the friendship generated by the 2nd Air Division Memorial, not only enriched our own lives and those of our families, but we have also created for future generations a library and a memorial that will enrich the lives of others.

In being grateful for what has been achieved, let us remember there will always be more to be done. In a very real sense, "the sky is the limit" and that is as it should be for a memorial to airmen.

And so to all our American friends I say a very, very warm thank you, for your friendship and generosity and for what you have done to help us with the 2nd Air Division Memorial. Thank you for being with us in England during this past week of glorious weather and memories, and we look forward to meeting you again in England whenever you care to come, whether as individuals or groups. I also hope to be with you at Dearborn in July 1991.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you all a toast: *"The 2nd Air Division Association — Until We Meet Again!"*

Address of Trust Librarian Phyllis Hunt to 2nd ADA Reunion Delegates

Hello to all of you and welcome. I am pleased to have been given a few moments to thank you for allowing me to occupy what must be one of the most interesting library jobs in the world. Evelyn Cohen asked me to tell you what goes on during an ordinary day in the Memorial Library. But there really is no ordinary day. Every day is different — lively and stimulating, both for me and for the people who come to this library. I am full of stories, and these incidents illustrate better than anything else the achievements of the Memorial: the growing momentum of interest in the history of the 2nd Air Division in East Anglia and the provision of materials to satisfy Norfolk's

thirst for information about America.

As your librarian I select the books for the library and I answer questions. We have books on all aspects of American culture and they are well used. I have had to supply the name of Robert E. Lee's horse, the words to the *Good Ship Lollipop*, the recipe for hominy grits and a list of California orange box labels. Our readers are interested in the American Civil War, football, religion in America, American wildlife and American business techniques. During the winter people come to read about California and Florida. Many of them will never go there but they wish to know what it is like. I have had to buy special books on American weather, National Parks and hiking trails. Many local people have thanked me for providing these wonderful books and magazines which they would otherwise never see.

Of course the most important part of our collection is the 2nd Air Division archives: books, papers and photographs on the history of the 2nd Air Division in East Anglia. People come from all over England and from foreign countries to examine this material.

Please send us copies of any papers you have from your years here. Our archives are the most important part of this Memorial. We must preserve this material to ensure that future generations of Americans and East Anglians will be able to inform themselves about your presence in this part of the world during those crucial years.

The printed word is a mighty weapon. You must help me preserve these documents for the future.

Aside from the books and archives, we have visitors. Throughout the year we have a continuous parade of 2nd AD people. Most arrive unexpectedly. They often come at the suggestion of taxi drivers, parking lot attendants and local friends. I cannot emphasize enough the importance of letting us know in advance when you or your family are coming to Norwich. Be sure to save a few hours to look at the resources of the library and to be taken out to your airfield. We have a group of retired people, and people who give up their weekends to take you out to your old base. Sometimes when my car is feeling healthy I also take visitors out to the villages. I have tried to educate myself about your achievements here so that I can do this. The first time I went to Hardwick it was Easter Sunday. Tony and I stood in a field looking at the old runways. A car came up the dusty country road. I thought that the farmer was looking to shoot poachers. But a young woman got out of the car: a blonde, suntanned California girl. She said, "Do you know where the American airfield is? My father was stationed here." We took her down the road to David Woodrow, who uses the old buildings as part of his farm. Remember

(continued on page 10)

Report on the Memorial Trust (continued from page 9)

this was Easter Sunday. He put up the US flag and spent the afternoon showing us the site.

We also have visitors doing research on the 2nd Air Division: people from Holland and Sweden and Germany. English people come here on their vacations to see the archives. Even B-17 people come here to tell us how they wish that they had a Memorial like this one. American students at the University of East Anglia have gathered oral history records in the villages as part of their university program. 50 American students have sat on the floor of the library and wept at the end of a Joe Dzenowagis video of your memories. You have sent us your children, your grandchildren, your friends. Local people bring in *their* guests. We hear them as they stand in front of the map explaining "now this is where the Americans were during the war and this library is their Memorial..."

The possibilities for the growth of this Memorial Library seem to be endless. When I give a talk to a school the students wish to know more, to see photographs and formation sheets, to talk to Tony who remembers these times. When we begin to collect oral history records of wartime memories, we find that everyone has several friends who have even *more* interesting recollections. Many of the local people who have been interviewed become regular visitors to the library. They have taken you out to bases and they are helping us this week. When I asked one of the library cleaners to try to get the finger marks off the map, she polished gently and told me about *her* memories of going to Hethel for a Christmas party. I wish that you could be here to witness the many incidents confirming friendship and remembrance. But I think of you all as I go through what is *never* an ordinary day.

I have had many jobs in many countries, but this is the most soul-satisfying job I have ever had. There is no other place like this place: your Memorial Library. I am honored and grateful to be here.

I shall end by saying I don't believe for a moment that this is the last Second Air Division reunion in Norwich. The Reunion goes on right here in your Memorial Library. When your children and grandchildren and friends come here, of course. But also every time one of our Norfolk readers opens a book he will see a Memorial bookplate and he will remember you generous folk who have given us these books. He will also be reminded of why these interesting and beautiful books are in the Norwich Central Library. The Reunion goes on. Every day. I am the caretaker here and *I know*. Thank you.

The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

Another year is coming to a close. I hope that it has been a good one for all of you and that next year will be even better.

On Sunday, November 11, 1990, a wreath was placed at Weston Longville's War Memorial in memory of our fallen comrades. The wreath was presented by our friend in Norwich, Ted Clarke, during a ceremony sponsored by the British Legion. This was made possible by a gift from Gail Ann Schoonover, daughter of Bob Pettersen. Perhaps it would be fitting to make this an annual affair. Your comments on this subject will be most welcome. The approximate cost was 10 pounds.

Phyllis Hunt, Trust Librarian, is looking for material on the 466th Bomb Group. The library needs photos, formation sheets, mission reports, crew lists, letters, written personal memories of 1942-1945; also theatre programs, Christmas Dinner menus, etc. It is not necessary to send originals — copies will suffice. Memories committed to tape cassettes are also useful and would be appreciated. Send to: Phyllis Hunt, Trust Librarian, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1NJ, England.

The following account may shed some light on one of those legends many of us heard about in 1945. Is this why the 466th never received the Presidential Unit Citation?

A History of the Bombing of Basel, Switzerland

by R.W. Pettersen

This is one Navigator's version from the original navigation maps and diary notes covering the 466th's mission on 4 March 1945, to what was supposed to be a jet aircraft plant at Kitzingen, and due to bad weather, resulted in some of our squadron's bombing of Basel, Switzerland.

Up at 02:30 hrs., Briefing at 04:30 hrs., Takeoff at 06:30 hrs: Because of the bad weather we headed for France to form. We crossed the Belgian coast at 07:31 hrs and had bad weather all the way. Finally found the formation, playing hide and go seek in the clouds, southwest of Reims. The formation took off on course at 09:12 hrs and climbed in formation through clouds all the way. We reached an altitude of 27,000 feet near Lake Constance, "hanging on the props." They finally decided the weather was too bad for the primary, and determined to try to bomb Stuttgart. We could not get there either, so we split up. Our Lead Ship turned around at 09:50 hrs and headed for Freiburg. We then were joined by some planes from other groups.

At approximately 10:00 hrs I told Ellison that I had us located approximately 15 miles

southwest of Freiburg, heading for Switzerland. He radioed the lead plane and advised them, but they told us the Radar Navigator had positively identified Freiburg, and that we would drop.

During this time, the Swiss were sending up COLORED "FLAK" to tell us we were getting closer to the Swiss border. We started down the "Bomb Run" still in the clouds, but a short time before "Bombs Away" we broke out into the open so we were able to bomb visually with the trusty NORDEN bombsight.

During the bomb run, my "GEE BOX" was starting to come in. We had "BOMBS AWAY" at 10:31 hrs, and I finally obtained a "GEE" fix at 10:13:30, thirty seconds after "Bombs Away." The fix showed that we had indeed bombed Basel, Switzerland. We were carrying ten 500 lb. R.D.X. bombs and were flying in the "Generator Geny."

Heading for home, we crossed the Belgian coast at Ostend at 12:20 hrs, crossed the English coast south of Lowestoft at 13:13 hrs, and landed at 13:28 hrs. This was a seven hour fifteen minute flight.

That day, those of us that dropped, had 100% of our bombs in the 500 foot circle, and as a result, all of our bombs hit railroad cars in the marshalling yard; an almost unheard of bombing accuracy.

I have been told that we did not kill any people that day, and later intelligence revealed that the marshalling yard was filled with freight cars carrying war materials to Germany, so although the bombing was a terrible mistake, we may have saved some American lives down the road.

FOOTNOTE: Official records indicate that seven (7) people were injured as a result of this bomb run. The Swiss Government was paid restitution in full by the Government of the United States of America.

Help Wanted

This past summer (1990), Cathy Thomson, at Attlebridge, had a visitor looking for information concerning her uncle. He was Ernest Harold Ratliff of Sanford, Florida. He was lost on his second mission, 2 March 1945. Sgt. Ratliff was the tail gunner on crew 585 (pilot H.W. Greiner). Their ship went down near Dummer Lake, Germany. If you have any information to assist, please contact:

Beverley Brewster
1117 Wisteria
Tallahassee, FL 32312

It's Easy When You Try

by John E. Butler

On the first Wednesday of every month, the Houston 44th Gang get together to eat, drink and talk. We have a round table reserved at a local watering hole called the Bombay Bicycle Club. We have been doing this for about three years now. Because we are so unorganized, unmilitary, loose knit and casual, the only reason it goes on is that we all were in the 44th and have become good friends.

Our modus operandi is everyone knows we meet on the first Wednesday of every month, and if they haven't anything better to do that day, they show up. There are usually at least 6 or 7 of us there. About twice a year we invite the ladies. The last two occasions were Sunday Brunch at the Galvez Hotel in Galveston. These are always well attended.

We don't send out special reminders or make phone calls except on special occasions, such as when we invite the ladies or

when we have an outstanding guest. Just recently B/G John Gibson, who was Colonel Gibson when he was a CO of the 44th during the spring and summer of 1944, came to visit us. The group was small enough (14) that everybody could talk to the General on a personal basis. It was amazing the questions he was asked and answered.

I recommend that every town in the country that has at least two Eight Balls in it organize an informal group like ours. I guarantee they will enjoy it.

Of course, this idea would work for other 2nd Air Division Groups also. All it takes is for one guy to get on the phone and say, "Hey! We are having a meeting of the local 44th (93rd, 458th, 389th, etc) people next X day at such and such a time and place." I promise you, 9 out of 10 people will be there and the 10th will have a good excuse for not being able to come. Incidentally, the

guy who makes the calls gets to pick the day, time and place that is most convenient to him!



Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

Ivan Stepnich sent me an interesting letter about his short stay at 2AD Headquarters. The war probably didn't last long enough for all the improvements made to "Hap" Hazard to be incorporated into production models, but it does demonstrate the outstanding leadership of people at 2AD Headquarters and the fine work done by dedicated people in trying to improve the B-24 and make it a safer and more effective airplane.

The flight logs were attached to the letter and it was interesting to trace the 55 hours and 45 minutes of flying time for "Hap" Hazard on its trip to the States. It started from Bovington, then to Hethel, to Prestwick, to Iceland, to Newfoundland, to Bolling Field, to Wright Field, to Willow Run, to Key Field, back to Willow Run, to Indianapolis, to Key Field, back to Willow Run, then to Indianapolis, to Key Field again, and on to San Diego, Long Beach & Burbank between September 17 & October 10, 1944.

The Adventures of "Hap" Hazard

by Ivan C. Stepnich

My stay in the 2AD HQ was not of long duration — approximately from late May 1944 to early November 1944. As a result I have lost all recollection of squadrons or sections. However, I do have a good recollection of my activities.

I completed my tour of duty (30 missions) as a B-24 pilot in the 44th BG, Shipdham, England on May 24, 1944. I was then assigned to the 2nd AD HQ, and my mission was to work with a Major Robert Norsen on modifying a war weary B-24 named "Hap" Hazard with combat effective features which could be shown to all

interested Air Force and aircraft industry officials in the States. Among many projects was removing the big nose turret and mounting conventional 50 caliber armament. My personal project was relocating the big magnetic compass from center windshield where it created a serious blind spot to a lower instrument area.

The project was completed in mid-September 1944, and Col. Algene Key from 8th Air Force Headquarters was to command a crew and fly "Hap" Hazard back to the States. I was selected to be his co-pilot. Col. Algene Key was a very famous aviation pioneer and pilot, and in 1936 he and his brother set an endurance record that probably still stands. They stayed up in their plane "Ole Miss" for 26 days. "Ole Miss" is now in the Smithsonian Institution. Key Field in Mississippi is also named for the Key brothers.

Our crew were Sgt. H.V. Wright, engineer; Capt. Ivan C. Stepnich, co-pilot; Col. Algene Key, flight commander; Capt. C.E. Johnson, navigator; Sgt. D. Deal, radio operator; and Lt. Col. G.K. Hughel. As the flight log copies reveal, we started with the Pentagon and then Wright-Patterson, Willow Run, Consolidated in San Diego, Burbank, and back to Wright field. Everyone noted our changes and initiated steps to implement them. At that stage Col. Key "pulled some strings" and got us all reassigned to the States, and this ended my 2AD career.

Among celebrities I remember Jimmy Stewart at Wing HQ, who would take turns with us in flying the 2AD Piper Cub. Also in flying "Hap" Hazard to Prestwick we met up with Dinah Shore. I really enjoyed the combat free environment at 2AD HQ and I resented my reassignment to the States.

Eagle of the Sky

by Jill V. Chandler

What was it like
in days gone by
fighting up high
You Eagle of the Sky

You fought at Truk
at Rabaul
Schweinfurt and Cologne
Some never made it home

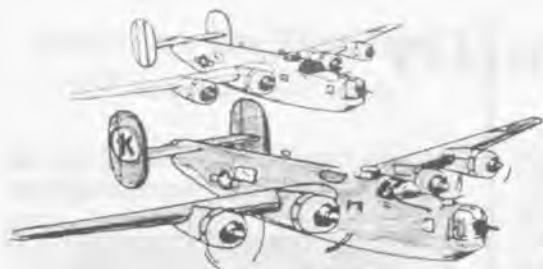
I can see the pain in your eyes
Oh the things they have seen
Terror from many years past
will not leave you alone

Won't you tell
how you fought for me
so I could be free
You Eagle of the Sky

For some the plane became their tomb
and others it carried home
Now you are tired
and almost extinct

But before you go
there is something you should know
Thank you for fighting for me
You bird
You Eagle of the Sky

Jill Chandler is 28 years old, a medical records clerk/receptionist from Spokane, Washington. She has a great passion for military aircraft (the old prop jobs, she says) not any of the modern jet age, and "eats up the stories" she hears about bombing missions and dog fights. She says it's something she will keep in her heart as long as she lives.



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

DAYTON 458th REUNION II

No question about it, our second Group Reunion at Dayton & Wright-Patterson Air Museum last September was an outstanding success! There were 373 in attendance this time, 106 more than we had in October 1987. The total of 373 can be broken down to 203 members, 166 wives and Associate members, and 4 friends of members. Comparing the lists of both reunions, I find that 65 of our 203 had attended the first reunion also. We certainly stretched the Holiday Inn's facilities, but the staff did an excellent job. About the only complaint that I remember was that one of the elevators was out of service most of the time. Fortunately, none of our people actually were stuck inside though! Again, our success was due to the fact that **Duke Trivette** had planned well and stayed in close contact with the hotel management to make sure all went well. Both Duke and I tried to make personal contact with all our members, but I'm sure I missed a few, as he did, in our later conversations.

Duane Fair brought his Bradley Associates A-2 jacket for the raffle planned. Duane requested a special thanks to all who participated in the raffle, since \$817.00 was raised and a check in that amount was sent to **Jordan Uttal** for the American Librarian Fund. Duane, by the way, contributed the jacket expense. Again, many thanks to Mary and Duane for their time, effort and generosity. **John Holodak** requested that the \$120.00 he paid for wife Mildred and daughter Sue who couldn't attend because of a last minute problem, be given also to the Fund. Received a letter from Duke with word that ALL bills were paid and we had \$279.43 left that will also be sent to Jordan for the American Librarian Fund. In the same letter, I was advised that we had 31 cancellations which would have made our total attendance 404! Frankly, we were running out of space and any future planning must take that into consideration. In concluding this topic, I would like to mention that we had several requests to have music during our Banquet night. Arrangements were made for a local disc jockey who had many great records from our era. Sadly, not too many of our members stayed on for the dancing which followed.

TAILWINDS

In response to those who requested the Savills' address in order to write a "Thank You" for their great effort in making our "Salute to the Villages" such a success, you should write: **Graham & June Savill**, 55 Beechwood Drive, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich, NR7 0LN, England.

To the many who requested information on the A-2 jacket and where it could be ordered from, write **Bradley Associates**, 1704 Gatsby Drive, Montgomery, AL 36106, Tel: 205-265-5323. If you wish an order form, please drop me a note (and don't forget to enclose a stamp for return). Again, the sizes are 36 to 46, \$175.00; 48 to 50 is \$185.00. Shipping is \$6.00.

In spite of my advice to Zenith Books (Summer Journal, Vol 29, No. 2) that they should stock up on **Martin Bowman's** book "Fields of Little America," they apparently were unable to handle many requests for this book. This is the only book I know that covers the Second Air Division well, and since its original printing in 1977, has been extremely hard to find. I have since contacted the Wright-Patterson Book service and another well-known bookstore who promise that they will come up with several copies of the book. However, as of mid-October I haven't had a reply. If you are in the market for this book and wish to be included in receiving it, please write me. The cost is less than \$20.00, but please don't send any money at this time.

Again, due to the many requests I've had for 458th Bomb Group Squadron Insignia, I have reordered the 752nd, 753rd, 754th, and

755th "patches." I would expect to have them by the time you read this. Again, please do not send any money. If you missed out on the last time I had them and still want one or more of the four, please drop me a note and I will ship to you with a bill. The last ones were \$8.50 each, but I haven't received a new price as yet.

A 458th roster printout is once again available. We show 739 members plus 21 Associate Members. Cost has increased a little due to copy & postage (more sheets, more weight), and \$4.50 is the new price. We have added 50 members from June to mid-October and if you spot someone you want to make contact with, drop me a note and I will send you the complete address. It would help if you enclose a stamp for return mail. I have envelopes for this purpose. New members are: **George Shaeffer, Jim Holben, Tom Downey, Frank Polec, Virgil Hughes, Roy Primm, Bill Kelly, Max Papuga, Keith Yerty, John Gebhardt, Alex Cardenas, Harold Diegel, Orv Beduhn, Mabry Mooney, Scott Fogg, Brownie Harvath, Joe Baadsgaard, Jack Kennedy, Ron Beckstrom, Gerry Capatch, Al Tuley, Joe Zito, Al Hicks, Dale Kinkel, Dom Giordano, John Hutchins, Ed Murphy, George Biley, Walt Wright, Roy Holteon, Wil Bogart, Elmer Larson, Byron Chapman, Bob McAnulty, Bill Spulak, Bev Beeler, Ralph Peters, Dick Hartswick, Ed Sealy, Arch Oplinger, Charles Brewster, Seth Carroll, Clay Berdan, Tom Wholley, Homer Coley, Don Conway, Don Friesen, Al Wilensky, Bill Eckert and Preston Branch.**

Continue to receive new members almost daily. If you know someone from your Squadron who isn't a member yet, why not send me his name and address and I will forward information about our Association and the part the 458th has in the overall membership of almost 8,000. Although the last issue showed that the 458th was "3rd" with 676 members, we've been working our way up to the top again.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

Must thank all 276 that have donated money to the American Librarian Fund. Our Group is "carrying the ball" as we have from almost the beginning, and hold the top spot on the Donor List. This campaign is about 90% completed, and may very well be, by the time you read this. I would again plead with those who have not yet contributed any money to this great cause. Those of you who can afford it, please send whatever you can to help conclude this campaign successfully. I am extremely proud of the 458th members for being as generous as you have been. I don't ask that those that have already contributed do so again, rather that those who can, but who have not as yet done so, please do so as soon as possible. See Jordan Uttal's "Progress Report" in this issue. If you wish to know more, do not hesitate to write me and I will advise the process by which you can help this Lasting Memorial to our wartime presence in England. I hope that the next time I make mention of the American Librarian Funding, it will be to advise you of our success and completion of the "Last Mission."

2ADA Film Library

The following tapes have been added to your video tape library.

"B-24 Liberators in the MTO"

donated by Hugh R. McLaren (389 AM)

"Midway"

"Tora, Tora, Tora"

"The Right Stuff"

"Battle of the Bulge"

donated by the widow of Art Raisig (492nd)

As with other single copies of tapes in your rental library, these five are available for \$5.00 each and will be mailed first class. Please return them the same way ASAP.

H.C. "Pete" Henry

164-B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831

Tel. 1-609-655-0982

July 7, 1944. Target: Bernberg, Germany

by Billy Sheely Johnson

On this fateful date three Bomb Groups of the Eighth Air Force were assigned to bomb an aircraft assembly plant in Bernberg, Germany. There were three squadrons from the 392nd Bomb Group, three squadrons from the 44th Bomb Group, and two squadrons of the 492nd Bomb Group. The 492nd sustained the heaviest losses of the day's battle... 23 B-24s left North Pickenham on that mission. Twelve were shot down by the Germans. Seven B-24s were sent from the 859th Squadron; all seven were lost... so it was a sad day indeed for North Pickenham when at the close of the day, only eleven of the twenty-three sent out returned.

My dad, S/Sgt. William F. (Bill) Sheely was tail gunner on the 492nd BG, 859th Squadron's "Superwolf" piloted by Lt. Elmer J. Smiley with the following crew: Lt. Leroy L. Ochs, Co-Pilot; Lt. Lyle E. Day, Bombardier; Lt. Melvin Kernis, Navigator; T/Sgt. Darrell B. Andrews, Radio Operator; T/Sgt. Donald W. Brown, Engineer; S/Sgt. Wirt M. Young, Waist Gunner; S/Sgt. Clifford Matzen, Nose Gunner; Albert Bullinger, Ball Gunner; and William F. (Bill) Sheely, Tail Gunner.

The "Superwolf" was lost July 7, 1944, along with six other crews from the 859th Squadron. There were two survivors: Lt. Lyle E. Day, Bombardier; and S/Sgt. Wirt M. Young, Waist Gunner. Lt. Melvin Kernis, Navigator of the "Superwolf," had been taken off the "Superwolf" for this mission to Bernberg, due to heavy losses in the 492nd. He was flying the same mission with Lt. Bernard Harding's crew on July 7, 1944. They were shot down, too.

In attempting to recount the events of the day, I rely upon the information provided my family by Lt. Lyle E. Day, surviving Bombardier, in his letter of July 12, 1945. I quote as follows:

"On July 7 we were briefed for a bombing mission to Bernberg, Germany. This target is fairly deep in Germany. Bernberg lies between Leipzig and Magdeburg. Our target for that mission was an aircraft assembly plant. About 0530 we took off on our 19th mission. In our bomb bay were 6-1000 pound demolition bombs. We formed over England and left the English coast about 0730. Our plans called for us to enter the continent over the North East Pauldu, located on the Zuider Zee. As we crossed the enemy-held coast of Holland, we were met by light but accurate flak. Several trips previous over the same area had shown this area to be flak-free; however, mobile flak batteries had been moved in. Several ships were hit and forced to turn back; we were untouched. On the way to the target, we were fired on several times by flak.

"We reached the initial point and started our bomb run; we were in extremely intense and accurate flak along the bomb run. The flak was both predicted and barrage. We received a few pieces of flak in the wings, but no one was hurt. A few seconds after I dropped bombs, enemy fighters were reported. Then our gunners called fighters from most every position. As I watched our bombs land squarely on the target, the fighters attacked. Incendiary bullets caused a raging fire in my compartment. While I was fighting the fire, our gunners called fighters and they were all firing. Roughly 300 planes were attacking the bombers and our fighter escort. I saw Sgt. Matzen, our nose gunner, shoot a German down who was attacking us from the nose. I believe Sgt. Young shot one down from his position in the waist. It was impossible for me to see what was happening in the tail from my position in the front of the ship. The last I heard from Bill was "fighters at 6 o'clock," then his guns fired a long burst. He called fighters again and fired again. About 2 passes later I could hear 20mm shells bursting inside our plane. Then our ship went into an immediate spin. No effort was made to control the ship. This causes me to be positive that Lt. Smiley and Lt. Ochs were both killed instantly. If either of the two were wounded, he would have attempted to control the ship; however, no attempt was made. I'm positive, in my own mind, that both died a quick and merciful death. I had heard both talking just before the last pass; neither had been wounded then. Our ship was hit about 5 to 10 miles from the target.

"Centripetal force caused by the spin held me in the fire. After a turn or two, the gas tanks exploded and blew me out of the bombing window. Then I chuted into Germany and prison. In the city of Magdeburg, I met Sgt. Wirt Young. He could give me no more information on the rest of the crew, except for Bill whose dog tags had been shown to him by the Germans who told him that he was dead. Sgt. Young did not know if that was in fact true or if the Germans were merely taunting him for information. Now, in 1945, I have come to realize that the Germans were telling Sgt. Young the truth... I'm sorry to say that as far as I know to date, Sgt. Young and I are the only survivors. If our plane had not blown up, we wouldn't be alive today."

My family is understandably grateful for Lt. Day's recounting of that fateful day; it has helped us to become reconciled to much concerning my dad's death. Not having been born until October 22, 1944, I did not have the opportunity to know my dad. We've relied heavily upon what has been written by the survivors, various authors and compilation editors for the U.S. Air Force Historical Research Center.

As mentioned previously, Lt. Melvin Kernis had been transferred from the "Superwolf" and Lt. Smiley's crew to that of Lt. Harding. He was flying with Lt. Harding on July 7th; that ship was hit hard too. He wrote: "Because of fire and the controls having been shot away, the crew was forced to bail out. I suffered a broken ankle when I hit the ground and had sustained a few minor 20mm shrapnel wounds. After taking a bit of punishment from civilians, I was taken to the village jail where I met other men from the Harding crew. I asked if they knew the fate of the "Superwolf," they did not. Two days later we were all marshalled together with other groups of men in Magdeburg. I spent 11 terrible months in a prison camp, being cold and hungry most of the time. The group was again marched across Germany in mid-winter with improper food, shelter and clothing; I remained in prison until the time of liberation." Mr. Kernis is alive today and resides in Pennsylvania with his family.

S/Sgt. Wirt M. Young didn't remember chuting out because of the terrific explosion. He recalled that he had "landed in a civilian's cabbage patch. She held a gun to my head and cursed me royally, in German of course, for ruining her cabbages. I was lucky that she didn't kill me. I suffered a badly crushed knee which later was impossible to keep from becoming paralyzed." The Veterans Administration has advised me that Sgt. Young died in 1962.

Lt. Day wrote further of the crew: "Within our crew, the word 'friendship' took on a new meaning. The common danger shared by our crew built up a bond that cannot be described; we were closer than brothers. I can truthfully say that we were more than friends." Lt. Day suffered severe burns all over his body, especially on his head and face. He had 15 plastic surgeries in an effort to partially restore what had been a handsome face. The Veterans Administration has advised of his death on July, 1981.

Even though the 492nd Bomb Group suffered heavier losses than any other group in the Eighth Air Force, we don't want the "Superwolf" and all the other valiant crews to be forgotten. If there is anyone out there who has wondered about the "Superwolf" and her crew and other ships lost July 7, 1944, we hope that this recounting will bring peace. If there is anyone who can further elaborate on the events of the day, please contact us.



Crew of the "Superwolf" — 492nd Bomb Group, 859th Squadron. Back row (l-r): Robert Janton, Crew Chief; Darrell Andrews, Radio Operator; William (Bill) Sheely, Tail Gunner; Wirt Young, Waist Gunner; Donald Brown, Engineer. Front row (l-r): Melvin Kernis, Navigator; Lyle Day, Bombardier; Leroy Ochs, Co-Pilot; Elmer Smiley, Pilot. Not pictured: Clifford Matzen, Nose Gunner and Albert Bullinger, Ball Gunner (they went over to England by ship).

Missives from the 492nd

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

First let me say that I am pleased to have been chosen to be the new V.P. of the 492nd Bomb Group, 2nd ADA. In this position, I will do my utmost to serve the 492nd Bomb Group and the 2nd ADA to the best of my ability.

Congratulations are in order to E.W. "Bill" Clarey, former V.P. of the 492nd who is now the Executive Vice President of the 2nd ADA.

Although this may be late, I would like to add my comments on the 43rd 2nd ADA Reunion in July 1990. It is hard to put into words the overwhelming response from the people of North Pickenham when we arrived on Sunday, 29 July 1990. As soon as we could be gathered together, we went into the Blue Lion Pub for coffee and cookies before attending the church service in the North Pickenham Church. The church was very crowded. After services, we were treated to a lavish assortment of food while one of the young men from the area played 40's music on the organ. Col. and Mrs. Davis (C.O. at Lakenheath) came for the celebration. Following lunch, we proceeded to the site where the old picket post used to stand and had a short memorial service conducted by Canon Green. A memorial was erected by the townspeople in 1987 honoring the 491st and 492nd Bomb Groups, both of whom were stationed at North Pickenham. Billy Johnson, daughter of William Sheely and Lorraine Williford, daughter of Don Pytrulak spoke a few words. Both William Sheely and Don Pytrulak were former members of the 492nd Bomb Group and both men are now deceased.

It was sad to go around the base due to its state of disrepair. The Fruehoff people once owned the land and have now sold it; therefore, access was limited to the remaining buildings. Only the turkey huts sitting on the runways are reminders of what once was there. A couple of the bomb dumps could be seen at a distance. The headquarters building now houses pigs and the adjacent grounds have been turned into a camp for youth during the summer.

Tea time with the villagers was outstan-

ding. We were all treated as celebrities.

I received a letter from Billy Johnson in which she expresses her feelings about the reunion very eloquently. (See page 21 for a similar letter to Jordan Uttal.) I would like to share a portion of her letter to me.

"The most special memory is of you newly made friends of the 492nd who welcomed me so warmly and took such good care of me during the reunion. I surely look forward to sharing many more memory-making experiences with you all. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for having welcomed me aboard so warmly and sincerely. As I mentioned earlier, I am confident that my dad is in heaven sharing my gratitude to you and the 492nd for having "been there for me."

FRENCH LICK, INDIANA — October 10, 11, 12, 1990 — MIDWEST REGION REUNION. It was great to have the following members of the 492nd BG, 2nd ADA attending this reunion: Bill & Norma Beasley, Harold & Mary Both, Jr., Frank & Lois Johnson, Stan & Dorothy Seger (she won a prize at bingo), Elvern & Hazel Seitzinger, Odis Waggoner, Martin Mumaw III, Russell Valleau and Joan Copeland. Brig. Gen. Kenneth E. Keene, Ret. was the M.C. followed by a report from Norma Beasley regarding the Heritage League. The Thursday night banquet featured an address by Major Gen. Philip Ardery, Ret. who is the author of the book entitled "Bomber Pilot." The "All American" was at the French Lick Airport and we all got another look at it. It is always a thrill to see that big bird come in for a landing.

Hopefully, all you 492nd BG members have your calendars marked for Dearborn, Michigan for July 3-6, 1991 for the 44th Reunion of the 2nd ADA. Let's have a big showing of 492nd members!

THE HAPPY WARRIOR, newsletter for the 492nd Bomb Group, volume I, issue 1 was well received. Thanks for all the positive letters. The editor appreciates it!

Happy Holidays to all of you from Norma and me.

Lost Buddy? Try Again!

Looking for a long lost buddy you served with? Chances are you've run into roadblocks along the way. The 1974 Privacy Act prohibits the U.S. Armed Services from releasing the names and addresses of retirees. However, each service has a locator section that will forward a letter for you. Here's how it works:

Write a letter to the retiree and put it in a stamped envelope addressed to your friend with your return address on it. Insert the envelope in another stamped envelope addressed to the locator service. Also write your return address on this envelope. Provide the locator service with as much information as you can regarding your friend — name, rank, social security number, birthday, known stations, etc. Also state the reason for wanting to contact the person.

The Air Force charges a \$2.85 search fee for civilian requestors, but the service is free to active duty, active Reserve and retired servicemen and women. The other military

services do not charge.

The locator service will only contact you if your friend CANNOT be located. Here are the addresses:

ARMY

Retired Army Locator Service, HQDA, DACF-IS-RV, Alexandria, VA 22331-0522

NAVY

Commanding Officer, Naval Reserve Personnel Center, Code 25, New Orleans, LA 70149

AIR FORCE

HQ AFM-PC/MPCD003, Northeast Office Place, 9504 IH 35 North, San Antonio, TX 78233-6636

MARINE CORPS

Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps, (MHP-30), Washington, DC 20380-0001

COAST GUARD

Commandant, Retired Military Affairs Branch, (G-PS-1), U.S. Coast Guard, Washington, DC 20593

2nd Air Division Archive

There is an urgent need to build up our comprehensive archive on the 2nd Air Division and its constituent units, 1942-1945, in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, Norwich Central Library, Norfolk, England.

Many veterans are now free to make the long-awaited trip back to England to see the old sights. They also now have time to sort out long-treasured souvenirs of the war service.

More and more Americans are visiting the Memorial Room: veterans retracing the past; others, discovering what their countrymen have achieved.

A growing number of researchers turn to the Memorial Room for material for their school project, university dissertation, book, television program, information to help trace former colleagues, etc.

Veterans have preserved a considerable amount of material as souvenirs for their own pleasure. It is vitally important that these priceless documents do not disappear by accident or neglect. Please look again at your memorabilia and consider what you could donate to the archive — originals if possible, or xerox copies.

Examples of material wanted include personal diaries, letters, combat records, movement orders, citations, awards, formation sheets, navigators' maps, strike photographs, POW experiences, escapes, missing air crew reports, news bulletins, concert programmes, celebrations, telegrams to next of kin, photographs of personnel, activities, aircraft. Remember, however trivial it seems to you, it may be valuable to a researcher. Could you tape your reminiscences?

Please fill out the form below & send to:

Phyllis Hunt
2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial
Norwich Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich NR2 1NJ
England

I enclose material for the archive:

- As a permanent donation with unrestricted use
- As a permanent donation for use under the conditions attached (include on a separate sheet.)
- I have left instructions for my material to be sent to you after my death

Name _____

Rank _____ Group _____

Address _____



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

Those visiting England may be interested in viewing the St. Clement Danes Church of the Royal Air Force on the Strand, London. The writer learned of this landmark from 392nd members L.D. and Toni Robinson, and enjoyed visiting it last summer. Believed to have first been built in the 9th century, it was rebuilt in the 18th century as designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Destroyed by bombs in 1941, the RAF and Commonwealth Air Forces raised the funds to rebuild the church. Of particular interest to Americans is the American Shrine in the North Gallery, where the names of 19,000 in the U.S. Air Forces who gave their lives in World War II while based in the United Kingdom, is enshrined.

Quintin R. Wedgeworth, whose name has appeared in this column before, has again updated his extensive listing of 392nd BG aircraft. He writes that "Although [this inventory] will never be 100% complete or correct...it has now reached the final

definitive stage..." His listing includes the full serial number of each B-24, model, squadron, call letters, name, if any, final disposition, and number of sorties flown. There are more than 300 B-24s listed.

The 2nd ADA Regional Reunion was held at French Lick, Indiana, on October 10-12. The principal speaker was Major General Philip Ardery of Louisville, author of *Bomber Pilot*. The "All American" B-24 was available for viewing, and the facilities at the hotel were excellent. Those attending from the 392nd BG included: Raymond and Pauline Bianucci; John and Wanda Conrad; Howard Ebersole; James and Virginia Goar; Earl and Delphine Hall; Edward and Erma Popek; and Cecil and Mary Rothrock.

Edward Popek, a 577th BS Pilot who completed a tour in March 1945, is seeking information on some members of his crew he hasn't seen since the war. If you have information or addresses for Lloyd T. Frederickson, Zane C. Irvine, or Frank Trofnoff, please write to Ed at 4208 East 69th Street, Kansas City, MO 64132.

On 21 April 1944 a mission to Zwickau Airfield was recalled due to weather after the ships were airborne. 577th BS Pilot L.F. Bass' aircraft crashed in heavy weather, killing 8 crew members and injuring 2. The

plane, a B-24J, 42-99979, named "Kentucky Baby" crashed near North Tuddenham. One of those killed was Navigator William M. Steele. His brother, Herbert Steele, 21 Oakdale Drive, Millville, NJ 08332 requests that anyone write to him who remembers the crew or the circumstances of the recalled mission.

Another request for information on a 577th BS crew has been received from Col. Joe Whitaker, on behalf of Henry C. Vaughn, Route 1, Box 114, Pawhaska, OK 74056, who is seeking addresses on members of the George A. Schelten crew: Navigator David Marvin, Bombardier David Fain, and Radio Operator Kenneth Borden. Anyone with any information, please write to Henry C. Vaughn.

In 1988, after extensive research, a listing of 392nd BG crew members who had completed combat tours before 1 June 1944, was prepared and widely distributed. No additions or corrections were received until now, when new 2nd ADA member Olin D. Castle, who was 15th on the list as completing a tour in March, 1944 advised that four others, not on the list, completed a tour about the same time he did. They were Pilot Gordon Voght, Navigator Ed Wittsell, Bombardier Howard Hall, and AE Jack Ross.

389th Reviews Norwich 1990

by Lloyd E. West

Following the reunion in Norwich my wife and I joined sixty other members of the 2ADA who had attended the reunion for a most memorable tour of Europe. Interesting to me was that we were in much of the area we had bombed in WWII; this brought back many memories.

Awaiting the arrival of 110 attendees of the 389th from cities in the U.S. on July 24, 1990 at Heathrow, London, England was David Hastings of the Norwich reunion committee and his assistants. A very warm welcome from the many English friends and music of the '40s greeted us on our arrival at the Norwich rail station. A special welcome for the 389th was received from Stuart and Margaret Main and their son. Stuart, an employee of the Lotus Car Company, serves as liaison for Lotus and the 389th, and is custodian of the "Memorial Room" in the former control tower at Hethel.

The reunion opened July 26, 1990 with a memorial service in the Norwich Cathedral in honor of the 6400 fallen comrades and deceased members of the Second Air Division. Attending were members of the Norfolk City Council, Lord Mayer, Norwich city officials, Board of Governors of the Library and many other residents of Norwich. A fanfare by Ken Mezey and band of a B-24 in takeoff closed the service. As the crowd cleared the cathedral, a fly-by of the Royal Air Force was provided.

The evening of July 26 we had the mini-reunion of the 389th at the Nelson Hotel in Norwich. This was an informal evening of dining, a short business meeting, and visiting with numerous guests and friends. Former pilot Al Dexter related to the group

his reunion with David Hastings after 46 years, and his smuggling David as a boy on base to see the crew and his plane "Pugnacious Princess Pat." The plane derived its name from Al's wife Pat who was with him at our reunion.

The business meeting of the Second Air Division Association was held at the Norwich Sports Village on July 28 with President Frank DiMola presiding. Committee reports were given and election of officers for 1991 was held, with Richard Kennedy of the 448th as president and E.W. (Bill) Clarey of the 492nd as vice president. A complete report of the meeting is in the Fall issue of the Journal.

Sunday, July 29. The theme of the reunion was "Remember The Villages." A memorable day with the 389th joining parishioners for a memorial and dedication service at the Carlton Rode Church. Following the service, a garden reception at the church rectory by residents of the community was held. We then proceeded to Hethel; the Headquarters group joined the 389th for a visit to the memorial room in the former control tower, and also a tour of the Lotus car plant. One highlight of our day at Hethel was to get a ride in a Lotus Road Car. This produced a thrill with speeds approaching 125 mph. The ride was on the company test track, which was the former NE to SW runway and some of the taxi-ways.

That evening was a banquet for 150 invited guests from the nearby villages hosted by Headquarters Group; those of the 389th in attendance and Lotus. To "Remember the Villages" was arranged by Stuart, Margaret, Allan and Beverley Main, and on

behalf of the Headquarters and 389th Groups, we say "Thanks for the Memories."

During the reunion there were local tours of interest, visits to the library, small dinner parties, free time for whatever, and a formal military review at the Norfolk County Hall with guard of honor and squadron standards by the Royal Air Force of Coltishall as a tribute to the Second Air Division Association. A Royal Air Force band provided the music. A buffet dinner followed the review.

To close the reunion was the great banquet held at the Norwich Sports Village with the lighting of the memorial candles, introduction of guest, various short talks, introduction of incoming Association President Richard M. Kennedy and Vice President E.W. (Bill) Clarey. To close another great reunion, music by Ken Mezey and the Anglican Band.

The Association has a short way to go to complete the American Librarian Fund. If you have not contributed to this memorial, your gift, large or small, will be a tribute to those who gave their lives while serving the Second Air Division during WWII. As your vice president, I thank all who have supported this mission, as the 389th is in third place in total contributions. Make all checks payable to the Second Air Division Association, and mail to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Dallas, TX 75230.

Watch for further announcements of the 44th annual reunion to be held in Dearborn, MI in July 1991.

From the West family in Kansas, we wish each of you a "Very Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" and look forward to seeing you in Dearborn.

Prisoner and Captor Reunite 45 Years Later

by Janice Chavers

Reprinted in part from *Anderson Herald/Bulletin, Indiana*

Richard Wann and Andreas Rau were prisoner and captor in World War II. Today, they're friends.

The two men were reunited this summer — 45 years after the German soldier captured Wann, who had parachuted behind German lines when his plane was shot down. Wann was the only American Rau captured.

"It's a good way to look at the war in a different light after 45 years. We parted friends. It's a much better way than fighting," Wann said.

Rau, who lives in Ebermergen, West Germany, contacted Wann while visiting relatives in Portland, Oregon. He remembered the young soldier was named Richard Wann or Wan and that he was from Indiana. After looking on a map, he saw Elwood — yes, that was the city.

Wann was shocked that Rau had found him after all these years and wanted to see him again. He remembered him for his kindness; most of the other Germans were not so kind. Many treated him brutally.

"I didn't have any ill feelings (toward Rau). He treated me as well as he could," Wann said. "It makes no sense to me how he found me... I can't recall telling him where I was from. I didn't have any papers on me."

The first words Rau spoke to Wann upon capturing him were etched in his memory: "Germans human. War no good for no man." At the time, Rau was a member of the Waffen SS, the German elite Army forces. "I received the best treatment from that man," Wann stressed. He added Rau and his comrades also gave him coffee and black bread. "There was abuse and beatings and threats of execution later. I wouldn't have any interest in seeing those people again."

Wann and his wife flew to Portland to spend a weekend with Rau and his relatives. It was a weekend both men will never forget.

With relatives interpreting, they relived the capture. Their stories were in accord. "He had wondered what happened to me. I filled him in. I said I hadn't received the type of treatment he gave," Wann said. "He thought I was dead."

Rau was obsessed to know if Wann had gotten the watch back that he took from him. He explained to Wann that he became a prisoner of war after deserting the Army, and the Americans removed it from him. "It's some G.I.'s trophy of war," Wann told Rau. Rau did not receive good treatment as a prisoner either, Wann learned. After his release, he became a farmer, a logger and an insurance salesman. "Kinda a jack of all trades," Wann said.

Through discussions, Wann got the impression the German visitors now believe Hitler was a madman.

It was an interesting and enjoyable weekend for the Wanns, who plan to keep in contact with Rau and perhaps visit him in Germany. "We were treated royally," Wann stressed. "They were marvelous people." If Rau had been in the United States a few years earlier, he probably wouldn't have



Andreas Rau and Richard Wann became friends this summer.

found Wann, who worked as an engineer with Firestone in Ohio for 35 years. He had only returned to Elwood recently to retire.

Wann enlisted in the Air Force Oct. 15, 1942, and went through pilot training to become a commander. After assembling a crew, he was sent to Europe. He was then to live a story that many people would swear was fiction if it ever were to be turned into a movie. While bombing in support of ground forces on a cold winter day, Wann's plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire. The target that day had been Magdeburg, Germany, which is 75 miles southwest of Berlin. Wann struggled to get his disabled plane back to American territory, but eventually was forced to give the bail out orders.

"Seven of the crew landed on the U.S. side; 2 over the German line, but they were able to get back to safety," Wann said.

Wann added the flight engineer landed in the foxhole of his high school classmate — and the tail gunner was picked up by the people with whom he had trained. The Elwood man was not so lucky. He landed in no-man's-land in the middle of the Black Forest. He hung upside-down in a large tree behind the German lines. He lost consciousness for a while. After much struggling, he was able to reach his escape packet and withdraw a razor to cut himself loose; he accidentally dropped everything else. The 100-foot fall from the tree then resulted in a broken ankle and unconsciousness. His feet already were frozen, because he lost his boots while parachuting.

For seven days and seven nights, Wann hid in no-man's-land with no food and only the water from the melted snow to sustain him. He heard the Germans on patrol every day. From the Americans, he received artillery fire.

Wann tried to escape but found it impossible. He was lucky he wasn't killed in one of the minefields. "If I were a cat, I would have used eight of my nine lives."

"The Germans saw my chute and came out to get it for shoelaces," Wann said. Eventually, six or seven Germans got him, also. These Germans included Rau, who did not think Wann would live. His feet were frozen, and he was starving.

Knowing if he didn't walk with his captors, he would be shot down on the spot, Wann summoned the strength to get up.

This walking saved his feet from having to be amputated, because it got the circulation going, Ruth Wann said.

"They were afraid of me, because they thought I had a gun. But, why would I shoot; they'd do me in a minute."

"Since I was in no shape to do anything, I was put in a German hospital, where German soldiers were being treated. I think they truly intended to do something for me, but they had so many injuries of their own. I saw baskets full of arms and legs that had been amputated," Wann said.

Wann then was moved on to another "hospital" in Heppenheim, where he received no medical treatment. He received threats and abuse daily and was fed a starvation diet. When he was shot down, he weighed 164 pounds. Upon his release, he was down to 129.

The zeal of the Germans for their cause frightened Wann, who recalled one 18-year-old soldier who would talk to him about Hitler with stars in his eyes. "We will fight until we die. We will kill so many Americans, that come the next war, you won't have the will to fight," he told Wann.

The prisoners discussed making an escape attempt, but Wann decided not to risk it. "But we didn't know where our troops were. Fortunately, we didn't try to escape, because machine guns were aimed at the prison camps... None of us were fit to go anywhere," Wann said.

Soon after the escape plans were devised, the prisoners were liberated by the Seventh Army. This was a gift from God, as Hitler had issued an edict that all prisoners be executed.

There were rumors and signs that the Army was coming.

While out on burial detail, Wann recalled that one home always flew the Nazi flag; its residents would spit on him. But, one day the American flag was up.

Germany, by then, had been ravaged by the bombings. "Towns were flattened. Even in the countryside, there was evidence of the artillery fire and the mortars."

Wann was sent to hospitals in Paris and England and then was sent home to prepare for duty in Japan. He said he was wild with joy when the Japanese surrendered. He'd had enough war to last for more than a lifetime.

What's His Name

by Ed Wanner



"What ever happened to what's-his-name? I'll never forget him." Haven't you heard that before? It is the kind of question that makes me feel a little bit embarrassed. How could I have forgotten a guy's name when we were such close friends? What a storyteller he was!

We bunked close together in Pre-Flight Training, Fats, G.B., Vozzy, etc. All of those at the end of the alphabet. "G.B." Ward was right next to me, and "What's His Name" a few bunks further. We called him "Fats."

There wasn't any doubt that we would all stay in touch after the war — but something went wrong and we didn't. When we got home, probably we were trying to readjust and we put everything else aside — both good and bad memories.

Certainly Fats would remember the times that we went on pass together and chased after the town girls. He told me things about his family and what he wanted to do after the war. And I did the same. Struggling through cadet training seemed to sort of bond us all together. We marched together, drilled together, studied together, ate together, laughed together, suffered together and almost cried together. The kids that we had grown up with in our home towns were a long way off now, but our new made friends became most important. MacArthur said that "old soldiers just fade away." But it isn't quite true with all of them — not Fats.

In spite of my buddy's nickname, he wasn't really fat, but several of his bunk mates such as myself and "G.B." were pretty skinny. He was a unique person — he had a great gift, and that gift was the "gift of gab!"

Fats could tell stories like no one else. Whether it was sitting on the ground in the shade of the hangar waiting to fly, or at night before taps in the barracks, we would hang on to his every word — even when we knew what was coming. Sort of like watching an exciting "replay" that is more fun the second time around. He usually brought on gales of laughter from his listeners. You would have to say that Fats was a natural storyteller.

During Pre-Flight training, Fats led four or five cadets in a small singing group to entertain ourselves after duty hours. I can still hear fragments of one of his songs, "Three Jolly Coachmen," having to do with

Coachmen meeting in an English tavern. We gave command performances for other squadrons, our upperclassmen and even officers on one occasion. We thought we were pretty good and Fats beamed with pride when we sang.

Besides being one of my favorite people, I don't think he had an enemy in the world. His round face with that sunshine smile made it impossible not to like him, even when he was poking fun at you. His verbal jabs were always done with himself being more the butt of the joke than the other person. He called me the "Brain" since I had had a little college physics before entering the Army Air Corps as a cadet. I came up with correct answers to navigation problems slightly more than half the time, so he would growl and grimace while studying at night and tell anyone having trouble, "Ask the Brain how to do it."

When we arrived at Pine Bluff AAB we thought we had truly arrived in heaven. The base was more civilian than military. The flight instructors were even civilians. Barracks and tar paper shacks didn't exist here. Our rooms were almost like motels — two guys to a room (or was it four?) and a shared bath between another room. Pure luxury!

Of course everyone wanted to rush out and phone home right away to tell their folks that they were at last at a Primary Flight School and about to learn how to fly. The lines to the pay phones were very long, but they moved fairly fast. They moved fast alright, because the phone operators were telling most of us that there was a "five or six hour delay" before we could get our calls through. That should have been no surprise to any of us with all those Class 43K cadets swamping the phone lines in this little Arkansas town.

I was trying to figure out if I could call home later that night, but it wasn't very likely since I couldn't leave my quarters when it was nearly time for lights-out. Maybe I could call early in the morning before roll call — if I woke up in time. Fats saw me looking a little downcast and asked if I'd talked to my folks. I said "Nope" and with a big grin he told me he had gotten his call through right away. I said, "How the hell did you do that?" He said, "I'll get your call through for you." We got in line again and when we got up to the phone, he did all the talking to the operator for me, and *you guessed it*, I

was talking to my Dad and Mom in about three minutes.

What a gift! He sweet-talked that operator for me, and before I knew it, not only had he gotten my call through, but Fats had arranged dates for about eight cadets with the prettiest telephone operators you ever saw. I still have a picture of them at a cadet party and have to shake my head in disbelief when I think how it all came about. The girls that worked on the base couldn't resist him either. He knew what to say and how to say it, and all with good humor and a twinkle in his eyes.

On the day that he found out he had "washed out" of pilot training, his spirits were still high. And here I had been the one voted most likely to "wash out" — due to airsickness. Now it was Fats who was the first to get shipped out. He told me that he couldn't judge how high that "fouled-up" PT-19 plane was above the landing strip.

Several times he was coming in for a landing and thought his wheels were just inches off the ground — but he was about 20 feet up. That PT-19 must have looked like a jackrabbit bounding down the field past the wind tee. That kind of excitement was a bit too much for his instructor. The conclusion was that Fats had a depth perception problem while the instructor had a nervous problem (like a fear of heights when landing). That poor ole PT-19 never was designed for landings like that.

At this point, Fats' mind had moved way past thinking about his elimination from the pilot program and he was already planning ahead. He must have decided right then that he was going to get himself into Navigator School. No one doubted for a minute that he would, and we heard later that he did.

What a talent. What a weaver of tales and a teller of stories. What a natural for entrancing an audience and keeping them hanging on every word. What did he do when he got home from the war? Did he go into the taxi business with his Dad as he said he might? If so, I'll bet he talked his way out of more traffic tickets than most of us get in a lifetime.

Maybe what's-his-name achieved fame in some other creative way or another, and he should have. But I'll probably never know. Heaven help us all if he were to turn into a con man! Maybe that's who I bought that desert property from!

When it was time for Fats to ship out of Pine Bluff for reassignment, he didn't mope around feeling sorry for himself. Parting was not the usual awkward shuffling of feet and the painful goodbyes. He just looked at me with that big grin and said, "I'll be seein' ya."

During the war years I lost track of Fats and I could never remember where his hometown was. Was it in Michigan or Illinois? Chicago, New York, Detroit, or where? Just now, for a moment, I thought I had his last name right on the tip of my tongue. It had to start with a W. Maybe it was Watkins or Watson or ----. But anyhow, what a guy what's-his-name was!



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

Sunday, July 29, 1990, the 8-Ball 'Crowd' of thirty-three plus our good friend and guide, John Page, and Colin Sleath, Principal Librarian of the Norwich Central Library, bussed out to Shipdham for the day. (Colin wanted to visit one of the bases and chose Shipdham. In his letter of 7 August, he extended his thanks to the members of the 44th BG for allowing him to join us and states, "It was fascinating and evocative to share the return to the base, to see runways and hardstands and the buildings, and to hear history recalled as incidents recounted: the whole landscape took a life from fifty years ago.")

Our first stop was at Arrow Air Services where our host, Nigel Wright, made us feel more than welcome with coffee and sweets. He was also kind enough to provide plane rides for all who desired them and we spent almost two hours in this area.

We next visited the 14th Combat Wing Area where the owner, Mr. Rix, is still very much alive and well. I could not resist having a picture taken in front of General Johnson's fireplace and we were all delighted to see that the Flying 8-Ball on one of the walls remained in good condition.



Jean Bressler with Mr. Rix in front of his cottage. 14th Combat Wing Hq.



Flying 8-Ball on wall, 14th Combat Wing

The bus then took us back to the schoolyard where we were greeted by our Shipdham hosts and went by twos and threes to visit them in their homes for the afternoon. This is something that I never did back in '44-'45 and it was a distinct pleasure to have a delightful lunch (dinner in England) with Eileen and Ed Malt and Eileen's sister, Evelyn. They were kind enough to include Margaret and Herb Bart from Attleborough, old friends of "Henry's" crew. Herb flew on a practice mission with us as a teenager back in '44 and we have kept in touch with him and his family over the years. Regrettably, my wife Mary did not go with me this trip to England.

We spent most of the afternoon just visiting in the Malt home and went to the Shipdham churchyard about 4:00 p.m. to see the War Memorial and the 44th HMG Memorial in the churchyard. It was back to the Malts' home for tea and scones and on to the schoolyard at 6:00 p.m. for a wine and cheese party with entertainment by the Dereham Band, a small group of clog dancers and a flying model airplane club.

There were not many dry eyes when we all took our leave and departed Shipdham at 8:00 p.m. For some of us, this will be our final visit to Shipdham/Norwich and it certainly could not have been better. The weather was absolutely delightful (the full ten days we were in Norwich) and, from all reports, everyone enjoyed their day at Shipdham as much as I did.

A letter from Max Stiefel (66 Sq.) dated 28 July included an old photo of his crew which he thought had been lost forever. Seven of the men in the picture flew "Fascinatin' Witch" to Wiener-Neustadt 1 Oct. 43 and were shot down. Sgts. Kenneth O. Garrett, Jacob Rosenstein, Charles Sasek and Georger Mercer were reported KIA. R.W. Bridges, Phelps, Stiefel Schuler, DiSalvio and D.O. Bridges became POWs. Griffitts, Abrams and Rice were not on the 1 Oct. mission. (This mission is documented in Will Lundy's "44th Bomb Group Roll of Honor and Casualties" pages 88-90.)



Crew of Max Stiefel. Back row (l-r): D.O. Bridges (RO); F.W. Griffitts (G); R. DiSalvio (E); (?) Abrams (ARO); E.M. Rice (G); J. Rosenstein (AE). Front row (l-r): W.M. Schuler (B); R.W. Bridges (P); M.A. Stiefel (N); D.F. Phelps (CP).

Leroy W. Newby, author of "Target Ploesti" will have another book in the bookstores in January, published by Motorbooks International, "Into the Guns of Ploesti." Very favorable reports have been received from such dignitaries as General Curtis LeMay, Author Len Deighton, Roger Freeman and others. Price is \$12.95 plus \$1.50 postage. Space does not permit a thorough review in this column, but you can write to "Ted" for full details and selling price direct including a personalized, signed copy. Contact Leroy W. Newby, 346 Pineview Drive, Venice, FL 34293.

Emma Franklin wrote in September to advise that Al returned from the 44th HMG reunion in Norfolk on the sick list. He had open heart surgery on 11 Sept. and word was received from Emma later in the week that Al is recovering nicely.

Bob Dubowsky called 16 Sept. to advise that his Flight Engineer, James E. "Geg" Gegenheimer died 16 Sept. Bob said that he is most grateful now that he had the opportunity to visit "Geg" in May '89 on the way out to the B-24 50th anniversary celebration in Fort Worth. Irma and Bob were unable to make the reunion in Norwich July 1990 because he had to have by-pass surgery, but he is taking cardiac rehab at the local hospital and recovering nicely. We look forward to seeing each other again at the 44th annual 2ADA convention in Dearborn, Michigan, 4 July 1991.

Marvin Kite wrote in September to advise that his Bombardier, Raymond Wilson Porter, passed away 22 June 90. The same report was received from his loving wife, Ola, who advised that his love of the Air Force was very strong right up until the end. At his request, he was laid to rest in his full Air Force uniform and given full military honors.

Last December, Lyndon C. Allen's name appeared in the "Folded Wings" section of the 2ADA Journal. In appreciation for a donation to the Memorial Library in Lyndon's name, his family sent the following poem which was found among his most important documents.

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a
happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering
softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times and
bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave when life
is done.

— CAROL MIRKEL

A First and Last Mission

by Joe Sirotnak

It seems we arrived in England in September 1944. It was not long after this that we found ourselves with the 458th Bomb Group at Horsham St. Faith. The base was located in a lovely suburb of the city of Norwich. How nice it was to be so near to this fine city in East Anglia. Will you ever forget the Lido Ballroom, Samson & Hercules, etc? Not me! But wait! That's another story.

As was the custom for new arrivals, there were a lot of practice missions to be done, and this activity took up a good part of the next 6 weeks or so. Our formation flying improved tremendously. We could routinely tickle the chin of the waist gunner in the ship off our wing. We became more assured as each practice mission was accomplished. One of these days we would be into the real thing. Then the time arrived!

As was the normal procedure, for their first real mission new crews were separated and each member was assigned to fly his position with an experienced and seasoned crew. In my case, my *first* mission was to fly as co-pilot with a crew who were doing their big *last* mission — Number 35. Wow! Not bad. How could I feel anything but a great deal of confidence. Here I am with all these veterans who really knew all the ropes; who really knew what was going on.

The pilot of this crew, Steve, introduced himself at the briefing. He also had me meet their Navigator, Max. I would be introduced to the other members of the crew at the ship. The feelings of elation were at a fever pitch. Sure, after this last day all these guys would be going back stateside. Everybody was in such good humor that I even found myself feeling elated. Finally, we climbed aboard the aircraft and Steve said, "Let's do it."

The mission this day was to bomb the rail marshalling yards at Hanau, a city located just south of Frankfurt. Is this a piece of cake or what? This was already November 1944. The Allied troops had gone through Belgium and were beginning to push into Holland. We ought to be back in time for afternoon tea.

The take-off was uneventful and we formed up pretty much on schedule. The formation headed east. The sun was shining. The engines purred. We held our position in the formation. Steve indicated that I should take the controls. He leaned back in his seat, a wistful smile on his face. I guess you'd call it that old "going home" look.

After a while Steve picked up his mike. "Max, are you keeping tabs on our position?"

No response.

Then the voice of Jerry, the radio operator, came on. "The usual, Captain. He's asleep."

"Damn it, Jerry! I thought he might, at least, stay awake on our last mission."

Steve turned towards me. "That damn guy slept through the whole tour. He missed the whole damn war. I told him a hundred times that I want to know where

we are all the time. If we ever got separated from the formation we would know crap about where we are. Thirty-five missions and he might as well have stayed home."

Now, we are getting close to the target area. Steve has the controls as we turn on to the IP. There is flak but it is not heavy. Then, there are some cloud bursts and for sure I know that we have been holed. Then my eye catches the oil pressure gauge for the number 4 engine. It is dropping fast. I point to it, and Steve indicates that we should feather, which we do immediately. We boost the power on the other engines to stay reasonably close to the formation on the bomb run and through the drop.

As we turn away from the target our instruments indicate that there is some problem with the number 3 engine. Cylinder head temperature is rising and we are unable to get full power. We realized that we had no chance of making it back to base under the circumstances. We radioed the squadron leader advising him of our problem. He suggested that we turn to a heading that would take us towards Belgium. If we had to make a forced landing or had to bail out, at least, we'd be in friendly territory. Are Belgians friendly?

Steve spoke into his mike. "Jerry, wake up Max. Tell him to get us a heading to Belgium."

After a few minutes the voice of Max came through the headphones. "Where the hell are we, anyway?"

"Damn you, Max," Steve screamed. "You're supposed to know that. We're over Germany someplace. Now, get me a heading for Belgium."

About five minutes passed, then Max came on and said, "OK, take a heading of two forty. That will take us to Liege in Belgium straight on. That's a pretty big place, so there ought to be a field we can land at."

Steve sat silently for a few moments.

"Max, are you sure you got it right?"

"Hey, Captain, I didn't go to Navigator School for nothing. You want to go to Belgium. We go to Belgium."

Steve turned to me. "What do you think, Joe? I'll bet that nut slept through Navigator School, too."

I said that I didn't think we had much choice, anyway, so let's go with it. We steadied the aircraft on a heading of 240, but we were struggling to maintain altitude. We expected to lose the number 3 engine. It was only a matter of time. And time we were not going to have.

We flew on the heading for about forty-five minutes. Happily, we saw no enemy aircraft, and there was only an occasional burst of flak to mark our progress. A piece of cake!

"Where we at, Max?" Steve called. "Do you have any idea at all?"

"Relax, Captain. We're over a hundred miles inside Belgium and it's all been liberated. I'm looking for Liege. We ought to start letting down."

We were already below ten thousand feet and we proceeded to drop lower. We have to look for a place to set down. We would bail out only as a last resort.

Now, the tail gunner called to inform that there was a flight of three P-47s coming up on the port side. They slowed down as they came alongside off our left wing. They could readily see that we were in trouble. The leader of the flight wagged his wings and then pointed downward with his hand indicating that we were to follow him. This we were more than happy to do.

Our jubilation was short lived, however, as he led us to a very short fighter strip constructed with the interlocking steel matting which was commonly used for these temporary landing sites. It might not have been too bad except that now we had to feather the number three engine. Then we find that we have no hydraulic pressure. We have no brakes! So the situation was not exactly hopeless and, after all, beggars can't be choosers. We got ready to land. Sort of.

Steve is a real fine pilot. Even with two engines out on the same side he makes a great approach. He wants to use every foot of runway, and we touch down on the very edge. Beautiful! We're rolling too fast. All we can do is to keep the aircraft rolling straight down the middle. We run off the end of the runway. I cut the engines. We are still rolling. Now, we're in a farmer's field. We roll up about two hundred yards of fencing. Now, we're in a muddy quagmire. We come to a stop. Blub! Glub! Blub! The wheels are sinking into the ooze almost to the top of the tires.

Everybody is OK. The bottom of the ship is resting in the mud, so we all exit through the waist section. I look back at the airstrip; two grooves sunk into the steel matting from one end to the other. It's ruined, but what a beautiful landing!

Now, a jeep comes roaring down the strip towards us. As it pulls up, a Major jumps out and asks if we are all OK. We confirm that we have no injuries. Steve apologizes for ruining their runway.

"Where are we, Major?" Steve asks. "Must be somewhere near Liege."

The Major looks at him funnylike. "This is a British sector. You're less than eight miles behind the lines. We moved up here not even a week ago. Liege is more than a hundred miles over that way."

About this time we are noticing a rumbling noise in the distance. I look at the Major and say, hopefully, "Is that thunder?"

"Naw," he replies. "That's the artillery up the road."

Silence. The crew turns almost as one man. "Where's Max!" Steve yells. "I'm gonna kill him!"

I point towards the air strip. There, in the distance doing a smart double time toward the main bivouac area is a figure who looks very much like our master Navigator, Max.

Fadeout.



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

Before I forget again, we have moved to our winter residence until around the 30th of April. My winter address is 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668, Tel. 813-862-2309. I haven't quite found everything or answered all my letters, as the N.J. post office didn't forward my mail as instructed. I called them and their excuse was that my regular mailman was off sick, and they were holding my mail because the wrong color code card was used. I finally got it.

FOLDED WINGS: These are 93rd men who were not members of the 2nd ADA. George Manley notified me that his Navigator, Lt. Jack Eifert, and his Radio Operator S/Sgt. Ernest Somes had both passed away several years ago. John Julian informed me that Bill Ashber had passed away. Harold Burks, Radio Operator on "Krush Kendzie and His Abortion Kids" informed that their Bombardier Edward F. Price passed away.

INFORMATION NEEDED:

Leroy W. Paulin, 565 Washington St., Grafton, WI 53024, Tel. 414-377-7457 requests to hear from anyone that knew his friend, Lt. Roy Harms, 329th BS or any of his crew that were shot down over Ploesti 1 Aug. '43. Lt. Earl Ferguson, CP; Lt. Wm. Harth, B; Lt. Albert Stahl, N; Sgt. Ralph Richardson, B, Sgt. John Shufritz, R; Sgt. Mike Dolla, G; Sgt. Arnold Holen, E; Sgt. Winfield Long, G; were all killed. Sgt. Jack Reed, G was a POW and I believe that he has passed away since; if not let me know. Please contact Mr. Paulin, he is working on a Memorial for Lt. Harms and his crew in his hometown.

I am still looking for Dave Carpenter; and Jack E. Naifeh, 201 Denver Bldg 624, S. Denver, Tulsa, OK 74119, Telephone 918-583-3234, is also looking for him.

THE STORY OF THE 93rd BG (H): Due to the positive vote I received from our members at our mini-reunion dinner meeting in England last July, at that time I reported that I had 20 paid orders. Later I had 32 paid orders, so I ordered 100 copies. Just before we left for Florida I received the balance of 68 books. I had supplied mailing labels for the 32 ordered and they were mailed direct. I have since sold 9 copies. We have to sell at least 60 copies before we realize profit, as I had explained to members at our meeting that this second printing cost quite a bit more due to set-up costs. Come on fellows, let's not be stuck with a lot of these, why don't you give one to your grandchildren for Christmas? There will be no more after these are gone, and if the postage goes up the first of the year, I will have to add postage to your cost. Now they are still \$30 postage included, and that costs us \$1.25 book rate, plus I pack them for mailing.

EMBLEM SALES: These have slowed to a trickle. I still have two Group, five 328th,

twenty-one 329th, thirty-three 330th, and four 409th. Get your orders in; there will be no more when these are gone.

REPLICA A-2 JACKETS: As I had reported in the Fall issue that I have the flyer for these, use this form and we will receive \$10 for our Memorial Fund for every one sold through me. Order from Col. Bradley with order form from me. I have received several requests for this A-2 Jacket flyer from all different Group members. Please send SASE with requests; the cost has been on me up to now, and I could use a little help.

THE GOLD, SILVER BULLION

EMBLEM: You can write direct to Leonard Apter, Maj. USA Ret., or call 813-360-6121. Just send colored diagram or picture of what you want. They are made overseas and take some time, but the wait is worthwhile; they are beautiful. He has the diagrams and colors of the 93rd and 8th AAF.

EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING: The 93rd was elected to serve on the board for 1990-91. Dot and I attended the meeting at Dearborn, MI 16-17 Sept. It was a very good constructive meeting. Along with the reunion in England, it has been a busy summer for me.



THE "ALL AMERICAN": The end of September, I received a call from Skip Pease, 389th Group, reporting that he had arranged for the "All American" to come into Morristown, N.J. airport, and requested my help. I was able the 29th, and half day the 30th. We had a wonderful attendance. The first thing I looked for on her was our 93rd BG, 328 BS, 329 BS, 330 BS, 409 BS placed in the "Distinguished Flying Command" position on the plane, and it was right there under the 2nd Air Division, 8th AF. Also in the "Honor Crew" position of the 93rd is "Shoot Luke" (my crew), "Big Bear Green," "Faulkners Crew," "Donovan King Crew," "John O'Grady Crew" and "Skjel's Hellcats." What a thrill it is to see this beautiful bird.

NORTH CENTRAL REUNION: Normally I can't afford to attend these reunions, but due to our 93rd member Paul Steichen being in charge this year, we attended 10-11 October. Paul did an outstanding job on this. The 93rd was well represented with about 53, several that I hadn't met before. At the final banquet, our 2nd ADA President, Richard Kennedy, presented the 93rd Honor Group of the Year Plaque. I didn't have any film left, and had asked a couple fellows to send me a picture they took, but didn't receive one in time for this report. I will take the

plaque to our next reunion in Dearborn, Michigan, July 3-4-5, 1991. To our surprise, they had arranged for the "All American" to fly into the small municipal airport. We also expect it to fly in Dearborn next July. I had packed up all of my 93rd paperwork before we left for French Lick, as the next weekend we headed for Florida. So please be patient for an answer to your letters.

Cal Stewart attended, and I gave him a copy of a story written by Hans-Heiri for the Swiss magazine "Cockpit" about the first Liberator that ended up in Switzerland Aug. 13, 1943 after a mission on Weiner-Neustadt. Jake Geron flew "Death Dealer" on that mission and sent me a copy. I spent some time reviewing some of Cal's transcript for his new book, "Ted's Traveling Circus." I only reviewed the first part that I might know about, from the beginning of the 93rd at Fort Meyers up through Ploesti 1 Aug. 43. I suggested a couple known facts, otherwise this looks very good. Please send Cal all the information you can, especially names of all crew members and plane name and number if known, so that he may finish this book. His address is Carroll Stewart, P.O. Box 631, O'Neill, NB 68763. What I read looked very good with a wealth of detail and information; let's get behind Cal on this book and help all we can.

INFORMATION STILL NEEDED:

I received a good response from my last request for names of planes the 93rd flew on Ploesti, 1 Aug. 43. Thanks a lot fellows, I only need one more that 1/Lt. Cleveland D. Hickman flew, call letters, 611B.

This information I have asked for before, just can't understand why one of you fellows from the 329th and 330th haven't responded. PLEASE check your papers for copy of original orders, for 329th and 330th that flew to England with Group Sept. 6 or 7th 1942. It lists the plane number and each member, position and serial number of men. One of you must have a copy of these orders, as no one did anything without orders. Of the 669 93rd members we have, one of you must have this order. Please, please look now before it's forgotten. The 328th was Operation Orders Number 102 issued by the North Atlantic Wing, Air Transport Command, Presque Isle, Maine. The 409th number 205 issued by the North Atlantic Wing Air Transport Command, Gander Lake, Newfoundland.

FOLDED WINGS: Received the sad news while at Dearborn, MI meeting, that our first 93rd Commanding Officer Lt. Gen. Edward J. Timberlake USAF Ret. had passed away Sept. 3, 1990. On behalf of the 93rd BG I conveyed our sympathy to family members of Gen. Ted. He will truly be missed by the Officers and Enlisted men that served under his command.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: We are still running 2nd in the number of donors, but I do believe that we can do better. Come on fellows, let's make the 93rd first, I know you can do it. You fellows that had pledged, if you haven't responded as yet please do so. We are getting so close to the goal, let's get it over the top, and let it be the 93rd that did it. Just don't forget, we were the first and the best. All our records prove this.

A Gold Star Daughter Finds Peace

Submitted by Jordan Uttal

Here is a heartwarming story — another bit of evidence of how, as the 2nd Air Division Association, we have nurtured many precious memories for those of us who served, and equally important, for members of our families. Here is the background of the story.

In April of 1989 I received from the Memorial Trust, in Norwich, a letter from a lady stating: (1) Her father, a tail gunner in the 492nd Bomb Group, was shot down in July 1944, three months before she was born. (2) In 1988 while closing her grandparents' home, she ran across the Memorial Booklet published in 1963 at the time of the dedication of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room. (3) She was desirous of learning if the Association still existed, whether families of the deceased could visit the Memorial Room, how to make donations, etc. (4) Not having had the opportunity of knowing her father, she was interested in learning all she could about his service experience, and the terribly tense war years.

I have a copy of the Master 2nd Air Division Roll of Honor, and a quick reference to it disclosed that her father, S/Sgt. William F. Sheely was indeed listed. With that information before me, I phoned Mrs. Billy Sheely Johnson in Virginia. It is impossible to describe accurately the joy she expressed at having this information, as well as the fact that the Association still existed, and that we would welcome her into the family. In no time she enrolled with Evelyn as an Associate Member. To cut this short, I will just add

that she attended the recent Norwich Convention. Her letter to me after her return to Virginia was so beautiful that I obtained her permission to excerpt passages of it for you. Here is Billy's poignant and eloquent message.

"Words can't adequately describe all that the reunion and its very special memories hold for me. I left Virginia very needy emotionally, but I've surely returned home a very wealthy person, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Now as I reflect on it, I regret not having been able to attend the reunion in Hilton Head. However I somehow think it may have been providential that my first experience to physically join with 2ADA members needed to be on English soil to have the opportunity to share in that very special bonding spirit you all have with those persons and their descendants. The experience and all the feelings involved can't be duplicated... while I was overcome with joy for myself and for the wonderful peace I've realized after 45 years.

"Each day of the reunion held its own special meaning for me. I had been so touched by the Memorial Service and looked upon it as the memorial service my family never had the opportunity to have; followed by that very special visit to the village of North Pickenham. I'm sure each group received an equally warm welcome, but this day was one in which I felt my Dad's presence so keenly. As Providence would have it, I was the visitor invited to tea with the family whose farm had been taken to create the base, and

their home was the only civilian home on the base proper, during the War. The family had a room set aside for the fellas to come in anytime to write letters, listen to music, or just get away from the base. I know I walked where he had walked the last days of his all too brief life.

"On Monday night at the banquet, when it came my time to be presented and have the distinguished honor of lighting the 8th candle for our departed comrades, all the wonderful experiences and feelings associated with them culminated in my absolutely being overwhelmed by the awe and respect I hold for each of you veterans, and for the memory of my Dad and those who gave their lives with him for the noble cause.

"I eagerly look forward to sharing more memory making experiences with 2ADA and to working with the Heritage League, if this is the appropriate place for me. I want to do whatever I can to see that the memory of all of you lives on, not only through the fine memorial Library but through relationships continuing to be forged among descendants. Please don't hesitate to call on me to assist in furthering the aims of 2ADA.

"I am most confident that my Dad is in heaven sharing my gratitude to the entire 2ADA for having nurtured me so warmly and sincerely. This came at a time in my life when I needed this kind of positive stroking and am finally at peace, having received so many answers to long unanswered questions." — Billy Sheely Johnson

Ronnie May Be Old But She Still Packs That Punch — of Ronnie's

by Jim Russell

From Stars and Stripes, February 1, 1945 • Submitted by William R. Brown

Age is showing on Ronnie. The fuselage of the big B-24 is oil-stained and the scars of two years of war show conspicuously on its sides. Bits of silver reflect the light where enemy flak and bullets and cannon shells have chipped off blisters of weather-beaten camouflage paint.

But the wounds of time and battle are emphatic reminders of a trust that was placed in Ronnie, a trust that over 100 vicious attacks on German industry and communications could not dim. The Lib has become a big, homely, living thing, because it fights for a boy whom death denied a chance to strike at the heart of the enemy.

When Ronnie was a nameless Lib on the lines at Consolidated, S/Sgt. Ronald Gannon, of Zanesville, O., was a waist gunner with a squadron of the 446th Bomb Group. He was tall, young, goodlooking. His steady, nimble fingers and sharp eyesight earned him a reputation as a crack shot. Then, before the 446th got overseas, tragedy struck.

A rare paralyzing disease caught Ronnie Gannon. It destroyed his muscular and ner-

vous coordination. It took the spring out of those nimble fingers. It clouded that sharp eyesight. And it ended in death.

The 446th crew got the new Lib, named it Ronnie, and flew it to its new base in Britain. At first, tragedy also stalked the plane. Four times it took off on missions and four times it came back without reaching the target — engine trouble.

Then they switched Ronnie to another squadron to break what seemed to be a growing jinx. That broke it. On Jan. 5, two years ago, the Lib took off for the first time with its new squadron, and this time it completed its mission, and the mission the boys of Gannon's squadron assigned it back in the U.S. Seventy-nine more times without turning back it struck — for Ronnie.

Now Ronnie's old, but still carrying out that original mission. And the boys of the 446th, who know more than anyone why this ship is a living thing, tell you:

"She's an old plane, all right, but don't call her an old crate. She's still as steady as anything right out of the factory."

Change of Address

When you move, please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing Road
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.

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BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



To our readers I must say that the fact that you did not get your quarterly 446th Bungay Bull fix was not the author's SNAFU but in the editor or printer's area. It is my understanding that the material prepared for the Fall issue will appear along with this article; so I keep my fingers crossed that this will happen. After all, the Journal is the only line of communication between the Group Vice Presidents and their Groups. (The article which should have appeared in the Fall issue is here on page 23. Our apologies.)

All things work out in the end, as we really were sold out at our 446th Bomb Group Association reunion in Tucson, which is going to be hard to beat next September in Dayton, 1992 in Valley Forge, and 1993 in Denver, as currently planned.

Moving right along to the more important stuff — Your Vice President is stepping down at the end of this term and would like to have volunteers who are ready and willing to pick up the Bungay Bull shovel and do the job. I think it is important that we have those who have an inclination for this job, step forward and say so. I would hate to have the nomination committee of McCarty, Finger, Kinney, Alexander and Speidel — who are hereby notified — pick someone who has been drug in. So get your names and resumes in to me if you have an interest. By the way, Vere McCarty, my predecessor, is appointed Chairman of this committee.

On to the good stuff. In the previously unprinted Bungay Bull is a mention of a "Texan" called the "old man" who enabled the 446th Bomb Group to become famous for shooting their CO down. The following is a letter from the Mosquito pilot, Ted Smith, originally of the 385th BG who transferred to the 25th BG (Recon) commenting on this story as it appeared in the 446th Bomb Group History published May 1989.

"Some comments on the listed History. I was the Pilot of the Mosquito in the story of the Group CO being shot down by his own Group. That is true; however, in the story as written in the History there are several discrepancies to clear up.

"To begin: I was briefed the night before and was told that our group, the 25th, had very recently been assigned the job of carrying a Senior Officer from a Bomb Group to observe that group because the Bomb Groups had begun to scatter when under fighter attack. I was told the Group No. and where stationed, but no name of rider.

"The next morning I was again briefed with emphasis on making sure we were with the Bomb Group before penetrating Germany. This because we had done these missions over a very short period of time, and the

Bomb Groups were not overly familiar with the Mosquitos or their use in this work.

"Just after taking off to pick up my rider, the top hatch blew off, necessitating my landing, and having a new one installed. This resulted in a delay of approximately one half hour. Took off again for Bungay and landed, was directed to a spot in front of operations, and was met by a group of Senior Officers. Col. Crawford introduced himself as the observer, and said, 'Let's get going, we're late.' We took our positions; I showed the Colonel how to open the floor hatch and how to release the outside door in case we had to exit in the air. We were cleared by the tower and proceeded to take off.

"The climb out over the North Sea was uneventful, and we joined with the 446th approximately five or six minutes before entering Germany. We flew alongside the No. 2 plane in the high squadron. In order to slow the Mosquito sufficiently it was necessary to lower the landing gear and extend the flaps as can be seen in the photo on page 263 of Jansen's History.

"We flew in this position for fifty to fifty-five minutes, with the result the engines began to build up excessive heat. Not wanting to run into opposition with possibly impaired engines, I told the Colonel I was going to pick up speed in order to cool the engines. He said OK.

"I made a turn to the right, retracting gear and flaps and of course picking up speed. We moved approximately 5 miles to the right of the Group, then started a shallow turn to the left, putting us directly in front of the Group, about 3 miles distant. The Colonel looked through the left window, saw the attack on the Group by ME-262s and the Group scatter. He immediately told me to get in position so he could take some pictures with a hand held camera.

"By this time we were to the left of the Group, headed in the opposite direction. I called the Group Leader, and told him where we were and what we were going to do, and requested him to alert the group about this. He acknowledged in the affirmative.

"By making a sharp left 180 degree turn, we were flying the same heading as the group, approximately 3 miles wide, as we came up level with the group the Colonel said turn in, which I did. I heard the click of the camera, and immediately started a sharp left turn. I felt a jolt in the airplane, nothing unusual, then felt the Colonel tap me on the arm. He pointed at the right radiator-coolant gushing out a hole the size of my fist. Proceeded to feather the prop before the engine seized. As the Colonel stated in the History

— these engines don't run well without coolant. While doing this, we slid closer to one of his airplanes in the low Squadron, coming within about 200 to 300 feet. The Colonel hollered, reached over my shoulder and pushed on the control column, causing us to dive. I recovered control and asked the Colonel for a heading back to England. He reached down, picked up a chart from the Bomb aimer's compartment, and after a minute gave me an estimated heading. I turned to the heading, and almost immediately the left engine started running rough. I turned towards Sweden, the Colonel reached for the chart. While doing this, I reached back with my right hand to change tanks in case we had fuel line damage. The Colonel had his knee jammed against the right rear side of my seat, making it very hard to reach the valve handle. (This was why I was cussing as reported by the Colonel on page 263 of the History.) After changing tanks, the engine continued to run rough, then quit entirely. At that point I said, "Let's get out of here." The Colonel exited after some difficulty at approximately 18,000 feet. I followed, leaving at about 15,000 feet. I landed in a pine woods, and was almost immediately taken prisoner by a German Home Guard, later finding out the Colonel landed about three kilometers away.

"I would like to make some comments about the Colonel's account of this mission as it appears in the History by Jansen. (1) I was on my 16th mission, not 13th as stated, in Mosquitos. (2) AT NO TIME was there any mention made about a fighter escort for us, at either of the two briefings I had, nor did the Colonel make any remarks to me on the climb out over the North Sea about 'running away from our escort.' (Could you imagine me, a Lieutenant, ignoring a Colonel?) (3) We flew beside his group for nearly an hour with no evidence of an escort. (4) The decision to move away from the group was made at my initiative, not at the Colonel's request as stated in the History. (5) The story starts with a rather cavalier tone, and has a romanticized account of the number 13 in regard to missions flown.

"I will close with one last comment: The encounter with the German Army Major was worse than Colonel Crawford's account.

"Among the prisoners was one man who understood and spoke fluent German, having been raised in Cologne, Germany. He kept us informed of what he heard, and had quietly told us the German Major had ordered a Sergeant with him to get a squad of riflemen and to shoot all prisoners. It wasn't until the Luftwaffe Sergeant had moved us into the station that he was able to convince the Major that there was a full Colonel among the prisoners, and the Major immediately became very polite to the Colonel, coming very close to an apology for his actions. The Major seemed to be very 'rank conscious'."

So there you go!!! Keep tuned to Beachbell.

Bungay Bull

by Bill Davenport

If you don't believe the 446th was great, Marquis W. Childs' column "The State of the Nation" appearing in hundreds of newspapers 8 February 1945 should remind you of the facts:

Call it morale or spirit or whatever you want to, but this 446th Bomber Group has got it.

It isn't that they're cocky in any juvenile way. It's just that you have a sense of men working together seriously on a task on which they are concentrating all possible effort.

A lot of it must come from the commanding officer, who is Col. Troy W. Crawford. A flyer of 15 years, he is called 'The Old Man,' and that is the legend painted in big red letters on the side of his P-47.

The Old Man uses his P-47 to ride herd on squadrons when they are forming up after the take-off. He does it with the same sure expertness with which, back in his home in Texas, a good cowhand would ride herd on cattle.

Since he became commanding officer of the base, six months ago, this bomber group has taken the lead over all the others in the division. From Dec. 24 to Jan. 1, the 446th had the greatest number of hits that any group in the division ever had. Through photographs taken by automatic cameras at the time of bombing, a careful record is kept, and scores of individual crews, squadrons and groups are checked for accuracy.

After he took over the base, Col.

Crawford started the process of shifting squadron leaders and crew leaders in an effort to find the best men for particular jobs. That is how he explains the record established by his group — getting the right men in the right places.

One of his crew leaders of whom he speaks most proudly is Capt. Alfred Knopf Jr. of New York, son of the publisher of the same name. Knopf has flown about half of the 30 missions which constitute a tour of duty.

ANOTHER TEXAN

The executive officer of the base is Major J.L. Spooner, who comes from John Nance Garner's hometown, Uvalde, Texas. Spooner is responsible for all the housekeeping for several thousand men on the base. He is responsible for bombs and fuel, as well as the smallest details of living.

It's just about a 24 hour job. On one of the nights I was at the base, he was wakened at 2 in the morning by a crisis caused by frozen waterpipes, and he didn't get into bed again until 11 that night. Spooner does a lot of cussing over British "inefficiency," or perhaps it's merely their different way of doing things.

Like most Texas, he's just as much a Texan in gray, rainy England as he is in Uvalde. He reacts against a certain kind of British snobbism and class distinction. Once at tea at a local aristocrat's castle, some Britishers were reciting their distinguished pre-war occupations, and when Spooner's turn came he said he was a goat herder — which is literally true, since he has a goat ranch outside Uvalde.

The senior intelligence officer at the base is Major Milton R. Stahl of St. Louis, former chairman of the Missouri Public Service Commission. He arranges and

supervises the briefings. Although over 50, he has gone on 12 bombing missions and has a Bronze Star, equivalent to the Distinguished Flying Cross, and an Air Medal with an Oak Leaf Cluster. Stahl says it is important for an intelligence officer to go on missions because he gets an idea of how the men see things, and they feel he is one of them. In 15 months at the base he has had only six leaves.

PUBLICITY?

In London and in Washington you hear a great deal about publicity for the air forces. I don't think these men are interested in publicity as such. But they do want the people back home to have some understanding of the magnitude and importance of the job they are doing. They do not want it taken for granted.

The overall picture — how much air power has contributed to the winning of the war — is not their concern. In any event, that appraisal can come only after final victory, when a thorough and impartial study will be in order.

Certainly the success of D-Day and the sweep across France that followed would not have been possible without the preliminary work of the air forces. Certainly the intensive bombing of Germany has contributed to the successes of the Russian armies.

The men of the 446th Bomber Group talk very little about such things. They're concerned with the number of hits on yesterday's target; with getting their planes into the air and getting them back again.

Yes, I proudly say again on our behalf — Weren't We Great!!! Keep tuned to Beachbell.

Reunion Of The "Mighty 8th" Finds Few Who Recall Its Deeds

by Judge Henry X. Dietch, Ret. • Reprinted from The Star, Chicago

In the late 1940s, the 8th Air Force of the then U.S. Army Air Corps (now the United States Air Force) became a decisive factor in the defeat of Hitler Germany. I had the good fortune to be assigned to the 2nd Air Division of the 8th, which flew the sturdy Liberator bombers. Before we left our bases in England after the defeat of the enemy, the division raised 20,900 English pounds for a living memorial.

In 1963 that living memorial was realized by the 2nd Air Division Association (of which I had the honor to be a founding member in 1948) in the form of a memorial library addition to the city of Norwich, England, the headquarters city of the 2nd Air Division. The dedication was a magnificent event, full of pageantry as only the English can do.

The memorial room is stocked with American books, periodicals, and, of course, archives and memorials to all who served, living and dead.

A few months ago we conducted our 43rd annual reunion (both reunions in the U.S. and England) in Norwich, England.

I write about this because the past is difficult to recapture and almost impossible to explain to the present generation. As one of my wartime buddies said, "Nothing is forever." Another one said the public wants to know "what are you doing for me now."

Even in England, the younger generations, with a few exceptions, had no recollection of the "Mighty 8th" and the job it accomplished.

I suppose all reunions have a bit of sadness along with the nostalgia. Each generation, each segment of society, each person is limited to his own time and experience.

Our reunion with 800 present was small in the context of the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Britain when the Royal Air Force saved Britain from invasion by Hitler.

Paraphrasing Winston Churchill, "Never before had so many owed so much to so few" in the history of warfare, except possibly at Thermopylae Pass in ancient Grecian times. Both helped to save the Western world and the kind of democracy we enjoy.

Our reunion helped to say to all that we value freedom, we want some remembrance of what we did and we have established a living memorial with a trust in perpetuity, to keep in one place the archives of those events. I suppose it is the strivings for immortality that connects all these events in an uncertain and dangerous world.

As in all reunions, many familiar faces unfortunately were gone and, of course, all of the other attendees looked "so old." The spirit was still there and it was a worthwhile experience to see so many men and women representing a meaningful period in our lives and the lives of both countries. It was worth it under any circumstance.

Memories of an Interlude in England in 1944

by Russell M. Barnes

Reprinted from Gannett Westchester Newspapers, June 6, 1990

Soon it won't mean a thing...

The sleepy hamlet of Hurn, tucked neatly away in southern England and just a few miles from the English Channel won't mean a thing to you, but then why should it. For most parts of the year it doesn't mean much to me and Hurn is only a few miles from where I live.

But once a year I visit Hurn. Every June I make the journey there preparing myself, as I drive over the narrow humpback bridge and under that line of tall trees, for that tiny lump to arrive in my throat — and it never fails.

You see, in June 1944 I was a teenager. The German army was on the other side of the Channel, which meant they were only 80 miles away — or just 20 minutes as the Heinkel 111K bomber flies — and you tried not to think about that.

Me and the other kids had eagerly watched the "dog fights" up in the blue summer skies of 1940 when Spitfire battled it out with Messerschmitt. We tried to sleep under kitchen tables as German heavy bombers overhead made their journeys in black winter nights across the very heart of England to obliterate the centres of Birmingham and Coventry.

But soon the Russians, who by then had lost 6 million people were at last getting the better of the huge German land forces which had torn their countryside apart and the British "Tommy" was doing OK in North Africa...but little did we know that soon our world would be turned upside down! The GIs were about to invade. Laughing and singing truckloads of them winding their way down narrow Dorset lanes, winking and grinning at the girls who

giggled and thrilled in their delightful embarrassment.

On Sunday the village green had echoed with the sounds of English cricket as young men swung bat against hard ball and proud parents gently clapped and murmured "bravo." Now it was "yippee," and words we dare not mention, as softball struck by baseball bat sped so unbelievably fast across neat gardens and out of sight.

Yes, the Yanks arrived. They shared a drink in our pub and shared a hymn book in our church. Some even shared Sunday lunch with us and sat around our fireside at Christmas. And to some of those fresh-faced lads our mums became their moms.

In the spring of 1944 the lanes and fields of southern England were choked with American, Canadian and British forces and their equipment. It wasn't difficult to see that plans were underway for the Normandy landings — and Dorset was very much in the front line.

On that first day of June 1944 as I walked across that lane and over the humpbacked bridge, I saw a sea of blue or khaki uniforms. Groups of GIs laughing and talking. Some played cards. And others, alone with their thoughts, sat quietly writing letters home — or perhaps their last letters home.

Within a week it was the Omaha and Utah beachheads. For all it was a nightmare journey to hell and back. And sadly for many — far too many — the soft and gentle downlands of Dorset would be the last thing felt under foot.

Throughout the weeks that followed, aircraft and ships brought the wounded back to Dorset — young men now made older. In

the market town of Blandford, the 22nd U.S. Military Hospital, with a devoted staff working day and night, tended wounds and mended bones.

A mile away a Dorset mum carefully placed a GI's personal belongings in a tin box and reverently buried them deep in her garden. He wasn't her son, but he was somebody's son. Only two weeks before he'd been around her home for a cup of tea and a chat. He left a neat assortment of personal things on her table, asking that she look after them and saying, "I'll be back for them when it's all over." He shut the wooden gate behind him and turned to look at her for a second...and was gone.

She had been told that he wouldn't be calling back.

That kind soul, with kids of her own, didn't bury his photograph. Without fail, each June she took it from the drawer and placed it on view. And she did that every year until she died. Now someone else performs that simple but dedicated token of annual remembrance.

When at long last it was all over, GI Joe went back to Los Angeles or Long Island. Tommy Atkins to Liverpool or London. Now there is nothing across the soft downlands or along the winding lanes of Dorset to tell the generations to come what happened here a lifetime ago. Nothing which even begins to record in history the sacrifice and courage of people, who it seems, may already be forgotten.

Only memories in the minds of those who lived through it all.

The sad fact is that one day — when nobody cares — it won't mean a thing.

Liberator Unmentioned in Smithsonian Text

by Henry S. Evans

From The Ann Arbor News, June 18, 1990 • Submitted by William R. Brown



Newly built B-24 bombers wait outside the Willow Run plant when the plant was in full production.

The Ann Arbor News' recent front page photo of a B-24 brought back a flood of memories. I was stationed at Willow Run as editor of the camp newspaper "The Willow Run-Up" which had a masthead photo of a B-24 head on. After VE Day, I watched the storied planes return to be parked at Willow Run by the hundreds. When the base was deactivated, I was transferred to Chanute Field to make daily reports on news from

the wire services.

In 1946, my son was born in Chicago. In 1988 we moved to Ann Arbor to be near him as a Ph.D. out of the University of Michigan and on the faculty of the hospital. We never regretted our move from 30 years in Morristown, NJ.

As editor of The Explorers Journal, I was reviewing the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum book of beautifully photographed

planes. There was not one of the B-24 or even mention of the Liberator in the text, although there was plenty of the B-17.

When I wrote to the museum director, he agreed that it should have been mentioned and that if one could be found it would be included in the collection.

That is how it stands. If anyone has later information about the Smithsonian exhibit, I would appreciate being advised.



491st BOMB GROUP
THE LAST AND THE BEST
the
RINGMASTER
REPORTS

by Hap Chandler

DAYTON REUNION AND MEMORIAL DEDICATION: Approximately 400 Ringmasters, wives and relatives filled the Air Force Museum Auditorium to capacity for the 491st Memorial Dedication, October 19, 1990. All four of our "stars," Generals **Jack Merrell**, **Fred Miller**, **Jim Keck** and **Ralph Saunders** participated in the dedication. Mrs. Lucille Dumitras, whose late husband Sergeant **George Dumitras** was awarded the Silver Star while serving with the 855th Squadron, was an honored guest on the platform.

Reverend **Lee Spencer**, wartime Protestant Chaplain, gave the opening prayer, followed by General Merrell's dedication address. Your Group Vice President had the honor of officially presenting the memorial to the museum on behalf of all our members. Chaplain Spencer concluded the dedication with the benediction. Mr. Robert Bobbitt of the museum staff conducted the ceremony.

Following the dedication ceremony, the group proceeded to the memorial on the Museum grounds. After considerable jockeying a group picture was taken of all in attendance. This is a remarkable picture, 88" in length, taken with a panoramic camera. A second picture was of males only by squadrons.

Thursday afternoon preceding the dedication, **Allan Blue** chaired a symposium regarding the history of the 491st. The panel, consisting of Generals **Merrell**, **Keck** and **Saunders** fielded questions for three hours. It was a most enlightening afternoon. It provided those of us who were replacements an insight into the trauma of training and deploying the 491st to England and combat.

Thursday night, General **Fred Miller**, our wartime commander, joined the capacity crowd for dinner. We once again, after forty-five years, had our Protestant Chaplain, **Rev. Lee Spencer**, led the group in prayer. Highlight of the evening was the hilarious performance of "Private" **Louis**

Brunnemer, toast of the California banquet circuit.

Friday evening's banquet began with a solemn candlelighting ceremony in honor of the 299 of our comrades who did not return from the European air wars. **Carl Alexanderson**, 853rd Squadron and past President of the Second Air Division Association, was master of ceremonies.

General Miller, whose plane had been delayed the previous day, greeted the troops with a review of progress since our meeting in Savannah eleven months previous and recognized the efforts of those whose contributions made the reunion an outstanding success. Particularly commended were **Frank Lewis**, **John Keene**, and **Hank Liljedahl**. Hank brought leis from Hawaii for all the ladies present. Truly a marvelous surprise for our wives!

Dick Kennedy, President of the Second Air Division Association, gave a short, inspiring report of our parent organization and its continuing progress. It then was time to Texas' gift to the 491st, "Cajun Walt" Boychuk to perform his hilarious Cajun act. Our trip to the Bayous concluded this memorable day. 304 were served at this dinner, exceeding the seating capacity of our hotel. Sadly, several latecomers had to be turned away.

Saturday morning, the 491st Bombardment Group (H), Inc., a non-profit veterans' organization under IRS 501 (c) 19, was officially launched. Gen. **Fred Miller**, Chairman Emeritus, presided. **Bill Rigg** was elected President, **Jerry Ivce**, Executive

Vice President; **Hap Chandler**, Vice President, Operations; **Frank Lewis** and **John Keene**, joint Vice President, Reunions; **Bob Bacher**, Treasurer; and **Nelson Leggette**, Secretary. **Allan Blue** was appointed Group Historian; **Lee Spencer**, Chaplain. Dr. **Mike Dougan**, Group Flight Surgeon, was named "bird dog of the year" for his successful efforts in tracking down so many of his former comrades.

Twelve members were named to the Executive Committee representing geographic areas. **Hank Liljedahl** (Hawaii), **Nick Jabbour & Harry Orange** (California); **Gene Scamahorn** (Northwest); **Jack Leppert** (Florida); **Walt Boychuk** (Texas); **John Keene** (Southeast); **Bill Koone** (Missouri); **Vince Cahill** (New England); **Louis Bur & Ralph Cox** (Michigan); **Dominic Nolte** (New Jersey). These are responsible to "network" their areas for lost, strayed or stolen Ringmasters who are not aware of the activities of the group.

With cheers and tears and goodbyes, after 45 years in many cases, this, our third reunion, was added to our memories of days long gone ago.

SECOND AIR DIVISION CONVENTION: The next Second Air Division convention will be at the Hyatt Regency Dearborn, west of Detroit, Michigan. The "All American," a completely restored B-24J, will be available for our inspection. See convention announcement elsewhere in this Journal for further information.



General **Jack G. Merrell**, longest serving officer with the 491st Bombardment Group (H) and wartime Deputy Commander, joins wartime members of the group at USAF Museum memorial dedication ceremony.



491st Memorial Dedicated. (l-r): **Hap Chandler**, **Rev. Bill McClelland**, **Mrs. Lucille Dumitras**, **Mr. Robert Bobbitt** (USAF Museum), **Maj. Gen. Ralph Saunders**, **Maj. Gen. Fred Miller**, **Lt. Gen. Jim Keck**, **Gen. Jack Merrell**, **Chaplain Lee Spencer**.

491st REUNIONS: Our Michigan group, **Louis Bur**, **Ralph Cox** and **George Risko** plan a gala "Fourth of July Picnic" for visiting Ringmasters prior to the Second Air Division Reunion. This will not — repeat — will not conflict with the Second ADA reunion.

Colorado has been selected as the site of our 491st 50th Reunion in 1992. **Harold Fritzler**, **Dean Sorell**, **Oscar Gerstung** and the Colorado Ringmasters are spearheading this effort. More later.

DUES: Your 1991 Second Air Division Association dues are now due!

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

First off, I want to congratulate Bill Dewey on the fine article he wrote for the Fall 1990 Journal. Bill did an outstanding job of organizing, promoting, fundraising and bringing to fruition a beautiful tribute to those who participated in the Kassel raid and most particularly a lasting memorial to those 118 men of the 445th Bomb Group who lost their lives on that fateful mission. From all accounts it was an occasion those who attended will remember always. Thanks, Bill, you have etched another chapter in the history of the 445th.

To my knowledge, the Kassel event generated newspaper articles in the Oakland County, MI Daily Tribune, the Leelanau Enterprise and the Detroit News, all featuring Bill Dewey. The Houston, TX Chronicle featured Don Whitefield in a fine article with an excellent picture; the Tiffin, OH Advertiser-Tribune carried a three part story plus an editorial featuring George Collar; the Tri-City Herald, Richland, OR carried an article featuring Leuita Mathiowetz who attended in memory of her brother John Neher, Jr. who lost his life on this raid. The Times Union, Rochester, NY published a fine article on Charles Kenning's experiences. The U.S. Armed Forces, Stars and Stripes, published a fine account of the ceremony including several pictures. So did several German newspapers. Dewey says there are several additional newspaper write-ups that will be coming in which he will share with us. Again, Bill did a great job on this project and we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

Several of you have asked about the prospects of a 445th Reunion separate from the annual 2nd Air Division Association reunion. At this time none are contemplated and this is why. You will recall my infamous questionnaire where in I asked, "Do you think the 445th mini-reunions held in conjunction with the 2nd ADA reunions (dinner together the first night) are sufficient or would you rather come in a day early just for a 445th get-together?" Of those of you who replied to my questionnaire, only 6 suggested coming in a day early while only 2 suggested a 445th reunion be held at a different time and place. As memory serves me, neither of the 2 had attended a recent 2nd ADA reunion.

As previously stated, I'm adamantly opposed to any action by Groups that would tend to in any way dilute the stature of the 2nd ADA. In my opinion, holding separate Group reunions does just that. Please remember the purpose of the 2nd ADA — to honor the memory of those 2nd Air Division men who gave their lives in the struggle to liberate Europe. To this end, the Association has created and maintained the 2nd ADA Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library. There is no finer or more highly regarded WWII memorial anywhere. It identifies and honors all the Groups and organizations who made up the Division, and at no time has it been identified or thought of as an individual Group effort. I stand firm in my belief that the Memorial Room was conceived, nurtured and brought to fulfillment by the Association, and to break up into individual Groups would be a disservice to our fallen comrades. I hasten to add that I strongly endorse and encourage area 2nd ADA mini-reunions and dinners. We in Southern California will be

holding our Ninth Annual Dinner on 2 March 1991 at the El Toro Marine Corps Officers Club. We expect approximately 250 attendees representing all Groups, so if you plan to be in the vicinity, please join us.

It is on a sad note indeed that I report the deaths of Claud Palmer, John McCloskey and Charles Turner. All three had been members of the Association for a number of years. They will be missed by their many friends, and our condolences are extended to their loved ones.



On the Road to Tibenham. 1st Row: Pat Meade. 2nd Row: Val & Dick Boucher. 3rd Row: Melba & Roger Ward. 4th Row: Elaine & Billy Stephan.

New members not previously reported in this column: Howard Boldt, Houston, TX; Edward Burnetta, Overland Park, KS; Olindo Calvano, San Jose, CA; William Carpenter, Columbus, OH; Bill Cauthon, Bakersfield, CA; Jack Chambers, Midwest City, OK; Charles Craig, Oblong, IL; Roland Desjardins, Levittown, PA; Richard Eckman, Toledo, OH; Robert Erwin, Aliquippa, PA; Bernard Fishman, Long Beach, FL; Wilfred Forguites, Richmond, VT; George Freeman, Schenectady, NY; W.B. Furman, Alliance, NB; Walter Grotz, Delano, MN; Clayton Hagans, Ashland, KY; Henry Jones, Santa Barbara, CA; Orville Klitzke, Oshkosh, WI; Henry LaForet, Vero Beach, FL; Thaddeus Lewkowicz, Schenectady, NY; George Lyons, Clinton, IN; Thomas Madden, New Hartford, NY; John Mann, Manawa, WI; Philip Miller, Kalamazoo, MI; Arnold Nass, Dallas, TX; Frank Olive, Farmington Hills, MI; Calvin Osborn, Aston, PA; Joseph Plachy, Downers Grove, IL; Bill Ploen, Minden, IA; Alfred Portsmore, Toms River, NJ; Jerome Prince, Oakland, CA; William Richards, Scottsburg, IN; Carlton Scott, Taylors, SC; Gerald Scott, Onancock, VA; Wade Smith, Canfield, OH; Millard Warren, Babylon, NY; Thomas Waters, Noti, OR and Sammy Weiner, North



The VCRs Were Great. (l-r): Chuck Walker, Ray & Jean Lemons, and Web Uebelhoer.



Glen Marsteller Crew. Back row (l-r): Joseph Berman, Glen Marsteller, Robert Espich, Deputy Lead Navigator, and Gerald Hildebrant. Front row: Aldophose Gerrate, George Talis, Henry Firsching, Michael Lenahan, Henry Clayton.

(continued on page 27)

The 445th Reporting (continued from page 26)

Hollywood, CA. We all welcome you aboard and know you will enjoy membership in the Association as much as the rest of us do.

So you see, we continue to grow. We now have a membership of 535 445thers. California has the most members with 70, followed by Texas with 46, Pennsylvania with 44, and New York with 40. The most popular first names among members: 35 John, 33 Robert, 26 William, 21 James, and 20 each Donald and Charles. This information courtesy of Felix and Marge Leeton of the 389th who generously put the 445th roster in zip code order for me. I sincerely thank them.

In spite of "dislocating my thumb for a few days..." Meg Lynes has finished a beautiful needlepoint kneeling pad cover and thus this becomes the first one I have received. Unfortunately she reports that husband John has had a stint in the hospital. We hope he is back on his feet by the time you read this.

Ted Kaye wrote me with a copy of the letter he wrote thanking the Norwich Eastern Daily Press for the excellent coverage they gave our recent reunion. The Press published the letter and Phyllis Hunt, our librarian, reports having received many favorable comments on the letter. A very thoughtful gesture, Ted.

I'm so far behind in my correspondence (I traveled three out of five months this summer) that I may never catch up, but I'll keep working at it. It's embarrassing to uncover a July 1990 letter on this messy desk that I haven't responded to. I figure that an extra two days in each week will help, but then what is to become of my golf game?

I close by wishing each of you the best of Holidays and a New Year filled with good health and good fortune.

The B-24

by Robert F. Zeigel

A poem in tribute to the pilots and crews of the B-24 Consolidated Vultee Liberators in the heavy bomber groups of World War II.

Of all the famed aircraft of World War Two,
One that engendered an historical lore -
Eighteen thou' air frames winged through the blue -
Was the four engine, split-tail, B-24!

From four Pratt and Whitney's forty-eight hundred horse power -
With no mufflers! God! They sure made a roar!
And flew at three hundred miles per hour!
Did this formidable bomber, the B-24!

From all parts of our country, brave crews of ten men
Brought every wing, group and squadron right to the fore -
With ten caliber 50's, and thousand pounders times ten,
They risked all in this giant, the B-24!

Consolidated Vultee constructed these Liberators,
Four thousand two hundred enemy planes was their score,
And they dumped six hundred thousand tons on the perpetrators -
A major contribution, by the B-24s!

From North Africa they bombed prime targets near Rome,
From Benghazi, hit Ploesti, and went back for more!
English bases staged Berlin strikes - the Nazis were home!
In flights of a thousand of these B-24s!

From bases called Nadzab, Hollandia, Biak,
Lae, Wakde-Sarmi, and the Isle of Noemfoor -
They "Glousterized" targets in Kaviang, Truk, Wewak,
And they plastered Rabaul, did these B-24s!

These aircraft were tough, an ingenious design,
And even two engines could still make 'em soar!
But we lost some - to flak, and fighters rapine;
We salute those who came down in their B-24s!

To the boys who rose to fly, time after time,
On missions launched from those far distant shores,
With that special courage of youth in its prime,
Hail the Memory of the crews of those B-24s!

Childhood in the Forties

by Pat (Knights) Everson



We had blackouts, air raids and shortages of food

Sweet rationing, gas masks, no sign posts on roads
Barrage balloons, searchlights, and planes filled the skies
Spits, Wellingtons, and Lancs, well known to our eyes
With Halifaxes and Hurricanes, Blenheims, Mosquitos too

Plane spotting became the main thing to do
Then Forts, Thunderbolts, and Lightnings, with brightly
colored nose art

Marauders, Liberators, and Mustangs, had come to take part
The 448th Bomb Group came to live on our base

Friendly, cheerful young men brought excitement to the place
As they rode on their bikes looking for pubs and warm beer
Singing songs, going dancing, forgetting hardships and fear
For the children they gave parties, gifts of candy and gum

To the dances on base the young ladies would come
Aircraft crashing, bombs dropping, many people would die
Children warned do not touch the bomb called "butterfly"

Father serving in the Forces, helping Mum dig for victory
Children came, 'talking different,' they were called Evacuees
Wouldn't swap with today's child all those 'bittersweet'
memories

Of my childhood in East Anglia in the 1940s.

Pat Everson is a most dedicated friend of the Eighth Air Force, and especially of the Second Air Division. Pat is in contact with just so many veterans of 1943-45, and has amassed possibly one of the most complete collections of memorabilia, diaries, correspondence, etc. that exists today. A museum in the restored 448th control tower, along with her home, houses, displays and propagates this historical collection and generates visitors from all over England, the Continent, and the USA.

England 1992

by Jordan R. Uttal

The East Anglian Tourist Board is sponsoring a celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the arrival of USAAF units in England which started in 1942. Needless to say, they wish to reach all veterans of the 8th and 9th Air Forces, the bombers, the fighters, the SAD's and all attached personnel. As of the time of our visit to Norwich this past summer, we were made aware of their tentative plans.

They have scheduled events that will take place between 19 May 1992 and 26 November 1992. They include two Glenn Miller style concerts, the Mildenhall Air Fete and two other Air Shows, a barbecue and dance over the 4th of July, and several commemorative services at different cathedrals, one of which will be in Norwich.

By sheer coincidence, Bud Koorndyk, Bud Chamberlain and I were at a dinner after the Norwich Convention at which we had the pleasure of meeting the Vice President of the East Anglian Tourist Board. We assured him that although we were having our own Annual Convention in 1992, we would try to get the word out about his program.

Further, your Executive Committee, at their September meeting, authorized this notification to you of their intentions, and to let all of you who might be planning a trip to England in 1992 know that you can obtain exact information about their plans by writing to:

Dept. USAAF

Mr. Trevor Hayward, Marketing Manager
East Anglian Tourist Board
Toppesfield Hall, Hadleigh
Suffolk IP7 5DN ENGLAND

BULLETIN BOARD

So. California Dinner

The Tenth Annual Southern California 2nd Air Division Association Dinner will be held at the El Toro Marine Corps Officers Club, 2 March 1991. Everyone is welcome. Contact:

Dick Boucher
1791 S.E. Windsor Lane
Santa Ana, CA 92705
(714) 544-7484

Window Decals

Anyone needing a window decal, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Evelyn Cohen at the address below. No charge for same.

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing
Philadelphia, PA 19114

Thanks To All

Thanks to all 2nd AD members who have sent cards and letters regarding my illness this year. I am happy to report that I am cancer free, as of my last examination on November 26.

— William G. Robertie

8th Annual Southwest Region Dinner

We are pleased to advise that the 8th Annual Southwest Dinner will be held on Saturday, 16 March 1990 in Dallas, Texas at the Holiday Inn, LBJ Freeway and Jupiter Road. Jeff Gregory is the dinner chairman. Details will be sent out to members in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico sometime in January.

All members are welcome. For those of you outside the five state area, details can be had by writing to:

Jeff Gregory
3110 Sheridan Drive
Garland, Texas 75041
Tel. (214) 278-8537

The Kassel Mission Reports

by William R. Dewey

September 27, 1944 was a black date in the history of American Aerial Warfare. On that day, within 3 minutes, the 445th Bomb Group incurred the highest group loss in the history of the 8th Air Force, losing 30 out of 35 planes and 236 airmen.

The Kassel Mission Memorial Association has published a 44-page soft-bound book containing a compilation of information on the Kassel Mission, some of which has never before been made available to the public.

Included in the book are previously classified official 8th Air Force records of the Kassel Mission, pictures, formation diagrams, disposition of the 35 bombers, and over 36 accounts from both Americans and Germans who participated in the battle.

If you are at all interested in World War II aerial warfare, this book is for you. Any person who had anything to do with B-24 Liberators during the war will want to add

"The Kassel Mission Reports" to their library. Those who served in the 8th Air Force will especially savor this book, and want extra copies for friends, fellow crew members, and family. Makes a wonderful, meaningful present.

To order "The Kassel Mission Reports," send \$10 plus \$2 shipping and handling, on your check for \$12 made out to KMMA. \$5 of your order is tax-deductible as a donation to KMMA. Michigan residents add 40 cents sales tax, please.

Proceeds from the sale of the books will go toward the maintenance of the American-German Kassel Mission Memorial Monument near Bad Hersfeld, Germany, described in the Fall 1990 Journal. Order from:

Kassel Mission Memorial Assoc.
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012

Attention Golfers

The Tenth Annual 2ADA Golf Tournament will be held 4 July 1991 at Fellows Creek Golf Club, about fifteen miles west of our hotel in Dearborn, Michigan. It is expected that we will have a shotgun start, but the details have yet to be ironed out with the club.

The charge will be \$50.00 again, as it was in Hilton Head, and will include greens fee, half a golf cart, souvenir golf balls and a few golf prizes. If sufficient funds are left over, we will have a light lunch at the club. This also has yet to be determined.

Anyone interested in playing, please advise the undersigned enclosing a check for \$50.00 (refundable if unable to attend) and advise your handicap or average score and Bomb Group.

H.C. "Pete" Henry
164-B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
Tel. 1-609-655-0982

Into The Guns Of Ploesti

Leroy W. Newby, author of *Target Ploesti*, will have another book out in January called *Into The Guns Of Ploesti*. Very favorable reports have been received from such dignitaries as General Curtis LeMay, Author Len Deighton, Roger Freeman, and others. The book highlights the contribution of the B-24 on the Ploesti low level mission, including three groups of the 2nd Air Division, and is the result of several dozen excellent narratives from men on the mission; information from Air Force records; interviews with a Ploesti man who lived under our bombs as a 13 year old boy; and the son of a production manager of a Ploesti refinery, who told about life in a Ploesti refinery as related to him by his dad.

In addition to the bookstores, Mr. Newby will be selling personalized, signed hardcover books at \$12.95 each plus \$1.50 postage. You can contact "Ted" at the address below.

Leroy W. Newby
346 Pineview Drive
Venice, Florida 34293

Capt. Joseph McConnell

Capt. McConnell was a navigator in the 448th Bomb Group in 1945. After his return to the U.S. he entered pilot training and was the leading ace in the Korean War. His sixteen victories, all over MiG-15s, came while flying F-86s. He was a test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base and was killed while on duty. McConnell Air Force Base in Kansas is named in his honor.



Letters



Dear Bill:

I will be glad to assist in the search for "lost" crew members of any 2ADA member, at no cost except for the "search" fees - for example, VA charges \$2 or \$3 per person, Social Security a similar amount, and a nationwide credit / car / driver's license check is now \$50. There is a small charge for a person's service record under the "Freedom of Information Act" if needed to determine the veteran's service number or birthday, sometimes necessary to make the other agencies "move" on the request.

The only thing I would like to see in exchange is that the 2ADA member immediately send in their names with \$10 to Evelyn Cohen and check them into the 2ADA. I see too many of our members saying that it's too difficult to find their buddies; well, all they have to do is get in touch with me, and we'll start the ball rolling.

Ray Pytel
P.O. Box 484
Elkhorn, WI 53121

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I have been searching for years for anyone who may have flown with my uncle in the 2nd Air Division, 467th BG, 790th BS based at Rackheath. My uncle, Leonard Paul Vogt, was a pilot of B-24s in England from May 1944 to September 1944. He returned to the States to teach other pilot trainees. He was awarded an Air Medal on 19 August 1944 and a Distinguished Flying Cross, 26 August 1944. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland but trained at Maxwell Field, Alabama - pre-flight, AAFSTD Carlstrom Field, Florida - primary pilot training, AAFBFS Bainbridge - basic pilot training, and AAFAS Columbus, Miss. for advanced TE pilot training. This was from December 1942 to July 1943.

I hope the publication of this information (which has taken me 10 years to obtain) will help me to hear from anyone who may have known Leonard. I would be greatly interested in any pictures, stories, etc. that would relate to him. He also flew B-29s in the Korean War and went down with his plane out of Okinawa in 1951. He was co-piloting on that mission and I know nothing further about that.

I was never able to know my father's youngest brother, but maybe someday I might get to know him through the men that knew him. Thank you very much.

Mary Jean Stevenson
5006 Arabia Avenue
Baltimore, MD 21214

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

During my visit to my old base, Attlebridge, during the recent reunion in England, I was reminded of many comrades making up the support team and the name of Charles Saxon came to mind. After returning home, I was going through some pictures which I had taken during those days back in the '40s and came upon the enclosed caricatures which Saxon had done and placed upon the walls of our crude (by today's standards anyway) Officers Club. The one picture represents caricatures of the staff officers of our group. These were over the bar. The picture on the lower left was one which was self-done of Saxon himself. The lower right is Malone, the bartender. Yours truly is fifth from the left on the top row. I

believe he said he envisioned me as having posed for the original Indian Head Penny.

I recently sent a copy of this picture to the New Yorker. Charles was one of their most remembered artists both before and after the war. The editors were very pleased to see it and also forwarded it on to Charles' family. Nancy Saxon has contacted me with her appreciation and advised that she is sending the pictures to the curator of Columbia University, to whom Charles left his artwork. These will be the only part of Columbia's collection dealing with Charles' wartime experience.

Everett R. Jones, Jr.
8080 N. Central Expressway
Suite 1060, LB #12
Dallas, Texas 75206



Top Row (l-r): Weiser, Whittington, Oyler, Collins, Jones, Robertson, Remillet. 2nd Row: Hull, Oakes, Jennison, Ligon, Feiling, Keene, Tillies. 3rd Row: Hoff, Fader, Elliott, Post, Morse, West, Crosson. 4th Row: Saxon, Hill, Weiner, Elkins, Edge, Bozeman, Malone.

+ + + +

Folded Wings

44th

Lt. Raymond W. Porter, Ret.

93rd

Prince Martin
Lt. Gen. E.J. Timberlake, Ret.

445th

John L. Boyle
Arnold S. Jacobs
John E. McCloskey
Claud Palmer

448th

Leo R. Nikula
Robert P. Sampson

458th

Rev. Donald L. Albert
Harry E. Finney
Kenneth O. Gilbert
Samuel B. Milligan
Richard C. Hill

*in previous Journal under 448th BG -
Ed. apologizes for incorrect info*

467th

John S. Corte

492nd

J.E. Gegenheimer
(also 44th BG)

361st FG

Alton C. Knutson

Dear Bill:

I have access to a color lithograph suitable for framing of Generals Leon Johnson, Andrew "Andy" Low, Ramsey Potts and James "Jimmy" Stewart that was commissioned by the 20th Bomb Squadron, Carswell Air Force Base, Texas at the time of the "Integrity - Beyond the Rhetoric" in June to honor the heavy bombardment men of World War II. This lithograph shows each man in World War II uniform with a B-24 backed up with a B-52. Each one is individually signed by each general.

The lithograph measures 18 x 24 and is \$55 including mailing and handling. Less than 150 remain. The proceeds from the sale of these lithographs go to the 20th Bomb Squadron's MWR program at Carswell.

The men of the 20th put on a tremendous tribute to us, with many 2nd Air Division people in attendance, as well as all four of the generals. Those interested in this lithograph, please contact me.

Robert K. Renn
1605 W. Lavender Lane
Arlington, TX 76013

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

On page 26 of the Summer issue of the 2ADA Journal there is an article by Cyril Jolly in which he mentions Park Farm. Is this the Park Farm near and adjacent to the Shipdham base of the 44th Bomb Group?

I would like some information about it, as I did parachute onto a field of the Park Farm in November 1943 and this may be the same farm. Please contact me with information at the address below.

Forrest S. Clark
703 Duffer Lane
Kissimmee, FL 34759

+ + + +

Dear Second Air Division:

I would like to join the 2nd Air Division Association as an Associate Member. I often go to the Memorial Library Room in Norwich, and I think it is very nice; it is a nice tribute to your 2nd Air Division. I met several of your members when they came over in July. I am a member of Station 146 Seething Tower, the home of the 448th BG. I met several of your members there, and also had a nice time talking to them in Norwich. I can remember the days when they were based over here; I lived nearer to the coast during the war and Seething was the nearest base. They used to fly over my house daily. It is 45 years since the Second Air Division left here, but I shall not forget them, as we all owe a great debt to them. I cannot thank each one personally, but I can say Thank You Second Air Division for what you did for us.

I hope your members will keep coming to Norwich and see their old bases. It was nice to see and talk with them — they are always welcome here. Good luck, Second Air Division.

Peter Edward Underwood
Norwich, England

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I carried a B-24 shirt with me in England, and photographed several pretty young ladies. But I had to get back home to get a picture I liked. Her name is Erin Artman.

Ed Wanner



+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I wonder if someone can supply a more complete address for the following organization: USAF Historical Center, Maxwell AFB, Research Division. Many thanks.

Edmund Juszczyk
2421 West 46th Street
Chicago, Illinois 60632

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I'm writing in regards to a letter published in the 2ADA Journal, Summer 1990, from Art Ferwerda regarding the Bronze Star decoration. I have never seen the book "One Last Look" that he mentioned, but would like to. I never realized there were so few Bronze Stars awarded in the 8th AF.

I'm enclosing a copy of my honorable discharge paper. Item 33 (Decorations & Citations) proves that I am the proud holder of 9 Bronze Stars, the DFC, and 4 Air Medals. I was a radio operator on the "Big Fat Mama" with the 492nd BG. I flew on 33 missions, 23 on high alt. bombing, and 10 night missions with "carpet-baggers." Our crew was one of the 65 original crews going to England to form the 492nd. We were the first group to fly with plain aluminum planes. When the group was disbanded, my crew was one of only 10 crews left out of the original 65 crews. I consider our pilot, Charles Beard, the best pilot who ever flew in the ETO. He took us through a lot of very hazardous missions.

I most certainly *do not* write this letter to downgrade the importance of Mr. Art Ferwerda's awards and I hope it won't be taken that way. The ground crews did an amazing job of keeping us flying. We could have done nothing without them. Thanks, Art!

Robert E. Denney
95 Welcome Lane
Seal Beach, CA 90740

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

My Dad, Karl Edward Van Kuran, Jr. passed away in February 1984. All I had then were his dog tags, his original DFC medal, plus the accompanying DFC parchment certificate signed by a Lt. Col. James H. Isbell. I also knew that my father had been stationed in England, that he was a tail gunner on a B-24, and had fellow crew members named Tex and Al who visited us when I was a kid. After some library research, I found out that Jim Isbell commanded the 458th BG until early 1945. That gave me a link to the 8th Air Force.

I then attended the July 2ADA reunion in Norwich, staying with the 458th Bomb Group. Colin Sleath of the Central Library in Norwich was able to come up with a set of orders that another 458th member had donated, listing my father and his entire crew as part of the 753rd Squadron. I would urge all 8th AAF veterans to give at least a photocopy of their old orders and other materials to the Norwich Library, so that others such as myself would have access to this information; this is how I found out much of what I now know about my Dad.

I then attended the Sept. 20-23 reunion of the 458th Bomb Group in Dayton, where I ran into Jim Keel, the nose/top turret gunner on my Dad's crew. After looking at my name tag, he came over to me and said, "Say, I knew a Van Kuran once, he was a tail gunner. Wasn't his name Karl?" From Jim I now know that my Dad and the crew were in England from mid-May 1944 to May 1945, were originally part of the 753rd Squadron (AZON), but were transferred to the 755th as a lead crew in late 1944 or early 1945. Jim and I have hit it off, and we have made a pact to try to track down any members of the crew who may still be around. On this note, let me say that it does pay to start attending the various reunions; I didn't know many people during my first visit, but that didn't last long. Soon I knew lots of folks, and watched as other first-timers met people and ran into some of their old buddies they hadn't seen in 45 years. The secret seems to be to just start attending the get-togethers, and then you'll start making contacts and connections.

Any help you can give Jim Keel and I in locating the rest of the crew (they all made it back) would be very much appreciated. Their names are: 1 Lt. Gerald W. "Jerry" Matze, Pilot; 2 Lt. Fields, Co-pilot; 2 Lt. Arthur L. "Art" Smith, Navigator; 2 Lt. Charles W. "Chuck" Bullard, Bombardier; 2 Lt. William J. "Bill" Weiland, Radar (AZON Bomb); T/Sgt. Michael P. "Mike" Agrosta, Radio; T/Sgt. Clarence W. "Pop" Ferris, Engineer; S/Sgt. Adolph "Tex" Janowski, Waist gun; S/Sgt. James P. "Jim" Keel, Nose/top/ball turret gun; S/Sgt. Albert J. "Al" Pizzica, Waist gun (deceased); and Karl E. "Van" Van Kuran, Tail gun (deceased). Plane names were: Spitten' Kitten; Kiss Me, Baby; Miss Behavin; Heavenly Hideaway; Satan's Mate; Shack Time; Lassie Come Home.

Lawrence Van Kuran
6378 Jamieson Avenue
Reseda, CA 91335

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed are some photographs of one of our favorite old girls (B-24 Bomber) that will be in the air a long time. The monument is beside the Montour Elementary School on Route 60, approximately six miles from the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport. It is quite close to our plant and office.

To date, I have not been successful in locating the person that had it erected as a "Remembrance to my only son, S/Sgt. Walter A. Boykowski and his crew." Those words are engraved in the granite pedestal supporting the world and the B-24 on top of it. Engraved directly below those words is an Air Force symbol and under it the names of the rest of the crew as follows: Lt. J.H. Hansen, Lt. S.A. Benson, Lt. J. Levy, T/Sgt. V.J. Polzin, S/Sgt C.J. Aidola, S/Sgt. B.B. Comillion, S/Sgt. S.G. Haskill, S/Sgt. J.E. Sanders.

Under the names of the crew are the following words: "Their plane fell over the European Theatre of War on their 9th Mission, June 29, 1944." "Dearest son in my heart you will live forever." Recently a bronze plaque has been added to the other side listing veterans of the Vietnam War.

Someone spent a lot of money to have this memorial made and erected. It is the only B-24 that I know of that is carved from granite. Of course, it was such a fine aircraft that some of us in the crews would not be surprised to learn maybe they were made from granite. Frequently I pass this Memorial and think of you, Rick Rokicki, and others attempting to raise funds and marvel at one person erecting it to their son and his crew.

I cannot find out what Group that Boykowski and his crew belonged to. Should someone be able to determine their Bomb Group I would really appreciate knowing.



We could have that information added to the Memorial. Also, I assume that the entire crew was lost and there may be relatives or friends that would like to know about this Memorial dedicated to a specific crew.

Should you desire me to do anything further, please let me know. In the meantime, I will continue to recall all of those pleasant memories about B-24s, Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force, and especially the 458th Bomb Group when passing this very special Memorial.

Kenton E. McElhattan
Industrial Scientific Corp.
355 Steubenville Pike
Oakdale, PA 15071-1093

Dear Bill:

Recently, I attended the reunion of the Second Air Division held at French Lick, Indiana. At that reunion, the All American Liberator was on display and took off from the field. There were some people who were filming the plane. Unfortunately, I did not have the presence of mind at the time to ask any of them if I could obtain a copy.

I would like to ask that anyone who attended the Second Air Division Reunion at French Lick, Indiana and took videos, please call me at (314) 231-7100 (day), (314) 965-8354 (evening), or write me at the address below. Thank you.

H.E. Hetzler
2013 Trailcrest Lane
St. Louis, Missouri 63122

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Recently I read a book about the Liberators at Wendling, and as my father worked at this American Air Base for the duration of the 1939-1945 war, it brought back lots of happy memories.

In particular, I found the name of Tech, Sgt. John Lutz, in charge of EM Mess #1. As my father, whose name was Walter Pestell, known as "Pop," worked with Johnnie Lutz, I was wondering if he is still alive.

I should be glad to hear from anyone who can remember my father, especially Johnnie Lutz, or "Deely" who I think was also in that particular Mess.

I have many happy memories of the American airmen stationed at Wendling, and being taken to the Camp, where my sister and I were treated to ice cream and cakes.

Barbara J. Bishop
2 Briar Close,
Norwich Road,
Dereham,
Norfolk.
NR20 3BG

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

On November 11, 1990, Remembrance Day in England and Veteran's Day in America, an oak-framed clock by Sunbeam was dedicated by Canon Green to the townspeople of North Pickenham/Swaffham, England. The clock, about 18 inches across, will be hung on the back wall of the church sanctuary. A metal plate, inscribed as a gift from the 492nd Bomb Group, has been attached to the frame of the clock. Hopefully, every time a church-goer looks at the clock, he will be reminded of the 492nd Bomb Group.

On the Sunday that the clock idea was thought of and approved by visiting members of the Group, there were about 70 youths from Germany attending the service.

Lorraine Williford, daughter of Don Prytulak, now deceased, has agreed to assist in the publicity concerning the clock presentation. Hopefully, she will send a picture so that it can be published in the Spring issue.

Last, but not least, anyone wishing to contribute a small sum toward the expense of the clock, it would be appreciated. Some members have already done so. Thank you sincerely.

Elmer W. (Bill) Clarey
2015 Victoria Court
Los Altos, CA 94022

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Dear Evelyn:

Ruth and I want you to know how much the Norwich reunion meant to us, and how much we appreciate all of the work you did to arrange it. It was a "once in a lifetime" event and we are so thankful to have been privileged to participate.

It is sad to reflect that this is the last Division reunion in England, but we can certainly appreciate the logistics involved. You did a herculean job in orchestrating it, and you have our utmost thanks and admiration.

Charles J. Bosshardt

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Dear Bill:

Thank you very much for running the Wm. R. McCoy crew picture in the Fall edition of the Journal. It paid off. So far I have heard from our Navigator, Robert E. Evans, and our waist gunner, Franklin A. Foutch.

Thanks again for all the hard work you do for us. We do appreciate it.

B.P. Hebert
Rt. 2, Box 2172
Ethel, LA 70730

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Dear Bill:

I have recently been in touch with both Col. Freudenthal, author of "History of the 489th BG," and Miss Evelyn Cohen of Philadelphia in connection with tracing an individual from forty-six years ago.

The person is 35539088 Cpl. Albert Kyle, Armament Section 846 BS (VH), 489th BG, stationed at Holton Airfield, five miles from here. He returned stateside in December 1944 to a Belleville, Illinois home address.

Several local people still remember Al; he was a great character. I was only ten at the time, but still have his postcards. It would be great to find that he still survives somewhere; sometimes when it seems like "mission impossible," one gets lucky, with perseverance. If you could offer any assistance, it would be appreciated very much indeed.

Douglas Howeld
23 Church Street
Wangford, Beccles
Suffolk NR34 8RW
England

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Dear Bill:

When I read of Mike Benarcik's passing in the Journal, seeing his name brought back memories of the days at Old Buckenham.

Mike Benarcik and I worked together setting up the "Mickey" training room during the latter part of '44 and early '45. We organized classes to train Bombardier-Navigators in the use of APS-15 "Blind Bombing Radar." About two years ago I sent Mike a photo of him and me taken in the trainer room prior to an inspection visit by Col. James Stewart.

I was the Electronics Officer in the 734th BS and returned to the States with the group in May '45. We can all recall the day that we marched from Old Buckenham to the train at Attleboro. The group ended up at McGuire AFB in New Jersey where the group was disbanded after the defeat of the Japanese.

Many names come back to me now. Among them, Capt. Charles Rosebrock, Ground Exec of the 734th; Capt. Ken Crummie, Group Electronics Officer; Capt. Leonard Turnage, 732nd BS Electronics Officer; Lt. Ed Ariesohn, 735th Electronics Officer; and Major Stoermer and Major Hoffman in Group Operations.

I cannot remember the names of all the great enlisted men in our Radar Section. They kept our "Mickey" APS-15, Loran, I.F.F., R.C.M., and all our electronic equipment in top operational condition.

I would be remiss in not also praising the Officers and Enlisted men in Engineering, Armaments, Ordinance, Communications, and Operations, and all the crews who helped the 453rd to accomplish its mission.

Dan Magid
5875 Parkwalk Drive
Boynton Beach, FL 33437

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Dear Evelyn:

I am completing my B.A. degree in Illustration at Norwich School of Art. At present I'm writing and researching for my dissertation, which is based on the nose art and group badges of the Bomb Groups that served with the Eighth Air Force in Britain. This will include with it details of the planes, etc., but most importantly, I hope to include real experiences and stories of the people involved.

The staff of the Norwich Library have been helpful in ordering books and the Memorial Room itself has provided many sources of information. The problem is that although I have found many books on the technical side (eg, Liberators), there are fewer that concentrate first hand on what I feel is the most important, the people.

I am particularly interested in finding pictures, photos and information on those who painted the designs. Most of all, I need to find out about any stories of superstitions, good luck charms or jinxes that members of the Association may know of.

I would be very grateful for anything you may know or could send, any other address, etc. Thank you very much.

Nichola Bartlett
7 Albany Road, Wickford
Essex SS12 9BP
England

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Dear Bill:

I am writing this letter for two reasons. The first has to do with your Fall 1990 Journal. On page 25 there is a photograph of the "What's Cookin' Doc?" Flight Crew. When I saw this, it rang a bell and I quickly rummaged through my old papers and lo and behold, I came up with the enclosed photo of my "What's Cookin' Doc?" Flight Crew. The B-24 is the same. The Bomb Group is the same, 466th. However, the timing may be different. My crew started



Top (l-r): ??; James Martin (Co-Pilot); Cleon Gleason (Pilot); Matthew Friedman (Navigator); ??; Baker (Engineer); Barrett (Belly Gunner); Baker (Gunner).

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Dear Bill:

We recently had a lot of American war soldiers visiting England. Unfortunately I was unable to talk to any of them.

I have some pictures of some American soldiers with my mother, who was Black Anna (she was a famous blues singer who sang for the troops during the war) and I was hoping to find some of them and show them the pictures.

I was given your address by the Norwich Library and I was hoping you could help. If anyone is interested in seeing these pictures, please contact me at the address below.

Mrs. J.C. Bartle
118 Trafford Road
Norwich
Norfolk NR1 2QR
England

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Dear Evelyn:

Just a short note to express our pleasure with the 1990 Reunion in Norwich.

Not only were the accommodations great (not counting the 6 a.m. fire drill and roll call) but all of the food was outstanding. The food at the final banquet was as good as you could get anywhere and the service was great. The Memorial Services at the Cathedral were excellent and the organ playing at the Steam Museum was something that will remain in one's memory for a long while.

All in all, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and wish to thank you for a job well done. We only wish that more 2ADA personnel had attended the best reunion ever.

Again our thanks for a memorable trip to England.

Ben L. Everett

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their 22 missions on February 6, 1945, going to Magdeburg, Germany and completed on April 25, 1945, and then going to Traunstein, Germany. Our crew number is 683, theirs is 693 — who's fooling who?

The second reason I'm writing is to see if any of my crew members are still around. If anyone is, please write to me or telephone (516) 747-2961 or 747-4105.

Matthew E. Friedman
81 Hamilton Drive
Roslyn, NY 11576

Dear Bill:

In the Summer 1990 Journal there was a letter written by Art Ferwerder, who was crew chief on #991 "The Flying Fool," 63 missions without an abort. Also #578 "The Flying Moose," 72 missions without an abort in the 409th Sqdn, 93rd Group.

According to Col. Myron Keilman, who was C.O. of the 579th Sqdn, 392nd Group, in the book "The Liberators From Wendling" plane #990 "Short Snorter" flew 128 consecutive missions without an abort. The crew chief was M/Sgt. S.A. Dergo. I flew my last mission in this plane on March 15, 1944 to Brunswick as radio operator. The pilot was Lt. Spartage. #990 was eventually shot down on mission #142 on the 2nd of August, 1944 to Corbie.

I would like to hear from any crew members who came to the 392nd from the 6th Anti-Sub Squadron in October 1943.

Olin D. Castle
6987 Essex Drive S.W.
Ft. Myers, FL 33919

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Dear Evelyn:

I am looking for an address for The Air Force Sergeants Association. To quote, they are "a non-profit organization of members and volunteers — dedicated to protecting the rights and benefits of active duty and retired enlisted members of the Air Force, Air National Guard and Air Force Reserve."

I hope there is someone who can help me with this information — Thank you.

Betty V. Milliken
2436 Alabaster Avenue
Orlando, FL 32833

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Dear Bill:

I need a little help. I'm in the process of painting a picture which my daughter wants to give to some friends for a Christmas present. (She volunteered me to do it!)

The man of the house, where the painting will wind up, is very much interested in WWII aircraft, so somewhere along the line it was decided that the painting would be about B-24s. I had a black and white photo of a couple B-24s on the Ploesti raid, and one thing just led to another...I bought a B-24D model kit, put it together and took some pictures to help me with wing perspectives, etc., but what I really need is some help with aircraft identification marks, like tail colors, any lettering on the fuselage, nose art, etc. (*Try the Mighty Eighth by Freeman or 8th AF Album by Woolnough — Ed.*)

Dave Mayor suggested I write to you. Remember him? He started the BAD 2 Asso-

ciation, and was Editor in the beginning. Then he conned me into becoming Editor, and last year he married my daughter! Nothing like keeping things in the family...

I'll have a couple Libs in the foreground of the painting, and some others behind them a bit. The two in front I'd like to make look as authentic as I can. Any help would be appreciated.

Dave mentioned to me that because the Libs were so low on the Ploesti raid, there wasn't any flak. Is that correct? I should think the krauts would have fired everything they had, whether they could hit anything or not...but like I said, I could use some straight scoop.

We had a BAD 2 "Mini-Reunion" in Florida this past March, so we could take in the VAC's Air Show at Titusville. One photo shows Col. Paul Jackson (who was our boss at BAD 2 during WWII), me, Dave Mayor,

and my grandson Bill in front of me. My daughter conned us into dressing up for the occasion in WWII uniforms...THAT took some doing! She even made herself a uniform like the WACs wore, with Sgt (Technician) stripes on the shirt. The Orlando TV people had us on the 6 p.m. news! As you can see, David had a little trouble getting a pair of pants that would go around him, but it was lots of fun anyway.

The photo of the B-24 model was taken in my back yard...then I got smarter and climbed up on a tall step ladder for some shots.

For anything you can help me with, you'll have my thanks, at least. (My thanks and \$35,000 will buy you a Mercedes)...

Ralph G. Scott
BAD 2 Association
228 West Roosevelt Ave.
New Castle, DE 19720



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Dear Bill:

I thought that I had written to someone relative to the passing of my best friend, Harry Hassman, one of our Association members. I attended two Association functions with him. I never knew which Liberator Bomb Group he flew with.

My 3½ year service in England was with the 65th Fighter Wing. Most of our time was spent trying to sell fighter escort to Curtis LeMay. We also set up and operated air/sea rescue operations with British and U.S. personnel. I donated the air/sea rescue book to the Norwich Library, along with some of my other papers (after declassification).

Brig. Gen. Jesse Auton was commanding and I was comptroller before the T/O called for one. Jesse, a fine man, flew into a mountain near Colorado Springs while he was operations officer of strategic air command out of Offut AFB, Omaha. I read about this while in Korea, in a flying safety magazine, after recall. This was not one of our better wars, perhaps the next one will be.

Angie Anapol
Movie Greats Network
14724 Ventura Boulevard
Suite 610
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

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Dear Mr. Alve:

I simply had to write and thank you for your memorable flight yesterday. I doubt you will remember our brief meeting on the airfield as my father was providing my mother and I an informative tour. I will never forget you.

I grew up in the Air Force — loyal to the "Military Brat" legends. I have had numerous opportunities to feel pride and shame over our American policy over the years. I have traveled much of the world between my father's Air Force career and my own Peace Corps adventures. I have never known a country I could love like my own. Dad and I have often opted for opposite viewpoints from Kent State, Viet Nam and ripped jeans to flag burning. How grateful I am to live in a country that protects our right to disagree.

Sir, I have a lifetime of memories of my father as my "hero." I can remember waiting at the Waverly train station for a tall man in "dress blues" who looked like a movie star to me. I remember when he came back from the Korean "trouble" in 1967. I will many times watch him walk past the gates in the airport on his return from Viet Nam in 1970 and pray thanks. Yet, Dad has rarely ever talked about his work. He never talks about war. Then I watched his face light up like magic when he laid his eyes on that B-24. He explained every corner, every

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detail with such pride. I began to feel like I actually "knew" his crew. I listened to you and him talk about Jimmy Stewart and "Corky's" buzzing the field. We decided to wait and watch takeoff. I saw your brother's deep pride as he joked with my parents.

When you "buzzed" the field for what my dad called a "send off," we were all moved — it just took your breath and stirred your heart. But, I caught a glimpse of my dad as I watched you fly overhead. He glowed with a deeper pride than I've ever seen — and there was a youthful, almost mischievous "boyish" acknowledgement in his eyes. I looked around. Somehow all those aging, greying men I had seen reminiscing were younger, standing taller, and beaming a patriotic pride that my generation never knew. It almost seemed like magic. I looked back at Dad. He never seemed taller, he never looked more handsome. My hero! And as I walked away, I walked a little straighter, a little taller despite my crutch. I was so proud to be beside Dad and so proud of being an American. Thank you so very much, Mr. Alve. I have no way of expressing how much your flight gave me. It gave me a glimpse of my hero about 45 years ago — (and full of hell and patriotic pride). You gave me a piece of that pride in my own heart.

Nikki Wall

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Dear Bill:

I was quite pleased to see that you published my article in the Summer issue of the Journal (page 21) about the B-24 that landed in the rural community of Edinburg, NY. I've shown the article to many local people in Edinburg and Northville. Many had heard the story, but many had not, and found the article interesting, if not fascinating. It particularly generated interest in local historians, and those concerned in World War II history, especially where it concerned the air force. I also inquired as to the length of the runway at the Edinburg Airport, and was told that it was 2400 feet! I asked the individual I was talking with if the runway had ever been paved, and he said no. It was pretty obvious to me right then that it was only hard packed dirt, but I had recalled that in 1947 it was paved. I can only assume that it may have been "asphalted" in 1947, which would give it the appearance of pavement. I said, "How did they ever get the B-24 in?" and he said, "— with plenty of braking." Another person I talked to said that the pilots mentioned that if they'd known what the field was actually like, they never would have brought it in. The other comment I heard was that the B-24 left some pretty deep ruts at the end of the runway.

What was even worse about this B-24 being scrapped, was that I found out that it was a new "M" model with only 46 hours in the air. I also showed the article to a woman who works on our local news publication. She found the story fascinating, as did the editor, especially when they heard about the 1.3 million dollars it took to restore the "All American," and compared it with the \$800 cost to the original owner of "S.S. Baby," and its subsequent reduction to scrap. In fact, they are going to publish the article in the Edinburg Newsletter. We'll soon have everyone up here educated as to what the B-24 was, and perhaps they'll even forget there was another heavy bomber ("that other one").

Ed Chu
129 Lakeside Avenue
Edinburg, NY 12134

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Dear Bill:

My fellow hoteliers have asked me to write via your Journal to all the members and their families of the Second Air Division Association who visited Norwich this summer.

Many complimentary letters and kind messages have been received, saying that this was the best ever convention.

Like myself, all the hotels appreciated the courtesy shown to ourselves and our staff and the special friendships that were created throughout those seven days. It will be something we shall all remember for the rest of our lives.

I do assure individual travellers to Norwich, in particular those visiting for the 50th anniversary commemorations in 1992, a very special and warm welcome at all the Norwich hotels.

Peter F. Rudd
Joint Managing Director
Hotel Norwich

+ + + +



Standing (l-r): Clark Jensen, Ed Hanna, Bill Hawse, Henry Kingsbury, Wayne Bauk. Kneeling (l-r): Walt Kye, John Kaggak, Melvin Howard, Bill Watkins, Al Wagner.

Dear Bill:

I would appreciate if you would print this picture in the Journal. Hope it gets some notes, calls/recalls from all crew members.

Julian Blake
929 Oak Park Blvd.
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

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Dear Bill:

Approximately two years ago I uncovered in a flea market, purchased for \$10.00, an original oil painting by Arthur H. Lindberg, a well-known Buffalo artist, of a young 1st Lt. Philip W. Brawn, 0-676545, was killed in action on July 31, 1944 as a Bombardier aboard a B-24J, 42-100262, when they crash-ditched off Noemfoor Is. after being hit by AA on a bomb run on Ransiki. The mission was in support of the amphib. landings in and around Sansapor which began the day before, July 30, 1944. Since that time, I have become deeply involved in researching the young man's history. I have met with the artist's widow, and met Lt. Brawn's sister-in-law. The family had never heard details of the circumstances around his passing. As it happened, seven of the ten crew members of M-262 were killed and the bodies never recovered. Three crew members survived the crash-ditching. They were: 2nd Lt. Jarvais J. Hudson, 0-761332, Co-Pilot; S/Sgt. Kissel Blakeley, 14043166, Aerial Gunner, listed as returning to active duty; and S/Sgt. Daniel F. Hentscher, 37602745, Aerial Gunner.

If any or all of the three survivors of this crash-ditching are still living, I would very much appreciate the opportunity to meet and talk with them about the New Guinea campaign, about Lt. Philip Brawn, and about their fateful mission. 1st Lt. P.W. Brawn was in the 321st Sq., 90th BG (H), "The Jolly Rogers."

Robert F. Zeigel
Quarter Horse Hill
S. 4498 Woodchuck Rd.
E. Aurora, NY 14052

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Dear Bill:

Thanks for printing my short announcement about the Air Force Gunners Association (Spring 1990, page 35). After running that short note I heard from approximately fifteen ex-gunners.

Again, let me encourage the ex-gunners to contact me for information regarding the 3rd Reunion of the Air Force Gunners Association, to be held in Las Vegas, Nevada in June and July of 1991. Please let me hear from you.

Jay E. Ingle
818 West Floradora
Fresno, CA 93728

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Dear Bill:

It was a great pleasure to see the return of our friends of the 2nd ADA to Norfolk, especially the 448th BG who flew from Seething, which is now the base of the Waveney Flying Group.

It was a splendid day unveiling the plaque and renewing old friendships which culminated in a banquet at the Norwich Sports Centre, at which my wife and I were guests.

The main reason for writing is because there was not a small slot in the program for anyone to say "Thank You" on behalf of the English guests, so I feel I would like to make amends now and say a "Big Thank You" on behalf of the guests for a wonderful and enjoyable evening. We hope it will not be too long before we see some of you again.

Bob Marjoram
Waveney Flying Group
Seething, U.K.

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44th Annual Convention (continued from page 35)

— FRIDAY TRIPS (Included in Cost) —

#1 **OUTING AT WILLOW RUN AIRPORT:** B-24 All American will be there, plus many other planes. Picnic lunch will be served. Buses will depart Hyatt starting at 10:00 AM, running every half hour. Buses will return to hotel not later than 4:00 PM, leaving every half hour.

- Please reserve _____ seats for **Willow Run**.

#2 **SPOUSE PROGRAM:** Select one of two tours listed below. There will be a maximum of 240 people for each tour. Select the one you want as tickets will be issued and no changes can be made upon arrival at convention. We also cannot guarantee that seats will be available if you do not make advance reservations.

- **Meadowbrook Mansion** (home of Matilda Dodge Wilson)
Lunch will be served here. Please reserve _____ seats.
- **Eleanor and Edsel Ford House**
Lunch at Gourmet House. Please reserve _____ seats.

Tours include transportation, admission, guided tour of home, action tour guide on each bus and lunch.

— SATURDAY TRIPS (Not Included in Cost) —

GREENFIELD VILLAGE/HENRY FORD MUSEUM: Shuttle throughout day, each half hour, to museum complex. Guide will give background about both attractions and you may choose which one you want to visit.

Cost: \$15.00 per person, includes transportation, admissions and guide

Please reserve _____ seats for the **Ford Museum**. Check Enclosed \$ _____.

Please reserve _____ seats for **Greenfield Village**. Check Enclosed \$ _____.

It will not be possible to tour both in one day.

RESERVATION FORM

Name _____ Spouse _____

Group _____ (if more than one, indicate which you will join Thurs. & Sat. nites)

Address _____

Phone No. () _____ Arrival _____ Departure _____

Single _____ Double _____ Triple _____ Quad _____ Will Share _____ Advise If Non-Smoking

First Convention _____ Deposit _____ Paid in Full _____ Nick Names _____

Other Parties in Your Room if Triple or Quad _____

Do not call hotel direct for reservations, changes, cancellations, etc. All of these should be sent to:

Evelyn Cohen • 06-410 Delaire Landing Road • Philadelphia, PA 19114 • (215) 632-3992

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