

Vol. 30, No. 2

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Summer 1991

2ADA American Librarian Fund Progress Report

by Jordan Uttal



We have *reached* our target, thanks to all of you who have contributed. Now, as I write this in late April for the summer issue of the Journal, it seems to me that it would be best to give an up-to-the-minute accounting at the Convention in Dearborn, in early July. Then we will give you the most accurate facts possible, in writing, in the Fall Journal.

However, good friends, we have exceeded \$500,000; and checks are still coming in every day. I am glad that is so, and I hope it will continue. Here's why:

When we embarked on our "Last Mission" drive at the Colorado Springs convention in June 1988, we had the feeling that it would take us three years to reach our target...and so it has! When we started we were thinking in terms of 10% interest to fund the American Librarian (or Archivist, or Historian) and the British Aide. We thought that interest at that level on a fund of \$500,000.00 would do the job.

But, what has happened? Interest rates are down, and like it or not, inflation is still a fact of life. So, we must be realistic and try



to get as much more than the original amount as we can. There will be no speculative investments of our fund, so, appreciation cannot come from that source. As we see it, the only answer is to try to obtain as many more donations as we can (no matter what the size) from those of you who have not contributed.

The Executive Committee of the Association is agreed that there will be no more letters of solicitation from your Group VPs asking for funds for this purpose. Instead, we want you to know of the need, and leave it to you to help us build the fund as high as we can.

At this very moment, as I write this we are working with the Fulbright Commission, and our respective attorneys to draw up a satisfactory agreement so that our Fund can be officially set up to carry out the clearly defined purposes for the establishment and operation of the 2nd Air Division Association Librarian endowment.

As chairman of the Committee established to conduct our "Last Mission" Drive I hope to be able to present that document along with the funds to our Association President at Dearborn. There will be a provision in the agreement which will permit us to increase the amount of the Fund...so...let's keep it growing. For your convenience there is a pledge form on page 32.

It has meant a great deal to your Association Officers, Executive Committee and the Group VPs and many individual members to have embarked on this mission and have it turn out so well.

Again... CONGRATULATIONS to all of you who have made this possible.

Thank You

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

HONORARY PRESIDENT

JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230

OFFICERS

President RICHARD KENNEDY
P.O. Box 337, Malvern, PA 19355
Executive Vice President E.W. (BILL) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, CA 94022
Vice President
Membership EVELYN COHEN
Apt. 06-410 Delaire Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114
Vice President
Journal WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938
Treasurer DEAN MOYER
549 East Main St., Evans City, PA 16033
Secretary DAVID G. PATTERSON
28 Squire Court, Alamo, CA 94507
American Representative
Board of Governors E. (BUD) KOORNDYK
5184 N. Quail Crest Dr., Grand Rapids, MI 49546

GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters RAY STRONG
320 Burlage Circle, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
44th BG H.C. (Pete) HENRY
164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831
93rd BG FLOYD MABEE
28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801
389th BG LLOYD E. WEST
Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575
392nd BG JOHN B. CONRAD
2981 Four Pines, #1, Lexington, KY 40502
445th BG CHARLES L. WALKER
1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632
446th BG WILLIAM F. DAVENPORT
13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705
448th BG CATER LEE
P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536
453rd BG WILBUR CLINGAN
8729 Samoline, Downey, CA 90240
458th BG E.A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21061
466th BG ELWOOD NOTHSTEIN
40 Meadow Dr., Spencerport, NY 14559
467th BG ROBERT SALZARULO
3038 Boxwood Dr., Montgomery, AL 36111
489th BG JAMES DAVIS
2519 Shell, Midland, TX 79705
491st BG F. C. (HAP) CHANDLER
5318 Fairfield West, Dunwoody, GA 30338
492nd BG BILL BEASLEY
1525 S. Garfield, Denver, CO 80210

HERITAGE LEAGUE

President RUTH HUNTER BERKELEY
1049 Lawrence Ave., Aurora, NY 14052

JOURNAL

Editor WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938

DIRECTOR OF ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES

DAVID G. PATTERSON
28 Squire Court, Alamo, CA 94507

MEMORIAL BOARD OF GOVERNORS

THOMAS C. EATON, Chairman
3 Upper King Street, Norwich, Norfolk, NR3 1RL England
PAUL R. KING, Vice Chairman
Noverre House, Norwich NR2 1RH, England
MRS. MICHAEL BARNE
Crowfoots, Sotterley Beccles, Suffolk NR34 7TZ
ROGER A. FREEMAN
May's Barr, Dedham, Nr. Colchester, Essex, England CO7 6EW
FRANK W. GADBOIS
Dept. of the A.F.
RAF Mildenhall, Suffolk, England
DAVID J. HASTINGS
"Westerling," Salhouse, Norwich, Norfolk, NR13 6RQ, England
ALFRED A. JENNER
15 Ransom Rd., Norwich, Norfolk NR1 4AJ
DR. RONALD D. CLIFTON
24 Grosvenor Sq., London, W1A 1AE, England
PROFESSOR HOWARD TEMPERLEY
School of English and American Studies
University of East Anglia, Norwich, NR4 7TJ, England
LT. COL. W.D. WUEST
14 St. Andrews Close, Hingham, Norfolk NR9 4JT
MRS. FRANCES DAVIES
57 Church Lane, Eaton, Norwich NR4 6NY
E. (BUD) KOORNDYK
5184 N. Quail Crest Dr., Grand Rapids, MI 49546
EDWARD O. INMAN
Director of Duxford Imperial War Museum
Duxford Airfield, Cambridge CB2 4QR

President's Message "The Eagles Assemble"

by Richard M. Kennedy

Again, we look forward to yet another 2nd ADA Reunion. This one, number 44, follows a most memorable gathering that took place in East Anglia during July, 1990.

A year has passed since we assembled the Association and, in retrospect, I would observe that during that period, several important accomplishments have been securely put in place. I would be remiss if I failed, at this point, to acknowledge the efforts and subsequent achievements effected by our Group Vice Presidents. The leadership and hands-on contribution to the "esprit de corps" that continues to exist within the Association must certainly be attributed, in great part, to our Group Vice Presidents. My high regard for their successes is herein recognized, along with my heartfelt thanks.

It is my express purpose to keep this message brief and, perhaps, even somewhat uninformative. Why? Well, I think you will all be well pleased when the happenings of the past year are presented during the Dearborn Reunion, and then reported in the Fall edition of the Journal. A good number of dedicated people have contributed to the Association's success this past year and their opportunity to present, to the membership, the record of these efforts should not be preempted here.

Thank you ALL for your endurance and kindness this past year. Serving you has been a pleasure and a privilege for me.



Heritage League Open Invitation

The Heritage League of the 2ADA cordially invites all of the spouses, children and grandchildren of 2ADA members to our Heritage League General Meeting at 2:00 PM on Thursday, July 4, in Dearborn - site to be announced.

We will welcome all our current members plus all of you who wonder what we do and who we are, and all the English "Friends of the 2ADA" that will be in Dearborn for our reunion.

The League is very active, and getting more so all the time. We help with the Memorial Library and we have pen-pal connections between U.S. children and British children. The second generation is coming to life and making themselves seen and heard.

The dictionary says your heritage is something transmitted by or acquired from your predecessors - your birthright. But the one I like is an old Scottish law that says inheritance is an obligation of carrying on. That's what the Heritage League is all about - when we of the WWII generation are gone - let our heritage go on.

Ruth Hunter Berkeley, President, Heritage League

Folded Wings

44th

Charles Landells
Albert E. Jones

Brother Raymond Van Ackeren
Harold F. Bergmann
Martin J. Vodinelich

93rd

Col. Robert B. Crane (491st, 492nd, 466th)
Raymond C. Hunt (453rd)
Norman W. Giese
Charles F. Smithwick

389th

Wyman Z. Hendon
Louis V. Winter
Robert R. Sherman
Robert E. Klagstad

392nd

Richard E. Sheppard

445th

Douglas Pillow
Palmer M. Bruland
Stewart J. Ross
Charles O. Bishop

446th

William Apodiakos

448th

Waldo H. Balzer
Talton T. Lovell
E. James McNulty
Harry B. Davis

453rd

Wilbur Y. Pickett
Theodore Sanborn
Phillip N. Christian

458th

Don J. Breckernridge (93rd, 466th)
Luther W. Anderson
Charles E. Crackenberg
Samuel G. Foster
John L. Kleineck
Joseph W. Stryker
Walter I. Torgerson
Harold H. DeForest
Paul O. Moore
Thomas C. Rawlings

466th

Geoffrey P. Metzeler
John A. Travis, Jr.
Ira M. Young

467th

Fred Buelte

489th

Richard F. Klaus
John E. McGrath

491st

Robert E. Fogarty
Sidney S. Grant
Robert J. Burnham

492nd

Leslie D. Riddell
Ernest E. Gossett (44th)
George D. Wright (44th)

HDQ

Warren L. Burman (458th)

Table of Contents

President's Message RICHARD M. KENNEDY	2
Report on the Memorial Trust E. (BUD) KOORNDYK	5
2ADA Film Library PETE HENRY	13
Folded Wings	2
Letters	33

GROUP REPORTS

Division Headquarters RAY STRONG	10
44th News PETE HENRY	9
Open Letter to the 93rd FLOYD MABEE	16
392nd Bomb Group JOHN CONRAD	23
The 445th Reporting CHUCK WALKER	21
The 448th Speaks CATER LEE	19
453rd Bunched Buddies WIB CLINGAN	3
458th Bomb Group RICK ROKICKI	7

466th Bomb Group BILL NOTHSTEIN	12
The 489th Bomb Group JAMES DAVIS	14
491st Ringmaster Reports HAP CHANDLER	32
Missives from the 492nd BILL BEASLEY	14

ARTICLES & POEMS

The War Room THADDEUS POPRAWA	4
Four Engine Ace Verified E. WARREN BRUCE	4
10th Annual So. Cal. Reunion Dinner CHUCK WALKER	6
A Once in a Lifetime Opportunity LEROY ENGDAHL	6
Forget? Never! Submitted by ARTHUR DeVINCENZI	6
Milk Run JOHN L. FRISBEE	8
Forget the Enemy — Beware of the "Friendlies"! DWIGHT BISHOP	11
Saved By the Seat of My Pants ART STEELE	11

A Raving ROBINSON, JOBE & BEHR	13
Halesworth Diaries BLUMENTHAL & HAVANEC	15
M.I.A. Submitted by JOHN BUTLER	16
Not A Good Day HOLLIS C. POWELL SR.	17
Mighty Eighth Heritage Center F.C. (HAP) CHANDLER	19
The Mighty Eighth PATRICK O'DONOGHUE	20
Hethel Highlights EARL ZIMMERMAN	22
Another "Easy" Mission WALTER W. COOK	23
Come Fly With Me Submitted by DWIGHT BISHOP	24
How to Crash a B-24 the Hard Way HERSHEL J. HAUSMANN	26
Bomber Buzzes Bristol Submitted by HENRY WENTLAND	26
Lead Navigator Over Europe ORVILLE P. BALL	27
Merry-Go-Round in the Sky KEN "DEACON" JONES	28
The Final Flight of the Original "Bird Dog" Crew WILLIAM H. COUNTS, SR.	29

Bunched Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

At the time of this writing the date for our 2nd Air Division Association Reunion at Dearborn is close. Preliminary registrations indicate that the 453rd should have around 150 members, spouses and guests attending. That's a good group. In addition, we hear that Harry Winslow and Ted Carey will attend. Harry was our group gunnery officer and Ted was with the 732nd Sqdn. I assume we will have a few others arrive; I hope so. Of course, one or two that have reservations may have to cancel for one reason or another. At our ages we occasionally have problems.

The Eighth Air Force, 2nd Air Division Amateur Radio Net is active, busy and maintains great links and continues to locate and bring in new members. The 2nd AD and 453rd BG communications are passed along each Tuesday at 9:30 AM E.D.T. in the United States and then on to the United Kingdom. Bill Holmes in Norwich is the net control for intercontinental direction while Ed Schwarm of the 44th BG handles net control stateside. Bob Jordan of the 453rd is an active participant of the network. Bob was a member of the Eino Alve crew.

The "All American" continues to fly. It was recently at the John Wayne Airport in Orange County, California. Jay Jeffries, Chuck Walker and Fred Thomas were instrumental in coordinating the visit. They arranged publicity which paid off with crowds that came to see the aircraft. Interest was great not only among those of

our general ages but also among some much younger than we. The crowd was such that a cut off time had to be set so that the aircraft could continue on to its next stop. This meant that some got to see the plane from an area on the apron and weren't able to climb through it. The "veterans table" was manned by some of those in this area and several sign-ups were obtained from those who came to see the plane.

There was a gathering of 2nd AD members who reside in this general area on 2 March 1991. It was a one night dinner affair. Attendance was good; the evening enjoyable. Among those present were: Anna Jane and Jay Jeffries; Dwight Bishop; Marc Marcus; Mary and Willie Wilson; Irene and Art Thompson; Gretta and Wendell Jeske; Jane and Doug Leavenworth; Carol and Bill Garrett; Muriel and Dan Reading; Betty and Walt Meyer; Diana and Wib Clingan and Barbara and Dan Vukelich. Dan is the son of a member of Mel Williams' crew. It was his first time with us and a joy to meet with him.

Contact continues with the offspring of some of our crew members that were lost during the war years. Dan Reading has made contact with Jay Wells' daughter. Jay was an original member of the 453rd. Bob Jordan has been in touch with Jerry Freed, who is the son of Warren Freed who was with the 734th Sqdn. Warren's crew ditched in the channel Aug. 11, 1944. Warren and six others of the crew were lost. Three crew members did survive and, at this time, un-

fortunately I do not have their names. Jerry Freed would like contact with them and/or anyone else who knew his father or who has information on the Aug. 11 mission to Strasborough. Jerry lives in Rapid City, South Dakota. His telephone number is 605-393-2500.

We have some new members. Among them are: Henry Amar, Alan DeHaven, Florence Hunt, Russ Neatrou, Frank Gottman and Perry Roberson. We have had some members dropped for non-payment of dues. To those members: if this was an oversight please correct it and submit your dues. If you're having trouble with the recession and are unable to pay the dues please let me know. We will arrange for your continued membership without any embarrassment to you and at no cost to you.

We have also had some losses - folded wings. We are sorry and extend our sympathies to the families. We have been notified of the deaths of: Norris Norman, Phillip Christian, Ray Hunt, Ted Sanborn and Frank Kumor.

That's all. We look forward to seeing you in Dearborn. If not there, perhaps at Lake of the Ozarks in September. If you have items you would like to have commented upon in the Journal please send them to me. And if you are aware of the death of one of our members, please make that known to me.

Au revoir, cheerio. Thanks for letting us visit with you.

The War Room

by Thaddeus C. Poprawa (389th)

I served in the War Room on three occasions during my seven months at Hethel, and they were interesting assignments. The War Room was the command post of the Group, a room in the base headquarters under constant armed guard, requiring secret clearance to enter. Inside was a full scale map of Europe, kept up to date with the latest front lines showing.

After the furor over the Battle of the Bulge subsided, the Group settled down to a routine where three of the squadrons were on combat duty status every day and the fourth squadron was "stood down." This allowed the squadron that was "stood down" a 24 hour period to refurbish their equipment and make the needed repairs. It also put the combat crews on a fatigue duty status.

For example, the gunners pulled KP and stood guard duty, shivering in the gun emplacements, waiting to see if the Germans would repeat their attack of 1 Jan. 45 when the Luftwaffe rose en masse and just shot the hell out of the 9th Air Force bases in France, Belgium and Holland. How the gunners hated that guard duty; their logic was unanswerable. "How come we pull guard duty on the ground with live ammunition and yet we fly practice missions over England with no ammunition for the guns?"

The pilots were assigned duties such as Officer of the Day, check flight of repaired planes, or any other assignments that the Engineering Officer found; this included

the ever-nauseating practice missions.

The bombardiers and navigators were assigned to the War Room to prepare for the next day's mission. After supper, three each of the more experienced bombardiers and navigators went to the War Room and awaited the Battle Orders to come off the teletype machines.

There was no set time for the Battle Orders to arrive; sometimes they arrived early in the evening and sometimes they arrived the next morning. As we waited, the joke was that the Brass selected the targets by throwing darts to a map of western Europe while blindfolded, and three darts had to be within ten miles of each other in order to qualify for a target.

At any rate, once the Battle Orders came in, the bombardiers scurried to gather the appropriate bomb data, and the navigators plotted the course and prepared the maps and charts. From the weather data supplied by the Metro office, the wind was applied to the course to determine the drift and the speed; the true headings and ETA for each leg of the mission was calculated, and then the total time aloft was computed to determine if the bomb and fuel load specified in the Battle Orders were compatible. (What made things interesting is to have just completed all of the above work, and then hear the clattering of the teletype as it delivered a new Battle Order; one memorable night, we plotted three different missions, and then the group was "stood down.")

The navigators prepared map overlays

and charts with the route drawn on them for the command pilots and two of the three navigators of the lead crews: pilotage and radar ("Mickey operators"); the lead navigator usually preferred to do his own. The pilotage navigator was usually a bombardier, transferred from a wing crew, who sat in the nose turret and did double duty as a gunner and a pilotage navigator.

This is what happened to our original bombardier, D.K. Johnson, Jr. He flew six missions with us, and then was pulled out to become a pilotage navigator on a lead crew. For most of our 30 missions we flew without a bombardier; I, as the navigator, opened the bomb bays and set the toggle switches for the release, once we hit the I.P. Since we bombed as a group, there was no need for the wing bombardiers to monitor the bomb sight. We kept our eyes on the lead plane, and when we saw the bombs fall, three of us (navigator, co-pilot and engineer) hit the salvo button to release our own bombs. The bombs of the wing planes also were released automatically via radio waves sent out when the lead plane dropped its bombs, but this system was not too reliable, and the trio continued with the manual salvoing.

The tour of duty in the War Room ended usually when the briefings were completed and the mission was on its way. The only thing remaining was to "sweat out" the safe return of the planes, and to prepare to return to combat duty status on the next day.

Four Engine "Ace" Verified

Dear Bill:

I have corresponded with Roger Freeman in England and he stated that, to his knowledge, no other Four Engine Pilot, of the Eighth Air Force, engaged a German fighter in a dog fight and won.

As related in my story "Four Engine Ace" which you published in the Summer 1990 Journal, I should like to formally lay claim to that distinction.

Date: 29 January 1944

Time: Approximately 1415 hours

Place: Flanders, Belgium

Opponent: FW 190

Outfit: 446 B.G. 704 B.S.

In essence this is a dual claim, for the pilot and the Liberator, who were as one.

E. Warren Bruce

Riverside, California

Dear Col. Brogger,

I am wondering if you recall the mission I made on 29 January 1944 to Frankfurt in which I came home on the deck under almost constant fighter attack

from the rear until one FW 190 finally showed himself at nine o'clock level and in an ensuing dog fight, with only the nose turret operative, we got him.

The news release made at that time was a little fuzzy as to the actual events as they occurred and I have written an account of the mission as it actually happened. I have enclosed a copy as printed in the Second Air Division Journal.

The reason for this letter is twofold:

First, I have always wanted the opportunity to tell you what a pleasure it was to serve in your group. Six of us were your first replacements and I was always thankful to have been assigned to the 446th because you had molded a group that knew how to fly good tight formation. Many times others provided good cover for us because they were a bit sloppy.

Second, if you do recall the conversation you had with Lt. Grisham and me after we returned from Depling, where I had to belly in at an English fighter base, in which Grish didn't stop talking about

the dog fight, could you send me a short statement that this did, in fact, occur.

Grish died in the Korean conflict and I can't locate Lt. Pretty who was in the nose turret.

At this late date, I have developed an urge to lay claim to being the only Four Engine Pilot, in the Eighth, to down a pea-shooter in a dog fight, and your affirmation would help.

E. Warren Bruce
aka Ernest W. Bruce

Dear Warren,

Your kind remarks regarding the 446th are greatly appreciated and brought back many remembrances of those hectic days.

I do recall the conversation with you and your crew at the time and have never doubted that the encounter took place precisely as you folks outlined then.

Sorry to learn that Lt. Grisham lost his life in Korea. Best of luck.

Jacob J. Brogger
Col. USAF Retired



On this memorable day when, in the words of President George Bush, we mark "A victory for mankind and what is right" may I say God Bless America and the Nations of the Coalition forces, remembering in particular those of the United Kingdom and those serving from Norfolk in the Gulf."

The above photograph with the accompanying plaque, which was displayed in our Memorial Library at the completion of the Middle East conflict, was sent to me by Paul King, Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust in Norwich, England. I felt that it should be shared with our entire membership as it truly reflects the spirit of comradeship we experienced during our stay during World War II and still exists today. Any other words that I might add would only detract from the sincere feeling of our Vice Chairman left in our Memorial Library for all to see as they visited our Memorial Library. Our sincere thanks, Paul, for your expression of comradeship for this gesture.

Report on the Memorial Trust and Library

by E. (Bud) Koorndyk

Before I share some of the recent events that are taking place with our Memorial Trust and our Memorial Library, I wanted to preface my report with the above statement standing by itself. It truly reflects the comradeship we have always experienced with our English friends.

My first order of business to bring you up to date on is to report that the new VCR equipment that we authorized for our library has now been purchased and is in use at the library, showing our American format VCR tapes to various audiences. The equipment is of a portable nature, thus allowing Phyllis Hunt to utilize it in meetings held in the surrounding countryside.

And then I would like to express my heartfelt thank you to all who contributed toward the successful completion of our Fulbright Trust Fund drive for over \$500,000.00. The income from this drive

will now assure us of an American presence in our library into perpetuity. As your Governor on the Memorial Trust and Library, may I again express my thanks for your cooperation in this endeavor. My job as your representative is indeed a most pleasant task. A more complete report of the drive will be found elsewhere in this Journal by Jordan Uttal.

Another wonderful piece of news has come to the attention of our Executive Committee via our Trust Chairman, Tom Eaton. Through the efforts of Dr. Ronald Clifton, Cultural Attache at the American Embassy in London and also a member of our Board of Governors, our library has been granted a gift of some 20,000 books, plus some 1,000 LPs and over 200 video tapes. This wonderful gift has come about due to the closing of a military library at Greenham Common. The legal aspects of this bequest are in the process of being



cleared through the American Embassy and official ceremony of acceptance is now being processed by Tom Eaton. Truly our library and the 2nd Air Division Association who supports it has a place in the books of history that cannot be duplicated by any other veterans organization.

It was reported by Tom Eaton at the Governors meeting held on Tuesday, March 26th that the Fulbright Commission in Washington had advertised for a Fulbright Archivist for the library in Norwich. The results of this posting were terrific (a) 57 enquiries (b) 14 applications received (c) a short list of 5 for consideration. A sub-committee was then appointed to decide on the appointment and at this writing I am awaiting the results of this committee's work. Tom Eaton did inform me that all of the 5 on the short list were extremely well qualified for the position.

Hillary Hammond, County Librarian, under whose jurisdiction our Memorial Library functions, has prepared a paper for the consideration of the Board of Governors at its March and May meetings entitled "Proposed forward plan for 1991 to 1996." This paper speaks well of the vision that our County Librarian has for and on behalf of our Memorial Library. I will report more fully on this paper at our Dearborn convention.

My final remarks have to do with the memorabilia that each individual Bomb Group has in various locations around the Norwich countryside. May I in all sincerity remind all of us that in the near distant future we will have become "old soldiers who have faded away." Would it not be wise that each Bomb Group make the necessary arrangements to have their memorabilia forwarded to the Duxford Imperial War Museum in care of Ted Inman. In their American section and under the proper humidity controlled conditions it will be kept into perpetuity. The 389th BG is already looking into a legal document to assure us that our memorabilia in our tower at Hethel will not fall into the hands of speculators but will be housed at Duxford. I do know that as long as we have breath and are so intimately connected with English friends of our vintage and who so treasure this memorabilia in areas close to the bases from which we flew, I am treading on dangerous ground. All I ask is that we remember our ages and do not fail to make provisions for these sacred treasures to be shared by generations to follow.

Tenth Annual Southern California Reunion Dinner

by Chuck Walker (445th)

The Tenth Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Dinner was held at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club on 2 March 1991. The evening's events started off with a warm and appreciated welcome by Col. Leonard Fuchs. Chaplain Gerald Cook gave the invocation which was followed by the presentation of Colors by the Marine Color Guard, which was very impressive.

The Candle Lighting ritual was performed for the first time at a So. Cal. dinner. This ceremony, honoring those of the 2nd Air Division who lost their lives during the war and those who have folded their wings since, was especially enjoyed by those who have not previously witnessed this very emotional ceremony at one of the 2nd ADA annual reunions. One additional yellow candle was lighted in recognition of our brave men and women currently serving in the Persian Gulf.

Following an excellent dinner, the 244 members and guests in attendance were

treated to a "USO TROUPE" style show arranged for by Bud Chamberlain (489th). Julian Ertz (44th) was the "leader of the troupe" and what a voice he demonstrated. Other members of the cast were Paula Ertz (Julian's daughter), Beth Lee, Ron and Bera Dordoni, and Una Mae & Roger Markle (44th). It was quite a show and was enjoyed by all. Julian came up with a much improved P.A. system which added to the enjoyment of those at the rear tables. Bud Chamberlain outdid himself as Master of Ceremonies for the evening and in addition sang tenor with the show. What a voice! Mark Hoage again favored us with his display of memorabilia. Although his display was somewhat reduced in size this year, we all understood that he and his partner were very much involved in Persian Gulf activities and just didn't have time for a more elaborate display.

Bob Harper (448th) again donated several of his 2nd AD prints as door prizes.

The Paper Goose (Chuck Walker, Jr.) donated several gift baskets and Dario De-Julio (458th) provided a beautiful pewter B-24 belt buckle which was awarded to Oak Mackey (392nd) for having come the farthest distance — Edina, Minnesota.

The committee responsible for the reunion was made up of Dick Boucher (445th), Fred Thomas (392nd), Harry Orthman (492nd), Bud Chamberlain (489th) and was chaired by Chuck Walker (445th). Of course these dinners could not succeed without the help of the wives who contribute so much.

The committee was especially pleased with the turnout in light of everyone's interest and concern for our men and women in the Gulf. Those of you who are planning on visiting Southern California next year should include this annual dinner in your plans. It is scheduled for the last Saturday in February 1992 at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club. We will be looking for you!

A Once in a Lifetime Opportunity

by Leroy Engdahl (448th)

I'm sure many of us have in our lifetime had situations which at first caused apprehension but when it was all over, turned out to be not so bad or in many cases, actually turned out surprisingly different.

One such incident happened to me in my early Air Force days. I had graduated from radio school at Scott Field, Ill. and was on duty one Sunday afternoon alone as control tower operator at Langley Field, Virginia about mid-summer of 1942.

A runner from the base commander (Col. Lohman's) office came to the control tower and told me that as soon as I could get relief from a qualified tower operator I was to report to his office ASAP.

My first thought was, "What in the world have I done that the Col. wanted me to report to him ASAP. I searched my mind and I could not think of any trouble I had gotten into; and secondly it may be a real problem finding relief on a Sunday afternoon as most airmen would leave the base on weekends if they were not on duty.

But luck was with me in that there was one tower operator back in the barracks and he soon came and relieved me.

I went to base headquarters, knocked on Col. Lohman's door and he said "Come in!" I took a few steps toward him, stopped and gave him a snappy salute and said, "PFC Engdahl reporting as ordered, sir!"

The colonel said, "Have a seat." I was very relieved that he didn't keep me standing at rigid attention and told myself, "It

must not be too bad if he asked me to sit down."

Col. Lohman then said, "I guess you are wondering why I called you to my office." I replied, "Yes sir, I sure am."

He said are you familiar with the weekly programs on NBC emanating from various military bases on a rotational basis, i.e. Navy, Army, Marines, Air Force. I replied that I was and that I enjoyed listening to the programs featuring various talents of our servicemen.

The Col. then said "Well, NBC is featuring Langley Field on their half hour program this next Saturday and our regular base announcer is on vacation." He then said, we have searched through our personnel records trying to find someone we feel capable of handling the Master of Ceremonies position, and we see that you were active in public speaking and drama contests and had an audition on NBC in Chicago in 1940 for radio announcing and news commentator. He then asked me would I care to be Master of Ceremonies?

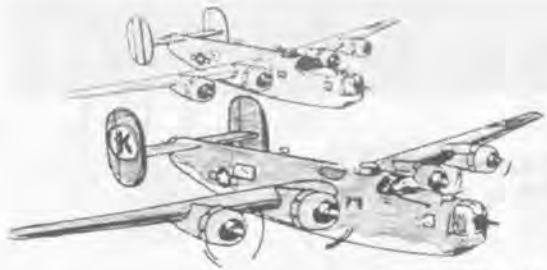
I asked the Colonel if I had to memorize the script as time was short. He replied, "No, you can read the script," and I replied I would be happy to do this job.

Since I wanted to be a professional announcer and this was going to be a half hour on NBC, I felt this was a once in a lifetime opportunity. My closing line for a goodbye was, "This is PFC Leroy Engdahl saying, BUY WAR BONDS!"

Forget? Never!

Submitted by Arthur DeVincenzi (489th)

The years have passed, it seems I'm old
Yet still the memories unfold
Of fine young boys in battle dress
Who to their country's call said yes
Who chose to serve in skies above
For freedom's sake they showed their love
All volunteers they asked to fight
To break the back of Hitler's might
They picked the toughest job of all
"The Mighty Eighth" would be their call
In heavy bombers, crews of ten
We changed from kids to older men
Between the members of each crew
A bond of friendship grew and grew
This bond of love can never end
For one on each they did depend
Six miles straight up, no place to hide
They did their job with guts and pride
The 17s got glamour more
But none surpassed the 24
They roamed the skies and fought the fight
And brought us home both day and night
Through heavy flak and fighters' fire
They gave me so much to admire
Of missions limit 25
How could we live? Could we survive?
With purest luck I did stay well
Lord knows we had our share of hell
My heart is sad, the tears they burn
For thousands who did not return
Their life was sweet, a brimming cup
Yet willingly they gave it up
Dear God, my life I'd gladly give
If they could have a chance to live
Each one a hero in my mind
We never more will see their kind
My hair turns white, my body lame
Still proudly do I bear its name
With love, respect, abiding faith
I can't forget "The Mighty Eighth."



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

DUES: I'm going to broach the subject of dues for the first time in this column. If you are one of the vast majority who sent their dues payment promptly, you have no reason to read the rest of this segment, so go to the next topic. If, however, you are one who waits for a second or third notice, read on.

Evelyn Cohen, our Membership Vice President, sends out the first dues notices in January and early February. A second dues notice goes out to those who have not responded in March. After a reasonable waiting period, the Group VP received a listing of those in his/her Group who have not replied. This year, I received a list of 36 names! Not likely that any other Group had as many as we did. Never in the last 12 years had I had such a large number, and I began to fear the worst thinking that we had an unusually high number of members who had "Gone West." I received replies from the families of 7 who had passed away, 22 who wished to be reinstated, 3 who asked to be dropped and no reply from 4 to whom I have just sent the "4th notice." As you can see, not only is this time consuming, but an additional expense to our Association operating costs. Please return your dues statement promptly when you get it early next year.

REUNIONS/CONVENTIONS: The following has happened on occasion to members who have paid their convention costs and then find that they are unable to attend because of health or other unexpected reasons. If this should occur and you elect not to buy the insurance protection which is offered, you stand a chance of losing your attendance fees. The insurance must be purchased at the time of the final payment. This happened to one of our members who wasn't able to make our Norwich Convention last year. I found out about it when I sent him a dues notice in April. He didn't renew his membership. The insurance application is mailed when confirmation of receipt of payment in full is made. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to write or call Evelyn Cohen.



Top, 752nd TV, 753rd, J4. Bottom 754th, Z5, 755th, J3. Center, 8th AF shoulder patch.

ITEMS: There's been a good response to the items offered in the last Journal. About half of the Squadron "patches" are still available, so if you want your squadron insignia, don't wait too long. The 458th vinyl covered tailfin badges are still available in both concepts (olive drab Circle "K" and red-white-red ones). These are great Bomb Group identifiers and you probably will find other Groups interested

in obtaining similar badges for their identity. Although many have been sold, a good number remain. The 8th AF pendants and 8th AF shoulder patches were requested by other Group members too, and I will bring the balance of all items to Dearborn in July. Have received several checks as rebates from both A-2 flight jacket suppliers and have sent them along to Jordan Uttal to be added to the American Librarian Funding. Sincere appreciation to all who have participated.

TAILWINDS

During our last 458th Group reunion in Dayton (September, 1990), one of our members gave me a check for one of the long "Pan-A-View" photos taken of our Group. The photo sales people had left and he was late in getting his check to them. After the banquet, I couldn't find the check and suspected it was picked up at the time the tables were being cleaned. I did not get the name of the person who gave me the check, but I did buy an extra photo. Whoever has a checkbook that has a \$22.00 "too much" error, should drop me a note with that amount and I will get it on its way to you.

George Reynolds reported the following: "After the 458th B.G. History III was published and distributed, I heard from **Len Abramowitz**, **Bill Cunningham** and others about one of the bomb bay doors from 'Final Approach' salvaged by a German youth, **Johan Heiss**, after it went down on April 9, 1945. Wrote to one of my contacts in Germany about getting the door for the 8th AF Museum in Shreveport, LA, but so far, no luck. It is presently on display in the Luftwaffe museum at Lechfield. Still working on it, though."

Received a telephone call from **Graham Savill** shortly after the Easter Holidays requesting permission to hold Memorial Services and wreath placement at our Horsham St. Faith Airport Terminal building. Ceremony to take place in the area allotted to our Memorial Dedication last year. It is my understanding that the area townspeople will be the active participants, with no cost to us. As a Group, we extend our thanks to **Graham** and the villagers for this remembrance to our 275 fellow airmen who never returned.

The following 458th members who have made their "Last Flight" are: **Luther Anderson**, **Warren Burman**, **Charles Crackenborg**, **Thomas Rawlings**, **Walter Torgerson** and **Joseph Stryker**. Joe and I were long time friends and attended Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Coral Gables, FL. New members since our last roster publication are: **John Roberts**, **Richard Morrison**, **Larry Forrest**, **Robert "Doc" Savage** and **Van Taylor**. Also, **George Pickard** who trained with the 458th at Tonopah, but was transferred to the 490th BG when the 458th moved. The 490th originally was B-24s but were transferred to the 3rd Air Division flying B-17s. There are a number of us who have flown both aircraft. I was in the 96th at Snetterton Heath in early October until December of '43. Also recently found out that **Dario DeJulio** had spent time flying '17s, anyone else?

Robert H. Hinkley sent an enlarged photo and negative of the 100 mission wall map showing our first 100 targets. This is the same photo that appears on the inside cover of all **George Reynolds'** "History of the 458th B.G." #1, 2 & 3. I will have a smaller copy made and offer it at some future date.

Last March I received an interesting letter from **Ron Carabine**, former RAF pilot in Bomber Command, WWII. His request was: did I have or know of anyone in the 458th who might have a photo of his Halifax bomber which made an emergency landing at Horsham, Dec. 6, 1944. Aircraft repaired and left the next day. Several photos were believed to be taken. Unlike many of us Yanks, they were discouraged from taking photos of their aircraft, and as a result, he has no photo of his "kite." Sent him the only photo of a Halifax I had taken at Horsham, but he returned it saying it was not the one. Look for a Halifax III, Airframe # was LL585, Sqdn I.D. was LK R. If you can help, write: **Ron Carabine**, 15 Hillside Drive, Christchurch, Dorset BH 23 2RS, England.

Bob Hiemstra, retired Continental Airlines pilot, advised he's completed "ground school" classes on the restored Continental DC-3 that the company flies to various shows around the country. In the event he has an opportunity to fly it, will have all the necessary qualifications in order. In 1976 when United Airlines celebrated its 50th anniversary of the Air Mail Service, I had an opportunity to fly a 1924 Swallow bi-plane from BWI to Dulles where we met up with the Concorde with "then and now" publicity photos; it was absolutely the greatest feeling. The ol' antique airplane was owned by "Buck" Hilbert, who was an active pilot with the company, but has since retired also.

Those attending the Dearborn Convention will have an opportunity to see some old aircraft at the Yankee Air Museum, their displays and helpful guides. The "All American" will be there also... just like "comin' home" to where so many B-24s came off the factory line in Ypsilanti. Hope to see a great many of you there in July!

Reprinted by permission from AIR FORCE Magazine.
Copyright 1991 by the Air Force Association,
Arlington, VA.

“Milk Run”

by John L. Frisbee

Hard-pressed bomber crews of Eighth Air Force welcomed a rare milk run, but sometimes the milk turned sour.

Flying out of England in World War II, the Eighth Air Force was the largest air combat organization ever assembled. Between August 1942 and April 1945, the Eighth lost more than 4,000 heavy bombers to all causes. Air combat losses were about evenly divided between enemy fighters and flak. One measure of combat violence over Europe is the toll of human casualties. In thirty-three months, nearly 44,000 Eighth Air Force bomber and fighter crewmen were killed or missing in action, compared to some 33,000 battle deaths for all US forces in Korea and 47,000 in Vietnam.

bardier and gunnery officers and command pilot Maj. William Anderson, who was on his twenty-fifth and final mission.

Lieutenant Cookus' formation, flying at the assigned bombing altitude of 12,000 feet, found heavy cloud cover over the target area. Regulations prohibited bombing any target in France under other than visual conditions. After five passes that failed to find a break in the clouds, the mission was aborted and the B-24s headed for home, still carrying their bombs.

A navigation error put the formation over Calais, where the Germans had covertly sited a concentration of mobile anti-aircraft guns. Cookus' lead plane, an easy target at 12,000 feet, took seven direct hits when the guns opened up. One shell burst inside the bomb bay, ripping out the doors and the catwalk. Major Anderson, navigator Lt. Franklin Campbell, bombardier

and hydraulics were dead. Cookus put the bomber into a dive as soon as he regained control and headed west across the English Channel. The burning number three engine had to be kept running as long as possible, since Cookus would ditch with wounded aboard only as a last resort.

Over the Channel, bombardier Cole staggered onto the flight deck, covered with blood. Since the emergency bomb release mechanism was inoperative, he had crawled into the open bomb bay, where there now was no catwalk, and thrown out all the bombs he could release. He reported that some bombs were still hanging, then collapsed.

As *Liberty Belle* neared the English coast, barely able to hold altitude, the number three engine exploded, leaving only one prop turning — not enough to keep the torn-up bomber airborne. Over land near Canterbury in southern England, Lieutenant Cookus cut his one good engine, turned everything off, and prepared to crash-land. At fifty feet, in a final gallant maneuver that could have spelled the end for all of them, Cookus lifted one wing enough to clear a farmhouse. The bomber plowed into the ground, coming to rest in a ditch.

Fighting his way out of the wreckage, Cookus and other able members of the crew tried in vain to put out the fire in the number three engine. Co-pilot Lt. Howard Holladay stayed in the plane, which he knew could explode at any moment, struggling to free four crewmen trapped on the flight deck. Of the four, Major Anderson and Lieutenant Cole did not survive. Lieutenant Campbell and Sergeant Becker were extricated three hours after the crash.

The 44th Bomb Group mission of January 21, 1944, which began with the promise of a short, easy breather ended, like so many others that penetrated the skies of Europe during World War II, in tragedy and heroism. There were indeed no guaranteed milk runs for the bomber crews of the Eighth Air Force.



Most of the Eighth's targets were guaranteed to be hot: Berlin, Schweinfurt, Merseburg, and Munich. Milk runs, on the other hand, were few and never guaranteed. The 44th Bomb Group's mission of January 21, 1944, looked like one of those few. Its target, military installations south of Calais, France, was only 120 miles from the group's base at Shipdham, a few miles west of Norwich. Enemy opposition was expected to be light. As a result of this benign forecast, Lt. Keith Cookus, who led twelve B-24 Liberators from the 67th and 506th Squadrons, had aboard his plane, *Liberty Belle*, three extra crewmen: the group bom-

Lt. Woodrow Cole, and tail gunner SSgt. Herman Becker were wounded. The radio operator, who fortunately was wearing his chute, was blown out of the plane. Blazing hydraulic fluid badly burned the ball turret gunner and one of the waist gunners. Seeing a large section of the fuselage gone, the group bombardier and gunnery officers bailed out, to become POWs for the duration, along with the radio operator.

Surveying the damage, Lieutenant Cookus found that the numbers one and two engines had been destroyed, number three was on fire, and the right landing gear had been blown away. All communications



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

In the Spring '91 Journal, page 18, there was an article about a WWII Bombardier who finally received the Distinguished Flying Cross after waiting more than 46 years. Al Jones was the Bombardier on Henry's crew and we were as close as brothers. He was only able to enjoy the award for two months as he passed away March 18. I flew out to Hardy, AR to attend a Memorial Service for him on March 24 and enjoyed a get-together with all of his family, but it was very sad not being able to see him and enjoy his company as on previous visits. I will certainly miss him.

Norm Tillner, Waist Gunner on Henry's crew, sent me a note in April in response to a letter I sent to all of the crew about Al Jones. Norm reminded me of a mission we flew on 29 June 44 to Magdeburg, Germany in "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" lasting eight hours. Al Jones' diary reported, "Our load was 42 oil bombs. I flew the waist position because of the size of the turret. Over the target, Tillner, the other waist gunner, was hit in the leg with flak. Flak over the target was heavy and accurate. The rudder trim tab was shot out, and the prop on number 4 was also hit but it still worked. I gave first aid to Tillner over the target area because no fighters would attack during that period. Flak was still in his leg. I cut away his heated suit, poured sulfa on the wound, made him lie down and gave him plenty of oxygen. I did not use a tourniquet because bleeding had stopped due to the cold. Norm refused morphine. It took three hours to get home and we left the formation at the coast and came in as fast as possible. We lost two planes (from 506 Sq). One was hit by flak and fell into the other one. Both blew up but we saw 11 chutes."

Tillner recovered from his injury and finished his tour. He still has that piece of flak that they took out of his leg and sent me a picture of it.



FLAK: Piece that wounded Norm Tillner, right waist gunner on Pete Henry's crew, 67th Sqdn, 44th BG over Magdeberg, Germany, June 29, 1944.

Also in the Spring '91 8-Ball column I promised to include photos, etc., this time, covering the visit of John Wilds (Mundesley, Norwich) to Gairloch, Scotland where they visited the 13 June 45 crash site of R.D. Ketchum. John advises that there are still large amounts of wreckage scattered around and the local people treat the site with great reverence. A memorial plaque has been placed in the mountainside which reads in part:

"In memory of the crew and passengers of a B-24-H Liberator bomber, serial number 42-95095, which became lost while returning to the U.S.A. on June 13th, 1945, and crashed at this place with the loss of all on board."

The plaque lists 9 crew members and 6 passengers on board.



Memorial plaque at Gairloch, Scotland



Scattered wreckage at Gairloch, Scotland

FROM THE MAILBAG

Lyle B. Latimer advised in April that his co-pilot, Dixon "Mac" McEver died on the 11th of April. The first and only time "Mac" attended a reunion with his crew was at the B-24 50th Anniversary celebration in Dallas/Fort Worth in 1989. They all had a great time and "Mac" informed the guys that he was absolutely terrified in combat, as fact that few of them ever knew.

Joseph T. Covone, who is listed on the 2ADA Roster as a 93rd BG member, actually flew his first ten missions with the 44th as a member of the R.A. Parker crew in the 506th Sqdn. Seven of the crew were shot up and wounded on their third mission flying "Peepsight." He is looking for a copy of "Forty-fourth Bomb Group - Liberators Over Europe" which has a picture of "Peepsight" landing with a flat tire and the wounded being carried off. I don't know if Will Lundy has any more copies but I referred Joe to Will.

Carl Hvambal is also looking for a copy of the same book and I sent him Will Lundy's name too. He has a friend who was a B-25 pilot in the 12th Air Force who wants to have one of their books reprinted.

Michel Yuspeh visited the "All American" B-24 in New Orleans sometime in April and sent me a picture of him standing by the nose. His wife also went to see the ship and was surprised to see how narrow it is. She wanted to know how we were able to get the bombs aboard!

The same "All American" was in an air show at El Toro, CA the end of April and Norm Tillner said he'd have loved to go see her but the reports of crowds and traffic jams broadcast over the radio on the 27th sure kept him from getting involved on the 28th. For those of you who are going to the Second Air Division Association Convention in Dearborn, MI over the 4th of July weekend, rumor has it that "All American" will be there. Don't miss it!

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

Some of you who served at Division Headquarters may have forgotten that there were four (that I can think of) units assigned to the Second Air Division for the purpose of assisting the Hq. to give support and service to the wings and groups. These units were the 315th Signal Co., the 987th Military Police Company, the 5th Air-Sea Rescue Squadron, and, last but not least, the 562nd Army Air Corps Band. And many of you were assigned to these units although you were working at Hq. You were as much a part of the Second Air Division as those assigned to Hq. & Hq. Squadron.

Earl Brown, with the help of Henry Counts and William Shelton, put together the following short history and chronology of the 562nd Air Force Band. I had forgotten that the band did not arrive at Ketteringham Hall until January 1945 but what a great impact it made on the morale of the troops once it arrived. Prior to that time we used bands formed by some of the groups or occasionally a band from London. CWO Gaylord Nicholas was the bandleader while the unit was with 2AD. First Sergeant Earl Brown, Assistant Bandleader, was with the band from its beginning in the fall of 1941 until the fall of 1945. And Fred Randall, who joined the unit at Daniel Field, was also with the band until deactivation. The full list of the 29 men in the band, showing the instrument that each one played, was listed on page 7, 2AD Newsletter, December 1977. If you would like a copy of the list, just drop Earl Brown (or me) a note. Just thinking about the band playing at dances and at awards ceremonies on the lawn at the side of Ketteringham Hall brings back many fond memories. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get the band back together long enough to play at one of our reunions!

562nd Air Force Band

by Earl D. Brown

In the fall of 1941, CWO Louis Yassel, Bandleader, Third Cavalry Band, Ft. Myer, Va. was advised that three of his musicians should be earmarked for transfer to Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga. for the purpose of organizing the 62nd Air Corps Band (later redesignated the 562nd Air Corps Band). Orders were cut and the three enlisted men proceeded to Daniel Field, arriving in mid-October 1941. A separate barracks was assigned to this new unit and auditions began immediately in an effort to fill the TO&E. It should be noted that it was the opinion of all three men in the cadre that this band was one of the first bands (and probably the first) ever to be organized or assigned to an Air Corps base. Previously, the Air Corps was without bands.

At the time of Pearl Harbor only 4 or 5 men had been assigned in addition to the original cadre. With the help of some enlisted men who did not wish to become part of the band but wanted to see the unit get started, a ten piece jazz band was organized and played for dances. Following Pearl Harbor, Daniel Field became a Replacement Center and there were more enlisted men coming through to choose from. Following is some information about the life of the 562nd Air Force Band.

Unit: 562nd Air Corps Band. Organized: at Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia. By Whom: S/Sgt. Gene Bommhardt, Sgt. Vincent Amorosi, Cpl Earl D. Brown (three man cadre from Ft. Myer, Virginia, Third Cavalry Band). When: October 1941.

Bandleaders: Master Sergeant Gene Bommhardt (Oct. 41 to Feb. 43); WOJE Edwin Boettger (Apr. 43 to Nov. 44); CWO Gaylord Nicholas (Dec. 44 to Dec. 45).

First Sergeants: Master Sergeant Gene Bommhardt (Oct. 41 to Dec. 41); Tech Sergeant Vincent Amorosi (Jan. 42 to Jan. 43); Tech Sergeant Earl Brown (Feb. 43 to Oct. 45).

Activities at Daniel Field: Enlisted men's dances; officers' dances; USO shows; military reviews; radio broadcast - two stations; parades in Augusta; war bond rallies; musical shows - rec. hall; band concerts.

Additional Training: first aid; stretcher bearing; warehousing; heavy vehicle driving with winch; qualifying - rifle range; gas mask procedure; water - lifesaving.

Alerted for Overseas Assignment: Summer of 1944. Table of Organ. vacancies filled: Fall of 1944. Arrived at Camp Kilmere POE: December 1944. Departed for overseas: Early Jan. 1945 - Victory Ship - Sea Robin. Arrived in England: Mid January 1945 - Southampton. Traveled by train from Southampton to London and on to Ketteringham Hall. After assignment of barracks and becoming oriented, we now learned that our assignment was to be known as the Second Air Division Band of the 8th Air Force.

The largest part of activity for the Second Air Division Band was the playing of dances for Enlisted Men and Officers of the Second Air Division. The Special Services Officer set up a schedule and all assigned Bomber and Fighter Groups were visited.

Although the band was only authorized 28 enlisted men, two separate jazz bands operated within the unit. The "A" band of 16 men played all of the Bomber and Fighter Bases within the Second Air Division. The "B" band played in several locations in the Norwich area.

It was noted immediately that both the Officers and Enlisted Men desired to listen to and be entertained with up to date pop music. Therefore, band concerts with pro-

grams of marches, overtures, etc. were very limited. However, the concert and marching band was available for any special activity at the bases such as parades, awarding of decorations, etc. The most rewarding musical program for the concert band was by representing the Second Air Division at the Norwich Cathedral following the end of the war, with a program titled "Thanksgiving Sunday." The exact date and time was 13 May 1945, at 11:00 AM and included the Band of the Dorset Regiment. Very seldom were the concert band and 16 piece jazz band utilized at the same location. It did happen as noted: Regal Cinema, North Walsham, Sunday, March 18, 1945, at 7:30 PM featuring the 2nd American Air Division Military Band & Orchestra; and The 466th Bombardment Group (H) Station 120, U.S. Army Air Forces, 200th Mission Party, Friday, 6 April 1945 - dance music; Saturday, 7 April 1945 - band concert.

Although the 16 piece jazz band was the only unit utilized, the entire band was placed on TDY on two separate occasions to the Riviera Recreation Center, for a period of eight days, and performed at the Martinez Hotel, Cannes, France.

Before departing for Southern France and the 9th Air Force, the 562nd Air Force Band, as part of the ground troops, was invited and accepted the invitation to take the trolley run, better known as An Aerial Tour of Northwest Germany.

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 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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip Code _____

Group _____

**IF THIS IS A PERMANENT CHANGE,
PLEASE MARK HERE** _____

**IF THIS IS A TEMPORARY CHANGE
(Snow Birds) MARK HERE** _____

This mail will be sent to you 1st class and there will be no need for further notification. Snowbirds will receive Journals at both addresses.

Forget the Enemy – Beware of the “Friendlies”!

by Dwight Bishop (453rd)

It was early in my tour that I learned there was much more danger out there than enemy flak or fighters. Flak I saw plenty of — but fighters — NONE! It was on my fourth mission — July 7, 1944 — mission nearly over, coming off the ‘enemy’ coast when it happened. Everything was going well, and I wanted to see the scenery below, so co-pilot Walter Mahanay was driving. We were #3 in the lead squadron, so I was standing by on fighter channel. I felt the airplane take a sudden lurch upwards, and thinking of the high-right element above, pushed forward on the wheel as I turned to look at Mahanay and switched to intercom.

All I heard was unintelligible yelling, especially from the nose gunner, John Portoghese. I soon learned that our group had met another group at the same altitude on a reciprocal heading. Both lead planes started down to evade, so Mahanay — bless his soul! — went up. The two lead planes collided and were the only ones lost — that was enough!

On mission #16, August 26, 1944, I was flying group deputy lead, and after ‘bombs away,’ lost #3 engines. With the briefing admonitions about ditching in the North Sea in mind, I would play it safe. Held about 9,000’ altitude and headed for the narrowest part of the channel. The lovely coast of England was well in sight, when a line of flak appeared across my course. I made a correction to starboard and told engineer John Fiel to fire a flare of the ‘colors of the day.’ The line of flak appeared again — a little closer. It had to come from British batteries, but WHY? I turned further to starboard, and now, NOW! navigator Max Marcus tells me we were too close to the Thames Estuary, which was “never, never land” — forbidden to ALL aircraft!

On either a practice mission or aircraft check flight, can’t remember which, the landing WAS memorable! I was in the landing pattern at Old Buck, gear and some flaps down, when I saw a gaggle of B-17s at our altitude and coming straight at us. The designers of the B-24 did not plan the maneuver I made, nor did they engineer the Lib to be able to do it. Throttles full forward (and then some) and haul back on the wheel! I remember seeing the ‘rate of climb’ indicator momentarily reading 1000’ per minute, as we ‘leap-frogged’ above the 17’s. But normally, the B-17s WERE on our side!

On mission #18 — October 17, 1944 — my first PFF lead — the target was marshalling yards. After the group strung out in squadrons in trail, Bob Dault, radar operator, said he had the target on the scope. Seconds later, the bomber stream began to angle off to the left. Now what?? Do I follow the stream and shake Bob’s confidence, or do I trust him and his training? I decided to go with Bob’s call, and kept an eye on the rest of the group. We were still on the bomb run when the rest of the group made a right turn and would fly over us. Now the big question was ‘Have they dropped?’ Relief THAT day was spelled “BOMB BAYS CLOSED!”

The most hair-raising experience with “friendlies” came when I aborted a mission and was trying to land at Old Buck in bad visibility. If I was close enough to the field to see the runway flares, I could not make the turn to final approach. If I was out far enough to make the turn, I could not see the flares! Then came to mind something taught in the States — the PROCEDURE TURN! You fly over the field on the reverse of the landing heading, make a timed turn

to the opposite side to come back to your landing heading, in line with the runway. While doing this, the bombardier, Ed Dekker, told me he looked UP at trees! Then I saw IT! A B-24 passing from right to left in front of us, in a slight climb. I could not go down, or up or turn. I knew I would hit it right behind the wing — No way out!

The next thing I remember, it was gone and we were still flying. Dekker leaned over my shoulder and said, “Dewey, let’s get the h--- out of here!” I agreed!

I got some altitude where I could SEE, and was directed to a base in western England. Now comes the strange part. On the landing approach, the boys in the back room (waist) were making book on how many times and how high the ‘shook-up’ skipper would bounce on this landing. During the discussions, Portoghese looked out the window, then said, “Forget it guys, we’re on the ground!” I never DID make a smoother landing! I met Marcus at the So. Calif. dinner, March 1991, and he told me we suffered a bent radio antenna from this escapade.

I believed back then, and I believe now that during these events, neither I nor Mahanay was in control of the plane. Some Supreme Being, Force, Power, Spirit — call it what you will — was taking care of us. For a long time, I wondered why I had been protected. A few years ago, I realized that maybe another crew member was being protected, and I was just lucky enough to “go along for the ride.” The crew members not previously mentioned were: tail turret, John Baillie; pilotage navigator, Clyde Colvin; top turret, Joe Ferrara; radio, Ray Rogala; ball turret (and Chief Chaff Chucker), Geo. (Ed) Yarbrough.

Saved By the Seat of My Pants – 21 April 1944

The mission attempt when Lt. S.D. Ausfresser (Ausie) was lost at sea.

by Art Steele (448th)

This day the cloud cover was thousands of feet thick in the formation assembly area over East Anglia. The B-24s would reach the area by following a race-track course in-to and out of a buncher radio beacon (#24 Hemsby). The track our group was assigned extended out over the North Sea. After single take-offs from Seething the B-24s, in trail and on instruments, started to climb to cloud free altitude. I (the bombardier) and the navigator “Ausie” would go to our stations in the forward compartment. I would don my flak vest and flak helmet, lift myself into the Emerson nose turret, and plug into the intercom, oxygen system, and the electric heated suit outlet. Ausie would close the door to the turret.

In theory, you could release the door from inside the turret, but with all the extra equipment on it would take some doing. After a lot of scratching and orientation to my surroundings, the aircraft was still in a climb mode, on instruments, in the soup

and I was praying for a break-out into the clear. After grinding away for some minutes at maximum power settings and around the 12,000 feet level the noise level of the slipstream increased, and the warning bell (one ring) sounded.

I started unplugging things and I felt the door give way. Ausie had released the turret door. By the time I had popped the release on my flak vest and lifted myself out of the turret, I could see Ausie exiting through the nose wheel well.

I did not hear the second bell ring for bailout, in fact it was not given. I buckled on my chest pack parachute and had my feet pressuring at the slipstream ready for pushoff into space. I had my escape kit in my left rear pants pocket. It caught on a canvas tie down post. The canvas wall which separated the nose wheel well from the rest of the forward compartment was removed for combat missions.

I was getting set for another try and I saw

the bomb load being salvoed, so I knew I was not alone in the aircraft. I pulled myself away from the bailout position and crawled through the tunnel to the flight deck where things were very tense, but no one other than Ausie had left the ship. About the same time I got to the flight deck, we broke into the clear over the North Sea. We had lost power on the climb and had fallen off into tight spiral.

I don’t recall the altitude at which we broke out, but I think it was below 2,000 ft. Jack W. O’Brien, the pilot, called the Air-Sea Rescue and started a search pattern coordinated with an Air-Sea Rescue plane with which we also established visual contact. We searched for several hours with some other B-24s which were available as our original mission had been recalled. We found no trace of Ausie.

When we returned to the quonset hut, there on Ausie’s inspection ready cot was an unopened letter from his bride of six months.

The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein



Crew 656. Top row (l-r): John McGoldrichs, Paul Boyle, Method Nikoloff. Bottom row: Julius Wiess, Edwin Sievers, Edwin McCann, Russell Holt, John Englert.

In the winter issue of the Journal I mentioned the possibility of a memorial to be erected at a site near Attlebridge by the 466 Bomb Group Association. I will now update you on the progress of this project.

Since January I have been engaged in a dialogue with Barky Hovsepian, successor to John Woolnough, as President of the 466th Bomb Group Association and with Tom Reto, Board Member and Memorial Project Coordinator. To guide me, I have conducted a survey of approximately 15% of 2nd Air Division Association, 466th Bomb Group members. I asked if they would: (1) Endorse a proposed memorial. (2) Give financial support. (3) Comment on the project.

The results of the poll were very much in favor of endorsing and supporting the project. One member sent a contribution, which I will bring to Dearborn in July and present to Tom Reto. Tom will be present as a representative of the 466 BGA, to give us an overview of the memorial project.

Some comments received as a result of the poll were:

"The sooner the better."

"The design appears to be a nice simple design and should require little or no maintenance."

"It's badly needed - it is important to place it at a conspicuous place."

"Would it be possible for us to join ranks (with 466 BGA) on this project?"

"More fitting to our memory of Attlebridge and our pocketbooks (champagne taste and beer pocketbooks are absurd)."

"Seems like a good idea. Hope you can put it together."

"The proposed monument looks good to me."

"I suggest omitting 466 logo (flying deck) at the top and just say Attlebridge - 466 Bombardment Group. I don't recall the 466 logo, it is after the fact and means little to me."

"Once in place, who is to 'care' for the well being of the monument?"

"Could a plaque at the church be done?"

"I would like to see our money go to our Library."

"What does 'near the airfield' mean? A project that involves ALL 466 BGers makes sense. If each group creates their own wheel it would support a poor image of us as a whole. I am sure the British might be inclined to manifest symptoms of annoyance and/or irritation because of the variety and number of memorials. I could never comprehend why there was a split between the 466 BGA (and the 2ADA). This project sets the stage for unifying us via fulfilling the same objective."

My thanks go out to all of you who took the time to answer my letter. You have been very helpful as I could not have done this by myself. With a little luck this can all be resolved in Dearborn.

HELP WANTED: John D. Englert of crew 656 (Paul Boyle, pilot) is looking for information concerning his crew (see photo). You can contact him at 8910 N W 79 Ct., Tamarac, FL 33321.

Roger R. Walker desires information concerning his father's (Robert A. Bernardi) crew (583). SSGT Bernardi was the radio operator for Lt. J. Frank O'Neill and served in the U.K. from Jan. to May 1945. Mr. Walker's address is 1605 Astor Avenue, Cambria, CA 93428.

Recruiting new members is becoming more and more difficult. If you have the

name and address of a 466er, non-member, or ANY former veteran of the 2nd Air Division, please send it along and I shall make an effort to sign them up. An application is not necessary, \$10.00 to Evelyn Cohen is sufficient.

During the period from January 1990 through March 1991 we welcomed nineteen new members. They are: Walter Johnson, Alexander Reade, John D. Englert, William A. Terry, Carlo Galvagno, Winfred H. Hart, Jr., Carl E. Dengler, Jr., James P. Sampson, James B. Pentz, Stephen Fecho, Henry R. Grady, Jr., John F. Kraeger, Richard S. Lundberg, Lester Leitherman, Jack G. Gneiting, Paul Stikeleather, Edward N. Snow, Wayne Tabor, Charles H. Scarborough. If you recognize anyone and want to get in touch - write me at the address listed on page two of this Journal.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT: Donald and Cathy Thomson of Attlebridge (HQ building) have another reason to celebrate their wedding anniversary. On March 27, 1991 (their 24th) their daughter Wendy and Tim Hammond became the parents of daughter, Jessica. At birth, Jessica weighed 7 lbs, 10 ounces (approximately 1/2 stone). At the latest report mother, father, grandparents and aunts are all doing fine.

Cathy and Donald are still anticipating a stateside visit, but as yet no firm plans have been made. They are looking forward to seeing all the places we 466ers have told them about. The biggest problem will be getting enough time to visit all those places.

Bombardiers, Inc.

During World War II, a unique job was created in the United States Army Air Corps: that of Bombardier.

When the technique of dropping bombs from a tightly flown formation of airplanes was conceived and the Norden Bombsight was perfected, it became apparent that someone - a specialist - was needed to aim the aircraft and drop the bombs that they carried. That person was called a Bombardier. They were specially trained and commissioned in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Funny thing. In this day of computers, radar, etc., they are no longer needed.

A few thousand men were made Bombardiers back then. A few hundred remain. They have formed a group calling themselves **The Bombardiers, Inc.** These old guys get together periodically for a reunion. Remember now, they are unique in all this world. There will never be another group like this.

Many old Bombardiers may not know of this organization. If you are an ex-Bombardier interested in this group, or if you can help in finding ex-Bombardiers, please write or call:

George Howell

3822 Lazywood Lane, Houston, TX 77023
Tel. (713) 643-9030

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-91

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

Video tapes — VHS — (Order by Roman #)

I Remember Them	} Order together	\$3.00
II A Village Remembers		
III Target for Today The Men Who Flew the Liberators 2ADA Reunion 1973 — Colorado Springs 2AD Memorial Dedication — Norwich 1963		\$3.00
IV The Mission Night Bombers — RAF Schweinfurt & Regensburg Memphis Belle		\$3.00
V Ploesti 93rd B.G. in North Africa The Fight for the Sky 2ADA Reunion Film Clip — Norwich 1983		\$3.00
VI The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 1-8	} Order together	\$9.00
VII The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 9-16		
VIII The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 17-24		
IX The Air Force Story — Vol. I — Chapters 25-26 The Air Force Story — Vol. II — Chapters 1-6		
X Smashing of the Reich Medal of Honor — The Burning of Ploesti Oil		\$3.00
XI Some of Our Airmen Are No Longer Missing 2ADA March AFB Memorial Service, 1984 The Superplane That Hitler Wasted — ME-262		\$3.00
XII The Story of Willow Run Preflight Inspection of the B-24 Flying the B-24 (This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 BG in memory of Adam Soccio)		\$3.00
XIII Battleline Series — Bombing of Japan The Last Bomb — B-29s and P-51 Documentary Target Tokyo — B-24s Narrated by Ronald Reagan		\$3.00
XIV Aviation Cadet Wings of the Army		\$3.00
XV Air War Over Europe Target Ploesti Raid on Schweinfurt Counterblast: Hamburg Guided Missiles		\$3.00
XVI The Last Mission — 5 days of Norwich 1987 2ADA convention plus additional camcorder scenes by several members		\$3.00

The following tapes are single copies and are available for rent for \$5.00 each. They will be mailed to you via first class mail and we ask that you return them the same way.

"Winged Victory"	"Twelve O'Clock High"	
"24's Get Back"	"Going Hollywood - The War Yrs"	
"Aerial Gunner"	"Show Biz Goes to War"	donated by
"Pin-Up Girl"	"Battle of Britain"	Hugh McLaren
"B-24 Liberators in the ETO"		
"Tora, Tora, Tora"	"Battle of the Bulge"	donated by widow
"The Right Stuff"	"Midway"	of Art Raisig (492nd)
"World War II" with Walter Cronkite 10 Volumes		donated by Roy Jonasson
"Faces of the 2nd Air Division"		Produced by
"Eight Candles for Remembrance"		Joe Dzenowagis

Order from: **Pete Henry**
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

A Raving

by **Lts. Robinson, Jobe & Behr,**
with apologies to **Edgar Allan Poe**
Submitted by **Charlie Freudenthal (489th)**

Once upon a mission dreary
When of combat I'd grown weary,
I had flown a thousand hours
And was sure to fly some more,
When suddenly there came a knocking
Sounded like some Ack Ack popping
Popping like the very devil
Just beneath my bomb-bay doors.

'Tis some Jerry, thought I,
Wishing to improve his score
I will use evasive tactics
Even if he does get sore.
Turning then, I saw before me,
Blacker now than ere before,
Ack Ack bursting close and heavy,
Guess I'd better turn some more.

Opening wide, I swung the bomb doors
And to my surprise and horror,
Flashing fast and bright below me
Were some ninety guns or more.
And above the shrapnel's screeching,
I remembered then the briefing
When they told us with much speaking
That there were only three or four.

Leveling then, I made a bomb run
Which was not a very long one
For the varsity was on duty
And I'd seen their work before.
Then an engine coughed and clattered
And the glass around me spattered
And I knew they had my number —
Just my number, nothing more.

Then at last the bombs were toggled
And alone, away I hobbled
With some fifty-seven inches
And a feathered number four.
While outside, like ducks migrating,
Was a drove of ME's waiting —
Waiting, all with itchy fingers
Just to finish up the score.

I had lost my upper turret
And alone, defenseless, worried,
I was the saddest creature
Mortal woman ever bore.
And each bright and beaming tracer
Coming nearer, ever nearer,
Made my spirit sink within me —
Just my spirit, nothing more.

Then at last, to my elation,
We caught up with our formation
And the ME's turned and left me
By the tens and by the score.
But my wings were torn and tattered
And my nerves completely shattered
And, as far as I'm concerned,
The war is o'er.

Now I've found the joy of living
And my secret I am giving
To the rest of those among you
Who might dare to live some more.
For my sinus starts to seeping
Every time they mention briefing.
No more flying, no more missions,
No more combat. Nevermore!

Missives from the 492nd

by Willis H. "Bill" Beasley

MEMBERSHIP: I am happy to report that the 492nd Bomb Group is alive and well. In July 1990, our 2nd ADA membership was officially listed at 137. The first of April 1991, our total membership had risen to 187. AN INCREASE OF 50 MEMBERS!! Thanks to all of the members who have sent me the names of crew members and friends who were former members of the 492nd; our numbers are increasing. If you have the names of former 492nd BG members please drop me a note and I will send them a copy of the "Happy Warrior" along with an invitation to join the 492nd BG, 2nd ADA. Come on guys, let's all be recruiters.

LOST AND FOUND SUCCESS STORY: Several months ago, I contacted the Veterans Administration to locate all missing members of my crew 707 including our Crew Chief. The service was excellent and all members were located. . . sadly some of them had passed on several years ago. However, I was able to make contact with Jesse Briggs, 857th Squadron Bombardier and Berl Robinson, 857th Squadron Navigator who flew with us on the 20 June 1944 mission to Politz and were subsequently interned in Sweden. Both men answered my letter and told me they had not been in contact with one another for 40 plus years and didn't know the whereabouts of the other. I am not sure who was the most excited. . . them or me. They were not aware that they had lived within 40 miles of each other for the past 10 years. They have now contacted each other and hopefully, will be able to attend one of our reunions in the near future.

FOLDED WINGS: It is with sadness that I have to report that the following 492nd BG members have passed away: Samuel Bryan, Jr.; J.E. Gegenheimer; Robert B. Crane; George D. Wright; and Leslie Riddell.

10th ANNUAL 2nd ADA REUNION DINNER, EL TORO, CALIFORNIA, 2 MARCH 1991: This is the second year that Norma and I have had the pleasure of attending this well-planned affair. The Reu-

nion Committee does an excellent job. Harry Orthman of the 492nd/44th is one of the committee members along with Richard Boucher, 445th; Charles McBride, 448th; and J. Fred Thomas, 392nd. The food was delicious and plentiful, entertainment was excellent and the evening of comradery with the other 492nd BG members will be long remembered. Bud Chamberlain, former 2nd ADA President, was the M.C. and participant in the entertainment along with Julian Ertz, his two daughters, Beth Lee and Bera Dordoni (both Heritage League members) and Roger Markle. The entertainment ended with the singing of "Wind Beneath My Wings" by Beth Lee, dedicated to all the veterans.

I was honored to be a participant in the candle-lighting ceremony and Norma led in saying the Pledge of Allegiance. The following 492nd attendees were: Bill and Norma Beasley, Bill and Maxine Clarey, their son Doug Clarey, Carl Johnson and son Jeff Johnson, Bill and Molly Sparks, Gene and Renie Gossett, Harry and Sally Orthman. Guests were Steve Miller, Keith and Bennie Boillot.

BREAKFAST WITH THE KENNEDYS: April 19 found us in Valley Forge for the Encampment of Washington's Army at Valley Forge. During our short stay we were able to have breakfast with Dick and Bobbie Kennedy who met us at our hotel. We are looking forward to seeing them again in Dearborn in July. I had hoped to meet with Buck Moorhead but the activities of the Encampment were so tightly scheduled, I wasn't able to make connections.

ROYAL YUGOSLAV COMMEMORATIVE WAR CROSS 1941-45: To obtain this beautiful medal contact Col. H. Harding Isaacson who was chosen to represent the King in matters of the War Cross in 1966. His address is Col. H. Harding Isaacson, 7 East 85th Street, New York, NY 10028. The regulation medal is \$25.00, the miniature medal \$20. If both medals are ordered a certificate is also issued.

"32 CO-PILOTS" by DICK BASTIEN: Dick Bastien is writing a history of "32 Co-Pilots" which will be featured in the Happy Warrior, in serial form, beginning with the September issue. Look for it. . . he's doing a great job. If you have something you would like to share with him, drop him a line. He was in the class of 43K. His address is: Charles R. "Dick" Bastien, 2174 Tower Court, Woodbury, MN 55125.

KUDOS TO. . . For referring potential members: Dick Bastien, Jake Mink, Harry Rawls, Henry Gendreizig, Buck Moorhead, Bill Sparks, Harry Orthman, Lorraine Williford, Billy Johnson, Phil Day, Jim Reeves, Dave Patterson, Jim Mahoney, Sebastian Corriere and Allan Blue. For writing the "Fortunes of War": Allan Blue (copies \$8.95 postpaid), Box 201, Bendersville, PA 17306. For "minding the store" for 492nd BG caps: Gerald Edwards (\$7.50 postpaid), P.O. Box 576, Loris, SC 29569. For researching the Happy Warrior Patch: Charles Barrett, Harold Both with input from Harold Fritzler. For articles for the Newsletter: Dick Bastien, Harry Orthman, Archie MacIntyre, Al Mohny, Don Fraser, Bill Sparks, Billy Johnson, Lorraine Williford, Henry Gendreizig, Bill Clarey, Tom Nelson, Harold Both, Ernie Haar, Jim Mahoney, H. Harding Isaacson and J. Fred Thomas. For continued support of the 492nd Newsletter: A thank you to all members both of the 492nd and the 2nd ADA as a whole.

DEARBORN, JULY 3-6, 1991: At this writing 25 members of the 492nd are registered for the Reunion. It promises to be a great reunion. An agenda with all registrants will be sent prior to the reunion and a recap of the activities will be in the next Journal as well as the Happy Warrior.

FINAL NOTES: Happy Warrior Pins and 492nd Bomb Group Caps are still available. Please keep those cards and letters coming. Don't forget the 492nd was and is still a great bunch of guys. To say the least, we will probably go down in history as being the most unique.

The 489th Bomb Group

by James M. Davis

Our Annual Reunion in Dearborn, Michigan is coming soon and I am proud to announce that the 489th BG has at this time one hundred and fifteen registered to attend. We are one of the smallest groups in membership but always have an excellent attendance at all Second Air Division Association Annual Reunions. Thank you, each member, for your strong support of the Second ADA.

The history book of the 489th Bomb Group is an outstanding publication and I would encourage anyone who has not purchased this book to please do so soon, as the supply is getting short. Contained in this book are three hundred and fourteen pages of history of the 489th BG. We would like to express our thanks to each person who contributed his time and effort for the publishing, and special thanks to Charlie Freudenthal for his many years of gathering

and accumulating pictures, records, and all information which is the foundation of this history book, and for the multitudes of untold hours he spent to put it all together — thank you, Charlie!

I received a letter from Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian for the Central Library in Norwich, England. She told of the library's effort to keep two acid-free Archive boxes of each bomb group in the attic of the Library. These boxes would be available to visitors to review when they visit. These Archive boxes would contain photographs, orders, diaries, formation sheets, crew lists, tapes and any papers related to the 489th BG operations. Mrs. Dubois wrote, "The bad news is there is no material in the 489th BG boxes." She has requested we alert you to this situation and encourage all members to contribute any material they have. She specifically asked that we should each write

a letter describing our memories of Halesworth, including any friendship with local people and any participation in village activities.

I hope each 489th BG member will contribute whatever they can for this project. It will be a lasting tribute to each of us as well as the Group. I know we were all proud to have served in England and it will be important that each of us contribute to the Archives of the 489th Bomb Group.

You may send any material to: Mrs. Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1NJ England. If you wish to call her, you may reach her at (0603) 222222 Extension 52.

For those who cannot attend our reunion in Dearborn, we will miss you and hope you will attend next year.

Good wishes and good health!

Halesworth Diaries

by Dan Blumenthal and Steve Havanec • Submitted by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

Dan was the navigator on Clarence Barras' 846th crew. While waiting to go home after completing his tour, he turned out daily informal reports on the day's happenings. This is his report for 30 September 1944.

"Saturday, Sept. 30th, 1944 — You knew the chappies were going to visit Germany today by the lunch line. There was none. About 125 chums were aviating; so no line, like when we goof off. They queued up in Skulley's Automat at dawn, and happy Lt. Moir, who bombs and navs for Lt. Underwood, says he ought to get the DFC for eating the eggs. Interrogation bitches show powdered eggs don't mix with combat. And one crew said that if there are two faucets, 'Why the hell can't hot water come outta one?'"

"The 0620 briefing by S-2 Lt. Conley had us bombing Hamm's rail yards; that's our newest hangout — like the smelter at Garfield, Utah. We were to pitch 'em while 75 knots of Hun wind pushed us 320 miles per hour. That's pushing! The B-24 was now competing with the jet-propelled stuff.

"Captain Bodine, with Capt. Gast as C.P., led the 489th today. Lt. Chamberlain was deputy, while Capt. Carls and Gaczi led squadrons — a total of 33 planes. Before take-off we took pictures of some crews as they moped about; then jeoped around to annoy Lts. Cotton, Jeglum, Van Winkle and Underwood. The first observation was that all crews use the hardstand for a urinal bowl. One Nav says it's better than the nosewheel doors at altitude. Lt. Cotton, on his 25th raid, inquired about a good writeup, and an hour later aborted 4825 with a gas leak that stunk to the heavens. Other crews asked if we'd join them on this mission. That's a lovely quality about combat personnel; they invariably ask you along with them.

"Captain Carls told a story at take-off. He was flying a passenger, Captain Brynjolf Bjorset of the Norwegian Coast Artillery. Later inquiries showed that the Captain, who had witnessed the Nazis bomb his home, got a four-day pass from France and the four days getting combat flight permission, oxygen and P/W, etc., training, and today donning heated clothing and flak suit for the dangerous privilege of watching Adolf get 'the shaft.' Capt. Bjorset is 40.

"Luck was agin Capt. Carls. He aborted today; his first such after 25 take-offs. Le Capitaine is an enthusiastic, clean cut chap, and felt lousy about it when I saw him, though he got through Belgium before calling it quits. The Norwegian regretted inability to spit on Germany, and seeks an encore.

"Captain Sturgis was managing at the caravan. Capt. Bodine got off; Chamberlain got lift; so did Carls, Gaczi, and PFF ships of other groups. At 1020, things were humming. Lt. Loadholtes fired red flares from taxi position; got fixed up and was off at 1100. Brother Walthers went up and five minutes later flew over base, shooting flares, with #1 feathered. Soon he was over the North Sea and dumped his bombs among the fishes. In fact, on this pay day, a lot of taxpayers' money sits in the cold sea off Southwold; for abortions and jettisoning were in style today. "Kentucky" Jacobs, last to TO, made a sharp 90 degree turn to the runway and took off like a broad jumper... We appreciated the nod he threw us before pouring it on. A C-64 gave us a laugh. Flying over the base, he called the tower on "Darky, Darky" and asked for a heading to Halesworth. A stall-out was the perfect heading in; this Joe circled and got the message.

"At 1555 the boys returned, our 84th invasion since Memorial Day. Soon S-2 Moulden reported all returned OK. Nice going Captain.

"What happened? We bombed the Hamm RR by PFF at 1335 from 24,500 feet. Flak — low, inaccurate, moderate. Nobody hurt and bomb hits unobserved. 3 planes aborted in Belgium; 2 over the sea; 3 at Halesworth. Pilots say the formation was 'lots better' to 'damn good!' Gunners said some P-51 got too close, and Lt. Bobak's tail gunner, Art Myers, fired 40 rounds at one. He said the P-51 appeared to 'attack' from about 500 feet, but got his tail outta there when fired at. Which reminds me to get my tail outta here.

"The Detroit Tigers lead the Browns by 1 game; Li'l Abner has Sadie Hawkins Day coming up, and the crap table officially opened at 1930 on Pay Day. Captain Beardslee led the group there, and Capt. Allbrook was command pilot with 'Li'l Joe' the target. Bombardier Segal was wounded (40 pounds) and fired red-red."

Following are excerpts from the diary of Steve Havanec, flight engineer on Lt. John Burns' crew, 845th Squadron.

"August 17, 1944 — Got up early to leave this place (Greencastle, Northern Ireland), but it was the same old Army Gag. We waited all morning long. Believe it or not, I heard the Hit Parade. I also heard good Ole Bing. They piled us in trucks about 1:30 PM and we rode about 70 miles to Lairne. It took three hours... We got on

some cattle boat and waited about three more hours, but I didn't mind waiting, because the first thing a fellow learns in the Army is to wait. About 7:30 PM the boat started to move and at 9:30 we landed at Stranraer, Scotland, and we were sure glad to touch soil again... 11:30 PM we were put on a train... Aug. 18th — I woke up on the train... We rode all day long. Not much to see on a train ride in England, as one would see in the States. At 4:55 PM the train stopped at a village called Halesworth. Eight GI trucks took us to a place still smaller than Halesworth, called Holton. That was my new home. As of then my address was 489th Bomb Group. When we got to the base they took us all around the place until they found out where we were going to stay. We were finally put in the 845th Bomb Squadron... in a Limey hut with some ground personnel. Well, we're really in the ETO now, and will be starting missions soon. I hope so, because I've waited a long time to bomb the hell out of Germany. I may be crazy to want to fly over Germany and be shot at, but it's the job I asked for...

"Aug. 19th — Some guy had the nerve to get us up at 0700 and tell us we had to be in school at 0800. From now on we're called crew 47... School was the same old stuff.

"Aug. 21st — Something new happened. We went to school again. But this time I signed the roster and left.

"Aug. 23rd — Flew on my first practice mission. We took off at 2:30 PM and landed at 5:30. It was a nice day so I opened the bomb bay doors and sat on the catwalk...

"Aug. 27th — Practice mission from 1520 to 1800... All we do is fly practice missions. I wish they'd give us a chance to go on a real mission. I thought I came over to bomb Germany, but find out different. Sorry, a fellow just came in and said we fly a mission tomorrow. I hope so.

"Aug. 28th — They scratched us... Boy, it sure is hard to get our first mission in.

"Aug. 30th — School again for Crew 47 but none of us went.

"Aug. 31st — Ah! Pay Day! It's the first time I've gotten paid in two months. I got 44 pounds, 10 shillings and 6 pence. That's what the English call it. I say it's some place around \$177.10.

"Sept. 5th — Well, at last I've done something useful. About 0400 a nice fellow gets us up and told us we had to brief at 0500. Finally got a chance to go to France on a "Flour Run." We flew from Halesworth to Beaulieu, a town near Southampton in southern England. There they loaded us up with 6000 lbs. of bacon, and we flew to Orleans, France, where the Frenchmen unloaded us. We flew about 1000 feet above the ground so we could see battle-torn France. It didn't look too bad to me... One town near St. Lo was leveled to the ground, and the only thing left standing was a church steeple...

"Sept. 8th — We took off bright and early and flew to Orleans. Got there early and had to unload the plane ourselves because the Frenchmen were still sleeping or something... Coming back we brought 8 British paratroopers who had landed in France near the Swiss border a few days before D-Day...

"Sept. 11th — Hooray! We finally got to go on a mission today. We bombed an Ordnance depot at Magdeburg, about 14 miles west of Berlin. Each ship hit it with 10 500-lb. demolition bombs. We saw plenty of flak. It was the first I've seen. Boy, that was the busiest day I've had yet... We were up at high altitude most of the time and on oxygen. We got hit with the smoke bomb from the lead plane right over the target, and the bombardier (Frederick Chico) yelled, 'We're hit!' But there was nothing wrong except that the plane was full of smoke... It was 28 below up there. We saw a P-47 blow up over the target, and the pilot bailed out. We also saw a B-24 blow up that was hit by flak. We only saw seven chutes open.

"Sept. 12th — Well, well, everything is coming my way. We went on Mission #2 today... to bomb a Jet Airplane Parts Factory at Kiel... We got up at 0300, briefed at 0400, took off at 0800, and landed at 1330. Fifteen minutes from the target the prop and front of #3 engine were shot away. It was the only burst of flak in the area, and it had to hit our ship. Skipper tried to feather the prop, but there was no prop to feather. We lost 7000 feet, so we had to drop our incendiaries on a small town we happened to be over... We started out for Sweden, which was only 30 to 35 minutes away, but after ten minutes of flying we decided to go back to Halesworth. How I hate the North Sea now! We came over 250 miles of it on three engines, and the radio out... The only time England looked good was when we saw its coastline on returning from a mission."



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

FOLDED WINGS, 93rd men not members of the 2nd ADA. Carmen J. Fox notified me that two of his crew on "Naughty Nan" 42-99949 had passed away: in 1988, Vincent Young, tailgunner and, in 1989, Col. James McKamy (Ret.), pilot. Michael J. De Brino Sr. notified me that the following members of his crew had passed away: John Reamer, Dick Dains, and Joe D'Agoastino Nov. 13, 1990. Lt. Edward Weir (Ret.) notified me that James A. Lantane had passed away Nov. 5, 1990. I had just sent him an application and his wife returned a postcard saying he had passed away. Art Corbin notified me that the following crew members had passed away: Pete Trainer, Bill Geland, Bill Donalds and Charlie Flynn. Jim Cooley notified me that their Flight Eng. Walter F. Zdobosz passed away December 22, 1990. New member Jim Heinemeyer notified me that the only 93rd man that he had been in contact with, Robert D. Wood, had passed away. Howard E. Williams notified me that A.H. Bake that was on alert crew with him had passed away. Howard Jones notified me that his pilot Roger Skjei, Herm Mathees, nav. and Fred Weisbrad C.P. had passed away. Packy Roche notified me that his friend 1/Lt. Joseph Avendano, pilot on "Dog Patch Raider" flew Ploesti 1 Aug. 43 and later went to pathfinders 1943 while on test hop crashed and killed.

INFORMATION NEEDED: In reference to crew pictures in "The Story of the 93rd B.G.": Any of you 329th and 330th men that are shown in pictures, would you please inform me of the names and numbers of those planes. I have all but one of the 328th and 409th except 41-23748, pilot David Thayer, 409th.

INFORMATION NEEDED: Can any of you tell me if a 93rd plane crashed at Ludham on 26 Feb. 1943? I have been asked by the Ludham Tower Preservation Group for names of crew and name and number of plane. If one of our planes did crash, he had to be a 329th BS plane, as the other three squadrons were just starting to return from Africa expedition. I have no record of this crash.

INFORMATION: I made an error in my Winter report saying that William Stein wrote and told me that his crew flew Ploesti with pilot Hickman on "Jerks Natural." In fact an associate 93rd member told me about this, as his uncle T/Sgt. L.H. White was radio operator on this plane on Stein's crew and after Ploesti Lt. Stein was pilot on

"Jerks Natural" and they were shot down on 2nd raid on Weiner Neustadt, Oct. 1, 1943, navigator only survivor.

INFORMATION: Before I forget again, by the time you read this report I will have moved back to my summer address. Please note the changes about the same time each year. May thru October: 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801, Tel. 201-366-5916. November thru April: 11524 Zimmerman Road, Port Richey, FL 34668, Tel. 813-862-2309.

"THE STORY OF THE 93rd B.G. (H)": As of the writing of this report, April 11th, we had four copies of this book left. There will be no more of these, the expense now is so much more, it will not pay. As for the emblems, I will have an additional fifteen 328th BS when they arrive. Only 2 Group of 115, twelve 329th of 100, twenty-three 330th of 100, and two 409th of 113. There will be no more when these are gone.

93rd BOMB GROUP REUNION: I am looking for volunteers in different states to pick a committee for help to arrange a 1, 2 or 3 day reunion or even just a get together dinner. I will be asking for volunteers at our 93rd mini reunion dinner meeting at Dearborn, MI in July. Think it over and let me know. I would like very much to have something in Florida next winter.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: I made another error in my last report when I stated they needed a minimum of \$50,000.00; it should have read \$500,000.00. Come on fellows, any of you that had pledged, please honor your pledge, and any of you that haven't donated, please do so.

NEW MEMBERS: I will now be showing our new members each quarter. Harold J. (Pat) Furlong, 643 East 305th St., Willowick, OH 44095. H. James Heinemeyer, 10001 Hereford Lane, Dewey, AZ 86327. Howard G. Hallgarth, 11414 Summitview Ext, Yakima, WA 98908. Associate member Gregg R. Jones, 2400 Riverfront Dr., Apt. 2232, Little Rock, AZ 72202. Lt. Col. David W. Thompson (Ret.), 6471 Woodridge Rd., Alexandria, VA 22312. Harry D. Caskey, 85 East West Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15237. Robert W. Bieber, 2711 NE 5 St., Pompano Beach, FL 33062. Joe E. Chadwick, Rt. 1, Box 47C, Tiptonville, TN 38079. Edward P. Biichle, 8739 Wick Pl., Tampa, FL 33604. Harold B. Moore, 34 C. Locust Dr., Jamesburg, NJ 08831. George F. Parsons, 1 Bunker Pl., Rotonda West, FL 33947. Joseph A. Liposky, 9 Claridge Dr., Middletown, NJ 07748. Arthur P. Bukoven, 616 Locust St., Tarpon Springs, FL 34689. Kenneth J. Rachau, 6428 Auburn Ave., Bradenton, FL 34207. George V. Halapy, 4047 Cook Rd., Gibsonsia, PA 15044. Colin N. Jones, 5100 N. Ocean, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. John Stauffacher, 15245 Hwy. 23, Darlington,

WI 53530. Arthur J. Quinn, 2225 Coventry Rd., Lancaster, PA 17601. Donald W. Frank, 4516 E. 32 St., Tulsa, OK 74135. Glen P. Hartman, 10744 Kalamath St., North Glenn, CO 80234. Ernest Pribson, 1260 El Rancho Dr. #75A, Sparks, NV 89431. Quentin L. Morris, Rt. 4, Box 144, Sulphur Springs, TX 75482. Charles N. Boyer, 308 East St., Golden, CO 80403. Associate member Florence A. Hunt, RD 3, Box 132, Middle Road, Riverhead, NY 11901. This is a good start for the year, but the sad news is, I received a drop list from Evelyn Cohen, that she had sent two dues notices to with no response. This list contained 29 members that had been dropped. I immediately sent out letters with a postcard with wording to be checked and space for wife if member was deceased. So far I have received two back to be dropped. Please keep your fingers crossed for me that the others will reinstate.

M.I.A.

Submitted by John W. Butler

The letter came just yesterday,
"Presumed Dead... M.I.A."
My heart went cold, my spirit numb.
Why did it have to be my son?
Why not some other, nameless one?
Why was it he, so strong and young?
In memory now, my heart still hears
The joy and love of nineteen years.
From gurgling infant in the crib
To growing up to spoon and bib.
And then one day, off to school
Pencils, books and golden rule.
Still growing up, so much to do.
Those wondrous years now seem so few.
My Lord and God, how could you bear
To take the life of one so fair?
How could you stand just idle by,
And watch a life so precious, die?
Then far away, down through the years
I heard again the taunts and jeers,
Of those who gathered at the cross
And felt no pity at your loss.
Yet at that cross, you must have known
The self same loss that is my own.
Forgive me when I failed to see
The son you sent to Calvary.
He was your own beloved son
Whose blood was shed, for everyone.
Forgive me if I never cried,
Each time I read how your son died.
Your loss to me seemed far away.
I couldn't feel your grief that day.
I never truly felt your loss
Until today — at my own cross.
And now the years that lie between
Become as naught, and somehow seem
To be a comfort in my need.
I know somehow, when my son died
Your son was waiting at his side.
Perhaps like Him, my son could say:
"Forgive them —
There is no other way."

Not A Good Day

by Hollis C. Powell Sr. (392nd)

This is my report of a supply drop mission of March 24, 1945 in the area of Wesel, Germany where the glider and airborne troops had jumped the Rhine River that day and had taken a good foot hold and were expanding their occupied area.

I was one of the crew of Lt. Jack Hummel, pilot; Lt. James Reynolds, co-pilot; Lt. Bernard Knudson, navigator; Sgt. James Deaton, radio operator; Sgt. Ellis Morse, nose gunner; S/Sgt. Hebert Finney, top turret gunner; Sgt. Elmer Milchak, right waist gunner; Sgt. Paul Keagle, left waist gunner; and myself, S/Sgt. Hollis C. Powell, tail gunner. Our bombardier Lt. Russel Chadwick was not needed on this mission.

We had been on a mission on March 23rd and were due for a 3 day pass. I usually went to London where I enjoyed visiting. But upon checking the bulletin board we saw we were up for a mission the next day, the 24th. Our briefing was later than usual, somewhere around 8:30 a.m. We were unhappy about losing our pass privilege.

After breakfast and at briefing we were told that we were to drop supplies to the glider and airborne who had jumped the Rhine and had taken a good foot hold near Wesel, Germany. It was believed that it would be a milk run as to fighters and flak. They didn't mention ground fire!

We were to go in at tree top level and drop or kick out the supplies out of there. Ellis Morse and James Deaton were to kick the bundles out the bomb bay doors.

Our take offs started about 9:30 a.m. from Wendling and it was truly a low level mission all the way, as I'm sure we never got over 200 to 300 feet at any time across England and France. I could see buildings and people as never before.

As we zoomed across France and hadn't taken our positions as yet over France, Jack Hummel called back to Keagle's position and wanted to talk with me. I hooked up to Keagle's intercom line and Jack said to look out the left waist window. Jack said, "See that smoke stack up ahead?" I replied, "I see it." He said, "Watch this," and he headed with his left wing right at the smoke stack which was about 75 feet high and I could see our wing was at least 10 feet below the top of the stack, yet Jack kept course at the stack, and just as it looked like he was going to take the top of the stack off, Jack deftly raised the left wing and cleared it by inches. Then in a pleased voice said, "Powell, how's that for flying." You don't express your true opinions to your commanding officer.

As we neared the Rhine near our drop zone we took our positions. But I do remember another incident of Milchak coming up to me on the way over and saying, "Powell, you know what the first thing I'm going to do when I get out?" I answered that I didn't. He said, "I'm going to punch you right in the nose." As all these fellows were 5 to 7 years younger than me, Jack had asked me to kind of keep a hold on things and at

times I had to be a little bossy but never was there a better crew of buddies to fly with. Anyway I told him, "Don't wait too long." He walked away. About 5 minutes later he came back and said, "Powell, I was just talking, forget it." And that was the last conversation Milchak and I ever had.

We are now in our positions and I'm seeing we are up about 300 feet and all of a sudden my turret glass became fogged over as I understood later Jack had used the relief tube just before the run and I couldn't see anything. I do remember seeing vaguely, moments before the crash, it looked like two parachutes. I believe they were Knudson and Morris bailing out of the nose position.

I couldn't see, yet it sounded like hail hitting our plane and a small explosion hit my right gun and my ear piece connection at the left side of my head was knocked out.

Someone tapped me on the right shoulder and I turned. Finney said, "Jack said to jump." I slid out of the turret. I always sat on my flak suit. I put my chest chute on. Wrong again, I always put the darn thing so that the rip cord handle was on the left side. I looked at the right waist window and saw that #3 engine was on fire and I could see the wing was melting and at a glance, I could see that only one engine was working. We were descending fast. I opened the escape hatch and immediately saw we were too low to jump. So we went into ditch or crash position. Up near the bulkhead we sat down with our backs to each other. I remember Milchak was looking for a place and I cursed him (sorrowfully) and pulled him down between someone and me. Milchak, Keagle, Finney and myself were in crash position.

We had only a second or two to wait, then we had our first bump, which I remember thinking this isn't all that bad and then the next bump settled us in and we got separated from our position. All I can remember is tossing and turning in all directions. At the very last I could feel my throat mike dragging the ground and then the top of my helmet kind of bumping along. I can still remember saying, "God, help me," and no sooner I uttered the last syllable when we came to an abrupt stop. I found myself sticking from the waist out of a hole at ground level on the right side (the direction the plane was sliding). As I lay there for a second or two I saw Milchak look out the waist window and then pulled back and looked at me and asked, "Powell, are you alright?" I said, "Yes." I felt no pain or lack of movement. He looked out the window again after he had turned to Finney and said, "Powell's okay." Those were his last words as a sniper (about 50 yards away in a wood thicket) shot him through the head and he slumped over the window edge. I did not see this part about Milchak but was told later.

I was so dazed when I crawled out that I started to walk away, passed the tail section of the plane toward another little gulley with little bushes and small trees around it. I

heard a lot of firing but I thought it was the ammunition in the plane going off. Then I thought why am I out here. I've got to see if anyone is hurt and turned and started back to the plane. As I got near, Finney said, "Get down, they are shooting at us." We laid with our feet in opposite directions and our foreheads together. We could hear the bullets hitting the plane. Finney said that he would look up and all of a sudden about 15 holes would appear. They were using a burp gun. While we were laying there with our foreheads together a bullet kicked up dirt between our noses. I hadn't seen Jack or Jim as yet. I had no weapons and I could now see the Germans in the gulley that I had been walking toward. I had an 8 inch knife strapped under my pant leg (it was useless).

I remember looking around for something white to wave. Then I thought of that upside down chute and pulled the cord and it opened. I moved out about 10 feet along the right wing and I could see Jim Reynolds had a cut on his forehead and Jack Hummel was hurt (later diagnosed as a broken collar bone). The crash was such that when it ended they only had to step from their seat to the ground. Everything had been stripped clean in front of them. I was told this by them.

As they stood there (I don't remember what Jack Hummel said) but heard later he had said, "Let's fight them." But I do remember hearing Jim saying, "With what? You'll get us all killed." All this time the Germans were still firing. I called to Jack, his being an officer, I thought perhaps he could have more effect so I said, "Jack, they won't stop shooting, maybe you can get them to." He (I know) reluctantly came under the wing and took the end of the chute and began to wave it. Almost immediately a man with an automatic rifle (burp gun) and a rifleman came out of the thicket about 20 feet and hollered and motioned for us to come to them. As the firing had stopped the others began to look for Milchak and Deaton. (We later found out that Deaton had either fell or been hit by rifle fire as we were over enemy territory).

When they began to look for Deaton, I began to walk with my hands up toward those two Germans. As I got halfway there I came upon an American aid man with the white cross on his arm moaning and groaning upon the ground, wounded. I hesitated for just a second and said, "Hold on, fellow, someone will get you in a few minutes." Just as I hesitated to speak to the aid man the sniper who I believe got Milchak took his crack at me as I felt the air and concussion of the bullet as it went past my left ear. It sounded like someone clapping two boards together in my ear.

I reached the two Germans and the one with the automatic rifle came up and directed me toward a farm house a hundred yards away. He spoke perfect English and I found out he had been educated in England.

(continued on page 18)

Not A Good Day (from page 17)

As we passed the gully and thicket some German called out, "Americana." I said, "Yes." They replied, "Das is good, das is good." The English speaking German said, "If you were English it would not be good." He said something else about their dislike for the English.

Just about that time a little short fat German coming from the direction of the farm came up and with visible hate in his eyes, stuck his bayonet against my belly and was really talking to the other one. I could see the gun was cocked and his finger was heavy on the trigger. I'm certainly no hero but somehow I believed this English speaking German was more human than soldier at that time and for some reason I remember no fear. I turned my head to the English speaking one and in an impatient way said, "Make him leave me alone!" (Sounds foolish and I thought so on reflection.) He said something to the little fat one and he mumbled and moved on.

We arrived at the farm house after passing a short smoking cannon. Other Germans were milling around, shooting at B-24s as they flew over. They looked me over and took a curious look at my throat mike and took my knife. Then we were put down into the basement where there were more Germans and 2 or 3 were wounded.

Later the rest of the crew was brought in and sometime later Jack came out of the unit commander's office and said that in 5 to 15 minutes the Germans were going to break out and they couldn't take us with them. They were going to have to shoot us. Then I was worried. The soldiers were friendly for the most part and I tried to convey my rights to be taken to a prisoner of war camp etc.

The English speaking German took us into another room. Finney and I were questioned and things were getting more active but it didn't last long. All of a sudden he turned a heavy wooden table on its side and told us to get down behind it. We asked, "Why?" He said that the Americans might run by and toss a grenade in the window. We got down and shortly after he left, the next thing we heard an American yelling, "Anyone in there?" Finney and I jumped up, Finney went to the window, looked out and yelled back, "Yes, we're in here, come in and get us." To me at this time a stickler for details, it didn't sound exactly right so I got up and yelled, "We are Americans, we are in here." I can still remember that airborne man, tall, loose and gangly, rifle at the ready, coming down those basement steps kind of glancing over to a room on the left. I said, "We are over here." Then he asked, "Did they hurt you?" I said, "No." Afterwards we went outside and the airborne and glider troops were walking around smoking and joking while a sniper was taking pot shots at us.

Me, I'm under a German half track or something, praying to be gotten out of this mess. Flak, high altitude, fighters whatever, I'll take, but this is not my kind of activity. Yet these airborne seem like it's just a walk through the woods.

While we were in the Germans' hands in the house I saw a soldier run up the stairs and at the window on the landing at the turn of the stairs take his position. He had no more than knelt down when you could hear the splat as a bullet hit him in the head and he tumbled down the stairs and a couple of his buddies just looked down at him as they passed, showing no emotion.

When outside a sniper was being irritating, someone gave the order to get that SOB and two soldiers walked around behind the shed or barn and pretty soon I heard a shot and no more sniper. I hope it was the one that got Milchak. It was from that direction.

We crashed at 1:10 p.m. England time and were at the aid station where we stayed the night about 6:00 p.m. or a little later.

As the firing was too close for comfort, we dug a good sized fox hole and lined it with grenades and weapons we didn't know how to use.

As night came on we could see the fire fight less than a mile away, probably 500 yards, and those tracers made the most beautiful sight. Yet we knew how deadly was the battle going on.

We could hear the big guns, all night, across the Rhine River sending their shells overhead and the whistling noise they made. For a long time I thought it was thunder and a storm was coming up.

Many, many times we could hear a call out, "Comrade, comrade," as a German tried to infiltrate and often an English voice say, "Get that SOB," and a burst of automatic no more comrade.

The next day we walked back to the plane and through the battle field and I can remember seeing those young fellows lying all over the place, some of them looking like they were just sleeping there, yet I turned such a one over to look at his back to see where he had been hit and he had no back, it had been blown away. I saw three glider men in crawling positions burned to a crisp, Germans by the score in their fox holes burned or shot.

Finney and I took a walk with a soldier into a German farm home where a middle aged couple were eating, but I believe the man had shed his uniform because a belt, canteen and bayonet were in the middle of the floor. I started to pick it up but the soldier said no, and made the woman pick it up and hand it to me. He said it might be booby trapped.

The next day we were taken to the farm house or somewhere in that area and it seemed the Germans were columned up for miles and we were to help march them out. I believe it was just so we wouldn't get lost. But I saw the English speaking German as we passed or he passed us and our eyes met because I truly believe he saved our lives and let us surrender and kept us from being shot.

On our way marching the Germans, we had a five minute rest, smoke, whatever break, and I remember sitting with my hand in touching reach of a young blonde headed German who had that day or night before been killed, and thought of searching but I felt it would be ghoulish, therefore I did not.

Things began to be a little hazy to me after our rescue from the farm house but I know the events in this order because you don't forget such an experience.

In fact at the aid station that evening we were wondering what had happened to Deaton, Knudson and Morris — the latter two had jumped we knew but no one had seen Deaton jump.

Then all of a sudden coming across the field with one flight boot on and carrying the other, here comes Morris and he was a sight for sore eyes. He said Knudson had been killed on the ground.

I remember the second night being cold at the front of a flight commander's tent at some fighter base in Holland. The rest had gone to some building to sleep in beds but I don't know why I stayed there. It may have been shock setting in. I refused to go in and lay there all night and about froze listening to the fighters landing and taking off.

The next day we crossed the Rhine in a boat operated by about a dozen or more or less of British Commandoes, with their blackened faces and grenades, knives, etc. You could just smell death around them, friendly but not talkative. They had jumped behind the lines before the invasion. I'll never forget them or the feeling they left with me, a special breed of men.

I slept in one of their barracks that night and the next day we were flown back to our base in a transport plane. We were debriefed and given a 10 day R and R in Southport, England.

Then back to the base where we took a flight in the Black Widow under supervision to see if we still had the nerve to fly — we passed — and were back to flying missions.

This is my story of March 24th, 1945. I hope that some one else on that mission saw us go down and crash. I would like to hear from them. Remember we're all growing older.

Caterpillar Association Reunion

A reunion of the Caterpillar Association of the United States will be held on Friday and Saturday, September 13 and 14, 1991, at The Sands Regency Hotel, 345 N. Arlington Avenue, Reno, Nevada 89501. The guest speaker will be Col. Paul Poberezny, President, E.A.A. The main event will be the "Reno Air Race." For hotel reservations, call (800) 648-2228. For super meeting saver fare discounts with American Lines, call (800) 433-1790. For general information call:

LTC Johnny Brown, Commander
(414) 658-1559

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

Our 448th members will have received the details of our seventh consecutive annual group reunion by the time you read this article. Our reunion will be held at Hampton, Virginia near Langley AFB, which we will visit, plus part of NASA.

This area of Virginia is very historic, being near Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown, for just a few. Many will want to spend extra days in this historic region to tour sites, and our hotel, Holiday Inn, has extended our prices for three days before and after our reunion dates of Sept. 5, 6 & 7, so plan on a big time in this famous area of our nation. We have 150 rooms held for us up to 30 days prior to our reunion.

We hear talk that several crews are planning a get-together, some for the first time in 46 years and one in particular may have all ten crewmen. This would be a first for our group and probably for the 2nd AD.

We are proud of our 448th Bomb Group Association because we are Democratic. We join not because we have to but because we want to, to enjoy the camaraderie and fellowship and talk over common interest. We vote on our reunion sites, dates and elect our leader at our group reunion which historically has five times more in attendance than at the 2nd ADA reunions. We plan our own program, recognize first timers and others having special backgrounds such as flying more than one combat tour, POWs, Purple Heart recipients, etc. In other words, we learn more about who we are.

For those who have not sent in their 1991 membership dues, please do so right now while it's fresh in your minds. Thanks. Please send your 1991 dues (\$10.00) to Evelyn Cohen at 06410 Delaire Landing Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19114. We hope to have 800 paid up members by our reunion time so please send in your dues.

For those who have not as yet sent in their \$10.00 membership dues to "Station 146 - Seething Tower Association," please send your check to Ralph Whitehead, Echo Sierra, The Loke, Blundeston, Suffolk NR32 5AR England; or to Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. Thanks a bunch.

Our British friends have Open House in our restored Seething Tower Museum and it is a very popular show place. Bus loads of visitors come to see the displays of memorabilia you have contributed. If you haven't seen it you would be proud of what's been done by us and our British friends.

At our Tucson reunion last April a year ago it was proposed by Bob Harper that we each donate \$10.00 to our 448th account so we wouldn't be going into the hole each year when we go to the expense of preparing our 1000 plus letters we send out to our 448th veterans, plus the programs we hand out,

plus the up to date rosters at reunion time. If you haven't sent in your donation to our 448th expenses, please send your check to Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536 and mark your check "Donation for 448th expenses."

Remember, the way we grow our membership is by us all working together to send in names and addresses of your former crew members or Seething buddies who are not paid members of the 2nd ADA.

If you aren't sure, you can have a copy of our current membership roster by sending \$1.00 plus two stamps to Leroy Engdahl, Membership Chairman, who keeps copies on hand, plus he writes to those non-members you send him, trying to get them to join our 448th Bomb Group Association.

Many of you may not know that to the best of our knowledge the 448th had six of its veterans to stay in service and attain the rank of General. Three of these may be at our Hampton, Virginia reunion. The six are in no special order:

1. Brig/Gen Hubert S. Judy (deceased)
2. Maj/Gen Lester F. Miller of Cove, Oregon
3. Lt/Gen William W. Snavely of Diamond Bar, California
4. Gen. Charles Westover (deceased)
5. Maj/Gen James Jones of Alexandria, Virginia
6. Maj/Gen William R. Hayes of San Diego, California

If anyone knows of any other 448th veteran who stayed in to become a General, please let either Cater Lee or Leroy Engdahl at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas have the facts.

Since this article is a little long because we missed the last two issues, next time we plan to recognize some who have achieved special success in the field of education, etc.

Some of the members have spent their own money to make available various mementos for wear and display and make voluntary contributions to the 448th account part of their profits. If you need any of these items, please contact them.

Ben Johnson of 3990 15th Street, Port Arthur, Texas 77642 keeps 448th caps, blue background with yellow front with B-24 across top, 2nd A.D. Insignia below on both sides and 448th BG in between. These attractive caps sell for \$6.00 and Ben pays for packaging and postage.

Charles Bonner of 750 E. Oakhill Road, Porter, IN 46304 has similar caps but with your squadron number on it, same price. Charles also has on hand attractive tee shirts, yellow background, 2nd A.D. Insignia 3 1/4" across at top; large 448th Bomb Group letters about 11 inches across and the B-24 pictured below 10" across. These sell for \$10.00 plus postage.

Leroy Engdahl keeps the following B-24 mementos in stock for any 2nd ADA member. B-24 J Pewter Tie Tacs, \$6.00. Small Silver Plated B-24 Lapel Pin, \$7.00. Same but as a ladies charm, \$7.00. Same but as ladies earrings, \$12.00/pair - specify pierced or non-pierced ears. 8th Air Force Lapel Pins, \$4.00. Small U.S. Flag Lapel Pins, \$4.00. All items prepaid, part of profits donated to 448th account.

See you in Virginia, September 5, 6 & 7.

Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center

by F.C. (Hap) Chandler (491st)

The Eighth Air Force Heritage Center is fast becoming a reality. Located at the intersection of US Highway 80 and I-95 just ten miles from Savannah, birthplace of the Eighth Air Force, commonly regarded as one of America's most scenic cities, the Center promises to become one of the outstanding tourist attractions on heavily travelled I-95. It is estimated that one million cars per month will pass the fifteen acre Heritage Center site.

Lewis Lyle, a wartime 8th Air Force Group Commander, is President of the Mighty Eighth Heritage Center. Selection of this site and establishment of the Memorial Center realizes a long cherished dream of Lew and his dedicated Board of Directors. Dan Massey has been appointed Executive Vice President, and is working full time in the Savannah office supervising daily operations in addition to a \$3,000,000 fund drive and construction phases of the project.

The first phase of the Center will consist of a ninety thousand square foot building housing the Heritage Center. Included will be a theater, museum, library/research center, snack bar and gift shop.

You will shortly be receiving a mailing outlining the plan and mission of the Center. I am pleased to report that this mailing has been altered to more appropriately reflect the contribution of the B-24 groups of the Second Air Division. Our President is scheduled to meet with Mr. Lyle in the near future to discuss this project in depth.

Additional information may be obtained from the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center, P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402-1992. You may call toll free 1-800-421-9248.



Savannah, Georgia, May 1, 1991: The first phase of the Eighth Air Force Heritage Center was made public today. This 90,000 square foot building will house the Heritage Center, offices and research and display facilities. Its location near Savannah returns the Eighth Air Force to the city of its birth, January 28, 1942.

Resolutions Adopted at Recent Meeting

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS: Our Country has been engaged in a war in the Persian Gulf for the liberation of Kuwait, and

WHEREAS: The men and women of the armed forces of the United States are carrying out the policy of our Country and the commands of our Commander-in-Chief with great courage and honor, and

WHEREAS: Our Commander-in-Chief, George Bush, and his staff have chaired the leadership of a coalition of nations to ensure peace, freedom and stability in the Middle East, and

WHEREAS: American Military personnel are serving in an efficient and effective manner in order to preserve freedom for all the people of the world and deserve the continued support of their fellow citizens,

THEREFORE: Be it resolved by the members of the Executive Committee of the Second Air Division Association, U.S. 8th Air Force, representing a membership of 8089 and assembled at Palm Beach Gardens, Florida for their mid-year executive meeting, that

A. As a veterans organization we extend our full support to the men and women of the United States Armed Forces as they pursue the policies and seek the peace of the United States in the military conflict now being waged in the Persian Gulf, and

B. We extend our sincere heartfelt sorrow to the families of those who have lost loved ones in the war, and we trust a speedy return of all POWs, and

C. We salute our Commander-in-Chief and his able staff and field forces for their ambition and incredible courage in their performance of duty.

So adopted this 8th day of March, 1991.

Second Air Division Association

By: Richard Kennedy
President

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS: The Collings Foundation of Stow, Massachusetts, has restored to flight readiness the B-24J "All American", and

WHEREAS: in 18 months of appearances the "All American" has been to 97 loca-

tions and been viewed by an estimated three million individuals, and

WHEREAS: a tour of additional locations in the United States and overseas is scheduled for 1991 and 1992,

BE IT RESOLVED: that the Second Air Division Association, representing B-24 veterans of the 8th Air Force, in executive session, desires to express its thanks to the Collings Foundation and Mr. Robert Collings for this exceptional restoration of the aircraft we took to war and in which over 6400 of our comrades died.

FURTHER: this motion conveys to the Collings Foundation formal endorsement of their efforts and our enthusiastic support of the current program of the Collings Foundation as concerns the "All American" tour program.

So adopted this 9th day of March, 1991.

Second Air Division Association

By: Richard Kennedy
President

Hap Chandler Appointed Director of Public Relations

F.C. "HAP" CHANDLER, 491st and 489th, has been appointed Director of Public Relations of the Second Air Division Association by President Dick Kennedy. Hap succeeds Fred Meyer who recently resigned for reasons of health.

Hap flew 18 missions with the 489th Group beginning with Magdeburg, Sept. 44. Transferred to the 491st Group 10 Nov. 44, he completed 35 missions 3 Mar. 45 returning to Magdeburg for the sixth time. His targets included the low level resupply mission to Nijmegen/Groesbeck, Dresden, Frankfurt, Hanau and practically every marshalling yard in the Ruhr.

Recalled to active duty during the Korean War, he flew 50 B-26 missions as a member of the legendary 13th Bomb Squadron of the 3rd Bomb Wing.

The Mighty Eighth

by Patrick O'Donoghue

O What Glory They Have Known
The Fate Of The World Was Theirs Alone
They Came From a Land Where Freedom Reigned
And They Fought To Defend It
In A World Of Shame

They Flew In Machines With Strange Sounding Names
But No Matter What They Flew
They Were One In The Same
The United States Army Air Corps Was Their Name
But To The World The Mighty Eighth Air Force Was Their Fame

On-ward They Flew Day By Day
To Rid The World Of An Evil Prey
Some Of Them Lived And Some Of Them Died
To This Day Their Love Of Freedom Is Still Alive
Thanks To The Men Of The Mighty Eighth
The World Is A Safer And Much Better Place

So Let Us Not Forget With The Passing Of Time
The Glory That Was Theirs In Those War Torn Times
When History Is Written By A World Yet To Come
The Song Of The United States Army Air Corps Will Still Be Sung
And Those Words That Were Inscribed For The Ones That Died
They Gave Up Their Today So Your Tomorrows Would Survive

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

I have been informed by the grapevine that our 2nd ADA Librarian Fund Drive has been achieved — but barely. This is certainly good news. Many of us were skeptical that such a vaulted goal could be attained but we need not have doubted the dedication and drive our members have not only to maintain but to broaden and improve the effectiveness of this great WWII memorial. I congratulate each of you who participated. If you are one of those who has not yet contributed but want to have your name published on the roster of those who did support this great cause, there is still time. Please send your contribution to the 2nd ADA Librarian Fund, Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Dallas, TX 75230.

My "cup runneth over" with incoming correspondence of late so I never seem to catch up. How can I concentrate on a putt when I am thinking of the ten letters on my desk that are past due answers? I guess I shouldn't have retired, before I did I always had time for all these activities. Here are a few letters picked at random I want to share with you.

Thomas Land, flight engineer on Ed Hautman's crew (703rd), writes of his long forced march from Stalag IV to Bittenfield, Germany from Feb. 6, 1945 to Apr. 26, 1945. He included a long list of the towns they went through on that march. His crew was shot down over Kassel on 27 Sept. 44. He enclosed a xerox copy of a crew picture but unfortunately the quality is too poor to use in the Journal. Thomas now lives in Somerset, KY. I'm hoping he will make it to Dearborn this summer as there will be several Kassel survivors there.

John Lyons, radio operator on Hardin Miller's crew (702nd), joined the Association last fall too late to know about our reunion in England last summer. He says he would like to have gone along. George enclosed the three photos below.



Hardin Miller's A/C



Hardin Miller's Crew



Can anyone identify this crew?



Don H. Smith Crew (701st)



445th waiting for the weather to clear

Mark Knapp, co-pilot on Chuck Derr's crew (700th), raised an interesting question: what was the 445th aircrew loss rate? He counted 3765 names in Rudy Birsic's group history and we know of at least 569 KIA so what is the loss rate? Mark postulates that the 3765 members (an incomplete list, by the way) would probably break down to approximately 50% aircrew and 50% ground personnel. If so, this would equate to a 30% aircrew loss rate. Anyone have better numbers or know how to go about finding more accurate numbers? Let me hear from you if you do.

Jack Laswell, waist gunner on Don Smith's crew (701st), generously sent me several pictures from his scrap book, two of which are below. Sorry, there just isn't room for more but I'll be contacting Jack to see if he has others of Journal quality.

Ed Berthold, co-pilot on John Matthews' crew (702nd), thinks his crew set a record for

completing 35 missions in the shortest time, 79 days from 5/15/44 to 7/31/44. Can any of you challenge this record pace?

It saddens me to report that George Kelsey, Douglas Pillow, Palmer Bruland and Stewart Ross have folded their wings. They will be missed by their many friends. We extend our condolences to their loved ones. Their wives, Mildred Kelsey, Theda Pillow, Myrtle Bruland and Miriam Ross will continue as associate members of the Association.

Our membership has been increased by the following new members: William Duffy, Ponte Verdo Beach, FL; H. Michael Planka, Warwick RI; Bruno Dziobak, Elizabeth, NJ; Richard Murray, Essex Jct., VT; Ira Nigen, McLean, VA; Ernest Adcock, Ridgeland, MS; James Ballard, Orlando, FL; Ed Berthold, Fox River Grove, IL; Andrew Burch,

Calumet City, IL; Angelo Capizzani, Hammond, IN; Richard Harding, Falls Church, VA; John Hessert, Bangor, ME; Nelson Dimick, Boonton, NJ; Arthur Shay, Deerfield, IL; Bruno Gora, Lewiston, NY; Clarence Luhmann, Blue Earth, MN; Clifford Simonson, Walnut, CA; Roy Ellender, Saugus, CA; George Guinan, Cypress, CA; Howell Henson, Weir, MS; Gregory Laughlin, Indianapolis, IN; Cletus Sisley, Lancaster, WI; Erwin Unger, Tamarac, FL; Calvin Vaughn, Billings, MT; and Larry Whiting, Buffalo, NY.

A very hearty welcome to each of the above. We know you will enjoy being a member of 2ADA as much as we all do.

The 445th led all groups in attendance at the tenth annual So. Calif. 2nd ADA dinner held at the El Toro MCAS Officers Club on 2 March 1991. We had 35 members and guests present that included: Dick & Val Boucher, Charles & Marguerite Jackson, Henry Jones & guest, Jack Laswell, Roy & Jean Leavitt, John Mainhood with guests Tim & Debbie Mainhood, Art & Peggy McDermott, Bob & Pat Mead, Al & Dorothy Querbach (all the way from Hanston, KS), Carl Rambo (from Livermore, CA), J.J. & Joyce Ridley, Terry & Mattie Sather, Hal Turell & guest, Jack Pelton, Chuck Walker & Chuck, Jr., Roger & Melba Ward, and Sammy & Teri Weiner. Carl Kleeman and guests Brian & Nancy Kleeman failed to show due to a last minute attack of the flu.

Evelyn Cohen reports the 445th may have one of the largest group turnouts at Dearborn this July — I hope to see you there!

Keep up the letter writing, my golf buddies (?) love having me distracted!

Hethel Highlights

by Earl Zimmerman



Lt. H.L. James crew, Ankara, Turkey. Kneeling (l-r): S/Sgt. John P. Morris, KIA; T/Sgt. Earl L. Zimmerman, radio. Standing (l-r): Lt. Wm. R. Gilliat, navigator; S/Sgt. Max Cavey, folded wings; T/Sgt. Grover A. Edmiston, bombardier; T/Sgt. Harold M. Thompson, KIA mid-air over Hethel; Capt. Robert Schwellinger, co-pilot. Lt. James had escaped to Syria when this photo was taken.

On December 14, 1943, Brig. General Richard Tindall, Military Attache, U.S. Embassy, Ankara, Turkey, came to the Yeni Hotel and advised me, "Earl, get your affairs in order. It is your turn to escape and you will be going out on the 16th." I was given instructions on the details of the escape and handed a phony passport.

On December 15th, I attended my last Turkish language lesson with my private tutor, advising him I was switching to German as we had a Kraut deserter in our hotel and he agreed to teach me Kraut. I returned some books to the library at the Embassy, broke a date, picked up my laundry and collected a few debts from the boys.

Early on the morning of the 16th, I signed the payroll at the Embassy, made the rounds of my usual haunts in Ankara and attended a gala party in the evening at Pop Karpich's, the best restaurant in town. For the escape I chose a brown pinstripe, tailor made, double breasted suit from my wardrobe and polished my low quarters. Among my effects I had two gold Omega watches, six English gold sovereigns (from escape kits) and a Leica camera.

After signing in from parole I escaped from the Yeni Hotel, made my way to the rendezvous, met a few other escapees and received last minute instructions. At 11:40 p.m. we boarded a train headed for Syria. Got through customs at the border and was met by a British Major in Aleppo. The trip to Cairo was made on a battered C-47 and we were quartered at Camp Huckstep where we got back into uniform. Christmas in Cairo, with firecrackers yet, and a C-47 to Marrakech, Morocco, in time for New

Year's Eve celebration at the Red Cross, departing for Prestwick, Scotland on General Montgomery's private C-54 the next day, the General climbed aboard just before take-off. From Prestwick, Scotland then to London to get cleared by the CIC and back to the land of the Sky Scorpions, Hethel.

Circa 1986, I started to receive letters from the VA advising that all ex-POWs were required to take a physical to determine if they suffered any lasting effects from being held captive. I ignored all of the letters but received a phone call from the VA setting a date for the physical. About the same time I got letters from the ex-POW outfit inviting me to join up and get with the program. They became very persistent so I finally called the secretary and advised I was not a POW but an internee. No matter, I was officially listed by the VA as meeting the requirements to be listed as an ex-POW. So, OK, I'll join up and send my dues but don't expect me to attend any meetings and sit next to an old dogface who survived the Bataan Death March. What would I say if he asked me how I escaped out of Turkey?

A good friend of mine was shipped to Italy after boot camp and was taken prisoner two days after getting off the ship. I accused him of walking off the gangplank with his hands in the air yelling, "Comrade." He denied it of course. He tells of an SS Trooper dragging him two miles through the hills of Italy trying to remove his high school ring, getting thrashed with barbed wire and eating turnip soup during his captivity.

I have received applications to apply for the ex-POW medal, apply for a free license plate and get invitations to attend parades and picnics, etc. So far I have resisted all attempts to put ex-POW decals on my car, wear a baseball cap or jacket proclaiming I was a POW. Can you imagine the catcalls I would get if seen by a 2nd AD dogface while marching in an ex-POW parade wearing one of those funny hats.

Come on guys, it's a long way from eating in good restaurants every day and dancing with the Ambassador's daughter, to laying in a rack in Stalag Luft VI and eating turnip soup. We did have our rough days however. The Second Internment Command lads lost a football game to the war correspondents one weekend and the Ankara University students beat us in a baseball game. Our bombardier, T/Sgt. Grover Edmiston, flattened a Turkish traffic cop one day after a bout with a bottle of Raki. If you think a Stalag was rough, you should see the inside of the Kapis (jail) in Turkey. We visited Grover now and then to take him a few smokes.

Our time in the Yeni Hotel in Ankara did take its toll on the lads. After six months of dinner parties, beer busts, picnics and dates with allied embassy secretaries, our guys got a little bleary eyed. It was rough walking into Pop Karpich's, slipping him a pack of American cigarettes, flown in from Cairo every week, and getting caviar and oranges sent to your table. The zither player in the band would break out in an old favorite when he saw us enter. If Herr Von Papen, the Kraut Ambassador, was present, we were seated across the room so we didn't have to rub elbows. We were not lucky enough to get turnip soup, ala Stalag Luft VI, but served a cabbage soup with sour cream called Borscht. It was a real chore to put away all the chow and top it off with a dish of dondurma (ice cream).

After arriving back at Hethel I went to the Combat Mess and was served up some boiled mutton, brussels sprouts, dehydrated potatoes and cold tea (Typhoo), by an unshaven dogface, wearing a greasy apron, with a cig hanging from his mouth, the ashes falling in the gruel. No zither player to entertain us but a female dog, in heat, charging around under all the tables, chased by the 565th mascot, Rover.

Ah, back home again, no worry about which suit to wear to the Associated Press beer bust, or which invitation to accept; the waffle breakfast at the home of the British Ambassador or a long bike ride through the woods to the Ciflik swimming pool with Ashley, the buxom daughter of a professor at the University.

Well dogfaces, my question is, do I send in for my POW license plate and if I do, what story do I tell the lads at Fort Ben when I show up for the "Fat and Forty" bowling league and they ask what notorious Stalag I was in.



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

In our earlier study of crews and men who completed combat tours with the 392nd BG, it was determined (Winter 1987 Journal) that the Guy Carmine crew, 578th BS, was the first crew to complete its tour on 5 March 1944. All 25 missions were flown with the 392nd BG.

The second crew to complete a tour was transferred to the 392nd BG from the 6th Anti-Sub Squadron, each member being credited with a number of combat missions on anti-sub duty. There were some changes in crew members during the tour. Pilot Voght was assigned other duties and co-pilot John Detrick became pilot. J.E. Schnider became co-pilot. Navigator Wittsell was succeeded by J.D. Connolly. The first to be



Some of the members of this 579th BS crew was the second crew to complete a combat tour with the 392nd BG. Standing (l-r): Capt. Ed Wittsel, nav.; 1st Lt. John Detrick, co-pilot; 1st Lt. Howard Hall, bomb.; 1st Lt. Gordon Voght, pilot; T/Sgt. William Andrews, asst. radio waist gunner; T/Sgt. Richard Fearon, radar operator on anti-sub only; T/Sgt. Earl Owen, engr. waist gunner; S/Sgt. George Bacon, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Olin Castle, radio op.; S/Sgt. William Dill, asst. engr. ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Jack Ross, asst. engr. top turret gunner.

credited with a completed tour was Bombardier H.P. Hall on 29 February 1944.

The others, co-pilot J.E. Schnider, tail gunner Bacon, engineer Owen, ball turret gunner Dill, radio operator Castle, pilot Detrick, and navigator Connolly were each credited with completed tours between 8 March and 18 March 1944.

The search for lost buddies and old comrades continues. We have several new members who will appreciate your help in locating others with whom they served. In many cases we are able to supply the addresses of one or more of those being looked for, but in other cases we do not have any of the names on our Association rolls.

Donald E. LaChance, Flight Engineer on pilot William Sturm's crew, in the 578th BS, now resides at 8755 Bridlewood Way N., Seminole, FL 34647. He would like to hear from anyone who has information on William Sturm, or other crew members, navigator Jack Rawlings, radio operator Jack C. Brown, waist gunners John A.K. Lingle and John McCormack, and tail gunner Richard Huff. Most of their missions were flown in ship #313, Wabash Cannon Ball. They completed their tour in Feb. 1945.

James P. Morley, 14842 Collinson, East Detroit, Michigan 48021, served as Flight

Engineer in the 576th BS on pilot John Beder's crew. He has found gunner Calvin Roever of this crew but is looking for John Beder, co-pilot John Samsell, navigator John Matishowski, bombardier Jack Murray, radio operator Ray Murgatroyd, and gunners Robert P. Carr, William Merchant, and Robert Schodroff.

Thomas White, Assistant Engineer, 578 BS, now resides at 3067 Cheltenham Way, Medford, Oregon 97504. He flew most of his missions with pilot J.B. Stauder, co-pilots B.H. Feld and R.P. Buchanan, navigator R.S. Dinsmore, bombardier M.E. Ward, engineer A.H. Kottke. If you have any information on any of these men, please write to Thomas White.

We receive occasional requests for information which are unsigned and unidentified. If you have written for information and have not had a reply, please write again.

In the last issue of the Journal we reported on the availability of some 350 photographs of Wendling and its planes taken during WWII. These are being made available to the 392nd BGMA through the good offices

of English author Ian L. Hawkins, who reproduced 40 pictures of "Trolley Run" missions taken in May, 1945, and who sent 233 negatives to Walter Byrne of Tucson, Arizona to develop prints for us. These excellent pictures have now been received but will require some time to identify those we can. Most of the 77 prints duplicated earlier by Tony North and the 2nd AD Memorial Library have been identified and will be on display at our reunion in Dearborn in July.



An early patch worn by some crews in the 392nd depicts a winged bomb against a cloud background headed down with the wording "392nd Bomb Group" — submitted by Olin D. Castle.

Another "Easy" Mission

by Walter W. Cook (453rd)

The article "An 'Easy' Mission" submitted by Frank Kyle in the Spring 1991 Journal brought back some vivid memories to me. I flew with the 453rd that day as a fill-in waist gunner with a Captain (or Lt. Matyas from Camden, NJ). It was the crew's 18th mission, but my 35th. I was actually a member of Capt. Edward E. Traylor's crew. We were members of the 734th Bomb Squadron.

Captain Traylor, like many other pilots, flew his first combat mission as a co-pilot with another crew. When he finished his 35th, the rest of the crew all had one more to fly. The Group Brass, rather than give us a new pilot for that last mission, elected to have us fly separately with different crews.

On that fatal day, February 9, 1945, three members of Captain Traylor's crew were scheduled. These were Berl Baxter, nose gunner from Dunning, Nebraska; Edward Erker, waist gunner from Walpole, Mass., and myself. I was a tail gunner but flew the waist position with Matyas' crew. Erker flew with Rollins.

Flak was weak to moderate over the target. We were forced to feather an engine shortly after the target. As I recall we limped home, did not really fly the pattern, but were the first to land. I barely caught the impact out of the corner of my eye. I did see Rollins go down.

The most remarkable feat was Lt. Glass' handling of his ship at such a slow speed. I still see his pulling up as it wavered from side to side and swung around for the final approach and landing. It was our impression that Rollins was flying his 33rd. Baxter incidentally was flying with a crew on its first. Captain Traylor picked Baxter and I up at the hardstand. Believe me when I say it was not a happy ending to a tour. Every time I hear "Taps" I'm reminded of that day at the Military Cemetery in Cambridge. So many caskets.

Regarding the same issue, page 23, Kassel Raid 9/27/44: I may have my facts wrong here. Am I correct in saying that the heavy attack on the 445th that day was due to a previous incident when a 445th B-24 pilot flying a crippled bomber being escorted to a German air base by two German fighters, one on each side, ordered his gunners to shoot down the escort. They supposedly got one, but the remaining one escaped. Axis Sally came on the air and stated the Luftwaffe would be looking for them the next day. I do recall such an occasion when a group sustained similar losses that they were repainting tail insignias and transferring crews so that the group could put up their full complement of aircraft the next day. Could I be mixed up? Possibly it was the 389th. I do recall a group being hit very hard and the 453rd did transfer crews and planes.

Come Fly With Me

Submitted by Dwight Bishop (453rd)

I'm proud to be a U.S. flag...and fly with dignity... Because my freedom wasn't won... without hostility... O may I plead come fly with me... look out across the sky... And if you will, I promise you... that I'll try not to cry.

My job is flying ev'ry day...for all the world to see...I represent the gallant men...that all through history...Marched out from hallowed pages when...the trouble did ensue...And if you knew them, like I did...you'd fight the tears back too.

For as they sang, we won't be back...until it's over there...They planted many memories...that I would like to share...I felt such pride that day at Wake...I flew there for a while...Was raised against tremendous odds...on Iwo Jima Isle.

I've flown half mast at places like...Corregidor, Bataan...Men scaled the cliffs at Normandy...to bear my colors on... Pearl Harbor taught this land of ours...no liberty is free...I wept o'er ev'ry battlefield...and know that victory,

Is bought with sweat and blood and

tears...Or traded for the slain... But I proclaim to all the world...they did not die in vain...I flew at ev'ry major front...to honor Uncle Sam...Korea had its heroes too...and so did Vietnam.

Marines were slain in Lebanon...to raise involvement fear...But if we don't fight over there...they'll bring it over here...If I could know, just what it was...that reared courageously...To leave behind heroic deeds...that carved out history.

Just what it was inside of them...that overcame their fear...What made them leave the homes they loved...and families held dear...What made these men, lay down their lives...to stem the tide of war...For now they rest beyond the blue...upon that golden shore.

For in the air, on land or sea...great courage did prevail...But many names, may God forgive...were lost upon the trail...It reads unknown, upon their cross...they rest beneath the sod...Tho we may never know their names...their names are known to God.

I'm very sure that God himself...told ev'ry man 'well done'...And comforted each mother's heart...who sacrificed a son... My vigilance will never end...above your hallowed dead...Who gave their very best, their lives...and then marched on ahead.

I pray that I can someday fly...in peace forevermore... That I'll be spared, the pain and grief, and misery of war...That someday through the grace of God...the drums of war will cease...And ev'ry place on earth will dwell...in everlasting peace.

For ev'ry soldier I have known...may I salute you sir...For I was there the day you fell...and know how brave you were... And so I fly around the world...for ev'ry soldier's sake...But wonder how much more of this...my broken heart can take.

I'm much, much more, than just a flag... that decorates a pole... I am the faith, the hope and love...within the G.I. soul... And if a flag could really talk...here's what this flag would say...To ev'ry soldier laid to rest...COME FLY WITH ME TODAY.

93rd Information Needed

I request this information for historical reasons. This information is needed before it is too late and/or forgotten. Please fellows, take a little of your time and help with this. This is a list of pilot names and planes of 93rd BG that were involved in the Ploesti I Aug. 43 mission. Two plane names are missing; if you know what they are please let me know. Please check this list for accuracy. The numbers I know are correct. I need pictures of these planes and crews now, if possible, especially "Hells Wench," flown by our 93rd Group commander, Lt. Addison Baker, shot down over target. He and co-pilot Maj. John L. Jerstad were both awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal of Honor. Either send me copies or negatives; I will guarantee the return of anything. Please no Xerox copies. Please send to:

Floyd H. Mabee, 28 Hillside Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801

Pilot	Plane Name	Plane Number
Avendano	Dog Patch Raider	41-24192 192-A
Baker	Hell's Wench	42-40994 994-D
Bird	Boomerang	41-23722 722-C
Black	Shoot Luke	41-23729 729-D
Brown, G.S.	Blasted Event	41-23682 682-Q
Brown, L.L.	Queenie	41-24298 298-V
Collins	Picadilly Filly	41-24111 111-P
DeMont	Valiant Virgin	42-40765 765-T
Dessert	Tupelo Lass	41-24105 105-Q
Emmons	Big Noise (Doity Boid)	42-40969 969-A
Ford	Satan's Angels	42-40604 604-C
Freese	Jack Frost	41-24259 259-30
Geron	Death Dealer	42-40611 611-W
Harms	Hell's Angels	42-40781 781-U
Harvey	Hellsadroppin II	41-23809 809-N
Hickman	Jerks Natural	41-23711 711-D
Hurd	Tarfu	41-23810 810-S
Kendall	Lucky (Luck Gordon)	41-24215 215-S
League	?	42-40610 610-Y
Long	Jersey Bounce	42-40609 609-I
Longnecker	Thundermug	42-42046 246-F
Meehan	?	42-40804 804-X
Merrill	Thar She Blows	42-40127 127-O

McBride	Here's To Ya (Jo Jo's Special Delivery)	41-24230 230-Z
McFarland	Liberty Lad	41-23742 742-R
Olliffe	Let 'Er Rip	41-24121 121-J
Porter	Euroclydon	42-40612 612-K
Potts	Duchess	41-24147 147-A
Roche	Ready and Willing	41-24109 109-C
Roper	Exterminator	41-23717 717-H
Stampolis	Jose Carioca	42-40617 617-N
Stewart	Utah Man	41-24226 226-L
Tate	Ball of Fire, Jr. (War Baby)	32-40128 128-J
Teltser	Pudgy	42-40613 613-E
Turner	Vulgar Virgin	42-40608 608-M
Wilkinson	Little Lady (Teggie Ann)	41-23754 754-U
Womble	Honky Tonk Gal	42-40265 265-W



"THEN YOU WILL SLIP INTO THE AMERICAN LINES UNOBSERVED."

-Sgt. F. Adams



WEDNESDAY OCT 6TH

Went to the movies last night - have tried to give you an idea of the theatre! The starry sky is the roof - the screen sets on a truck out in the field just beyond main tents, a few boxes and such are arranged as seats in front of screen. Then in a semi-circle back of them, trucks pull up - more or less as balcony seats. The electricity is produced by a generator which is back of the trucks (it faltered once or twice). The show last night was Gable & Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You" - with sound and a pause for change at end of each reel. Cat calls and whoops accompanied the advances of the great lover! Our seat was an advantageous spot atop that G.I. truck (left center) - all was well till the canvas split! No real damage tho', n' the picture ended nicely - lucky Gable!!!!



DEAR FOLKS
 JUST TO GIVE YOU A PEEK
 INSIDE THE TENT - HERE SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA
 DURING AN OFF MOMENT! THE COAT YOU SEE IS ALL
 DRAPE OUT WITH MOSQUITO NETTING - THE TABLE I MEAN
 NAILED FOUR TENT STICKS TO A MUNITION BOX! - THE BASIN
 IS THE STEEL HELMET FLIES BY THE HUNDREDS ATTACK ABOVE AND IN EMERGENCY - LOOK AT THAT
 ONE DIVING STRAIGHT TO THE FACE - A TYPICAL ATTEMPT - IT MAKES SHAVING - OR ANYTHING FOR
 THAT MATTER, A BIT OF AN ART!! - THE CANTENEN O' AQUA IS ALWAYS HANDY - BAGS AND EQUIPMENT
 ARE ALL AROUND - REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF HOME - OH, YEAH!!
 --ALL MY LOVE HARRY V.

V...-MAIL

How to Crash a B-24 the Hard Way

by Hershel J. Hausmann (448th)

I must preface this account, of the durability of the Liberator in surviving a crash landing, with the proviso that I am recalling the incident from memory some 46 years after the fact. Hence, there may be lapses both in detail and in the temporal sequence of the event. Our crew were members of the 714th Squadron of the 448th Bomb Group stationed at Seething, England.

On the 15th of January 1945, I and my crew were awakened, at the typically early hour, only to be informed that we were scheduled to join the mission of that day, a mission that we were not scheduled for previously. The mission of that day was to be a maximum effort one and my crew was tapped to join the effort due, I believe, to the fact that we were the most junior crew at hand. This was to be in fact our second mission. As a point of information, I was the first pilot of our crew.

Aside from our natural nervousness at being called at an unexpected time, I was further unhappy to learn that we were to fly the oldest 24J on the base and at the bucket-on-bucket position in formation. Our target of the day was at Gunzburg, Germany and I do not now recall the nature of the target. Since I have no record of any particularly heavy flak or fighters, I must assume it was a fairly easy mission except for the length. While it proved to be approximately 8 hours long for the rest of the formation, our logged time was 7 hours.

Flying in the bucket-on-bucket position was particularly difficult. Not only were we on the bottom end of the eleven-ship formation with the concomitant necessity of constant throttle jockeying to stay in proper formation, but I and my co-pilot had to look upward to stay in formation with the accompanying strain on our neck muscles. In all honesty I must admit that some of the throttle jockeying was probably due to my

inexperience. As any formation pilot will attest, constant throttle jockeying is particularly hard on gas consumption.

On withdrawal from target and approximately one-third the way across the channel, one engine quit! I immediately made a 180 degree turn and headed towards the continent. Our engineer then informed me that the bottom had fallen out of the gas gauges and we were in danger of running out of gas. I then had the radioman call air-sea rescue and gave the crew a ditching warning. As we let down through an overcast at 6000 feet, we could see ships (presumably air-sea rescue) circling beneath us. What a welcome sight. However, ditching was my last thought. I hoped to have enough gas to reach a field on the continent. As land came into sight, unfortunately all four engines quit. At this point all I could think of was to reach land; I wanted no part of ditching. Our altitude was decreasing rapidly and it did not appear that if we reached land we would be high enough to bail out. So I prepared the crew for a, hoped for, crash landing. Prior to this time I do not recall ever having flown the 24 without power. One can imagine the nose-down attitude I had to sustain in order to maintain flying speed.

Now some 46 years later I do not recall if we had ever been briefed on the best way to crash land the 24, but I assume we had. In any event I called for full flaps and gear down. As I looked ahead all I could see was a vast area of snow-covered land. We hit the ground about one-half mile from the coast at a point I later learned was south of Ostend, Belgium. Fortunately the landing gear came off simultaneously which kept the wings level. Otherwise we might have cartwheeled with disastrous results. I kept jockeying the rudders trying to keep us going straight. We finally came to rest with the nose of the plane in an irrigation ditch.

At this point my feet were resting on dirt; the bottom of the plane had been ground away. My first thought was, "Oh my God, were the bombardier and navigator still in the nose?" Of course they had been pulled out and in fact were directly behind me. There was no fire, no explosion, and we all dazedly evacuated the craft. There were no injuries among all ten members of the crew. As we stood beside the plane and looked backward towards the coast, all four propellers in a staggered array were seen to be standing with one prop blade of each one impelled in the ground.

Being the rookies that we were, we were unsure as to what our responsibilities were with respect to the aircraft. So the gunners went back into the craft, after a respectable time to ensure there was to be no fire, and pulled out their fifty calibers and the bombardier retrieved his bomb-sight platform (we carried no bomb sight in the bucket-on-bucket position). All I could think of was, "what are the powers that be going to do to me for destroying this beautiful plane." What a woe-be-gone group we must have presented to the Belgian people who came running to the plane. To this day I cannot believe what I said to them as they approached. In my dazed condition and in my best high school poorly-remembered French, I said, "Nous sommes Allemagne" — We are German! Fortunately they could not understand my French. Subsequently we were picked up by members of the British 75th A.A. battalion who informed us that we had slithered through a mine field.

On many of the additional twenty missions we flew as a crew, we were able to look down on crossing the coast, when the weather was clear, and see our poor airplane lying on the ground. At least in this instance, the remarkable B-24 proved its mettle in a dead-stick crash landing.

Bomber Buzzes Bristol

Submitted by Henry Wentland

Dateline — May 28, 1945: Earlier this morning a lone 4-engine, twin tail bomber flew low over the Chippanee Hill farm land in Bristol. Probably this is one of the many aircraft streaming into Bradley Field in nearby Hartford, returning from . . .

Hmmm . . . I remember Bristol, Connecticut. But why does this newspaper article [Bristol Press, Bristol, CT, May 29, 1945] crop up in my mind after 45 years?

Let's see, I spent my high school "vacations" on the Behrendt Farm in Bristol, the last year was 1941.

You probably know the farm routine: up at 5, milk 30 cows, breakfast, work in the fields (weeding corn, making hay, removing rocks from the pastures, building chicken coops, etc.), dinner at noon, back to the fields, cows in at 5 p.m., supper, listen to

the radio, apple pie and milk at 9 p.m. and off to the feather bed. Repeat this routine every day, only substitute church for field work on Sunday.

Some Sunday afternoons I might take a .22 gauge rifle down to the pond in the south pasture, throw out small blocks of wood on the water, step back and plink away for awhile.

Once I fell asleep up on the bank only to be awakened by some buzzing overhead. Looking up, I saw a bright yellow Piper Cub doing circles across the sky. Some student pilot evidently trying to satisfy his instructor with perfect circles that looked more like lopsided ellipses to me. I felt qualified to make this judgment since I had amassed all of 5 minutes of dual instruction in a J-3 myself. One of my high school teachers moonlighted on the weekends as a

Flight Instructor. Each week he selected 2 deserving students to join him and while he taught his students in a Piper Cub, we were allowed to clear large stones from his new landing field. And yes, at the end of the day each of us got our reward — 5 minutes of flight instruction.

Oh, I remember Bristol and those "summer vacations" fondly, strange as that may seem. This was a real treat for a teenager from the streets of New York City. And yes, 1941 was an eventful year for me, which was not complete until December 7th threw everyone's life into chaos. The United States Army Air Force seemed to be spot for me and in 1942, I became a member.

Moving along to January 1945, I recall arriving late one dark night at the airbase in

(continued on page 27)

Bomber Buzzes Bristol

(continued from page 26)

Hethel, England. We were greeted by a gray headed anomaly looking into the back of our truck and inquiring, "How many fish-eaters do I have in here?" I'm sure Pappy Beck introduced himself that way to every replacement crew that arrived at the base. That was our induction into the 389th BG and the 564th BS.

Let's see, practice missions followed, then 14 of the real kind, and soon May 1945 arrived and it was all over! Trolley missions to the continent ensued to show our ground crew passengers the handiwork in Germany that they had so ably contributed to.

Immediately, events picked up their pace:

18 May 1945: Movement orders - "... proceed via Valley A/D by best route to Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut."

19 May 1945: Bid adieu to friends at Hethel; took off with 20 souls on board a new B-24M (fresh in from Willow Run), #44-50472, designated "N", and headed for Valley Air Depot.

20 May 1945: Took off from Valley heading for Iceland. One hour out, #3 engine instruments acted up. Diverted to Stornoway, Scotland to check out the problem.

24 May 1945: This attempt to reach Iceland was a success after a little instrument letdown. All on board agree, "MEEKS IS THE BLEAKS!"

26 May 1945: Uneventful 10 hour flight from Iceland to Goose Bay, Labrador.

27 May 1945: Took off for Bradley Field which was "socked in." Diverted to Bangor, Maine.

28 May 1945: On to Bradley and now my memory gets a little hazy. Approaching Bradley, did I really ask my navigator for a heading to Bristol? Did I really make one low level pass over the Behrendt's Farm on Chippanee Hill? Honestly, I really don't remember. (After we landed at Bradley, some say my face exhibited concern as a photographer took a picture of our plane on the apron. But that incident turned out to be quite innocent, the picture taken appearing on page 308 in Steve Birdsall's book, "Log of the Liberators").

So why am I recounting all this after these many years? Well, I can blame it all on that fabulous 2nd Air Division Association recruiter, the "All American" Liberator that touched down in Barnstable Airport here on Cape Cod, Massachusetts last fall, and got me to sign the guest register.

And soon the phone rings, and I re-establish ties with buddies that I haven't heard from in some 45 years. Memories are jogged, experiences are re-lived, and promises made to see each other soon - at the next convention in July.

Thanks, "All American Liberator" for renewing old friendships. Will see you at Dearborn.

Lead Navigator Over Europe

by Orville P. Ball (445th)

As a navigator, my crew was assigned to the 445th, 701 squadron in September of 1944. After flying about 6 missions, before and after the Kassel disaster, I was transferred to a lead crew, finishing my tour just before the war ended in Europe. When the war terminated, I helped in the packing of administrative documents for shipment back to the U.S. In the process, I managed to retain maps, bomb strike photos and other nostalgic items of interest to me. A short time ago, I began to prepare a personal historic resume for my children and grandchildren. This was my first opportunity to peruse these 445th documents in about 45 years. Latent memories were regenerated. Perhaps these recollections may be of interest to other members, especially from the perspective of a lead navigator.

You may remember that a lead (Mickey) ship was configured differently than trail aircraft. The radar navigator was positioned immediately behind the co-pilot. Behind the pilot, adjacent to the radar or mickey operator, was the lead navigator. Both faced aft. Besides maintaining the flight log and plotting courses for the group, wing, or division, the lead navigator also operated the electronic GEE navigation fix instrument. The lead bombardier occupied the nose compartment and was responsible for the pattern bombing operation. The nose turret was manned by a navigator or bombardier who transmitted pilotage (visual) fixes to the lead navigator as well as gunnery responsibilities. The group lead always had a command pilot in the right seat while the regular co-pilot manned the tail guns and provided group integrity reports to the pilot and command pilot. All other lead and deputy lead squadron aircraft normally did not carry a command pilot. When the lead bombardier dropped his smoke marker bombs on a single group target, all other aircraft toggled their bombs.

Navigation over Europe was not particularly sophisticated as it is today with electronic gadgets and satellites. Meteorology was less than accurate, especially predicting wind direction and velocity at altitude. The planned course to and from the target required frequent changes in order to avoid flak gun concentrations. Calculations and adjustments kept the lead navigator hectically involved with his E-6B computer and the maintenance of the flight log. More often than not, there was a continuous or broken undercast which prevented pilotage fixes from the nose turret navigator. The GEE navigation

equipment had only a limited range. That left radar fixes and basic dead reckoning as the dependable source of navigation information. The prime responsibility was to accurately thread the following aircraft to and from the assigned target and to provide the bombardier with a true wind speed and direction at the designated I.P. Navigation sequence, plus pertinent information about new flak positions, aerial attacks, and observations of strategic value by the crew were also recorded on the flight log and course maps.

Almost everyone in the crew had a continual visual awareness of ground and air events. That is everyone but the lead navigator who labored in his confined world like a hyperkinetic accountant from start to finish. While I missed the sights and sounds of combat missions, the lead navigator probably had more of an integrated perspective of each flight than anyone else. However, I can remember looking out of my small port window during a German fighter attack and viewing a ME-262 jet positioned just off our nose. When the P-51 fighters came screaming through the group in pursuit, there were two puffs of black smoke and the ME-262 streaked away as if we were all in static suspension. On another occasions while on our bomb run with bomb bay doors open, I saw our deputy lead take a direct flak hit and literally fragment.

Certainly, it is enjoyable and nostalgic to look over the maps which show course lines and fixes, bomb strike photos, and other dust covered memorabilia from the 445th. Remembrances are reincarnated and missions relived. They are perhaps uniquely different to some extent than other crew members, but then I served as the resident historian.

In March of 1945, nearing the end of my tour, I asked the squadron navigator if I could fly one mission as a nose turret navigator. A "milk run" was selected. I eagerly anticipated a front seat view of combat for the first time. After takeoff, our primary "milk run" target was cancelled and we were diverted to the secondary - the Ruhr Valley. The flak was heavy and my nose was the first to fly through those puffs of black smoke. Besides, when we returned to Tibenham, I had to pull the two 50 caliber gun barrels and clean them. That was my last instance of volunteering.

This constitutes a somewhat different overview of a less glamorous role played in combat missions. However, I didn't miss any of the details.

Merry-Go-Round in the Sky

by Ken "Deacon" Jones (389th)

January 3, 1945. Marshalling Yards - Homburg, Germany Aircraft V- Bomb Load 20-250 lb. GP 2-M 17 Incendiary.

This is the Deacon Jones crew's second visit to this particular, picturesque part of Fortress Germany on our European tour. The Germans gave us a very warm reception. We turned down an invitation to stay for supper.

Take-off and formation were normal and uneventful. 5/10s to 10/10s clouds over the continent.

We were at the top of the world, flying right wing, right element in the High Right Squadron. A few locations along the Rhine River pumped up some black clouds to assist the navigators with alternate check points as we skirted some areas known to have heavy flak concentrations.

As we neared the critical stage of the mission, there was a funneling of bomb groups toward the IP. The flak was becoming concentrated. Everyone wants to get in and get out!

Our group started to over-run the bomb group ahead of us. The 389th lead pilot began to make slow "S" turns to hold us back. The groups behind started to over-run our formation. The outside elements in our group were mushing along in a nose high altitude and we were on the verge of going into a stall.

The trailing groups in the bomber column bored in at closely spaced intervals. Within seconds, we would have squadrons flying through one another and planes stalling out all over the sky. The 389th Bomb Group was squeezed out at the IP. No chance to get back into line.

The group leader took the only possible course of action - we made a shallow turn to the left. The group behind filled in the narrow gap we left and continued into the bomb run. Our group made two 360 degree turns which seemed to take up most of the afternoon. The Germans added to our excitement about being on the merry-go-round by painting the sky with pretty black blossoms. Someone said it was a "black picture."

The secondary objective at this stage of the mission was to give the German Flak Gunners Society some extra practice in shooting at moving targets and to drive them nuts trying to figure out what we were going to do next. Sort of a diversionary tactic to take the heat off of our friends in the other groups.

We felt like the most popular girl at the dance because our plane was getting all the attention. The moderate, and accurate as hell flak was concentrated on the right side of the group's three squadrons which were circling to the left. Our element was showing brightly on German radar and was the

one in the middle of the flak bursts, regardless of false claims by a hundred other eye-ball witnesses.

One particular four gun battery, bursting in close proximity would go off in a stepped up sequence. The first shell exploded low, the next one higher, etc. The sequence slanted left and right and sometimes forward and backward at an upward angle. Mushrooming ink blots seeking aluminum and Yankee bottoms. And, always moving with our element. A blind, drunken giant below the undercast, with a long club, savagely lashing out at metal trash cans in a back alley. The intercoms on scores of planes were jammed with colorful language.

The aircrew spectators were huddling behind the dubious protection of helmets, flak vests and armor at their individual stations as the painted horses plunged up and down on the merry-go-round. It would be proper to say the action was more like playing "crack-the-whip" on ice skates as we had to push throttles to stay somewhere in the formation.

How in hell can the formation *look good* with all the distractions?

It was terrifying to fly through the spent bursts. Everyone knows lightening doesn't strike twice in the same place. Waiting - for a spent burst to explode again like a giant firecracker going off in your face.

Upon suddenly slicing into one dark burst with the nose of the ship, I instinctively ducked below the instrument panel. The personal embarrassment damned near ruined my day.

"The war is hardest for those who must sit and wait." Scared and frustrated - bouncing around from concussion and letting them beat your brains out. Everyone thinking, "What the hell are we doing here in a shooting war anyway?"

A hundred years ago, I stumbled over my feet in my haste to sign enlistment papers as an Aviation Cadet and raised my hand so I wouldn't miss the war. Now some square-heads are trying to blast us into oblivion. I was sweating in the sub-zero cold and filled with vain regrets.

An unknown, unfair, and impulsive pilot broke radio silence and screamed over Channel "B" that "Horrible Herbie has screwed up again" and closed his tirade with "you might as well give your heart to God, boys, because your fanny belongs to Jerry." (He didn't use polite language.)

After completing the two, large sweeping turns, the formation straightened out. It surprised me that we still had some resemblance of a formation. The outside elements pulled back in and we made the run into the target.

On the bomb run into the target I made a lot of promises to the Lord which I pro-

bably won't keep.

The sky behind us was a pall of drifting smoke. Bits of shrapnel were still raining down on the potato fields around Homburg. The Krauts ran out of ammo and targets at the same time. The flak opposition over the target was mild and anti-climatic by comparison to the endless minutes of circling.

We rallied down and to the right. Even though we were on the inside of the turn, it seemed like we were now going 500 mph. We were the last group out in the bomber column. Pushing power a little to try and catch up with the group ahead. Felt alone - fighter bait. Thank God Jerry fighter pilots were relaxing in the beer hall with a few steins of schnapps.

The weather had closed in while we dallied over Germany. Let down through a hole in the clouds in south England. Flew low visibility back to base at 200 feet under a dark, lowering overcast. The squadron probably "raised some straw on a few thatched roofs and turned a windmill around." Back home we would be grounded or fined for having all this fun.

After landing, we eased the ship into the circular hardstand and spun it around, pointed back toward the perimeter taxi strip. Shut the power down and turned off the lights.

Before heading for debriefing and a cold shower, we noted the crew chief and his men would spend a little time with tin snips and rivets patching up a few holes in the tour bus. The next occupants wouldn't have to sit in a draft if the line crew was given enough time to finish before she takes off again.

Stars & Stripes

HEAVIES HIT SUPPLY LINES FOR 12th DAY

"The 8th Air Force relentless assault on supply lines feeding Nazi forces in the Ardennes salient thundered into the twelfth straight day yesterday as over 1,000 Fortresses and Liberators protected by some 600 Mustangs and Thunderbolts, smashed road and rail centers at more than a dozen points.

"Striking deeper into Germany...the heavies rocked communications centers northwest of Karlsruhe and some near Belgium-German border. Marshalling yards in the Cologne and Frankfurt areas took a beating (*So did we - KJ*).

"A Reuter's dispatch last night disclosed that in the first 16 days of the German offensive Allied air forces alone destroyed 1,647 Nazi planes, not counting ack-ack successes."

The Final Flight of the Original "Bird Dog" Crew

by William H. Counts, Sr. (467th)



The original crew of the "Bird Dog." Top row, standing: Lt. Wm. H. Counts, pilot; Lt. Wm. Greble, co-pilot; Lt. Don Hudson, navigator. Bottom row: Thos. J. Hansbury, tail gunner; John J. Murphy, ball turret; Harris P. Davis, waist turret gunner; Francis Van Veen, radio & waist gunner; Robert Fisher, engineer & top turret gunner; Joseph J. Kennedy, nose turret gunner. (Bombardier Lt. James E. Robinson missing from photo.)

It would seem that our final flight on Thursday, June 29, 1944 was, indeed, jinxed from the beginning. We supposedly were "standing down," but at the last minute were called to fly this mission. At the time we were awakened, around three A.M., none of us were enthusiastic about flying on such short notice. We quickly dressed and rode our bicycles over to the mess hall to eat. After eating, we went to get our flying equipment and dressed for the flight. We were pressed for time, and rather than change into a flying suit, I simply put my electric suit over my dress uniform, and went to mission briefing.

In mission briefing, we learned of our target (JU 88 plant and airfield at Aschersleben, Germany), route of flight, enemy opposition, etc. We were driven away from the briefing room to where our aircraft was on the hardstand (parking area). We were one man short because the enlisted men had informed me that Sgt. Thomas Hansbury, our tail gunner, had been on guard duty the night before. The thought of placing a combat crew member on guard duty and then expecting him to fly the next day was irritating to me, and I had the word passed along to Hansbury to remain in the barracks and I would credit him as being on this mission. I suppose he was put on guard duty because we weren't scheduled to fly the next day. At any rate, it didn't set well with me to put a combat crewman on guard duty, which could have been performed just as well by base personnel. Sgt. Robert Fisher took Hansbury's place as tail gunner and the ball turret was left in the retracted position.

After performing our normal pre-mission and pre-flight duties, we sat in the aircraft waiting for the green "go" flare from the tower. We maintained complete radio silence between all planes and the control tower, to reduce information available to the enemy. When we got the signal to go, we taxied out in our proper slot and took position on the runway. It was here, as we started take-off roll, that I looked out to my left and saw our Chaplain standing at the edge of the runway. He gave us a combination salute and "God be with you" motion and we were rolling down the runway 20 seconds behind the preceding aircraft.

Our take-off was to the southwest and we were on instruments almost as soon as we were airborne. We made our left turn to climb north bound until reaching on top of the clouds where we would be assembling for the trip over the continent. Our nose wheel had failed to retract and I sent Sgt. Harris Davis, our engineer, down into the nose gear compartment to make manual adjustments to enable the nose gear to retract. After some difficulty, he got the nose gear up and in place, and we continued our climb through the clouds. If we had been unable to retract the nose gear, we would have had to abort the mission. The hand of fate was, indeed, laying heavy upon our shoulders!

We, as well as all other aircraft, were unable to reach on top conditions and therefore started assembly between layers of clouds. In very short order, con-trails (vapor condensation) filled in the narrow space between cloud layers and the decision

to proceed on course was made. I don't recall the exact number of airplanes in formation, but it was less than the number we were scheduled to have.

While over the English Channel, we tested our machine guns and found that one of the top turret 50 caliber guns was not firing. It had only been a short time before this that the decision had been made, by higher authority, that only one gun malfunctioning was no longer a valid reason to abort a mission. As we neared the coast of the continent, waist gunner Sgt. Joseph Kennedy, called over the intercom, "Lieutenant, there's the 'Bird Dog' out to our left." I looked out my left cabin window and sure enough, there she was — the shiny B-24 we had flown to the United Kingdom. The "Bird Dog" was flying alone, and if memory serves me correctly, that crew joined up with us in the lower left hand box of our formation. We also saw a B-17 flying alone and I mention this to illustrate what a foul-up everybody was having that day in assembling. We continued on course without further incident, other than the deputy lead aircraft aborted just as we got to the continent coastline.

While still over the Channel, and before getting over enemy territory, it was customary for each of us to use the "restroom" since we would not be getting out of our seats until we were again back over neutral territory. This was not as simple as it may sound, because of the procedure involved in disconnecting and reconnecting oxygen, electric suit, flak vest and pants, steel helmet, and radio connections, etc. When I sat back down, I reconnected everything except I FORGOT TO FASTEN MY SAFETY BELT AND SHOULDER STRAPS! I had never done this before, and it was to be the major factor later in my not perishing inside the ship.

As we continued inland toward our target, at an altitude of 21,500 feet, I kept eyeing the deputy lead's position, hoping someone else would fill that slot. No one did, however, and I waited until almost the last minute before sliding our ship down into that position. This maneuver was accomplished between Wing IP and Group IP. (Wing IP means Wing Initial Point where the Combat Wing breaks up into individual groups and proceeds to that group's target. Group IP means the Initial Point for the individual groups to proceed to their own target).

As we approached our target, the JU-88 factory at Aschersleben, visibility was good and we could see no flak or fighters in the area. We were not more than 30 seconds from "bombs away" when the first burst was fired, and they hit us with that burst and every ensuing burst. We could hear the flak tearing through the aircraft each time one of the 88mm shells exploded. As I reflect on this, I am amazed that our bombs

(continued on page 30)

"Bird Dog" Crew (from page 29)

were not hit in the bomb bay. Just before "bombs away," Sgt. Francis Van Veen, our radio operator, tapped my right shoulder and said, "There's a fire in the bomb bay." I looked back over my shoulder and saw the fire, which appeared to be hydraulic fluid burning. I told Van Veen to try to put it out, and returned to trying to keep the aircraft in formation and clear of other planes. At almost the same time Van Veen reported "fire," I had felt the controls go slack and my oxygen supply was extremely hot. I jerked the oxygen hose loose to avoid inhaling flames, in case that system was on fire — as it is sure death if this happens. Eyewitnesses later reported seeing the men in the back of the plane slump over and fall to the floor, and flames streaking out of the waist windows. It is my belief that they died from breathing the deadly flames from the oxygen system, but there is no way to know this for certain. They could have been hit by flak fragments.

Because of this fact, Sgt. John Murphy may not have been able to get his customary brick thrown out. On every mission he carried one addressed, "to Adolph with love, from Murph," and threw it out somewhere over Germany.

It was Robby's custom to call out "bombs away," and I didn't hear him as I felt the ship rise as the heavy bomb load was released. Our radio was out but I didn't know it at the time. Immediately after bombs away, I fed the two left engines in and cut back the right engines, in order to avoid midair collision with anyone else and clear the formation. As we cleared the formation, in a diving right turn, I fed all four engines back in and the plane began heeling to the left. I felt that we were going to go down, and told the boys on the intercom to abandon the aircraft. I repeated this twice before I realized the radio was out, as I didn't get any "feedback" through my headset. As I reached for the alarm bell to alert the crew to bail out, Lt. Bill Greble, my co-pilot, had risen from his seat and was stepping around the control pedestal, when, it felt to me like the right wing came off. I don't know if the wing did come off then, or there was an explosion, or exactly what happened; but for lack of a better expression — "all hell broke loose." I believe the top turret came loose and crushed Greble and nearly got me, as something grabbed my left leg and held it tight enough to pull my flying boot, electric sock and regular sock completely off.

The aircraft gyrated viciously, with a whipping motion, that I find difficult to accurately describe. I was being tumbled about inside the fuselage like a pea in a rain barrel, and could not maintain any sense of direction, up or down, center of gravity or anything one might think they could do under those circumstances. I had previously thought what I might do if something like this were to happen, but I couldn't even put my hand in front of my face, so violent were the forces. After what seemed an eternity, during this period, I realized I was not

going to get out and that I would be smashed lifeless upon striking the ground. I was almost unconscious from the beating I was taking inside the plane, when the violent oscillation suddenly stopped and the plane continued falling with a rolling motion — similar to the rotation of a mixing machine, such as a concrete mixer. After an indeterminate time in this condition, I suddenly felt fresh air blow across my back, and I knew that the next time the plane rotated I would be thrown out — and sure enough, I was thrown out of some hold, like a shot, into cool, fresh air. I estimate the altitude to have been about 2500 feet, and as I got my feet pointed towards earth, I looked down and saw our aircraft fuselage falling below me, rolling over and over, with no wings on it. It appeared to me that the plane had quit burning.

I remembered our briefings on being shot down, to delay opening your chute until you could see trees start to spread rapidly and you would miss some ground fire at you. I did this and when I thought it was time, I grasped my "D" ring with my right hand and pulled, but was unable to pull the rip cord. I had injured my right elbow and hadn't realized it until that moment. I then put my left hand over my right hand and pushed, opening the parachute. I swung forward and then backward and started another swing forward when I hit the ground face down in a plowed field, about 100 feet from where the fuselage of our plane hit. I wanted to run over to it, but couldn't because Germans were already coming toward me from across the field.

Thinking of escape, at some later time, I unbuckled my chute and ran about 100 feet into a clump of trees, about the size of a very small house. I quickly broke open my escape kit and hid a tube of condensed milk and an escape compass in my only boot — the right one. My left foot was completely bare. I buried the rest of the kit, containing German escape money and other items that I didn't want the Germans to get. As the Germans approached me, I came out of the woods toward them and fell down on my stomach, pretending to be hurt more than I actually was.

The next thing I knew they were standing all around me, both men and women. They looked to be some sort of civilian watch force whose purpose was this very thing. One woman asked me if I had a "pistola." I pretended not to understand. Another one looked at my clothes and asked a man if I was a civilian. He replied, "Nix, officer." They brought my parachute over and the women were feeling the material and looking as though they were thinking of what they could make out of it. They handed it over to some of the men.

They took me over to a road where I sat down. It wasn't until later, when I saw myself in a mirror, that I realized how terrible I must have looked. My head and face were totally covered with blood from head wounds that went to the skull and my face was totally covered in blood; you could see no skin, except for my eyelids. My left foot was also burned and cut, especially on my

heel and my right elbow was injured. I was very fortunate, though!

One old man pointed a rifle at me and indicated that he wanted me to start walking down the road, away from the others, and I had no choice but to go. I firmly believed at that time, and do now, that he intended to shoot me when we were out of sight of the others. I made up my mind that I was not going to just walk along and be shot, and I was trying to formulate a plan, in my mind, of how to jump him first, when the regular Wehrmacht soldiers came down the road in a pick-up truck and put me in the back with two of them. During this time, they were apparently checking the old man out good, which included threatening hand gestures. It was during this trip, where they took me to an airfield we had just bombed, that I saw two B-24s from other groups, on the ground burning and two other plumes of black smoke that I am almost certain were either other aircraft burning, or the wings from our aircraft, which contained the fuel tanks. On the way to the field, as we were passing along a high bluff, someone apparently threw a brick at me from the top of the cliff and it landed in the bed of the truck. One of the young German soldiers drew his pistol and I believe he would have shot at whoever threw the brick if he had located them.

It was at the airport that I saw myself in a mirror. They took me to a room where there were three other American fliers. One of them was named Friend, and he was seriously injured in the back. Another one was named Feldman, who later turned up at Stalag Luft III with me. He was from Tulsa, Oklahoma. If I was told the name of the other flyer, I do not remember it. We were not allowed to speak to one another. I remember that the clocks in the building were stopped at 10:32 from our bombs. They took everything I had away from me, except for my handkerchief, which they must have missed. That handkerchief was really good to have, especially when I was in solitary confinement later. When I went down the corridor to the bathroom, I would wet it and carry it back to my cell and do it around my face the best I could.

From the room at the airport, I was taken to the local jail, where I was put in a dark room (cell) that had a wooden bunk with nothing but boards on it. It was made to slant upwards for a pillow. (The Germans didn't mollycoddle their outcasts.) Believe it or not, I actually went to sleep, I suppose from a combination of shock and loss of blood. Later that same day, I was transferred to a regular jail at Bernberg, where a German doctor supposedly tended my wounds. He put something on gauze that burned like fire and just scrubbed my head and face wounds with much unnecessary vigor. I decided he was trying to make me show pain, but I was determined to show none, and didn't. I almost fell out though, as when I was standing there everything went slowly black, but I didn't fall. I probably would have if the doctor hadn't stopped scrubbing on my wounds when he did.

(continued on page 31)

"Bird Dog" Crew (from page 30)

I had been asking about any other fliers, hoping some of the crew might have made it, but a German Major who interrogated me drew me a picture of the fuselage of our plane, showing the location of the bodies of the crew members that they had recovered. They also told me where Bill Greble and Don Hudson had been found. Greble hadn't opened his chute, and Hudson was thrown out with no chute on. He was found over half a mile from the fuselage where the others were. They showed me Greble's Zippo cigarette lighter, which was crushed like a wad of tinfoil. They also brought me Don Hudson's left flying boot to wear. I knew Bill and Don didn't make it. But I could not tell, from the information they were giving me, whether it was the truth or not. They were very cunning at obtaining information from downed fliers and we were warned about this. They could not account for the tenth, or missing man from the crew. It puzzled them. They kept asking me if I had a boxer on my crew. I told them no. It seems, as they said, they had shot and killed an airman that day who had tried to fight when they captured him. He took a swing at one of the Germans and was shot to death. I have no way of knowing whether that was the truth or not.

I was kept at Bernberg one night and sent, along with others, to Wetzlar, which seemed to be a distribution center for prisoners. I, along with others, were taken there by train. After a couple of days at Wetzlar, they loaded a whole bunch of us on another train. Those of us in my car were sent to Dulag Luft, the infamous interrogation center at Frankfurt on the Maine. The RAF finally firebombed this place because the Germans were obtaining so much intelligence from captured fliers. It was reported that only one Allied Prisoner of War lost his life in the bombing.

At Dulag Luft, I was placed in solitary confinement, in room 4C. The room was about 5 or 6 feet wide, and about 8 feet long with one barred window that had wooden shutters that were kept closed, making the room quite dark. I never got out of the room except for going to the restroom and to daily interrogation in the mornings.

I was kept in this place a long time, perhaps 10 or 12 days — maybe even 15, as I completely lost track of time. This was in violation of the Geneva Convention, which restricts holding a prisoner in solitary confinement more than 3 days. As I was taken back and forth down the long hall to interrogation, I noticed there was a white card tacked up on my door, where only one or two others along the corridor had them — and even those would disappear after two or three days. One day I asked the guard why the card was on my door and in broken English he replied, "Why don't you speak?" He conveyed to me that they would keep me there until I was too weak to get up off the straw bunk without fainting, if I didn't tell them what they wanted to know. The guard seemed to be trying to warn me and I sensed that he didn't agree

with my treatment. They deliberately fed starvation rations to prisoners as that was a part of the breaking-down process.

In the morning I was given a warm cup of ersatz coffee and one piece of black bread, which was thinly spread with some kind of marmalade; at noon they brought me the coffee and a small bowl of warm, watery soup, and at night, the coffee with the bread again. Sometimes at night, they would bring two pieces of bread. I saved the hard crusts of the bread to scrub my teeth with, and wash out my mouth with the so-called coffee.

The very next weekend, after I had the talk with the partially friendly guard, I wasn't called in to be interrogated. When I asked why, I was told that my personal interrogator, a German Hauptmann (Captain) was on leave. I then said to the guard, "Why he told me I was going to be released this weekend." To my surprise they believed me!!! They opened my shutters on my window, let me shave and clean up and even gave me a book to read. That very afternoon I was released from Dulag Luft and transferred to Stalag Luft III at Sagan, Germany. I should mention that it was obvious to me the reason they kept me for so long was because they were trying to find out where the tenth man on our crew was. They knew very well there should have been ten men on the airplane as they probably had the papers showing Hansbury as being on the flight.

Before I went outside, another POW handed me a draw-string tobacco sack with enough tobacco in it, along with the papers, to roll two or three cigarettes. For the first time since I was captured, I was free to walk from a room, by myself, and go to another location unattended. I sat down by the side of one of the buildings with my cigarette, in the warm sun, and was enjoying my smoke, when I heard a slow, southern drawl beside me, asking, "Can I have a draw off that cigarette?" I handed him the tobacco sack and papers and we struck up a conversation, learning we were both from Arkansas. He was Lt. Roy Dale Thompson, from Clinton, and I was from North Little Rock. We became lifelong friends and were separated only by his death by heart attack in 1984. When Tommy and I returned to the States, his fiancée introduced me to her best friend, and we have now been married for almost 44 years. I feel sure the effects of the war cut his life short some 15 or 20 years, as he came out of prison camp with heart problems and a nerve condition.

For the longest time, after I was in Stalag Luft III, I lived in fear that they would discover my absence, when my interrogator returned, and come to Sagan and take me back to Dulag Luft. But they never did. It may be, by that time, the war was so advanced they couldn't keep up with everything. I never gave up hope that some one other than me made it out of our plane that dreadful day, but each time a new group of "Kriegies" (prisoners) came in, I would question them, but never received any hope from anyone I talked with.

Incidentally, while I was at Dulag Luft,

one of the threats they used was accusing me of being a spy. I didn't wear my dog tags and they used that as an excuse to tell me that since I had no identification, that anyone could get clothes like my uniform, and therefore they had no way of establishing that I was an American serviceman — so I could be executed for spying.

Before daylight on January 28, 1945, we were marched out of Stalag Luft III because of the advancing Russians from the east. This was a miserable journey of some 2 to 3 weeks in the bitter cold and deep snow. Our German guards (some of them) were in worse shape than we were. There was one old man who got to the point where he couldn't put one foot in front of the other. He would drag his left foot, up to his right, one step at a time. The whites of his eyes were solid red with blood, and I have seen some of our own men carry the old man's rifle for him. We had orders not to escape during the march. These orders were from our own leaders. The reason was that all of Germany had been declared an area that any unauthorized person could be shot as a spy.

We walked from Sagan to Spremberg. During part of this journey, two German intelligence men walked with us. They talked to us about the Russians and made the statement that they had killed 15 million Russians and couldn't whip them — and that we (the Americans) couldn't either. They stated that we would have to team up someday to fight the Russians. For years it seemed their prophecy was right, but at this point in time the situation with Russia is not that bleak.

One night on this trip we stayed in a barn, and it was so cold that we stayed up and walked around most of the night to stay warm. We only had one light blanket each that we carried with us. Another night they packed so many of us in a church that the air grew stale, and we all became groggy and some men passed out. We stayed two or three nights in a pottery factory, where we were actually warm inside the building. They had some unique pottery containers there in which a man could crawl inside, and they were said to hold 1,000 liters.

At Halbau, Germany, we were standing in line in the street, with snow on the ground, and it was still snowing. An old German woman kept bringing us hot water, in defiance of a Nazi party member. Each time she went back and forth by him, she would toss her head up. The party member was standing over on a corner, by a post, with his hat brim pulled down over his eyes, like a movie gangster. Out in the country, we were stopped for a rest, and there was a house close to the road. I went over to the house and traded some soap for a bag of potatoes — kartoffels in German. I asked the lady in German if she had any food she would trade me. She said she had some kartoffels and asked me what I would give her for them. I told her soap, and we made a trade. I carried the potatoes all the way to Moosburg, where we had a potato bash. There were many of our men who had vary-

(continued on page 32)

"Bird Dog" Crew (from page 31)

ing degrees of frostbitten hands, feet and faces from walking in the bitter cold.

At Spremberg, I traded a cigarette to a German soldier in exchange for his skull and crossbones insignia, which I have to this day. He was in either a storm troop or a panzer unit, I have forgotten which. At Spremberg, we were crowded in boxcars on a long train and rode, standing up for the most part, the balance of the way to Moosburg. The only way one could sit down was between the legs of another man, who also needed to rest. For the latter part of our stay in Moosburg, we slept in tents on the ground. It was further south, near Munich, and the snow was off the ground when we got there.

We were liberated by Patton's 14th armored force on April 29, 1945. After we were liberated, we had no food at all. We borrowed rifles, jackets and vehicles from

American soldiers in the area, and went out among the German population and obtained our food from them. While this may seem harsh, it was the only way we could get anything to eat. On May 10, 1945, we were flown to Camp Lucky Strike at Le Havre, France, where I obtained leave and had made arrangements to fly out to Rackheath to find out about my crew. But, before I could leave, I became deathly ill with the flu and couldn't make the trip. After I felt better, I did write to the 467th group in England for information and when I arrived home in North Little Rock, I had a letter there from a Lt. Thomas Goodyear, advising me that I was the only survivor of our crew. The last sentence in his letter has often haunted me — "The Group has chalked up a good record *and life at Rackheath has continued just the same as before.*" Just the same as before. Nothing would ever be the same as before to those of us who didn't return to

Rackheath from their missions — whether they managed to live through it or not.

There has been much soul-searching and considerable anguish in reliving these events. I will not belabor this account with further details. It is sufficient to say that air crew members had a special camaraderie for each other that is found only under circumstances where they routinely face danger together, time after time, and are dependent upon each other for their safety. To this day, I cannot watch a documentary of aircraft going down in battle without tears coming to my eyes for the gallant, young men riding those machines of war to their deaths. I think of what might have been had the men of my crew been allowed to live and contribute their good minds, talents and enthusiasm to our world. I sometimes think that what we lost was greater than what we won.



491st BOMB GROUP

THE LAST AND THE BEST

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

by Hap Chandler

GROUP DIRECTORY

The 491st Bomb Group Directory for 1991 is ready for the printer and will be in the mail in early July. It contains 848 current names and addresses of Ringmasters. This will be mailed *only* to "LOG" subscribers paid up for 1991, 328 as of June 8, 1991. You may obtain a copy and become a current subscriber by mailing ten dollars to 'Ringmasters Log', P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, GA 30338-8148.

ALL AMERICAN WEST COAST TOUR

I was in California and Oregon with the "All American" crew in May. Reaction to this almost extinct "bird" was remarkable. One day in San Jose, three thousand paid to walk through this restored aircraft. Ray Covert, 855th Squadron and one of the original pilots of the 491st, was among those in San Jose. Ray now lives in Santa Cruz.

In Oakland we visited with Jack Chapman, also 855th Squadron, who reminisced about his crew's unusual composition, two sets of brothers. Jack's brother was the pilot, while the waist gunners were twin brothers. Probably the only crew in the Eighth Air Force so constituted.

The flight from San Jose to Sacramento was another "first" — father and son on same flight. Lloyd Hubbard, whose career was covered in Log 6, was accompanied by his son Wayne. To the delight of Lola Hubbard, wife and mother who awaited their arrival in Sacramento anxiously, this mission was without incident.

Sacramento was alive with Ringmasters.

John Crowe was on hand to report on Bill Getz' crew. Dee McKenzie regaled Ruth, his wife, with his feats in "the bird." Dee and Ruth plan to return to England with our 491st tour in May 1992. Emil Mastagni arrived just as we were taxiing out to takeoff for Oregon.

Then, on to Portland, a five hour flight across northern California and along the Oregon coast. Although we had Los Molinos in our bombsight, we squelched the urge to bomb Louis Brunnemer, our resident comedian. Louis is busy delighting California audiences with his "Ringmaster Humor." Louis has not figured which squadron he served with. "I went with the party, not the squadron." Good thinking!

Harold Fritzler had organized a rousing welcome in Portland, where a large crowd waited two hours in a cold rain to welcome us. Sadly, time did not allow me to continue to Tacoma and a reunion with my sometimes pilot, Gene Scamahorn.

As for my flight time. It has been 46 years, 2 months and several days since my March 3, 1945 round trip to Magdeburg. This trip in the restored plane was draftier than I remembered. It climbed faster, there was less flak, no fighters and, best of all, the comforting roar of Pratt and Whitney.

The shocker was how small that "great big airplane" has become over the years. Although I gave up on getting into the nose turret again, I was able to go from waist to nose via the bomb bay and tunnel. Then back to the flight deck and an hour in the co-pilot's seat! Next day via Delta's L-1011 I reflected on how far aviation technology has come in the years since the great adventure of flying the North Atlantic.

2nd ADA MEMBERSHIP

Along with our parent organization we continue to grow. Our latest count, May 22, 1991, is 475. Although our numbers continue to grow, sadly so do our "Folded Wings." Jim Trego, Ed Ainsworth, Bill Starnes, Bob Fogarty, and Dr. Sid Grant all departed this life in 1991.

2ADA American Librarian Fund Drive

HERE IS MY DONATION

I enclose \$_____ for our
LAST MISSION TARGET,
the 2nd Air Division Association
American Librarian Fund.

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

Letters



Dear Bill:

Having just received my eagerly awaited copy of the Journal, I was deeply shocked to read the letter from Maureen Cope of Norwich. I can only assure you that her views are not shared by many of us Norfolk people who had the great privilege of meeting you during World War Two and have continued on that great friendship to the present day. I have searched through all our 1990 convention records, at the lists of helpers from the Trust, the Friends, the Villages and the many other Norfolk people who gave their time, but her name is not among them. As you know, all of us who help you do this out of gratitude, love and the chance to repay just a little of the great debt we owe, but we certainly do not expect to attend all YOUR convention functions. However with your 1990 theme of "We Honour the Villages" I am amazed that she did not attend, for even at your Banquet, each Group kindly invited so many local people. Other than the County Reception which was limited due to security reasons, all the main public events were open. The Cathedral Service, the Day Out when we needed helpers, the Base Days were all available so I am mystified why she did not attend. As for the "Big Brass," I have yet to meet them, for the only people I meet are those who are prepared to devote their time and effort to maintaining your unique 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich and the many other memorials, buildings, memorabilia and friendships in our villages by your old bases.

As a Norfolkman who has been fortunate enough to know the Division since 1942, I can only apologise and assure you that many of us do not share the views or bitterness of Maureen Cope; we are only too pleased to give up our time to serve you. We do not expect to be invited to all your functions, our reward comes in just having you back with us and making your stay a happy and enjoyable one. Perhaps if you do come back for a convention once more, Maureen will be willing to join the team of helpers. She will certainly find it hard work but great fun.

David J. Hastings
Norfolk, England

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

We keep looking for reasons why we are attracted to reuniting with those who have faced what we have.

I know from our crew's point of view, four of us have reunited at every opportunity: pilot Dick Witton, co-pilot Buck Croxford, bombardier Walt Conneely and navigator Abe Wilen. We have gone together to 2nd ADA, mini midwest and just the four of us to the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio.

We trained together from Boise, Pocatello, March Field, Hamilton Field, then 17 missions from Old Buckenham, all with the 453rd Group. We went down together May 8, 1944 on a mission to Brunswick. Then we spent the next year together in various German POW camps.

We had our own feelings and our own desires to reunite. Recently in one of the veterans' magazines, I ran across this explanation of our feelings and reasons for them:

"I know now why men who have been to war yearn to reunite. Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep on one another's knees. Comrades gather because they long to be with men who once acted their best. Men who suffered and sacrificed, who were stripped raw, right down to their humanity."

That is the best explanation I have seen for why we feel as we do, why we seek the company of those that were "stripped down to their humanity" as we were.

Abe Wilen
20100 Boca West Drive
Apt. 166
Boca Raton, FL 33434

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am enclosing a photo of a young Carl Schmidt taken during the last war at Horscham St. Faiths, 458th Bomb Group. If anyone or even himself recognizes it they can contact me at the address below.

This photo came into my possession from a friend of mine who worked on the base during the war and they are just interested in finding out if he made it through to the end of the war and if he is still about. It was thought that he came from Charleston, PA. Hoping that this will meet with some success.

E.D. Clarke
16 Darrell Place
Norwich
Norfolk NR5 8QW
England



+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I received my copy of the Kassel Mission. There is a note in the book that they don't know why the three planes aborted. I was on that mission on McClelland's plane. I was an assistant engineer waist gunner.

The reason we aborted was we had an engine knocked out by flak and could not keep up with the group. We were hit just before the target and aborted. I'm sending a picture of McClelland and our crew.

John Barron
66 Cumberland Village
Carmichaels, PA 15320



+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I am writing to you to join the 2nd Air Division Association. My father, S/Sgt. Roy E. Welch, 33089729, left waist gunner, was a member of the 8th AF, 392nd BG, 579th BS, and was KIA on 20 Feb. 44.

I've been trying to trace my father's military career and details about his death in a crash and have been trying to find someone who may have details that would help me. His plane, a B-24 H, 42-7529, the "Coral Princess," while returning from a bombing mission exploded and fell into a field near Manston RAF on 20 Feb. 44. I have been told another B-24 flew along with this crippled aircraft and that the navigator, a Lt. Gregory, was flying the plane. The pilot of the aircraft, 1st Lt. J.B. Peyton, and CP, 2nd Lt. A.P. Rueffer, apparently were not able to function as a result of taking heavy enemy hits.

I would like to hear from anyone who might recall any details of this fateful flight, especially while returning from the mission. Most all of the information I have about the crash came from the 392nd book "Liberators from Wendling" by Col. R. Vickers and a note from the 3rd SAD about the status of the wrecked plane.

I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone about this incident or any prior service that my father had with the Anti-Submarine groups (827th BS/5th Anti-Sub Sqdn that was stationed at Westover Field in 42/43).

I can be reached at home at (413) 467-3226 if anyone would rather call than drop a note.

Joseph Roy Welch-Snopek
37 Kellogg Street
Granby, MA 01033

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Here are various pictures taken of me on May 11, 1944 on my return from my 30th and last mission to Mulhousse, France marshalling yards.

Col. Gerry Mason, base CO, greets me as I depart plane. Friends help relieve me of my heavy flying clothing but they went a step further in getting me down to my longhandles. Even with the Scotch on an empty stomach I told the guys, "I don't know what you have on your mind but this is far enough!"

I had not seen the red, white and blue PJs in the background. Our 448th had lost 75 bombers before anyone had finished his tour so the Col. thought a little celebration was in order.

Leroy Engdahl



+ +



+ +



Dear Bill:

Would you please put these pictures and note in the letter section of the Journal? The envelopes with these drawings on the back were loaned to me, while over in England for our convention, by Mrs. Judith M. Pickering, now Judith M. Pickering Rasbsey. I was interested in finding the artist who drew these. Would anyone recognize the artist, or know where I can find him, would like to send an application to S/Sgt. Don Dayton, 17072551, 330th BS, 93rd BG.

Thank you Bill, you are doing a wonderful job, even though you were a 44th man.

Floyd H. Mabee
93rd BG Group VP
28 Hillside Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801

Ed.: Them fighting words, son!

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I read your Mayday notice in the recent issue of the Journal and I had sent you a newspaper interview about myself and also a clipping about the book "Home By Christmas" last year. Perhaps it was nothing that you could use as it was in a newspaper? I also have photos of Harry Otten receiving decorations at the Hague for his contributions to the Air Forces liberations.

Everett S. Allen

Ed.: We have to have the permission of the newspaper if we are using an article from their paper. This sometimes delays the use of the material. We love articles where a 2nd ADA member is being interviewed.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I was a crew chief in the 506th Bomb Squadron, 44th Bomb Group stationed at Shipdham. The reason I am writing is to see if I can find a cap and logo with the 44th on it, and also a sweatshirt or T-shirt or both. Please let me know if you could direct me to the place I could purchase these items.

Percy L. Thomas
1630 E. 46th St. So.
Wichita, KN 67216

Ed.: These items were available some time ago but what the status is now I don't know. Try writing to Pete Henry who is your VP.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I'm sending you this photo of the 453rd Control Tower Crew, which includes the Weather Crews, Alert Crew, the Crash and Ambulance Crews and the Air Traffic Crews. When this photo was taken in 1944 I knew all the names of these men, and now I recognize the faces and remember few names. Those I do remember are:

Back row (l-r): #2 Lee A. Doolittle, #4 Preston L. Hoover, #6 Wexler, #9 Young - with a question, and Captain Wyatt on the

end who was from Wenatchee, Washington.

Middle row: #1 Leonard M. Peterson and #3 Russel Bugbee. I still correspond with Leonard M. Peterson who lives in Brookings, South Dakota.

First row I drew a blank, except that #1 in that row manned the radio caravan at the approach of the landing runway.

Lee A. Doolittle
6552 N. 16th
Coeur D Alene, ID 83814



+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Recently, I have been in contact with Bill Dewey and Walter Hassenpflug regarding the memorial in Germany honoring those who lost their lives in the fateful bombing mission to Kassel, Germany on September 27, 1944 which nearly wiped out the 445th Bomb Group. I was the radio operator/gunner on Lt. William F. Golden's crew.

Lt. Golden was KIA as was Sgt. Norman Stewart, tail gunner. The balance of the crew were taken prisoner and spent the remainder of the war as Yankee Kriegies.

Since the war I definitely know that two former crew members have passed away. Sgt. Robert Bagley died on cancer in 1973. Bob was our armorer/gunner. Bombardier Lt. Ted Boecher also died of cancer on July 19, 1978.

Lt. Edmund Boomhower is retired and lives at 814 Warren Ave., Cary, NC 27511.

I am very interested in learning the status of the remaining crew members and hope that some of the Journal readers can provide me with an update on the following former crew members: co-pilot, Lt. Robert Christie; navigator, Lt. Norman Lubitz (wounded on our 1st mission to Strausberg, France); engineer, T/Sgt. Earl C. Romine; waist gunner, Sgt. Edward Feltus III; waist gunner, Pendelton Raines (not flying the day we were shot down).

I surely enjoy reading the Journal and look forward to each issue.

Jack M. Erickson
4090 Riverwoods Drive
Auburn, CA 95603



Front row (l-r): Sgt. Pendleton Raines, Sgt. Norman Stewart, Sgt. Bob Bagley. Second row: Sgt. Edward Feltus, S/Sgt. Jack Erickson. Standing: S/Sgt. Earl Romine, Lt. Norman Lubitz, Lt. Wm. F. Golden, Lt. Chester Droug

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

This letter is in regards to the Spring 1991 Journal, page 29. In the picture, 1st row, kneeling down, 2nd from left, reads Captain Rove. I believe that is Captain Love at that time. I stayed in barracks with Major Love, who was in ordnance, at Watton.

M.M. Feys
1340 So. 22nd Street
Quincy, Illinois 62301

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a photo of the Roth crew as assigned to the 453rd Bomb Group, 735th Bomb Squadron. I was co-pilot on the original crew who flew across the Atlantic on July 4, 1944 as a replacement crew. After six missions our pilot, O.K. Long, was taken off the crew to become a lead pilot. Long took our engineer with him on the lead crew. I moved up to pilot of the crew and McGilvary took my place as co-pilot until Pete Poulos replaced McGilvary. Fairchild took over the vacated engineer position. We completed thirty-six bombing missions plus one gas hauling mission for General Patton.



Standing (l-r): Vojtko, tail gunner; Statham, upper turret gunner; Jones, radio operator; Rippy, bombardier; Pippitt, nose gunner; McGilvary, co-pilot. Kneeling (l-r): Sweeney, waist gunner; Fairchild, engineer; Roth, pilot; Snyder, navigator.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I have just received my first issue of the 2nd ADA Journal. It's great!

I, like so many others, would like to know the location of my former crew members. I am enclosing a photo of the original Polaris crew of the 466th BG. I would like to hear from any of them.

Wayne Tabor
7009 Echo Trail
Louisville, KY 40299
(502) 267-9857



Standing (l-r): J.W. Brown, P; Clifford "Kip" Schoeffler, CP; Karl Oesterle, N; and J. Weisgarber, B. Kneeling (l-r): Robert "Tex" Cannon, R; William Kent, TG; Wayne Tabor, WG; Walter D. Kvech, WG; Robert L. Enders, BG; Clyde Clontz, EG.

+ + + +

Waist gunner Sweeney received the one and only Purple Heart of our crew. He received a flak injury.

We returned to the States in April 1945. Only four of our original crew have been in touch. They are Long, Roth, Snyder and Neffsinger, the original engineer. If anyone knows the whereabouts of the rest of the crew please get in touch with me.

John Roth
38041 Ballard Drive
Fremont, CA 94536-7132
(415) 793-1691

Dear Bill:

A couple of weeks ago we had a visit from Darrell Reed, a former radio-op with the 445th BG. He told me of the wonderful reception he had received at the Aerospace Museum at Cosford when he went there with his son to inspect their B-24. As an old B-24 man he was allowed access to the aircraft which is not given to the general public. The person responsible for this was Dave Heath, an ex-RAF Liberator man who is employed by the Museum and whose special "baby" is the B-24.

It occurred to me that some of our members visiting the UK and finding themselves in the West Midlands area might like to visit Cosford or they could do what Darrell Reed did and make a day trip from London. There is a rail station at Cosford which is about a two and a half hour journey via Wolverhampton from Euston, London.

It would be a big help if people visiting Cosford especially to see the B-24 could contact Dave Heath first, at 56 Vicarage Road, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton WV11 1SE. Telephone 0902-731737. They would get a good response.

Tony North
Central Library
Bethel Street
Norwich
Norfolk NR2 1NJ

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of the original "Delectable Doris" with the crew that made its final bomb run.

We were on our 18th mission and were hit by flak over Magdeburg, Germany on February 3, 1945. The initial hit took off the nose — on fire, with controls shot out, and our bomb load on board. We disintegrated at about 17,000 ft altitude. Two of us were blown clear and were able to pull our chute rip cords. We were taken prisoners and were survivors.

In the picture I am second from the left in the top row and was the co-pilot. Billy E. Wiedman was the right waist gunner and is the last on the right in the bottom row. I have not heard from Billy since wiring him \$150 after receipt of a telegram July 12, 1950. I am hoping he will see this and contact me.

You may be interested to know that our assigned aircraft was "Miss America" but because of a malfunction we were assigned to "Delectable Doris" to complete the maximum effort of February 3, 1945.

John W. Merrill
234 West Haven Road
Manchester, NH 03104



+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I noticed in the 2nd ADA Journal someone was looking for an address for the Air Force Sergeants Association. Just in case you don't have it: Air Force Sergeants Association, General Offices, 5211 Auth Road, Suitland, Maryland 20746; Tel. 1-800-638-0594.

If you know where I can get patches for the 467th Bomb Group, Squadron 791 & 788, please let me know.

Paul Hatten
8346 Copperside
Converse, TX 78109

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

In the Winter 1990 issue of the Journal on page 30 there is a letter by Ed Wanner. Maybe someone could enlighten me as to where I could purchase a sweatshirt like the young lady in the photograph has on.

Bill Maisenhelder
30 Horwich Street
Kingston, NY 12401

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

There are still some interesting stories left to tell about the 445th reunion at Tibenham last July. I wonder if any of those who were there remember the old gentleman who had his steam engine decorated with the Union Jack and the American flag. There was also a large sign on the front of the engine which said the following: "THANKS YANKS, YOU GAVE US HELP, WE GAVE YOU HOPE."

And hereby hangs a tale. Several days before Christmas I received a package from England. It was addressed to HITON Island, no state and no zip code. It had taken twenty-two days to get here. The sender was Mr. Aldrich. The package contained photos of his steam engine with a note asking me to forward one of the photos to Bob Hope to autograph and to return to him. The day after we received the package I had a telephone call from England and it was from Mr. A, asking if I had sent the photos on to Bob Hope. I assured him I would. I mailed the photos and request to Palm Springs, CA on the day after Christmas and hoped for the best.

On February 12 I had another call from Mr. A, happy and grateful, Bob Hope had come through. Mission accomplished! It's a nice little tale, isn't it?

Theodore J. Kaye
11 Fishermans Bend Court
Hilton Head, SC 29926



+ + + +

**SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION
BILL ROBERTIE**

P.O. BOX 627
IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS 01938



AARON & SALLY SCHULTZ
389TH
P O BOX 18
HIGH POINT NC
27261

Address Correction Requested
Forwarding & Return Postage Guaranteed

Non-profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Ipswich, MA 01938
Permit No. 74