



Vol. 30, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1991



Joy
to the
world



HEADQUARTERS

2nd AIR DIVISION

BOMB GROUPS

44th 93rd 389th 392nd

445th 446th 448th 453rd 458th

466th 467th 489th 491st 492nd

FIGHTER GROUPS

4th 56th 355th

SCOUTING FORCE - FIGHTER GROUPS

361st 479th

OTHER GPS & ATTACHED UNITS

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

HONORARY PRESIDENT

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

OFFICERS

President RICHARD M. KENNEDY
8051 Goshen Road, Malvern, PA 19355
Executive Vice President JOHN B. CONRAD
2981 Four Pines #1, Lexington, KY 40502
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 OAK MACKAY
6085 Lincoln Drive, Apt. #316, Edina, Minn. 55436
445th BG CHARLES L. WALKER
1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632
446th BG MARVIN SPEIDEL
708 Dianne Court, Rahway, NJ 07065
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
385 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21061
466th BG ELWOOD NOTHSTEIN
40 Meadow Dr., Spencerport, NY 14559
467th BG ROBERT SHEEHAN
1828 E. 27th St., Tulsa, OK 74114
489th BG NEAL SORENSEN
132 Peninsula Road, Medicine Lake, MN 55441
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 JEANE STITES
9334 Kahl Rd., Black Earth, WI 53515

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

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3 Upper King Street, Norwich, Norfolk, NR3 1RL England
PAUL R. KING, Vice Chairman
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14 St. Andrews Close, Hingham, Norfolk NR9 4JT
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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

"Over There and Over Here"

by Richard M. Kennedy

"OVER THERE." The stirring strains and lyrics of that venerable WWI tune continue to generate memories of the long ago performances of the U.S. Armed Forces immediately preceding our generation's participation in a major conflict. We did involve ourselves, during the years between WWI and WWII, gathering and absorbing the fact and fiction produced in volume by the chroniclers of events spanning the years 1914-1918.

The records, memorabilia and archives made available in abundance allowed us to gain a rather clear perspective on what our predecessors achieved during a relatively brief but violent military operation. Was that compilation of historical information an "Inheritance"?

One of the meanings given to the word "perspective" tells us that, among other interpretations, perspective might give us the capacity to view events in their true relation or relative importance. Obviously, that relationship or relative degree of importance must be measured, or viewed, against or alongside some pertinent scale or illustration. Applying a perspective relating to our 2nd AD "Inheritances" can lead us toward a variety of probable routes. I'm going to assume that "Inheritance" is suitable in this instance. We of the 2nd AD have a valuable, if not singular, gift to transmit to following generations. As proud "keepers" and "creators" of these treasures, born of deed and partially preserved in memory, we do, and should, strive to assure maximum protection and display of these historical and priceless records. By so doing, we can assure our immediate succeeding generation, as well as those following, a truly representative depiction of the historical contributions made by the men and women of the 2nd AD during that monumental conflict known as World War II.

We are now, all of us, becoming increasingly aware of the various projects surfacing with respect to memorializing the efforts of the Eighth Army Air Force, WWII. In most cases, these proposed repositories would "make room" for the 2nd Air Division or the Eighth AAF in and among other units or branches of the military also having served during the aforementioned conflict. In all honesty, we of the 2nd AD should be and undoubtedly are, extremely proud to have our achievements both displayed and preserved in an appropriate setting. The 2nd AD Memorial Room within the walls of the Norwich Library affords the Association, to a degree, that type of setting.

However, the Norwich location is on the *far side* of the Atlantic, or "Over There," and prohibitively inaccessible to the great majority of 2nd ADA members. Our 8th AAF was born in the U.S.A. True it was bloodied in the flak and fighter filled skies of Europe, but we did come back to that same U.S.A. proud and thrilled by our participation in a great victory. Those members of our 2nd AD that failed to return will, in perpetuity, be remembered and honored by way of our unique Memorial. The 8th AAF survivors should have a place, a home if you will, that we can visit and that place should be on *this side* of the Atlantic, "Over Here." As I see it, the proposed Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center, located at Savannah, Georgia, offers us the ideal setting for our permanent home. Why Savannah? The Eighth Air Force was constituted into the U.S.A.A.F. 28 January 1942 at the Chatham Armory in Savannah.

A PERMANENT HOME: A permanent home for "The Mighty Eighth" in Savannah will instill a sense of continuing pride in America! Visitors can learn about loved ones who served in the Eighth Air Force and leave with a deep sense of gratitude for the dedication of America's finest who rose to meet the aggressors on the field of battle. The Mighty Eighth will have a home in America. To tell their story in an exciting and interesting fashion, without glorifying war; to provide educational services to young students instilling a sense of pride; to challenge young people to excel and to learn more about their nation's heritage by "hands-on" programs and events that will motivate their sense of enthusiasm for the American way of life; to display historical items and memorabilia and preserve Eighth Air Force heritage; to describe day-to-day activities of the Eighth Air Force through state-of-the-art audio-visual presentations that are both entertaining and informational; to provide a research center for historians and families of Eighth Air Force veterans, a place for locating heretofore unknown or difficult to find information about Eighth Air Force people; to hold reunions for Eighth Air Force veterans and their many organized groups, and to provide them an opportunity to see their story told first-hand by Eighth Air Force veterans, for Eighth Air Force veterans; and to create a national treasure that will attract tourists from around the world, leaving them with a feeling that Americans really do care about their country and world and that they stand up for their rights as citizens.

WHAT WILL BE INCLUDED: A "Great Room" for the state-of-the-art audio-visual presentations to portray the dramatic air operations of the Eighth Air Force in World War II. Plans call for this to give the viewer a feel for a typical day of the Eighth Force, everything from the mess hall to the mission! The goal is to show the importance of every person in the success of the mission and the day-to-day struggle of the average person to make success certain. An Educational Center has been designed focusing on the needs of students to establish goals in life that meet the challenge of the world today and to become better citizens through a drug-free environment where each person's self-worth is recognized.

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Also included will be displays of all Eighth Air Force groups, units, and individuals, to include aircraft, personal photos, diaries, and official documents. Easy to use computers will be available for visitors to review information about veterans who served in the Eighth. Included also will be recognition of individuals, not only for their Eighth Air Force role, but for their accomplishments after the war years. Additional accommodations include: a library/historical archive for serious researchers who want to learn more about the Eighth Air Force; major recognition of all contributors who make the Heritage Center possible; a Chapel; a gift shop where Eighth Air Force related items will be available; and the display of historic aircraft.

WHY ARE THE EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE HERITAGE CENTER IMPORTANT? The Eighth Air Force Heritage Center planners feel that "education" is the cornerstone of the Heritage Center simply because the youth of America represents our future. It is strongly recognized that youngsters in their formative years, 6-12, need to be convinced that they do have control of their future. They must be motivated to use their potential to become part of society in a productive and positive way by pursuing a lifestyle that is both interesting and rewarding. One of the objectives is to teach by "hands-on" experiences so they can become productive, self-supporting persons, raise their own self-esteem, and gain financial and social independence, thus strengthening our country and their own well-being. Learning experiences that motivate will be used in programs for all ages.

WHAT IS PLANNED: The establishment of a curriculum that is compatible with area schools and colleges to reach specific objectives, using resources at the Heritage Center; to instill a sense of pride and interest in America through workshops showing by

example what others have done. (Subject matter will vary depending on the immediate need of the community and students, but may well include aviation subjects such as the theory of flight, history of flight, recognition of air pioneers, and practical projects (such as "hands-on" restoration work, historical research projects, ballooning, model aircraft flying, and tours of industrial facilities); to inform youngsters about the opportunities in all fields of endeavor; to create a feeling of excitement about their future, using current event subjects, perhaps relating to space exploration, to ensure an awareness of their future world role. (It should be noted that the educational program is not designed in any way to glorify war or to promote the Eighth Air Force. The idea is to germinate the seed of success.) Many of the veterans of the Eighth Air Force became the leaders of our great nation and were successful businessmen. Many of them attribute their success to their time in service with the Eighth Air Force. We want to pass along this feeling of pride to all Americans!

As your President, I am gratified to sit, with the full approval of the 2nd ADA Executive Committee, on the 8th AF Heritage Center's Board of Directors and Executive Committee. I will do my part, with proper vigor, presenting the desires of the 2nd ADA. I'd like to take this opportunity to ask each of our 2nd ADA members to champion this effort in any manner they can! Your support, moral and financial, is vital to the success of a very worthy and important endeavor.

I want to thank the membership for affording me the honor to serve as your President for another year. Holding this office has been a most uncommon and pleasurable experience.

Bobbie and I wish each of you and yours a delightful Holiday Season and a healthy and extremely fruitful New Year.

God bless you all!

Vice President's Message

by John B. Conrad



There is an increasing interest on the part of some 2nd ADA members to meet and gather together more often than at our once-a-year 2nd ADA conventions, such as our reunion in Dearborn in July. Those falling into this category will attend the annual convention wherever it may be and also any group or regional dinners or reunions for which they may be eligible.

There is another segment of the 2nd ADA membership that attends only group or regional dinners or reunions that are



Candlelighting ceremony at the 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion on September 5, 1991 at Lake of the Ozarks, MO. Announcer at podium: Earl Zimmerman (389th). Candlelighters (l-r): John Colvin (392nd), Norman Raeber (453rd), Ray Counts (491st), Dutch Borchering (93rd), Gene Hetzler (389th), Quentin Wetteroth (446th), Dave Godair (489th), and Ed Kimmel (466th).

closer to members' homes than the annual convention site may be. This category undoubtedly includes those who limit their travel for health reasons. Less travel also means less cost.

Annual reunion dinners have been held for successive years in Philadelphia, Southern California and Texas. There are concentrations of members in these areas who support these dinners. Similar dinners could be organized in other areas where a number of members reside — Florida, for example.

A reunion dinner with small beginnings was first held in Collinsville, Illinois in 1984. Organized by Frank Thomas, 25 to 30 members and guests attended. Supported

by members committed to local reunions, the Collinsville Annual Dinner grew into the Midwest Regional Reunion. In recent years there have been as many as 300 attendees at these now 2-3 day reunions, organized by various members from the area.

A committee composed of Russ Valleau (492nd), George Rundblad (453rd), Wilbur Stites (453rd), Robert Victor (453rd), Aud Risley (446th) and Lloyd Koth (467th), has been elected to organize the 1992 reunion at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, May 31 to June 2. This reflects the care taken in scheduling the Midwest Regional Reunions at places and on dates that do not interfere with the 2nd ADA annual conventions.

389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West

To start our comments for the Winter issue of the Journal, what follows is what we were able to accomplish in 1991. Membership packets were sent to 91 prospective members and to 20 for second attempts and 26 applications by William Nelson of the 389th. From all applications sent, we received 68 new members and 15 associate members. The 2ADA dropped 21 members for non-payment of dues. Letters were sent asking if they wished to be reinstated; 8 responded. Correspondence sent was 843 which included the letters to the 389th membership for the American Librarian Fund.

FOLDED WINGS: With regret I list the following: Robert Klagstad, Wyman Z. Hendon, Russell D. Hayes, Harry E. Neff Jr., Allan P. Gray, Robert R. Sherman, Louis U. Winter, Dallas E. Hatch, James H. Middleton, Jack Zeller, Preston Redd and John Moritz.

AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND: Helping to complete the "Last Mission" were

244 donors out of 685 of the 389th membership. This contribution placed the group in 3rd place in the 2nd ADA. Not able to predict the future, continued monetary support will be needed. I ask those of you who have not contributed to this fund that you will remember your fallen comrades with your donation of any size to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230.

ENGLAND 1992: Let me know if you are planning a trip to England in 1992 for the 50th anniversary of the 8th Air Force. I will contact those who plan to go and possibly small groups can get together, as there is no planned tour by either the 389th or the 2ADA.

INFORMATION: Having contacted several sources of information, AM Kurt Harahus is searching for anyone who served with his father, John Harahus, in the 389th from January 1944 to March 1945. If known, contact Kurt Harahus, 3016 George Drive, Wichita, KS 67210.

NOTE: To all members of the 389th and your families upon learning of a "Folded Wings" or serious illness of one of our comrades, please notify your VP as soon as possible, as we have 2ADA cards for each situation. Your help is most appreciated.

THE ALL AMERICAN: Recently while serving as host for the "All American" and the crew at a local airport, I was witness to the meeting of area B-24 veterans who never met, who came to see an old friend again. They had served in other Air Forces and theaters of war during WWII. The benefits of the "All American" tour are large in the recruiting of new members to the Second Air Division Association. The "All American" is worthy of our continued support.

GREETINGS: To the members of the 389th and the Second Air Division Association, the Wests and the Halletts wish each of you the happiest of holidays. Have a great 1992.

Report on the Memorial Trust and Library

by E. Bud Koorndyk

This report is written after a very successful trip to Norwich to attend the September 23rd meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Jordan Uttal, at my request, made the trip over to be in attendance with me and assisted in tying up some loose ends as it relates to our American Librarian Fund Drive and the Agreement that guides its administration.

My first report has to do with the Tony North situation, and I am glad to share with the membership that Tony is now in accord with the position that the Governors reluctantly had to take in regards to his termination. Jordan and I had Tony to dinner on Sunday the 22nd of September and he shared with us the sequence of events as to his termination. First of all, he was not initially aware of the seriousness of his condition, and after receiving the full doctor's report, realized that an operation could not correct a more serious problem of continuing loss of eyesight. He regretted writing the letters that he did and we both realized that it was done in a state of shock, not being aware at the time of the seriousness of his condition. Tony is now very appreciative of what Tom Eaton, in particular, has done for him and I am in possession of a letter written to Tom expressing these feelings. Now that this unfortunate occurrence is behind us, I can assure you that the Board of Governors will continue to utilize Tony's invaluable knowledge at the library on a consultant basis. They offered to hire Tony on an hourly basis but Tony expressed his desire to contribute his time, in appreciation of all the work done in his behalf by the Board of Governors.

Secondly and of equal importance was the report given at the Board of Governors meeting that in spite of poor economic conditions in England at this time, the market value of our investments in the Memorial Trust had grown to 400,218 pounds from 370,240 pounds the previous year. We certainly should be appreciative to our Board and its finance committee for the wisdom shown in managing its portfolio of investment so successfully.

A good deal of the meeting had to do with the finances and the shortfall that is anticipated for this year and the following year of 1992. This has come about due to having to absorb the full cost of the salaries of Phyllis DuBois and Tony North this year and also the salary of 23,000 pounds for our Fulbright Archivist, less the \$25,000 or 14,350 pounds that was given by the 2nd Air Division Association towards this salary. This coupled with the cost of transportation and handling of the Greenham Commons donation of books has resulted in an anticipated shortfall of 17,500 pounds over the anticipated income from the Memorial Trust. The one rainbow is the wonderful gift of 25,000 pounds from the Town Close that can be used for a portion of this shortfall and the remainder to be added to the corpus of the Trust itself. Because the Trust dictates that only the income can be used for the operation of the Library, the funds were derived from drawing from the General Arnold gift of \$100,000 which was given with the option to do so.

The Board of Governors is accumulating a complete dossier of what is involved in

having a Fulbright scholar at our library, such as living accommodations, transportation, costs of going out on speaking engagements on our behalf, etc. The Fulbright Commission only advertises the salary of the position itself and from that the person appointed is expected to make his or her own living and transportation arrangements. This whole process and cost involved will be discussed in the meetings of the Board in the future.

Jordan and I were privileged to meet the new Cultural Attache, Mr. Edward McBride, at the Board of Governors meeting and also at a subsequent meeting the following week at the American Embassy in London. Captain John Franklin, the head of the Fulbright Commission, was also in attendance at this meeting. At this time we discussed the questions that had arisen between the Board of Governors and the Fulbright Commission on the language of the Agreement itself. Jordan, myself, Captain Franklin and Edward McBride are in complete agreement on the language of the document and its intent.

Along with this report I have again included an article sent to me from Norwich which shows the terrific coverage we are receiving from the media in regards to our Memorial Library:

VIP's LIBRARY INSIGHT

A top American embassy official was given an insight into vital work organising Norwich's Memorial Library archives — which has a collection of more than 3000 items of wartime nostalgia.

Cultural attache at the American embassy in London, Mr. Edward McBride, found out about the work to be carried out this year to catalogue, document and preserve records and memorabilia relating to the 2nd Air Division of the U.S. Air Force.

He was making his visit to the city to attend the annual meeting of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division, of which he is one of the governors. He met trust members and Dr. Martin Levitt, who has just been appointed the new archivist.

The library was set up as an enduring memorial to the Americans of the 2nd Air Division (8th Air Force). It is hoped much of the archive organisation will be ready for next year's celebrations — to mark the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the 8th Air Force.

Dr. Levitt's appointment has been made possible by a 350,000 pound fund — supervised by the Fulbright Commission trustees — which was raised by members of the 2nd Air Division Association.

Dr. Levitt is on a year's sabbatical leave from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

Dr. Levitt said the archive material formed an important record of what life was like during the war for the average American servicemen stationed here.

"We call them men, but most were no more than boys just 18 years old. For them it was a combination of youthful exuberance broken up by periods of terror."

Memorial trust chairman Mr. Tom Eaton said they were delighted at Dr. Levitt's appointment: "There is important work to be done."

The American Librarian Fund

by Jordan R. Uttal

Well, dear friends, after the publication of the Fall Journal, you all know as much about the agreement concluded between the 2nd Air Division Association and the Fulbright Commission as your Association officers and Executive Committee do. It represents over a year of work by the Committee, our legal counsel, and the Association officers and Excom.

The net is that *insofar as our income will permit*, we will be able to provide for the Memorial in Norwich, a permanent AMERICAN PRESENCE (Librarian, Archivist or Historian) selected by the Fulbright Commission and the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Also, *insofar as our income will permit*, we hope that the income will help toward the expense of a Librarian Aide.

Once more, all of us, the American Librarian Fund Committee, the 2ADA officers and Excom, and the Group Vice Presidents who helped so much, thank each of you who have contributed to enable us to reach our present level.

But... please notice the phrase in italic that I used twice in the second paragraph. You all know that the best laid plans can go wrong. We just did not expect such a decline in interest rates between the time we set our goal and started our drive in 1988 — and so now, WE CAN USE MORE INCOME!!!

In the Fall Journal article, I mentioned that we had received contributions from 2,641 members. Since then there have been more checks received, but the fact remains that we have over 8,000 members. So, I address this appeal to the more than 5,000 of you who have not contributed, more particularly to those of you who can afford it, to send us a donation, to my attention (my address is on page 2 of the Journal) made out to the 2nd Air Division Association. Please specify on the check "American Librarian Fund" and indicate your Group number.

I had the pleasure of attending the Governors meeting with our 2ADA Representative, Bud Koorndyk, in late September. Although I have stated my feelings about the Memorial on numerous occasions, I must mention that walking into our Second Air Division Memorial Room once again, gave me an awesome feeling. It was a combination of intense rededication to the memory of our Fallen, great pride in the Division for its accomplishments, and for the creation of the Memorial Fund, and gratitude to the Association for its support, and to all our British Governors and the Library Authority for the careful nourishment and development of this unique testimonial to the very best instincts of human nature.

The Mishap of Crew "92"

by Robert C. Twyford (467th)

On March 18, 1945 Crew 92 was dispatched on an operational bombing mission to Berlin, Germany. We were leading the second squadron of the 467th Bomb Group. About 25 miles from the target, we encountered a barrage of heavy flak, and at that time the mickey operator gave me a five degree right correction which seemed to be all the action necessary as we went through this barrage with apparently no damage. Visibility was good and the pilotage navigator said we were right on course. The DR navigator called that we were on course and making a ground speed of 300 mph. The mickey operator called the bombardier to get ready to clutch in, and the bombardier replied that he already had the target in his sight. The drift was killed as several minutes passed, and the pilotage navigator said we were coming in right on the target. About 20 seconds before bombs away we received a direct hit by heavy flak just forward of the bomb bay.

We were at 19,800 feet on the bomb run, and the first thing I noticed after the explosion was that we were at 16,500 feet in a tight right turn. I had a severe jolt under my seat and my left leg felt numb. I could not exert much pressure with my left leg, but with the co-pilot's help, we managed to right the ship. The turn and bank indicator, rate of climb, airspeed and altimeter seemed to be the only instruments that were any good. I switched the inverter to #2.

A white fire was burning beneath the flight deck. A molten piece of flak landed between my co-pilot's legs. Where it came from and how it got there is still a mystery. Without thinking he stomped on it, but hurriedly withdrew his boot. The molten piece of flak bore through the steel and dropped out the bottom of the airplane with the ease of an ash burning through paper.

My interphone was shot out and about half the oxygen outlets had no pressure. The co-pilot's interphone was all right, so I told him to tell the crew we were low enough to come off oxygen. Flak was bursting all around us. I looked up and to the left and saw the bomber stream turning left, away from the target. We turned left following them out. The mickey operator told me that the navigator had been killed by a piece of flak which went through his helmet and out the other side. He said that the engineer, who was standing by the bomb bay to hold the utility control handle open and to fire flares at bombs away, was blown out of the airplane.

There was a large hole in the ship about the size of the forward bomb bay where the engineer had been standing. The bombs were still in the ship. The bombardier salvoed but nothing happened. I then pulled the pilot's salvo handle and just pulled out a piece of wire. It was impossible for the bombardier to get from the nose to the bomb bay, so I sent the mickey operator

down to see if he could release the bombs.

We were still over the center of Berlin, and a lot of flak was bursting around us; but, I don't think any hit us after we started down, as we were changing headings and losing altitude. The instrument panel was in a mess. I noticed we had full left trim rolled in. When the co-pilot pulled the throttles of #3 and #4 engines all the way back, then pushed them all the way forward, there was no effect on the ship. We tried to feather #3 and #4 but could not.

The co-pilot and I then decided to head for the Russian lines. The pilotage navigator told us to take a heading of 90 degrees. The fire was out now, and the mickey operator and top gunner had thrown out everything they could that was burning. The bombardier's glass had been blown out by the concussion, and the air rushing through the huge hole probably helped blow out the fire below the flight deck. The co-pilot called Blue Leader to tell him we were heading for Russia. There was no answer. The set may not have been working as the liaison transmitter and the mickey sets were shattered.

I sent the top gunner to check the gas, and he said the glass tubes on the gauge were broken, also that the catwalk was all that was holding the ship together. The mickey operator said it was impossible to release the bombs as the A-2 releases were blown off and the shackles were twisted and distorted. Mickey also said he had released the arming wire from the shackles.

We were clearing the eastern suburbs of Berlin, and I knew it would be impossible to land the ship, but was trying to get across the lines to bail out the crew. We were not at 11,000 feet losing altitude at about 800 feet a minute. We knew we would have to hold what altitude we could before crossing the lines. I turned the supercharger to #10 position and had all throttles full forward. The co-pilot pointed to #2 manifold pressure which read 64". I moved the throttle back then forward and apparently the gauge was functioning properly. I left it there for about five minutes, as we were crossing the battle line. At this setting #1 manifold pressure was reading about 28", #3 - 17", and #4 - 10". I think we were getting full power from #2 engine, a little from #1 and none from #3 and #4. It was very difficult to hold the ship straight. My left leg felt dead and without the co-pilot's help, we could not have made it.

An ME-109 then made a pass at us from 7 o'clock. The tail gunner fired, also the left waist. The ME-109 knocked out the tail guns on this pass, and the left waist could not aim accurately as there was no power for the K-13 sight. The 109 had his right landing gear down. Three Russian Yak fighter planes then came up and the 109 left. I noticed the large Red Star on the fuselage of the Russian planes and started dipping the left wing. They looked us over

and turned back towards the tail. A minute or two later we heard a rain of slugs going through the waist and bomb bay. I think each ship made one pass, as we were raked over three times. We were now over the Russian lines. I kept dipping the left wing hoping they would recognize us. We were at 6500 feet now and flak had been following us all the way from Berlin. After the second Yak made a pass at us, I told the co-pilot to order the crew to bail out. My interphone was out, so he gave the order over interphone and rang the alarm bell. He said it was acknowledged from the nose by the bombardier and from the waist by the waist gunner. The waist gunners said the bell did not ring, but it was heard in the nose. From the flight deck, the top gunner went out the bomb bay first, followed by Mickey. After the co-pilot called again to the waist and nose and received no acknowledgement, he tapped me on the shoulder and left. I watched them go, then set the C-1. I stopped for a minute and looked at the navigator. He was lying across his table with blood all over the flight deck. There was a large hole in his head and part of his brains lay on the table. It was awfully quiet; then I heard the slugs from the third Yak ripping through the ship, and I got down on the station five bulkhead. It would have been difficult to recognize the ship from this position, as everything was twisted and covered with oil. I then went out the bomb bay.

I went into a cloud right after leaving the ship, so I opened my chute. My first sensation was like being suspended in air, and it seemed very natural to be floating down. I saw two chutes about 3000 feet below me. Then a Yak fighter came in and made a pass at me. I could see his tracers streaking by me and hear his guns as he fired. The first two passes he made were while I was too dazed to think; I just hung there and watched him. However, on his third and fourth pass, I remembered what I'd been told about slipping a chute, and I pulled on the right riser so hard I nearly collapsed the chute. I saw another Yak making passes at the two chutes below me.

About 500 feet from the ground I heard rifles and machine guns firing from the ground, so I kept up the evasive action slipping my chute. Some of the slugs whistled by pretty close. Nearing the ground, I turned the chute so I was facing downwind and the jolt was not as much as I had expected. Maybe I was too scared to have much feeling. As I collapsed my chute on the ground, I saw a Yak turning to make another pass. It seemed to take a long time to unfasten my chute. I rolled on the ground about 20 feet away from the chute and lay still as he passed over. He did not fire this time. Men were running down the hill towards me firing overhead, so I stood up and held my hands up. I first thought maybe I had landed in German held territory, but as they

(continued on page 7)

Mishap of Crew "92"

(continued from page 6)

came closer, I saw some of the Cossack hats with the Russian star on them. I shouted "Ya Amerianets," but they thought we were German paratroopers. They had me walk in front with my hand overhead to a truck where they had the radio operator and the tail gunner. As we were driving off a soldier rode up on a horse waving a revolver. He swung at the tail gunner a couple of times and pointed the revolver at his head, snapped it several times. Luckily it did not go off until we were about 50 yards away, at which time some of the other soldiers stopped him.

We were taken to the Commandant's Office of the 29609 Field Unit at Vernefeld, Germany, about three miles from where we were picked up. It was now about 1430 hours. After an hour I convinced him we were Americans. They then fed us and sent us to the hospital about two miles away in a wagon accompanied by a Polish flyer. The radio operator had his ankle bandaged and I had my rump bandaged. They also gave me a tetanus shot. The airplane had crashed, and they told me they had the body taken from the wreckage. They insisted on our eating again and brought out some food, but I only drank some "Spirits" (white lightning). Pretty soon the radio operator and I looked at the body, but the ship had burned and there was no identification. They gave us some papers and Mickey's log book which were in the ship and picked up out of the wreckage.

A car was waiting for us then, and we were taken about six miles to Landsberg, Germany. We were given supper, and they opened a bottle of vodka for us and gave us a room. There was a fire built in the room and everything possible was done to make us comfortable. The next day I was carried across town and met the co-pilot, mickey operator, and waist gunner. They were then brought to the place we were staying and given an adjoining room. There were still three of our crew unaccounted for.

The funeral for the navigator was set for 1800 hours March 19, 1945. The Russians came by about 1630 hours for us to write an inscription to go on the grave. Later we went down to the street, and there were two trucks waiting. The one in front had a rug over the back. On it was the corpse in a metal casket with four palms in pots at each corner. There were two armed guards of the Russian Army standing on each side of the casket. The second truck had rows of chairs placed on it for the crew members with some Russian guards. We rode about 3/4 mile to a large square in Landsberg, Germany. About 90% of the buildings enroute had been bombed or shelled. When we arrived at the square, I noticed about twenty graves of Russians with wooden crosses and a Red Star on top. We met our top gunner for the first time at the funeral. There were three Russian Colonels, a major, several other officers, plus a company of about 50 soldiers. I said a few words and gave a short prayer. Then we all came to "present arms" and the company of men fired three volleys. The body was then placed in the

grave. The Russians took several pictures. They placed a black marble marker about four feet high at the head of the grave and an oak leaf wreath about the top of the marker. The inscription read: "Lt. Van Tress, Harold, U.S.A.A.F., Born 1923, Springfield, Ohio, K.I.A. March 18, 1945." The Russians said it would be inscribed both in Russian and English the following day.

The top gunner went back to our quarters with us. After we had eaten that night, we were carried about 20 miles to a hospital where we met the pilotage navigator and the bombardier, which accounted for all the crew that had bailed out. We arose at 1000 hours on the morning of March 20, ate breakfast, and were motored to an airfield near Posen, Poland. From there we were flown in a Russian C-47 to Lublin, Poland, where we were met by Lt. Col. Wilmeth of the U.S. Military Mission to Moscow. We were quartered at a hotel in Lublin where he had his office. We remained at the hotel until a plane from an American air base in Russia came to pick us up. The food at the hotel was very good, as was the Polish beer.

Crew "92" consisted of the following personnel: William R. Chapman, pilot; John W. Wallace, co-pilot; Edward J. Alexander, pilotage navigator; Harold P. Van Tress, DR navigator; Martin F. Bezon, mickey (radar) operator; William M. Yarcusko, bombardier; George E. Fuller, engineer; Albert B. Palmer, radio operator; Myrl L. Anderson, tail gunner; Robert C. Twyford, waist gunner; Alsie C. Austin, top gunner.

Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

There were a lot of things going on at Hq that, for security reasons, only those directly involved knew much about. I knew that Jack Nye was the Division Radar Officer, but I had little knowledge of how radar worked or how it affected our bombing missions. I have been urging Jack to write something about his experiences as Division Radar Officer, and just recently he sent me the following article and is preparing another for future publication. I hope that it will jog your own memories and that each of you will write something and send it to me for publication in the Journal or in the Newsletter.

THE RUSSIANS ARE HERE!

by Allen "Jack" Nye

Many of Hq 2AD will recall the visit of a group of officers from the USSR in the final days of WWII in Europe. Late one afternoon I was informed that the group would arrive the following day, and that some of them wanted a conference with me, the Division Radar Officer.

I was incredulous because at the time most information about radar was still

being guarded like the family jewels. The radar and electronic countermeasure equipment was the only B-24 equipment other than the bombsight that remained classified.

When I expressed concern to some of the senior staff, I was advised that while there was no enthusiasm for this visit, we would be good soldiers and not fuss. The visitors were entitled to secret information, but no documents to retain, nor any classified information on British equipment we were using.

We made no special preparations in our office, but I did suggest to my assistants Capt. Charles Marlatt and Lt. Jim Marantos that if they wished not to participate in this prospectively distasteful operation, they might catch up on some visits to the bomb groups. With Marantos absent, I might avoid talking much about electronic countermeasures "due to absence of our ECM officer."

After lunch the following day, a Soviet colonel and a major were escorted to my office. After pleasantries, their first question revealed considerable knowledge. They asked me to compare the operational effectiveness of the B-24 radar bombing equip-

ment versus the B-17's equipment, which were made of different designs by different manufacturers. Intending humor, I replied that I preferred the B-24 equipment because it was procured by the U.S. Navy, and it provided a big box of spare parts with each radar set. Well, it turned out that they were very interested in maintenance, so I concluded that they already possessed the equipment.

Conversation went slowly because only the colonel spoke English, so he had to also be the interpreter. When asked about electronic countermeasure techniques, I ducked by producing a maintenance manual for a tail warning radar intended for night intruder aircraft, but not used in the 8AF. The major immediately immersed himself in study of circuit diagrams.

The colonel had some questions about non-sensitive topics such as VHF radio, radio compass, etc. and at the end of about an hour's visit, an escort came to take them to another meeting.

Now, I look back on the meeting as having inconsequential results. Within a year or two, formerly classified electronic equipment from B-24s was available worldwide at prices as low as ten cents per pound!



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

by Hap Chandler

491st HISTORY PROJECT

Jack Leppert, Frank Lewis, Vin Cahill and Jack Fitzgerald conducted a mission by mission review at Jack's new home in Palm Harbor, Florida the weekend of October 27-28. The rough draft is now approaching 500 pages, with pictures and letters flowing in daily. Under an accelerated schedule, publication date is currently forecast for Fall 1992.

In order to publish, sale of approximately 1,000 books are required. You will have received order forms in our Fall Log mailing, and also a letter from Jack Leppert outlining progress and requesting your cooperation in ordering promptly. Be sure to include copies for your grandchildren, children, spouse, hometown library, etc. Histories published recently are selling for upwards of \$100 a short time after publication.

1992 RETURN TO ENGLAND

The plans for our May 15th return to England are well underway. There will be a picnic at North Pickenham, a plaque dedication at Metfield, and two special days in Norwich featuring a trip to our Memorial

Room in the Norwich Central Library. There are also plans for fun and games such as "pub crawls" and Liberty Run to Kings Lynn.

SEASONS GREETINGS

For the 46th time since Christmas 1944, greetings to the "Last and Best." We are reprinting the Group Christmas card for those who remember our Christmas greeting to Von Rundstedt and his Bulge. Remember how cold it was! Remember trudging to the aircraft every morning to be returned to the huts by inclement weather. Then, on Christmas Eve, fifty-one 491st aircraft were airborne from North Pickenham, including the forming ship, with fifty reaching the target!!

WORLD SERIES

Norm Johns, Scamahorn's peerless tail gunner, and resident of Minneapolis sent me a crying towel to console the Atlanta Braves fans in my neighborhood. Congratulations, Norm, next time we play the final game in our stadium.

Norm, recovered from open heart surgery, sent along his life membership check after his doctor's assurance of many more decades. He is Life Member 91 of our 491st Memorial Association.

SILVER STAR

One of our earliest and most loyal members is Lucille Dumitras, widow of George Dumitras who was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, September 11, 1944. Lucille kindly sent me a copy of the citation. It is an example of the steadfastness of a Waist Gunner under the most trying cir-

cumstances.

We encourage you to mail copies of Silver Star citations to the LOG for our permanent records and inclusion in the 491st history.

MIGHTY 8th HERITAGE CENTER

Gala plans are underway for ceremonies in Savannah marking the fiftieth anniversary of the activation of the 8th Air Force, January 27, 1942. For further information, contact Dan Massey, Mighty 8th Heritage Center, P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402-1992. Phone: 1-800-421-9428.

CORRECTION

The Fall Journal had a picture of our British visitors, Keith and Iris Thomas with Bob and Faith Bacher at the White House. The man in the center is their guide. Keith reports that East Anglia is gearing up for the second American invasion in 1992.

WELCOME ADDITION

852nd Squadron members will be glad to know that their wartime squadron commander, K.R. Strauss, has just rejoined our group. He wrote from 19683 S.W. 93 Lane, Dunnellon, FL 32630. He becomes Life Member 92 of our association.

SECOND ADA MEMBERSHIP

With the addition of Joe Taconi and Felix Smith on October 9th, our membership in the Second ADA is now 508.

1991 dues, now \$15, are payable now. Please mail your check to Evelyn quickly, as she removes delinquents from the rolls with dispatch.



“War Is Hell”: A POW Recounts His Story

by Sue O'Brien

Reprinted from Great Lakes Bulletin, Sept. 21, 1990

On July 7, 1944 the men in the 389th Heavy Bomber Group of the 8th Air Force's 566th Squadron awoke to their leader's call in Hethel on the southeast coast of England. Today would be their seventh mission — for one of them, 1st Lt. Stanley Janners, it would be his last.

As the planes approached the target area over Halle, Germany, shortly before noon that day, Janners' plane caught fire and the order to evacuate ensued.

“I had a delayed jump when my plane was shot by fighters, I presume, because I heard the bullets going into the wing,” recalled Stanley Janners (formerly Jankowski). “I had no fear because when you're on a sinking ship or a burning plane your first thought is to get out of that danger.”

Janners hit the ground with extreme force, “like falling two stories,” he said. He tried to avoid being seen by opening his parachute late. “Needless to say there was a spotter down there waiting for me with a shotgun and a guard dog,” Janners said. The soldier spoke to him in German, repeatedly asking Janners if he “understood,” then brought him to a nearby town.

“We came across a civilian, who I guessed was the gestapo,” recalled Janners. “He pulled out his luger, put it to my stomach, and asked me questions in German. . . I had to look him in the eye and he reminded me of a relative of ours,” added the ex-POW with a chuckle, balancing a difficult story with a little lightheartedness.

“He (the gestapo agent) looked up and down the road,” Janners continued. “I thought, this might be it, but after a few moments he put his gun away.” He was placed in solitary confinement at the small town until the German soldiers arrived.

“I was quite glad to be in military hands,” Janners admitted. “The civilians were quite ugly to the airmen for our bombing damage.” He felt uneasy when the townspeople began searching for the mayor. “They were running around excited like someone looking for a hanging party,” he said. “I was relieved they didn't find them.”

Janners was imprisoned in Stalag Luft III, the POW camp of “The Great Escape” in Sagan, Germany. There he learned that his plane blew up and three of his crew members were killed “attempting to escape” as German records claimed. Lt. James Kissling, the plane's pilot, ended up with Janners in Sagan. During World War II, Stalag Luft III, an officers camp, housed over 11,000 POW soldiers from the allied forces, the majority being American and British.

During his imprisonment, the air force



Janners, on left, as he was photographed for his personnel record in Stalag Luft III. On the right is Janners today. (Photos by NTC Photo Lab)

officer kept a small but detailed journal of his experiences. He copied cartoons from German newspapers, sketched pictures of the camp and barracks, composed a poem, and translated camp jargon, which he called “Kriegie Terms,” “Kriegie” meaning a POW. Under “Blot Sausage” he says, “First word is German, for Blood. This sausage is usually eaten with the eyes closed. In summer, with nose pinched. . .” According to Janners some of this sausage was horse meat and often it was so rotten, it couldn't be consumed.

Janners spent seven months at Stalag Luft III, losing almost 50 lbs. facing survival on a day to day basis. The Red Cross and the YMCA provided books, writing materials and playing cards to the men. After the 50 British officers were executed attempting to escape, the Americans abandoned their tunnels. One night in the dead of winter — one of the coldest on record, Janners remembers — POWs were rounded up and shipped southwest to Moosburg, Germany, Stalag VII A.

The last entry in his journal reads: “It was 2030 o'clock Sat. evening on Jan. 27, when our small poker game was interrupted by Capt. Standford's, ‘Let me have your attention, men. We move out tonite (sic) at 10:30.’ That was the dismay we were expecting, but hoping would not come. The Russians were coming strong, only approx. 35 kilometers away. We were going to evacuate.”

Three months later in Moosburg, General Patton's 3rd Army freed all POWs that remained alive. Looking back, Janners said he was relieved they relocated to Moosburg. When the Russians reached POW camps

prisoners were supposedly “liberated” but never heard from again.

It took Janners many years before he could talk about his POW ordeal. “I lost touch with the men,” he explained. “I didn't want to contact anyone. It was a negative experience, you see. . . war is hell.” Encouraged by Kissling who he did remain in contact with, Janners became involved with the plight of ex-POWs and those still “Missing in Action” (MIA).

Today he pursues his causes as a member of the Greater Chicago Chapter of American Ex-POWs which meets in Summit, Ill., and the Order of the Purple Heart. He is also chairman of the MIA/POW committee in the Chicago Ridge VFW Military Post 2255, to which his son, Stanley belongs. Last spring, he and his wife, Olga, attended a Stalag Luft III reunion in Norfolk, Va. Out of 11,000 prisoners, 1100 were present.

Janners was discharged in Sept. 1945 as a Major. He served in the Air Force Reserves for 23 years. For his experience, Janners received an air medal, a purple heart and other campaign medals and ribbons. Three years ago, he was awarded a POW medal. He was proud to serve his country, and would have flown again after returning from Germany, but the war ended. But this veteran POW is angry with the U.S. government for its stand on the POW issue.

The ex-POW feels the government isn't doing enough to account for the missing soldiers. After two more wars and four presidents, Janners feels that the government's position hasn't changed.

In Janners' opinion, “They're going after bones instead of flesh and bones.”



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

In less than a year (October 1992), several hundred 44thers will be celebrating the 50th anniversary of the 8th Air Force in England with a visit to the Norwich/Shipdham area. If you have never been back since 1945, I urge you to take advantage of what may possibly be your last opportunity. For the rest of you, and with no stateside 44th HMG reunion in 1992, you are all cordially invited to attend the Second Air Division Association Convention in Las Vegas, October 4-7, 1992. Quite a few members at the Rapid City reunion said that they will see me next year in Las Vegas.

Another county has been heard from. Frank Schaeffer of West Bend, WI inquired about two different sets of names for Alba and Whipple standing in front of "Myrtle the Fertile Turtle" in Harvell's book "44th Liberators Over Europe." Mike Curtin, crew chief on "Myrtle," identified them as Fred Marsh and M.C. Strickland (see 2ADA Journal 8-Ball News, Fall '90). Tom Cardwell wrote over a year ago to say that these two were at Barksdale in 1942 and they are Alba and Whipple. You will hear nothing further about this controversy unless it comes from Alba/Whipple or Marsh/Strickland.

Wally Balla (68 SQ) was present recently when the B-24 "All American" visited Hartford, CT. He was quite impressed with the awe that B-24 gunners, armorers, etc. were given by their wives and children when they pointed out their position in the aircraft during WWII. Wally said that he wore the "Official Hero - I Flew a B-24 Liberator" emblem from the 1989 Fort Worth reunion and people actually stopped to ask if he really flew that big airplane. Some of them even took his picture to take home and show their families a real B-24 pilot. He was embarrassed by all the attention shown him.

About that same time, Wally was presented with a certificate of appreciation from the USAF's Headquarters Air University "for outstanding contributions to the field of military aviation and professional military education." He said that the award was given because he had been a continuing education student at the university for 20 years and he was quite surprised to receive it.

Occasionally, I make reference to Will Lundy's book, "44th Bomb Group - Roll

of Honor and Casualties." Most of the articles are substantiated by Missing Air Crew Reports (MACR) and are too long for inclusion in this column. I found one recently which may be of interest and involves 2ADA/44th member William Duffy (506 SQ). Lt. Duffy explained, "We had gone to Frankfurt in the last echelon, of the last flight, of the last squadron of the 8th Air Force (January 29, 1944). We came home alone and landed with one propeller feathered, no brakes, one flat tire and the BALL TURRET DOWN. My crew got us back to the base and I could do no less than put the thing down. Victor Chopp, tail gunner, a great and brave man, survived a direct hit on the rear turret but he lost an eye and yet never a word of complaint during the flight or in the 38 years that he lived thereafter. In some way or other, the ball turret gunner was taken out of that damaged turret before landing. He, too, managed to survive his wounds." (This gunner was not identified.) Lt. Duffy and his co-pilot demonstrated exceptional skill in landing their craft in a tricycle landing without even touching that lowered turret on the runway! Simply amazing!

Jack Wind (506 SQ), Nacogdoches, TX wrote concerning the item in the Spring '91 8-Ball column regarding a memorial plaque at Gairlock, Scotland. Although arriving at Shipdham after R.D. Ketchum's unfortunate plane crash, Jack became involved with the project through Will Lundy's efforts and his own correspondence with Ian T. Shuttleworth of Darlington, England. Ian was the driving force behind this memorial plaque and Jack requested that Ian's name be mentioned in this column. (If memory serves me correctly, the full story appeared in an earlier edition of the Journal).

Norman Malayney (B.G.??) sent an address for Louis M. Yurt, Radio Operator on "Beck's Bad Boys" (Richard Beckingham, Pilot). Louis is ill and has been hospitalized for some time. If anyone wants to send a card, his address is: 820 Scott Avenue, Jeannette, IA 15644.

In the "Folded Wings" section of the last Journal, you will see the names of Harry P. "Whitey" Ahlstedt and Dixon C. McEver. That makes four members of Lyle B. Latimer's crew who have died of cancer, two waist gunners passing away in their late 40s. Our condolences to Lyle, the rest of his crew, and to the Ahlstedt and McEver families.

Richard Bottomley asked me to remind you that he still has 8-Ball T-shirts and caps available. Write to him at 4509 Morrice Road, Owasso, Michigan. Also, a new roster of 2ADA 44th BG members is available from me for \$4.00 (check payable to H.C. Henry).

Return to England: The 50th Anniversary 1942 - 1992

by David J. Hastings
Chairman, Norfolk Support Committee

To mark this historic event, the East Anglia Tourist Board has arranged a huge programme of events covering the whole of East Anglia, starting in April and going right through to October. In Norfolk, the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division was asked to help form the Norfolk Support Committee, and with Broadland District Council providing the administrative support and backing from "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" and many other local organisations and companies, we have a good working group. Obviously, as far as the 2nd Air Division Association is concerned, your main return to Norfolk was in 1990 and we will never forget that event. However, for those of you who want to return in 1992, you can be assured of a warm welcome and you can obtain full details of the programme by writing to the East Anglia Tourist Board, USAAF 1992 Anniversary, Toppesfield Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk, IP7 5DN, England. If you are planning to come back as a group can I suggest that you let your Village Base contact know, and also Phyllis Dubois at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, Bethel Street, Norwich NR2 1NJ, so that we can prepare a warm welcome for you.

If you are arriving as a family, then the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich will be one of the focal points and will have copies of the programme events available, as well as a list of local people who are willing to drive you out to your old base. Some of the main highlights of the year for Norfolk are the following.

Monday, May 25th is Grand USAAF Veterans Day at the unique Muckleburgh Museum on the Norfolk Coast. Those of you who went there in 1990 know what a great place this is. Then on Saturday, June 27th, the Parachute Regiment are holding a special Glen Miller Style Dinner Dance at the Ambassador Airport Hotel in Norwich. On Saturday, July 4th, at our great Norwich Sport Village in Broadland, we are holding the "Friendly Invasion" Buffet with an American big band, another really great night. We are also hoping to have the B-24 "All American" based in Norfolk from May to July to take part in the various local events.

The list really goes on and on, and the final souvenir programme and details will be available from the East Anglia Tourist Board from January 1992 onwards, or from the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, the Norwich Tourist Office, or local hotels. We look forward to seeing you back in 1992 and the Norfolk Committee is doing all it can to support the East Anglia Tourist Board in making this a very memorable and happy "Return to England."

Of Salutes, Pretty Girls and Six Penny Eggs

by Bob Oberschmid (93rd)

SALUTES

Anyone who ever wore a military uniform for more than ten minutes knows what Colonels are. They are humans who look like the rest of us but in fact can and do eat people alive.

We had a Colonel who commanded our 93rd Bomb Group and he fit the mold. Of course our only contact with him was through the smoke of a briefing room prior to the six missions we had flown. But here he was getting out of a jeep in front of our mess hall and no one of rank or position ever came near the Combat Officers WAAF area, let alone the man himself.

The four of us (myself, co-pilot Art Antonio, navigator Jerry Baughman and bombardier Al Faulhaber) tried our best to bridge the gap between 2nd Lt. and Colonel with a snappy salute. I even braced myself a bit — I was impressed (maybe stunned is the word) — and then witnessed an act that was to forever affect my life as a military officer.

The Colonel smiled and walked over to us. He didn't salute, he shook our hands. He wanted to know our names, where we were from and if we were being treated OK. He was, in a word, "nice." After a few minutes he put his hand on my shoulder, said "good luck," climbed in his jeep and drove off.

Few men before or since have impressed me as much as he did that day. He survived the war only to lose his life later in an aircraft accident near Washington, D.C. Fleigel was his name, Colonel Leland Fleigel, Commander, 93rd Bomb Group.

PRETTY GIRLS

Gee but she was pretty and nice and decent. We met on my second pass to London and got along well, all things considered. Neither of us knew much about tragedy or life and even less about human beings who had grown up so far apart.

Our fourth date was to be a mini-anniversary. She didn't show and I phoned her home again and again, but I couldn't make the connection.

I took the tube to South London, then a cab to the address she had given me on our last date. The cab stopped at a street barricade and I stepped out. As I turned to face the driver, he said, "I don't want to take your money, lad, but I must live too, you know." I paid him and followed his instructions on how to get to her address past the "construction" site.

Where there had been a row of connected houses was now a jumble of debris — she was gone, her family was gone, their neighbors were gone. These quiet, peaceful God fearing people were all gone.

Gee but she was pretty.

SIX PENNY EGGS

Wars have lots of secrets, and one of ours was the "Egg Lady." About once a week we would ride our bikes to a small community several miles from the base and buy five or six eggs from a frail elderly lady and her husband. I think a fellow named Harry made the original connection, but regardless he was certainly in their good graces.

We would be invited into their small home

for tea and conversation about the "bombing." How was it going? Will the war ever end? Then we would negotiate the price of a few fresh eggs (always six pence each), thank them for their hospitality and return to base.

On these visits it was obvious that Harry (handsome, big smile) was really something special to the Egg Lady. Did he remind them of someone they had lost? A son perhaps, a brother? But the sparkle in her eyes left no doubt his position in her life was unique.

Perhaps we shouldn't have gone back there after Harry's crew "bought the farm." Frankly, it happened with such regularity that we didn't consider it that big a deal one way or the other. But go back we did and 'she' asked about Harry. We told her he had been shot down. From our previous conversations she was savvy enough to ask about chutes. How many, etc. Sorry, no chutes. Not good, not good at all. At that the Egg Lady got up and went into the next room. She looked a foot shorter if possible.

It was obvious this was no time to discuss eggs, so we said our goodbyes and left. Several weeks later I went back to her house. Her husband answered the door and told me his wife was very ill and had not been out of bed since our last visit. I checked one more time and the situation had not changed.

There are endless lists of warrior casualties, but not one for the "Egg Ladies" of the world. The Mothers, the Wives, the Sisters, the broken-hearted of a world at war. All those fine bright eyed young men were gone, but the tragedy and sorrow of their deaths will be with us to the end.

A Lasting Scar

by Gordon K. Reynolds (a British friend)

ed' on the parkland near the Earl's Hall. Not a pane of glass remained in any window, thick plate glass littered the lawns, and not a leaf remained on the trees that grew in the park. Cattle were charging about the park terrified of all the noise (it was many a day before the milk yield got back to normal).

Earth and bomb fragments were still flying through the air as the two stricken B-24s crashed into the ground not more than 1/4 mile apart. The nearest to the lads was no more than a stone's throw away, and in one moment both thoughts were for the crew trapped in the wreckage.

Running across the parkland to the crash, the lads suddenly saw the earth and wreckage rise into the air (one 2,000 lb. bomb had exploded).

They dove into the soft earth as once again earth and steel flew through the air. One fragment of a bomb embedded itself into the earth close to the lad — he still has this piece of metal.

The blast and fumes took the breath away from the lads for a while and when they recovered, a sight laid before them never to be forgotten.

A burning mass of metal and flesh were strewn about them. Nothing could be done, and with heavy hearts they returned to their work while airmen from the nearby airbase

arrived to put out the flames.

This was not to be the end of the boys' ordeal, as shortly after returning to their work, there was another terrific explosion as the second 2,000 lb. bomb went off in the already wrecked plane.

Blast and metal again tore through the air to tear into the ground inches away from the lads, who by this time were just about shattered, and the head gardener who also was at his wits end (all his glass houses were wrecked), saw the state of the lads and sent them home.

THE AFTERMATH

Of the two B-24s that crashed that fateful morning, both were from the 93rd Bomb Group based at Hardwick. Only two crewmen survived; they were the side gunners in the aircraft that was sliced in two. Eighteen other crewmen were killed, and when the second bomb went off while rescue attempts were being made, another nineteen were killed and over thirty-eight injured.

Nothing now remains to show what happened that morning except to those who were there, a top of a tree missing, a burn mark where bark should be, but most of all quietness now reigns over the spot where so long ago many young American lives were lost and left a scar in the memory of a young lad.

I know, I was that lad!

March 29th started like any other day did in 1944, for the young lad cycling to work with his mate the three miles to the Hall gardens, where they both worked as gardeners to the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

Given their day's work by the head gardener, both lads then got on with their duties, while above them in the clear morning sky, B-24s of the USAAF, heavily laden with bombs and fuel, were climbing to get in formation before making their way to their target deep into Germany (Watten).

The roar of the bombers overhead was an everyday occurrence in the skies over East Anglia in '44 and to the lads, the "Yanks" were out again today, when suddenly, above the usual roar of the engines, a ghastly high pitched noise of engines in trouble broke the air.

Looking skyward, the lad saw to his horror two B-24s locked together for a moment, and then one of them breaking in half. With that still ghastly noise, both stricken B-24s plunged earthwards, leaving a trail of wreckage in the sky. To the lad it seemed that both would end up on top of him.

Now above him he heard a new noise, it was of falling bombs whistling down. He then prayed — he had to, as he was sure his young life would soon be over.

The two bombs (each 2,000 lbs.) explod-



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

I made an error in my Summer report: It was Harold E. Williams, not Howard, who reported the death of A.H. Baker. Sorry about that, Harold. At least the error brought a response from John A. Cloninger, another 93rd lost soul, and now he has joined us. He worked the control tower operations with Harold.

I had sent a third application to William G. Clayton, and his wife wrote back that he had passed away 6/1/80. She also gave me names and addresses of four other 93rd men; two are members. I sent applications to the other two, and Nicholas A. Caruso has joined. His address is 2161 Clubhouse Drive, Prescott, AZ 86301.

NEW MEMBERS:

Starting with revision sheet dated 7/16/91 the following men have joined. Harry M. Adie, P.O. Box 1884, Gardnerville, NV 89410. James J. Dunlay, 1814 Stevens, Parsons, KS 67357. Robert M. Holland (AM), 307 Romney Road, Akron, OH 44313. Sam Parisi, 495 Exmoor Tr., Dunedin, FL 34698. G. Richard Suttell, One Beach Dr., S.E. #2011, St. Petersburg, FL 33701. Mary E. Baughman (AM), P.O. Box 3118, Murfreesboro, TN 37133. Robert B. Burton (AM), P.O. Box 88408, Honolulu, HI 96830-8408. Col. Gilbert Freeman (Ret.), 7 Pomo Court, Middletown, NJ 07748. Leonard O. Clarke, 2204 Maple Lane, Eureka, CA 95501. Leon R. Glick, 1733 Washington St., Canton, MA 02021. Ardie Hagopian (reinstated), 13671 S. Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd., Saratoga, CA 95070. be H. Schonier, 5643 Cheena Dr., Houston, TX 77096. George G. Karian, 4132 Kottler Dr., Lafayette Hill, PA 19444. Lawrence Vinovich, 419 S. Dexter Ave., Deland, FL 32720-5007. Climpson B. Clapp, 6346 SE Stephens St., Portland, OR 97215-3452. Joseph H. Fulton, 1177 Cardenas S.E., Aerie 436, Villa South, Albuquerque, NM 87108.

93rd B.G. ROSTERS:

You may purchase our roster from Frederick and Inez Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459. They are doing a wonderful job keeping these up to date. It will cost you \$5 for the roster plus a geographical, \$3 without the geographical (which is a big help if you travel a lot; all members are listed in their state). We gain and lose members monthly. I receive an updated list once or twice a month, make copies and send them on to the Stromboms.

SALE OF THE ERRORED COPIES OF "THE STORY OF THE 93rd BOMB GROUP":

After the rejection by members at our Dearborn meeting to order another 100 corrected copies, I sent postcards to around 45 of the members that had first received the errored copies. They could write for an address and sell their errored copy to one of the 17 people on my list, or they could send the books to me and I would sell them at a discount for \$20. I had four members ask for an address on the list, and I have received

ed checks from three. Some of the members wrote that they had given their errored copy away; that is O.K. I just felt I would get a better response. I have received only 13 copies back, and now have orders for 20 at this time. I want to thank Edwin Wagner, who had purchased two copies of the book. He returned one of the corrected copies, and I sold that for \$30.

2nd ADA REGIONAL DINNER:

A notice was sent out to 2nd ADA members within a 100 mile radius of Philadelphia for this dinner at the Adam Mark Hotel in Philadelphia on September 5th. There was a fairly good turnout, but not as expected. The 93rd had 24 in attendance, some first-timers. I'm sorry I don't have the names, as I have packed up most of my paperwork for our move to Florida for the winter.

THE ALL AMERICAN AND THE OTHER PLANE B-17 909:

I was asked by Bob Collings to handle the viewing of his two planes at the Essex County Airport in Caldwell, NJ on Sept. 16 & 17, and it turned out to be the 18th and 19th also. Howard Hinchman and James Cooley responded to my call for help. We were lucky the last day, it rained and we helped them pack up for their trip to North Philadelphia. Howard made the trip to Philly with them. We had a fairly good turnout. Their takeoff and landing of the 909 helped alert everyone that the planes were in the area.

AT REST AT LAST:

I have received permission from Nan Lee, staff writer for the South County Journal in St. Louis, to use the following from her report in the paper. I made entry of all the crew names.

The Graveis Trails District Boy Scouts began placing flags on the graves at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery on Memorial Day in 1950. One of the first graves adorned then and every year since belongs to the crew of "Jerks Natural," a B-24 bomber of the 93rd BG shot down over Austria on October 1, 1943 while on an operational mission to Wiener Neustadt. The following were reported missing in action, members of the 328th BS: 1/Lt. William F. Stein (P), 2/Lt. George B. Wilkinson, 2/Lt. William W. Sykes (only survivor), 2/Lt. John M. McDonough, T/Sgt. Jack W. Kasparian, T/Sgt. L.H. White (R), S/Sgt. Adrian H. Smit, S/Sgt. Lester J. Eby, S/Sgt. Phillip G. Bedwell, and T/Sgt. William A. Staats.

The remains of the nine men who rest in the grave were buried three times, first by a farmer in the field where they crashed, next in a military cemetery in France by the U.S. Army in 1946, and finally at Jefferson Barracks. The collective remains were interred in 1950 in the Lemay cemetery with full honors. The families of all the men were there, except that of gunner Adrian Hanri Smit, youngest of the crew.

His mother, Margaret Smit, a Dutch immigrant from Secaucus, NJ, not only did not believe the government when officials said her son died, but she did not tell any of the five brothers and sisters. As far as they were concerned Smit has been officially missing in action for 48 years. "I was sick, shocked. I couldn't believe it," said Theresa Smit of the day in July when she finally learned what they had all guessed, that Smit died in the crash. Theresa Smit is

the widow of Adrian Smit's older brother, John.

Her son, also named Adrian (Adry) Smit, finally put his uncle to rest. When Adry Smit's father died in 1987, his last wish was to know where his younger brother was, she said. So the son set out on a search. That search ended with the memorial service at Jefferson Barracks, exactly 48 years after the "Jerks Natural" went down. "At the time of his death, his mother was notified. She could not accept his death," said Ralph Church, Jefferson Barracks cemetery administrator.

She had been informed he was missing in 1943. The crew's mission to bomb an aircraft factory in Vienna was completed, but the plane never made it back to base in Africa. Margaret Smit died in 1958 without ever telling her children.

Adry Smit's search went nowhere for a long time, he said. Then earlier this year, his mother sent him an item a friend cut out of a New Jersey newspaper asking for information on Adrian Smit or any of the crew of "Jerks Natural." Gregg Jones (an associate member of the 2nd ADA, 93rd BG), a writer with the Dallas Morning News, had placed the advertisement. Jones, the nephew of another member of the crew, radio operator T/Sgt. L.H. White, has been working on the story of the fatal mission. "Over the past year, I've been trying to piece together this bomber crew," Jones said. "It's a fascinating piece of family history."

"I had my uncle's personal effects, a number of letters that included 1943 addresses," Jones said. He began advertising in their hometown. He said he never suspected he would be solving a nearly half century-old mystery. "Officially, they were all declared KIA — killed in action — in 1944," Jones said.

The service on Tuesday, 1 October 1991 included a 21-gun salute. 93rd member Maj. John L. Sullivan (Ret.), 330th BS Leader and wife Bea, and Associate member Gregg Jones of the 93rd BG, 2nd ADA were present, as were members of the Jefferson Barracks Chapel Association (a non-profit support group) and cemetery officials, as were the Smits and five members of Boy Scout Troop 905, a troop based at Most Precious Blood Catholic Church. The troop was among the group of 2,000 Scouts who placed 85,000 flags in the cemetery in May, including one on Smit's grave and the crew members.

"When the boys ask me each year why we put the flags on the graves," leader Bill Henderson said, "I tell them there are many who are here who have outlived the families who would honor them. Then there are some who are forgotten."

"There are more than 600 whose last name is the same — unknown. And there was Adrian Smit, whose family didn't know where he was," Henderson said. "Without the Scouts, he wouldn't have had a flag every year since he was buried."

These are the kinds of things your Vice President is involved in, providing any information that I might have to the many requests I receive. Without your help in providing information that I request, I wouldn't be able to do it.

The Military VideoHistory Project 1986-1991

by Joe Dzenowagis

The Military VideoHistory Project was initiated in 1986 to preserve the remembrances of 2nd Air Division witnesses to the history of World War II. It is an effort by the production team of Joseph, Joe, Helen and Joan Dzenowagis to strengthen the concept of the 2AD 8th USAAF Memorial Room as a living memorial with the production and donation of over 200 video interviews and 8 documentaries based on those interviews to the Library.

Several of the Project documentaries were aired on public television in Detroit and five other major Michigan cities over the last Memorial Day weekend to a potential audience of millions throughout Michigan, other midwest states and Canada. Military historians have cited this project as a unique and valuable contribution to WWII history. No other combat division has a project of this nature and magnitude underway or completed on their war experiences.

Information about the following documentaries and their availability may be obtained by writing to J. Dzenowagis, 4397 South Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864.

FACES OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION

A varied and interesting portrayal of airmen and ground personnel where the up-close reality of war and its lasting effects can be seen on their faces as they tell their stories. Nominated for an Emmy Award.

EIGHT CANDLES FOR REMEMBRANCE

The 2nd Air Division return in 1987 to English friends and bittersweet memories at air bases in East Anglia. . . the rededication of purpose at the American Cemetery in Madingley to comrades-in-arms who fought and fell beside them. Exceptional coverage of the activities of an exceptional reunion.

MEMORIES OF WAR

Where the bomb runs are taken and the battles fought once again for all of us to see and try to imagine.

THE 467th BOMB GROUP FAMILY REUNION ALBUM

The special relationship that develops between men who face danger together continues today as they enjoy being together again at a weekend of family fun in Louisiana.

IMAGES OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION

From seven documentaries and three documentaries-in-production, images and memories of 2nd Air Division veterans reaffirm the principles and values that make our country great.

AMERICAN PATRIOTS SERIES

High interest interviews that perpetuate the unchanging qualities of the American patriot who serves his country with honor and distinction. Thus far the Series includes:

The Story of the Memorial Room as told by Jordan R. Uttal

An absorbing account of the development and future of the Memorial Room by an articulate leader of the 2nd Air Division Association.

Ramsay D. Potts, Maj. Gen. Ret.

Air combat leader, bomb group commander, military strategist, veteran of many air battles and campaigns, and a highly decorated airman, recalls his involvement in the events of the war.

WOMEN'S ARMY AIR CORPS

The equal rights and career opportunities that women in the armed forces enjoy today can be credited in large part to the efforts of women who served overseas in the 2nd Air Division.

2ND AIR DIVISION IN NORWICH 1990

A classic return. . . looking for old familiar faces and favorite places from a half century ago, recalling forgotten events and hidden feelings. . . being overwhelmed by the warmth of the English welcome in what was, perhaps, the last return of the 2nd Air Division to Norwich.

THE KASSEL MISSION DOCUMENTARY

Gripping first-hand accounts of the events surrounding the tragic losses of the 445th BG on the Kassel Mission, September 27, 1944 over Bad Hersfeld, Germany. Includes highlights of efforts of 445th survivors of that drama at reconciliation and understanding of former enemies on a return to Bad Hersfeld in August 1990.

GERMAN PILOTS

Interviews with three Luftwaffe pilots (with English translation) who present their perspectives and explain the tactics of the attack on the 445th on the Kassel Mission that ended in the loss of 30 out of 35 Liberators.



by Bob Sheehan

The 467th joined with the other Groups to meet with the 2nd Air Division Association in Reunion in July 1991. The meetings and other activities in the interesting community of Dearborn were enjoyed by all who attended.

The 467th met again in October '91 in Tucson, Arizona for its Group Reunion. A nice attendance of over 260 enjoyed the meetings and the busy activity schedule.

The highlights included a trip by 6 buses to the shops and restaurants of Old Mexico. A short stop was included at the community of Tubac. After a Monday morning meeting there was a trip to the Puma Air Museum. On display were 160 World War II Vintage Aircraft including a B-24J, with the tail assembly painted with the famous Red with the diagonal White stripe. More than one tear was shed as we looked at the familiar sight.

Next day the Group turned out early for a trip to Arizona's Living Desert Museum, which is a sight for everyone to see. We then proceeded to a delightful lunch in the Officers Club at Davis Monthan Air Base. Besides the active part of the base, we also saw

literally thousands of aircraft being stored in certain sections of the base.

Monday night produced a Mexican Fiesta dinner together with appropriate entertainment. Tuesday was our banquet done in a Western Barbeque style and enjoyed by all. This banquet climaxed a very successful year led by our outgoing President Bob Salzarulo and his active committee. All these quite enjoyable activities were handled by Ralph Elliot, Yvonne, his wife, and two daughters Donna and Becky. Ralph left us no doubt that he is a Pro in the Tour Business.

On our break-up day, Wednesday trips for those who wanted them were to the Biosphere and to the Grand Canyon.

Elected during our meeting were the following: Robert D. Sheehan, President; Ralph Elliot, Vice President; Phil Day, Treasurer; Bill McGoverin, Secretary; Mel Culross, Director; Jack Stratton, Director.

Hold over directors are Ted Wheeler and Floyd "Puff" Pugh.

In addition to the programmed entertainment, Colonel Al Shower turned from being our Commanding Officer to Producer when he successfully produced a hilarious skit involving the Famous "Witchcraft" Ground Crew of Joe Ramirez, George Dong and Ray Betcher along with Court Martial Judge. Great fun was enjoyed by all.

We all concluded that due to the extra good efforts of Ralph Elliot and his family, we had a very good Reunion in Tucson and the surrounding communities.

The Senior Ball

by Frank A. Reed (445th)

It was late in the spring of '42
When our backs were against the wall
Pearl Harbor was blighted and our class was invited
To come to the Senior Ball.

Now kids ain't renowned for thinking real sound
And know when they're taking a chance,
But I was ten and eight and my head weren't on straight
And all I could think was "Let's dance."

Now I loved to dance and I loved romance,
But the same as any dumb kid
I failed to consider I'd have to deliver
If I accepted this bid.

So I jumped at the chance to primp and to prance
As any fool naturally would do,
And I really felt fine when I signed on the line
Never dreaming this day I might rue.

Well, I was ready to go but the Captain said, "No,
'Cause first you must have a few sessions.
We want you to learn how to twist and to turn
You'll be given a year's worth of lessons."

Now they taught us a lot, but somehow forgot
To mention the possible woes
Like during the dance there's an awful good chance
That someone might step on your toes.

By our last week of training there were two less remaining
From trying in night time to land.
Then en route to the ball two more were to fall
With one in the drink and the other in sand.

It was late '43 when we first were to see
That blanket of green below.
Though it didn't look stern we soon were to learn
That it's rough in the E.T.O.

Now a week hardly passed when the big day at last
Came starting at 3:00 A.M.
With ---- on the shingle and then we would mingle
All kids 'cept a handful of men.

I thought I would retch when I saw that line stretch
Clean near to the town of Berlin,
And I thought to my soul, with this kind of goal
It might be all over before I begin.

From the front there were groans, from the back there came moans
When, "Your chances are slim to none
From the fighters and flak if you stray from the track
Otherwise it's just a milk run."

There was a feeling of doom as some left that room
And headed out to their kites,
And some stood around and made not a sound
As others received their last rites.

We checked out our chutes and electrical suits
And a jacket to stop the flak
And considering our route, with a voice touched with doubt,
We promised to bring them back.

Then off to the plane and our first date with fame
Though it already had started to snow
We climbed aboard and the four engines roared
And we were off to dance with the foe.

We crossed the coast and as if to toast
New friends that they were meeting
They sent a few rounds to us from the ground
Which I thought was a poor way of greeting.

But they were fairly light and off to our right
Just enough to keep us awake,
So we kept on our way, but soon were to stray
From the route we intended to take.

It didn't take long to know we were wrong
When the sky just seemed to turn black
With the flak and the smoke til I thought I would choke
In knowing we'd never turn back.

The 88's played a tune that conveyed
A song of death and destruction
And the 105's made me realize
That a direct hit meant combustion.

When off to our right in the formation tight
"Miss Manookie" got caught in the storm
A hit was denoted — the whole plane exploded
And ten guys just bought the farm.

We bounced up and down 'mid the smell and the sound
While praying to get a short break,
But the band wouldn't stop so there wasn't a lot
I could do but shimmy and shake.

Twenty minutes of fear, though it seemed like a year
In the tail I pondered my fate
And I thought I was hexed when I wondered "What next?"
Well, I didn't have long to wait.

On leaving that flak we never looked back
And thought with great relief
We were lucky as hell that only two fell
But the calm we had was but brief.

For there in the sky at 12 o'clock high
Came a gaggle of 109's
And then five abreast they came straight to our nest
Their wings a streak of red lines.

Their noses were tainted where the yellow was painted
"Who sent those fellows their bids?"
You could see by their traces that they were all aces
We called them the "Abbyville Kids."

Well, they waltzed us around as we bounced up and down
Dear God! how those fellows could prance
And if I'm lying I'm dying that there's no denying
The reason they came wasn't only to dance.

Like dancers berserk with each twist and jerk
There were misses and hits galore
So that some safely cruised and some were bad bruised
While others soon dropped to the floor.

We did a fandango, a hot tempered tango
We jitterbugged over the sky
They led us around 'til five hit the ground
And I knew damned well I would die.

Well, I'd had enough of that kind of stuff
They really weren't very polite.
I just wanted a chance to enjoy the dance
While they only wanted to fight.

My God, the profusion of shouts and confusion
Of "Three!" and "Nine o'clock high!"
And just "Shut up and shoot" the directions were moot
They were everywhere filling the sky.

The cordite smelled like the hot fumes from hell
As ten fifties joined in with the song

(continued on page 15)

The Senior Ball (continued from page 14)

But for each outgoing round, seemed three would rebound
At this rate it wouldn't last long.

"20-20's your sight," they'd said with delight;
"Your eyes are perfect," no less.
But now I would find I must have been blind
For getting myself in this mess.

But if the day's filled with rain, it's hard to complain
Considering the pay I received
If I haven't forgot, I thought 'twas a lot —
One sixty a month, I believe.

Well, they stomped on our toes, they bloodied our nose
They acted like real sons of bitches.
And while Pops at the wheel showed nerves made of steel
I'd have hated to look in his britches.

As Dante knew well when he wrote of his hell
To deftly define his clear visions
I know that the bloke, to know what he wrote,
He must have flown a few missions.

Well, the target we smashed and as we still hadn't crashed
We turned her straight for the barn
And though we'd heard the death knell, we were lucky as hell
That none of our crew had bought the farm.

Now I'm reluctant to give a description of "sieve"
But "Sweating It Out" was a wreck
With holes all around, but three engines still sound
She kept us from hitting the deck.

Then to our delight there came in our sight
A gift felt sent straight from heaven
As God sometimes sends — 'Twas our great little friends
A squadron of P-47's.

We were no longer alone as they nursed us back home
No doubt, but the world's greatest fliers
'Twas all up to them whether we'd sink or we'd swim
God bless that escort of ours.

Now some people claim a measure of fame
For mastering each step one might know
But they don't know a thing how to dip or to swing
'Less they've danced in the E.T.O.



The 446th Bomb Group Association assembled in Dayton, Ohio on September 20, 21 and 22, and if you were not there, you missed a good one. With 314 in attendance the Group filled its allotted space in the Holiday Inn, Dayton Mall and spilled over into other nearby hotels. Opening on a high note at the cocktail party the first evening, things just got better and better. The Air Force Museum visit the following morning was excellent, including the renewal of our love and respect for our departed comrades at our Memorial there with a brief re-dedication service by Chaplains Gannon and Murphy. After lunch a guided bus tour of the Aviation Trail and Carillon Park was on tap. The second evening was also unstructured and left plenty of time for winning the war all over again. Sunday closed out the weekend with Chapel Services conducted by our beloved wartime Chaplains Gannon and Murphy and our business meeting at the hotel followed by lunch at the Wright-Patterson Officers Club. There was then time for a return visit to the AF Museum before the cocktail party and banquet that evening. At the business meeting plans were discussed for the 1992 Reunion to be held in the Valley Forge, Pennsylvania area as organized by Joe Soder, Jim O'Connor and I. This is a beautiful location with a great deal to offer and it will provide an opportunity for all those Easterners to attend who have written to "Beachbell Echo" asking when we would gather in the East. For any of many reasons, several Easterners have been unable to travel to sites in other parts of the country in the past, so here's your chance. Tentative plans include tours of the Valley Forge National Park with a stop at the Freedom Foundation for a Memorial Service, the Brandywine Valley with its museum of Wyeth Family art, the world famous Longwood Gardens and "America's Most Historic Square Mile" in Philadelphia. One evening has plans for an early dinner and Las Vegas style revue at Lily Langtry's Restaurant/Theater, and the other is set aside for our annual cocktail party and banquet with music for dancing. Start planning now.

While we're on the subject of reunions, you might also give thought to attendance at future 2nd Air Division Association Reunions. The 1992 Reunion planned by Evelyn Cohen for Las Vegas

would be the perfect time to join the festivities which accompany every gathering of the 2nd Air Division. Many of our members attend both, and you should too. We attempt to schedule to avoid conflicts which allows attending both 2nd ADA and 446th BG windings and you owe it to yourself to do just that. The clock of life is winding down for all of us and if you don't do it now...???

Incidentally, for all residents of the Garden State of New Jersey who are members of other Groups than the 446th and are reading this "Bull," please note that NJ is one of some 20 states with chapters in the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Our State Chapter holds three dinner meetings a year with interesting programs, music for dancing and fun and games at Officers Clubs on military bases around the state such as McGuire Air Base, Fort Monmouth and the Picatinny Arsenal. If you are not aware of the Garden State Chapter and its doings, you can contact me for information.

Through the good graces of Evelyn Cohen and Hathy Veynar, we now have a goodly supply of "Folded Wings" sympathy and get well cards. In order to make appropriate use of these, I will need the help and cooperation of all 446ers to keep me informed when members experience an illness or pass on.

I find upon perusing material received from Evelyn Cohen that the 448th BG, which leads the 2nd ADA with 754 members, also came up with 37 new members over the span of said material. Looks like someone in that group is doing something right. By comparison, our 446th BG reported 3 new members and ranks 8th overall in 2nd ADA membership with 512 members. In as much as we show a little over 1200 on our Group mailing list, maybe we need to mount a drive to get those not in the 2nd ADA to join up. Membership in both organizations has many advantages. How about those of you reading this making an effort to track down those who are in the 446th but not in 2nd ADA. Take a minute to pen a letter to your local or major newspaper alerting 446th veterans to both great Associations and inviting their memberships.

It is important that everyone is aware that Bill Davenport, our Group President, 13382 Wheeler Place, Santa Ana, CA 92705-1934 still has copies of our Group History as compiled by Harold Jensen available at \$53.00, including shipping. Also, Bill McMahon, 5126 SW 3rd Ave., Cape Coral, FL 33914 operates our 446th PX with all kinds of goodies at great prices. Feel free to contact him to find out what is available.

And now in closing, let me wish each of you the happiest of holidays in this season of Christmas and Hanukkah. May you enjoy the best of health, much happiness and all the good things you so richly deserve.

Crew #83 & Prince Bernhard Meet Again

by Irwin Rumler (489th)

At the invitation of the Royal Netherlands Air Force, we were invited to participate in honoring His Royal Highness, Prince Bernhard on the fiftieth anniversary of his getting his flying license (wings) from the British Royal Air Force in England 24 April 1941 during World War II.

The "we" in the above paragraph refers to the available surviving members of air crew #83 of the 847th Squadron, 489th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force stationed near Halesworth in East Anglia, England from 1 May 1944 to 20 August 1944. The reason we were invited is that on 21 June 1944, His Royal Highness accompanied us on a mission to bomb a target near Siracourt in the Pas de Calais, France. The target was a missile launching site for V-1 type missiles. Records show that we bombed through the clouds with electronic aids and had good results.

Prince Bernhard is still an avid pilot and festivities to honor him on this occasion were informal and included aviators and several types of aircraft which were among the more than 200 which the Prince has flown. Prince Bernhard has logged more than 12,000 hours of pilot time.

Sometime in January, Col. Arie de Jong of the RAAF, of the committee HRH 50, contacted Charlie Freudenthal, historian of the 489th Bomb Group. The committee wanted to invite us to this celebration at their expense and Charlie was to give the names and addresses of our crew. There are four of the original air crew members still available. Three have died and three cannot be located.

Air crew #83 as follows: Irwin Rumler, pilot; Alvin Rebsamen, co-pilot; William Albro, navigator; Frank Skrzynski, bombardier; Henry Haneken, flight engineer; Ed Thompson, radio operator; Joe Morabito, armorer gunner; William Christiansen, gunner; Harry Melichar, gunner; and Walter Freed, gunner.

The four survivors include: Irwin Rumler, Alvin Rebsamen, Frank Skrzynski, and Joe Morabito. Joe Morabito had a conflicting schedule and could not attend.



(l-r): Sqdn. Ldr. Pain; Col. Frederick Dent, 95th Wing CO; and Prince Bernhard of Holland before the Siracourt mission.

Therefore, those attending were Rumler, Rebsamen and Skrzynski. Frank Skrzynski has since Americanized his name to Skeldon and will be referred to that way from now on.

We had not seen each other in almost 47 years and met at the Martinair check-in counter at Miami on Sunday 21 April 1992. Martinair flew us to Schiphol International Airport at Amsterdam. We arrived at about 8 Monday morning and were taken to Martinair's VIP reception center. We did not have to pass through customs. Our bags were loaded on Martinair's limousine and we were driven to the de Prom Hotel at Baarn, a beautiful town near the Soestdijk Palace, not too far from Soesterberg Air Base. We were met by RAAF 2nd Lt. Gert Kant, who was our guardian and keeper for our week's stay. Lt. Kant briefed us on all the activities planned for our stay and gave us a printed schedule.

That evening we had dinner at the hotel with members of the committee HRH 50. Those in attendance were Col. and Mrs. de Jong, Lt. Col. and Mrs. van Soest, Lt. Col. Jansen, Lt. Kant and the three of us. The dinner was typically continental, lasting 'til eleven. Food quality was in the range of 4 star or better. The hotel priding itself on its desserts offered a surprise: Each diner was given six different desserts.

On Tuesday we toured Soesterberg Air Base and had lunch with the deputy base commander, Lt. Col. J.F. Bakker at the officers club, called the Casino. The building was built during World War II by the occupying Germans and has walls about 3 feet thick. It is a huge bunker, yet very grand in design.

We also were guests of the curator of the RAAF museum. The Dutch have been in aviation about 79 years. They had several vintage aircraft and a straw hot air balloon gondola from the very early days of aviation. We were shown maps showing the places where World War II aircraft crashed. Some were not recovered until recently when the more of the Zuyder Zee was reclaimed and the receding waters revealed the wreckage.

That afternoon the helicopter contingent treated us to a tour of part of the Zuyder Zee and some of the surrounding countryside. It couldn't have happened at a better time. All the tulips were in bloom.

That evening we visited Hardwijk, an old Dutch town, and had dinner.

On Wednesday we were interviewed at Soesterberg Air Base by a lady from the press during lunch. Then we went to the flight line for the main part of the celebration. Many airplanes of various vintages in flying condition were lined up on the ramp. The RN Air Force band was there to greet us, as well as about 100 people, mostly military, to greet the Prince. This day was to be a complete surprise. They had taken Prince Bernhard to the Fokker factory to let him fly the new commuter model F-50.

When he landed at Soesterberg Air Base he was greeted by the band and the people, including his wife Princess Juliana, the recent Queen and their grandson Crown Prince William Alexander. The crown prince is a co-pilot for Martinair.

Prince Bernhard then walked down the flight line, starting with the oldest airplane, like the one he got his RAF flying training in, and stopped at each of the aircraft. We were stationed at the B-25. It was flyable, with WWII markings. We were introduced as the biggest surprise of all. At this time we presented him with a plaque commemorating his mission with us. The plaque had a pewter model of a B-24 with our group markings — green and white tail. After chatting a while, we also got to speak with Princess Juliana and Prince William.

Prince Bernhard was taken by helicopter to the museum and the rest of us went by bus. The Prince was taken to the museum from the helicopter on a bomb cart. At the museum hall he was presented a pilot brochure "Fifty Years Flying Prince," a golden honor insignia from RAAF for 50 years as a pilot. Also, Mr. Martin Schroder, president of Martinair, presented the Prince with the "50 years Pilot Pin."

A cocktail party followed, where we got to meet several people: USAF Col. John Graham, deputy commander of the Fighter Group, the Prince's flight instructor, and several members of the Air Force Association. It was a swell party. The Prince was very touched.

On Thursday we spent the morning at Utrecht, shopping and seeing the older part of the city. During the afternoon we spent one hour with Prince Bernhard at Soestdijk Palace swapping flying stories. It was most enjoyable in that we had that common ground all aviators have.

On Friday we were guests of the Royal Netherlands Navy and were hosted by Captain and Mrs. Dick Sluiter, Commanding Officer, Amsterdam Naval Command. Mrs. Sluiter had prepared a travel guide for us of the Amsterdam canals. The Captain and his wife then took us for the canal tour on his official launch. We got to see the architecture of several periods, defense wall remnants from the 17th century, bridges, churches and other well-known landmarks such as Rembrandt's house.

We had a very charming and delightful lunch, with a printed menu which we kept as a souvenir: smoked trout salad, roast pork, vegetables, wine and ice cream. That afternoon we went to the Rijksmuseum and later shopping at Vorloom, where we were able to buy gifts for the folks back home. We had another superb dinner at another restaurant near our hotel. They had a message in Dutch on the wall that translates, "Never eat at a place where the cook is skinny." Our host was not underweight.

(continued on page 17)

Crew #83 & Prince Bernhard (continued from page 16)

The next day we checked into the Pullman Hotel near Schiphol Airport and took a ride to Oostershelde. This is where they recently completed a bridge spanning the outlet of the rivers south of Rotterdam. The bridges are equipped with gates that can be lowered to prevent the North Sea from flooding the Delta during storms. During February 1953 much of that part of the country was flooded by a storm and this engineering marvel will prevent recurrence. There is a computerized 24-hour watch along this bridge at all times.

We had dinner that night at the hotel and were taken the next morning to the airport for the trip home. Martinair picked us up again at the hotel and took care of our tickets and baggage.

During the flight home, the captain in-

vited us to the cockpit and I was reminded of what Prince Bernhard said about the new Fokker 50 he flew. "Everything is done by pushing buttons. There is not much flying to do." On the airliner electronic programs steer the autopilot and hold the altitude within a foot or two of desired. Flying is more like playing Pac Man.

I know now what it is to be treated like royalty and will never forget the hospitality and courtesies rendered to me by all the Netherlands people with whom I had contact. I witnessed the open affection which the Netherlands pilots showed their Prince. He was one of their "flying buddies."

Also, the Netherlands people will never forget their occupation by the Germans. They have an additional holiday commemorating their liberation on 5 May 1945. For this they are extremely grateful to those of us who participated in World War II. I'm glad I was part of that.



(l-r): Prince Bernhard, Irwin Rumler, Alvin Rebsamen and Frank Skeldon.

389th Sky Scorpions

by Gene Hartley

During the spring of 1991, Allan Hallett of the 389th BG received a letter from a James Adams of Brimfield, MA. He was seeking assistance from Allan in learning the location of the field from which his late uncle, Neal M. Lenti, flew as a member of the 565th BS of the 389th BG. Neal was a navigator on a B-24 that was shot down October 8, 1943. His grave is located in the U.S. Military Cemetery in Margraten, Netherlands.

Allan was able to help him a great deal. In the ensuing correspondence, he learned that James would be going to Europe in July 1991. Allan told him about the 389th Memorial Room in the Hethel Tower and of the Second Air Division Association Memorial Room in the Norwich Library. Jim Adams made a visit to Norwich and the Memorial Room. His reactions must be shared with the 2ADA membership. It is what we are all about.

Jim writes as follows:

"How fortunate is the 2ADA to have Phyllis DuBois and Tony North! We could not have been treated better. I am not used to this, nor did I anticipate their warm, sincere and caring manner. I tried to remain aware of the fact that we were consuming lots of their time; however, when we did disengage on occasion to take pictures or look at a book or something, Tony would wander back and spin some more tales which we ate up in addition to recording.

"We were then taken in hand for a trip to Hethel. We ate and drank at the World's End Tavern, visited the air base and the Control Tower Museum. We visited with Margaret Peacock, wife of the farmer who raises sheep around your Chapel, visited the Chapel, and the old church at Hethel.

"Now I will do my best to record some of my thoughts regarding the 2ADA Memorial Room. You will understand that words from a person, aware of the fact that over 6300 of your buddies gave up everything, do not come easy and must be carefully chosen.

"I am a lucky humble American who honestly feels that the Second Air Division Association living Memorial in Norwich,

England has no equal in our world. The Punch Bowl in Hawaii, Arlington, the Vietnam Wall, the Netherlands American and the Cambridge, England cemeteries; they all possess powerful and inspiring memorials. Having visited Margraten and Madingley within the past month, as a former serviceman among departed service men and women, I felt more comfortable and at home in Margraten, Holland.

"But, in spite of its summer beauty, fall and winter will come to Margraten. The number of visitors will decrease. Not so on Bethel Street in Norwich. Your lighted Memorial Room has American messages every second of the library day. That smoking Liberator in the mural thunders a quiet message of courage for all who can see. 'We flew from your soil, we did our best, and, in an unassuming way, we hope that you will learn of us and our nation.'

"The members of the Second Air Division Association must be very gratified with the Memorial. In my opinion you have the torch firmly in your grasp and it could not burn brighter for those unfortunate souls listed in the Roll of Honor."

Thus the major thrust of Jim Adams' letter. It is well to hear from an American outside our membership. His view can strengthen our resolve to ensure that our living trust is well established for the years ahead. An expression such as you have just read belongs to our entire Association, not just a single Bomb Group.

Keith Shirk writes a reaction to the article "After the Mission is Over" which appeared in the Fall 1990 Journal. The article was one of many we have read about the April 7, 1945 mission to Dunesberg. It related the experience of Lt. Donald Kunkle who was a survivor of the Deputy Lead plane.

Keith Shirk writes that this was not the first time Lt. Kunkle was shot down.

"On December 25, 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge, we were bombing crossroads. We were attacked by a single German fighter which caught Kunkle's plane and they all bailed out. Kunkle told us how they were coming down in their chutes between

the lines and could see both the Americans and the Germans coming after them. As soon as he touched down he ran towards the Americans. When he reached the troops, he thought he was going to be shot, as the GIs thought they might be German spies. They asked who won the World Series and Kunkle said, 'How the hell do I know. I was on the boat coming over at the time. Probably the Dodgers.' The GIs got them to the rear and they were eventually sent back to Hethel."

It was a real pleasure to attend the Midwest 2ADA Reunion at Lake of the Ozarks. Marty Borrok of the 389th was the chairman, and did a fine job. As always at a reunion, whether large or small, you have the opportunity to see someone for the first time in nearly fifty years. This was my lucky case at the Lake. If only for this reason, you ought to consider making plans to be with us in Las Vegas.

Enjoy Your Return to England and Norwich

The Governors of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust and the Friends of the Memorial have now compiled a list of local people who are willing (subject to availability) to drive members of the 2nd Air Division Association out to their wartime bases when they visit the area. A further list has also been made of local families who are willing to have members of the 2nd Air Division stay at their homes for a few days during their visit to Norwich. We hope that this will not only save on taxi fares to the bases, but also help those who cannot afford the hotels or would prefer to stay with a Norfolk family.

Full details can be obtained from Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian, 2nd Air Division Memorial Room, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, NR2 1NJ England. Telephone: Norwich (0603) 223852.

The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

All of us who know Tony North and his dedication to our 2nd Air Division Memorial are saddened by Tony's health problems that have made it impossible for him to continue at the Memorial Room. Tony, we all wish you the best and sincerely thank you for all the years you devoted to making our Memorial a better place. You will be sorely missed.

Arnold Nass, co-pilot on Carl Kleeman's crew, writes, "I entered the service as an enlisted man in July 1941 in Milwaukee — entered the oil and gas exploration business in Dallas in 1947 and retired full time in 1987." He says he and wife Rose Mary have been married since April 1942 — have 6 children and 9 grandchildren. He reports that he had a great time at the Dearborn reunion.

Al Cimei sent me the picture below of the 445th Communication Squadron. Unfortunately, he cut off the names of the people in the picture which were on the back when he cropped the picture. Can you identify anyone by name?



Since we are on the subject of pictures, in the Summer 1991 Journal we ran a crew picture and asked if anyone could identify the crew. Jeff Wombacher (489th) writes that although he flew all but his last two missions with the 489th, he was sent over to the 445th to fly his last two as bombardier with the Craig Belcher crew. He believes the picture in question is of the Belcher crew and says he is the "short guy on the right." So, this proves that I'm not the only one who reads the Journal from cover to cover.

Bill Furman sent in the picture on the right of Jack Fleming's crew. He says he and Jack have enjoyed corresponding and appreciates our role in getting them together.

We received a short note from Ed Webster of the 701st Refueling Unit. Ed was recently selected as the American Legion Legionaire of the Year in Alabama. Congratulations, Ed! He enclosed a picture of himself and Robert Shaw, but unfortunately the picture quality is not usable by the Journal. I will, however, send it on to Mary Beth Barnard.

Howard Davis, who I had confused with Harold Davis, writes that he was the Group Communications Officer (major at 25!) Now who believes such a rank so young? But those were different circumstances. Howard goes on to say he taught code and procedures and set 15 WPM in the air as minimum. Every Radio Operator in the 445th stayed at the code table until he could do it. Although not "bewinged" (his word), Col. Jones allowed him to fly with Jerry Rodenbaugh's crew on their last six missions — aboard the "Bugs Bunny." Now, I had to immediately correct Howard, as the name of the plane was the "Bunnie." I know, because I flew the Bunnie beginning the 28th Sept. until I finished my tour by putting the 100th mission on the tired old bird.

Bill Vinton and wife Florence and three of his crew, Jean Ridley, Hal Davis and himself and their wives met in Dearborn for the first time in 46 years. What a great time they had and how much they appreciated the good efforts of those who arranged the

reunion. He voiced a strong plea for a new 2nd ADA membership roster.

Baldy Avery referred to our Spring '91 Journal article concerning John LaMar, son of John, Sr. Baldy verified that LaMar was flying with Stanley Neal when shot down. Baldy knew Neal very well and says they spent many nights at the Club singing and making up lyrics. The two with Johnny Constable composed the words to the tunes of "Sortie Boys," "Early in the Morning," etc. I have sent the letter on to John, Jr.

New members include Samuel Dowling, Kailua, HI; Horace May, Newton, MS; Harold Hartner, Bethpage, NY; William Powell, Chickasaw, AL; Joseph Stadt, Albuquerque, NM; and Raymond Bencem, Westport, MA.

Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian, sent me a picture of the Library's recent display in remembrance of the Kassel Mission. She says many readers ask for information on the Kassel Mission and that the "Kassel Mission Reports" receive a great deal of attention. Thank you, Phyllis!

Hopefully, this edition of the Journal will reach you during the holidays. So, we will take this opportunity to wish the entire 2nd ADA and especially the 445th members a very happy and healthy New Year.

East Coast Area Reunion

by Pete Henry (44th)

On Saturday night, October 5, 1991, one hundred and twelve members and guests from Maryland, Delaware, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania Metropolitan area gathered at the Adam's Mark Hotel in Philadelphia for the first area dinner since 1988. In attendance were 2ADA President and Mrs. Richard Kennedy; Mr. & Mrs. David Patterson (2ADA Secretary); Mr. & Mrs. Bill Nothstein (466th BG V.P.); and the reunion committee of Evelyn Cohen (HQ), Ceil and Rick Rokicki (458th BG V.P.), Dot and Floyd Mabee (93rd BG V.P.), Frank DiMola (445th BG) and Mary and Pete Henry (44th BG V.P.)

Following the reception and dinner, brief comments were delivered by President Kennedy, Evelyn Cohen and Rick Rokicki. Approximately a dozen door prizes were awarded and about ten minutes of "There I Was" stories were permitted.

The highlight of the evening was the showing of assorted video tapes: portions of "Images of the 2nd Air Division" produced by the Dzenowagis family (467th BG); "The Superplane That Hitler Wasted - ME-262"; and "B-24 Liberators in the ETO."

Forty percent of the attendees stayed overnight and many gathered Sunday morning for a farewell breakfast before heading their separate ways.



The crew of "Clay Pidgeon," 703rd Squadron. Standing (l-r): Jack Fleming, pilot; ???, co-pilot; Ron Ackerley, navigator; Walter Shapiro, bombardier; Wm. Rhem, engineer; Millard Fuller, radio operator. Kneeling (l-r): ???, ground crew chief; Eli Workman, left waist gunner; Bill Furman, right waist gunner; Fred Josephson, tail gunner.

BULLETIN BOARD

Upcoming Midwest/North Central 2ADA Regional Reunion

The Midwest/North Central Region of the Second Air Division Association will hold its 9th annual regional reunion May 31, June 1 & 2, 1992 at the Pioneer Inn, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

A full and interesting program is being planned. The highlight will be a visit to the Experimental Aircraft Association's complex and museum, which has almost doubled in size since our 5th annual reunion held here in the fall of 1988.

More information about the reunion, along with motel and reunion registration forms, will be mailed to the 2ADA members living in this area in early February 1992.

Your reunion committee members are: Lloyd Koth, Sr. (467th), Bob Victor (453rd), Aud Risley (446th), Russ Valleau (492nd), Will Stites (453rd), and George Rundblad (453rd).

George J. Rundblad
765 Stoney Point Road
Sutton's Bay, MI 49682

New Additions To Your 2ADA Film Library

Two new tapes have been added to your rental library.

"Images of the 2nd Air Division" is the latest one produced by the Dzenowagis family (467th BG). Included are scenes from the 1990 Norwich Convention; 445th BG return to Bad Hersfeld, Germany (Kassel Raid); 1986 Convention at Pheasant Run, IL; American Patriot Series, Jordan Uttal and Ramsay Potts interviewed; Memories of War, William Nelson interviewed on Ploesti; Women's Army Corps, Evelyn Cohen interviewed at Hilton Head, SC; 467th BG Family Reunion, etc.

"Passage to Valhalla" covers the Air Battles of Europe from Schweinfurt to Regensburg to Ploesti. Included are scenes from Colonel James Gunn and Roumanian Pilot Captain Constantine Cantacuzino rescuing over 1000 American and Allied airmen from Roumania in the Fall of 1944. Tape produced by William Fili, 15th Air Force airman.

These tapes are also available for purchase. Write to the undersigned for a brochure.

Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831

11th Annual So. California Dinner

The 11th Annual Southern California 2nd ADA Dinner will be held at the El Toro Marine Corps Club on 29 February 1992. Everyone is welcome. Contact:

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

Editor's Note

In the Summer 1991 issue of the Journal, the poem "M.I.A." which appeared on page 16 was erroneously credited to John Butler, who sent it in to the Journal. In fact, the actual author of the poem is Mr. J.A. Wilson. We apologize for the error.

Public Relations Notes

by Hap Chandler, Director

PUBLIC RELATIONS INVENTORY

Members of the Second Air Division Association with public relations skills who would be willing to work on PR related projects are encouraged to contact: Hap Chandler, P.O. Box 88148, Dunwoody, GA 30356-8148.

We particularly would like to contact cartoonists, graphic artists, copy writers, proof readers, etc.

ALL AMERICAN SCHEDULES

There have been several complaints concerning the late arrival or non-arrival of the "All American." If you have such a problem, contact Bob Collings or Dave Sheperd at (508) 562-9182.

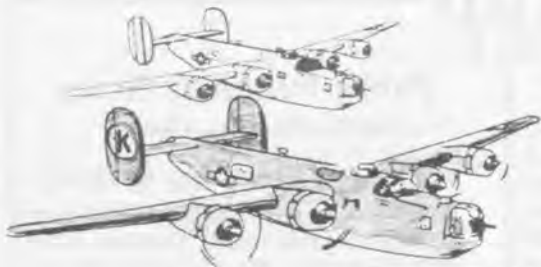
Bill Eagleson (508) 653-3958 or myself will be glad to assist if Collings representatives are not available.

Information Needed — Original 93rd BG Planes

I need this information, before forgotten, to complete my list of original 93rd planes that flew overseas September 6, 1942. If you can fill in any of the blanks, or if you find any that you think I have wrong, please drop me a card. My winter address is:

Floyd H. Mabee • 11524 Zimmerman Road • Port Richey, FL 34668

JO-JO'S SPECIAL DELIVERY	329th Sq.	No. 41-23683
	409th Sq.	No. 41-23748
NIGHT RAIDER	409th Sq.	No. 41-23734
LIBERTY LASS	409th Sq.	No. 41-23732
BIG DEALER	330th Sq.	No. 41-23665
HARE'S TO YA	329th Sq.	No. 41-23710
RED ASS	409th Sq.	No. 41-23740
BLASTED EVENT	409th Sq.	No. 41-23682
MINERVA	329th Sq.	No. 41-23689
TEGGIE ANN	409th Sq.	No. 41-23754
	329th Sq.	No. 41-23674
FLYING COCK	409th Sq.	No. 41-23724
THAR SHE BLOWS	329th Sq.	No. 41-23658
KATY BUG	328th Sq.	No. 41-23745
	329th Sq.	No. 41-23686
EXTERMINATOR	329th Sq.	No. 41-23717
LIBERTY LAD	409th Sq.	No. 41-23742
SHOOT LUKE	328th Sq.	No. 41-23729
GERONIMO	409th Sq.	No. 41-23744
READY AND WILLING	330th Sq.	No. 41-23707
HOT FREIGHT	330th Sq.	No. 41-23666
BOMERANG	328th Sq.	No. 41-23722
	330th Sq.	No. 41-23721
EAGER BEAVER	328th Sq.	No. 41-23737
HELLSADROPPIN	329th Sq.	No. 41-23723
WHAM BAM	409th Sq.	No. 41-23738
	330th Sq.	No. 41-23712
BIG EAGLE	330th Sq.	No. 41-23678
THE BLASTED EVENT	329th Sq.	No. 41-23682
GLOBE TROTTER	329th Sq.	No. 41-23748
DOUBLE TROUBLE	328th Sq.	No. 41-23672
JERKS NATURAL	328th Sq.	No. 41-23711
HOT STUFF	330th Sq.	No. 41-23728
BALL OF FIRE	328th Sq.	No. 41-23667
CELHALOPBS	330th Sq.	No. 41-23675
EL LOBO	330th Sq.	No. 41-23692



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

PHILADELPHIA MINI-REUNION

Ceil and I attended the NY, NJ, PA, DE & MD area dinner in Philadelphia last October. 2ADA members living within 125-150 miles were invited. About 150 attended and we had 11 from our Group: **Joe and Lillian Linsk, Aaron and Joan Glatt, Ken and Ginny Gorrell, Fred Guida, Phil Sagi and Odis Taylor.** Taylor (pilot) and Linsk (navigator/bombardier) were crew members who hadn't seen each other since 1945!

SQUADRON INSIGNIA

I still have some Squadron "patches" left for anyone who wants one. Cost is \$9.50 each or \$35.00 for all four, P.P. When I originally ordered the 200 (50 of each squadron), I had no doubt that they would all be sold. Against my better judgment, I re-ordered 25 each of all four squadrons, because of all the requests from new members who didn't have the first-time-around opportunity. In any case, I'm still out a few bucks until I can "move" the remaining stock. I do have two requests from collectors (one in England) who are interested, but I've advised them that only after I feel everyone in the 458th has had this last chance, will I consider their offer.

I still have a few vinyl covered red/white/red tailfin badges and some olive drab "circle K" ones left. Cost remains at \$5.50 each or two for \$10.00 P.P. Again as with the Squadron insignia, when they're gone, they're GONE. No reorder of either is planned.

TAILWINDS

Happy to advise you that we have added the following new members to our Group: **Henry Arias, NY; Austin Stirratt, CA; Fred Spitzer, NY; Maurice Spitzer, CO; Frank Beck, AZ; Leonard Larson, NC; Gerald Matze, CA; Michael Agresta, IL; Wesley Bellerson, FL; Alfonzo Rizzi, NJ; and Carlos Efferson, CA.** If you recognize any of these and wish a full address, drop me a note and I'll respond. **Harry Rowan (389th)** saw a familiar name when he spotted **Dana Winters'** in this column...Both were Aviation Cadets and lost touch after graduating. Happy to have been of help. For those of you who have 458th BG rosters, add the above to your list. Don't forget to check the "Folded Wings" section for those who have made their Last Flight. Shortly after sending in my last Journal column, I received a telephone call from **B/Gen. James Isbell** advising me of **Wm. "Bill" Routon's** passing. I know that all who knew the Flight Surgeon, loved and respected him. Col. Routon (Ret.) attended one of our Dayton Group Reunions; I believe it was the Oct. '87 one.

Bud Koorndyk, our American Representative on the Memorial Board of Governors, wrote a very fine tribute to **Tony North**, the retiring Library Aide. The many who know Tony personally, realize that the Memorial Library and the Second Air Division Association, mean everything to him. I'm sure he would appreciate hearing from any and all who wish him well and a speedy recovery. Tony's address is: 62 Turner Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 4HB, England.

Received a request from **Chris Atherton** (new 2ADA member) for the 2 Tailfin badges (as previously mentioned), and any other 458th memorabilia. Chris has the new-found responsibility to the Norwich Airport Aviation Group for a joint Memorial to both the 458th BG and the R.A.F. who used the airfield at Horsham St. Faith before and after we got there. In any case, Chris himself was stationed at Horsham at one time in his R.A.F. career (1940-1946).

Sent him one each of the 4 Squadron Insignia, an 8th Air Force shoulder patch and both tailfin badges for the glass & wood case which will be installed in the passenger concourse where it can be seen by all who fly in or out of the airport.



Joe Fisher (755th) had a Blazer Insignia made as shown. Done in gold, silver and red, it looks quite good in the photo...not sure how well it will reproduce here. Made with metallic thread, about \$12.00. I plan to order one in the near future and wear it to the Las Vegas Convention where you can see it "first hand." Please let me know if you are interested and I will send you info. I do not plan to stock this item, so **DON'T** send me any money, just let me hear from you and perhaps submit your own design.

Received a newspaper clipping from **Lionel Goudreault** showing him alongside a Stearman PT-17, at the Lodwick Aviation Military Academy airfield in Avon Park where he did his primary training in '43. The LAMA had their 50th Reunion open to all graduates of their Military Program. Goudreault was in the class of 43-H. After a short time, he was advised he could "take her around," and he said it was surprising how easily it all came back! I know the feeling, since the Potomac Antique Aero Sqdn I belong to has over 80 "rag, stick & wire" aircraft, and I've enjoyed our Fly-Ins over the last 25 years...No "Spam Cans" (all metal) need apply!

For those who requested the A-2 leather jacket forms I have, please be aware that so far, the 2ADA has received over \$200.00 in rebates from the manufacturer from the sale of these jackets to our Memorial Library Funding. Not only do you have a chance to buy a \$249.00 jacket advertised nationally, for \$175.00, but we get the rebate for the Library!

Clayton & Greta Wilkening wrote of their visit to Norwich and the Memorial Library last August. Nothing but the finest praise for **Phyllis DuBois, Tony North** and their new-found guide, **R.J.A. Aubrey-Cound**, a retiring airline pilot who assisted them in their Norwich area tour. I had information on what the Hotel Nelson describes as a "Break-Away Rate," and Clay took advantage of it. This rate is still available per **Paul King**, Chairman of Hotel Nelson and Hotel Norwich.

Ceil and I just returned from two weeks of "Sun & Sand" in Maui, Hawaii, and the first thing that had to be done was this column! Hope it gets to Bill Robertie in time; otherwise you would be reading this in the Spring Journal, and by that time, I may be back in Hawaii. What a place for a future Convention!



Happy Warrior Happenings

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

NORFOLK

July 23 to July 28, Ed & Billy Sheely Johnson, Maxine & Bill Clarey, and Norma and I were in Norfolk, Virginia attending the 3rd Strategic Air Depot Reunion as special guests. Herbert and Katherine Perry from the 458th Bomb Group were also special guests. Billy Johnson participated in the moving Display of Roses Memorial Service representing the 492nd Bomb Group. Following his tour of missions with the 492nd and 467th Bomb Groups, Bill Clarey was transferred to the 46th Repair Group stationed at Watton. Our English friends, Ken and Jan Godfrey from Watton also attended. All of the ladies were given gold airplane pins and the gentlemen were given caps. Wiley Noble and Committee did a great job!

It was a lively week, with a trip to Williamsburg, VA, tour of the Norfolk Harbor and Naval Base, aboard the Spirit of Norfolk which included lunch and entertainment. We had a M.A.S.H. breakfast, a U.S.O. show featuring 40's music, and the Tidewater Pipes & Drums.

I received a video "Wings" WWII footage and Norma received the book Battle of Britain in a drawing.

PRYTULAK

Shirley Prytulak, Don Prytulak's widow, Vickie & Bob Wilmoth, their two sons, (daughter of Shirley & Don) paid us a visit at our hotel. Shirley lives in nearby Virginia Beach. We had a great visit and I was pleased to receive additional information regarding the 859th Bomb Squadron in the form of Duane Heath's diary of missions on Don Prytulak's crew.

LAKE OF THE OZARKS

September 3 was departure day for St. Louis, MO, where we met Ann and Harry Dean of the 491st BG and a drive down to Lake of the Ozarks, MO, for the Midwest Reunion of the 2nd ADA. Martin Borrok, Chairman and his Committee planned a great reunion. Wilbur Stites (453rd BG) was M.C. and did his usual excellent job.

The following 492nd BG members joined us for a rousing two days: Harry & Katherine Rawls, Tom & Margaret Floyd, Elvern & Hazel Seitzinger, Russ Valleau, Stan & Dorothy Seger, Tom & Frances Kelley. Thirteen members in all! It was a pleasure to get to meet Tom & Frances Kelley and Tom & Margaret Floyd for the first time. I hope they will join us at more

reunions in the future. Jordan Uttal (Headquarters) also attended and it was good to talk with him again. We became better acquainted with Wib & Diane Clingan (VP 453rd). We met Cal Stewart of the 93rd Bomb Group, co-author of "Ploesti, the Great Ground-Air War, 1 August 1943." The boat trip around Lake of the Ozarks was very nice and I think we all enjoyed the movie "Rocketeer."

I was a recipient of one of Earl Zimmerman's (389th BG) clocks. My name was second to last to be drawn and I could hardly believe my good fortune. For those of you who may not be familiar with his work, he makes many beautiful clocks and leaded glass items.

In summary, one of the best things about the reunions is getting to meet so many nice people with whom we share a common bond. Watch your Journal and Newsletters for future reunion dates. Plan to attend and join in on the fun!

Following this reunion, we spent two days in St. Louis which included a visit to the Arch and Jefferson Barracks. Jefferson Barracks is a far cry from WWII days, a little off the beaten path but interesting nonetheless. The Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery is adjacent to the base. Sadly, we learned that the following 492nd Bomb Group members, killed in action July 7, 1944, Bernberg, Germany were buried there in Group Burial Section 85, Plot #24: T/Sgt. Darrel B. Andrews, S/Sgt. Donald W. Brown, S/Sgt. Vincent Brdecka, and S/Sgt. Salvatore Stamerra.

GLENN MILLER

Steve Miller, Glenn Miller's son, gave me a call mid-September after which Norma and I met him and his cousin Alan Cass, Curator of the Glenn Miller collection, at the University of Colorado for one of the most interesting days imaginable.

We were privileged to view the Glenn Miller collection of 29 gold records, the original score of "Moonlight Serenade," Glenn's framed Bronze Star Medal, and a cassette collection beyond compare of the Miller music. In addition, Alan and Steve took us on a campus tour which included the Glenn Miller Lounge where additional memorabilia and pictures are kept. In one of the showcases was a picture of Glenn holding Steve as a baby. The Heritage Center is located upstairs in Old Main where Glenn's trombone is displayed in a case along with other items of Glenn's.

We went outside to the bridge where "The Glenn Miller Story" was filmed with Jimmy Stewart and June Allison.

A notebook, captioned "492nd Bomb Group," lay on one of the shelves, and of course my interest was piqued immediately. It contained many letters and documents sent to Alan from Robert Munson, pilot in the 858th BG, of the "Boulder Buff." His crew and our crew, piloted by Joe Harris, on the "Silver Witch" were interned in Sweden. I contacted Bob Munson and hope he will become a member of the Group.

If any of you are in the Boulder, Colorado area, I urge you to visit the University of

Colorado and visit the Glenn Miller Lounge and the Heritage Center in Old Main. It is a trip worth taking.

DUES/SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE HAPPY WARRIOR

In answer to several inquiries about a set dues/subscription fee for the Happy Warrior, I would like to clarify this issue by saying that presently there is no set dues fee to belong to the 492nd Bomb Group. *At this time, it is strictly on a voluntary basis.* Our Group is the smallest Bomb Group in the 2nd Air Division Association and for the time being, I have been concentrating on building the membership, locating lost buddies, and putting members in contact with one another. All contributions, large or small are welcome, including stamps. All members of the 492nd Bomb Group who belong to the 2nd ADA will automatically receive the Happy Warrior. All referrals to former 492nd Bomb Group members are sent a personal letter from me with a newsletter along with an application for membership to the 2nd ADA. If I receive a response to my letter, the former 492nd BG member will continue to receive the Happy Warrior. All contributions are maintained on the computer by date, check number, amount, name of contributor. A Xerox copy of your check is also kept on file. The first issue of the Happy Warrior and Happy Warrior pins were willingly financed by the Beasleys. The ensuing contributions have been quite adequate in order to publish the newsletter. A debt of gratitude is owed to the many members of other Bomb Groups as well as the Executive Committee, who have sent generous contributions in addition to those 492nd Bomb Group members who have given so generously to this worthy endeavor.

MEMBERSHIP

Our membership is slowly but steadily increasing. I would like to gather as much information about every crew, its members and their missions as I can. One of the most rewarding aspects of my job is being able to help former crew members get in touch with one another. I want to personally thank everyone for their help and support. This thank you includes members of other Bomb Groups who have referred former 492nd BG members to me as well as friends like Steve Miller who located Robert K. Doyle, former pilot in the 858th Squadron through Ben Parnell. Your phone calls and letters are greatly appreciated.

HAPPY WARRIOR PATCHES

I have had several inquiries and prepaid orders for the Happy Warrior Patch. However, the cost to obtain these patches is prohibitive unless there are sufficient numbers of prepaid requests. Cost per each for the 4½" patch not including tax in quantities of 50 is \$6.80. If we could order 100 the cost is reduced to \$5.60 plus tax. If there are members of other Bomb Groups who would be interested in having a Happy Warrior Patch, please get in touch with me: Bill Beasley, 1525 So. Garfield St., Denver, CO 80210-3022.

2ADA Film Library — Revised 1-92

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.

- NEW** "Images of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Faces of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Eight Candles for Remembrance" Produced by Joe Dzenowagis
- "Winged Victory" "Twelve O'Clock High"
 "24's Get Back" "Going Hollywood - The War Yrs"
 "Aerial Gunner" "Show Biz Goes to War" donated by Hugh McLaren
 "Pin-Up Girl" "Battle of Britain"
 "B-24 Liberators in the ETO"
- "Tora, Tora, Tora" "Battle of the Bulge" donated by widow of Art Raisig (492nd)
 "The Right Stuff" "Midway"
- "World War II" with Walter Cronkite donated by Roy Jonasson
 10 Volumes
- NEW** "Passage to Valhalla" donated by William Fili, 15th AF

The following tapes are also 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 |

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

Birthdays

by C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain
 2ADA Liaison Officer, Friends of
 the 2nd AD Memorial

"Get the kids involved", to paraphrase our 2AD Commander, General Kepner, who expressed this sentiment more than once when referring to the Memorial. He even espoused the formation of a companion organization dedicated to its perpetual support. That has come to pass. Moreover, a group of like minded British citizens formed a similar organization with the same goals in mind.

This year, each of those groups — the Heritage League of the 2AD in the USA and The Friends of the 2AD Memorial in East Anglia — has enjoyed another birthday. The League was four years old on May 22nd and the younger Friends was three on October 24th. As one might expect of any youngster of either age, each is being challenged to find its own identity. But definite progress is being made.

After initial surges in membership growth and some decline after "the novelty wore off" for some, a solid corps of leadership is emerging. Both are establishing a planning process to determine how best to serve their purposes. Both are working together on mutual projects. Both are eager to develop closer ties with the Memorial and the 2ADA. Second Thoughts #8, the Friends newsletter, for example, carries an extensive appeal for volunteers to help with a variety of specific and important tasks in direct support to the Memorial Library. Then, on October 30th, the Friends sponsored an Autumn Get-Together at the Memorial to welcome new American students attending the University of East Anglia and to expose members to volunteer opportunities. They also are conducting a series of visits to the various base areas to broaden understanding and reinforce links they have to one another.

So, with each succeeding birthday for the League and the Friends a stronger foundation for perpetual Memorial support is evident. Though easier said than done, General Kepner's far seeing observation was right on target. An essential ingredient to perpetuity or immortality is a living body (or bodies) of caring people having an emotional and vital attachment to our common interest. Some are motivated by family ties. Others are stimulated by what took place in their community from 1942 to 1945. Regardless of the reasons for involvement, in the end, it is the 6400 person sacrifice which is a common focus for all. Common nurturing of both groups is the way to go for many birthdays to come.

The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

The 448th Bomb Group Association held its ninth consecutive group reunion Sept. 5, 6 & 7 at Hampton, VA. It was attended by 270 veterans and wives, several for their very first time. Among the first-timers were two of our four living 448th generals: Major General Jimmie Jones of Little Rock, AK; and Lt. General William "Bill" W. Snavelly of Diamond Bar, CA. Lt. Gen. Snavelly, a West Point grad, not only had his entire regular crew #16, but since his was a lead crew, he had also a number of lead navigators and bombardiers as well who flew often with his crew when they led group or wing missions. Several of these fellows had not seen each other since they left Seething in 1945. Col. Larry Wolfe, regular crew navigator and Lt. Col. Fred Aldrich, radio operator, retired in the military. Needless to say this was a most unusual and great occasion for these WWII airmen to not only all still be living but to be able to get together once more. We all were happy for them.

We had a nice tour of nearby Langley AFB where we saw not one but two stealth fighter/bombers, saw an excellent flying demonstration of an F-15 fighter, had a super buffet lunch at Langley AFB officers mess and several U.S. Generals as well as high ranking officers visiting from NATO countries. We had an interesting lecture and slide presentation by one of Langley's pilots who saw active duty in "Desert Storm."

The midwest was chosen as our 10th annual group reunion site, and Leroy Engdahl was chosen to head up the site selection committee. He is actively pursuing the cities of Omaha, home of SAC and Offutt AFB; Wichita, KS, home of McConnell AFB; and Oklahoma City, home of Tinker AFB, for a possible June or July date so as not to interfere with either the 2nd AD or 8th AFHS reunions, which go on at the same time in October, presenting a problem for anyone who planned to attend both. The 8th AFHS announces 3 years in advance their reunion sites and dates, so it is most unfortunate to have this conflict.

The 448th Bomb Group Association is very proud to now have more than 800 paid members. The Sept. 24, 1991 update sent to all Group VPs reflects 820 members for the 448th. This is the result of continuous hard

work, and thanks to all those who have sent in names and addresses of our non-member 448th veterans to Leroy Engdahl, our membership chairman.

At each of our group reunions, each veteran is given three rosters: one of our paid up members, one of our non-members for whom we have the addresses, and one of our brothers who have passed on since WWII. To all those who received a roster, we ask for you to please look each one over carefully and if you know of one of our 448th who is deceased since WWII who is not on the "deceased" roster, please give the information as best you can to Cater Lee so we can be as accurate as we can with our list.

If you know anyone on the non-member roster, please contact them and invite them to become a member, or perhaps re-join us again, and invite them to join us at our excellent group reunions. With your continued help, no telling where our membership numbers can go. We know that some of our buddies will depart us each year and progressively more each year, so all the help you can give us will be most appreciated.

If anyone wants a pair of wings, send your request along with a copy of Form 00-214 to: HQ USAF/XDOTW, Training & Warrior Management Division, Washington, DC 20330-5054; Attn: SMSGT TRIBBETT.

Send request for all medals you may be entitled to along with a copy of 00-214 to: National Personnel Records Center, Military Personnel Records, 9200 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63132. If you don't have those forms, you may request them from these addresses. Good Luck!!

Remember our buddies who spend their own money to make available such mementos as 448th T-shirts, tie tacs, etc., and who donate part of their profits to our 448th general fund. You can find their names and addresses in the Summer 1991 Journal in the article "The 448th Speaks."

At our Hampton reunion, the membership agreed to collect a \$5.00 fee from every attendee at this and all future reunions for a newly established "English Fund" to be used any way we see fit; church roof repair, etc.

We sent a substantial amount to England by Jim and Nancy Turner who were visitors from Seething at our group reunion. This

was to help with the roof of the old Seething Church, damaged by storm a few years back. This was the Turners' second reunion visit to the States, the first being to the 50th memorial celebration held at Fort Worth, Texas in 1989 when several groups, including the 448th, held group reunions. We are always very pleased to have our English friends join us at our group reunions.

We also had two of our widows attend our reunion. They were Marge Bollschweiler, widow of "Wally" who was over the control tower personnel, and Hazel Dickinson, widow of George. This was not their first reunion and they were publicly recognized. We always welcome our surviving spouses.

Also at the reunion, Cater Lee was re-elected to a second term as Group VP.

As you all know, 1992 marks the 50th anniversary of the 8th AF arrival in England. The week of Sept. 5 & 6 marks the 50th year that the first airman arrived at Seething. Events are being planned to mark this occasion and several of the 448th have indicated an interest in returning there. Paul Homan is working up plans to organize a 5 or 6 day visit to Seething, Norwich, Duxford, Cambridge, etc. If you are definitely interested, contact Paul Homan at 513 E. Dixie Street, Avon Park, FL 33825. Sounds good here! Please write him ASAP so he can get a realistic feel on the interest.

1992 also marks the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the 8th AF at Savannah, Georgia. There will be, the planners say, the biggest 8th AF event since 1945 at Savannah, Jan. 27 - Feb. 1, 1992. It is anticipated that thousands of 8th AF veterans will be there, as well as dignitaries from the U.S. and England. Even though there will be several thousand rooms available within a 15 mile radius, it is suggested that to be sure you will have a place to stay during this historic event, mail your request for room and pertinent information to: 8th AF 50th Anniversary, P.O. Box 23606, Savannah, GA 41403-3606.

We had planned to recognize additional 448th veterans who followed the field of education after their service, but due to this lengthy article, we promise "next time."

Good health, and see you in Savannah!

Eighth Annual Midwest Regional Reunion

by Martin Borrok (389th)

The 8th Annual Midwest Regional Reunion of the 2nd ADA was held at the Lodge of the Four Seasons, Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri on September 3-5, 1991. 182 members and guests attended.

Golf was first on the agenda for Wednesday morning. Martin Borrok (389th BG) opened the evening session which featured a reading of the Governor's proclamation by Bill Helbling (389th BG) declaring September 5th to be 2nd ADA Day in Missouri. This was followed by a historical perspective of the 2nd Air Division and the 2nd ADA which subsequently evolved, delivered by Don Olds (453rd BG). Norma Beasley, V.P. Heritage League, spoke about the Heritage League and its implications for the future. The session ended with the awarding of over 30 keepsake prizes furnished by Earl Zimmerman (389th BG).

Our 1992 site selection meeting was held the following morning. Oshkosh, Wisconsin was chosen, and it will be in late May/early June so as not to conflict with the national reunion scheduled for the fall.

Bingo was played later in the morning. The many prizes awarded were made by local woodcrafters.

The afternoon saw about 165 of our people enjoying a scenic cruise on the lake on the Seasons Queen. 182 people attended our banquet that evening, which opened with the playing of our National Anthem, followed by the Air Corps Song. Wilbur Stites (453rd BG) was MC. Earl Zimmerman conducted the Eight Candles For Remembrance ceremony, assisted by members of the reunion planning group: Gene Hartley (389th BG), Dutch Borchering (93rd BG), Ed Kimmel (466th BG),

Quentin Wetteroth (446th BG), Jack Colvin (392nd BG), Norman Raeber (453rd BG), Ray Counts (491st BG) and David Godair (489th BG).

June Zimmerman gave us a heartfelt and moving invocation. Jordan Uttal, Honorary 2nd ADA President, spoke on behalf of the 2nd ADA Memorial Trust. John Conrad (Executive V.P. 2nd ADA) representing Richard Kennedy (President 2nd ADA) spoke on the subject of regional reunions. Jean Stites, President of the Heritage League, reaffirmed the importance of the League.

A stimulating view-graph presentation, looking into the technological future of the man in the cockpit, was provided by Gene Adam of McDonnell Douglas, Sr. Fellow, Advanced Crew Stations. Wilbur Stites closed the reunion with the Benediction.

Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

You may recall that in the Winter 1990 issue of the Journal, I said something to the effect that my column was being typed early. It seemed strange to be sending out holiday greetings so far in advance. The same situation exists now. However, Diana and I do wish each of you the happiest of holiday seasons. May the good Lord bless each of you and your loved ones.

For your information: The 453rd BG has 585 members in the 2nd ADA. I think, although Frank and Jackie Thomas are the authorities, that we have about 450 members in the 453rd Bomb Group Association. I know these figures don't agree but each of us has the option to join one or the other or both. And on Dec. 29, 1991 it will be the 52nd anniversary of the first flight of the B-24 Liberator. Just a bit of miscellaneous information.

Speaking of members, it seems an appropriate time to list our new ones. Unfortunately, my files (like my work habits) are not all that they should be. The list that follows will probably contain some errors; and for those I apologize. Names are not listed in any particular order and we pick up with Jan. 4, 1991. Alex Wallace; Charles Ward, Jr.; Kenneth Samuelson; Eugene Nagy; Franklin Pepper; Jack Dean; Robert Jacobs; Joe LeBoeuf; Theodore Carey; C.W. Fink; Harold Erwin; R.A. McGilvary; Russell Neatrou; Lloyd Lunsford; Alan DeHaven; Henry Amar; Perry Roberson; Frank Gottman; George Messmer; Robert Jones; John Pool; Irving Rosenblum; Robert Johnson; Andrew Meyer; Nicholas Bordnick; Frank Ruggiero; Edward Rosenberg; Homer Dallacqua and Rex Mills. These are those that are full members. You well know that we have Honorary and Associate members as well. We are delighted that we do and are enriched by their association. I will not list them at this time however. Remember that if you want a roster of the 453rd BG, all you have to do is send a request to Frank and Jackie Thomas along with five dollars — money well spent.

Unfortunately we have lost some members this past year. We regret their passing and

have expressed our deep sorrow. We are aware that the following have been lost to us during the past year and we well recognize their contributions. Adm. Nimitz, speaking of those involved at Iwo Jima, said that uncommon valor was a common occurrence. His remarks apply with equal force, in my opinion, to those who served with us at Old Buck. A fond farewell to: Wilbur Pickett; Carl Powell; Orris Warrington; Phil Stock; Joe Miele; Ted Sanborn; Ray Hunt; Phillip Christian; Frank Kumor; Ralph Blouch; James Hetherington; Sidney Blake. I suspect there are those we have lost that are not listed above. The only way we have of knowing is if someone writes or calls us. If you become aware of someone who has passed on, or who is ill, PLEASE let me know. We can send them or their families an appropriate card if you will.

The 453rd BG has enabled a Memorial Room to be constructed at Old Buck, as you know. The good people there maintain it and it is a source of pride for each of us. There is a tree and a plaque at the Air Museum at Dayton, Ohio. There is a monument at Old Buck airfield for which we owe much to Jim Avis. We have contributed to the Memorial Room at Norwich Library and individual members strongly support the "All American." All this leads me to ask, where now? I think we need a new project, a Group effort. Such things seem to add to our unity; they bind us into greater coherence and bring a pride in having done a desirable thing. I suggest we adopt and support the effort underway to restore the old windmill at Old Buckenham. It was a topic in the Newsletter of Sept. 1990 and is discussed further on page 15, Letters to the Editor, in the Sept. 1991 issue of the Newsletter. We could agree to aid this project, send individual donations to Frank Thomas who could then forward a check from the group. Let me hear from you about this or any other project you think might be worthwhile. Let's do something, though!!!

Ralph McClure wrote and has what seems to be a good suggestion. He said that many gunners went to gunnery school at Las

Vegas. He thinks that in conjunction with the 2nd AD reunion there in October that the gunners who went to gunnery school at McCarran should have a get-together. I think that some bombardiers also trained there. It would be an apt time for those who trained in one or the other specialty to convene. If you like the idea, write to Ralph McClure, Rt. 1, Box 328, Bluemont, VA 22012-9502 and help him to put such an arrangement together.

The 735th Sq. Engineering Section did a good thing — they did many good things, as did all of the Sq. engineering sections. What I am specifically referring to now, though, is that they kept a record (or diary) of our missions. It lists the date and target for each mission; the 735th planes (by number); which planes returned and the battle damage each sustained; and the crew chiefs for each plane. Harry Godges has this information and recently sent me a copy. It's great! Surely the other squadrons must have similar information, but if so, where is it? Please, if you do, make it known. Also, I want to urge each of you to make a copy of any records, orders, etc. that you have, and I will see that Don Olds gets it for our history. Do it today!

If you have not already done so, start making arrangements now to be present at our reunion at Las Vegas in October 1992. The 453rd will again have a business meeting and a dinner. We will have a separate room for these — perhaps the gunners can use it as well. Las Vegas has more than gambling and wild women — you will find it enjoyable. Be there! And start to think, plan and work toward those you will want to nominate for our various offices as we will have an election at that time. There is a gap between advice and help — we want and need your help and input.

As always, we have enjoyed visiting with you. If not at El Toro Marine Base in California this February, we will see you at Las Vegas. To those of you who are going to England in 1992 — Enjoy! Diana and I would like to but can't. And don't forget to come to Vegas as well.

Instrument of Terror, Part II

by John Gumz (389th)

I just finished visiting the wonderfully restored B-24 "All American" when it finally got out to the San Francisco Bay Area. There I talked to some of the guys who could give me information on the Second Air Division Association.

On the promise that I'd join, they gave me a copy of the Spring 1991 Journal — it was great! But what really caught my eye was the article on page 14, "Instrument of Terror." Apparently, the idea didn't die with the end of Robert Ottman's story.

I was assigned to the same 389th, at Hethel, when in the spring of 1945 someone decided again to hold off the Germans with heavy artillery, only this time it was a bazooka. Remember, back then the airborne units were 3 tubes, each with its own rocket.

The idea was to mount one of these under the waist of the B-24, facing the rear, and if anyone got too close, lob one at 'em. But

no one knew what the trajectory would be of a rocket, under such circumstances. Would it reach zero ground velocity as it left the tube and just drop, or what? So they took another of the "war weary's" that Bob Ottman speaks of, and fitted it out. Our crew, less gunners, was assigned to fly the thing.

Up at the Wash they had a field artillery range out into the water, with triangulation, so we were to fly low, in over the firing line, and shoot the bazookas, one at a time. The triangulation would determine the trajectory (if any).

So off we went, a rated technician and a number of officers, as passengers.

Pass number one — fire number one — nothing! Pass number two — ditto. Ground reports no action. Conclusion — the air stream must have pushed the rockets away from their electrical contacts, so while we circled, as slow as possible, they hung this

technician out of the bomb bay, head first, to check the wiring! He reported back that all seemed OK. (I don't know how *he* was!)

Well anyway, they decided to make one more pass, and the order was to fire all three — maybe one would work. So we did, and as we passed the firing line, there was a hell of an explosion. The ground pounders were lined up on the bomb bay catwalk, with the doors open, so they could see what happened.

Well, what happened was that the bomb bay was full of flame and they were all pretty well singed. The explosion also lifted the tail enough that we pulled out of the dive with probably 20 feet of air under us.

So we went home. The artillery range never did see what happened — they never even found any debris — all that was left on the plane were a few wires and some of the mounting brackets.

And as far as I know, that was the end of that experiment.

Together Again

by Homer "Bus" Badgett (389th)



The above photograph shows Bus Badgett (left) and Carl Moss (right), from Ralph Woodard's crew getting together again on February 15, 1991 after being apart 47 years. The last time they saw each other was when they were preparing to bail out of a crippled B-24 Liberator over German occupied France in 1944. Bus and Carl were flying with the 389th Bomb Group on a mickey mission over Munich, Germany. Normally, Bus was co-pilot and Carl was the radio operator; however, on this special mission, Bus was assigned the position of formation control officer and Ralph Woodard took his place as co-pilot. When their B-24 was hit by German ground fire at Munich, a gas tank was punctured by flak. Much fuel was lost and it became doubtful the aircraft could make it back to England. With P-38 fighter coverage, the B-24 broke away from the formation and started flying a straight line path toward its home base in England. Engine power settings were reduced for minimum fuel consumption, at the expense of continuously losing altitude along the way. Guns, ammunition, the auxiliary power unit and anything else not essential to getting back were thrown out of the aircraft to lighten the load. Luckily, the B-24 was able to fly out of Germany, but the fuel starved engines began to cut out over German occupied northern France at about 15,000 feet altitude. At the same time the Germans started sending up flak again from their anti-aircraft guns. It was decided the crew's best chance for survival was to bail out and allow the aircraft to crash. After the crew bailed out of the B-24, it crashed and burned near Lille, France.

Andrew Felbinger, the navigator, landed with a collapsed parachute and was instantly killed upon impact with the ground. Later, the French said he landed near a pub and the lines of his parachute whistled like a bomb coming down. Everyone inside the pub dove under tables, thinking they were going to be bombed. When nothing happened, they went out to investigate. They found his parachute was out of the pack

and thought that a hit from enemy ground fire might have caused it to collapse. The Frenchmen from the pub immediately buried him beside the road, in front of the pub, before the Germans arrived.

Bus landed in plowed ground beside a tall wheat field. He quickly gathered up the white silk of his parachute and covered it with loose soil. Then, he crawled into the tall wheat and moved rapidly in a zig-zag path to get out of sight. When the Germans arrived, they didn't find him. Later, with the aid of French patriots, he contacted the French Underground who helped him evade capture, and located his bombardier, Pat Crawford. Although moving separately, Bus and Pat always kept track of each other. After approximately two months in hiding, they made contact with an advancing British tank column and a Canadian support group. They rode with the Canadians in a rear guard jeep following a string of trucks transporting German prisoners to Paris. In newly liberated Paris, they contacted an American intelligence unit and were flown back to England.

Carl's parachute got caught in some telephone lines. A French farmer tried to help him, but during the process, a German truck arrived on the scene and two German soldiers captured him. He spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp where he almost died from German harassment, exposure to the cold, and bad food.

There were 13 men aboard the mickey flight to Munich. There was Ralph

Woodard's regular crew of 10, along with a command pilot, and two radar specialists. When Ralph Woodard landed, the Germans captured him and, like Carl, he was forced to spend the duration of the war in a German prison camp. Out of the 13 airmen flying on this mission, 7 evaded capture, 5 were captured and 1 was killed.

When Bus and Carl started describing their experiences, the war suddenly became very real again. Bus said, "Seeing Carl again just had to be one of the highlights of my entire life." Since the war, Bus, Pat and Ralph periodically visited each other; however Bus and Carl had not seen each other. There are four other members of the crew whose addresses are still unknown. If these airmen could be located, perhaps a reunion could be arranged so that all surviving members of Ralph Woodard's crew could get together again. The missing crewmen are: Thomas Cox, John Wargo, Ronald Smith, and Donald Carter. If anyone has any information regarding their whereabouts, please contact Bus or Carl. Here are their addresses and phone numbers:

BUS BADGETT
2010 W. San Marcos Blvd. #149
San Marcos, CA 92069
Tel. (619) 727-9037

CARL MOSS
1774 Harvey Road,
Williamston, MI 48895
Tel. (517) 655-2464



Ralph Woodard's crew. Front row (l-r): Donald Carter, gunner/engineer; Charles "Pat" Crawford, bombardier; Carl Moss, radio operator; Homer "Bus" Badgett, co-pilot; John Wargo, gunner. Back row (l-r): Edmond Boice, gunner; Thomas Cox, flight engineer; Ronald Smith, gunner; Andrew Felbinger, Jr., navigator; and Ralph Woodard, pilot.



392nd B.G.

by Oak Mackey

In the Fall edition of the 2nd Air Division Association Journal I noted that J.D. Long and Fred Thomas were former 2nd ADA Presidents. Since then, I have learned that Joe Whittaker was also a 2nd ADA President. His term in office was sometime in the 1970s; I am not sure which year. My apologies, Joe, I sure didn't mean to leave you out.

Last winter, Maxine and I planned our visit with our daughter in California to coincide with the Dinner at the El Toro Marine Base and there was a very special reason. Dr. Brad Eaton was the navigator on our crew in England and a very good one. We always knew our location within a few feet at all times. Since May, 1945, we had not seen each other, though we did correspond back and forth through the years. He and his wife, Dorothy, arrived at the Officers Club a little while after we did, and I recognized him right away. Yes, we had quite a few things to talk about at dinner. He grew up in Monrovia, CA which is near Pasadena. He went into the service in 1943, went through the Aviation Cadet program for navigators, and wound up on the Jack Clarke crew, where I was the co-pilot. We flew our 35 missions from Oct. 1944 to April 1945. After the war, Brad went back to school at Pasadena College. He married Dorothy in 1946 and continued in school until graduation. He liked Pasadena College so well, he took a job teaching there and is still teaching there today. His is the longest tenure of any professor there. His education did not stop at graduation; his post-graduate studies continued for many years. He is a Doctor of Philosophy in both Astronomy and Math. Dorothy has a Masters Degree in Math and also taught for many years at Pasadena College, although she is retired now. Are there any other crews out there whose navigator went on to become a learned Astronomer and Mathematician?

The 392nd BG Memorial Association is sponsoring a trip to England next year. You may go on the Queen Elizabeth 2, or you may fly. The QE 2 departs New York on June 1, 1992 and arrives in England on June 6. Those flying over will depart U.S. gateway cities June 6 and arrive in London June 7. Buses will be provided for transportation to King's Lynn and the Duke's Head Hotel. The tour will end June 13 back in

London and all will fly home. Keith and Patty Roberts are once again making all the arrangements for this tour and you may be sure everything will be done in an excellent and professional manner. For a detailed itinerary, write to: 392nd BG Wendling Reunion, 26631 Dorothea, Mission Viejo, CA 92691.

The 45th Annual Convention of the Second Air Division Association is October 4-7, 1992 at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, NV. More information on this in the Spring 2nd ADA Journal.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society held their annual reunion at the Marriott Hotel in New Orleans, September 17-22, 1991. That's the one where we mingle with the B-17 groups and some good-natured kidding always ensues. They still think the B-24 is the box a B-17 came in. But we all know a B-24 can fly faster, further, and heavier than any B-17 ever did. Our Hospitality Room was jumping again. Teddie and Art Egan did their usual great job, plenty of snacks and drinks for all. Various volunteers were conscripted to help; we all had a real good time. Ernest Barber trucked all the 392nd BG memorabilia in from Georgia. Once again, there were many photo albums, many records and info about our airplanes only recently available. Also, Ernie made a VCR tape of various 392nd BG members telling about their war experiences and it turned out real good. There were forty-three 392nd BG people registered in New Orleans, which is surprising. After all, the 2nd ADA Reunion in Dearborn was just two months previous. Some B-24 groups had less than ten people registered. The "Creole Queen" is a stern-wheeler excursion boat and was reserved for the 8th AFHS on the afternoon of Sept. 19. We went about five miles down the Mississippi to the battleground where Andrew Jackson, et al, defeated the British in the Battle of New Orleans. It is a park now; there is a suitable monument and small museum. The narrator aboard ship gave us information about the various ships and vessels docked along the river banks along the way. There were refreshments aboard and all in all, it was a very worthwhile afternoon. Next year the 8th AFHS will meet in Louisville, Kentucky, home of the Kentucky Derby, mint juleps, and pretty ladies. But you won't be able to enjoy the Kentucky Derby because the reunion is in October.

Sgt. John Malloy was an aircraft crew chief when he went overseas with the original cadre of the 392nd BG in August of 1943. Sometime later he was promoted to the position of Inspector. Young men are inclined to seek the companionship of the



John and Peggy Malloy at the re-dedication ceremonies at the 392nd Wendling Air Base, October 1989.

opposite sex on those occasions when they leave the base. So it was that John met Peggy Stimpson at the Crown Inn in Franscham in the summer of 1944. From then until the end of the war, John was often seen pedaling his bicycle down the road to Peggy's house. In June of 1945, the 392nd BG returned to the States, John with them. John and Peggy wanted to marry, but there were difficulties and red tape. Nevertheless, Peggy arrived in the US in March of 1946 and they were married April 13, 1946. They have three sons and there is one granddaughter. Peggy's only relatives in England are some cousins and she and John have returned there on two occasions, once on their own, and again with the 392nd BG Memorial Association in 1989. John is retired and they live in Sharon Hill, PA.

According to Col. Lawrence Gilbert, there were about 3,000 men at Wendling at any point in time. About half were ground personnel, the other half air crews. No doubt there were some transfers of ground personnel, but most were there for the duration. Not so with air crews. With casualties, missing in action, and others finishing their tour of duty, there was a constant turnover. Therefore, it would be difficult to determine the exact number of men who served at Wendling during the course of the war.

Evelyn Cohen is mailing 1992 Dues Notices now. Pay early and avoid the rush.

We have found nine new members since the Dearborn Reunion. Total membership in the 2nd ADA, 392nd BG is 503.

See you at El Toro and/or Las Vegas.

466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The Big News is... the 466th Bomb Group Association is closing in on its goal of \$10,000 for the memorial. At the September reunion in New Orleans they had reached 75% of the needed funds. As a special guest, Ted Clarke of Norwich attended. Ted has been instrumental in acquiring and cleaning the site for the memorial. He has also been the contact with the civil authorities and the company who will build the memorial. Thanks, Ted! Late May or early June 1992 have been targeted for the dedication.

On October 5th, my wife and I met Marion Herbst at a regional dinner in Philadelphia. Her husband was T/Sgt. Charles R. Herbst, Flight Engineer on Crew #503 with Capt. Larry Booth. After World War II, he worked as a metallurgist for the American Bureau of Shipping while living in Old Tappan, NJ. Charlie passed away in 1980, but Marion keeps in touch with old friends.

Marion recently transcribed Charlie's accounts of his missions with the 466th and presented me with a copy. I plan to share them with you; however, printing all of them in one issue is not possible so I will start with his first two.

A TOUR OF EUROPE (the hard way)

"Berlin, March 22, 1944. Flew our own ship which was christened "Jamaica?", on its first mission. Everyone was a little scared but curious as to what this trip was going to be like. Once we got into the air there was a lot more to do than being scared. The trip up to the time we reached the I.P. (initial point, this is where the bomb run starts) was fairly nice even though temperature was down to about -45°C. When we turned on the I.P., con-trails developed and broke up the formations and made it plenty dangerous because planes were going in all directions and dropping bombs at the same time. We dropped our incendiaries on what we thought was our lead ship and turned for home. We saw plenty of flak right over the target but the con-trails and the excitement took all our

worries of that away. The Luftwaffe must have had a big party the night before, as none of them showed up even at that time of day, which was noon. I saw our first losses go down when two of the ships of our group ran together on the bomb run. We tacked on to a formation which really had a good leader; he took us around all the flak areas on the way out and there were plenty of them. I saw only a corner of the town through the clouds, and that was enough. There was no damage to the ship and nothing wrong with it."

"St. Dizier, March 24, 1944. I guess this was my birthday present from the Army as it really was a "milk run." The ship really is OK, for again she flew a mission with no trouble at all. It was a beautiful day over France and I got my first look at Paris. The target or object of the trip was an airfield on which we did a good job. We were lost for a while when the leader couldn't find the place. Nobody was mad at us this day for neither the Luftwaffe or flak gunners were challenged. If they could all be like this, it would be a good sight-seeing trip."

I will continue to excerpt Charlie's mission accounts in future issues of the Journal.

I had a request for information on getting decorations. My suggestion is to contact your American Legion or VFW Post and/or your local Congressman (see phone book under U.S. Gov't Offices) for assistance.

For information from active duty records or to replace decorations/awards, write to: NPRC/NCPMF-C, 9700 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63132-5000. Submit a signed request with your full name, grade, serial number/social security number and an explanation of your needs. The NPRC normally replies in 4-6 weeks and may charge a small fee for copying documents.

On The Way To War

by Dick Hill (44th)

Crew #75 finished B-24 training at Casper, Wyoming in January of 1944 and headed east to the staging area at the Topeka Air Base located at Topeka, Kansas.

The two pilots, Veryl Duwe and Richard Carpenter, were assigned some temporary duty in Oklahoma and I was called home to New York for the funeral of my stepfather. Frank Weiss, the navigator and the rest of the crew, namely, Don Billings, Don Henriksen, John Wesley, Ed "Mike" Healy, Joseph McNamara and Ray Lindsey remained in Topeka.

The crew was reassembled in Topeka in March and we were under orders to proceed to the European Theater of War in a replacement B-24. Frank had dated Margie who worked in the Kansas City Star Building in Kansas City, so naturally we had to circle the tower and wobble our wings before heading for Morrison Field in Florida.

The flight to Morrison Field was fairly uneventful, except for a teeth-rattling hail storm over central Florida that stripped the paint from the leading edges of the airplane.

We were briefed at Morrison Field for the trip along the southern route to England via South America and Africa. We took off over the Atlantic Ocean with stop-overs to be made at San Juan, Puerto Rico; Georgetown, British Guiana; Belem and Natal, Brazil.

We flew across the Atlantic Ocean from Natal at night, so Frank could keep us on course using celestial navigation. Frank did a superb job and we arrived over Dakar, French West Africa at daybreak. We had flown over 1800 miles of ocean at night. (You'll have to ask Frank what went wrong when we got lost over the South Dakota badlands in December of 1943. I take the Fifth.)

In Dakar, I ran into Lt. Donald Williams, navigator from my hometown of Fairport, New York. His brother and I played on the Fairport High championship basketball team in 1941-42. Don was headed for Italy, but as I understand, he never made it back home — missing in action over the Alps.

We would spend two days and nights in Dakar, but Veryl and Frank evidently thought we would be there at least a few more hours. On the second evening, Veryl and Frank got smashed on French Cognac that was served in those little old green glasses. The next morning, bright and early, we received our orders to proceed to fly to Marrakech, French Morocco.

Anyway, at 6:00 AM, we lifted off with Richard, the co-pilot at

the controls and Dick, the bombardier, plotting the course across forty date palms, an oasis and tons of sand. Talking about trying to find an I.P., finding an oasis is a whole thrill in itself. Veryl and Frank were along for the ride, but doing a whole lot of moaning and groaning. Crew #75 had its second baptism under fire and not one enemy in sight.

Luckily, we found Marrakech and not one scratch was found on anyone or anything. When we landed, our plane was assigned a Senegalese guard who stood six foot ten inches tall, wore a red fez on his head and carried a rifle with a bayonet affixed. No one in his right mind would want to mix it up with one of those savage warriors. Even under those conditions, a case of Scotch purchased in San Juan was stolen from the plane. We couldn't point a finger, but we kind of knew who lifted the hootch.

We were grounded in Marrakech for three weeks due to storms over Spain and Portugal. During this time, we saw the first B-29 group land at Marrakech. It was on the way to the Far East. As the crews deplaned, it became apparent that there was no one under the rank of Major on those aircraft. We visited the free French community with its black marble hotel, saw the Italian prisoner of war camp, visited the forbidden city and found a place to drink champagne for ten cents a glass.

The Arab boys attempted to sell us all kinds of things; they were really persistent even at the young age of ten or twelve.

Frank attempted to teach me how to play poker with the French money issued to us. I never did learn to play poker with any kind of money; but I did learn to give Frank my money to invest in any games of chance he could find. I was always able to make a profit this way. How much did Frank win? I really didn't care. He was very good.

As the crew began to know each other better, we found that Lt. Veryl Duwe and his brother barnstormed the county fairs in an airplane they had constructed on the farm back in northeast Iowa; Lt. Richard Carpenter, co-pilot from Kansas City, took all of his training in single engine aircraft and was a pretty good photographer; Lt. Frank Weiss, navigator, helped his cousin run a bar in Chicago and was a member of a B-26 tow target outfit from Tonapah; T/Sgt. Don Billings, radioman from Kansas, was a quiet one; Sgt. Joseph McNamara, ball turret gunner from Providence, RI was a brawler; Sgt. John Wesley, tail gunner from Long Island was the second youngest crew member next to me; Sgt. Ray Lindsey, waist gunner, was a good-hearted, older young man from Collins, Mississippi;

(continued on page 30)

A Most Hazardous Duty

by Joe Sirotiak (458th)

It has been told already many times. A mission to be flown; an early take-off, forming up, and then flying off into the rising sun. We know the many hazards to be faced as the group departs. The home base recedes in the distance, and another flight into danger begins.

Now, however, we ought to take a look at another area of hazardous duty. This does not involve leaving Horsham St. Faith driving a B-24 Liberator. This is leaving the base by way of the main gate driving a bicycle. This mission takes us to downtown Norwich in the winter; in the cold, in the fog, and over the ice. And all this after spending two or three hours at the bar in the club. This ought to be worth credit for, at least, one mission. Then a few hours at the Lido or maybe over at Samson and Hercules, and then trying to pedal back to Horsham. Never mind credit for a mission. A medal! A special medal in the shape of a beer glass. No! Make that in the shape of a beer keg. How did we survive it? Well, let's go back in time.

December 1944. Saturday night. All brave airmen are bellied up to the bar at the club. After a couple of hours of this camaraderie the observation is made that there are too many troops, and as a matter of fact, too many bellies. And it is downright dull. It could never be recalled at this late date who made the suggestion to debark for downtown Norwich to bomb the Lido or maybe Samson and Hercules. Scratch that. That should read — to get bombed. Whatever. Anyway, off our little group went on their speedy Jaguar bicycles. It had to be the Lido because we always had trouble finding the Samson and Hercules. So we bellied up to the bar. Having been in England for some months now we were becoming quite used to the flat temperate beer. To show how things can change, today you can buy Watley's beer or ale at your local liquor store, and it is considered sophisticated to serve it to your guests, and at room temperature. *Gauche!*

What difference did it make? We were not really there for the beer. Erase that. We were not there *only* for the beer. There were *g-i-r-l-s*. And girls are the best things in the whole world to dance with. We had a few beers. We danced with a few nice girls. Being the polite and concerned men that we were, we would ask a girl to see her home. It's like the guy who went up to every girl he met and asked for a kiss. He got his face slapped a lot. But then, he got a lot of kisses, too.

Her name was Elizabeth Dunham, and it is truly amazing how I can remember this name from so long ago. Elizabeth Dunham. And yes, she would be happy to have me escort her home. She had red hair and freckles on her nose. We strolled along in the blacked-out streets. Dark! At least, if there had been some moonlight it might not have been so bad. But, clouds obscured the skies so it made the dark even darker. Talk about the black of night. Holy cow!

Elizabeth Dunham knew her way. She never wavered. It was like she possessed one of those homing devices, but of course, it was only her sheer familiarity with the streets and the neighborhood. We strolled along to a point where we went through a churchyard and up a few steps on to another street and now we were at the doorstep of a singular building. By singular, I mean that it was the only building standing in the block. She explained that all of the surrounding structures had been bombed out and that her house was the only one left standing. There was a bicycle shop on the first floor and the family lived on the upper floors. Now, I could vaguely make out the outline of the building against the dark sky. We chatted for a while and she asked if I would like to come in for a spot of tea. About this time we heard the noise of persons walking along the debris strewn sidewalk towards us. To avoid a possible

collision I took her arm and stepped backward toward the inside of the walk. I disappeared.

The crater next to the building had once been the basement of the house next door. The earth on the edge of the hole was soft and so I slid feet first down the side of the excavation into the stygian hole below.

From the darkness above a soft voice called out, "Yoo Hoo. Hello? Where are you, Yank? Are you all right? Hello?"

I was too embarrassed to answer at once. Here's the cool, suave, hot-shot American standing in somebody's cellar in mud up to his shoe tops, and with the front of his uniform covered with dirt. Anyway, I was fine, otherwise, so I called out, "I'm OK, but how do I get out of here?"

"There's a ladder in Dad's shop. I think it will be long enough. I'll go fetch it."

I heard footsteps and some door noises. Shortly, there was a sound from above and the ladder slid down into the hole. I was able to clamber up dirtying myself more as I did, but once again I was on firm ground.

I could have managed to put up with the messy uniform and the muddy shoes. I could stand the embarrassment of falling into the crater. I could even stand the thought of any romantic notions I might have had being destroyed. I absolutely could not take the giggling. Not at all!

Although it was too dark to see anything too well, I realized that I had to look a mess. We both brushed at my clothing to try to remove the worst of the moist soil. Then, I realized something. I had lost my hat. It was, obviously, lying down there in the neighbor's cellar. So back came the ladder, and back down it I went. But I was lucky. I found the hat almost immediately. When I got to the bottom I realized I was standing on it. Now, back up the ladder. Great! I was sure that now I had dirtied any clean areas left on my uniform.

Elizabeth Dunham was ready to collapse. She sounded ill, but then I realized that the noises she made only came from her attempts to stifle the giggling. My God! What ever happened to that British reserve and that calm and polite demeanor. Nuts!

Well, it sure seemed like time to admit that the evening was over, and that this cool, suave hot-shot ought to be on his way. Elizabeth Dunham was able to calm herself down long enough to point out the direction I was to take which would bring me back to the Lido where I might find a ride back to Horsham.

I walked off in the direction we had come from earlier. I entered the church yard, and I could see the vague outline of the church itself against the darkness. I continued to walk along. Then, suddenly, OOF! I found myself lying on my back. I was dazed. I didn't know what happened. A mugging? Naw. They weren't invented yet. A V-2 bomb? An earthquake? All of these things ran through my mind. I was able to get to my feet. The palms of my hands were scratched, and I had tears in my uniform, but otherwise, I seemed to be OK. My hat! I had lost my hat. But then I found it quickly enough. I was standing on it. Then, I checked my surroundings. I felt behind me and I found a wall about three feet high. Now, I remembered those steps we had climbed earlier. I had walked off the wall!

OFFICIAL COMMENDATION (Excerpt)

"This officer while visiting the city of Norwich came across two saboteurs who were obviously intent on committing some outrage against the city and its inhabitants. When they were discovered they attacked the officer who valiantly drove them off. The intensity of the altercation was witnessed by the torn and muddied condition of the officer's uniform."

*I don't think anyone would believe it, but I say this just in case. The words of the commendation are fictitious. The rest is true.

On The Way To War (continued from page 29)

T/Sgt. Ed "Mike" Healy, top turret gunner and engineer from Hartford, Connecticut, had a great sense of humor and Sgt. Donald J. Henriksen, armorer and waist gunner from Wall, South Dakota was the stoic member of the crew. I was the bombardier from Fairport, New York and was studying mechanical engineering at the University of Cincinnati when I enlisted in the Army Air Corps. It fell on my shoulders to be the crew peacemaker.

We left Marrakech and flew around Spain and Portugal to a field in Wales. It was here that I bumped into another Fairport lad who was a star tackle on the football team; he was over there to fly the "Black Widow" night fighter. His name was George Bluhm. I saw George a couple of years ago when I was invited to a cocktail party at

my sister's 50th high school reunion in Fairport. He didn't look any worse for the wear and tear and his wife Betsy, the cheerleader, didn't have a wrinkle or a gray hair. Now, I want you to know that Fairport was a small town of 4,400 souls on the Erie Canal in upstate New York and to run into two hometown products on the way to war is rather unusual.

By the time Crew #75 reached its destination at the 44th Bomb Group, 67th Squadron at Shipdham, England, it was like a family; a fighting entity that never aborted unless the mission had been scrubbed by the brass. The crew flew thirty-two missions over enemy territory without incurring a scratch, even though two of the B-24s we flew sustained very heavy damage. We owed our lives to a very skillful pilot, many "little friends" in P-51s and P-47s, a great ground crew and a "prayer-answering" God; not necessarily in that exact order.



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A TRIBUTE TO THE 8TH AIR FORCE

MR. FAZIO. Mr. Speaker, the recent victory in the Persian Gulf should remind us all of the debt and the gratitude that we owe to all of our Nation's veterans. With this in mind, I want to take a moment to recognize a special group of veterans who are quickly approaching an important milestone. In 1992, the 'Mighty 8th Air Force,' 650,000 members strong since World War II, will be celebrating their 50th anniversary. The brave men who make up the 8th Air Force have served with distinction and honor, and it is my privilege to recognize them on their 50th anniversary by submitting a brief history of the 8th Air Force written by Dr. Eric Hawkinson — a member of the 8th Air Force, the current chairman of the 8th Air Force Historical Society Unit Advisory Committee, and my constituent. I recommend the article to my colleagues and congratulate the members of the 8th Air Force on this special occasion. The article follows.

WHEN DID WE QUIT - 8TH AIR FORCE?

by Eric Hawkinson

We began as the 8th Army Air Force in 1942, but when did we quit? We didn't. The 8th Air Force lives today with headquarters at Barksdale Air Force Base, Shreveport, Louisiana. Well then, when did we wrap it up in England following World War II?

The Mighty Eighth Army Air Force began on 19 January 1942 and was activated on 28 January 1942 at the Chatham Armory in Savannah, Georgia. Located at Hunter Field, Colonel Asa N. Duncan was the first commander. Pearl Harbor had just been bombed about a month and a half earlier.

Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker took the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command Headquarters to England the next month and located at High Wycombe, about 40 miles west of London and on the road to Oxford. In May 1942, Command of the 8th Air Force was assumed by Major General Carl A. 'Tooyey' Spaatz. He established the 8th Air Force Headquarters at Bushy Park (Teddington, Middlesex), 15 miles southwest of the center of London on 25 June 1942. Shortly after the birth of the 8th AAF at Savannah, one of our own, Joseph A. 'Joe' Stenglein, 1st Lieutenant and pilot, in the 8th Bomber Command was on the way to the United Kingdom and in charge of 1,000 officers and men making the transition from Georgia into the United Kingdom as staff for the 8th Air Force. Joe knew the High Wycombe Abbey as well as the main Headquarters building of the 8th AAF. There were times when socially he was over at Maidenhead in the home of a British governmental minister with Joe's friend, Pleasant J. McNeel. McNeel later, as did Joe, joined the staff of the 325th Recon Wing. Joe served at the Widewing headquarters in the London area and then became Commanding Officer of the organization which was to become the 25th Bomb Group at Watton, north of London.

General James H. Doolittle assumed command of the 8th AAF on 6 January 1944.

Before 1945 rolled around and the war in Europe was over (May 7, 1945) with the surrender of the Germans, approximately 350,000 officers and men had served in the 8th AAF during the three year or so period in which the Americans participated in the European Theater of Operations.

The British had suffered the war many more years, having had various degrees of involvement from 1939 on. Many of their men had gone overseas to distant lands, while the Americans had left the United States which had directly seen little war and were now seeing

overseas duty in the British homeland. Some of the children took to the Yanks with their familiar come-on of "Any gum chum?" The older Britons complained that the Yanks were "overpaid, over-fed, oversexed and over here." As the Americans fraternized with the British women, they also retaliated by saying to the Britons, "Britons are underpaid, undersexed and under Eisenhower."

Our brash warm beer drinking, cigar smoking and gum chewing GIs were basically a friendly bunch even as they communicated with the hungry Britons living with rationing, war weariness and a longing for their own troops away in the wars. The Britons eventually felt the Yanks to be less of a threat and invited them into their homes. Their daughters dated them and many married them, 50,000 to be nearly exact!

General James H. Doolittle left the U.K. Base for Okinawa with the 8th Air Force flag in July of 1945 with the intent of bringing the 8th there for the final thrust on Japan. Various combat crews returned to the States following their prescribed number of missions for their tour of duty. The ground crews remained from the time of their arrival to the United Kingdom until it became possible for them to return home. The dropping of the atom bombs (August 6 and 9) on Japan brought the war (Japan accepted terms of surrender on September 2) in the Pacific to a close and the 8th AAF personnel did not have to transfer en masse to the Pacific Theater of Operations.

Major General William E. Kepner, relatively little known probably to many GIs, was the 8th AAF commander 10 May 1945 and Major General Westside T. Larson assumed command on 21 June 1945. General James H. Doolittle returned on 19 July 1945 to assume command.

Units were sent to the States for deactivation, officers and men were temporarily assigned to some units going home as an official means of moving them from the UK to the Zone of the Interior (Army talk for the United States), some stayed for purposes of closing bases or carrying out other assignments, such as housekeeping of base closures. Some units and individual officers and men were sent to the Continent for follow-up chores, such as bomb assessment surveys and photographic details, reproduction and interpretation.

Many 8th AAF officers and men were missing in action and never accounted for as to their whereabouts. The 8th AAF suffered 26,000 deaths out of the 350,000 officers and men. (The U.S. Navy suffered 37,000 deaths out of the 4.1 million in the WWII Navy.) Many bodies were exhumed and returned to the U.S. at the request of families and many families opted to allow their loved ones to remain in U.S. Military and other cemeteries in the United Kingdom and the Continent. A number of prisoners of war from the 8th AAF needed medical treatment both in the European Theater and then in the United States. A considerable number needed various kinds of rehabilitation. Many of the veterans of the ETO chose to remain in the service, some chose to remain in Europe, some with the women they had married and others were employed in that Theater.

Whereas probably the bulk of the living from the original 350,000 chose civilian life, many chose the military as a career. Some upon entering civilian life, opted to return to the military service.

The 8th Air Force just did not quit. When the Army Air Force became a separate service from the Army on 18 September 1947, the 8th Air Force continued and currently remains an effective strategic force. It did not quit. It just changed hands! An estimated 650,000 have served in it since WWII!

Christmas Brings Back Memories of Wartime

by Clark Cox

Reprinted from The Journal ADvantage, Richmond County, NC, January 3, 1990

Submitted by Heath Carriker (466th)

This season of the year makes Heath Carriker of Ellerbe think of a particularly happy Christmas 45 years ago.

Carriker, then a captain in the U.S. Army Air Force, was stationed in England [with the 466th Bomb Group], far from his home and family, and frequently flew in combat. There seemed little reason for merriment.

But just two days before — on December 23, 1944 — Carriker and the crew of his B-24 bomber, "The Black Cat," had thought they might never live to see Christmas Day.

His aircraft crippled on a bombing run into Germany, Carriker, despite the loss of much rudder control, managed to evade flak from enemy gun emplacements for the better part of an hour en route to a safe emergency landing back at his home base.

"I hadn't given that mission much thought for the last 45 years," Carriker said recently. "But I'm nearly 70 years old now, and as you get older you tend more and more to remember a close call like that one."

A couple of other recent events have aided Carriker's recollection of the bombing run.

One was a reunion in Idaho, with two other members of the crew: co-pilot Jack Wendling, of Twin Falls, Idaho; and celestial navigator Cortland Brovitz, of Rochester, NY. (Another crew member, navigator-bombardier Alvin Broadway, died a natural death a few years ago.)

The second boost to Carriker's memory came in the form of a letter from Wendling, containing detailed recollections of the incident.

The aircraft Group, with Carriker as group leader, was dispatched to attack railroad tracks in the German hamlets of Dahlem and Junkerath in support of Allied forces in the Battle of the Bulge. The Group was attacked by German flak, and Carriker's plane was disabled and forced to turn back.

Here's what Wendling recalled of the trip back to base:

"Our aircraft was flipped to left, past vertical (I remember seeing the ground through the overhead window from the right pilot seat). I have no recollection of who got the auto-pilot off or whether it was disabled by the hits. The result was a very steep, moderately wide downward spiral and the loss of 12,000-14,000 feet in about 1 1/4 turns. I was on the top (right) rudder pedal with both feet, upon being unable to level the wings. Between Heath [Carriker] and myself, the rudders were fully deflected. Heath increased power on the down-side engines and pulled the power off the right, high-side engines. Control response was very slow, and eventually the right-side engines were brought back to

essentially idle to effect leveling of the wings and simultaneously checking the rapid descent. At recovery we were 20 to 30 degrees left of the desired homebound course and slowly turning left even with full right rudder (maintained with both feet on the right pedal). We were able to come right to course and change heading by differential use of power from the left and right engines. With less than all engines, control would likely have been impossible, as we found it necessary to run at reduced power and speed to maintain directional control. Establishing that we could maintain altitude and directional control, I felt confident that we could get home and on the ground.

"Then Walter (another crew member) made his unique and singular contribution to our continued survival by calling out the muzzle flashes from the flak batteries, giving us 5-8 seconds to move over away from the flak shell bursts. The German guns were along a rail track parallel to our departure track which we needed to follow to have any hope of fighter protection.

"The weather was clear, and at our altitude (8,000-10,000 feet), the flak guns would have taken us out but for Walter calmly calling the muzzle flashes and the four-gun batteries seemingly spaced such that only one or two batteries were firing at any one time.

"I recall that with a headwind we were making 90 mph ground speed, according to Bro (navigator Cortland Brovitz), while indicating 120-125 mph. I think we played cat-and-mouse with the flak batteries for the better part of an hour, which seemed

like half a day at the time. When we had crossed the Allied lines and been spared a fighter attack, I knew we were going home. I don't recall that we had even one other bomber in sight because of our slow speed.

"I don't recall who we had aboard for a command pilot, nor do I recall that the C.P. contributed to the solution of our predicament in any way. The sensible thing to do would have been to head for one of the big, wide-runway emergency fields on arriving over England, as we had no assurance of wheels, flaps, and brakes for landing. But, with the confidence of youth, we chose home base, knowing that we likely only had one shot at landing, as the controllability of the aircraft would likely preclude the use of sufficient engine power for a missed approach. But Heath and I had never missed on a landing yet. All the other aircraft of the Group had long ago landed, so we had the whole airfield to ourselves. The gear was visually checked down as we turned on base leg, and the flaps came down one-half on base even though Forrest Jackson, waist gunner, had announced flap damage 'big enough to throw a dog through.' With the runway made and the landing committed, we eased the rest of the flaps down and popped the cowl flaps open at touchdown to create all the drag we could get. But the brakes worked too, so the roll out and taxi-back were uneventful.

"Inspecting the flak damage afterward, we likely should have made for the emergency field. Obviously, this was our lucky day."



The crew of "The Black Cat," 466th Bomb Group (except for two who were in a hurry to get to the critique table). Standing (l-r): Jackson, gunner; DeBoer, bombardier; Wendling, co-pilot; Schutt, pilotage navigator; Elizaldo, radio/gunner. Kneeling (l-r): Barnes, engineer; Brovitz, navigator; Carriker, pilot; Broadway, radar.

Letters



FAMILY REUNION

On September 21, 1944, two American Liberators had a mid-air collision over Inglemunster, Belgium. Both planes were destroyed. One was the "Naughty Nan."

There were four survivors from that crash: 2nd Lieut. E.E. Johnson, pilot; 2nd Lieut. S.L. Mikolajczyk, co-pilot; S/Sgt. J.F. Bradley, radio man; and S/Sgt. C.D. Johnson, flight engineer. The Johnsons were not related.

Now, to the 44th reunion of the 2nd Air Division which included the 93rd Bomb Group at the Hyatt Regency, Dearborn, Michigan, the weekend of July 4, 1991.

One of the crew members of the "Naughty Nan," C.D. Johnson, was in the hotel lobby when a lovely young lady approached him and asked if he knew anyone in the 93rd BG. To her surprise, C.D. was wearing his identification tag. She then inquired if he might know a "Cecil." That was as far as she got when she realized that she had, by sheer coincidence, met C.D. Johnson — a member of E.E. Johnson's crew — her Dad's crew back in 1944. S.L. Mikolajczyk and J.F. Bradley were at the reunion with C.D.

C.D. and Cindy Johnson Deneau arranged for all of us to meet at dinner.

From 1945 until the early 1980s, these men had looked for each other and we must report here that E.E. Johnson had passed away prior to a reunion on May 22, 1983. The catalyst for these men to meet eventually was the pilot's wife, Libby Johnson.

You can imagine the joy and feeling of loss at dinner that night, when Cindy asked all the questions from her Mom of her beloved Dad's crew. Cindy unknowingly titled this report a "Family Reunion" — from pictures, questions and stories that were a part of the past brought to the present.

Joe Bradley
175 Courtshire Drive
Lions Head
Brick, NJ 08723-7140



(l-r): Cindy Johnson Deneau, C.D. Johnson, S.L. Mikolajczyk, Joe Bradley.



Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a great picture taken in 1945 at Seething AFB, England, of some members of the 448th BG, 712th Squadron. All look like very happy warriors.

Again, in the same order but taken 46 years later (after some had not seen each other since 1945), they are equally as happy but maybe not quite as trim. The latter pic-



Dear Bill:

I have just been reading the Spring 1991 Journal, lent to me by a friend of the 8th.

I see in the "Open Letter to the 93rd" by Floyd H. Mabee that he has included a report regarding the March 29, 1944 93rd BG collision over Henham Estate and my attempt to have a memorial erected there. It is the property of the 6th Earl of Stradbroke, who is very keen to get the project underway. (I will keep you informed.) Floyd made a couple of mistakes in his report, first, my address and name. Secondly he mentioned that the two B-24s of the 93rd BG collided during a severe thunderstorm. I am afraid that is not correct. (Please see "A Lasting Scar" on page 11 — Ed.)

I would like to hear from any of your readers either from the 93rd BG or the 56th FG who attended the crash and suffered losses.

Gordon K. Reynolds
2 Marlborough Road
Oulton Broad
Lowestoft
Suffolk
U.K. NR32 3BT



ture was taken at our 448th Bomb Group Association reunion September 5, 6 & 7 at Hampton (Langley AFB), Virginia.

From left to right they are: Ralph Dimick, bombardier; Lt. Gen. Wayne Snavelly (Ret.), lead crew pilot; Col. Lawrence Wolfe (Ret.), navigator; Frank Parmer, radar navigator; and Charles Bonner, group navigator.

Leroy Engdahl

Dear Bill:

It was indeed a great pleasure, and almost felt like a reunion, to receive your letter along with a copy of the Journal in reply to my letter.

After looking over the Journal, I am almost despondent that I had not been a member of the Association all these years. I carefully went through all the names mentioned in the Journal and am sorry to say that there are very few that rekindle any memories. Our crew from the 453rd BG did have a get together a few years ago which was very enjoyable and we occasionally correspond. I intend to send information regarding the Association to each one of them to attempt to get them interested in joining and attending the reunions; that way, we will all get to see each other.

I certainly hope to be able to attend the next convention, but it is not until October 1992. You have picked a nice warm spot to hold it and I am looking forward to it already.

Rex Mills
441 E. Delwood Street
Morton, IL 61550



Dear Bill:

As you are aware, next year, 1992 is the year which marks the 50th Anniversary of the arrival in the United Kingdom of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF. We will be welcoming several Groups and individual families visiting their old bases in Norfolk and Suffolk.

Over the past years many of the bomb groups have stayed at the Hotel Norwich and Hotel Nelson in Norwich, England and know the hotels well and our Chairman Paul King who is also Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF.

Some of the groups have already made their arrangements, but for those who may be travelling individually, I have arranged with my co-managing director Peter Mackness for a special rate at the Hotel Norwich and Hotel Nelson.

We are delighted to offer a 10% discount on our Breakaway tariff for members of the 2nd Air Division Association during 1992. The Breakaway is a special rate which includes accommodation, English breakfast, dinner, taxes and service. At present the rates are 43.00 pounds per person per night at the Hotel Nelson and 37.75 pounds per person per night at the Hotel Norwich, which incidentally also has family rooms.

I hope that many of our friends in the 2nd Air Division Association will be able to take advantage of this special deal and that we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you and your families to our hotels in Norwich.

Peter Rudd
Hotel Norwich
121-131 Boundary Road
Norwich NR3 2BA
England

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Dear Bill:

Mr. Bob Mallick of the 2nd Air Division suggested that I write to you about something that I have been researching for several years now. I am trying to find people who knew my uncle during WWII. His name is Kenneth L. Bridges, and he graduated from Columbus, Mississippi with the class of 44-E. He went on to be a co-pilot on a B-25 in the 345th bomb group and was killed in April 1945 off China. I have tracked down many members of his squadron and even attended their reunion. I have notebooks full of information on every aspect of his life, with the exception of his graduation from class 44-E. Mr. Mallick graduated from 44-E but did not know my uncle.

I am looking for anyone who knew Kenneth L. Bridges during their training days or anytime, with special emphasis on people that graduated from class 44-E. I would also be greatly interested in any memorabilia on the class of 44-E: pictures of men, planes, "paper" goods, patches, etc.

I appreciate your time and your help. My address and phone number are listed below if you can help me. Thank you very much!

Steve Quesinberry
210 Hearthstone Dr. West
Newnan, Georgia 30263
404-253-0569

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

This is something that baffled me for several years. I often wondered how and who came up with the 93rd Bomb Group emblem that I first saw on the Certificate of Bombing Missions that I received while stationed at Westover Field, MA, 1944-45.

I found the following information in a copy of "The Liberator," Vol. 1, No. 1 dated Monday, October 19, 1942:

"The coat of arms of the heavy bombardment group making its first appearance today on the mask of the Liberator, has been adopted as the group insignia — though not officially approved in Washington.

Story of the coat-of-arms and motto as described by Maj. G.B. Woods, N.Y. City, group intelligence officer who conceived the following: They... symbolize the lightning fast and powerful striking force of this heavy bombardment group in order that the torch of Liberty may be held high. The forward inclined position of the torch, with flame swept back by the wing, indicates that Liberty will be carried swiftly forward and upward on strong sure wings. The heavy outline of the lightning bolt indicates the powerful bombing of which our planes are capable. The fact that the lightning is striking at the exact lower center of the shield symbolizes the extreme bombing accuracy which may be expected. The motto "Ferite Pro Libertate" may be literally translated, "Strike for Liberty," but avoids the unfavorable connotation of the English word "strike."

The original sketch, drawn by Maj. Woods, was forwarded by Col. E.J. Timberlake, post commandant, to Washington. The drawing on the mask, blended with the lettering of the Liberator, is the artwork of PDC. Byron A. Smith, Kansas City, MO, a radio operator in Squadron D."

I thought this would be of interest to you fellows as it is to me.

Floyd H. Mabee
93rd Group VP

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Back in June my wife and I made a long-anticipated visit to England, especially to my 93rd Bomb Group base at Hardwick and the Second Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich. At the Norwich inn where we stayed, the proprietors told about plans for what the English people call **Return to England - the Fiftieth Anniversary in 1992**. They gave us a beautiful 16-page booklet describing the dozens of activities planned from May to November. The booklet includes welcome messages from the Duke of York and Prime Minister John Major, and several fine articles and photos of airmen and airplanes of the Eighth & Ninth Air Forces.

I mention this in case anyone does not have a copy of this brochure. It is published by the East Anglia Tourist Board, Toppesfield Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk IP7 5DN, England. No doubt that office is pleased to send copies to anyone who asks.

There seems to be some concern by the English people that after their efforts to plan all the events, not enough Americans will be able to attend them. I suppose that could happen. Surely our English friends deserve both compliments and support for their efforts. Many veterans have already returned to England, as I finally did this year. I would certainly like to go again next year, but the expense may not allow it. Any Eighth or Ninth Air Force veteran who has not made the pilgrimage surely should do it, and there could be no better time than 1992.

George Richard Manley
2314 Ridgewood Avenue
Omaha, NE 68124-2261

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Dear Bill:

I am a Belgian Air Force pilot who devotes much of his free time to World War II aviation history. I am a member of a group that examines aircraft crashes in Belgium, and in the past we have been able to excavate quite some wrecks of U.S. bombers and expose their crews and their fate. Our major goal is to try to get in touch with crew members and reconstruct the whole story of the aircraft until the crash. However, at present I'm occupied with another matter and that is why I write to you.

I have started to research the "Eighth and Ninth Air Force in Belgium, 1944-45." As you know, the U.S. Air Forces used some airfields in Belgium during the final phase of the war. Some smaller airfields were also used as emergency fields where bombers landed when they couldn't reach England for various reasons.

My ambition is to write a book about this and list as completely as possible every field that was used and every U.S. aircraft and crew that landed on them. I would very much like to get in touch with former crew members who once landed with their aircraft on a Belgian airfield. I really hope you can help me; please let me thank you in advance.

Peter Celis
Bergstraat 9
2230 Ramsel
Belgium

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Dear Bill:

I must be the slowest pen in the East, but I have delayed writing long enough. Perhaps it is the subliminal embarrassment of realizing that I can fill in the gaps in something which is classified as history. I guess that makes me older than mature, but then, all of us from the 2nd ADA are that now.



Ivan Stepnich's article "The Adventures of Hap Hazard" on page 11 of the Winter 1990 Journal sure stirred the deep recesses of my memory. I remember Ivan well, and perhaps this letter will jog his memory. I was on TDY at 2nd AD HQ in early summer of 1944 as an engineering officer assigned to Lt. Col. Hughel's office. There had always been some dissatisfaction with the forward visibility in the later model B-24s equipped with the nose turret. It was difficult to pick up the target. One had to acquire the target through the nose turret, usually using x-ray techniques to see through the nose gunner, and then find it in that tiny bomb sight window below. Col. Hughel and some others suggested mounting a B-26 Marauder tail turret in the bottom of a B-24D nose, similar to the B-17 chin turret arrangement. As there was nobody qualified available, I was selected to implement the project.

I moved over to the Depot at Watton as the project engineer. Uninhibited by knowledge and lacking in armament and hydraulic experience, I was able to attack the problem with youthful confidence and enthusiasm. There, armed with the basic elements of the idea, I was given a small expert crew and carte blanche in the depot shops, a slightly war weary B-24J called Hap Hazard, a new B-24D nose, appropriate Tech Orders, and a B-26 tail turret. A brigadier general personally delivered the turret to me, which impressed this young lieutenant of the importance of this project. Fortunately I could read reasonably well so I quickly found out how the hydraulic turret, remote sight, ammunition booster motors, etc. worked. I sketched up the basic plan for mounting the turret, gun controls, gunsight, bomb sight and ammo feeds. With the

mechanics there, and were they ever competent, we designed a mount out of chrome-moly steel and had it welded up. Within about three weeks of 2-shift work (there was only one of me, however) we had everything mounted. It all held together when we ground fired it.

During this time I remember Ivan coming down several times in the 2nd Div. Piper Cub, and the two of us flying it out in the "back forty" of Watton Airdrome. On several occasions, Major Bobby Norsen came down in the 2nd Div.'s P-47. You could squeeze two in tandem in the Thunderbolt's seat, and Bobby took me up for a spin. He put it through its paces, and then let me do likewise. That was a heady experience. The next time I got that excited about flying was when I flew a T-37 jet 15 years later.

It was time to test fly Hap Hazard with its nose job and new look. Bobby Norsen was pilot, I think Col. Algene Key was in the right seat, and I flew as engineer. As we picked up speed on the runway, two mistakes became apparent. First, the turret may have worked OK in a B-26 tail, but pointing into the wind, the breeze whistled through the gun slots. You may remember the normal breeziness of the Baker Two Dozen, but this was more like the east side of a hurricane. Second, we had not done a good job of

cleaning up the aluminum chips from the much drilling that was done, and aided by the gale, the flight deck looked like a box of chaff had been hit by a 20 millimeter. We were pleased that the plane was stable and somewhat faster than the J configuration. Cleaning up the chips and installing zippered canvas baffles in the gun slots solved our residual problems. The visibility was much improved with no reduction of fire-power.

Hap Hazard was taken on a tour of the 2nd Division bases, and I was on it for this tour. As I remember, Ivan Stepnich flew it most of the time, and I flew right seat for him on a number of these trips. At Hethel, Gen. Jimmy Doolittle flew in with his P-51 to see our new toy. The idea met with wide approval, and we converted four new B-24Js to this configuration for use as high priority lead planes. I leave the story here, as upon completion of the project, I was granted my wish to go to an operational unit, the 506th Squadron of the 44th.

I am enclosing a photo of Hap Hazard's nose taken as we were completing the job. Also, I will be glad to send Ivan a copy of the photo if you or he sends me his address.

Edward G. Schwarm
251 Regency Drive
Marstons Mills, MA 02648

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Dear Bill:

A group of former Second Air Division personnel have been meeting for lunch on the third Thursday of each month at an outdoor restaurant in the Palos Verdes area of suburban Los Angeles for some months now. (It never rains in L.A.!)

Led by former 2nd ADA President C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain, ten to twenty flying personnel meet for lunch and discussion of their Army Air Corps experiences on a monthly basis.

Shown in the photograph attached are, top to bottom, left to right: Bud Chamberlain (489th), Charley McBride (448th), John King (44th), Jack Pelton (448th), Wes Stone (466th), Dick Peterson (389th), Bill Craig (491st), Carl Johnson (492nd/467th), Willard Levin (392nd), and

Gerry Covey (458th). The photo was taken by my wife, Heritage League member Barbara Covey.

Other past attendees have included Fred Bromm (445th), Ben Foote (392nd), Bill Denton (389th), Jack Gibson (453rd), Harry Kalionzes (392nd), Roger Markle (44th), and Joe Tomich (458th).

All attendees live in the Palos Verdes/South Bay area and welcome additional guests at any meeting. Those living or visiting locally should call Bud Chamberlain at (310) 373-2828 or Gerry Covey to confirm their desire to attend and be notified of the place and time, which is generally noon on the third Thursday of each month.

Gerry Covey
(310) 833-6740

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Dear Bill:

Can any of the 93rd members identify in this photo the three officers standing and the one kneeling on the right? The one kneeling on the left was F/O Emmett B. Burton. His son, Robert Burton, told me that he passed away fourteen years ago. Robert would like the names and addresses if possible, of any of these officers shown. On July 7, 1943 (target Gerbini Airdrome No. 6, Sicily, 8 miles SSW of Calatnia) on return while circling the airfield at site No. 7 near Benghazi, the aircraft "El Lobo" crashed when No. 1 and No. 2 engines stopped due to fuel exhaustion. Two bombs and all the ammunition remaining in the ship exploded in flames. The following 330th BS members were KIA: 2/Lt. Jack Lafield, Nav.; S/Sgt. Irving Mayers, TG; and T/Sgt. Neil W. Christenson, Eng. The following were WIA: 1/Lt. John H. Burk, Pilot; 2/Lt. Eric L. Poussard, Bomb.; F/O Emmett B. Burton, CP; and Sgt. Charles W. Nichols, G. Anyone who knew any of these officers or enlisted men, drop me a line and I will notify Mr. Burton.

Floyd H. Mabee
93rd Group VP
11524 Zimmerman Road
Port Richey, FL 34668
813-862-2309

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Dear Bill:

Last May I had the pleasure of visiting the B-24 Liberator at the San Jose Airport, and it was a great thrill to me. It brought back many memories, as I was a mechanic on one of these babies during WWII. I was stationed in Attleboro, England, assigned to the 453rd Bomb Group, 734th Squadron.

I noticed quite a few names from the group and squadron written on the side of plane. None of these names seemed to ring a bell, but it's been a long time.

I enjoy reading the Journal, and as for the article "An Easy Mission?", February 9, 1945 (Spring 1991 Journal, page 26), I do recall that particular incident, and it was horrible.

I was drafted in 1942, went to mechanics school in Sheppard Field, Texas, trained in San Diego on B-24s and then my journey began.

I was placed on a cadre and sent to Gowen Field, Idaho. Was trained as a crew chief, flew with Jimmie Stewart the actor, who was training new pilots. All we did was shoot landings all night long. From there I was assigned to the 453rd in England. I was a mechanic on the B-24 from 1944 until we were reassigned in 1945, a few months before the war ended in Europe.

By the way, Jimmie Stewart was assigned to our squadron again and was now a Lt. Colonel. Our CO was shot down on a mission and Colonel Stewart was made CO and was promoted to full Colonel. Once again I was one of the mechanics assigned to service the plane he was assigned to. I thought this was an honor to me.

Frank A. Ruggiero
608 Bonita Avenue
Millbrae, CA 94030

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Dear Bill:

I thoroughly enjoyed Dwight Bishop's article, "Forget The Enemy — Beware of the Friendlies!" (Summer 1991 Journal, page 11). I remember a similar situation involving the 453rd. We were forming up around Buncher 6 and the 732nd was flying in its own contrails. Visibility was nearly zero when suddenly, a group of B-17s was coming right at us. We slipped through that mess without

a scratch. My only explanation is that we had some outside help.

I recall another incident at Topeka during the last days of May 1944. A contingent of combat crews had just arrived from Boise's Gowen Field for staging and to pick up their new birds just prior to overseas duties. We picked up our bird and proceeded to do an instrument check and calibrate our compasses. This completed, we took to the air. Almost immediately we were into heavy weather. When we broke out, we were deep into Oklahoma and overdue at the base. Upon arriving over the field, we found it socked in. We waited for a break in the clouds and when one appeared, we wasted no time in getting on the ground. After departing our plane, we heard engines coming from an odd direction. It came out of the clouds lined up with a taxi strip. The pilot did a great landing. Now he had a very pressing problem; he was rapidly running out of taxi strip. Well, the nose wheel collapsed, the nose dug into the ground and the tail went skyward. When the Base Commander saw his new bird setting at such an odd angle, he was not a happy camper. I could nearly swear that pilot's name was Bishop.

James H. (Ham) Jackson
P.O. Box 599
Prineville, Oregon 97754

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Dear Bill:

Recently I visited the restored All American B-24J at Republic Airport on Long Island. As a past B-24 Flight Engineer with some 45 years of aircraft experience, I proceeded to give the aircraft a walkaround inspection. Lo and behold, I found that the four turbo superchargers did not have turbine bucket deflectors installed. These deflectors, installed immediately inboard of each turbine wheel, present a 45 degree angle to the wheel. In the event of a turbine wheel failure, they deflect the buckets downward so that they do not penetrate the fuselage. I don't have a good memory for yesterday, but I have for 45 years ago.

William K. Koch
16 Northcote Road
Westbury, NY 11590

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION BILL ROBERTIE

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