



Heritage Herald



Issue 13

February 1994

A Son's Search To Understand

Reprinted from The Albuquerque Tribune

Eric Draper



Dan Vukelich

BY DAN VUKELICH
STAFF REPORTER

Dush Vukelich, Dan Vukelich's father, was a gunner on a B-24J Liberator flying from England. He was shot down near Berlin in June 1944 on his 28th mission. In the years since his father's death in 1981, Dan has tracked down his

father's crew to learn what he could. This week, after years of traveling to air shows hoping to see a flying B-24, Dan finally got a chance to fly in one.

As a child, whenever I asked my father about his plane and his crew I got vague answers.

"We went in different directions," he'd say, and I'd drop the subject.

From my father's time in England, there was a pocket-size diary, but the problem was that he wasn't much of a writer. Whole weeks would go by with no entries.

Occasionally, missions would be described without elaboration. "Had a rough one yesterday," one entry said.

"More bad weather over the target," another said.

An entry Dush made in May 1944 at age 20 always intrigued me. "Leave in London. Doris. What a night!"

These tantalizing bits and pieces spurred me — like sons of dead fathers everywhere — to try to answer other unresolved questions about his life, especially his time in the war.

After his death I decided to try to track down his crewmates.

I had few clues. The diary. A picture on my



grandmother's wall. A few medals. Photos with no writing on the back. A German phrasebook that taught you how to say, "I am an American flier and need help."

I also knew the name of the plane. A B-24 bomber named The Jabberwock.

The search began in the spring of 1983, when I was subscribing to Air Force Magazine. A regular feature was a column on reunions, calls for lost squadron members and the like.

I took a shot and wrote. "My father was in a B-24 called The Jabberwock shot down over Berlin after D-Day. Are any of his crew members out there?"

My father was dead. Only nine people in the world could answer that letter.

A crowd tours the B-24 bomber on display at Albuquerque International Airport over the weekend. The plane was decked out in the markings of the 453rd Bomb Group, the same outfit Dush Vukelich flew with from England under the command of actor Jimmy Stewart.

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Anne M. Westgate, one of two winners in the essay contest, was awarded a medal and a \$100 savings bond at the convention in Hilton Head. Anne's winning essay, in honor of her late grandfather, is on page 5.

Memorial to US air crew

A simple blessing service in a Norfolk churchyard yesterday finally honoured the memory of 10 wartime airmen whose plane fell from the sky half a century ago.

Parishioners at Upper Sheringham bowed their heads as a priest blessed a memorial honouring the crew of an American Liberator bomber which crashed nearby.

The blessing service came after months of painstaking research into the crash by three Sheringham people who arranged for the memorial to be placed outside All Saints' Church.

The memorial stone records the names of the 10 crewmen of the B24 bomber which came down in

woods at Upper Sheringham, while returning from a mission to Kiel, in North Germany.

Doug Willies, of Campion Way, Sheringham, who led the research into the crash, said: "At last we have honoured the sacrifices made by these men who, like countless others, fought for our freedom."

"It is too easy to forget as the years go by and we felt it was important that their memory should live on close to the spot where they died."

The idea of a memorial came from the EDP's Sheringham correspondent, May Ayers, whose father, the legendary lifeboatman Henry "Joyful" West, saw the crash on January 4 1944.

Mrs Ayers enlisted the help of Mr Willies and his wife, Celia, to trace details of the crew of the plane, which belonged to 578 Bomber

Squadron based at Wendling, near Dereham.

Four of the crew were killed in the crash and another died four days later at Cromer Hospital. One is buried at the American military cemetery at Cambridge and the other four were later flown to America for burial.

Research by Mr Willies has revealed that four of the five who survived the crash have since died.

The blessing of the memorial by Upper Sheringham rector the Rev Peter Barnes-Clay will be followed later this year by a dedication service to be attended by American war veterans.

Wellwishers have already given more than £500 to pay for the dedication service and the memorial, which was engraved without charge by Sheringham Engravings.



May Ayers, left, and Doug and Celia Willies at the memorial to the crew of the American aircraft which crashed 50 years ago near Upper Sheringham.



The B24 bomber and two of its crew pictured in December 1943, one month before it crashed.

from the Eastern Daily Press, Norwich
January 3, 1994

Minutes of the Seventh General Meeting of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF)

The seventh general meeting of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division, a not-for-profit organization, was held at the Fairfield Room, Hyatt Regency Hotel, Hilton Head, South Carolina, on Saturday, November 6, 1993 at 1 p.m., pursuant to call and notice, and a majority of the incorporators (directors) of the Heritage League Corporation.

The following members of the Executive Committee were present: Billy Johnson, President; Irene Hurner, Executive Vice President; Janice Bates, Secretary; Ed Zobac, Treasurer; Mary Beth Barnard, Communications Vice President; and Rusty Chamberlain, Membership Vice President; consisting of a quorum hereof.

The meeting was called to order at 1:04 p.m. by Billy Johnson, with approximately 53 people in attendance. All were welcomed by Billy and were reminded that this has been the first year that the executive committee has been composed primarily of children of 2ADA veterans. Our commitment was stated. After the pledge of allegiance to the flag, our English members and guests were asked to stand and be recognized. Mention was made of the lengthy executive meeting that was held in the morning.

Secretary's Report

A motion was made by Cris Matt to accept the general body of the secretary's report with corrections made in the executive committee meeting. It was seconded, voted upon, and carried.

Treasurer's Report

Ed Zobac reported that we began the year with \$3,794.38 and received \$2,409.52 in revenues. From January 1 through September 30, 1993, there were \$241 in donations and \$49.50 accrued in interest. Expenses came to \$1,977.33, mostly for the newsletter, and that left a balance of \$4,226.57. Milt Veynar made the motion to accept the report, and it was seconded by Mike Chamberlain. Motion passed.

Communications

Mary Beth Barnard was applauded for her work on the *Heritage Herald*. She will continue to publish three issues per year—in February, May, and October—for a membership with a wide range of age groups. Mary Beth reprints articles from newsletters and newspapers, and will be publishing the winning essays from the contest. As historian for the 445th BG, she recognizes the need for preserving information. The motion to accept the communications report was made by Ruth Berkeley and seconded. The motion was passed.

Membership Report

There are currently 417 paid members of the League, according to Rusty Chamberlain. That is an increase of 129, or 45%, since the last meeting (Vegas, October 1992). Milt made a motion to accept the report. It was seconded by Jeane Stites and passed.

Nominating Committee Report

Chairman of the committee, Irene, and members Jeane Stites, Ruth Berkeley, Vicki Warning, and Billy Johnson have nominated the same officers for the coming year with the

exception of Vice President of Membership. Caron Veynar has been asked to replace Rusty, who has served "above and beyond the call of duty" for the past four years. Nominations were requested closed by Norma and seconded by Freda Boone. Officers were introduced, and the motion passed. In appreciation of his dedicated service, Rusty was presented with a mounted statue of a B-24 airplane. He has agreed to help Caron through the end of the year in order to facilitate a smooth transition.

President's Report

Billy states that we have increased public awareness, resulting in responses from our brochures and ads. The essay contest has been established and is intended to be an annual event, evolving into a scholarship program. Location of a Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia is becoming a reality, and the Heritage League has been invited by the 2ADA to help give financial support. A chair was purchased for the Memorial Room at the Norwich Library with the thousand dollars we donated, leftover money being added to the book endowment fund. Motion was made by Mike to accept Billy's report; it was seconded and approved.

English News

David Hastings, Vice Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust and member of the Board of the Friends, brought greetings from the two groups. Unfortunately, the liaison officer between the Friends and the League, Evan Harris, had to return to England because of health problems and missed the reunion. Keith Thomas will be serving a second year as chairman of the Friends. David stated that this is the only memorial of its kind in the world, that they are deeply proud of it, and that it will be perpetuated by the capital fund. The Diamond Lil video is still being shown to standing-room-only crowds, and contributions are being added to that fund. Floor space has been expanded at the library. The Friends' membership has grown to 178, and the group has planned for more fundraising and evening activities, including a Thanksgiving dinner (at which they will donate 500 pounds to the memorial). David would be pleased if the Friends and the League could participate in an honorary exchange of membership. His parting thoughts were that "the Heritage League is the key to the future of the Memorial Room," and that "it should never become just a reference library."

Honorary Membership

Billy announced that the executive committee had already approved the inclusion of all members of the Friends as honorary members of the Heritage League, and opened the floor for discussion. A motion was made to this effect by Gloria Berg, seconded by Cris, and was passed.

Address by Tom Eaton

Billy introduced Tom Eaton, former Lord Mayor of Norwich, England and chairman of the Board of Governors of the Friends, and informed him of our intent to donate \$750

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Minutes

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to the capital fund. Mr. Eaton addressed the group, saying that "there is unlimited scope for developing the work that one does." He feels that the more the English public is alert, the more anxious they are to get to know the U.S., thus increasing the demands on their staff. We are all working for a purpose, and we have the support of the governors of the Memorial trust. However, there is a need to reorganize, since the original terms of the fund (of 48 years ago) are out-dated. The governors will be responsible for submitting ideas to the Friends on an annual basis. There is a constructive job to be done and we each must carry out the job of education.

Essay Contest Awards Presentation

Anne Westgate, one of two winners of the essay contest, was present to accept her award of a \$100 savings bond and a medal for her paper "A Day in the Life of Seething Airfield" about her grandfather, William C. Edwards, 448th BG. Since Mr. Edwards passed away three years ago, Anne spoke of getting some of the information for her story from other veterans. Her purpose for writing it was to pay tribute to him and to help keep his memory alive, as well as those who did not make it back from the war.

Ed accepted the same award on behalf of his niece, Jessica Zobac, whose paper, "The Dream Is Alive," was written about her grandfather (Ed's father). Ed spoke of his dad's service in WWII in the 445th BG and of his sudden death in 1977— a month before Jessica was born. He is aware of the impact of the war on all veterans, and hopes to get the message across to them to tell their children of their experiences. Ed was left with boxes of unmarked photos and wishes to keep other children from encountering the same problem. Jessica will receive her savings bond and medal from Ed.

Billy suggested that veterans make tapes or otherwise record their experiences for the next generation. She then asked Anne's parents, Nancy and Mike, to stand and be acknowledged.

Bylaws Revision

The need for a revision in the bylaws was brought up. A motion was made by Hathy Veynar to replace "spouses or relatives within two degrees of kinship" as stated in Article III, #3, under regular members, with "spouses, parents, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, and nephews" to be voting members. Seconded by Mike, passed, and it will be published in the *Herald*, to be voted upon next session.

In Appreciation

Thanks were offered to Bill Beasley for his help as the 2ADA liaison, a job he will hold for another year. In gratitude, he was awarded an engraved pen and asked to speak. Bill gave us some background information on himself, explaining how he was almost not a part of the Second Air Division! He feels that the Heritage League is doing a great thing for genealogy purposes.

Miscellaneous

As a charter member of the 2ADA and chairman of the initial dedication of the Memorial Room, Hathy Veynar offered her assistance to anyone requesting information. It was brought to our attention that we had not actually voted the new slate into office, so Norma moved that we do so and Vicki seconded it. Motion passed. It was requested that first-time attendees stand and be recognized.

Motion was made to close the meeting by Cris, seconded, and passed. Meeting adjourned at 2:17p.m.

Janice H. Bates
Secretary of the Heritage League

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds
of earth

And danced the skies on laughter-
silvered wings;

Sunward I've climbed, and joined
the tumbling mirth

Of sun-split clouds-and done a
hundred things

You have not dreamed of-
wheeled and soared and swung

High in the sunlit silence.
Hov'ring there,

I've chased the shouting wind
along, and flung

My eager craft through footless
halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious burning
blue

I've topped the windswept
heights with easy grace

Where never lark, or even eagle
flew.

And, while with silent, lifting
mind I've trod

The high untrespassed sanctity of
space,

Put out my hand, and touched the
face of God.

by John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

The Army Air Corps Song

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
climbing high into the sun;

Here they come zooming to meet our
thunder, at 'em boys, give 'er the gun!

Down we dive spouting our flame
from under, off with one hell-uva roar!

We live in fame or go down in flame,
nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

Chorus:

Here's a toast to the host of those who
love the vastness of the sky;

To a friend we will send a message of
his brother men who fly.

We drink to those who gave their all
of old, then down we roar to score the
rainbow's pot of gold.

A toast to the host of men we boast,
the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder
keep the wings level and true;

If you'd live to be a gray haired won-
der keep your nose out of the blue.

Flying men, guarding the nation's
border, we'll be there followed by
more!

In echelon we carry on-nothing'll
stop the Army Air Corps!

Words and music by Robert Crawford

A Day in the Life at Seething Airfield

It's 3:00 a.m. and the coldness is cutting to the bone. The day's just getting started. You get dressed and head to the mess hall before going to briefing. You've eaten and gotten your seat to be briefed and know the location of your bomb target for the day. "You brief the crew on their target for the day and reco German tactics and what to expect on the mission so as not be too surprised," says Bob Harper. He was an intelligence officer for the 448th.

You're in your plane and taking off for Germany by 6:00 a.m. "When you're in the air, you don't have any time to be afraid," said Bob Voight. "All you're really worried about is hitting your mark and getting back to the base with hardly any injuries or shoot-downs." Bob Voight was the pilot of "Baby Shoes".

"It's just before take off and I'm waiting by the plane for the crew. The crew arrives and I brief the pilot on the status of the aircraft. I wish him and his crew luck and safe flying," as told by George DuPont. He was a member of the ground crew for "Baby Shoes". "We stayed up most of the night making sure there were no major or minor maintenance problems. After all that checked out, we fueled and armed the aircraft. We all hoped and prayed that all of our planes and their crews would return later that day."

Meanwhile, up in the air, the planes continue their flight toward their target. The nerves start setting in more as the crew grows closer to their target. Before they know what has happened, they are hit by a shower of flak. Beaten, battered, and treated like rag dolls. They had no time to recover from the flak shower when fighters started to rain in on them. The gunners are busy trying to shoot down as many as possible before their plane was shot beyond recognition.

They get past the flak and the fighters and are soon over their target. The bombs fall, hit the target and everything was over and they could head for home.

Back at the base, everyone was "sweating out the mission". Soon someone announced, "I hear them coming home!" They turned toward the sky not knowing what to expect to see. Much to their surprise, more planes than expected returned. Of course there were a few that didn't, but that was expected. The men at Seething had come to know and realize this sad but true concept.

After all the crew were off the plane, those who were not hurt or injured went to be debriefed. They would tell Bob Harper, intelligence officer, what went on in the air, how many planes were lost and if the target was hit successfully. While the crew was being debriefed, George DuPont and the rest of the ground crew would start to immediately repair and fix the holes and maintenance problems reported to them by the pilot. They would work on the plane until it was ready for the next mission.

After the crew have been debriefed they were on a four day rest before they flew their next mission. They usually went into town at Norwich and if they had the time, into London. While they were in town, they usually made a visit to the local pub. "Sometimes we would even get a chance to date a few English girls," says George. "We would catch a movie before we head back to the base." Bob Voight says, "I'll never forget the time I was in town with a few buddies of mine when we met Cab Calloway's family. They invited us in for lunch. That's a small example of the close relationship we the soldiers had with the English people." George also says, "The English were so thankful to us for helping them in their time of need."

Although times were hard and not always pleasant, these men served our country with great pride and no remorse. They were happy at Seething for the most part. Only one person that I talked to wouldn't pick Seething if he had had a choice. But that was only because of the physical layout. I myself want to say a special thank-you to all the men who went and fought for me and my country. Let us never forget those who died for us.

Anne M. Westgate



William C. Edwards
448th Bomb Group



Anne's essay was written to honor the memory of her grandfather, William C. Edwards.

A Son's Search

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But after a month I got a letter that began, "Dear Dan, I was in your father's crew, what do you want to know?"

Many answers followed.

Through letters, phone talks and visits, his crewmates filled in some of the blanks over the next eight years.

But I became convinced my search would not be over until I rode in a B-24.

Dush was a Serbian kid from the South Side of Pittsburgh who ran his own dice game at 13, ran numbers for the local gangsters and played water polo and basketball.

The South Side was a neighborhood where just about everyone, including most of the males in my family, worked in the steel mill.

He enlisted as soon as he turned 18, figuring the Army Air Corps offered a more glamorous life than that of a foot soldier. He was trained in the use of the single .50-caliber machine gun at the waist position, at the window behind the wing of the B-24.

When I heard a B-24 was coming to Albuquerque, I sought the help of the local 8th Air Force Association to arrange to travel to Abilene to meet it.

When the engines first coughed, then roared to life, I was caught unawares by the bone-rattling noise, the same noise Dush had heard and felt every time they took off.

What would he be thinking? Bussing himself with details, the guns, the heated suit, the oxygen, the ammo belts, trying to get ready for the mission.

He had always been nearly deaf. I thought it had been the dynamite from years in deep-tunnel construction jobs, the work he did most of his life.

From his window behind the wing, the full power of the engines flowed right into his eardrums. No wonder no one could watch TV in the same room with him.

For most of the three-hour flight to Albuquerque, I stood by the window of the B-24, at the waist-gunner's spot, leaning out to feel the airstream in my face.

On missions, he had stood here for hours at a time, idly watching the terrain go by or scanning the sky uneasily for fighters.

How do you pass the time wondering if this is your day to die?

Dush had talked about his final mission with bitterness. On June 21, 1944, the day he was shot down, The Jabberwock and its crew were not scheduled to fly.

Almost from the moment they lifted off, they were in trouble. Their plane was a "war-weary" B-24, a collection of scavenged parts so patched up that it flew poorly, its engines so lacking in power that it had trouble holding formation right from England.

It was their 28th mission. They wanted to make 30 before the quota for going home was raised again, so they went.

They were short of the target, Berlin, when three Ju-88s made a single head-on attack that took out the No. 4 engine. Miraculously, they all bailed out safely.

Over the years, Dush blamed the pilot, Mel Williams, for being too gung ho, but others recalled it had been a group decision, hastily discussed over the intercom.

Still, I found during my talks with his crew, debate persisted over who had left the wounded radio operator, Charles Burton, for dead until John Pool, the ball-turret gunner, crawled forward to save him.

And, for more than 45 years, a misunderstanding allowed bad blood to linger among some crewmates over who had left the nose gunner, Lee Steingraber, momentarily trapped in his disabled turret.

All 10 men were captured on the outskirts or suburbs of Berlin. Ten months of increasingly harsh prison-camp life followed, including a brutal winter march to pull the POWs west beyond the reach of the advancing Russians.

One night in late April 1945, the prison camp's guards disappeared. The next morning, a battle was heard close by. Finally, a tank approached. It was American.

The American flag was raised. Gen. George Patton arrived on the scene, cursed the Germans and, in a theatrical voice, demanded to know why "American boys are still behind Nazi barbed wire."

Wearing those famed ivory-handled pistols, Patton hopped on top of a tank and ordered it to drive the perimeter of the camp, smashing the wooden and wire fences to the cheers of the delighted POWs.

"Your daddy and I stood less than 20 feet from Patton," Pool, who bunked in the same POW barracks as Dush, told me. "Boy could that man cuss."

After he was freed, my father felt cheated. Cheated out of nearly a year of his life, certainly, but cheated in a bigger way.

The son of hard-working immigrants, in 1942 he had a high school diploma, a good head for math and a chance at college. He was ahead of the game.

In 1945, he was just another returning veteran, one of hundreds of thousands of men looking for work.

He could never stop looking at the world through the eyes of a prisoner.

About the only thing Dush was willing to talk about from his POW days was playing on a camp softball team.

Whenever they'd announce the umpires on a televised baseball game, and National League ump Augie Donatelli was mentioned, Dush would always say, "I played ball with him in prison camp." We doubted it but went along.

In 1980, a year before he died, he came to visit my brother George and me in Chicago. We went to a game at Wrigley Field.

My brother heard the pregame announcement that Augie Donatelli was behind the plate. The two of us nagged Dush so hard that he walked down to the box seats by the Cubs dugout.

He stood there, leaning over the low brick wall, waving at the ump until Donatelli saw him and came over.

Dush told him about the camp and the ballgames and what position he had played and, finally, Donatelli said, "I remember you now."

We were impressed. It had been 35 years.

But my father rarely spoke of his past. He had never talked it out with anyone, never faced up to what the war had done to him. Unlike the dozens of other 8th Air Force veterans I have met, he never, ever said, "We did what had to be done."

How did he cope? How did he handle the fear, the fear of combat, the fear of being awakened at 3 in the morning and being told you're going to Germany today? The fear that comes with seeing friends blown out of the sky day after day.

Midway through my flight to Albuquerque on the B-24, I realized that no matter how many people I talked to I would never understand what had happened.

I had stood in his place. I had talked to his crew, but I would never know the fear and degradation of war and what it does to bright young men to make them old beyond their years.

The search, I told myself, would end with this airplane ride.

Dan Vukelich is a Heritage League member. His article was first printed in the April 15, 1992 issue of the *Albuquerque Tribune*.

Help at Hand

The ground crews who were serving the Liberators built their own shacks — erected just off the hardstands, not close enough to be blown away by the slipstreams of the planes when running up their engines, but within earshot of the area. These shacks, built mainly from packing case wood, corrugated iron sheeting and any other materials that could be obtained from within or around the base, were fitted out with shelves, cupboards, windows, seats and the usual tortoise pot bellied stove which was rarely allowed to go out.

The shacks were used to store the hundred and one items of spare parts and, of course, the makings for coffee and other refreshments. This saved the crew a long bike ride back to the stores hut, as some hardstands were sometimes a mile or more away from civilization.

In the case of this story, what could have been better than an old barn and outbuildings within a mile of the hardstand and well tucked away behind trees and thickets?

Joe stored many larger items of stores in one of the less dilapidated of the adjoining sheds and was able to construct a comfortable interior of a semi-permanent nature.

The shack back at the hardstand was still used and was manned at most times by one or more of the ground staff. It was a good mile from one to the other. The following incident shows how the local folk and the GIs got along...

The jeep's engine would not start, no matter how Joe tampered with it. How to get to the hardstand from the old barn a mile away before the ships came back? Joe despaired but thought, "Archie and his lad were generally working hereabouts." He was not certain of this, but decided to leave the barnyard and see if you could sight them in the vicinity. He began to circle the barn, and before he was halfway around, he caught sight of the two working in the sugar beet field, a shouting distance away. The lad was chopping out unwanted sugar beet plants and weeds. Archie was riding the horse hoe with old Boxer in the shafts. The horse was puffing and panting, snorting and slaving, pretending it was a hard task, as horses do.

Joe's shouts were heard and acknowledged, and the three met in the middle of the field. Joe was gesticulating wildly while Archie denied any knowledge of the combustion engine, as did his lad. Boxer pawed the ground, anxious to be free of the appliance. Archie took his hint, turned and unhitched the chains from the shaft. Then, followed by Joe and the lad, he led them off to the old barn.

It was clear to the others that Archie had a plan in mind, but he was not revealing it at this stage. He walked on, puffing nonchalantly at his unshapely hand-rolled cigarette. Joe, becoming a little desperate now, could not begin to fathom the plan that he knew to be maturing in Archie's mind until he witnessed the lad securing the end of a long chain onto the front fender of the ailing jeep. Archie attached the other end to Boxer's collar and then explained how they were to go to get the jeep and Joe back to the hardstand.

Joe sat in the jeep steering the vehicle so that it moved along behind and to the left of the horses' rear. Archie rode on Boxer's back to keep the animal calm and steady, so he reckoned. He was still blowing clouds of smoke from his bent cigarette. The lad walked behind as rear guard, or in case anything dropped out of the jeep or off the horse, since the road was a little uneven.

Sometime later, the remaining crew at the hardstand looked up in amazement at what they saw approaching them through the silver birch trees — a snorting grey horse and rider, followed closely by a jeep with Joe at the controls and a lad following up the rear. The group pulled onto the hardstand. Archie slid off Boxer's back. (He was a little jittery at being in this unfamiliar place.) They released the chains from the fender of the jeep, rolled them up and hung them on the horses' collar. That done, the farmers and the ground crew passed the time of day in conversation.

After a while, there came the distant roar of aircraft engines. The Libs were returning from their mission. As they closed the airfield, red flares were seen. Gaps in the formation confirmed that some were missing at this time. As the first ships began to peel off for landing, Archie and the lad bade their farewells and made their way back through the birchwoods to their tasks in the sugar beet field. The two were close to the crew chief and his team, but closer were the aircrews of the ships now landing. Their own Lib could well be missing, and the crew that they served, dead or dying.

As the two drew clear of the field, they turned and saw Joe's ship lumbering up the taxiway towards the hardstand, shortly to spill the crew and to josh with Joe.

Back to work, the hardstand was no place for them and the horse. The two knew the feelings of the fliers and the ground crew. They would not impose on their special reunion.

David Neale
Editor of *Second Thoughts*,
The Friends' newsletter

The 467th Bombardment Group History reprint is available

The 467th Bombardment Group (History) September 1943-June 1945 by Allen Healy, first privately printed in 1947, Third Reprint is available. This third reprint will contain the total original Healy publication plus will include an alphabetically arranged roster of all known personnel who were assigned and attached to the 467th from March 11, 1944 to July 6, 1945, over 5,200 names. Also an alphabetical and chronological listing of all known deceased of the Group while assigned to the Second Air (Bombardment) Division. A short history of the 788th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy), information on the lead squadron-wing squadrons of October 44 through May 45 and some other personnel matters will be included in the addendum. The addendum cannot be offered separately. It is cost prohibitive.

To order this third reprint with addendum, send \$40 per copy to: Vincent D. LaRussa, 8570 N. Mulberry Drive, Tucson, AZ 85704

"A GRATEFUL NATION REMEMBERS"

The two-fold purpose of the World War II Commemoration, is to thank and honor the veterans, their families, and all those who served on the home front, and to develop programs and activities that provide a greater understanding and appreciation of the lessons, technological contributions and history of World War II, in which nearly 15 MILLION PEOPLE DIED IN BATTLE and more than 38 MILLION CIVILIANS WERE KILLED!

A survey in 1985, revealed that three out of five Americans had no knowledge of World War II. Nearly one-third of America's 17 year olds could not identify which countries the United States fought against, how this war began, who fought it, why it was fought, or how radically it changed the world as we know it today.

LEST WE FORGET
by Jean Pierce, Regent

America's World War II began at Pearl Harbor December 7th, 1941 in Honolulu, Hawaii, on the island of Oahu. This remains a "period frozen in time" for so many that lasted until 1945. Those who survived, the men and women who served, fought, cared for the wounded and dead, the mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts and dear friends, this was a dreadful frightening time! The ones left here at home, who worked 16, 17 and sometimes 20 hour days, to replace, rebuild, pressing always forward, we made do, with what we had, we learned to live with fear and frightening reports. We supported each other with faith in our hearts, for we knew that the loneliness and things we learned to do without, were small, compared to the sacrifice servicemen and women endured. This time of caring will always remain heartwrenching, bittersweet years for all Americans here at home and abroad.

Many ships caught at Pearl Harbor, were torpedoed and sunk, our United States Navy and Armed Forces were in a serious and perilous plight! This was fought with great courage and spirit, just as all wars and conflicts, are fought, but the comradery displayed during this time of terror and great stress is hard to imagine, much less explain! The fighting men, serving in foxholes, some lying openly exposed to enemy fire on beaches, pilot's, who courageously battled in the air and fought land and sea forces, heroic sailors aboard ships, nurses in hospitals, some aboard ships, tenderly caring for or attending to the dead, all continually facing death and destruction. For all those who so proudly served, they were our "Knights in Shining Armor", for our lives, our country and our entire future were in their hands, and they never failed us, they never faltered, those who served are, and will always be, great American Hero's! For the families and friends here at home, we held on, held tight, and remained faithful

and loyal to God and our country! We worked, did double duty, we pulled together, and we won! God Bless America!

The tragic history of the Five Sullivan Brothers, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa. The brothers were George T., 29, Francis H., 26, Joseph E., 23, Madison A. 22, and Albert L. Sullivan 20.

The Navy's policy was to separate members of the same family in wartime service, but the brothers had enlisted January 3, 1942, with the provision that they not be separated. Consequently, their loss was probably the greatest ever suffered by a single family in American Naval History!

Their history began on the U.S.S. JUNEAU, Atlanta-class, 6000 ton, light cruiser. In November 1942, the Juneau was escorting the carrier Wasp, when the Wasp was sunk by a Japanese torpedo in the South Pacific, the Juneau then joined the Battle of Santa Cruz and helped repel Japanese air attacks against transports landing reinforcement troops on Guadalcanal. The Juneau, was first hit in her fire room, then later shaky and alternately steering to port and starboard, she was again hit by torpedoes. "The Juneau didn't sink, she blew up with all the fury of an erupting volcano. There was a terrific thunderclap and a plume of white water that was blotted out by a huge brown hemisphere, a thousand yards across, and from within came sounds of more explosions". When the pall of smoke drifted away, the 6000 ton vessel had vanished. Over 100 of her crew miraculously lived through the blast, but it was considered too hazardous to stop and search for possible survivors in those submarine infested waters, so the squadron steamed on. A B-17 overhead was requested to relay a report of the sinking to Halsey's Headquarters, the message was never received. Three survivors managed to paddle to an island, where they were tended by a white trader. Days later a PBY, Pontoon Plane, rescued 6 men from a raft. The sole survivor of one other raft was picked up by a destroyer, November 20th, 17 days after the explosion. It is believed that the oldest Sullivan Brother, age 29, had also been on this raft. George, weak, wounded, and in delirium, was holding one of his dead brothers, and repeatedly said, "we cannot bury men at sea without a service," later George too, was lost. The remainder of the 100 men, who dove into the sea, 86 were attacked by sharks. Because of the tragic event of the loss of these five brothers, Admiral Halsey mandated the United States Congress to issue a law that "no relatives may be aboard the same ship", this law is still in effect. This is a very sad tragic part of our country's history during World War II, but in remembrance, we do honor, LEST WE FORGET!

Respectfully submitted by the Lakewood Blue Spruce Chapter, National Society
of the Daughters of the American Revolution

Courtesy of Norma Beasley

Recipes to stretch your Sugar Ration



Applesauce Cake

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| 2 cups all-purpose flour | 1/2 cup shortening |
| 1 teaspoon Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda | 1/4 cup sugar |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 3/4 cup corn syrup |
| 1/4 teaspoon cloves | 1 egg, slightly beaten |
| 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg | 1 cup thick applesauce |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon | 1 cup raisins |
| | 1 cup coarsely broken nutmeats |

1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with baking soda, salt and spices.

2. Cream shortening. Add sugar, cream thoroughly. Add corn syrup gradually, beating after each addition. Add egg and beat until light and fluffy.

3. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with applesauce. Add raisins and nutmeats. Bake in 9 x 9 inch loaf pan lined with greased wax paper. When cool, dust with confectioners sugar, if desired.

Amount: 9 x 9 inch loaf

Temperature: 350° F Time: 50-60 minutes



Chocolate Wafers

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| 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour | 3/4 cup corn syrup |
| 1/2 teaspoon Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda | 1 egg, slightly beaten |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1/4 cup milk |
| | 3/4 cup coarsely broken nutmeats |

1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with soda and salt.

2. Cream shortening. Add sugar, cream thoroughly. Add corn syrup and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg gradually, beating after each addition. Add chocolate that has been melted and cooled. Blend.

3. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with mixture of milk and vanilla. Stir in nutmeats. Drop by teaspoonfuls on ungreased baking sheet. (For a crisp cookie, spread batter thin.) Bake.

Amount: 5 dozen 2 1/2 inch cookies

Temperature: 375° F Time: 10-12 minutes

Cocoa Cake

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| 3/4 cup cocoa |
| 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1 cup scalded milk |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 cups cake flour |
| 1 1/4 teaspoons Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda |



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| 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2/3 cup shortening |
| 1 cup corn syrup |
| 3 eggs |

1. Mix cocoa and sugar. Add scalded milk gradually and stir until smooth. Cool. Add vanilla.

2. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with baking soda and salt.

3. Cream shortening. Add corn syrup gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time beating after each addition.

4. Add flour alternately with cocoa mixture. Bake in three greased 8 inch layer pans.

Amount: 3-8 inch layers

Temperature: 350° F Time: 25-30 minutes

Marshmallow Frosting

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| 1 egg white |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup corn syrup |

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| 12 marshmallows, cut in quarters |
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1. Combine egg white, salt and corn syrup in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater until stiff (about seven minutes). Remove from heat, add quartered marshmallows. Beat until marshmallows are thoroughly blended in. Cool.

Honey Chip Cookies

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| 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour |
| 1/2 teaspoon Arm & Hammer Brand or Cow Brand Baking Soda |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1/2 cup shortening |

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| 3/4 cup honey |
| 1 egg |
| 4 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar |
| 7 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips |
| 1/2 cup coarsely broken nutmeats |

1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with baking soda, salt and cinnamon.

2. Cream shortening. Add honey gradually, beating until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat thoroughly.

3. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with lemon juice (or vinegar). Add semi-sweet chocolate and nutmeats. Blend. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet. Bake.

Amount: 5-6 dozen cookies

Temperature: 375° F Time: 10-12 minutes

THANKS FROM ENGLAND

Dear Billy,

Now that we have returned from the USA can Jean and I, through the "The Heritage Herald", express our sincere thanks to the Heritage League and all the members of the 2nd Air Division Association who were at Hilton Head, for your warmth of welcome together with all your great kindness and friendship. As always we felt we had "come home" to such a happy family and it was a pleasure indeed to travel across the Atlantic to support the Association and give you news on the progress of your unique and living Memorial in Norwich. To have the chance to meet the Executive and the Oversight Committee was extremely useful as was the chance to attend the Business meeting. I was also delighted to attend the Executive meeting and then the AGM of the Heritage League and to report on the Memorial Trust and the Friends of the Memorial. The Heritage League has a very vital part to play in the long term future of your Memorial and as always the AGM was a most moving and emotional meeting. We in Britain can never thank the Heritage League enough for all your great efforts and the cheque for \$750 dollars for the Capital Fund of the Memorial was deeply appreciated. I was also so pleased that my idea of linking the membership of the Friends of the Memorial and the Heritage League was accepted and approved so readily as I am sure this will cement still further the friendships between our two Countries. We both enjoyed the Group Re-unions and also all the other events which made up this super Convention, including the chance to meet so many of you and as always how can we thank Evelyn Cohen enough for making it all possible.

The only sad part for me was that we could not get the American Librarian/Fulbright fund project off the ground but I guess that in time this will fly. However we must never let this project detract us from the main task of ensuring that the Capital Fund is adequate enough to ensure that your wonderful Memorial goes on in perpetuity. The Capital Fund is the main one that runs your Memorial, providing the funds for the refreshment of the book stock, the ongoing refurbishment of the room, the Branch Libraries, the School and outreach programmes and the salaries of the Trust Librarian and staff. This is why, we as Governors, have to ensure in the next few years, that this Fund is built up to a level high enough to provide a secure financial base for your wonderful Memorial to survive down the ages, as a living tribute to not only those who gave their lives in defence of our freedom, but also to you the survivors, so that future generations will never forget the debt that we owe or what you achieved in those dark days of the Forties.

Finally, what a joy it was to meet at the Banquet with Lt. General Buck Schuler, the Chairman of the exciting Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center and over dinner discuss with him ideas for the future including the possibility of linking of your unique 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich with the Heritage Center in Savannah, something which must surely be of advantage to both projects.

Once again our sincere thanks to everyone in the 2nd Air Division Association, you indeed came as friends, stayed as friends and have remained friends and we in East Anglia will always remember you with pride and affection. I know that the Heritage League, The Memorial Trust and the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial will continue on those wonderful links of friendship that we established in the Forties. God bless.

Yours sincerely,
Jean and David Hastings.
SALHOUSE, Norfolk.

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Of Interest

February 27-March 4, 1994

IXth Annual Reunion of
Bombardiers, Inc, Mobile Bay, AL
Contact: Ned Humphreys
500 Jackson St., #1407,
Daphne, AL 36526-7129
(205) 626-3920

Also available from Ned Humphreys
Bombardiers History Book at \$54.95
each (includes shipping & handling)

March 19, 1994

Southwest Region
2ADA Annual Dinner, Dallas, TX
Contact: David Nathanson
6417 Joyce Way
Dallas, TX 75225
(214) 361-7695

May 20-21, 1994

Mid-West Mini Reunion
Dayton, OH
Contact: Harold C. "Eck" Eckleberry
24 So. Twp. Rd. 15
Tiffin, OH 44883
(419) 447-9302

May 28-31, 1994

The 2ADA Annual Convention,
Kansas City, MO
Contact: Evelyn Cohen,
06-410 Delaire Landing Road,
Philadelphia, PA 19114

To attend, you must be a member or
associate member of the Second Air
Division Association.

Distribution Change

It has been the policy that only one newsletter be mailed to a household, rather than a newsletter to each member at the same address. Upon receipt of a written request, each member can now receive their own copy of the Heritage Herald.

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