



Heritage Herald



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Search for a father killed in war

Fifty years ago this past Veterans' Day, my 24-year-old father lost his life during World War II. I was 4 months old. All of my life I have been haunted by an emptiness.

I have imagined the impossible – to meet him just once. His death has been a mystery to me. But I have discovered more about it in the past four years.

My father, John Herbert Friedhaber, was a Second Lieutenant in the US Eighth Air Force, Second Air Division. Stationed at Old Buckenham, Norfolk, England, as a member of the 453rd Bomb Group, he participated in bombing missions over Germany.

I showed his Air Medal and Purple Heart to friends and tried to explain what I did not understand. The phrase "Killed In Action" was not clear.

Originally, he had been buried in Gelsenkirchen, Germany. At the family's request he was reinterred in this country. His mother Margaret and I visited his grave in Woodlawn National Cemetery, Elmira, NY, for the first time in 1970. She asked, "Do you really think he is here?"

Over the years I acquired some of his belongings: photos, letters, papers, flying logs, yearbooks, a 1937 diploma from East Aurora High School. He became more real.

After reading his pilot logs, I understood how my father loved airplanes. I feel a thrill when I hear the roar of an old warbird. I have always wanted to learn to fly. Eight years in the convent and a 17-year marriage distracted me. If "Jack" had lived, I would be flying and I would have had a better idea of "a man's world."

In 1991, pieces of the puzzle concerning my father's death began to fall into place. Through a network of veterans, I contacted Frank Stout, the right waist gunner of the bomber. Their last mission was to bomb a plastics factory in Bottrop, near Essen.

Stout sent me a list of crew members, an official accident report and photos of their B-24, the "Never Mrs."

Frank wrote: "Susan, we were hit by flak, number three engine, bomb bay and command deck, on fire, plus oxygen blow up.

"Our plane went into two flat spins. Your Dad pulled us out of the first. But in the second spin the airplane broke off at the bomb bay. (Thomas) Notcher (tail gunner) and I were in the tail section... and we crawled where the tail turret used to be and fell (parachuted) out of the opening.

"I met Henry Maxfield (navigator) on a flat-bed truck (Town of Gelsenkirchen) with Notcher and John Van-

derhoof (co-pilot). Maxfield told me what happened on the flight deck. Vanderhoof was unconscious so your Dad and Maxfield pushed him out the nose wheel hatch. Remainder of the crew were dead.

"Notcher and Vanderhoof went to a German hospital. Maxwell and myself went to a civil jail in the town...

"The German guards told us our pilot (Jack) was killed by farmers or town people and that they got to him too late."

Imagine my shock to discover that my father had survived the B-24's explosion only to lose his life at the hands of civilians. Do I hate the Germans? Of course not. I hate war. That we are both of German descent is the greatest irony of all.

Frank ended his letter with: "Your Dad was a great guy. Everyone loved him. You should be very proud to have a father like Jack. I'm so proud to have been a member of his crew."

My search for my father continued. At the Geneseo Warplane Museum's annual "Wings of Eagles" airshow, a friend spotted a book with the "Never Mrs." pictured on the back cover. The book, *B-24 Liberator, 1939-1945*, by Martin Bowman, includes a chapter called "Hotel Sweden" by Frank Thomas,

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Second Generation Researchers
Jim Marsteller (left) with Ben Jones,
English researcher
See story "Old Glory" on page 4.

Recording History

Savannah, GA students capture veterans' war stories on video.

First came the introduction by Alexandria Clifton, a seventh-grade student at Bartlett Middle School. She was poised and to the point.

"I am here to welcome Cass Cassidy, who fought in World War II. Thank you for coming to talk to us today. Mr. Cassidy will be interviewed by Brian Rosenzweig and Jason Hampton. Jeff Graham and Stephen Crawford will be operating the video camera. Faisal Johnson and Patrick Parkman, who will be interviewing our next veteran, are observing."

The first two interviewers, their hair neatly combed, their feet planted squarely on the floor, are also seventh graders at Bartlett. For 3½ weeks, their class, which is part of the school's Search Program/Talent Pool, has been going to the library to study World War II, talking to members of the 8th Air Force and meeting in groups to pool what they learned.

To personalize their research, the class decided to interview and videotape 15 veterans from the community. After the interviews, the groups developed a time line and drew maps of where their particular veteran fought.

Holding 3-by-5-inch cards containing their questions, the first pair of students sat eager to start the 30-minute interview. To cut down on noise from ringing school bells and public announcements, the interviews were conducted off campus.

From the initial questions, the students learned Cassidy was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force who enlisted September 1941, four months before Pearl Harbor. He thought he would get his one-year hitch in the military over, he said later, "but you know what happened December 7, 1941. The rest is history."

Cassidy, who was reared in Oklahoma and had a football scholarship to the University of Oklahoma, stayed in the service until 1965. As an aircraft commander, he flew 62 missions. After the war, he served on bases in many states. Cassidy was transferred to Hunter Army Air Field in 1962, where he was a squadron commander.

Following is a sampling of the questions and answers asked by Rosenzweig and Hampton:

"Did you fly on D-Day?"

"Twice, in the morning and afternoon. It was a devastating day, a nasty day. There was mass confusion. There were many ships in the harbor off-loading that you weren't supposed to fly over, but you had to and they would shoot at you. It was a miserable day. A whole lot of people got killed."

"Were you scared?"

"Each time you went up you were scared. The only mission you weren't scared was the first one because you didn't know any better."

"Were there many casualties?"

"Far too many."

"Was the war very emotional for you?"

"It was a job we had to do at the time. You tried not to get emotional."

"Did you feel like quitting?"

"Yes, after mission No. 1. It got harder and harder to pull the throttle. It worked on you."

"Did you think of your family in the States?"

"No, we didn't dwell on that. We had a job we had to do."

"Do you still keep in contact with your crew?"

"Yes, I do. They are scattered all over the country, in Wisconsin, Florida and California. My bombardier lives in Savannah. We went through the entire war together. You may find it hard to believe, but the whole crew is still alive. We are well and kicking. We were lucky. We got lots of holes but no injuries."

"Was your plane hit?"

"Many times. These little black things called flak kept popping up all around us. We flew very few missions without coming back with holes."

"Did you ever think about your enemies with their families?"

"As little as possible. You probably won't understand, but we had a job to do. I can't help but think there must be a better way. I can't help but ask, why are we still having wars?"

"Did you and your comrades get cranky with each other?"

"No, we really didn't talk in the aircraft. We couldn't because we had to hear what was coming over the radio."

"Did you get psyched before a mission?"

"Most of us prayed a lot. A chaplain was always available. The more missions we flew the harder it got. You can see, there must be a better way to solve problems."

"Any thoughts about World War II?"

"Destroy and kill was our primary purpose. I wish we could have avoided it but that's what we were supposed to be doing at that point of time in our lives. Maybe you guys can come up with a way to settle problems without killing."

"It really surprised me you want to talk about this. Even adults don't want to. I hope you never know how to talk about war."

Then Alexandra returned before the video cameras, read a proclamation thanking Cassidy for participating, gave him a book "Song and Service Book for Ship and Field" from World War II, shook his hand and asked him to sign "Major Battles of World War II," a book from the Bartlett school library.

After the interview, Cassidy said he was impressed with the process.

"They talked better, asked more interesting questions and paid more attention than most adults," he said.

"Really and truly, it seems like so many people are not familiar with what goes on in the trenches and in combat and are not interested in talking to people who were there."

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Survivors of ill-fated raid

Steady drizzle and the cloud base at little more than 500 feet meant that the small group of wartime USAF veterans found themselves grounded.

An aerial view of Tibenham on Saturday would have been probably the last for this group of ageing heroes, men in their seventies returning to commemorate a special day in their lives.

Survivors of the costly Kassel mission over Germany, they were back at their old base to mark its 50th anniversary and to talk about the old days.

They were able to pour over albums and cuttings and debate what went wrong on that fateful day in September 1944.

Thirty-five B-24 Liberator bombers flew from the Norfolk base with an enemy aircraft works as their target. Unhappily it was to prove one of the costliest missions of the war.

They lost direction, got separated from a fighter escort and found themselves a target for 150 German fighter planes.

In just a few minutes, 25 of the 445th's planes were shot down, others crashed in France, two more made it back to Kent and one crash-landed at Tibenham. Just four made it back safely.

Of the 370 men who set out, about 60 made it back to Tibenham.

Seventy-one-year old Larry Bowers from Atlanta, GA, was an assistant engineer/gunner on his nineteenth mission.

He remembered how the sky dramatically lit up as the German fighters struck with 30mm and 20mm cannon.

"Of my crew the radio operator's leg was blown off and the top turret gunner was hit in the head," he said.

Bowers was hit in the leg but managed to parachute to safety, capture and a POW camp.

"It was missing the target that caused the problems," he recalled on Saturday.

Ten of the survivors and their wives were guests of the Norfolk Gliding Club when the party completed the second part of their mission of memories at the weekend.

Just a few days before they had revisited Kassel. The rededication of a special memorial, erected four years ago, was an emotional experience, said former pilot Reg Miner, now aged 73 and living in Branchport, NY.



German war veterans, politicians and families joined the Americans at a civic banquet. Mementoes were exchanged.

"There is a lot of camaraderie. There is great friendship," said Reg. "We felt right from the start there was no enmity."

In Norfolk on Saturday the American visitors were joined by villagers and members of the Gliding Club at Tibenham Church. The special anniversary memorial service was taken by the Rev. Selwyn Swift, who is also a gliding club member.

Then, after coffee and cookies and a chat with the locals, the party headed for the old airfield.

If the flying was off, nostalgia certainly was not.

*from the October 7, 1994 Diss Mercury.
Author & photographer not named.*

Recording History...

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Despite the fact that World War II was a popular war, few people have wanted to talk about it, Cassidy said.

"They want to know where you were, but then you know in a heart-beat you have to change the subject. It's real sad. Most people want to forget how grisly it was, that it was the most devastating thing in the world. Really, the only people you can communicate with are the ones who were there.

Before the interview, Cassidy said he was skeptical that anyone would be interested in what he had to say.

"I'll be honest, when they asked me to come and talk, my daughter, a teacher

at Richmond Hill, said, 'Daddy, you had better reconsider. It's been 29 years and you might be kind of out of touch.' I listened frankly to her, but I was so happy over there that day. I haven't talked that much since the war was over. Not at one time. To me, it seemed as if the students were very attentive. I'd feel proud if I contributed anything to them."

*by Jane Fishman, Features Writer
Savannah News-Press, Nov. 6, 1994*

Editor's Note: Before the students began their interviews, the 8AF Heritage Center staff and several local veterans gave a short program. We had aircraft models and artifacts and photos which were explained as the veterans told of their various experiences. This and class-room preparation helped the students prepare the interviews.

A video/audio interview through a school would be an excellent project for a Heritage League member with school-age children. Anyone interested?

President's Message

On behalf of the Heritage League Executive Committee, I bring you greetings; we hope that 1995 will be a good year for each of you and your families, as well as for the Heritage League.

Each of you should have received a renewal notice by February 1st. You will note that the notice has listed a second option for making contributions, in addition to your dues. We are pleased to add The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center as a facility which needs the League's monetary support. Your Executive Committee strongly recommends your considering making a donation to the Center in the form of a memorial or honorarium gift in memory of a deceased Second Air Division member or in honor of a living Second Air Division veteran.

This request is in keeping with the League's goal of pursuing the establishment of a facility wherein tribute could be paid to the Second Air Division within the United States, similar to the "living memorial" created in the former Norwich Central Library. In The Mighty Eighth Heritage Center, we have found such a facility. Upon its completion in the spring of 1996, The Center will offer the American public a facility they can readily visit and learn what tenure in, not only Second Air Division, but the entire Eighth Air Force, really represented in the scope of world history and peace. Such visits

will enable Americans of all ages to gain respect for our beloved Second Air Division veterans and their deceased comrades.

So proudly 2ADA Heritage League hails The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center! We look forward with great pride and anticipation to The Center facilitating a means for Americans to gain personal knowledge of the WWII era and the contributions made by Second Air Division during that time.

Pay tribute to these Second Air Division veterans by contributing to the Heritage Center through the 2ADA Heritage League; each and every memorial or honorarium will be recognized on behalf of the person you choose to pay homage...just think of the well deserved love and respect your contribution will reveal. Please make plans to join the League and the Second Air Division Association at the 2ADA's 48th Annual Convention to be held in Lexington, KY July 3-6, 1995. The reservation form is included in this issue. We look forward to having you and your children with us. It is not often that these conventions take place during the summer months when more League members can attend; so please participate!

by Billy Sheely Johnson,
2ADA Heritage League President

Caron Veynar to attend 2ADA celebration in Norwich

Caron Veynar, your Membership V-P, will be attending the 50th Anniversary celebration of V-E Day in Norwich, England on May 6th with her mother, Hathy Veynar, who served 2 years with 2AD Headquarters of the 8th AF as a member of the WACs. While there, she will also be attending the Memorial Service in honor of our Fallen Comrades at The American Cemetery in Cambridge.

Reviving the tale of "Old Glory"

A fire raged in the rear of "Old Glory," a B-24 bomber piloted by Wisconsin native Dallas O. Books, and the fuselage of the plane was full of flak holes from German ground gunners.

When a squadron of German fighter planes pierced the horizon near Freidrichshaven in southwest Germany, young crew members on the riddled Liberator bomber feared their mission of March 18, 1944 would be their last.

Already, three crew members were dead. Two gunners were shot and another man burned to death at his post.

"Hold on a minute - we'll be all right," Books reportedly radioed to a neighboring plane that saw the flames shooting out of "Old Glory."

But they were far from all right.

Books' plane exploded and crashed in flames near Lake Constance, a vast body of water near the joint borders of Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Books and those who weren't burned beyond recognition were buried in a German cemetery. His body was returned to the US in 1952, to his hometown of Eau Claire, WI.

For decades the story of Books' last flight remained untold, known only to the German farmers who saw the plane crash into a woods and start a creek ablaze with burning fuel.

Everett "Jim" Marsteller, a farm implement dealer and cattle rancher from Pennsylvania, has made researching the history of Books' crew his life's work. Marsteller has spent the past seven years and thousands of dollars to revive the

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which recounts the history of the "Never Mrs."

He describes the event that had left such an impact on my life: "Never Mrs." on November 11, 1944...exploded over the Ruhr Valley on her 70th mission...She was carrying a new crew on their first mission and there were only four survivors..."

It was, in fact, Jack's third or fourth mission. He wrote to Marge two days before he was killed: Nov. 9, 1944: "Now that I'm qualified to tell you what Germany looks like from the air, I can't tell you. Anyway we had a time of it. My desire to get back is powerfully strong. I expect I'll get shot at most of the winter. Brrr it's cold."

This past summer, I learned more of my father when his sister and I visited Old Buckenham, where he had been based. The airfield is silent, the cement overgrown with weeds. But I imagined ragged warbirds landing by instrument in the fog.

In a way, I am a casualty of war and there are millions like me. "Friedhaber," my father's name and mine, means "peacekeeper" and I feel moved to commit my life to peace.

I recall a letter from my mother, telling of his gentleness with me: "He sings to her and carries her around as though she were a soft-boiled egg without the shell." And Jack had written that "Susan...always had a smile for me."

I no longer feel fear or self-pity. I agree with Anne Frank, who said (in her diary): "In spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart."

by Susan Friedhaber-Hard,
from the November 13, 1994
Buffalo (NY) News

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"Old Glory" from page 4

legend of "Old Glory," a plane that carried his uncle and namesake — Sgt. Everett Morris — to his death in 1944.

It's a search, Marsteller said, that is driven by a passion for history and a deep respect for soldiers who gave their lives in defense of American freedom.

The lone survivor of "Old Glory," Chet Strickler, now 80 and living in California, was blasted out of the plane and shot once he hit the ground.

Strickler once wrote that you had to be tough and "on the ball" if you wanted to be on Books' crew.

Another pilot who flew with Books told Marsteller that Books "was a damn good man and a damn good pilot."

But one person who doesn't remember Dallas Books is his son, Robert Dallas Books, now 52. "Bob" as he is called, never knew his father and only remem-

bers the funeral ceremony held when Books' body was brought back to Eau Claire in 1952.

Marsteller, who has researched thousands of pages of government documents on Books' last mission, is eager to talk to Bob Books. His long term goal is to either write a book about the eight missions of the Books crew or to arrange a reunion of the crew members' descendants.

Marsteller's greatest triumph came in March of 1993, when Marsteller, his wife Karen, and Ben Jones, an English crash site researcher, traveled to southwest Germany to find the crash site of "Old Glory." The researchers not only found the site but also brought home wreckage of the plane. They also found two eye witness accounts of Books' plane crash.

The Marstellers are putting together a one-hour slide presentation about this research trip.



Bob Books is held by his father Dallas. Shortly after Dallas left for England. Flying with the 392nd BG, he was KIA 18 March 1944

from a story by Thomas B. Pfankuch, Leader-Telegram staff

'Whitey' Puro

Madison Indiana resident designed airborne toilet

At least one Madison resident got a big kick out of the attention paid to the "\$2 million toilets" on the space shuttle *Endeavor*.

T.E. "Whitey" Puro, 1836 Clifty Drive, recalls wryly that he was himself the designer of a controversial airborne toilet.

It seems that in the years before World War II, as a recent college graduate, Puro was employed by Glenn L. Martin and Co., a well-respected manufacturer of airplanes in Middle River, Md. The firm had been commissioned by the United States government to design and build the B-26 bomber.

Puro, who had studied math and science in college, was hired as an engineer, but like other rookies he started out at Glenn L. Martin by working one year in the shop. He was given a list of hand tools to bring with him when he reported for the first day. He spent the year learning to build aircraft under the watchful eye of experienced airplane builders.

After that he spent seven weeks at the Glenn L. Martin School in Baltimore. Finally he was given an entry level engineering job in which he traced faded drawings onto cloth. The next career step was "detailing," that is, making working drawings of small parts, considered a lowly job.

The year was approximately 1939. Glenn L. Martin was building the B-26 bomber, but Puro expected to have only a very small role in its design. His role turned out to be somewhat different than he expected.

One day when he went to ask his supervisor for more "detailing" projects, he was told gruffly there was nothing for him to do. Puro went back to his drawing table, convinced he had done something terrible to warrant such treatment. When he returned to the supervisor to ask what he had done, the experienced engineer told him the real trouble was not with Puro, but with his own assignment.

The lofty engineer had been assigned to design a toilet for the B-26 and he felt it was beneath his dignity.

The man ended up resigning over the matter and Puro was asked to finish the toilet design. It was his first big break into designing.

"Today it is high class news that we're building expensive toilets for the space shuttle!" laughs Puro. In 1939, it was an innovation just to have an on-board facility.

Puro continued working at Glenn L. Martin and Co. for two or three years, during the frantic years of equipping the Allies for World War II. Work was so intense that the young engineers were asked to take night classes and listen to engineering lectures during their lunch hour, just to keep up with wartime demand for aerospace engineering. "It was a period of the greatest patriotism in this country," comments Puro.

He left the company over a wage dispute — he thought he was worth \$1 an hour and the company didn't.

He continued working for the war effort, however, at Triumph Explosives. After the war he worked for the U.S. government at Edgewood Arsenal, making and testing flame throwers, smoke generators and artillery shells. At one time he headed the Grenade and Rocket Section. "Does that make me a rocket scientist?" he asks jokingly.

His experience has provided an interesting perspective on the advances — and occasional retreats — in the aerospace and munitions fields. He says he has some wild tales to tell about the early days of designing and testing America's wartime weapons, but he needs to make a project of it.

Meanwhile he can chuckle about his quick rise to the top of his field — designing the airborne outhouse.

*By Laura Hodges, Courier Staff Writer
Reprinted from The Madison (IN) Courier
Laura Hodges is a Heritage League member.*

The following article, taken from *The Marauder Thunder*, the newsletter of the B-26 Marauder Historical Society, is written by Dr. Stanley Akers, of The University of Akron. I thought the membership would be interested to find out what other organizations were doing to preserve their heritage. *MBB, Editor*

Why an Archive?

I'm often asked two questions since The University of Akron acquired the Marauder Historical Society Archives: "What's the difference between an archive and a museum?" and "Why do you want this stuff so badly?" The answer to the first question is largely contained in the second one, so let me first of all explain why I am so interested in what your materials have to say about the most exciting period in the 20th Century.

In 1943 my father was a Staff Sergeant stationed at Keesler Field in Biloxi, MS, working in the Inspector General's Office. He was in his thirties, unmarried, and from Akron. Providentially, my grandfather had arranged for a credit account for my father at the Whitehouse Hotel's bar and restaurant and one night he met a hotel guest, the woman who would become my mother. She was also in her thirties, a nurse who had come to Biloxi to care for an officer's wife. She was from St. Paul, MN. The odds on these two people meeting were astronomical, but they did meet and married after a short courtship. They married in a period of tremendous uncertainty, and it was probably not a decision that most people would have argued for, but they did the same thing that thousands of people did during the War, and cast caution to the winds. I was born in October of 1944, and spent my first year in a trailer at Kingman, AZ. My mother died in 1977 and my father in 1988. They were happily married all those years.

As I grew up certain places were part of the family history, such as the Whitehouse, Biloxi, New Orleans, Kingman, and Santa Barbara. In 1970 I was a young and rather callow junior administrator at The University of Akron, unmarried, and with youth and money to burn. My mother began to speak wistfully of New Orleans, and I suggested that maybe she and I could drive down there. We stayed at the Monteleone Hotel in the French Quarter, and she told me that she and my father had stayed there once and I had probably been conceived there. We ate at Broussard's which was apparently one of their favorite places. We spent two days there and it was becoming clear to me that she was being transported back over the years.

When we left New Orleans, I suggested that it might be interesting to go to Biloxi. We did, and I was pleased to see that the Whitehouse was still there. She was pleased to see that the old pier was still there, and she told me how she and Dad had decided to marry while swimming one night from the pier. I suppose there comes a moment in everybody's life when you realize that your parents were once your age, and I could imagine the romance of that night.

Over the years, I've come to realize some things about the generation that fought World War II and the war itself. For one thing, there has probably never been an event in world history to compare to World War II. The changes that it produced were major and remarkable, and the whole world situation was reshuffled in a few short years. Another thing I've come to understand is that there has never been a generation like the one that fought the War. This is a group

of people that went through the Depression, fought World War II, faced the Cold War, lived under the threat of nuclear war for 40 years, and transformed the United States. They lived through remarkable times, and they became remarkable people as a result.

That's one reason that we need to study the events of World War II. But, there's a lot more to the study of history than names, places, and dates. There's the question of why things happened. Even more basic is the human element in history, and that's where I've put my academic emphasis. I feel that one of the real challenges facing academics today is to explain to future generations not only what happened, but why things happened.

Every veteran of World War II I have ever known has been a person who has seen much and was shaped by the experience. This applies not only to the actual veteran, but to everybody that lived through the War. The United States would not be the nation it is today if it were not for World War II and the experience.

Now, if we just wanted to memorialize your efforts, we could do it in many different ways. However, memorials tend to be forgotten, or at least the significance of them does. One problem is that memorials do not tell us about the people involved. A memorial to a particular unit, or to a particular commanding officer, does not speak of the people involved. A museum doesn't really do much for understanding the question either. Museums contain the artifacts of an event. If we were a museum we would collect what was left over from your World War II experience, and because we can only deal with what survived, it wouldn't be everything.

An archive can assist people in telling the story. The fact is that nothing about a topic is insignificant. Every scrap of paper that you generated during World War II has a value to the future scholar trying to understand your generation.

The MHS Archive is not really a military archive. I prefer to think of it as an amazing collection of social and cultural information dealing with a specific group of people. While there's much to learn here about the air war, about the Marauder, about the War itself, the real value is learning about the people involved. We are not a Marauder museum, but we are the repository of the records of your lives in that critical moment.

As I have studied World War II, I am forever grateful that you fought it and that you won it. As the Chaplain of the Ninth Air Force Association said: "All gave some; some gave all." What you gave, and why you gave it, is the story told in the MHS Archive. In the next hundred years, this will mean more than a museum display. Our task at the University is to make sure that future generations can learn about your generation. They will want to, I assure you, and your history will be preserved and organized for them to use. It's about as close to immortality that any of us is apt to come.

by Dr. Stanley Akers

WWII orphans mark Veterans Day

Brought together by loss

She was only 4, but Ann Mix will never forget the morning her father came into her bedroom before dawn to say good-bye and go off to war.

"He came in while my brother and I were sleeping," Mix said. "He was crying. He told my brother to watch out for me and my mom, and he told me to be good."

"He didn't want to go. He had a feeling he was going to get killed."

And he was.

Mary Slowey vividly recalls the day the telegram arrived saying her father was missing in action. She was 9.

"I remember sitting on the hillside with my mother," Slowey said. "She was crying. It was just a real sad thing."

During World War II, such sorrowful scenes were repeated in tens of thousands of households across America.

Families were shattered. Some were uprooted. The lives of those left behind were changed forever.

They are reaching middle age now, these children who lost their childhood. The sadness haunted them growing up. It haunts them still.

After all these years, Mix, Slowey and hundreds of others have found camaraderie has filled the aching void in their hearts. American World War II Orphans Network, an organization founded by Mix in 1991, has brought together middle-aged Americans who share the common bond of losing a father in the war.

The group, which numbers about 800, held its biggest gathering recently in Washington, DC. The event included a Veterans Day memorial service at the Washington National Cathedral.

"It's just like we came out of a dream 50 years later," said Mix, 53, from her home in Bellingham, WA. "It's the strangest thing. We all say, 'Why didn't we do this earlier?'"

"I think a lot of it is we're getting to be middle aged and we're starting to reflect on a lot of things. We feel we have the courage to ask now."

Mix said she has discovered the families of soldiers who were killed often buried their memories along with the men. Their names rarely came up in conversation. Photographs were put away or tossed in the trash. It was simply too painful for the adults.

But the children - some of whom weren't born when their fathers went to war - were left in a torturous limbo with many questions, few answers and no one to talk to.

"There were so many things that made this experience so much more painful for all of us, and part of it was that it wasn't discussed," said Mix. "I experienced a lot of that myself. My mother didn't like talking about things. She even burned all the letters my dad wrote."

Mary Slowey of Suffolk (VA) experienced the same thing after her father, Edward C. Swaggerty, was killed.

"It was the silence that really bothered me," said Slowey, 58 the eldest of four children. "We never talked about him. It was like he never existed."

A few years ago, Slowey, a nuclear medicine technologist at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Hampton, decided to trace her father's past. Her path led to a reunion of her father's Army company.

"Those guys put a personality on my dad," she said.

Slowey, whose father was killed when the barge he was riding hit an underwater mine in the Philippines, has placed a memorial marker for her dad in Arlington National Cemetery.

"It's great to get together with all those people," she said. "We're all trying to keep the memories of our fathers alive and, in doing that, it's a healing process for us."

For information about American World War II Orphans Network, call Ann Mix, 206-733-1678.

*by Bill Lohmann,
Times-Dispatch Staff Writer
(Richmond, VA)*

Wartime Cake

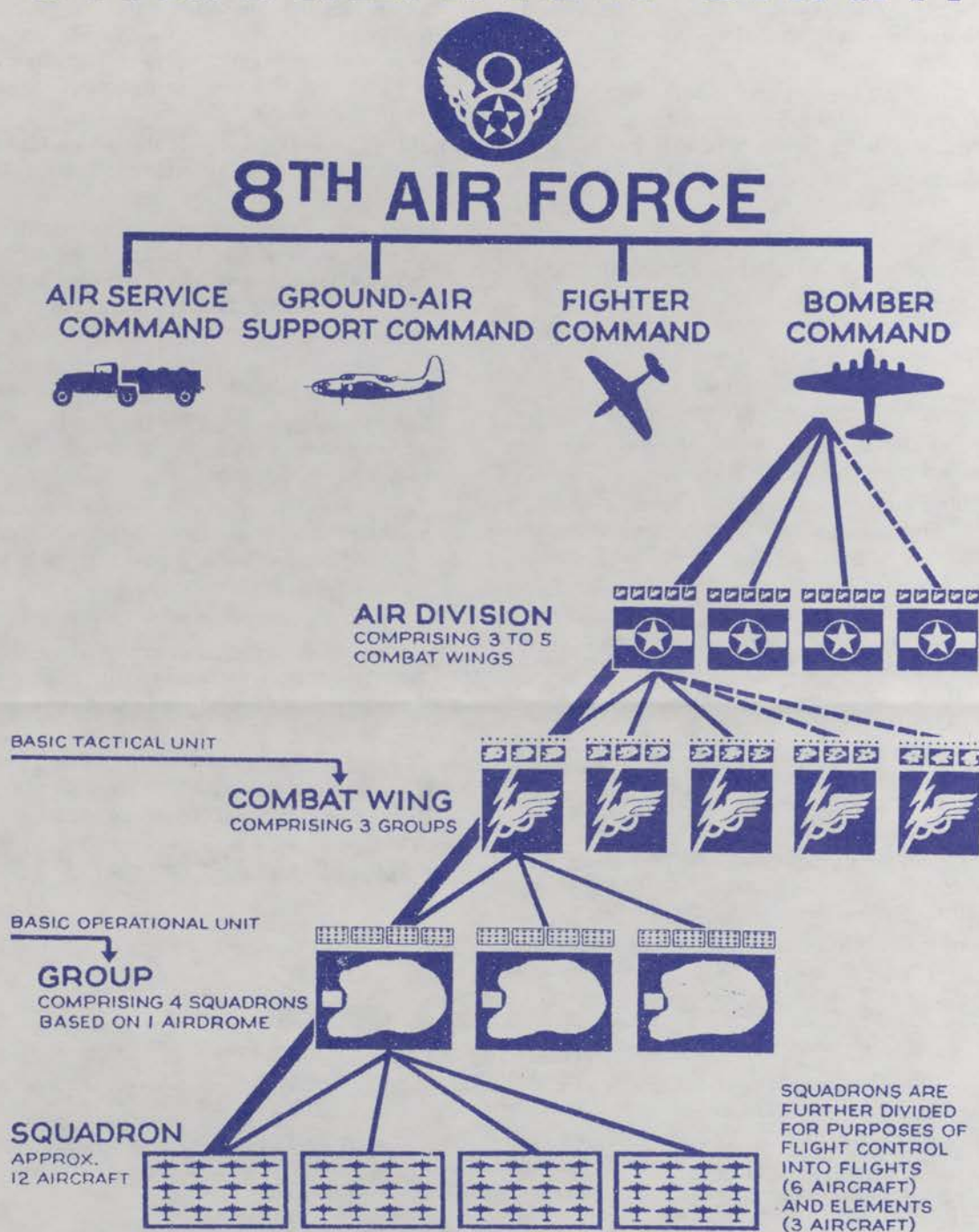
This eggless, milkless, butterless cake helped cooks cope with rationing. The Wartime Cake recipe originally comes from a Betty Crocker booklet called "Your Share."

- 1 cup dark brown sugar
- 1 1/4 cups plus 2 teaspoons water
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 cups raisins
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 2 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

In saucepan, mix sugar, 1 1/4 cups water, shortening, raisins, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves. Boil three minutes. Cool. Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Dissolve salt and soda in 2 teaspoons water. Add to mixture. Blend in flour mixed with baking powder. Pour into greased and floured 8-inch-square pan. Bake 50 minutes.

Frost with your favorite flavor icing or eat plain.

ORGANIZATION CHART



from TARGET GERMANY

Hero Over There

It's nice to be remembered.

At least Joseph F. Bradley thinks so. He recently found it thrilling to be remembered and lauded as a hero - for something he did 50 years ago.

To the jovial but humble World War II veteran, now 72, all he succeeded in doing on 21 September 1944, was to survive. He narrowly escaped his broken and falling B-24, and parachuted to safety over Belgium.

But, on his recent return trip to that small European nation, the people there made a big deal out of his war history. Bradley admitted that he liked it.

"You go back to Belgium after 50 years, and they still remember what the Americans did for them," by liberating Belgium from Nazi Germany's occupation, Bradley said recently in an interview.

He desperately wants post-WWII generations in America, especially those who think of the war as only history, to appreciate the freedoms they enjoy in part because young friends of his died in combat.

"If we forget these fellows from World War II, then we don't deserve the freedoms we have as Americans," his wife, Peggy, said.

Bradley, contemplating the 50th anniversary of the mid-air collision that almost killed him, said he realizes that he is a typical war survivor.

The "Naughty Nan" carried a crew of nine men when it flew out of the Norfolk area of England that day on a mission to bomb a railroad junction near the Rhine River in Germany. Bradley was the radio operator and the crew was flying its tenth mission with the Eighth Air Force, Second Air Division, 93rd Bomb Group, stationed at Hardwick.

"We were going through cloud formations. Nobody knows what happened," Bradley said. "Our nose hit their tail."

The entire crew of the other plane and five men on Bradley's plane died, including all those manning the guns in the middle and rear portions of the "Naughty Nan," he said.

Upon touching down on foreign soil with his parachute in 1944, the injured Bradley and three of his surviving crew mates were pleasantly surprised to find caring, hospitable strangers ready to help them in a small farming village outside of Brussels.

Bradley and two of the other airmen were even more surprised last month when they returned to the scene of the fatal collision and discovered the residents of Ingelmunster village still remembered the American fliers.

Not only that, the villagers celebrated them. When Bradley, his old Air Force buddies and their families landed September 19, 1994, in Belgium's capital, the Ingelmunster Historical Society greeted them.

"About 30 people were there at the airport, with a sign that said, 'Welcome to Ingelmunster,'" Bradley said.

During Bradley's visit to Belgium, the people of Ingelmunster took the 16 Americans wherever they wanted to go. One of the stops was to visit the doctor who cared for the injured airmen after the crash.

"Dr. DeLeersnyder is 85 years old, and he's still practicing," Bradley said.

"They gave us a parade, in little Ingelmunster," Mrs. Bradley said.

A memorial service followed, and the town burgermeister, or mayor, presented Bradley with a plaque inscribed with the names of the 13 men who died in the September 21, 1944 collision of two 93rd BG B-24s over Ingelmunster.

Bradley said he hopes to donate the plaque to the Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, scheduled to open in 1996 in Savannah, GA.

Those visiting Ingelmunster included: Co-pilot Stan Mikolajczyk, his wife Dotty, their daughter Marie and son Michael; Engineer/gunner C.D. Johnson and his wife Simone; Libby Johnson, widow of Pilot E.E. Johnson; and Joe and Peg Bradley.

by Bob Mura, Press Lakewood Bureau



L-R Stan Mikolajczyk, Dr. P. DeLeersnyder, Libby Johnson, C.D. Johnson, Joe Bradley

Second Air Division Association

48th Annual Convention, July 3-6, 1995

MARRIOTT GRIFFIN GATE RESORT, 1800 NEWTOWN PIKE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY 40511
(606) 231-5100

• *Schedule of Events* •

SUNDAY, JULY 2
Registration & Early Bird Party

MONDAY, JULY 3
Registration
Golf Tournament
Cocktail Party & Buffet Dinner
Awards Ceremony

TUESDAY, JULY 4
Buffet Breakfast
Special Tours
Cocktail Party
Group Dinners



WEDNESDAY, JULY 5
Buffet Breakfast
Business Meeting
Cocktail Party
Dinner & Dance

THURSDAY, JULY 6
Buffet Breakfast & Departure

THE COSTS LISTED BELOW ARE FOR THE ENTIRE PACKAGE (7/3-7/6) LISTED ABOVE, INCLUDING HOTEL ROOM FOR THREE NIGHTS (7/3, 7/4, 7/5). FOR SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS, WRITE TO EVELYN COHEN FOR INFORMATION.

• *Costs Per Person* •

Single Occupancy.....	\$450.00
Double Occupancy.....	\$335.00 each
Triple Occupancy.....	\$295.00 each

Deposit with Reservations — \$50.00 Per Person — Full Payment by May 1st, 1995.

Cancellation Policy: 60 days prior to convention — \$15.00 charge per person
30 days prior to convention — \$25.00 charge per person
All cancellations 30 days prior to convention will be subject to the \$25.00 charge — full refund (less \$25.00) at the discretion of the convention committee (if funds are available).

• *Important Notes* •

Extra Nights: \$70.00 per room + 11.3% tax. This charge and all charges for incidentals must be paid directly to the hotel upon checkout.

Non-Smoking Rooms: 200.

Handicapped Rooms: 8.

Parking: Free on Grounds.

Campgrounds: Use the registration form on the back cover.

Room Availability: We have 400 rooms at the Marriott and 50+ available at the Holiday Inn just down the road with shuttle service available.

Reservation Cut Off Date: For guaranteed rooms all reservations must be in by May 1st. After that date, only if rooms are available.

Groups: Your Group VP would appreciate hearing from you if you plan to attend.

Airport Limo Service: Complimentary from the Marriott — pick up special airport phone.

PLEASE USE THE CONVENTION RESERVATION FORM ON THE BACK COVER AND MAIL TO EVELYN COHEN WITH YOUR DEPOSIT.

48th Annual Convention Reservation Form

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Group for Group Dinner Seating _____ Group for Banquet Seating: _____

Sgl. _____ Dbl. _____ Trip. _____ Will Share _____ Arrive _____ Depart _____ 1st Convention? _____

Deposit _____ Paid In Full _____ Nicknames: _____

If triple reservation, list additional name here: _____

DO NOT CALL HOTEL FOR RESERVATIONS, CHANGES, CANCELLATIONS, ETC. ALL OF THESE SHOULD BE SENT TO:

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

Heritage League Membership Application

I wish to become a member of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) and to support its purposes. I certify that I am eligible for membership under one of the categories indicated.

Name _____ Spouse _____

Street Address _____ Home Tel. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Work Tel. _____

2ADA Member (Sponsor) _____ Unit No. _____ Relationship _____

Membership Category (please check) ☐ Regular ☐ Associate ☐ New ☐ Renewal

Annual Dues: Regular \$6.00, Associate \$4.00 Signature _____

Send Remittance To: Heritage League of the 2AD, Caron D. Veynar, 4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, VA 22003

Regular Members: Spouses, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren of former personnel, military and civilian, American and British, who, at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during WWII and any person who served with any bomb group or any other unit of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF, either assigned or attached. These shall be voting members.

Associate Members: Friends or associates of regular members who by their demonstrated interest in the League and who make literary, artistic, historical or other valuable contributions to the 2nd Air Division Association, The Heritage League of the 2nd Air Division (USAAF) and/or The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division. These shall be non-voting members.

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About 16 million Americans served in the Armed Forces during World War II. Nearly 300,000 lost their lives before the time of victory in 1945.

☆ Can someone in your family tell you firsthand about World War II?

☆ Maybe your family's WWII expert was in the Armed Forces.

☆ Maybe your family's expert served on the home front.

☆ Save your memories in a family album or on a video or audio tape. You will treasure them forever.

Information from "The Mini Page"

To the membership: I am looking for someone to help and/or take over the *Heritage Herald* as Editor. If anyone is interested, please contact me at the above address.

Mary Beth Barnard, Editor

Caron D. Veynar
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