

Heritage Herald

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VE Day +50 Years In Norwich

Photo by Jacqueline Wyatt via Phyllis DuBois

VE Day With My Father

I have walked in my Father's footsteps,
I have seen what he has seen;
I have felt his spirit within my heart,
I have sensed all of his dreams.

I was with him at the age of twentyone,
As he soared into the blue;
I rode his bike to the World Inn pub,
To have a beer or two.

I was in the church and prayed with him,
And his loneliness was mine;
His fears and hopes, I know too well,
With his love not far behind.

I slept in his cot at twilight,
And awoke with him at dawn;
I was with him in the Mighty 8th,
As the 389th pressed on.

For these are my Father's footsteps,
On a path he's shared with me;
Thank you Dad for all you gave,
In the name of Liberty.

Steve Pease



Chuck Walker, Past 2ADA President and 445th Vice President, with his "special" kneelers at Tibenham

S. Horlock Photo

Impresssions of Norwich and the 50th Anniversary Commemoration of VE Day

Dear Dad,

As we made our way to England on Thursday, May 4, 1995, I was wondering what great things would happen having never been overseas before. I was thinking about London; the London Tower, Westminster Abbey and the sights that I have heard about for so many years. Little did I know that what would happen would be a wonderful experience renewing my faith in my Country and my love and respect for you.

The City of Norwich was beautiful with its rich history, kind citizens and love for the 2nd Air Division. I didn't realize how much these people care about you and your fellow airmen and the contributions that all of you made to keep liberty and freedom alive in their country and ours. On Parade Day, I felt that I was taken back in time and I saw the young man in you as you passed by carrying the flag of the Mighty 8th. That short march made me proud. Proud that I was an American and proud that I was your son. At the cathedral, I saw you sitting there with an English soldier as the band played the fanfare of the 2nd Air Division. At that moment, the emotions of the day swelled inside me and I realized how much we all owe you and the men and women of the 2nd AD and the RAF.

The second day, as we journeyed to Hethel, I had forgotten about the sights of London and was consumed with a desire to learn more about what you did and where you went during the War. When we held the service in the abandoned church where you attended mass as a lad of twenty, I could visualize young men praying with the hope of finalizing their missions and returning home safely. I felt the aura of conviction, faith and hope that was still there from fifty years ago. As I walked the runway of the 389th and looked back at the tower, I sensed the CO pacing of the second floor balcony hoping that all of their ships would return. Suddenly, I could imagine the pain that they must have felt when a crew was lost and I knew, at that moment, that all of you had an immense responsibility at such a young age. As I walked further, the mission you wrote about came to life. The cold morning, the pre-flight briefing, the enemy fighters, the loss of your lead ships and the long ride home.

It was all there in my head. I walked the same streets that you walked as a young man. I drank a beer in the same pub as you did. I saw you Dad. I saw you riding your bike as you faded in to distance.

I guess the emotions hit a peak when we visited Madingley Cemetery. As I looked over the hills and valleys of so many burial sites, I could only feel the sadness. The sadness of so many young men and women laying there so far from home and of all the families who miss them and will probably never get a chance to visit their last resting place. I listened to George Lymburn and cried as he told his story of life, love and liberty. I saw the names of all the brave soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. I finally saw you Dad and I knew the reason that you and so many others fought so gallantly.

You gave me and my family a great gift. It is a gift that I will always hold close to my heart. A gift that my son will hold close to his and his children as well. I promise you that my children and grandchildren will know what you did for us and that your memory will never fade from their minds. You and the men and women of the 2nd Air Division will live in the memories of my family for years to come.

Thank you for what you did Dad and thank you for sharing the opportunity with me. And most importantly, thank you for being my Dad.

Love, Steve

Stephen H. Pease

50th V-E Day Celebration

I was privileged to attend the celebration with other members of the Heritage League. Visited Ketteringham Hall where my mother was stationed and visited the church where she played the organ for church services and where HQ SQDN had raised funds to repair the very old organ and planted some trees.

We then proceeded to Hethel and celebrated with the 389th Bomb Group. We attended church services in the original chapel they used during their stay there. The original painting of Christ was still on the pulpit even though vines and trees were growing through the broken windows and the wind was blowing.

The Heritage League was well represented with the Pease family having the distinction of having the largest attendance with eleven members. Six of which are Heritage League members.

Wish all of you could have attended.

Caron D. Veynar

Below:

Three Heritage League members in Norwich: Stephen Pease, Steve Pease and Caron Veynar



The following are a few of my thoughts from our recent trip to England -

Recently, I had the "Golden" Opportunity of being present at the 50th Anniversary of VE Day in Norwich. I am so glad to have been a party to the remembrance as a participant with the 2ADA.

What impressed me the most were the people of Norwich, and their sincere appreciation for what our Country had done for them. They have not forgotten, having lived through such perilous times. More importantly, they have shared with their younger generations, the appreciation of the great sacrifices that were made.

One day, while shopping, the young woman who was taking care of my purchase, noticed our red ribbons. I was with my mom and dad. After completing the purchase, she went over to dad, who was seated and patiently waiting, she had tears in her eyes, took his hand and shaking it, thanked him sincerely for what he and America had done to save her country.

Another time we were in a local restaurant, an older woman and her party had completed dinner and were preparing to leave, again, our red ribbons were noticed. She came over to our table and had to thank America for helping to save her country.

She mentioned, as a young woman, being married only one month, when her new husband was lost, missing in action, never to be found and never having had the chance to see their wedding picture.

She remembered her mother telling her, when the American planes were flying out in the early dawn, "Go outside, Mary, wave to them, and pray for them."

It was a touching, tearful reflection and one I shall not forget.

These were only two of many wonderful, loving people I had an opportunity to meet.

I hope that our younger generations will not become removed from the memories and the commemoration of 50 years ago.

I applaud, and support the Heritage League as a member.

We must always remember the many men and women of our great country, who gave so much for the sake of freedom.

God Bless America, God Bless our friends in England.

Donna J. Zoubek

Crew Gave Lives To Save Homes

The crippled Liberator flew out of the mist - and stunned people on the ground could see the American pilot battling to prevent it from crashing on to their homes.

Fifty years to the day after the bomber crashed near crowded streets in Norwich, hundreds of people gathered to remember the nine American airmen who died.

The open-air service at Heigham Street, attended by the brother of one of the men who died, was a tribute to the bravery of the crew who guided the plane away from homes to crash and explode on waste ground nearby.

The Rev. Michael Jones led the service and praised the "courage and sacrifice" of the nine men - 2nd Lts. Ralph Dooley and Arthur Aitken and S/Sgts. Paul Gorman, John Jones, Paul Wadsworth, Oscar Nelson, John Phillips, Don Quirk and Ralph Von Bergen.

The B-24 Liberator, J4 95133 K, from St. Faith's air base - believed to have been named *Lady Jane* - was on a training mission over Norfolk on November 24, 1944, when the weather worsened.

One attempt to land failed and the plane hit the tower of St. Philip's Church, tearing off a wing and part of the tail.

"I was at the back of my mother's house in Wellington Road when it came over," said Eric Brady, who now lives in Florida. "It was very low and came out of the mist. The pilot would not have seen the steeple." He could see the face of the pilot, 2nd Lt. Ralph Dooley, as he tried to keep the aircraft level.

Barry Sewell was only four when the plane crashed near his home. "My mother got me and my two brothers out of the house. We ran out and got to the shelter when we saw the explosion," he said.

Michael Quirk, brother of tail gunner Don Quirk, who died in the crash, travelled from Indiana for the service and thanked the people of Norwich. His wife, Cindy, said the family had been inundated with letters from Norwich people after the crash, praising the crew's bravery.



The skeleton of St. Philip's, Heigham, Norwich, after the B-24 hit the church tower

Eastern Daily Press
Friday, November 25, 1994

*Remarks as Delivered by Vice President,
Al Gore, VE-Day Commemoration,
6 May 1995*

Thank you very much. General Joulwan, Lord Lieutenant Crowden, Ambassador and Mrs. Crowe, Lord Henley, Secretary of the Army Togo West, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Vessel, the Right Honorable James Molyneux, member of the World War II generation still making a contribution to his nation as the only World War II veteran in the House of Commons, to the members of the official American delegation, distinguished guests:

A half century ago, on a morning bursting with spring, Hitler's Thousand Year Reich collapsed in dust and ashes and eternal infamy. Tens of millions had perished, many whose names are known only to God.

Americans and Britons fought side by side to break Hitler's military machine, from the frosty seas of the Atlantic to the skies over Europe where together we dissolved the Nazi Blitz into smoke and destroyed Germany's industrial ability to equip her armies. They fought together in North Africa, and then on the stark slopes of Cassino in Italy, and at Anzio and Salerno.

Our young men shed their common blood on beaches called Sword, Juno, Gold, Omaha, and Utah, and in the hedgerows that laced the country beyond in Normandy; on the bitter road to Arnheim, in the snowy forests of the Ardennes, onward through the Ruhr, and in the final great push to the Elbe.

Time simply will not heal some of the scars left on the reflected image of humankind. Remote places that lived in innocent obscurity before Hitler came to power will remain eternal nightmares in the darkest memories of the human experience – Auschwitz, Treblinka, Sobibor, Dachau.

But at last, in May 1945, the killing stopped, and a silence of exhaustion settled down over these ancient lands.

We are here today in the fens of East Anglia – those fields that gave shelter to the mightiest wartime air force that had ever been assembled – We are here because brave men and women rose to fight back against a greater savagery than this world had known since creation.

More than 8,000 are remembered in these quiet slopes of Madingley, the bodies of some lying here in the earth, the names of others, missing forever in action, inscribed on the walls standing here.

And around the world, in the vast cartography of death that was the Second World War, lie gallant souls who brought victory not merely for the Allied powers but for humankind itself.

The living and the dead who won this victory gave us our world – a world now buzzing with life, with stunning creativity – with intervention and technology, and progress that moves in the unpredictable, exhilarating, and sometimes painful ways that progress occurs.

Here in this green place – amid these trees and flowered grounds, before these rows of white stones that mark the last resting place of our honored dead, and in solemn reverence we can reflect on the lives they gave for liberty.

The dead who lie here in the mysterious silence of eternity were once like us. They were children awakened to a world

that grew morning by morning in a radiance of light and discovery.

They laughed. They were hurt and they cried. They were loved. Fathers and mothers, wives and children, loved them and they loved in return. They knew the heat of summer, the cold of winter, the softness of rain, the brightness of snow.

Before they were names on these stones, they were names in a neighborhood, or a school, and to call their name was to summon up their faces, their voices, their place in the world.

Leaving homes and peaceful days, they went to war.

These dead here at Madingley flew in B-17 Flying Fortresses, in B-24 Liberators, and P-51 Mustangs into skies not unlike the firmament they gazed at as boys, seeing changing faces in clouds.

They were bombardiers, the pilots, the navigators who chanced life and death in black bursts of flak and the freezing cold of high altitudes that could, and often did, turn warm blood to ice on the leather of the flight jackets.

They were the brave and gallant mechanics, the ground crews, and air crews, the medics and nurses, the clerks, the drivers, and radio operators who were victory's unsung authors.

Had they lived, some would be among you today, gathered here with us to honor the living and the dead.

Some would have written books that now the world will never read.

Some would have discovered new truths that now the world must still await.

But most would have been ordinary people, living life with its quiet pleasures, and inevitable disappointments, with friends and jobs, with churches and synagogues, and families, with cycles of birth and death.

At rare, unpredictable moments, they would have experienced instances of love or beauty, or triumph or simple understanding.

But most of the time, their days would have been ordinary – the slow turning of a wheel of time in space.

On a war memorial far away, for soldiers long fallen, there are words that still speak to us across the miles and the decades:

*When you go home,
remember us and say,
for your tomorrow,
we gave our today.*

So how do we honor these dead? And how do we best remember them?

Not by words alone. Our remembrance must be more profound and more enduring.

We must strive with all our collective might to fulfill the promise of that great architect of victory, Franklin Roosevelt, in unspoken words that he wrote just before his death. Our task is to want more than just an end to war, he wrote. Rather it is to "want an end to the beginnings of all wars".

We the living stand in the presence of the dead to look for a world that someday will fulfill the Biblical prophecy that nation shall not rise against nation, that neither shall they learn war any more.

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Madingley 1995

Commemorating the 50th Anniversary of V.E. Day, May 1945 to 1995

A Prayer for those who lost their lives
and lie at rest in Madingley Cemetery.

Sleep Peacefully
you friendly dead,
held deep in Cambridge clay;
the years have covered you
in shrouds of Autumn gold,
and anniversaries
paid for with your lives.

Decades of sun and rain
have mellowed pale stone markers
where you lay;
and when the Ark sings over you,
and Starlings vespertinely seek
out branches for the night,
then you,
Plucked from the sky
and bequeathed to this
Patch of ground,
Are fragments of the English earth;
inviolate and eternal.

George Herridge, London.

Presented by the Friends of the
2nd Air Division Memorial, Norwich, England

Calligraphy by Brian Marston



Norma and Bill Beasley, 492nd BG

Earl Wassom Photo



Remarks, continued from page 4

But these simple common stones in their orderly rows remind us that – though whole nations do fight – it is individuals who die.

And the great tradition that Americans inherited from Britons holds that individuals are born with dignity and God-given rights. Our two peoples, Britons and Americans, share a conviction running like a golden thread through our common history. That gleaming thread was woven in part at Runnymede in 1215 when King John signed the Magna Carta, in part in 1588 when England stood alone against the Invincible Armada and in part in 1776 when Americans called up the principles of John Locke, and supported by Edmund Burke, asserted the right of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

This is a conviction that has been won for us by brave and bold men and women through hard centuries of time – men and women not only brave and bold in battle – but also brave and bold in books and in voices, brave and bold in forging on the anvil of experience and in the fires of imagination those ideas that make the battle worthwhile and make success a triumph of the human spirit.

We honor these men and women today because they defended with their lives that shared conviction that, because men and women are born free, tyranny is a monstrous affront to nature itself.

It is a conviction that binds Americans and Britons even more closely than our language and culture. The Americans here came from Memphis and Topeka, Spokane and St. Louis, New York and New Orleans, from hamlets and farms, from city streets and remote valleys, and they lie together in this field. They did not want to die. But fate had called them to valor and to death, and so it was.

From these deaths we have learned enduring lessons. If we do not heed them, the 21st century, so near to us now, could well bring a descent into a darker age of barbarism than the world has ever known.

The most important of these lessons is that government without the consent of a free people is tyranny, and that tyranny thrives on war and rumors of war.

The tyrant always struts – as Hitler did – on a stage built of human suffering, surrounded by legions of soldiers, bolstered by the machinery of battle, and adored by flatterers with cold fear in their hearts and hollow cheers on their lips.

The tyrant vainly seeks the grace and legitimacy that can only come from the freely given consent of the governed, and when he finds it missing, as he always does, he feels fear in his own heart.

Part of his defense is to imprison the imagined enemy within. His tools are secret police, midnight knocks on the door, the informer. And still he fears. Still he knows no rest.

So the tyrant lashes out in conquest, turning the inchoate hatred of his people from himself to his neighbors, to those who are somehow different. The tyrant is not sated until his evil metastasizes in cycles of expansion and violence. Only in the roar of artillery can the tyrant drown out the accusing and fearful voices of those he has failed to mesmerize into silence. For centuries, the British and Americans have also shared the knowledge that a free people, able to write and speak without restraint, are more likely to seek peace than war. For in a democracy, citizens have a stake in their society. They own their lives, their freedom, and their property. They

do not belong to their government, their government belongs to them.

And, as the Second World War proved so convincingly, when a free nation goes to war to defend freedom itself it will fight on to inevitable triumph no matter what the cost.

In that grim time, Winston Churchill asked his countrymen to so bear themselves that men would one day say "this was their finest hour".

And it was.

And in his words we in America hear our duty defined.

First we sent the tools he asked us to send, and then we sent our men and women, and we fought together, side by side, with the men and women of Britain and the Commonwealth, and we were victorious together in that spring half a century ago.

And when the victory had at last been won, Churchill himself pronounced his judgment on the grand alliance between Britain and America, in these words:

"It would be an ill day for the world and for the pair of them if they did not go on working together and marching together and sailing together and flying together whenever something has to be done for the sake of freedom."

For fifty years we have held onto that course, even as we have witnessed incredible changes.

Now, we live in a world unimaginable in 1945.

Old enemies have become enduring friends. Now, not only is the Nazi flag with its twisted cross a relic in museums, but the hammer and sickle is also gone as a symbol of power and fear.

But, of course, we face new challenges now, as we always will, for evil did not die with Nazism, nor with communism, nor with apartheid. We have seen it in our midst. It lurks like a viper in unexpected places, striking suddenly, viciously – as Ambassador Crowe, a son of Oklahoma City, can attest.

In standing united against such evil – wherever it threatens – let us remember that the men and women who lie in this quiet place – and in all the other quiet places where their comrades also lie – died for a future of hope for the best that might be for those they left behind.

In honoring these dead then, let us, the sons and daughters of those who lie here, and those who loved them, rise to the vision proclaimed by President Roosevelt; to seek a moral basis for peace – not only here in Europe but far beyond.

Let us build democracy and freedom in a world governed by just laws, respectful of human rights, accepting the obligation each one of us has to his neighbors and to all those men and women everywhere who are bound to us by the common ties of the human condition and the yearning for decency and dignity and freedom.

The bodies of these men and women rest in the bosom of the earth, their souls in keeping with God. But their spirits are with us to the ending of the world, and what they did for us can never die.

To them is given the promise of the prophet Isaiah, as we pray for lives of our own to live that will be worthy of their deaths:

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength – they shall mount up with wings as eagles – they shall run and not be weary – and they shall walk and not be faint."

Minutes from the Ninth General Meeting

The ninth general meeting of the Heritage League was held on July 5th at the Marriott Griffin Gate resort, Lexington, Kentucky, in conjunction with the 48th annual reunion of the Second Air Division Association. Approximately fifty members attended, along with the entire Executive Committee.

To Commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, the League began a candlelighting tradition following the format of the Second Air Division Association Eight Candles of Remembrance. During a tribute narrated by Bill Beasley III (492nd), a white candle was lit by President Billy Sheely Johnson (492nd), Sharon Vance Kierman (489th), and Jim Marsteller (392nd) in memory of those Second Air Division personnel who perished during the war; a blue candle, lit by Treasurer Ed Zobac (445th), Communications Vice President Mary Beth Barnard (445th), and Secretary Janice Bates (467th), in memory of those veterans and loved ones who have passed away since the war; and a red candle, lit by Membership Vice President Caron Veynar (HQ) and Executive Vice President Irene Hurner (453rd), honoring the veterans we are privileged to still have with us. Appreciation of the ceremony was expressed by honorary Second Air Division President, Jordan Uttal, who aided its inception.

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Bill Beasley III narrates the candle-lighting tribute



A white candle was lit by President Billy Sheely Johnson (492nd), Sharon Vance Kierman (489th), and Jim Marsteller (392nd) in memory of those Second Air Division personnel who perished during World War II

Minutes...
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A year-end 1994 treasury balance of \$1,879 and year-to-date balance of \$8,325 was read and approved, as was the report of a membership total of 764 (up 117 in 1994 and 95 thus far this year). Richard Dondes has offered to begin training as Membership Vice President in 1996, and in Communications, it was noted that two people have answered a call for help with the *Heritage Herald*. Public Relations reported that our brochures are successfully being distributed in museums, and efforts have been made to have articles about our organization and its members printed in newspapers.

As a trustee of the Memorial Trust in Great Britain, David Hastings gave us insight into the joy, the shock, the opportunity, and the challenges faced in the past year with the refurbishment of the Memorial Room, its destruction by fire, and the bid entered through the Heritage Fund in England to acquire new funding. David explained how the return of the veterans in May, to recreate the VE Day parade of fifty years ago, was the most moving week of his life. British attendees Ben Jones and David Woodrow (93rd) were also acknowledged.

Bill Beasley, liaison between our organization and the Second Air Division Association for the past four years, encouraged us to get taped audio interviews with veterans (to be placed in the Second Air Division Association archives), and to send in articles for publication, as these are the things which cannot be found in history books. He was presented with a gift of appreciation from the Heritage League.

Having been approved by the membership, a \$1,000 donation was awarded to Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr., USAF, Ret., Chairman and CEO of The Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia. He stated that the museum was a dream of 25 years which lacked funding until 1993. It is scheduled for dedication on May 13, 1996 with Eighth Air Force members and their families, and will be opened to the public the following day. For the record, Gen. Shuler stated that the museum is complementary to, and not competitive

with, the Memorial Room, and looks forward to a continuing association with David Hastings, Phyllis DuBois and others.

This year's essay contest award winners were cousins Chad and Matthew Beasley. Both are eighth-grade grandsons of Bill and Norma Beasley. Matthew was present to accept a medal and \$100 Savings Bond. He expressed gratitude to the Heritage League for having given him the opportunity to learn more about his grandfather and his heritage. The essays will be published in the *Heritage Herald* and the *2ADA Journal*.

A bound set of our newsletters (1988-1995) was presented to Mary Beth for donation to the Heritage Museum. An additional set will be donated to the Memorial Room. We were reminded by Billy to complete the audiotapes and questionnaires in the coming year. Plans are being made to have tape recorders available at future reunions, or, for a dollar (cost of cassette), Hathy Veynar suggested sending 25-30 minutes' worth of the veteran's written experiences to her for transferring to an audiotape. Mike Chamberlain thanked all of us, and though he was not present, her husband Bud was applauded for having the foresight to bring the Heritage League into existence.

The meeting was turned over to former President Ruth Berkeley of the nominating committee, which also included Jeane Stites and Bill Beasley. It was voted to retain the same officers with the exception of Richard Carlisle (445th), who became Executive Vice President. Irene was thanked for her diligence since 1992, and was presented with a token of our appreciation. Although we will have lost her as an officer for the coming year, she has agreed to chair a committee for convention planning. Hathy Veynar was also awarded a gift for her contributions to the Heritage League.

The meeting was closed with a playing of Ken Meazey's fanfare, taped by David Hastings, from the VE Day celebration. Most attendees stayed for socializing and refreshments.

Janice Bates, Secretary



Treasurer Ed Zobac presents \$1,000 check from the Heritage League to General Shuler. This presentation check was created by Milt Veynar.

What World War Two Has Given To Me

On April 13, 1944 my grandfather, a 22 year old young man, left to fight in a war thousands of miles away in a country that was strange and unfamiliar, he arrived nearly one month later at his new home North Pickenham, England. During this time the crew tested the power of the B-24 prior to the time they would have to meet the enemy in combat over Germany.

May 12, 1944 began a succession of seventeen missions to various targets in German held Europe which changed the world forever and turned a 22 year old into a different person. During the 17 missions my Grandfather flew, Hitler's War Machine was damaged seriously and many changes occurred.

May 12, 1944 a synthetic Oil Refinery located in Zeitz, Germany was completely destroyed after dropping 6000 pound demolition bombs on the target. This limited the production of much needed oil to Hitler's war machine. On several other missions other refineries were bombed including Zeitz a second time. On many of the missions that followed airfields in France were bombed beyond repair limiting the power of Hitler's air force further weakening German efforts to advance and conquer all of Europe.

On May 29, 1944 my grandfather took part in the bombing of Politz which tested the limits of everyone on this mission. Politz was a gas dump in northern Germany which was an important part to the German war effort and a strategic target for the allied forces. Three men on my grandfather's crew were wounded as a result of the fierce air battle. His plane riddled with bullet holes and six of the 10 guns knocked out of commission as a result of the fighting.

On the remaining missions his crew met a wide variety of resistance culminating with my grandfather being shot down as a result of a vicious air battle with German fighters and anti-aircraft fire. This required the crew to unload the plane of all unnecessary gear and equipment to lighten the load of a badly shot up plane and make a decision as to where to seek shelter from the enemy. After a complete examination of the plane the crew realized that England was out of the question and that the only refuge from the enemy was to fly over the Baltic toward the uncertain destination of Sweden. With two of the four engines out it was impossible to gain any altitude and the possibility of reaching Sweden somewhat uncertain. With a lot of luck and a skilled crew the coast of Sweden appeared on the horizon landing in Malmo, Sweden. The entire crew was interned in Sweden safely out of the grasp of the German forces.

Many times my grandfather has told stories recounting the details of his experience in World War II. These stories are of wounded and fallen comrades and German fighter pilots that flew by so close that you could see their faces. During these stories he relayed many lessons learned from his experience in the war. He relayed his great appreciation for the value of life. He has made me realize that it is important to face the trouble in life without fear and with courage and it is important to fight for what you believe in. I also realized that the world would be a very different place if my grandfather and the hundreds of thousands of men like he had not gone to war to fight for the freedoms that they so strongly believe in. I'm also glad he safely returned and was able to pass these important lessons on to his children and grandchildren. Thank you Grandpa.

Matthew Beasley



Matthew Beasley reads his essay



Billie Sheely Johnson, Matthew Beasley, with his father Bill Beasley III and his grandfather, Bill Beasley

VE Day +50 at Tibenham

On Monday May 8, 1995, the Norfolk Gliding Club at Tibenham was host to approximately 40 American veterans of the 445th Bomb Group and their families.

The day's program for the vets began with their arrival at the village church in Tibenham. Several gliding club members joined local people, the veterans and their families in a memorial service conducted by The Rev. E. Matchett. After the service, light refreshments were enjoyed as everyone socialized. The church is the site of a plaque dedicated to the 445th in 1990 as well as the site for another rather unique memorial to the 445th. The collection of needlepoint kneeling pads, arranged around the font for the day, were made in honor of the 445th by wives, children and other family members. Two of the finished kneelers were designed and stitched by one of the 445th's ex-gunners, Ted Kaye.



At noon the veterans assembled at the 445th memorial site at the airfield, were welcomed by Chairman John Kinley, and viewed a fly past by club aircraft. The afternoon went rapidly for everyone as the visitors were treated to visits to local sites or for short flights in the club members' aircraft. Eric Ratcliffe organized the auto transport for the day and Bruce Owen kept them flying. The weather cooperated. Chuck Walker, ex-700 Sq. pilot of *Bunnie*, finally had the opportunity to fly over Tibenham in a glider.

The Gliding Club hangar took on a different appearance as parachutes formed a canopy over a large dining area filled with festively decorated tables. The Social Committee, including Lesley Arthur, Josie Briggs, Wina Goody and Joy Bean had completed this transformation as well as prepared a hot meal for everyone. Dessert was a fine cake created by Mr. Terry Jeffrey.



The day at Tibenham ended with a VE celebration bonfire and fireworks display, arranged by Mike Bean. It was a day that will not soon be forgotten!

via Evan Harris

An Interview with My Grandfather about His Experiences During World War II

Grandpa: My name is Bill Beasley and I am Chad Beasley's grandfather. During World War II I was in the Army Air Forces. My combat time was spent in the European Theater of Operations. I was assigned to a bomber crew of a B-24. I was the armorer on the crew and also the tail-gunner.

Chad: Were you ever shot down in your time in the service?

Grandpa: On my 17th mission we were sent to destroy an oil refinery in a place called Politz, Germany. It is located on the Oder River a few miles south of the Baltic Sea. The Oder River is the river that separates Germany and Poland. This particular mission, we took off from our airport very early in the morning. It was a long flight, about a 10 hour mission. On our way in there we encountered a large group of enemy aircraft who was there to try to stop us if they could, so we had a running shoot-out with these German fighters. This was before we reached the target. As we approached the target the German fighters dropped off because there was going to be a lot of flack over the target. We were briefed on 48 guns over the target, but there must have been a lot more guns over the target than 48. We got over the target and we got hit with several 88 millimeter anti-aircraft shells. It put 1 engine completely out and another engine was just carrying it's own weight. We had numerous gas leaks all through out the whole system. There was only 2 places where there was oxygen, the rest was destroyed over the target. Our hydraulics system was gone and our electrics system was about 1/2 shot out. With the loss of 1 engine completely and another almost gone, we couldn't maintain our altitude. We didn't have enough gas to get back to England, so we flew out over the Baltic ourselves. Once we arrived at the other side we started to access our damage. As it turns out, we were in pretty bad shape. We had a wounded man on board. The co-pilot took some flack in his foot. We decided at that time that we couldn't get back to England because we didn't have enough fuel and because we couldn't stay up long enough to get there. At that point we decided to land the plane in Sweden. Sweden was a neutral country in the war.

After we successfully ditched all the cargo on board, we then had enough altitude to make it to Sweden. We were informed that we were to stay in Sweden for the remainder of the war. We were then put into camps until November of 1944. The Swedes took us back to England. After we were in England they told us that we didn't need to fly anymore missions so they sent us back to the United States. For most of the war I figured out that I was in the Continental United States.

Chad: Do you think it was right for us to drop the Atomic Bomb?

Grandpa: Chad, I do. In dropping the atomic bomb we actually saved a lot of lives. There were lots of lives lost of course in Japan because of the bomb. They had it figured out that there would probably be 1 million lives lost if we had to go ashore and take those islands by force. In dropping the bomb it did away with all that, however there were quite a few Japanese killed during this thing, but we saved a lot of American lives at the same time. So for this reason I feel that the atomic bomb was used properly. I would hate to think about the atomic bomb being used anymore, but in those particular times it was a necessity to get the war over with. Of course it was Harry Truman who made the decision to drop the atomic bomb, and he always said that that was the best decision he ever made.

Chad: Did you think that America would win the war from the beginning?

Grandpa: Well, Chad, when the war first started things were pretty bad. Our fleet had been destroyed at Pearl Harbor, or a good share of our Pacific fleet. The Germans were over-running Europe because there was no organized resistance against them. However, my personal opinion was that if we went into the war we would win it. I feel that they wouldn't get by with all the things they did to Europe. We would beat them in the long run. It took 4 years and we did, we won.

Chad Beasley

Excerpts from the History of Ketteringham Hall

Historical Summary: 1020 - 1992

Ketteringham Hall has been described as a noble mansion, and is said to have been built on a Tudor core, a period in English history dating from 1485 - 1603. It stands on Ketteringham Park estate which dates back to the time of Edward the Confessor, the Anglo-Saxon King of 1004 - 66. The estate appears in the Domesday Book, a survey of England completed in 1088 on the instruction of King William I (1066 - 87), who instigated an efficient government and controlled the Barons.

The book reported, 'Ulf also held Ketteringham before 1066' and went on to list the various assets including 'four villagers, 12 smallholders, three slaves now 1 ...' It is said the estate was divided into shares, owned by Ulf and Ketel, the last two Saxon lords of Ketteringham, Ulf having the larger share, although Ketels name appears to have survived longest.

The word Ketteringham is said to have derived from the original *Ket*; the *ter* is not clear but may have been water or dwelling, *ing* meaning son of, so that the complete meaning

would have been 'the sons of Ket's dwelling place' to which the universal Saxon word *ham* was added, clinching the argument that Ket and his family or clan had migrated from a section of Germany and made England their home.

The first building on the estate is said to have belonged to Robert de Vallibus, or Vaux, who came to England with William the Conqueror, or William I mentioned previously. He strove to draw England into closer relations with the continent of Europe.

Later the building passed to Roger Bigot, Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who was ancestor of Bigot, Earls of Norfolk.

The main core of the present building is believed to be Tudor, based on its central letter half 'H' or 'E' plan together with massively thick walls, but this is obscured by later additions through the years. There are two Roman tombstones set in the octagonal towers forming the entrance to the original stable block at the rear, together with a very important East Greek example dating back to the 2nd century B.C.

continued on next page

Ketteringham Hall, continued

The Hall is reputed to have been the childhood home of Lady Jane Grey (1537 - 1554) England's shortest reigning monarch. Daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, great-grand daughter of King Henry VII, her predecessor Edward VI (1537 - 53) was only 10 years old when he came to the throne and died of consumption when he was 16.

In his last illness he was induced to proclaim Protestant Lady Jane as his successor, but Mary I, a fervent Roman Catholic, was instrumental in Lady Jane's imprisonment 10 days after the proclamation, when she was just 16, and she was beheaded six months later, followed by her husband Lord Guildford Dudley.

John Peter Boileau was the person responsible for Ketteringham Hall as it now stands. He bought the estate in 1839 and in 1840 work started on the Gothic Hall, integral with the main building. It was used as a chapel and also a banqueting room, the numerous servants using it as a dining room when not in the owners use. It was also known as the 'Justice Room' to servants and villagers alike, where penalties were meted out for misdemeanours such as hanging washing out on a Sunday, one shilling or nine cents first time, instant removal of the offender from their home the second, a sentence equivalent to that of an unwedded pregnancy except the whole family was then evicted.

**War Room**

The ceiling was resplendent with the coat of arms of the Boileau family - a pelican above the family shield and the motto 'De tout mon couer'. It has been suggested that like the ancient and faded coats of arms of the Beever and Branthwaite families painted on boards and still resident in Hethel church, called hatchments and which were paraded at funerals, these ceiling decorations may have originated in the same way, being attached to the ceiling after the mourning period had ended. (When the Americans arrived the chapel or Justice Room became the HQs War Room, a half floor area mezzanine being constructed with glass viewing area for high ranking officers to survey the battle map of Europe spread out below, surrounded by service men and women keeping the state of battle right up to date).

When war was declared the Boileau connection with Ketteringham Hall was still much in evidence. Sir Raymond and his wife, Ethel, Lady Bouleau (a pre-WW2 best-selling authoress) continued to live at the Hall, Ethel becoming local

commandant of the FANY (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry) and Commanding Officer of the complete brigade.

Ethel died in 1941, Sir Raymond in 1942, the latter enjoying the attention and care of distant relative, Rachel in the evening of his life. Sir Raymond and Ethel being childless (Sir Raymonds next of kin, a cousin (who inherited the Bart) had committed the crime of becoming a Roman Catholic and was cut off without a shilling and went off to Australia), Sir Raymond had searched for an heir, finally choosing distant relations who were directly descended from Etienne Boileau who had governed Paris as Provost in 1260 whilst Louis IX was on his last crusade. These relations, Etienne, whose wife Rachel was looking after Sir Raymond, and Hugh, were fighting for their country, the latter in North Africa, Etienne in Burma. Sadly, the young, debonair and much loved third son, Peter, an enthusiastic pilot, had borrowed an aircraft unknown to its owner to fly to the Isle of Wight to witness the 1931 Schneider Trophy aircraft contest (from which the WW2 Spitfire was conceived) and had crashed fatally en-route.

Hugh was to return to London's Middle Temple as a very successful barrister and Q.C. but it was not long before he was struck down by cancer and after prolonged treatment tragically died. Hugh's widow, Angela, who lived in the Hall with Rachel for a year during the American war period, was welcomed to the Hall in 1988 and still retains contact.

Requisition Order

Sometime prior to the Americans moving to their new HQ at Ketteringham Hall in December 1943, a government requisition order had come to the Hall instructing the family to move out. Although only hearsay, the story goes that the lady of the house, either Lady Boileau or more probably Rachel, firmly resisted such a suggestion and eventually the arrangement was made that she and her family could move into a smaller area within the house. Certainly some of the veteran American servicemen visiting in recent years still remember the frequent reprimands they received for liberties taken when short cutting flower beds and other misdemeanours absent-mindedly perpetrated.

Mrs. Angela Boileau came to stay with her sister-in-law, Rachel at the Hall in 1943 with her year old son, Nicholas. He joined Rachel's three offspring, all under seven years of age, and Nancy the cook's daughter, all of them contained within one corner of the large building. Angela remembers that Americans were much in evidence. The officers mess was directly above the family dining room. During lunch one day she saw smoke rising from her small son's pram in which he was sleeping outside. Rushing out she found it had been caused by a cigar thrown out from above! The Americans were such a friendly crowd, but even so members of the family were not allowed anywhere near the operations (or war room) centre. However the Americans used to entice the children into where all the secrets were and then give them sweets, much to their nanny's great disapproval.

The War Ends

On his return from the war, and after the Americans left in June 1945, Major Etienne Boileau and his wife Rachel, together with their three children, continued running the estate. Included within it were the lands surrounding and including the former Hethel American air base of the 389th Bomb Group.

continued on next page

Ketteringham Hall...continued

In 1948 the Hall was sold to the Duke of Westminster, Britain's richest landowner; his son the current Duke is ranked second in wealth to H.M. Queen Elizabeth.

In 1950 certain parts of Ketteringham Hall were occupied by a preparatory school, under an arrangement between the Duke of Westminster and W. W. E. Giles Esq., the Headmaster. The school gradually took over more of the Hall until eventually the whole of the building was occupied by 1963. This school continued until 1965, when the Hall was sold to Badingham College Ltd., under its headmaster the Rev. Wilkie, an educational trust formed to administer to the College of that name.

Lotus Arrives

The school came to an end in 1968, and this was when the name of Lotus entered the story. Just two years earlier Lotus founder, Colin Chapman, had moved his road and race car factory from Cheshunt in Hertfordshire to Hethel (November 1966). Himself a keen and accomplished pilot, the site offered two particularly attractive features to the dynamic businessman; an airfield for his company aircraft (which he regularly flew himself) and a valuable test track. In addition, Chapman now had a conveniently large site amongst open farmland in which to develop without the cramping regulations of his previous headquarters.

It is interesting to note that although the runways were considerably reduced in length due to the adjoining farmers requirements (which presented no restriction to the relatively small aircraft used by Lotus), a number of the original airfield buildings still remained, which Chapman immediately put to good use. The former control tower, recently made a Listed Building of historical importance, became the Lotus Sports and Social Club. In the mid-eighties, Stuart Main of Lotus Cars set up a small section as a Memorial Room to the 389th and in 1987 visiting American veterans donated \$1500 for the purchase of display cases to house the memorabilia they had sent him.

The former American hospital and its outbuildings sited across Potash Lane leading to the factory entrance, became Factory 6, home to Lotus Racing (1971) and then Team Lotus (1974 - 1977), as well as part of the Chapman boat empire of the seventies.

The war time hangars were in good order after 25 years and were similarly utilised for storage, etc. Even more remarkable was the discovery in 1984 that the supporting frames of the hangars after 42 years were still in such good condition they were dismantled, refurbished and the vertical supports cut through, enabling the top peaked roof halves to become the supporting structures for lower buildings complete with modern insulated wall cladding, the left-over lower halves becoming similar structures on adjacent sites, thereby doubling the previous factory area.

When Ketteringham Hall became vacant (1968), Lotus acquired the lease and it was designated as Colin's think tank, although the Lotus staff dubbed it *Fawlty Towers* after the highly popular TV comedy series about a chaotic hotel in the English west country. Almost immediately the Field Service School under Jim Endruweit (formerly the well known Team Lotus racing Manager) moved in followed by Lotus Cars trim (upholstery) department providing the top quality leather seats and ancilliary trim for the Lotus road cars. This was to stay for six years, only returned to Hethel when Ketteringham Hall and its refurbished stables area was des-

ignated the headquarters of the international motor racing Team Lotus in 1977. It was from here in 1978 that the Team won its seventh World Championship Constructors title with American star Mario Andretti, who scored the Team's sixth World Championship of Drivers.



Lotus founder Colin Chapman often jokingly commented he would send a bill to the American government for the cost of removing the camouflage paint that he thought had eaten into and spoilt the brickwork of the Hall, but all the veterans we mentioned this fact to had firmly stated there had been no camouflaging of the building and we presume the mottled effect seen on the walls today are the remnants of the colour wash of some years before the war.

In conversations with visiting veterans they remember the total number of service men and women living in the nissen huts forming a small village to the rear of the Hall beyond the family orchard, numbered between three to four hundred. The concrete roads and nissen hut bases still remain to this day; but only one large nissen hut remains intact and still in use.

by Andrew Ferguson, Archivist - Team Lotus

Unforgettable Stitches

The day I accidentally sewed my sampler into my best skirt, I vowed to never embroider another stitch. It was my newest skirt, blue-and-green plaid, and matched my favorite sweaters. I was nearly 10, we were living in southern Indiana, and it was getting toward the end of World War II. What I wanted to be doing was tending our victory garden or gathering tinfoil to add to my big ball. When I wasn't playing kick the can with my friends, I was thinking of the war effort. To every plane that flew overhead we gave the victory sign, exactly as Churchill had taught us.

But I had to pick stitches out of my skirt to remove the sampler. It took three hours. I tried to believe what my mother had told me, that I was following a tradition of American girls, that for nearly two centuries they'd all made samplers. One of them had grown up to stitch the first American flag. Gone down in all the history books, hadn't she?

I couldn't see the connection. Flags were made on sewing machines now. Who needed to learn to sew by hand – especially French knots and cross-stitch. I didn't care to be Betsy Ross. When I grew up, if the war wasn't over, I wanted to be a pilot. Pilots had bigger things on their minds than hand-sewing.

The county fair was coming up, however, and I needed two projects for the 4-H Club booth. I wasn't nurturing any outsize surprises in my victory garden, and we weren't raising chickens or hogs or rabbits. That left cooking and sewing. It was taken for granted I'd enter a cake; the sewing project remained to be chosen.

One afternoon I was sent downtown for thread. While waiting at the counter of the dry-goods store, I saw a packet of patterns for tea towels. The designs showed a fair girl doing her weekly chores with gusto. Monday, she was scrubbing clothes in a big wooden tub; Tuesday, ironing them; Wednesday, mending them; Thursday, off to market with several fat geese; Friday, baking a pie; Saturday, sweeping; and Sunday, on her way to church.

The best thing about the project: There were no cross-stitches and a bare minimum of French knots, which I figured I could fudge with an invented stitch of my own. The scenes themselves were to be done in whipstitch, a stitch I'd mastered early on.

I stood there parceling out my summer. Even if I took 10 days for each of the designs, I'd still have a few days leeway before the fair. I went home, packet in hand. My mother raised her eyebrows but pulled out a batch of feed sacks and a trove of Swiss embroidery floss, brilliant colors saved from before the war.

I decided on dish towels because making tea towels during wartime seemed frivolous, even unpatriotic. We put together the towels in short order. My mother searched out her embroidery hoop – insurance against further sewing accidents.

The exciting part was ironing on the transfers. I sailed through the first two towels ahead of schedule. In fact, I didn't bog down until Thursday's market scene. The geese gave me trouble from the start. They ended up looking like crippled birds, and I was five days late starting Friday's towel.

After I pricked my finger and blood spurted all over the transfer, the project began to sour. I rubbed at the spots with a hot, wet rag – succeeding in making them permanent. I had to go off to a week at 4-H camp, and I took my sewing with me, but there wasn't time for it between Reveille and Taps. One day during rest hour, I did get it out. The girl in the top bunk spilled Orange Crush on Friday's towel – worse than blood.

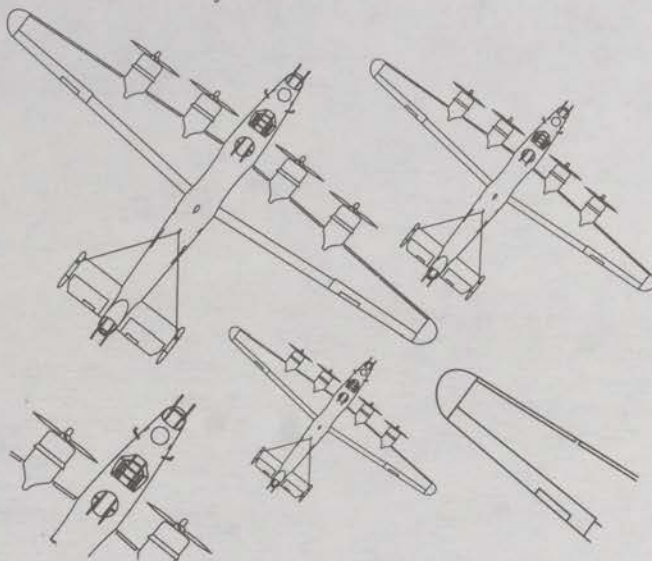
When I got home from camp, there was only a week before the fair. I sat on the front porch and sewed while my friends passed back and forth doing secret end-of-the-summer things. I felt I'd become a grown-up overnight, shut out from my own world. On the fair's entry day I baked a chocolate cake and frosted it. Then I gathered up the towels and the cake and slipped them into the booth when no one was looking. I heard the cake won a ribbon. As for the towels, I didn't hear a thing, and never went near the booth. Instead, I spent my time on the Tilt-a-Whirl amusement ride pretending I was training for flight

school. On closing day I didn't go to pick up my entries. They were never returned.

It was only last week at an antiques show that I saw a set of days-of-the-week towels, all seven in mint condition, without a stain. As I examined each one, that summer came flooding back, and I was a child again, hunched on the porch step with my sewing, listening for B-24s overhead.

Where are they now, those little pieces of 1940s memorabilia? I imagine them lost in an attic or relegated to scrub rags, somewhere in south Indiana. So much for Betsy Ross.

*View From A Country Kitchen by Pauline W. Wanderer
Country Home, June 1990*



CALLING ALL RECRUITS for THE HERITAGE LEAGUE

From Willis H. "Bill" Beasley

As the 2ADA Liaison to the Heritage League, I once again urge all of you with family members who do not belong to the Heritage League to consider having them join the League. Membership is a bargain Regular membership is \$6 per year and associates are \$4 per year. Billy Johnson who is an associate member of the 2nd ADA and member of the 492nd B.G. is the President of the Heritage League. Paid League membership is now at 700. The League sponsors an essay contest with winners receiving savings bonds and medals. There are several entry levels and several numbers of topics to choose from to write about. Please urge your grandchildren to enter this very worthwhile contest. The younger generations will be carrying the torch for us in years to come. They will be the ones who will perpetuate the projects 2ADA has started, e.g., The Memorial Room of the Norwich Library and the Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. For further membership information contact Caron Veynar, V.P. Membership, 4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, VA 22003 Phone: 1-703-2256-6482. Believe me you are wanted and needed. If you are interested in volunteering your time and your talent they would like to hear from you.

Membership Notes

The membership is steadily growing but we still need your help in notifying us of your CHANGE OF ADDRESS. If your change of address has expired for forwarding then we have no way of reforwarding. If we do get a forwarding address, it costs the league \$.50 for each. For reforwarding each one it costs a total of \$1.14 and with dues only \$6.00 or \$4.00 per year it does not leave us with much money left over. So PLEASE when you have a change of address just fill out an extra card.

All Heritage Herald's will have FIRST CLASS marked on them so that the Post Office won't think it's junk mail and toss it out.

The "Dues Notices" will be sent out the week after Christmas so as not to get lost in the rush.

Thank you so much for helping make my job easier. We don't want to lose you.

Caron D. Veynar Membership Vice-President



Mary Beth Barnard (445th) participated in the 2ADA candle-lighting ceremony at Lexington. It was especially meaningful as 1995 is the 25th anniversary year of her father's death.

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 the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division. These shall be non-voting members.

1995-1996 Executive Committee

Billy Sheely Johnson (492nd)
President
600 Sandhurst Drive
Petersburg, Virginia 23805
(804) 732-4234(H)

Dr. Charles R. Carlisle (445th)
Executive V.P.
446 Columbia Dr.
Rockwall, TX 75087

Janice Bates (467th) Secretary
9535 W. Huron River Drive
Dexter, Michigan 48130
(313) 426-2746

Edward Zobac (445th) Treasurer
2211 Foxboro Drive
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46818
(219) 497-0029

Caron D. Veynar (HQ)
Membership V.P.
4915 Bristow Drive
Annandale, Virginia 22003
(703) 256-6482

Mary Beth Barnard (445th)
Communications V.P.
12300 Apache Ave. #211
Savannah, GA 31419
(912) 920-3053

Jeane M. Stites (453rd)
Past President
9334 Kahl Road
Black Earth, Wisconsin 53515
(608) 767-2625

Ruth Hunter Berkeley (489th)
Past President
1049 Lawrence Avenue
East Aurora, New York 14052
(716) 652-7032

Vicky Brooks Warning (466th)
Past President
2736A North Dayton
Chicago, Illinois 60614
(312) 549-3546

W.H. "Bill" Beasley (492nd)
2ADA Liaison Representative
1525 South Garfield Street
Denver, Colorado 80210-3022
(303) 756-4766

Geoff Gregory (467th)
2ADA President
3110 Sheridan
Garland, TX 75041



Pat Everson waves the American flag along the VE-Day Parade route in Norwich

Photo by Jacqueline Wyatt via Phyllis DuBois

Thanks to everyone who contributed articles for the *Heritage Herald*. Please continue to send in items of interest about members of the League or of an historic nature. We really need everyone's support. One thousand copies of this issue of the *Herald* have been printed. Our largest printing to date! My thanks go to Kathy Jackson who assisted me with this issue. Kathy's father, Charles Yant, was with the 448th BG. *Mary Beth Barnard*

Caron D. Veynar
4915 Bristow Drive
Annandale, VA 22003

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