



# HERITAGE HERALD

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Periodical of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF)

## A Trip We Will Never Forget

*story and photos by Marybeth Dyer*

My husband Steve and I had an opportunity we could not pass up. Our daughter, Julie and her boyfriend, Bryce moved to London in early September. I was asked to represent the Heritage League at the Annual Governors Meeting in Norwich. This was a perfect combination to make a trip to the UK. We had been to London before but this was our first trip to Norwich.

After arriving in London, Julie met Steve and I and we immediately took the Underground and then a train through the countryside up to Norwich. Our hotel was right across the street from the train station. When we arrived at the hotel, we met Chuck Walker and his family in the lobby. It was good to meet Chuck's family. There were special packets awaiting us and inside those packets were poppies and the schedule of all of the events we would attend. Andrew worked very hard to make sure we were where we were supposed to be. That night we found a small quiet restaurant serving warm drinks and small servings of English food. It was a cold night and it was so



Chuck Walker and his family at the Memorial Library.

wonderful to relax and enjoy.

The next day was Sunday...known as Remembrance Day. We were picked up and escorted by Tony Harmer and his wife to City Hall where we would have a view of the ceremony from the City Hall balcony. We were served tea and met other Governors and other distinguished guests while we waited for the ceremony to begin. I was so happy to meet John Gilbert who is the 392<sup>nd</sup> Liaison. Laurie Bedus, our Communication VP had spent some time with him earlier this year and told me so much about him. He was dressed in his uniform (very handsome) and it was a pleasure to talk with him and take pictures.

The ceremony was quiet but significant. The band marched in along with various military groups. Chuck Walker and Andrew Hawker represented the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division. Wreaths were placed at the memorial (wreaths are made of poppies) and the whole town stopped to watch this solemn ceremony to honor all who have died in wars. From the ceremony, we proceeded to the Cathedral where we attended a service for Remembrance Day. The Cathedral was beyond description. Coming from



View of Remembrance Day ceremony from the Norwich City Hall Balcony

*(continued on page 3)*

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Happy New Year!

The Heritage League starts this year just a little different. We no longer have our Parent organization- 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division. The dissolution is complete and we are the sole successors of their history and legacy. We must make them proud!

So what do we do with that...?

Well, we continue doing all of the wonderful work we have done in the last 26 years.

- We continue to provide an informational and enjoyable newsletter- "The Herald". This is our main communication to our members. We encourage you to send your contributions and stories.
- We continue our research. We get

several inquiries a month asking us for help to find information on a family member, bomb group or random information. We have excellent researchers that always seem to find the information that is needed.

- We continue with our conventions. 2013 takes us to Savannah in July. Every convention provides our organization to get closer to each other and our veterans. It provides a social and educational environment for all and we are inviting all of our members and veterans to join us.
- We continue to collect stories, artifacts and all information from our 2ADA veterans for as long as we can.
- We continue to work with organizations that have the same goal and mission as we do. Together we can

continue our good work.

- But that is not enough...

Like most volunteer organizations, we have so much work to be done and not enough time or people. We need our members to get more involved. We need your ideas, suggestions, enthusiasm and passion. Please contact our Volunteers VP- Chris Clark if you are interested.

We need to communicate on a regular basis. I will start up my monthly emails to tell you what we are working on and provide information.

There is much more than what I can list here but it is a start. Together we can make our organization strong and proud. This is my wish for 2013.

Until we meet again...



**Late  
Breaking  
News!**

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Your Executive Committee, in its February meeting, has taken the exciting step to set the 2014 Convention in Norwich, England! We will soon report the dates and program, as we intend to make it affordable, a great value, and a wonderful trip for those who have never 'gone back,' as well as the experienced ones, ready to show you 'your dad's old base.'



the States and California, it is not every day you see a church so majestic and beautiful. We were so impressed.

Sunday night we were invited to Matthew Martin's home for a traditional English Sunday meal. He and his wife live in a home known as the Dairy on an old farm. We were so grateful for such a wonderful meal and great hospitality. We had a "smashing good" time and a special thank you to Mike Longe for picking us up and taking us back to our hotel.

The next day was the Annual Governors Meeting. Thank you to all the Governors. They made me feel so welcomed. I was quite nervous but made my report. It was a pleasure to meet Tom Easton's wife, Robin. She was so gracious and made me feel so comfortable. She is a wonderful person and it was such a pleasure to meet her.

From the meeting we went to lunch in the Forum, which is where the Norwich library and the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division library is located. Thank you, Andrew for a wonderful lunch. Steve and I spent the rest of the afternoon at the 2ADA library. I had no expectations but the first time you walk into the library you know it has an American presence and dedicated to all of the brave men and women of the 2ADA.

I especially liked the bomb group banners and each bomb group had a dedicated book with information about that specific group. It was so comfortable and I wished I had had more time to spend. Thank you, Libby, Jenny and Katie for making us feel so welcome.

Tuesday was a private tour of Norwich with Matthew Martin. We went to the Norwich Airport where



The American Chapel at St. Paul's Cathedral in London

my dad was stationed...then called Horsham St. Faith. I was so hoping to find it as it was when my dad and uncle were there but times change and it is now their Intl airport. Matthew was a wonderful tour guide taking us to a quaint shop for tea and biscuits, showing his office before he retired and the beautiful Norwich Castle where we had warm soup and a wonderful conversation. He dropped us off at our hotel where we caught a train back to London but we would meet again at St. Paul's in London on Thursday for a service in the American Chapel.

The American Chapel was stunning and was built in remembrance of all the Americans who died. It is also the home of the Roll of Honor, which is encased in glass to preserve it. It was solemn and a sacred place and my thoughts went

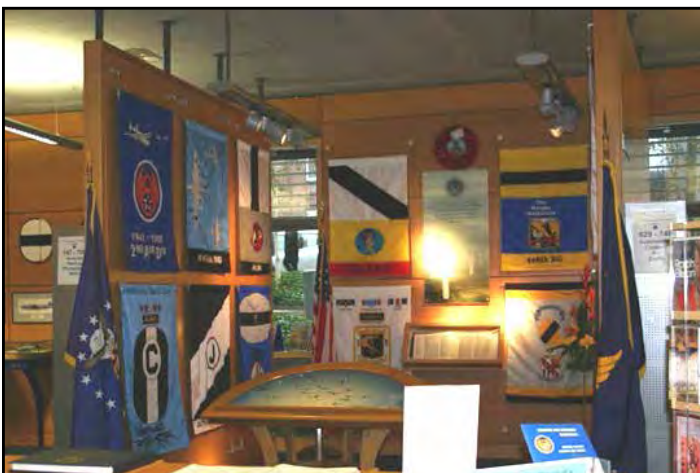
to all of those brave young men and women who did not come home. After the American service, we were invited to stay for Evensong at St Paul's. We were invited to sit where the choir and dignitaries sit. As



Marybeth Dyer, John Gilbert and Libby Morgan, Remembrance Day in Norwich, Nov. 11, 2012.

we listened to the angelic music, I closed my eyes thinking this must be what heaven sounds like. After the service, we were invited to St. Paul Chapter House for wine and conversation. A special thank you to Peter Chapman for hosting the Governors and the Americans for drinks and dinner.

This trip was beyond my expectations and a very emotional trip for me. Everywhere I went in Norwich, I wondered whether my dad had walked down that same street I walked or if he rode that same train to London that I rode. I am so thankful for all of the new friends we met and how everyone treated us so special everywhere we went. Now I know how my dad felt when he arrived in Norwich. The English are so gracious and this American is very grateful.



Inside the Memorial Library.

# Alfred Jenner: Tribute to “Dixie” Deans of Stalag Luft

(retrieved 1/30/12 from <http://www.merkki.com/speeches.htm#i>)

*Jenner was in RAF Bomber Command but shot down early in the war; in his 4 years as a PoW, he befriended Andy Low and scores of other Americans, and later in life served a quarter century as one of the Governors of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust. Our own Irene Hurner has remembered him warmly from her first trip ‘over’ (see Herald #44, front page). Readers are directed to <http://www.merkki.com/speeches.htm#I> for the full text, and other documents on this remarkable post-war ‘closure’ event. —Eds.*

You will all remember the expressions “new kriegies” and “old kriegies”. Well, you’re looking at a really old one. Old in years like the rest of you, but even older in kriegie terms of endurance vile. And just to prove it---here’s my identity tag, number funf, funf, funf, Stalag Luft. Incidentally, the last time I wore this I was in the company of an old comrade of yours---the late General Andy Low at a “2<sup>nd</sup> US Air Division” reunion in my native city of Norwich.

But before I go any further let me assure our German friends here today that the memories I am about to recall are not meant to be derogatory of them: it’s just that that’s how I remember the events of sixty years ago.

It’s, of course, because I’m an old kriegie that I at once detected an error in you conference literature, which stated that Stalag Luft 1 opened in 1943. In fact, it opened in 1940 and had already been going for a year when I arrived in April 1941.

Those of you who were there later when Luft 1 held thousands of kriegies may be surprised to hear that the Barth camp was designed to cope with only a few hundred because the Germans never expected thousands of us, especially all those from the USA.

What they did expect was that Britain would give up after France capitulated in May 1940. Even so, a year later with Britain obviously determined to fight on, there were still fewer than 1000 at Barth such was the low level of air activity over Germany. Half were in the officers’ compound and half in the NCO’s.

They were a cosmopolitan lot. Most did come from the

British Isles, but quite a number were from other European air forces already defeated by the Germans...French, Poles, Dutch, Norwegians, soon to be joined by Yugoslavs in their sky blue uniforms when that country fell, but never any Russian airmen.

Those from the Royal Air Force were an equally mixed lot, including as they did Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans (white of course in those days), Rhodesians, one rear gunner from the Polynesian island of Tonga with the oh-so-British name of Perowne, and, I believe, one or two Americans in the officers’ compound who couldn’t wait to get into the fray.

In both compounds this diverse company of high-spirited young men, all convinced that they were the best airmen in the world, gradually settled down to a new kind of war designed to make life as difficult as possible for their German captors.

You all know how that was pursued so I won’t waste time on the details. But you might be interested to learn that in the NCO’s compound of that time it was all successfully achieved as a result of the Royal Air Force equivalent of an American presidential election!

Against all the rules and traditions of the British armed forces, those RAF sergeants decided early in 1941 that the senior -ranking prisoner, who correctly had assumed the leadership, was not really up to the job. So, a democratic election was organized with three candidates, ballot paper, tellers, the lot and, as result, an ordinary sergeant was elected by large majority.

He was sergeant pilot “Dixie” Deans who turned out not to be ordinary at all. In fact, he was to become one of the true heroes of the camps. Dixie was accepted as camp leader by the Germans and remained in command for the next four years in whatever camp we were moved to, gaining the confidence and respect of all kriegies, including the Americans who began to arrive in large numbers in due course.

His nickname “Dixie”, by the way, had nothing to do with that fabulous part of America. It is just that Dixie



Dixie Deans (via: <http://www.merkki.com/speeches.htm>)

happened to be a good footballer at a time when the Babe Ruth of the British game was another Dixie Deans.

For at least two years there were no Americans in the NCO's compound at Barth, but important, unwritten, ground rules were being worked out between the captured and the captors. These were to be greatly to the advantage of all air force kriegies, including all who were to come later.

They all have much for which to thank this German-speaking Scottish airman who even then was beginning to feel the effects of the multiple sclerosis which was to cripple him after the war and to lead to his premature death. Dixie's great achievement was based on gaining the respect of the Germans by his patent honesty, courage and ability to command the unquestioned loyalty of the young men who came under his leadership---and care, and all this at a time when we were clearly losing the war on all fronts.

Though he was in charge, Dixie suffered all the discomforts of ordinary POWs, but he did the Germans the courtesy of always appearing on parade impeccably dressed in collar and tie and with his greatcoat fastened at the neck, regulation style.

At the twice-daily appalls he could call an otherwise unruly mob of up to a thousand untidy-looking men to attention and dismiss them in correct parade ground fashion. We would never have done that for the Germans.

Dixie was also the man who took all the flak from them if we misbehaved, which was often. He had to act as our advocate and to protect us from any extreme reaction in the wake of some of the mischief we got up to.

He was equally at home in the company of the visiting Swiss and Swedish representatives of the Protecting Powers, and never overawed by the occasional visit of high-ranking German officers. But he was not at ease with the Gestapo when they arrived to turn our camp over at Heydekrug on the Lithuanian border. He clearly didn't like them and managed to imply that the terror they could undoubtedly invoke amongst so many defenseless people did not apply to the kriegies, many of whom were by that time from America.

It was at Heydekrug that I believe he staved off another massacre after the murder of the fifty RAF officers after the Great Escape from Sagan in Silesia in the spring of 1944. It was a supreme example of the courage he showed in handling the Germans at times of extreme tension.

There was always something ominous about the parade that morning. Unusually, several machine guns had been brought into the compound and lined up on us. As the German commandant made his devastating announcement about the deaths of all those the officers, many of whom we knew well, we could also hear his machine gunners cocking their weapons against a roar of rage from the paraded POWs.

It was a tense moment ... anything could have happened. Then, Dixie stepped forward, ordered us not to provoke the Germans, and probably saved the day.

It was at Heydekrug too, that the Germans decided that the British and the Americans were getting too close, so on the old principle of divide and rule. The rapidly increasing numbers of men from the States were moved into a separate compound, fenced off from us by barbed wire.

This was a blow for all as we had been getting on with each other so well, broadening our horizons immeasurably by being able to rub shoulders every day. There was an even greater penalty for the Americans, however, because the only secret radio (the Canary as we called it)

was hidden in the British compound.

It was to take some time for the Americans to become equipped with a secret radio of their own, but in order to keep up morale it was important for them to be as equally well-informed as the British.

The problem was solved ---with the help of the Germans! Dixie had succeeded in convincing them that they should encourage the organization of educational classes in a whole range of subjects. They agreed, probably on the assumption that it would help keep us from other mischief-making activities.

As a newspaper reporter before the war I taught shorthand in the camp and it was not difficult to persuade the interpreters to carry a daily "lesson" in Pitman's over to the American compound to keep that lively lot quiet as well.

The Germans never cottoned on to the fact that the daily transcription lesson was in fact the previous night's BBC news bulletin. Eventually the Americans got their own canary---don't ask me how, though ours had a valve stamped Deutsch Kriegsmarine. Thereafter life became that much duller for me.

Dixie's full part on the field of deception was only revealed long after the war when many of us found out for the first time that he had been at the heart of the espionage and other undercover activities behind the wire. The Intelligence Service in England had successfully smuggled in a code for him to use. As a result some of his letters home to his wife, Mollie, did not fully express the affection he undoubtedly felt for her.

Dixie's last year as camp leader brought us even closer to our American comrades. By this time we were all together again in a huge, old-established camp at Fallingbistle on Luneburg Heath to which we had been moved in a panic as the Russians neared Heydekrug.

Fallingbistle was an entirely different kettle of fish. To start with it was guarded not by the familiar Luftwaffe, but German Army, tough troops resting from fighting on the Eastern Front. They were in no mood to put up with much from the likes of us buoyed up as we were by the knowledge that we were now clearly winning the war.

As the Allied bombing campaign smashed up the country's transport system, there was a desperate shortage in the camp of everything--food, clothing, books, you

name it and we hadn't got it. Yet I can never remember any friction between the Americans and ourselves. On the contrary we had visual evidence every day, which increased our admiration.

This is not a part of my tribute to Dixie but for years I have been longing to say something to an audience of American veterans. While at Fallingbistle we had the great privilege of watching American airmen in action as their big waves of Liberators and Forts, escorted by long-range fighters, flew in daylight, day after day, across the region to their targets.

We would watch in anguish as scores of German fighters, including the unbelievably fast early jets, tore into the formations with canons and rockets roaring. Every now and then one of the big bombers would drop out of the formation, often in flames. Sometimes parachutes would emerge before the stricken machine hit the ground...sometimes not.

As we watched the rest of the wing would then close up the gaps in the huge formation, and without faltering, would fly on into the indescribable wall of anti-aircraft fire over the target.

As airmen ourselves we knew better than most what this demanded of the young Americans in those vulnerable machines. We marveled too, at their motivation. We had always had the incentive of fighting an enemy who had been mercilessly bombing our own homes and loved ones. Those Americans had no such spur.

I have never forgotten that experience and never will. Nor will I forget their incredible generosity. Starvation is the sternest test of the quality of unselfishness. And we were all starving by February 1945 when the Allied bombing campaign had crippled the infrastructure of Germany.

Somehow a truckload of Chesterfield cigarettes earmarked for the sole use of the Americans arrived at what was left of Fallingbistle station. We all thought:"The lucky so-and-so's" for Virginia cigarettes were as good as currency.

To our astonishment---and eternal gratitude---the Americans decided to share their good fortune with the lot of us, amounting, if I remember rightly, to 200 each. Shortly after we were all marched out to live off the land for a month on whatever we could beg, borrow, steal or barter. The value of that great example of unselfishness



on the part of the Americans is incalculable.

No wonder in later life I was so pleased to be able to pay off a little of my debt to them as a governor of the 2nd USAAF Division Memorial Library for the 7000 Americans who lost their lives flying from bases around my city of Norwich.

And now a last word about Dixie and that desperate month-long march at the end of the war along roads and lanes crowded with despairing civilian refugees, displaced persons, POWs and retreating German troops. We went about 100 miles and all the time Dixie kept up with us. The Germans provided him with a bicycle to enable him to keep in touch with the various columns as they wound their way deeper into Germany, often in the front line between the Allies and the retreating enemy. His greatest moment came after a tragic episode when our column of 300 men was attacked by four rocket-firing Typhoons of the Royal Air Force. After helping to bury the thirty killed and seeing to the needs of an-

other thirty wounded the Germans allowed him to pass through their lines to alert the British commander to the danger to us.

To the commander's astonishment Dixie insisted on leaving the safety of the British lines to return to his men on those dangerous roads. No doubt about it--without Sgt. Deans hope for many would have faded. Eventually most of us got home, but a lifetime later his example is still held in the highest esteem by all who were fortunate enough to come under his care.

One last thought about Dixie---I'm sure he would have applauded the spirit which has brought us all together today in a country most wished we would never see again when the war ended. I think I can assure you Helga that he would have been the first to recognize the great act of reconciliation you and your associates have bought about and to which this unique gathering bears witness.

## the write stuff book notices & reviews

*reviewed by Brian H. Mahoney*



**For God and Country, In that Order**  
Sam Mastrogiacommo  
Self published work.

Orders to the author at:

331 Mariners' Gate Drive  
Edgewater, FL 32141  
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[www.b-24book.blogspot.com/](http://www.b-24book.blogspot.com/)

I have had the pleasure of meeting Sam at several 2AD conventions in the past, but did not get to 'drill down' into his story. This homespun narrative, in the form of small episodes, does the job nicely and adds to the record the texture and grit of a B-24 tailgunner's perspective on combat, being interned, taking London liberty, and the social aspects of being one of the invading Yanks.

He was underage and unschooled, living in South 'Philly' when the US got into the war, and had to persuade his mother to get his chance to join up. This book brings to life a real account of a real flying GI, an authentic, approachable veteran, an exemplar of the Greatest Generation.

The narrative style is not at all formal, and lacks specific dates and mission numbers that some of us might like but read as a chronological account, it delivers a pretty full and very vivid account of the time leading up to, through, and following his 'partial tour.' It is personal history, so contributes to the academic sort if read with historical context understood. Moreover, it stands on its own as an enjoyable read, colorfully delivering an actual combatant's story. While it will be especially vivid for gunners, Swedish internees, enlisted men, and 445<sup>th</sup> vets and their friends and family, Sam's account will draw in and reward all general 8<sup>th</sup> AF or WWII readers.



*-by Pete O'Tube, Expert*

*Dear Pete,*

*I read in some accounts about 'icing,' and it seems it was at least terrifying, often fatal, when it occurred. What caused it, why was it so dangerous, and why do we not hear much about it these days? We are technical mountain climbers, very aware of its perils in alpine settings on terra firma, but have trouble imagining it existing in the sky!*

*Curious and concerned,*

*Ivan Sachs, Peter Ahn, and Karinda Beaner*

Dear I. Sachs, Pete Ahn and Cara Beaner,

The physics surrounding the accumulation of frozen water on the surface of an aircraft in flight have not changed, although much that was learned before and during WW II about how to prevent or deal with icing, serve us well today and keep it out of the news, pretty much.

In conditions where the air is holding a lot of moisture—it need not be actively precipitating; high relative humidity will do—and water or condensing water vapor accumulates on a cold 'crystallizing' surface faster than vaporization, sublimation, or the blast of air remove it, there will be ice formation.

As air gets colder and thinner it is less able to hold water vapor, and conditions very near the freezing point and the 'dew point'—where the air has reached saturation, and will deposit dew as it cools—ice crystals or snow will form. The leading edges of an airplane wing, engine nacelle, propeller blade, or tail empennage, passing through air full of water and just ready to freeze, become incubators for ice crystal accumulation.

The real danger is not merely the considerable weight that can be involved, but the fact that the buildup changes the intended airflow, and sooner or later 'spoils' the ability of the lifting or controlling surfaces to perform their function. The plane is burdened and suffers an aerodynamic stall at the same time! Our beloved, but oh-so-finicky Davis wing on the Liberator tolerated very little battle damage or ice, and given that takeoff conditions in Norfolk winters favor icing, and the planes were invariable overloaded, there was a real and frequent hazard.

Some early models featured leading (wing) edge heated chambers, exchanging heat from engine exhaust

with ambient air and ducting it inside the wing. Most had pneumatically inflatable leading edge black rubber boots, but these tended to leak and tear in the sun and elements after a year, and were labor-intense to replace, if battle damage did not get them first.

The Brits tended to favor applied pastes that in practice were better at holding seed-crystal ice, than calving it off before it became a drag and lift issue.

Civil and commercial aviation, wanting to be able to fly through all conditions safely, gave a mandate to government research before the war and after. NACA (National Advisory Council on Aeronautics—precursor to NASA) tried to help the airlines and the service branches practically test chemical, electrical, and hot-air methods, though quantification of the energy needed at specific spots on specific airframes seemed to defy formulaic description and guidance.

Within memory, several fatal plane crashes have involved icing, usually in combination with poor judgment by pilots on how to avoid it or cope with it. (See [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USAir\\_Flight\\_405](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USAir_Flight_405) for one.)

The loss of two planes in succession, taking off from Rackheath in dense ground fog on December 26, 1944, in all likelihood entailed rapid icing during the takeoff roll and rendered the heavy birds non-aerodynamic by the first half mile off the runway.

So, the ingredients for ice are often there in 'thin air.' Pilots need to recognize and avoid the fatal recipe.

Many are cold, but few are frozen,

—Pete



# Echoes of England: The Hidden 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force

*story and photos by Evan Thomas*

Hidden places, secret doors or tunnels and old, abandoned buildings capture the imagination. Even after all these years it is still possible to experience some of the original history by visiting the hallowed haunts of the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force in England. Buildings and structures, reclaimed by nature, hide in woodland and going off the beaten track and investigating some of these sites can be a magical experience. This year I was lucky enough to be present at the Seething Control Tower Museum for the visit of historian and author Jeff Brett and his son from the US. Jeff is the author of the great 448<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group history published by Schiffer. It's a fantastic (and weighty!) resource and a book that I really need to get my own copy of. A group from the Seething Control Tower Association including Patricia Everson (448<sup>th</sup> BG Historian) played hosts for the visit and we had lunch in the restored WWII control Tower. It was a real treat to meet with Jeff and chat about his book and this fascinating history.

After lunch we jumped into our cars for the ride to the old Admin and HQ Block of the 448<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group. I've been here before and in better weather when I shot footage for my film *The Death of Red Bow*. I toured some of the other buildings with my Dad one cold and very wet Sunday morning. From what I've read many 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force veterans associate their time in England with the damp, penetrating cold and endless mud so visiting these places in terrible weather feels very authentic!

We arrived at the site, stepped off the road, and headed into the undergrowth. The value of Jeff's knowledge was immense and immediate as he demonstrated where the crew briefing room was located (pictured); only the foundations remain now. It was here that the bomb crews would gather to learn the details of their next target. The main building has recently been sealed by the landown-

ers so it was not possible to go inside. Nevertheless, there were still some special moments to come. I joined Patricia and Jeff by one of the other buildings and learned this was where they stored the famous (and top secret) Nor-



Surrounded by trees

den bombsights. Entry to this building would have been restricted and restriction enforced by an armed guard. Today, iron bars provide a clue to the buildings history. We continued into the woods, away from the HQ block and towards another concrete building tightly surrounded by trees. As I followed Jim Turner through the woods, pushing through tree branches, I remember feeling very privileged to be part of this small group and in awe of Patricia and Jim who have been keepers and promoters of this history for decades. Climbing into this build-

ing Jeff pointed out some wonderful, original artwork on the wall. Depicted were some of the famous aircraft of the day; Fortresses, Liberators, Lightnings and Thunderbolts. As if this wasn't enough there was also a faded list of cities on an adjacent wall; Koblenz, Osnabruk, Stuttgart, Berlin. I wonder, what stories could be told by that list?

So, thank you to the Control Tower gang, to Patricia and Jim and to Jeff Brett. 2012 was a strange year for me and not without its lows, but that was a great day and one that I will never forget.

Kind Regards,

Evan

---

*You can find me on twitter as @happywarriors or email me [evan@happywarriors.co.uk](mailto:evan@happywarriors.co.uk). I have a blog at [happywarriors.co.uk](http://happywarriors.co.uk) about the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force in England that I will be relaunching in 2013. Ideas, comments, suggestions? Get in touch!*

# Heroes

by Johan Kuiper

“Heroes.” This is how Sack-time Sally’s navigator, Lt. James McGahee, named the people in occupied Fryslân, a province in the North of the Netherlands, who helped him to stay out of the hands of the German army.

From the minute he was stuck with his parachute in the old oak, until the moment he was on a train to try to escape and to return to Great Britain, McGahee could draw their faces and the homes where he hid, but never did hear their names or the names of the small villages where they all lived.

Of course, we (as the researchers of the Sack-time Sally crash) were happy to find some of the places and persons who were involved with McGahee’s hiding. However, after nearly 68 years it is very hard to find all the people involved, but older local residents did never forget this tragic event from November 26, 1943.

Mr. Geert Zigterman, church keeper of that old village church, heard from several people that Lt. McGahee stayed for three nights in his church, and how the former church keeper, Eeuwe Nijboer and his son, Roel, were the ones who picked up McGahee and brought him to their church.

How lucky we were, because Mr. Roel Nijboer is still with



Lt. McGahee Roel holding photo of his father Eeuwe Nijboer.

Gahee, seen through the eyes of Roel Nijboer.”

“It was just after noon when the sky was filled with sounds of engines and blazing guns, a B-24 was fighting of the three German ME-109. It seems as if it were a losing battle. I could see four or five parachutes drop down from the heavy bomber that exploded a few minutes later.” Roel Nijboer rushed into the church tower and could see three parachutes land near each other. These parachutes were also seen by German forces who came on motorbikes and common bikes. Two airmen, Braly and Fillenger, were caught on the spot, only the navigator could find a way to flee.

After his bailout, McGahee was drifting in his parachute. This was seen by many people because it was daylight (1:15 pm) just after the fighting between the B-24 and the 3 German fighters. To have a good look, Mr. Roel Nijboer (he was 18 years old at that time), climbed up the church tower (his father, Eeuwe Nijboer was the church keeper and gravedigger.) McGahee passed the church about 1 mile away and was heading for a small bush. At this point McGahee landed and hid, waiting for the evening.

*From his lookout spot, could follow Roel Nijboer the American flyer on his way to the south and saw him. Roel reported this information to his father, Eeuwe, and when the daylight was shimmering, Eeuwe rode his bike to the bushes where McGahee was. Eeuwe Nijboer instructed McGahee to walk back to the main road where he would be picked-up by his son, Roel.*

Some minutes later McGahee was standing in the house



Pilot boots of Lt. McGahee.

us. Geert Zigterman and I were invited by Roel Nijboer to his home and, therefore, we are very happy to continue the Sack-time Sally event, “The hiding of Lt. James Mc-

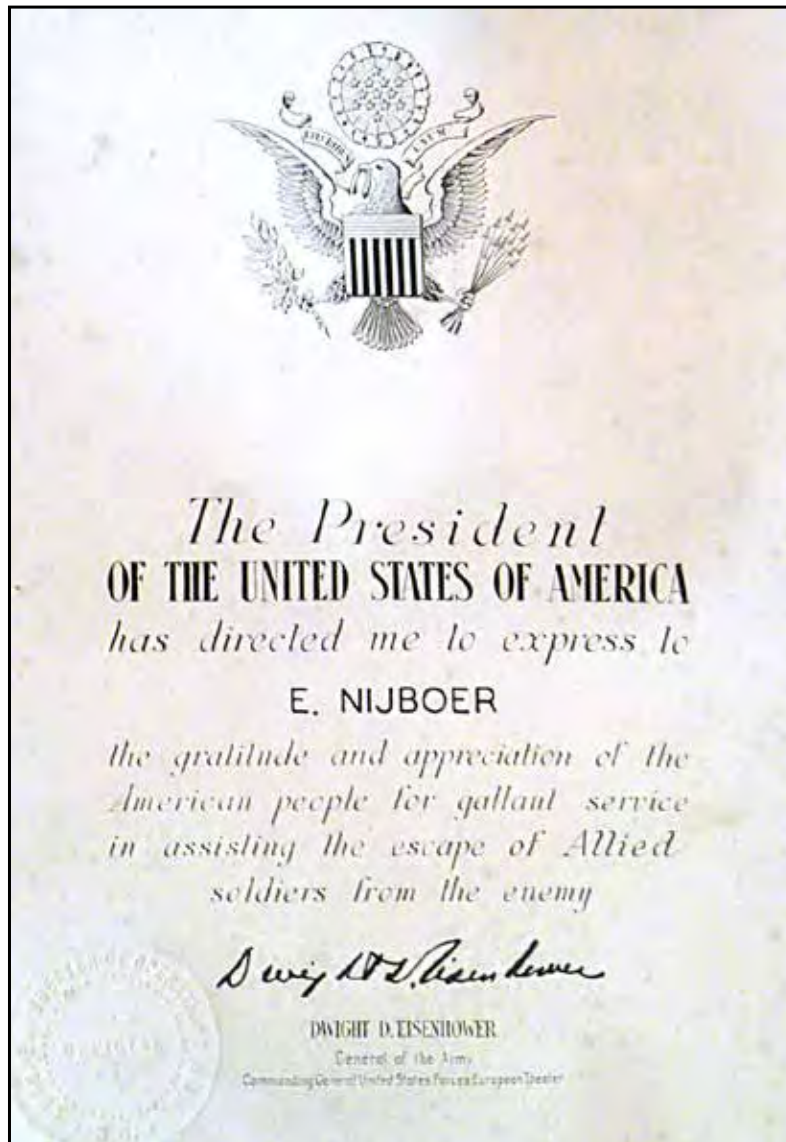
of the Nijboer family, cold, thirsty and hungry. However, most important, he was rescued and that is all that counts.

Eeuwe lived in the USA for three years, so he could speak rather good English. McGahee was told that they would hide him in the old village church on the other side of the road. McGahee thanked him and offered them all a cigarette, "Camel cigarettes" recalls Roel. "That flyer wore a flight overall, and out from his right pocket, he grabbed these cigarettes". Late in the evening Eeuwe and his son, Roel, took McGahee and slipped into the old church. Passing a small doorway, they entered the attic where some old stuff was stowed away. They spread a bed so McGahee could lie down to sleep. But first, the Nijboer's brought a heavenly meal to McGahee. "Brown beans covered with bacon, a meal that was very rare in these war years. McGahee looked at it and started to eat, only a few bites and he put it aside. It was not his favorite, I guess. So he gave it to me. After the first real American cigarette, I did have a real royal meal!"

The next day Eeuwe put out the word that an American flyer was in their church and that he wondered if the resistance group would pick him up and hide him in a safer environment. Each day Roel brought food and water to the secret room where McGahee was waiting.

"To transport the food and drinking, we used a large bucket, put the food and drinks in it and covered it

with pieces of peat. This was necessary because German troops were always eager to try to find tracks that could lead them to the airman who was still on the run". To kill the time and to try to teach Roel some English, McGahee starts to teach 'time' by using his wristwatch.



Treasured documentation. Close-up of President Truman's official thanks to Eeuwe Nijboer, under hand of General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, in command of US Forces, European Theater.

After three nights, two people on bikes went to the church; one parked his bike and went while the other urged McGahee to mount the bike and start peddling. "That was the last time I ever saw McGahee. And this is where Roel ends his story.

After the war we heard rumors that he had made it back to England and flew again, but from what I heard it seems he was killed in Northern Africa. However, I am so happy that McGahee is still alive after all. But to me it is a bit sad; I missed him while he was here in the Netherlands and did visit that old church of ours. One day I hope he comes back again so he can pick up the things he left in 1943."

In January of 2011 the two men would see

each other again, via SKYPE internet communication, and they would talk to each other. National and local television broadcasting companies and newspaper journalists were invited to share this wonderful event where two men who lost contact 68 years ago, but reunited as a result of the research on that tragic lost heavy bomber, B-24 d "Sack-time Sally".

"The Hiding of Lt. McGahee, seen through the eyes of Mr. Roel Nijboer," by Johan Kuiper (researcher of the B-24D "Sack-time Sally")



# A Short Memoir of an a/c Mechanic

*By Bill Woods, 735<sup>th</sup> BS, 453<sup>rd</sup> BG*

*2AD combat vets have consistently called out the great contribution of the ground crew men. Irene Hurner received back issues of the 453<sup>rd</sup> newsletter from Aldo Ricci and called this one, from March of 1996, to our attention. -Eds.*

I thought the air crews would like to read about the daily routine of an aircraft mechanic and his responsibilities in keeping the air crew's plane in A-1 flying condition. I was attached to the 453rd Bomb Group, 735<sup>th</sup> Bomb Squadron and assigned to crew chief Joe Miele's crew which consisted of assistant crew chief Lee Quesnel, Frank Mitchell, and me. The four of us serviced and maintained four Liberators in the year and a half that we were at Old Buckenham. The first two planes were lost to battle damage with one of the plane's crew being able to fly their plane safely to Sweden.

Our most notable aircraft was a B-24H named "Hattiebelle" after the wife of a pilot from Mississippi. The flight crews that flew her never once had to abort a mission because of mechanical failure. It flew 106 missions and over 1000 hours of flight time before it was retired from active service. Because of this record, our crew chief, Joe Miele received the bronze star. He was a top-notch crew chief and the three of us admired him and worked hard for him. When "Hattiebelle" was retired, in its place we received as our next and last plane a brand new B-24M that would never see combat. Interestingly enough, previous to "Hattiebelle" we had a B-24D ship which we dubbed "Inspector Squawk" with a painting of a parrot with the title on the pilot's side of the plane. Our crew had to work like the devil to avoid any "gigs" that the inspector would find on inspection of the plane, but the plane flew its missions until it was downed over the continent.

Generally, one of us was always available to the airplane. We would each take our turn every fourth day. Before I went out to the airplane for the night alert, I always ended up at the mess hall for a second dinner and, if there was "army stew" that evening, my night watch was complete. I always pigged out with that meal. I loved it.

After checking out the plane visually, the first thing on the agenda was to preflight the engines. I can remember the first time that I sat in the pilot's seat and started up the engines; it was a big thrill for me. After finishing basic training in the army at Ft Belvoir, VA, I applied for Air Force Cadets and was accepted for what I had hoped was to be a pilot. They assigned me to the 60<sup>th</sup> College Training Detachment at the University of Pittsburgh where...I got 10 hours of flight time before it was discovered that I had astigmatism in both eyes and I was washed out. It was a big dis-

appointment in my young life, but here I was sitting in the pilot's seat with the aircraft in my control. After that first time, it became routine to run the engines through their paces. You could never be careless when you have 10 men depending upon you and your team to get them in the air and back home safely.

An excellent example of problem solving occurred one early morning as I was preflighting the engines and I revved them up, checking the engine's instruments. I detected a noticeable drop in the tachometer instrument reading in No. 4 engine. It was not acceptable in my judgment and I had to make a decision as to how to solve the problem. I could replace the magneto if it was faulty, or it could more than likely be one or more spark plugs that could be bad. Time could be a factor, so I decided to do the hardest first and that was to change all of the spark plugs in the engine. There would be plenty of time to replace the magneto because it was easily accessible for replacement. So, with a flashlight for light, for the next two hours or so I worked my head off, hoping and praying that there would not be a seized plug. Fortunately, I was able to replace all of them without any problem. Even our engineering officer in his Jeep stopped by to find out what my problem was. I told him of the problem and he was satisfied with my actions. A second preflight of the engines proved successful and the crew made their mission for the day.

After the preflight was acceptable, I usually ended up in the squadron engineering office on the line or, if the night was beautiful, I'd just sit in the pilot's seat and sometimes turn on the radio to listen for anything interesting until the armament crews arrived to service their end of the plane. It wasn't long before we got word of the up and coming mission and soon the gas truck came and I topped off the auxiliary and main gas tanks. Before long the quarter-ton truck arrived with the flight crew. As the time for the mission approached, Joe, Lee, and Frank arrived. It was always exciting to watch as the planes taxied out to the taxi strip and into position and to watch them roar down the runway and lift off into the "wild blue yonder." Now I could go to breakfast and hit the sack. I'd be off duty for the remainder of the day. Generally, we'd cat nap and you'd see all four of us out at the hardstand watching for our plane as the group came back from its mission.

There were times when I took advantage of the day off and headed for Norwich to spend the day doing the town, take in a movie or browse through the stores, and finally queuing up for hot “fish and chips” wrapped in newspaper before going back to the base on the liberty run. A couple of times I took the train back to Attleborough which was always interesting with all the GIs, Tommys, and a few WAFs (British and American) on board the train singing the ever popular “Roll Me Over” and other ditties as they headed back to their bases. They were fun to listen to. I can recall one fall evening getting off at the train station and walking up the road to see where you were going and as I passed this grove of trees, I heard the hooting of an owl. That made the hair on the back of my neck stand up and sent chills through me. I quickened my pace back to the base. England was not a disappointment if you had ever seen a Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes movie; your imagination can run away on you.

When our plane taxied into position and came to a stop at our hardstand, and we had chocked the wheels, we looked the plane over for damage and began servicing it while Joe checked over the flight log with the pilot and flight engineer for any mechanical problem. The plane was ours now. If there 25, 50 or 100 hour inspections due, we did them before the next mission, plus servicing the plane. We were an excellent maintenance crew and we took our work seriously. We worked on the plane until it was ready for flight no matter how long it took.

This may sound kind of corny to some people who had never gone through it, but we mechanics did get a close attachment to the flight crews who flew our plane. A good example as far as our crew was concerned was Lt. Fignolio's crew. It made its first mission with “Hattiebelle” and completed their last missions with her with nary a scratch on her. We were happy to see them group around “Hattiebelle” to have their picture taken after they came “home” safely from their last mission. Soon they would be home-ward bound for the States.

What did we do when the planes sometimes would be gone from four to eight hours at a stretch? I remember a beautiful summer day when four of us decided to take a walk down the country lanes of base. We went through the hedge rows until we came to a paved road. We strolled up the road, mind you, in our fatigues, stopping to pick berries along the way and passing quaint little fenced-in cottages with their flower gardens. It was like out of a movie, but it was real. Rural England was quaint and beautiful.

We were always upgrading our “shack” at the hardstand with whatever we could scrounge up to protect us from the weather. From four walls and a roof made from wooden crates with a door opening, we added, as time went by,

a swinging latched door. Inside the shack we built a long wooden bench that we used for sitting and covered it with a pair of army blankets. This was located along the wall and about two feet above it we mounted a side window that was a scrapped plastic bubble navigators used to “shoot” the stars or sun to get their bearings during flights. We used it for looking out toward the runway and taxi strip to watch for our plane if the weather was bad. Our shack was even heated from a can of oil and copper hose with a spigot attached which was strapped above a 5-gallon can. The oil slowly dripped into the can that was lit for our warmth on the few days it got quite cool.

Finally, does anyone recall when John Tangorra talked the cook into making a hasenpfeffer stew if he bagged a rabbit? He shot one, all right. The only problem was, when he shot it with his carbine, there was nothing left to cook. Therefore, no hasenpfeffer.



L to r: Lee Quesnel, Bill Woods, Joe Miele, Frank Mitchell

## Websites We Like

### The Army Historical Foundation - The Register of the American Soldier

<https://www.usarmyregistry.org/home.aspx>

The National Museum of the U.S. Army recognizes the service and sacrifice of the American Soldier at home and around the world, at war and during peace. The Registry of the American Soldier provides an opportunity for anyone who served in the U.S. Army to have his or her name and service history placed on record at the Museum. If you served, you need to be in the Registry!

# Honoring and Remembering

During our annual subscription drive, we are heartened by generous gifts from members inspired by an individual to whom we are all connected. We wish to thank members who have given the Heritage League recent contributions as follows:

James Birmingham, in Honor of Robert C. Birmingham (458<sup>th</sup>)

Michael F. Herfner, in Memory of Wilbur D. Stites (453<sup>rd</sup>)

Ann E Gephard, in Memory of Donald C. Gephard (392<sup>nd</sup>)

Jim Goar, in Memory of Laurence Gilbert (392<sup>nd</sup>)

George L. Harlow, in Honor of George L. Harlow (445<sup>th</sup>)

Paula Stenger Blum, in Memory of Lt.Col.Richard M. Stenger (489<sup>th</sup>)

Bruce G. Helmer, in Memory of Earl Zimmerman (389<sup>th</sup>)

Mark Default, in Memory of Joseph Kenneth Default (466<sup>th</sup>)

Janet Leavitt, in Memory of Russell C. Philpott (93<sup>rd</sup>)

Katherine M Hart, in Memory of Dean H. Hart (453<sup>rd</sup>)

Jennifer Di Mola, in Memory of Francis J. Di Mola (445<sup>th</sup>)

Barbara Marsteller, in Memory of Glen E. Marsteller (445<sup>th</sup>)

## Ploesti Raid Reunion!

New Honorary Life Member Jim McClain is one of our precious surviving vets of the daring low-level raid , based in northern Africa, on August 1, 1943, that went way north to wreak havoc on Hitler's key petroleum supply in Rumania. There were horrific losses, 4 awards of the Medal of Honor—3 posthumously—and a 20% reduction of fuel available to the Third Reich. Substantial elements of 'our' 44<sup>th</sup>, 93<sup>rd</sup>, and 389<sup>th</sup> Bomb Groups went to Africa from England for extensive preparation and practice for this most potent demonstration of American strength and commitment to the European strategic bombing campaign.

Jim would like those remaining vets, and presumably relatives and admirers that are also interested, to contact him about a gathering in Dayton on the 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, Thursday, August 1, 2013. Plans (program, beginning and ending dates, hotel) are coming together but not solid as of this writing. but Jim needs to gauge the interest and have your contact information! Write him at Apt 1215, 1400 Maxhelen Blvd, Waterloo, IA 50701-9566, or email him at jamesmcclain98@yahoo.com. Make sure Jim knows your interest and has your phone, address and email. Help spread the word in your circle!



**Heritage League/8<sup>th</sup> Air Force  
Historical Society Annual Reunion  
Marriott Savannah Riverfront  
July 22-26, 2013**

**REGISTRATION INSTRUCTIONS**

See choices below and complete the Registration Form noting your event choices and personal information. By "WWII GROUP," we're asking for the group or unit in which you served (specific Bomb Group, Fighter Group, PRG, HQ, etc.). We use this information for tallying totals for each group, nametags, and seating arrangements. If you prefer to sit with a different group, please give us that information too. We do not need your squadron. Remit by mail with check or money order payable to Armed Forces Reunions by June 20, 2013. You may also register and pay with credit card online at [www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013](http://www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013). A 3% convenience fee will be added to online credit card reservations. Forms received after June 20 will be accepted on a space available basis only. Hotel reservations should also be made by June 20, 2013.

**ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. CANCELLATION POLICY**

For attendees canceling reunion activities prior to the cut-off date, Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. (AFR) shall process a full refund less a \$5 per person processing fee. Attendees canceling reunion activities after the cut-off date will be refunded to the fullest extent that AFR's vendor commitments and guarantees will allow, less a \$5 processing fee. Cancellations will only be taken Monday through Friday from 9:00am until 4:00pm Eastern Time, excluding holidays. Please call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion. Canceling your hotel reservation doesn't cancel your reunion activities.

**MEALS / EVENTS CHOICES****MEAL PACKAGE 1 \$212**

Package includes all 7 hotel food functions (4 breakfasts, 3 dinners).

**MEAL PACKAGE 2 \$148**

Package includes 5 hotel food functions beginning with breakfast on Wednesday (3 breakfasts, 2 dinners)

The breakfast buffets includes juice, fruit, cereals/milk, eggs, meat, potatoes, assorted breakfast breads, coffee, and tea.

**CHOICE #3 INDIVIDUAL EVENTS**

Wednesday Rendezvous Dinner at \$44, and Thursday Banquet at \$45 can be purchased separately, but are included in both packages above.

**TOUR OPTIONS**

Tours and trips are described on the Reunion Highlights Pages. Prices are listed on the registration form. Driver and Guide gratuities are not included in the tour prices.

**SAVANNAH MARRIOTT RIVERFRONT – SAVANNAH, GA**  
**(912) 233-7722 (800) 285-0398**

The Savannah Marriott Riverfront is located at 100 General McIntosh Boulevard, Savannah, GA 31401. It is approximately 10 miles away from the Savannah/Hilton Head International Airport (SAV). The hotel is located on the Historic Riverfront connected to world-famous River Street via the Riverwalk and ferries. River Street offers over 90 unique shops, taverns, and restaurants. The Savannah Marriott Riverfront guests can easily walk throughout the Historic District, where guests can enjoy the beautiful squares, historic house museums, art galleries and antique shops.

The Savannah Marriott Riverfront offers 391 guest rooms. Handicapped rooms are subject to availability; please request these special accommodations when making reservations. The Marriott is a non-smoking hotel. All rooms feature hairdryer, coffee makers, iron/ironing board, high-speed internet access for a fee. Guests can also enjoy access to the Atrium & outdoor pool, fitness center, and gift shop. Check-in is at 4:00pm and check-out is at 11:00am. Self parking at the hotel for registered group guest is currently \$5 per vehicle per day. Valet parking is not available. **Blue A Savannah Bistro & Bar** serves American cuisine for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. **Atrium Bar** offers guests a place to enjoy appetizers and drinks. Room service is available.

Hospitality "Parlors" are available to rent for individual unit hospitalities. There are a couple different types of parlors, and they will be assigned based on size of the bomb group. Some have adjoining rooms for the host. Others will have hosts assigned to a nearby room. Parlors rent for \$134 per night (plus taxes/fees). Adjoining sleeping rooms or nearby rooms will rent at the standard room group rate of \$109 per night (plus taxes/fees). Please contact Donna Lee w/ AFRI at [DonnaLee@afri.com](mailto:DonnaLee@afri.com) to reserve a hospitality room.

The hotel does not provide shuttle service to and from the Savannah/Hilton Head International Airport. The hotel recommends using K-Shuttle. Please call (877) 243-2050 for more information and reservations. Currently, their rates are \$40 per person round trip. After retrieving your luggage at baggage claim, proceed to the Visitor Information area where your driver will be waiting with a sign.

For RV hookup service, call Bellaire Woods Campground at (912) 748-4000 or Savannah South KOA at (912) 756-3396. Ask for information, reservations, and directions to determine which is the most convenient for you.

Should you need to rent a wheelchair for the reunion, ScootAround rents both manual and power wheelchairs by the day and week. Please call their toll-free number at (888) 441-7575.

-----HOTEL RESERVATION INFORMATION-----

**PLEASE CALL THEIR TOLL FREE RESERVATIONS LINE, 1-800-285-0398,  
 TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS - 8<sup>th</sup> AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY REUNION  
 REUNION DATES: JULY 22-26, 2013**

Please be prepared to give the following information when making your reservations:

- NAME & IF SHARING ROOM, WITH WHOM
- ADDRESS & EMAIL ADDRESS, IF APPLICABLE
- TELEPHONE NUMBER
- ARRIVAL DAY & DATE/ DEPARTURE DATE/ CONFIRM THE # OF NIGHTS
- # OF ROOMS & THE # OF PEOPLE IN ROOM
- ADVISE IF YOU REQUIRE HANDICAP ACCESSIBLE ROOM
- KING BED OR 2 DOUBLE BEDS? (LIMITED AVAILABILITY ON DOUBLE BED ROOMS)
- RATE: \$109 + taxes (currently 13%) + \$1 city occupancy fee. Reservations must be guaranteed by credit card.
- CUTOFF DATE: 06/20/13. Reservations received after this date will be processed on space & rate availability
- CANCELLATION POLICY: Deposit is refundable if reservation is canceled 24 hours prior to date of arrival
- Reservation Guarantee: Must provide a credit card number with expiration date to reservation agent

**Online: <http://www.marriott.com/hotels/travel/savrf-savannah-marriott-riverfront>  
 Group Code: EAFEFA**

# HERITAGE LEAGUE / 8<sup>TH</sup> AFHS ACTIVITY REGISTRATION FORM

On back side are all registration, tour, and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total the amount. Send that amount payable to ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. in the form of check or money order. Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. You may also register online and pay by credit card at [www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013](http://www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013) (3% will be added to total). All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before June 20, 2013. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space available basis. We suggest you make a copy of this form before mailing. Please do not staple or tape your payment to this form. Returned checks will be charged a \$20 fee.

**Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.**  
**322 Madison Mews**  
**Norfolk, VA 23510** *ATTN: 8<sup>th</sup> AFHS*

-----OFFICE USE ONLY-----

Check # \_\_\_\_\_ Date Received \_\_\_\_\_

Inputted \_\_\_\_\_ Nametag Completed \_\_\_\_\_

Please Print

MEMBER NAME (for nametag) \_\_\_\_\_ BOMB GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

☒ HERITAGE LEAGUE / 2ND AIR DIVISION ☐ VETERAN ☐ NEXT GEN ☐ OTHER

SPOUSE NAME (if attending) \_\_\_\_\_

GUEST NAMES \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ NEXT GEN ☐ OTHER

PHONE # (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_ @ \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

DISABILITY/DIETARY RESTRICTIONS \_\_\_\_\_

MUST YOU BE LIFTED HYDRAULICALLY ONTO THE BUS WHILE SEATED IN YOUR WHEELCHAIR IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN BUS TRIPS? ☐ YES ☐ NO (PLEASE NOTE THAT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE AVAILABILITY).

EMERGENCY CONTACT \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

*Register Online at [www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013](http://www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2013)*

(Continued on the reverse)

## Renewal / Application for Heritage League of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division (USAAF)



**We strongly encourage you to pay through PayPal. It is safe and secure way for you to pay your membership and contributions. LOG ON TO <http://www.heritageleague.org/>**

**If paying by check (to The Heritage League), send it with this form to:**

**Membership- VP**  
**1020 Glacier Avenue**  
**Pacifica, CA 94044**  
**[smbdyer@sbcglobal.net](mailto:smbdyer@sbcglobal.net)**

(Continued on the reverse)



(Continued from the reverse)

| <b>CUT-OFF DATE IS 6/20/13</b>  | <b>Price Per</b> | <b># of People</b> | <b>Total</b> |
|---|------------------|--------------------|--------------|
| <b>REGISTRATION FEE</b>   |                  |                    |              |
| Includes meeting expenses and other reunion expenses. <i>Adults</i>             | \$40             |                    |              |
| <i>Children ages 8-16 attending more than 1 function &amp; staying at hotel</i> | \$25             |                    |              |
| <b>MEAL PACKAGES</b>  | \$212            |                    | \$           |
| <i>#1 includes 7 hotel meals beginning with breakfast on Tuesday.</i>           |                  |                    |              |
| <i>#2 includes 5 hotel meals beginning with breakfast on Wednesday</i>          | \$148            |                    | \$           |
| <b>Please select your entrée choice(s) for the Banquet:</b>                     |                  |                    |              |
| Filet Cut Sirloin Steak   |                  | #                  |              |
| Panco-Crusted Baked Tilapia   |                  | #                  |              |
| <b>SEPARATELY PRICED MEALS (if not purchasing a package)</b>                    |                  |                    |              |
| Wednesday: Rendezvous Dinner (Chicken Picatta)                                  | \$44             |                    | \$           |
| Thursday: Banquet ( <b>please select your entrée</b> )                          | \$45             |                    | \$           |
| Filet Cut Sirloin Steak   |                  |                    |              |
| Panco-Crusted Baked Tilapia   | \$45             |                    | \$           |
| <b>TOURS</b>  | \$39             |                    | \$           |
| Tuesday: City Tour  |                  |                    |              |
| Tuesday: Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum / B-17 Commemoration                    | \$35             |                    | \$           |
| Please choose one of the following two tours:                                   | \$43             |                    | \$           |
| Thursday: Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum  |                  |                    |              |
| Thursday: Island, Tybee Beach and Fort Tour                                     | \$46             |                    | \$           |
| Total Amount Payable to <b>Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.</b>                      | -----            |                    | \$           |

(Continued from the reverse)

E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_ (@) \_\_\_\_\_ Check if renewal \_\_\_\_\_  
 (If you are receiving the newsletter by email, please make sure you provide your email address above)  
 NAME of related 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Veteran \_\_\_\_\_

Their BG or Unit No. \_\_\_\_\_ Their relationship to you \_\_\_\_\_

**Dues for friends and relatives of 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Veterans**, check one:

\_\_\_ PDF Newsletter via Email -*provide email address above*- \$20  
 \_\_\_ Printed Newsletter sent by US mail \$30

**2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Veterans** are eligible to be a Honorary Lifetime Member; check one:

\_\_\_ PDF Newsletter, via Email -*provide email address above*- \$0 (free)  
 \_\_\_ printed Newsletter via regular mail \$30

#### **ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS**

Contribution to the Heritage League operations \$ \_\_\_\_\_

If you like, we would be pleased to note your contribution as...

In Memory of (deceased) \_\_\_\_\_  
 OR  
 In Honor of (living person) \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL ENCLOSED** \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Heritage League & 8th AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
Annual Business Meeting / ANNUAL REUNION**

**Monday, July 22**

|        |   |        |  |
|--------|---|--------|--|
| 1:00pm | - | 6:00pm | Reunion Registration open                            |
| 2:00pm | - |        | Memorabilia / Gathering Room open                    |
| 2:00pm | - |        | 8AFHS Board Meeting                                  |
| 5:00pm | - | 6:00pm | Welcome Reception (hosted by the Birthplace Chapter) |

**Tuesday, July 23**

|         |   |         |   |
|---------|---|---------|---|
| 7:30am  | - | 8:30am  | Full Breakfast Buffet   |
| 8:00am  | - | 10:00am | Reunion Registration open                                       |
| 9:00am  | - | 10:00am | Unit Advisory and Chapter & Unit Dev. Meeting                   |
| 9:00am  | - | 12:00pm | CITY TOUR   |
| 12:30pm | - | 6:00pm  | Reunion Registration open                                       |
| 1:30pm  | - | 5:30pm  | MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE MUSEUM / B-17<br>COMMEMORATION CEREMONY |
| 6:30pm  | - | 7:00pm  | 8AFHS Cash Bar Reception  |
| 7:00pm  | - | 9:00pm  | Dinner Buffet   |

**Wednesday, July 24**

|         |   |         |   |
|---------|---|---------|---|
| 7:30am  | - | 8:30am  | Full Breakfast Buffet                               |
| 8:00am  | - | 10:00am | Reunion Registration open                           |
| 8:30am  | - | 10:00am | Individual Group Meetings                           |
| 10:30am | - | 12:00pm | Next Generation Meeting                             |
| Noon    | - | 2:00pm  | Heritage League Annual Business Meeting & Luncheon  |
| 1:00pm  | - | 6:00pm  | Reunion Registration open                           |
| 2:00pm  | - | 3:30pm  | Prof. Larry Foley's Presentation: The Lost Squadron |
| 4:00pm  | - | 5:30pm  | WWII Q&A Session                                    |
| 6:30pm  | - | 7:00pm  | 8AFHS Cash Bar Reception                            |
| 7:00pm  | - | 9:30pm  | Rendezvous Dinners (Heritage League dinner)         |

**Thursday, July 25**

|         |   |         |  |
|---------|---|---------|--|
| 7:30am  | - | 8:30am  | Full Breakfast Buffet                                  |
| 8:30am  | - | 10:00am | General Membership Meeting                             |
| 11:00pm | - | 4:00pm  | 8AFHS Board Meeting                                    |
| 1:00pm  | - | 4:30pm  | MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE MUSEUM                         |
| 1:30pm  | - | 4:30pm  | ISLAND, TYBEE BEACH, AND FORT TOUR                     |
| 5:00pm  | - | 5:30pm  | Reunion Registration open                              |
| 6:00pm  | - | 7:00pm  | 8AFHS Cash Bar Reception                               |
| 7:00pm  | - |         | Banquet Dinner, followed by guest speaker, Scott Reda. |

**Friday, July 26**

|        |   |        |                       |
|--------|---|--------|-----------------------|
| 7:00am | - | 8:30am | Full Breakfast Buffet |
|--------|---|--------|-----------------------|

are recorded here in subsequent *Heralds*.

Ironically, just as we are going to press, we have news of the passing of Ray Pytel, to whom we would have looked for this information (we hoped, in our presuming mortal way) for many years to come, but his final retirement from editing *The Journal* was cut short. In continuing awe of the work he did, we dedicate our new initiative to the memory of Ray Pytel, who will always remain an editor's editor.

Richard C. Baynes, 466<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(January 26, 2013)

Lee Carter, 448<sup>th</sup> veteran (date not known)

Marvin 'Ralph' Davis, 467<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(October 2012)

Arthur K. Ireland, 467<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(January 8, 2013)

Donald R. Lamb, 93<sup>rd</sup> veteran (date not known)

Elmer L Lanini, 458<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(January 13, 2013)

Walter J Mateski, 392<sup>nd</sup> veteran  
(December 15, 2012)

James McCrory, 492<sup>nd</sup> son  
(February 24, 2013)

Ray C. Pytel, 445<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(March 16, 2013)

Muriel Reading, 453<sup>rd</sup> veteran  
(October, 2012)

David W. Reich, 389<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(January 31, 2013)

George E Schmidt, Jr, 445<sup>th</sup> veteran  
(October 5, 2012)

Raymond E Strong, HQ veteran  
(March 4, 2013)

## Folded Wings

As long as the Second Air Division Association was active and printing *The Journal*, it was the policy of the Heritage League to not run death notices or obituaries, for several reasons. Foremost, we were concerned that we were not as competent as the combined Group VPs—and their networks—to collect this sensitive news with all due speed and accuracy. We especially did not want to offend any parties by an omission. The League Executives have recently decide to take up this important work now, but of course must ask our readers to assist us, by contacting the Membership VP with reliable information on the passing of 2AD veterans or of Heritage League members. Date of death will be appreciated, as will the individual's bomb group affiliation.

This new section will attempt to list all who have left us since the final *Journal* was compiled. Please let us know if we fail to mention any, or if the last *Journal* missed any, and we will see that they

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[www.heritageleague.org](http://www.heritageleague.org)

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