

Vol. 31, No. 1

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Spring 1992



**Over Europe 1942**



**Over Boston 1992**

## Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

### HONORARY PRESIDENT

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

### OFFICERS

President.....RICHARD M. KENNEDY  
8051 Goshen Road, Malvern, PA 19355  
Executive Vice President.....JOHN B. CONRAD  
2981 Four Pines #1, Lexington, KY 40502  
Vice President  
Membership.....EVELYN COHEN  
Apt. 06-410 Delaire Landing Road  
Philadelphia, PA 19114  
Vice President  
Journal.....WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE  
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938  
Treasurer.....DEAN MOYER  
549 East Main St., Evans City, PA 16033  
Secretary.....DAVID G. PATTERSON  
28 Squire Court, Alamo, CA 94507  
American Representative  
Board of Governors.....E. (BUD) KOORNDYK  
5184 N. Quail Crest Dr., Grand Rapids, MI 49546

### GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters.....RAY STRONG  
320 Burlage Circle, Chapel Hill, NC 27514  
44th BG.....H.C. (Pete) HENRY  
164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831  
93rd BG.....FLOYD MABEE  
28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801  
389th BG.....LLOYD E. WEST  
Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575  
392nd BG.....OAK MACKAY  
6085 Lincoln Drive, Apt. #316, Edina, Minn. 55436  
445th BG.....CHARLES L. WALKER  
1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632  
446th BG.....MARVIN SPEIDEL  
708 Dianne Court, Rahway, NJ 07065  
448th BG.....CATER LEE  
P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536  
453rd BG.....WILBUR CLINGAN  
8729 Samoline, Downey, CA 90240  
458th BG.....E.A. ROKICKI  
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21061  
466th BG.....ELWOOD NOTHSTEIN  
40 Meadow Dr., Spencerport, NY 14559  
467th BG.....ROBERT SHEEHAN  
1828 E. 27th St., Tulsa, OK 74114  
489th BG.....NEAL SORENSEN  
132 Peninsula Road, Medicine Lake, MN 55441  
491st BG.....F. C. (HAP) CHANDLER  
5318 Fairfield West, Dunwoody, GA 30338  
492nd BG.....BILL BEASLEY  
1525 S. Garfield, Denver, CO 80210

### HERITAGE LEAGUE

President.....JEANE STITES  
9334 Kahl Rd., Black Earth, WI 53515

### JOURNAL

Editor.....WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE  
P.O. Box 627, Ipswich, MA 01938

### DIRECTOR OF ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES

DAVID G. PATTERSON  
28 Squire Court, Alamo, CA 94507

### MEMORIAL BOARD OF GOVERNORS

THOMAS C. EATON, Chairman  
3 Upper King Street, Norwich, Norfolk, NR3 1RL England  
PAUL R. KING, Vice Chairman  
Noverre House, Norwich NR2 1RH, England  
MRS. MICHAEL BARNE  
Crowfoots, Sotterley Beccles, Suffolk NR34 7TZ  
ROGER A. FREEMAN  
May's Barn, Dedham, Nr. Colchester, Essex, England CO7 6EW  
FRANK W. GADBOIS  
Dept. of the A.F.  
RAF Mildenhall, Suffolk, England  
DAVID J. HASTINGS  
"Westering," Salhouse, Norwich, Norfolk, NR13 6RQ, England  
ALFRED A. JENNER  
15 Ransom Rd., Norwich, Norfolk NR1 4AJ  
EDWARD MCBRIDE  
24 Grosvenor Sq., London, W1A 1AE, England  
PROFESSOR HOWARD TEMPERLEY  
School of English and American Studies  
University of East Anglia, Norwich, NR4 7TJ, England  
LT. COL. W.D. WUEST  
14 St. Andrews Close, Hingham, Norfolk NR9 4JT  
MRS. FRANCES DAVIES  
57 Church Lane, Eaton, Norwich NR4 6NY  
E. (BUD) KOORNDYK  
5184 N. Quail Crest Dr., Grand Rapids, MI 49546  
EDWARD O. INMAN  
Director of Duxford Imperial War Museum  
Duxford Airfield, Cambridge CB2 4QR

## President's Message

by Richard M. Kennedy

1992!!! This year marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of the 8th Army Air Force. Shortly after the initial cadre of personnel was formed the 8th was deployed to the United Kingdom, where they prepared to take part in what proved to be a series of important campaigns leading to the demise of Nazi Germany. 1992 will also register the assembly of the 2nd Air Division Association in Las Vegas to celebrate the Association's 45th Reunion. Two highly significant events.

1992 also records a period of 47 years since the end of World War II. Can we, with any degree of accuracy, begin to visualize the vast amount of 2nd ADA memorabilia and records that any one of us may have accumulated?

It has been recently brought to my attention that many of our members continue to raise the question of "what can I, or should I, do with precious items of memorabilia that I have collected and saved over those 47 years?" The question is not only valid; it is extremely pertinent. I have just returned from Savannah. While there, along with the 2nd ADA Executive Committee, I was able to participate in the celebration of the formation of the Mighty Eighth. The event also recognized the proposed building of the 8th AF Heritage Center. This facility, when completed, will provide a repository for the memorabilia we are speaking of in this article. However, the Heritage Center is not a reality at this point in time; therefore we must consider existing facilities.

As you know, several Bomb Groups have Group museums located on or near war-time bases in Norfolk. How permanent these repositories are, or will be, is somewhat questionable. The 2nd ADA Memorial Library in the Central Library in Norwich cannot be expected to effectively house the vast amount of material potentially scheduled for storage and display. I think we all have to remember that if our artifacts are to be safely stored, a properly established and equipped museum must be selected as a repository. One such facility currently in operation is the Duxford Imperial War Museum (England). I would caution anyone in sending individual collections directly to any facility. May I suggest that 2nd ADA members contact their Group Vice Presidents concerning what approach has been taken by the Group and develop a plan, with the help of the Group, that will assure a safe and suitable resting place for those treasures. Plan ahead and give yourself plenty of time in arriving at a decision that will allow following generations to enjoy your collections. See you all in Las Vegas!



## Folded Wings

### 44th

Robert J. Weber

### 93rd

William C. Beveridge  
Melvin E. Kilburn  
Attilio Verna

### 389th

Oscar A. Otto  
Neil C. Schmitz

### 392nd

Milton E. Kroll  
L.D. Robinson

### 445th

John W. Campbell  
John P. Lynes  
John C. Miner

### 446th

Earl B. Schaeffer  
Jack B. Stickel

### 448th

Joe W. Berry  
Warren R. Brickner  
Dwight W. Covell  
Robert C. Hooper, Jr.  
William J. Kennedy (491st)  
Alfred F. Mendus  
James P. Sullivan  
Lt. Bernard F. Twomey, Ret.

### 453rd

Joseph A. Aiello  
Hugh Doherty  
Ira D. Riggs  
John H. Talbot

### 458th

Donald J. Flateland  
John E. Tredway

### 466th

Vic I. Cleveland  
Robert J. Hartgerink  
Arthur J. Sessa  
James Springsteen  
Fred D. Venables

### 467th

Thomas Goodyear  
Louis H. Greiner  
Earl H. Johnson

### 489th

Erwin G. Esterling

### 491st

Nicholas Dashcund  
Everett M. Robbins  
Thomas D. Rogers III  
Robert E. Sweet  
Horatio E. Wirtz

### 492nd

Gildo Gregory

### HDQ

Marie Mitchell Orr

### SM

Peter E. Bond

# Table of Contents

President's Message RICHARD M. KENNEDY .....	2	446th Bungay Bull MARVIN SPEIDEL .....	24	Whatzat? ROY HOELKE .....	9
Vice President's Message JOHN B. CONRAD .....	3	The 448th Speaks CATER LEE .....	5	"The Gunner" BUD CONDER .....	11
A Report to the 2nd ADA MARTIN LEVITT .....	6	453rd Bunched Buddies WIB CLINGAN .....	12	Operation Market Garden ROBERT E. OBERSCHMID .....	13
2nd ADA Amateur Radio Net ED SCHWARM .....	8	458th Bomb Group RICK ROKICKI .....	16	Curtains C.N. 'BUD' CHAMBERLAIN .....	14
50th Anniversary Commemoration RAY STRONG .....	18	466th Bomb Group BILL NOTHSTEIN .....	23	Coincidence at Cambridge MURRAY D. FRIEDMAN .....	15
Folded Wings .....	2	467th Poop from Group BOB SHEEHAN .....	25	The Twain Have Met GEORGE A. REYNOLDS .....	15
Letters .....	31	489th Notes NEAL SORENSEN .....	7	Wings of Memory MARY LOU WILSON .....	17
45th Annual Convention .....	35	491st Ringmaster Reports HAP CHANDLER .....	30	Unbelievable! A.E. WILEN .....	18
<b>GROUP REPORTS</b>			<b>ARTICLES &amp; POEMS</b>		
Division Headquarters RAY STRONG .....	22	492nd Happy Warrior Happenings W.H. 'BILL' BEASLEY .....	10	Operation Home Run MAURICE BARRANGON, SAMUEL TAYLOR .....	19
44th News H.C. 'PETE' HENRY .....	14	93rd's Nisei Hero Dedicates WWII Museum CAL STEWART .....	4	Land Short and Roll Out ED JOHNSON .....	24
Open Letter to the 93rd FLOYD H. MABEE .....	21	Observations EARL ZIMMERMAN .....	6	A Bit of Trouble Over Norwich FRED BECCHETTI .....	25
389th Notes LLOYD E. WEST .....	8	Remembering Howard MICHAEL A. LA VERE .....	9	The London Char Woman GEORGE M. COLLAR .....	25
392nd Bomb Group OAK MACKEY .....	26			Five Medal of Honor Recipients WILLIS H. 'BILL' BEASLEY .....	27
The 445th Reporting CHUCK WALKER .....	7				

## Vice President's Message

by John B. Conrad



An alphabetical list of names of the B-24s and B-17s assigned to the Eighth Air Force 1942-1945 has been published by the Eighth Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation. Entitled "Bits and Pieces of the Mighty Eighth," it details, to the extent known, the serial number as it appeared on the vertical stabilizer, group and squadron assignments, individual letter code and name of each plane.

The authors, Paul M. Andrews and William H. Adams, spent years in researching available records and corresponding with hundreds of men who served in the 8th

AF. They have created a database of nearly 16,000 records detailing various bits of information to include the aircraft's serial number, group and squadron assignments, individual letter code, name, date assigned to the unit, fate, and where additional information can be found. In cases where the serial number is not known, the aircraft type is noted and whether the aircraft was camouflaged or in its natural metal finish. For example, a camouflaged B-17 or a natural metal finished B-24 appears as 17 CAM and 24 NMF.

The authors also have available a listing, by serial number in numerical order, of all B-24s assigned to each group which included the information outlined above for each plane. These data will be very useful to Group Vice Presidents, Historians and Newsletter Editors who receive and answer questions from fellow members.

Despite rigorous research efforts and wide-ranging support from various associations and individuals, there are still a number of missing "bits." Categories of information requiring special attention are:

(1) Assignment dates of aircraft belonging to the 2nd Air Division; and

(2) Disposition of aircraft returning to the U.S.

Anyone able to shed light on these areas or add to the information contained in "Bits and Pieces of the Mighty Eighth" is urged to do so. Acknowledgement of this assistance will appear in the final report, which should be available in the fall of 1992. Please write to Paul M. Andrews,

Project Bits and Pieces Coordinator, P.O. Box 3010, Warrenton, Virginia 22186-1710.

A "Survey of Group Activities" recently completed provides a picture of the varied projects and goals of the fourteen Bomb Groups and the Headquarters Group which make up the Second Air Division Association. Nine bomb groups have organized separate organizations to carry out group projects. These nine groups plus two other groups publish quarterly newsletters to keep each group's members apprised of the progress made toward completing goals and to keep the membership informed of other matters of interest. All fifteen groups currently have various projects underway.

These groups sometimes plan "stand alone" reunions to expedite and enjoy their undertakings. The timing of the "stand alone" reunions on occasion has been in conflict with the 2nd ADA annual conventions. The 2nd ADA has proposed to each Group Vice President that, in addition to the mini-reunion dinner, a full day be set aside at the 2nd ADA convention for each group to plan its own activities such as a membership meeting or planning their own entertainment program. However, if a "stand alone" reunion is desired, each group is requested to arrange such reunions in a manner not to conflict with the 2nd ADA annual convention.

Cooperation in this requested timing of "stand alone" reunions will be to the benefit of members who may wish to attend both reunions without being forced to choose between one or the other.

# 93rd's Nisei Hero Dedicates WWII Museum

by Cal Stewart (93rd)

Ben Kuroki, a Nebraska-born Japanese-American, flew his first mission as a 93rd Bombardment Group gunner on December 7, 1942 — the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

He came home to dedicate the Nebraska State Historical Society's newly developed World War II exhibit in Lincoln. Now a retired editor-publisher, Kuroki, 74, was chosen from among 125,000 Nebraska WWII veterans to cut the ribbon and speak on the eve of the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

President of his senior class at Hershey High School, near North Platte, Kuroki drove 150 miles the day after Pearl Harbor to find an Army recruiting sergeant who would accept him. He told his Lincoln audience, "I didn't know what discrimination was until I left Nebraska for the war."

While tens of thousand Nisei were being herded into detention centers, Kuroki underwent basic training and was assigned to the 93rd Group being formed at Barksdale, LA, where he was consigned to KP. When the 93rd transferred to Ft. Myers, FL, he successfully pleaded to be taken along even though orders had been cut omitting him because of color and ancestry. It was the same story when the 93rd left Florida for England — the first B-24 group to join the infant Eighth Air Force. With tears in his eyes, Kuroki again appealed to adjutant Charles Brannan, now of Fayetteville, Ark., to be permitted to accompany the outfit. By phone, Brannan reached then-Col. Edward (Ted) Timberlake, the 93rd CO, at Gander Lake. Timberlake, who disdained details interfering with getting on with the war, needed only five seconds: "Bring him."

As a clerk-typist the boy from Nebraska familiarized himself with the .50-caliber machine guns and went to the flight line each morning hoping to find a vacancy. One year to the day after the Hawaii debacle, pilot Jake Epting (now deceased) invited Ben aboard Tupelo Lass.

Finally, Ben belonged.

On temporary assignment, three 93rd squadrons bombed German and Italian supply ports in the Mediterranean during the 1942 invasion of North Africa. Downed in Spanish Morocco, the Epting crew was slammed into dank cells — a predicament that didn't fit Kuroki's concept of fighting the Axis. He escaped on a cold, rainy night in January 1943, making 21 miles over unfriendly mountains in three days. He was captured by Moroccan police and flown to Zaragoza, Spain, in a German tri-motor JU-52. Agents from the U.S. Embassy in Madrid sprung him three months later. In short order, Ben was back in a Liberator tail turret flying from England against Hitler's U-boat bases, airfields and industrial targets.

The 93rd, known as Ted's Traveling Circus, and two other Eighth Air Force B-24 groups (44th and 389th) were dispatched in June 1943 to sea-sand bases in Libya to pound enemy ports, airfields and rail centers in Sicily and Italy. Ben flew 'em all, including the famous August 1, 1943 low-level attack on the Romanian oil refineries at Ploesti. Back in England, Kuroki fought beyond the statutory number of missions in the ETO, flying deep into Germany — even Poland.



SGT. BEN KUROKI

"I've gone through a lot of hell."

He was grounded twice because of lurching in his sleep. Finally medics said: Enough.

Back in the States, Kuroki was invited to speak to the prestigious Commonwealth Club in San Francisco which had heard every President since Abraham Lincoln. He described his dual war: (1) against the enemy in three theaters over uncounted lands and seas; and (2) against prejudice.

The nation's press heralded the young Nisei who, in 35 dramatic minutes, accomplished more toward defusing discrimination against the Nisei than many other efforts combined.

The War Department ordered Ben to visit Nisei detention camps in a half-dozen Western states in a public relations role. He helped recruit the more than 20,000 Nisei who enlisted, many serving with high distinction. Six thousand operated directly under General MacArthur's headquarters, infiltrating enemy positions and performing other daring intelligence assignments. A Japanese-American ground unit in Italy became the Army's most highly decorated regiment.

Bemedalled, Kuroki attached himself to a B-29 Superfort crew at Harvard (Nebr.) Air

Base. In an ugly scene, Army Intelligence lifted him from a Pacific-bound bomber. Ben hiked to Minden, Nebr., to find his congressman, Carl T. Curtis, in a lodge hall. It was a violation of Articles of War to seek intercession of a lawmaker. Curtis wired Secretary of War Henry Stimson; Stimson wired the base commander.

Ben flew 28 missions against the Japanese mainland in B-29s. He wrote Curtis, "I've bombed two enemy capitals; am working on the third."

Kuroki was the only Nisei in the sky over Japan during WWII; possibly the only American to fight in four geographical areas: ETO, North Africa, Middle East and Pacific.

He earned a journalism degree at the University of Nebraska in three years, bought a moribund weekly newspaper in York, Nebr., competing against a small daily. He caused his weekly to sparkle. He retooled and plunged heavily into debt. A record cloudburst sent floodwater several feet deep into most basements in downtown York, including his shop. The family car was washed away. He sold out.

In Williamston, Mich., Kuroki resurfaced to rehabilitate another weekly. After 10 years in Michigan, he became news editor of the Ventura (Calif.) Star-Free Press, a daily and Sunday. He held the post 21 years until retirement.

An Associated Press bureau chief saw an item concerning Ben's role in the dedication of the historical exhibit. Paul Simon told colleagues that he, a cub reporter, worked under Ben six years at Ventura. They golfed frequently and Simon was a guest in Ben's home on numerous occasions.

"I knew nothing of Ben's war record until the museum piece came across my desk," Simon said. The AP bureau chief traveled a distance to reunite with Ben upon the latter's homecoming arrival at the Lincoln airport.

Kuroki and his wife Shige, who reside in Oakview, Calif., have three daughters and two grandchildren. Relatives from five states converged for the Lincoln event and a three-day family reunion.

Kuroki joked, "The only 'minority' folks at our family dinner were our three sons-in-law and Cal Stewart and his wife Peggy."

Carroll (Cal) Stewart, a 93rd original and a retired Nebraska editor-publisher, is in the final stages of doing a book, "Ted's Travelling Circus," in which Kuroki figures prominently. Stewart co-authored the 1962 Random House release, "Ploesti, The Great Ground-Air Battle of 1 August 1943" (long out of print).

Peggy, the former Margaret O'Mara of Millburn, NJ, was with the 93rd's American Red Cross Aeroclub at Hardwick during 1944.

# The 448th Speaks

by Cater Lee

At our 448th annual group reunion last September 5-7 at Hampton, Virginia, the attending members voted to donate \$5,000 to "The Mighty Eighth Heritage Center" being built at Savannah, Georgia.

After the approval of this donation I said, "I was so confident you all would approve this that I have here a matching check of \$5,000 to start the 448th off on a good note."

Others made verbal pledges and by now most have likely received literature about the proposed Heritage Museum, along with an application form for your private contribution to this most noble cause to preserve the history of the 8th AF contribution to the ultimate victory in Europe in WWII. Every 448th member in particular and all 2nd AD members are urged to give what you can to get this project off the ground.

I and perhaps other 448th members will be in Savannah January 27 - February 3 to attend a huge gathering of dignitaries from the U.S. and Great Britain to get this project going. We of the 448th will plan on holding one of our future annual group reunions at this great memorial to men and women of the 8th AF.

By the time this issue of the Journal reaches you, I and Leroy Engdahl, past Group VP and current 1992 reunion site selection committee chairman, will have visited Oklahoma City; Wichita, Kansas; and Omaha, Nebraska to look over selected hotels and places of interest and the city and hotel will be chosen shortly afterwards. It now appears the 448th 1992 group reunion will likely be in May. Originally the thinking was June, but conflicts have arisen preventing June or July.

September will see many 448th veterans returning to Seething and Norwich to take part in the events planned by the British honoring the 50th anniversary of the 8th Air Force's first arrival in England.

Paul Homan of 513 E. Dixie Street, Avon Park, Florida 33825 is heading up these plans and is working with Pat Everson for hotels, buses, dinners, visits to Duxford, Cambridge, lunch at the Mermaid, The Swan at Loddon and sites in Norwich, the Memorial Room and others. Paul reports things are rolling right along and interest is keen, with more each week indicating their desire to make this perhaps last trip to England for many. Please contact Paul as early as possible so he can more accurately get plans finalized. Thanks!

At our September group reunion at Hampton, Virginia we reported a 2nd ADA membership of 789. We are pleased to report that at the end of 1991 we had 850, and this takes into consideration all those of the 448th who have joined the "Folded Wings" column. We had several this past year.

We encourage each of you to contact those you know who were in the 2nd AD and the 448th in particular and are not paid members of the 2nd ADA. Write or call

them, give them the poop and encourage them to join a wonderful organization. Please send names and addresses of all potential members to Leroy Engdahl, our 448th membership chairman, at 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, Texas 77662. He will get right to work on those 448th veterans to join up. Thanks for your assistance.

At our Hampton reunion last September, it was discovered that one of our faithful and dedicated 448th members was not only a skilled fabricator of model airplanes but he has donated hundreds of his models to the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB. He also has approximately 600 models on display at Lackland AFB, San Antonio. It took about 20 years to build these aircraft models. Our unselfish and talented member is Julius Rebeles of Elyria, Ohio. Julius and his sister Carolyn have attended most if not all of our 448th annual group reunions and we've had nine.

Marjorie Bollschweiler, the widow of "Wally" who headed up the 58th Station Complement Squadron which ran our Seething control tower, attended the fifth reunion of the 58th in New York in November. Marge was also one of two widows who attended our 448th group reunion in September. She has provided Leroy with a roster of the station complement squadron and many are now members of our 448th group associations (2nd AD). William "Bill" Schwinn (deceased) was instrumental in getting the 58th Station Complement Squadron organized and there are 35 on the roster thanks to Marge, not only for her dedication, but for her presence at our group reunions. We hope to see her at our Midwest reunion this year.

Since we began recognizing members of our 448th who followed the field of education after their military service, we have had reports of several others since our first report who were teachers.

Some may ask, "Why feature teachers, what's so great about them?"

For the schooling required and the countless hours of grading papers and lesson preparation at home as well as preparing tests, teachers are probably least paid for their efforts than most college graduates.

Also, in many cases teachers have influenced most all of us in how we are today. They encouraged us, had patience with us, and probably spent more daylight hours with us than even our parents.

Continuing on with our educators and giving a condensed report on each, we start with **Joseph Longo** of 142 Blake Avenue, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53172.

Joe was a gunner on one of our 448th crews. He was discharged from the Air Force in September, 1945 and three weeks later entered Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin as an engineering student. After a year he transferred into teacher training at the University of Wisconsin at Stout Menomonee and received a B.S. in industrial arts in 1949 and M.S. in

Vocational Administration in 1953. He received his doctorate from Nova University in Florida in 1983.

He taught machine shop, drafting, math, elementary physics, blueprint reading, driver training and adult education from 1949-1955. He became director of South Milwaukee Vocational Technical and Adult Education. He was the first director of 43 independent tax supported schools, vocational technical schools in Wisconsin offering associate degrees. He and his wife Phyllis have attended many of our 448th reunions and are enjoying traveling and retirement.

**William "Bill" Lantz** lives in Wichita, Kansas. Bill was a flight engineer on Capt. Ed Malone's crew.

Bill was discharged from service on August 29, 1945. He went to college on the G.I. Bill and received his bachelor's and master's degrees from Emporia State University and did advanced studies at the University of West Virginia and at Wichita State University.

Bill taught and coached in Kansas schools for 34 years. At the time of his retirement he was chairman of the Industrial Arts Department at Southeast High School in Wichita and taught in that building for 27 years. Also, he was a civilian instructor at McConnell AFB in Wichita.

**Bryant Wilson**, who lives in Saginaw, Michigan, holds bachelor's and master's degrees plus 35 hours advanced studies at the University of Michigan. He taught for 35 years in a class A high school and was in coaching and administration. He retired in 1982. In 35 years, there had to be many eventful and fulfilling experiences. Bryant said he had students become doctors, lawyers, engineers and just good working people. Bryant's mother was a teacher, as was a brother. He says in a way he fulfilled his lawyer ambition, as two of his sons are lawyers.

**Lawrence (Larry) Barham** was flight engineer on Lt. Gen. William Snavelly's crew. After graduating from Willamette University with a B.A. in 1950, he taught for 29 years. He taught the 8th grade three years and the 5th and 6th grades for 26 years. He received his M.S. in 1960. Sorry we didn't have more details on Larry, but it was nice to see and meet him and the entire Snavelly crew at our Hampton reunion.

We still have more, and if any of you 448th readers followed the field of education after your military service, please send complete details to Cater Lee at P.O. Box 850, Foley, Alabama 36536. We congratulate and pay honor to all those of you who have done so much for so many for so little (dollars, that is), but we know your reward was in the satisfaction that you helped many youths in becoming constructive citizens. See you at the 448th group reunion and at the 448th Return to England, September 1-7, 1992.

Wishing you all good health and a heap of happiness. 'Till next time, Cheerio!

# A Report to the 2nd ADA

by Martin Levitt

As I write this, I have been in Norwich just over five months. I have met many wonderful people, and have thoroughly enjoyed my association with the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library. I thought I would take just a little space in the Journal to report to you on what sorts of things are in your archives (and to solicit more of the same).

The archive consists of roughly 30 linear feet of paper and photographs. That is, if you piled up all the paper on the floor the stack would be three stories high. Yet, by archival standards that's not a vast amount of paper. The collection isn't really the "archives of the 2nd Air Division" per se, but is an assembly of manuscript collections (or personal papers), the collection theme of which is the 2nd. In some ways this makes the historical value greater per item: after all, each item of these manuscript collections was saved by someone's conscious effort, whereas an archive might be better imagined as the documentary legacy of a bureaucracy. The manuscript collections, taken together, help form a historical picture that "corporate records" would be unlikely to convey.

Every bomb group and fighter group in the 2nd Air Division is represented, though some better than others. The collection goes

a long way towards documenting the experience of being stationed in Norwich during the war, through memoirs, diaries, correspondence, official papers, memorabilia, newspaper clippings, photographs, objects, and taped interviews. One item that has fascinated me is a little booklet, entitled *Norwich Under Fire: A Camera Record*. This diminutive booklet contains many dramatic pictures of the bomb damage suffered by Norwich, giving date and exact location. With these pictures, you can go out in streets and see the changes in the city caused by the bombing. There are also plenty of fascinating items of a more personal nature. For example, there are photographs of airmen sitting down to a Norwich Christmas dinner with a "surrogate family," a few dramatic shots of the Ploesti raid, and some fascinating photographs taken during the North African campaign. It's wonderful — the "stuff" of history. The many diaries and mission logs, which are often so heart-felt and personal — are in some ways the most revealing items of all.

Anyway, I wanted to make an appeal, so here it is: If you have been considering donating your old diary, memorabilia, photographs, papers, etc. to the Library, there will never be a better time. By donating

now, materials can be integrated immediately into the collection, which will have an effect on the way the collection is catalogued and described. It also means that your papers will be arranged in such a way that they can be found and utilized with the others. They will also be conserved in special acid-free folders and boxes, and will be preserved for posterity. I want to emphasize that while we prefer originals, if you wish to save certain items for grandchildren or other personal reasons, the Library will be glad to accept photocopies.

Please write to me at the Memorial Library of the 2nd Air Division, Norwich Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich NR2 1NJ, England, with a description of your donation. I'd very much like to add some significant new material to the archives, so have a look in the basement or the attic — I feel certain that many of you must have scrapbooks and other memorabilia that you would like to make available for all to see. Your contribution would coincide with the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Eighth Air Force in East Anglia, and with interest so high, it is truly a good time to act.

Thanks for your attention; I hope to see you all in Norwich in the spring. Cheers!

## Observations

by Earl Zimmerman

Regarding William Koch's letter in the Winter 1991 Journal concerning the lack of turbine bucket deflectors on the All American: During our phase training out of Davis Monthan, our crew was on a night mission at 30,000 feet when number three supercharger blew. All on board were asleep except the pilot, Lt. James; the co-pilot, Lt. Hickey; the navigator, Lt. Quantrell; and the radio operator, yours truly. When the white hot bucket let loose, the pieces perforated the plane from nose to tail, somewhat like "Cut on the dotted line." The oxygen lines to the nose were cut, the rudder control cables in the bomb bay were severed, the hydraulic lines also severed in the bomb bay and the engineer, who was fast asleep on the flight deck with his back to number three was hit by a piece of the white hot bucket. The plane did not have the turbine deflectors mounted. At the local skating rink the next night, a gal who worked at the depot said there was more damage than we first noticed. We slowly descended heading for the field as I requested instructions from the ground station. The command radio was also knocked out. Lt. James was given the option of bailing out the crew over the field or attempting the landing without use of the rudder.

Using number one and four engine throttles, a la rudder control, Lt. James made a perfect landing with his crew aboard. So much for turbine deflectors.

Regarding Floyd Mabee's letter describing the 93rd Bomb Group insignia: I was fascinated by all the efforts by Major G.B.



389th Bomb Group (H)

Woods in his description and of course the art work done by Byron Smith.

The 389th Bomb Group was not fortunate to have a written description of the Green Dragon, but in a way, we are proud of our insignia even though it was conceived at the Green Dragon Pub in Wymondham. You see, we had a PFC, Pashal Quackenbush, who would venture to the pub now and then and eventually designed the Green Dragon and painted it on the wall of the Officers Club. Pashal was no slouch when it came to painting. He painted the murals on the walls and dome of the Capitol building in Denver. His original painting was in blue but our formation ship was called the Green Dragon, hence, the difference in color. Pashal has long since gone to the Great Interrogation Room in the sky.

He also painted the squadron insignia, but alas, no description was ever written.

The lads of the 93rd should be proud of Floyd's endeavors for the Group. It was a privilege to be asked to make the plaque presented to the 93rd for Bomb Group of the Year, which he accepted at the French Lick Regional Reunion. Keep up the good work, Floyd.

By the way, did the 93rd make a wrong turn at Ploesti?

# The 445th Reporting

by Chuck Walker

It is said that confession is good for the soul, so bear with me. I did not do the job I should have as your Group VP during November and December. My son Chuck, Jr. whom many of you know, asked me to help him during those months. As a result, I ended up working 14 hours a day, seven days a week which left no time for outside activities. I actually moved up to his house to avoid a 75 mile daily commute on the L.A. freeways. Please forgive me for neglecting my Group job (I didn't even get Christmas cards mailed). I promise to work twice as hard for the rest of the year.

It is with great sadness that I report the deaths of the following good 445th members: John Campbell, John Lynes, John Miller, Henry Orzechowski and Sheffield West. They will be missed by their many friends and our condolences go out to their loved ones.

William Thompson writes, "I have just received my Winter volume of the 2nd ADA Journal and I can identify the unknown ground crew chief in the picture of the 'Clay Pidgeon' crew. It is I. It was quite a shock to see my face when I looked at the picture, for I had never seen that particular picture before." Thanks for the prompt reply, William. Now someone help with the co-pilot's name, please.

While we are straightening out who is who in pictures, Charles Painter writes to identify the unknown crew in our Summer 1991 Journal article as that of Capt. Nils Kluksdal, lead crew in 702nd Sqdn. According to Charles, the short guy on the right is S/Sgt. Moseby, radio operator, not Jeff Wombacker as previously reported. Charles goes on to say, "I broke this crew in as a lead crew and flew 15 or more lead missions with them as lead bombardier. I hope you will correct the error and give credit to this crew. It was a good crew." By the way, Charles is on the far left, back row of the picture.

Mike Planka says, "I have been busy doing many things - writing to Elden Zink (thanks for your information as to his address); getting acquainted via letters with Frank DiMola; taking the whole family including grandchildren to see the restored B-24, "All American" on both of the times it flew into Quonset Point, RI; becoming re-acquainted with Tom Campbell who attended the same high school that I did here in Warwick, RI and who upon his arrival at Tibenham (a few months after I left) occupied the same hardstand and had the same ground crew as I did; and finally getting acquainted with a fellow 445th pilot, Henry (Hank) Orzechowski of Pawtucket, RI who, like Tom Campbell, came to the 445th sometime after I had completed my tour. It is my understanding that you knew Hank and had seen and talked with him at one of the recent reunions, so I am sorry to inform you that Hank died on Dec. 9, 1991. Mary (my wife) and I attended the funeral services and there were so many people there

that we only had a moment or two to express our condolences to his wife Veronica and the family.

"I joined the 445th about June/July 1943 and was with them at Sioux City and later for combat training at Mitchell, SD. After completion of combat training, we picked up a new B-24 at Lincoln, NE and about the second week in November 1943 took off for Florida and the southern route to England. We landed at Tibenham on Thanksgiving Day 1943.

"Our first mission was to the naval installations at Kiel, Germany on Dec. 13, 1943 and our last mission was to the railroad marshalling yards at Hamm, Germany, which was the mission of all missions although we didn't realize that until it was almost over. We did not take off until about 4 p.m. which meant it was almost dark by the time we got back to the French coastline, and as was our usual practice on completion of one's final mission, I broke off from our Group and flew back alone to land ahead of the Group formation and receive official congratulations along with two bottles of Haig and Haig pinch-bottle scotch from Colonel Terrill. By the time we arrived at where our field was supposed to be I couldn't see it because everything was in complete darkness with no lights to be seen anywhere. And then all hell seemed to break loose with anti-aircraft fire, aircraft flying in all directions and reports of enemy fighters in the area. I was still searching for our field when all of a sudden an airfield quite close by switched on all of their landing lights and I decided to go in there. Well, as I swung around to my approach leg I received a red light from the tower. About 2/3 of the way down the runway I saw a B-24 stopped cross-wise to the runway with repair vehicles close by so I pulled up and went around again. After a couple more circles the disabled B-24 was hauled off and I was able to land. Well, to put a happy ending to this - my last mission story - we flew back to Tibenham the next morning and collected our two bottles of scotch from Colonel Terrill."

Mary Beth Barnard, our 445th Historian, sent great pictures of the needlepoint kneeling pad cover she has just completed and has ready to send to the Tibenham Church. She also requested that those who write her for information should not forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope or postage. Her "labor of love" costs money too, so be sure to help her in this regard.

We wish to welcome the following new members to the Association: Bernard S. Rubin, Laguna Hills, CA; Ben J. Hite, Palm Springs, CA; William R. Foster, Columbus, GA; Ralph L. Stimmel, Winchester, VA; Shirley W. Irwin, Belton, TX; and W.E. Webster, Carbon Hill, AL.

I have enjoyed letters from Bill Powell with his crew information; from Tom Newton who says he has a small home-built light plane that needs a test-hop if anyone is interested. However, maximum pilot weight

is 180 which cuts a lot of us out, Tom. John Linford sent copies of crew orders and included a Xerox picture of his crew. Sorry John, the picture won't reproduce for the Journal. Albert Gilsdorf sent a crew picture which I'll try to get in the next Journal. Walter Strawinski says he has been in touch with John LaMar as a result of our efforts to help John learn more about his Dad's time with the 445th before he was shot down. William Boyanowski sent pictures of the 445th's four squadron patches which I appreciate very much. John Bignoli's letter explained how he washed out of pilot training because he tried to land on top of a windmill. Of course, it was really this instructor, Mr. Simpson's fault, but somehow John is the one who washed out. He also enclosed a nice contribution to the stamp fund.

Willard Pease writes that he had a week's reunion in Phoenix in early November with three of his crew: Joseph Salisbury, pilot; Richard Gelvin, navigator; and himself, co-pilot. I also enjoyed a very informative letter from new member Sam Dowling.

Thanks to all of you for putting up with me, and I'll see you in Las Vegas in October.

## 489th Notes

by Neal Sorensen

The reunion scene, mini and otherwise, seems to be heating up. Harry Wagon from Gainesville, Florida reports that as of December 9th there were 98 attendees for the mini-reunion scheduled for January 25th and 26th at the Quality Inn Hotel (also known as "Star Quality Resort") in Orlando, Florida. This is the fourth mini that Harry has hosted. Charlie Freudenthal put a blurb in the 489th Newsletter and what had started out in essence as a crew reunion four years ago, now challenges Group attendance at the 2nd ADA reunions.

Charlie Freudenthal reports in the December 489th Bomb Group Newsletter:

"HALESWORTH 1991 UPDATE - There has been no change in the schedule, though the possibility of some minor adjustments remains. Between Paddy (Cox) and myself, deposits are in hand so far from 22 people. On 29 May, the day for the Suffolk tour (Lavenham/Framlingham/Wattisham Fighter Command) there will be a meeting with the British Legion and with representatives of local schools and youth organizations. There will be more word on what exactly this entails included in the next newsletter. Also, please be sure to advise Paddy or me of your lodging preference. The choices are: local inns, B & B's, and private families. All four star hotels are full (as they are also in London)."

There will be a full report on the Orlando event in the next issue of the 2nd Air Division Association Journal.

# 2nd ADA Amateur Radio Net

by Ed Schwarm (44th)

If any of you living in the northeastern quarter of the U.S. happen to be short wave listening around 7.227 MHz in the 40 meter ham band about 9 AM Eastern time on Tuesday mornings, you'll hear a few whistles; a sure indication that "some of the boys are tuning 'em up." By 9:05 or so you'll start hearing familiar talk about B-24s, missions, weather, and occasionally aches and pains. At 9:15 the unofficial 2nd Air Division Association ham radio net officially opens with me or one of our other members keeping a barely detectable semblance of order as net-control. We all get a chance to exchange greetings and weather conditions, talk about the good old days, discuss the new reunions being planned, the latest schedule for the All American and any other subject of interest. This 40 meter session gives those of us close together here, generally from Chicago to the Atlantic Coast and down into the Carolinas, a chance to talk together. At ten o'clock, we reconvene on 21.410 MHz in the 15 meter band. This band has international range during the day, so we now can talk from California, Florida, and all points East and North over to our friends in Norwich. Unfortunately, on this higher internationally capable frequency, short distance communication up to 800 miles is not reliable, so this way we all have a chance to hear and talk to each other.

As you can gather, the 2nd ADA Amateur Radio Net is going great guns and continues to grow as we enjoy good radio propagation over all of the contiguous U.S. and consistently to Norwich. We are just leaving the sunspot maximum of this 11-year cycle, so things should continue for several years.

When sunspot activity is at a minimum, long distance communication gets inconsistent.

During the previous sunspot maximum there was an active 2nd ADA ham net under the auspices of Charlie Weiss, W5SEH, formerly a communications officer in the 93rd BG. The now active net started over three years ago. Quite by chance I overheard Bill Holmes, G4TWT, of Norwich, a very active Friend of the 2nd ADA talking with another Friend of the 2nd ADA, Earl Nissen, WOMKY, in Waverly, Iowa. You will remember Bill as the tall, pleasant fellow who so ably headed the transportation functions at our 1990 reunion in Norwich. I joined their conversation, was welcomed in typical ham radio tradition, and the three of us began to chat each Tuesday morning. With publicity from the Journal, Charlie Weiss' list from the previous ham net, and some letter writing, things really took off.

We get together each Tuesday morning. Those participating on any one Tuesday varies from 15 to 20. Those regularly joining us number over 30, and the mailing list of interested 2nd ADAers numbers about 50 and growing. The format is very informal, with me acting as net control in the States and Bill Holmes as net control in the UK. Each participant checks in, then each talks in sequence of check-in, and we often make a second round. Then those who want to talk one-on-one either do it during the regular net time or arrange to get together when the net finishes. Essentially, it is a pleasant gabfest among old and newly found "war buddies" and friends of the 2nd Air Division. It is an open net, welcoming all comers, and quite regularly friends drop in to join in the fun.

For those of you who would like to participate as hams or listen as short wave listeners, our schedule is as follows: Local net for the Northeast - Tuesday 9:15 to 9:55 AM Eastern Time on 7.227 MHz and up as much as 5 kHz. International net from California, Florida, to the U.K. - Tuesday from 10:00 AM Eastern Time until 11:00 or 11:30 on 21.410 MHz plus or minus 5 kHz.

The frequencies have been carefully chosen so that all hams with general class licenses or better can participate. Unfortunately, novice licensees only have phone privileges on the 10 meter band, and it is not suitable for reliable net operation. Perhaps this is an incentive to upgrade to general class.

Over the years this has become a group of close friends. We get together at various reunions, stop by each others' homes when traveling, and correspond in addition to our radio contacts. Bill Holmes hosted a wonderful ham net dinner at our 1990 reunion in Norwich. The stateside group recently chipped in to get Bill a set of Call Books (ham directories) in appreciation of his dedication to the 2nd ADA. Regularly, other ham friends from Norwich and the U.S. join in the net sessions.

We are all having a ball with this net. Any 2nd ADA hams, please join us; and you SWLs listen in to the 2nd ADA radio show on Tuesday mornings. If you would like a mailing list with addresses, drop me a note at the address below.

Ed Schwarm  
251 Regency Drive  
Marstons Mills, MA 02648

## 389th Notes

by Lloyd E. West

I continue to sustain our efforts in the search for new members for the Second Air Division Association. It is evident that the results of our search are diminishing very slowly as time goes by. As has been asked so many times, please help all the Group VPs by sending names and addresses of those you think might be interested in joining the only organization with the stature of the SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION.

### NEW MEMBERS, 389th BG

The following have joined since July 12, 1991 and were listed in an earlier issue of the 389th newsletter, so I am listing them here for the benefit of all those in the 2nd ADA. Richard E. Comer, 53 Hemple Rd., Farmersville, OH 45325; Wallace W. Sigworth, 13105 Woodcrest Lane, Chesterland, OH 44026; Maj. Jake D. Kueton Jr. (Ret.), 609 Magnolia, Lake Jackson, TX 77566; W.L. (Bill) Crum, 7668 Normandy Way, Cupertino, CA 95014; Patrick B. Simpson (Assoc.), 8321 Capriola, Dallas, TX 75228; James H. Keeffe, 444 10th Ave. NE, Bellevue, WA 98005; C.H. (Kelly) Craft, 3809 5th Ave. N, Salem, OR 97303; James A. Adams

Jr., North Main Rd., 159B, Brimfield, MA 01010; Franklin J. Wild, 37432 Ridge Ave., Lawrence, MI 49064; Leonard S. Bentson, 1109 North I St., Tacoma, WA 95403; Melvin E. States, Logan, KS 67646; Wilmer Voelker, Ruie Rd., North Tonawanda, NY 14120; Dan I. Raymond, 1841 Stewart Ave., Arcata, CA 95521; Kurt Harahus (Assoc.), 3016 George Dr., Wichita, KS 67210; Roy A. Lundquist, 9349 S. Sayre Ave., Oaklawn, IL 60453; William McElroy, 245 NW 144th St., Miami, FL 33168; Elmer J. Hallebaugh, R.D., Box 201, Cheswick, PA 15024; Carrol Clements, 1405 University Dr., Hammond, LA 70401; William D. Hughes, 5213 NE 45th, Kansas City, MO 64117.

### FOLDED WINGS

With regret I list the following, and "having answered the call may they rest in peace." Oscar A. Otto, Neil Schmitz, Robert J. Levine, Charles R. O'Leary, Hugo Cross, William E. Dunne III.

### ENGLAND 1992

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

Hethel, it is imperative that advance arrangements be made with Ms. Phyllis DuBois or others at the Central Library in Norwich. Friends of the 389th in the Norwich area are being asked to assist the visitors wishing to go to Hethel. Once again contact me for further information.

### AMERICAN LIBRARIAN FUND

Not being able to predict the future, continued monetary support will be needed. I am asking those of you who have not contributed to this fund to remember your fallen comrades with your donation of any size to: Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, TX 75230.

### NOTE

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

### ADDRESS

Continue sending your letters and telephone calls, as they are greatly appreciated. As your VP I am available to serve the 2ADA and the 389th. Lloyd E. West, P.O. Box 256, Rush Center, KS 67575-0256. Telephone (913) 372-4484.



# Remembering Howard

by Michael A. LaVere (458th)

Since joining the 2nd Air Division Association in November of 1989 I have received eight issues of the Journal. I read all the issues thoroughly in the hopes of finding names of airmen that I had flown with or knew, particularly those who were in the 753rd Bomb Squadron of the 458th Group.

Well, in the Winter issue of 1991, I finally found a name that I recognize, in the *Folded Wings* section. It was with regret that I read of the passing of Howard T. Warrell, a B-24 pilot with whom I flew as his navigator during the last several months of my combat tour.

I first met Howard at Horsham St. Faith in the fall of 1944. At that time I was flying with crew AA 106 piloted by Robert E. Eidelsberg and had already completed a good part of the required missions that constituted a tour. I can no longer recall the exact circumstances that resulted in my being assigned to Howard's crew, but in December of 1944, I became Howard's navigator and finished the remainder of my tour with his crew. The rest of the cockpit crew for historical purposes were James R. Crull, bombardier and John E. Gallagher, co-pilot.

As I reminisce about Howard, I recall how we really had it made at Horsham St. Faith. Horsham was not like most other makeshift bases that were hastily constructed to accommodate the inflow of crews from the U.S.A. It was a permanent R.A.F. base prior to its occupancy by the 458th Bomb Group. We were billeted in the same brick buildings that were originally assigned to high ranking R.A.F. brass. Not only were they comfortable and roomy, but they had separate bedrooms, real bathrooms with tubs, fully equipped kitchens and a heating system that kept the place warm in winter time. There was a backyard that could have been used for barbecuing but we used it mostly as an area where we could safely "dry" clean our uniforms with 100 octane aviation fuel.



That was standard practice then.

Several of us had purchased bicycles with which we were able to make short trips into the outskirts of Norwich to buy fresh eggs and other breakfast goodies from the local farmers. Our kitchen came into use on many occasions when we preferred our own breakfasts rather than the ones that featured powdered eggs and milk. When we left Horsham for the final time we gave the bikes to the first kids that strolled by.

My mission experiences with Howard's crew for the most part were relatively routine in that no one was ever seriously injured. As I recall, our only Purple Heart went to the bombardier who was lucky enough to be hit with a piece of low velocity flak to his buttocks area. Fortunately the fragment stopped short of causing serious injury.

One of the crew owned a camera and photographs were taken from time to time. Several were of Howard and me. The one shown here was taken during our R & R stay at Coombe House, a mansion located in the outskirts of Shaftesbury in southwest England. It was donated by the owners to the military, who converted it to use as a "flak home" for mission-weary flight crews. We spent seven lovely days there, dressed in "civvies" and allowed to do anything we desired at any time. In the photo Howard is the fellow with his hands in his pockets. The other guy is the writer.

In 1984, during one of my many returns to England, I located Coombe House. It had

become a Catholic school for young women. The buildings in 1944, as I recall, were in somewhat of a neglected state, with streams of ivy haphazardly clinging to most of the stone gray exterior walls. Now they had been sandblasted clean, the woodwork repainted, and the shrubbery was neatly trimmed, giving the place a very cheerful appearance. A large wooden bench on which we used to sit was still on the rear veranda in the very same spot it had occupied then.

The Sisters who now oversee the operation of the facility welcomed me and allowed me to roam the grounds at will, after I explained about my relationship with Coombe House. Many memories of "those" days returned to me as I wandered about the grounds. So little there had really changed in forty years, but then that's England.

When the war ended in 1945, the base routine underwent many revisions. First the "trolley" missions were flown, to show ground personnel the extent of bomb damage to German cities. Then came the assignments for some to B-29 training in the States. The war with Japan still had not ended. Even I was assigned to another crew. Shortly thereafter I and my new crew received orders to ferry a B-24 to Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut. I saw Howard for the last time just before departing on that flight.

I remember Howard as a fine human being, an excellent pilot, and an equally good commander. He was always a pleasure to be around and I always felt a little safer inside when he was piloting.

If Howard had a family, and I am sure he probably did, then my deepest sympathy goes out to them for their loss. I am sure that he must have instilled in them the same kind of good feelings that he also imparted to someone who briefly passed through his life during those other great days of World War II.

## Whatzat?

by Roy Hoelke (389th)

Before World War II, I had not given much attention to regional accents and drawls. Oh, once in a while I enjoyed the efforts of the radio and movie industry to depict such speech differences, but it was not a big issue with me. "After all, what's the difference?" I thought. All this changed during a few moments over Nazi Germany!

The pilot of our B-24 bomber was George Dubina, and our nose gunner-armorer, with whom I worked closely regarding our aircraft defenses and bombs was Richard W. Entwistle. Both apparently came from the Boston area (pronounced by them "Bahston").

George was associated with me more than Dick, of course, and this interesting phenomenon began to take shape. I found that George had a difficult time understanding the local Londoners, with their

Cockney or whatever speech accents and jargon. George was obliged frequently to ask me, "What did he say?" It was almost funny and it reminded me of an old radio program with Jack Benny visiting Venice. He kept asking Mary Livingston, "What did he say?" referring to the tour guide in his gondola.

When we four officers, George, Jeff Steinert, our navigator, and Harold Bayless, our co-pilot entered the room at an officer's dormitory in London we found that our room maid was not quite finished readying the room for us. No matter. These ladies were probably volunteers and came from all levels of the London society. Ours was most likely a well-educated lady, because when one of us remarked that it was difficult to understand some of the English people, she mentioned that she too had trouble with

some of the American accents. Harold was moved to say that it was indeed difficult for him also to understand some of the American accents, meanwhile glancing meaningfully at big George. George merely snorted, but the lady casually mentioned that she had made a study of our accents and could always tell where we were raised. Harold couldn't let this pass, so he said something like, "Well, you may be able to guess George's accent, which you said was Bostonian, but you can't guess mine because I don't have any accent!" The lady paused in her work and laughingly said, "Why sir, yours is the easiest to identify!" Harold insisted that he had no accent and challenged her for an identification. The lady said, "Why sir, you are from the Chicago area." Which of course was correct.



# Happy Warrior Happenings

by W.H. "Bill" Beasley

**HAPPY WARRIOR PATCHES: MAY DAY... MAY DAY...** I have had 12 requests for a Happy Warrior Patch. Since a minimum order is for 50, we need a few more to give this project a go-ahead signal. If you are interested in having one of the patches, please let me know as soon as possible so an order can be placed. I don't want anyone who is interested to be disappointed in not having a patch, but it isn't economically feasible to order an overabundance. Those of you who are interested, drop me a line: Bill Beasley, 1525 South Garfield Street, Denver, CO 80210-3022. Price is determined by the number ordered. It takes about 6 weeks to get them.

**492nd BG PICTURES FOR THE 2nd ADA MEMORIAL LIBRARY IN NORWICH:** Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian, has written to me about obtaining pictures for the Library of planes and plane crash pictures of the 492nd Bomb Group. I am in the process of getting these together and having pictures made so that the Library will have a copy as well as our 492nd BG History Book. If any of you have pictures and/or negatives you would like to contribute, please send them to me. I will get pictures made and assembled for shipping to Phyllis. Your pictures and/or negatives will be returned to you if you wish.



Standing (l-r): E.E. Edward, M.E. Hollopeter, Oliver Chapman, Don Taylor, Ray Hunt. Kneeling (l-r): Wayne Fisher, Jim McCrory, Sygmet Jarosz (deceased), Jake Suddath, John Evans (deceased), Edward Samuel.

**THE DON TAYLOR CREW — #802, 857th B.S.** The top picture was taken in Topeka, Kansas, March 1944. The bottom picture was taken in Colorado Springs, CO, Sept. 1983. The position of the men are the same in both pictures.



## REMEMBER THE WATER TOWER AT NORTH PICKENHAM?

Allan Sirrell, one of our English friends, has written that, sadly, the old water tower at North Pickenham has been taken down. It was a landmark that I believe all of us stationed there could remember. He writes that the Headquarters building is still standing and awaiting a new family of pigs. The hospital is in disrepair and the years are beginning to take their toll. Farmers store straw around the back of the buildings in this area now.



## LOST AND FOUND

Increasing numbers of our lost buddies are being found by 492nd BG members. With the help of the Record Center in St. Louis, MO, some of the latest finds are: Winston Strehorn, former co-pilot on Herschel

Smith's crew; Terry Diggs, former co-pilot on George Faucher's crew; Charles Trout, engineer on William Prewitte's crew. If you want help in locating a member of a crew, write to: Alice I. Hunter, Chief, Field Servicing Division, The Department of Veterans Affairs, Records Processing Center, P.O. Box 5020, St. Louis, MO 63115. Give as much information as you can; e.g. full name, rank, serial number. The service has been very good. If the veteran can be located, they will instruct you to write a letter and send it in an unaddressed, unsealed, stamped envelope which they will forward. There are no guarantees of an answer; however, about a 90% success rate is being had. It takes a little patience to receive an answer after the veteran has been located. . . hang in there. The system works!

Through an ad in the November 1991 issue of the Air Force Association magazine, two former 492nd BG members have contacted me: George Dukes, former Communications Officer and George J. Hlava, Group Gunnery Officer. Ads have been placed in "Briefing" and "The Legion Magazine" also.

Members' contacts have brought in new Association members, including John Harper, member of Harold Both's crew, thanks to Harold Both. Through the efforts of Pete Henry and Harry Orthman, William J. Keeler has joined our group. Vance Cridling, another former member of the 492nd who was a navigator on the R.L. Leister crew and also navigator-toggler on Carl Johnson's crew contacted me and is now a member of our group.

Stan Seger, Jake Mink, Harry Rawls, Elmer Clarey, John Steininger, Robert Mattson, Jim Mahoney and Gilbert Woods all have sent in the names of their crew members. I have sent a letter with newsletters and applications for membership to each of them.

A simple thanks seems feeble for your efforts, but they are greatly appreciated. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. The reward is in having buddies once again in touch with one another after 46+ years.



## 492nd BOMB GROUP TAIL FIN BUTTONS

Plastic covered oblong 492nd BG tail fin buttons are available at \$2 each. Order from Bill Beasley, 1525 South Garfield Street, Denver, CO 80210-3022.

# "The Gunner"

## *The passing of an incredible era, an era of uncommon valor.*

by Bud Conder, CMSGT USAF RET • Submitted by John J. Logan (467th)

The twilight has slipped away; the sun has set on the career of the Aerial Gunner. The last official flight of the Aerial Gunner has been completed. The Aerial Gunner has flown heroically into the pages of history aboard... a B-52G model Bomber, number 62595. This historic flight took place on 30 September at Castle AFB, CA. The Unit: The 328th Bombardment Squadron, of the 93rd Bombardment Wing, 15th Air Force.

The era of the Aerial Gunner began for the United States in 1917, during WWI.

The country will never again see the heroism, the exploits, the love of country, exemplified by the Aerial Gunner during this era just closed.

John L. Cox, a member of the AFGA, wrote: "In the beginning, Man had no need for defense because Man had no weapons. As time progressed, Man invented weapons and became his own enemy... by World War I, Man had evolved the airplane... Alas, they eventually began to shoot at each other during aerial flight. Thus was born the aerial defensive gunner."

During and since WWI, Aerial Gunners have done their share of flying and fighting for national defense. In air to air combat, through five wars, their aircraft have advanced from the slow open cockpit biplane, to the jet powered B-52.

WWI produced four Aces, all then called "Observers," who manned rear cockpit machine guns, downing twenty-two aircraft.

Gunners were overlooked in most cases and were not credited with aerial kills, because the public was more enamored with the fighter pilot. In the Argonne Offensive during WWI, gunners on observation planes shot down fifty-five aircraft; bombers accounted for thirty-nine.

Gunnery technology improved between WWI and WWII; better sighting devices, better guns and ammo and more guns were added to the bomber aircraft.

One thing didn't change in WWII; the "glory" still went to the fighter pilot. The thousands of enemy fighters downed by gunners were counted as a "team" effort, rather than crediting individual gunners. The Air Force claimed that record keeping was too difficult.

In spite of all the hardships encountered during aerial combat, the gunners gave an admirable account of themselves... Eighth Air Force bombers claimed 6,259 enemy aircraft shot down or destroyed; 1,836 probables and 3,210 damaged. Their records exceeded that of the fighter pilots. Other theaters show similar results.

Dr. William Wolf, in an article appearing in the Winter 1991 issue of the USAF Museums Friends Journal, tells of the deadly expertise of S/Sgt. Donald B. Crossley, the highest scoring gunner in WWII; next highest was Michael Arooth, also in the ETO. After him, S/Sgt. Benjamin F. Warmer, flying in the MTO. Also discussed

were T/Sgt. Arthur Benko, flying in the Pacific Theater and S/Sgt. John Quinlan flying in the ETO.

S/Sgt. Donald Crossley, a Virginian and a B-17 tail gunner, flew combat with the 95th Bombardment Group of the 8th Air Force. On 11 May 1943, Don scored his first two "kills" while flying on the LITTLE LADY. On 13 June 1943, he downed two more fighter planes, as a crew member aboard the B-17 EASY ACES. On 25 July 1943, his count climbed again. On 12 August 1943, he added a double over Bonn, to bring his score to eleven victories. His last victory, the twelfth, came on his 22nd mission in September 1943. After his 25th mission he was assigned to instruct, but was killed from injuries suffered in a jeep accident.

Michael Arooth of the 379th Bombardment Group was credited with downing nine enemy aircraft.

T/Sgt. Thomas Dye scored eight "kills" while flying with the 351st Bombardment Group.

On 5 July 1943, S/Sgt. Benjamin F. Warmer (also known as the wild waist gunner), a member of the 99th Bombardment Group serving in the MTO, was credited with shooting down seven German fighter aircraft that single day, while flying over Sicily. Later, he downed two more, for a total of nine.

Johnny Foley, "Johnny Zero" as he was called, while serving in New Guinea during WWII, without ever firing a gun in his life, volunteered to replace an injured turret gunner on a Martin B-26. Johnny downed two Zeros on his first mission. Later he shot down five more enemy aircraft. He survived three crashes and completed thirty-two missions in the Pacific. In Europe, he flew 31 more missions as a bombardier.

T/Sgt. Arthur Benko, an Arizonian flying with the 378th Bombardment Squadron, 308th Bombardment Group, was the top scorer in the Pacific. Arthur, flying as a top turret gunner on a B-25, on 2 October 1943 shot down seven Zeros. Later, he shot down two more aircraft and was credited by 14th Air Force for nine more ground victories. T/Sgt. Benko was lost when shot down over Hankow.

S/Sgt. John Quinlan, the tail gunner on the famous B-17, the MEMPHIS BELLE (now stately displayed in a place of honor on Mud Island in Memphis, TN), downed five German aircraft. John volunteered for further combat and scored three more "kills" against the Japanese, flying on the B-29, the MARIETTA MISS FIT.

During the Korean War, (Police Action??), B-29 gunners were credited with twenty-seven confirmed "kills." An extremely remarkable feat since the slow "prop-job" B-29 was up against the swift MIG fighter.

In Vietnam, the first MIG "kill" was credited to S/Sgt. Samuel O. Turner, a tail gunner aboard B-52D, #60676, flying with

the 307th Bombardment Wing, out of UTapao, Thailand.

At sunset, on 18 December 1972, Operation LINEBACKER II was launched, the most intensive bombing campaign since WWII. At 1945 hours, MIG KILLER ONE began its bomb run on Hanoi. The sixth bomber over the target, she was under heavy attack by SAM missiles. The bomb run lasted only 2 minutes; then after leaving the target, Turner's B-52 also came under enemy fighter attack. That night, S/Sgt. Sam Turner entered history books; he was the first bomber gunner to shoot down a MIG-21. His victory was witnessed and confirmed by M/Sgt. Lionel L. LeBlanc (a member of the AFGA).

In all there were five MIG-21 aircraft claimed by B-52 gunners during Operation LINEBACKER II, but only two were confirmed.

Six days later, on Christmas Eve, 24 December 1972, A1C Albert E. Moore, flying as the tail gunner on B-52D #55083, DIAMOND LIL, downed the second MIG-21. His "kill" was also confirmed.

In 1985, M/Sgt. Samuel O. Turner passed away, but his legacy is not forgotten, because B-52D #60676, MIG KILLER with a big red star painted on her side stands guard over the Memorial to Sam in Heritage Park, Fairchild AFB, Washington. Old MIG KILLER was the last B-52D flying and was retired in October 1983.

It is interesting to note that the Call Sign for B-52D #60676 on the flight on 18 December 1972, was called RUBY III.

## Attention Golfers

The Eleventh Annual ZADA Golf Tournament will be held 5 October 1992 at Sunshine Vista (Nellis Air Force Base) Golf Course.

It is expected that we will have a shotgun start. The charge will be \$40.00 and will include green fee, half a golf cart, souvenir golf balls and golf prizes. We also expect to provide a light lunch.

Prizes will be awarded in a Men's Handicap Division, a Men's Peoria Division and a Women's Peoria Division.

If you are interested in playing, please advise the undersigned enclosing a check for \$40.00 (refundable if you are unable to attend the reunion) and advise your handicap or average score.

Please give us your Bomb Group and the names of those you would especially like to play with.

Charles L. Walker  
1530 S. Pomona B-32  
Fullerton, CA 92632  
Tel. (714) 526-4248

# Bunched Buddies of Old Buck

by Wib Clingan

There is a deadline to meet and I sit here wondering what to write. My mind is nearly as blank as this page, but I hope to come up with something that will be of interest to you. First, let me acknowledge that many items will be a repeat of remarks I have commented upon in earlier issues of the Journal and/or the Newsletter. There are reasons for this. Not all of the 2nd ADA members are also members of the 453rd BG Assoc. Therefore, not all 2nd ADA members receive the Newsletter, nor do all 453rd BG members receive the Journal. Most receive both, however; so you will observe comments I have already made. Repetition is good, in that it reinforces what has been learned. And, my imagination is limited. It is difficult for me to come up with new items that might be of interest when trying to turn out six or more articles in a few months' time. Let's try and see what develops.

Perhaps you are interested in a progress report on the book Mike Benarcik had started and which Andy Low is bringing to a conclusion. A date which had been set for a meeting with Andy, the Benarciks and the printer had to be rescheduled. A second selected date was not compatible with all parties and a third date has been arranged (perhaps it has now been held). Andy states that the printer has not altered any of the submitted materials — the text and the photographs. Don't despair. A very professional and interesting book should soon be available. Now the bad news, and the reason for canceling the original date set for the meeting. We regret to report that Helen Low had to have bypass surgery on 2 December. She was able to come home on 9 December and we very much hope that she is recovering well. Our best wishes go out to Helen. Regarding the material many of you sent Mike, Andy hopes to arrange for files from individuals which are identified to be returned to that individual. Those without identification will be sent to Don Olds. There should be an article in the Newsletter by Andy which will address this topic further.

## REUNION NEWS

Please do make the reunion scheduled for Las Vegas this October. The 453rd BG expects a large turn-out and we want each of you to be among those present. What you need to do, in addition to making your arrangements, is to give some thought to the election of officers for the 453rd BG Assoc. Please consider those you would like to nominate for office and do nominate them. This may be done at our business meeting at Las Vegas or by mail prior to that time. If by mail, make your nomination known to either Bill Garrett, 1057 Egan Avenue, Pacific Grove, CA 93950-2407; or to Julie Wilson, 18951 Castle Bay Lane, Northridge, CA 91326. If you have an agenda item you want discussed at our business meeting, make that known to me. The sooner the better.



Top row (l-r): Perrault, CC; Harold Fox, CC; John C. Randall, CC; Mock, CC; Charles B. Stephens, CC; Robert J. Smith, CC; McWhirter, CC; Borsuk, CC; Scott, CC; Joe Peck, CC; Arthur Pensack, CC; Zedalis, CC. (CC denotes Crew Chief). Bottom row (l-r): Plunket, Sheet Metal; Novack, Inspection; George A. Smith, Flight Chief; Walter Hause, Line Chief; Michaels, Welder; John Tangorra, Instruments; Gale, Parts Dept.; Sobel, Electrician; Wolters, Prop Dept.; Klingberg, ?; Harry Godges, Engineering; Bill Burgan, Engineering.

## NEW MEMBERS

The Winter 1991 issue of the 2nd ADA Journal listed the names of our new members from Jan. 1991. I do hope I did not omit any and if so I accept responsibility and ten lashes. We have a few names to include in this issue: **Tommie Dickson** (732nd SQ), **James Straub** (733rd), **Thomas Poladian** (AM), **Thomas O'Dwyer**, **Lewis Glick** (732nd), **Harry Godges** (735th), and **Harold Speer**. We welcome each of them!

## DEATHS

This is never a pleasant task, listing those whom we have lost. **Hugh Doherty** (9/91), **Ira Riggs** (10/91), **John Fiorillo** and **Doris Wangsvick**. Please, if you know of someone who is ill and/or one of our extended family who has passed away — do let me know so we can send an appropriate card.

## NAMES IN THE NEWS

We've heard from **George Cocker** who wrote "Fallen Eagles" (Fall 1990 Journal). He wrote a very nice letter and sent us a calendar. **Tom Birton** wrote an interesting letter. He is nearing and looking forward to retirement. It won't lessen his interest in and efforts on our behalf. **Phil Parsons** wrote that he had bypass surgery and was hospitalized for five months, but is recuperating well. He and Barbara hope to be in Vegas. We hope they are. **Delbert Mann** wrote to say he was looking for **John Kassab**. They made contact — mission accomplished. And we've heard from **Pat Ramm**, **Lloyd Prang**, **Leon Helfand**, **Bob Harper**, **Ralph McClure**, **Don Dumoulin**, **Frank Thomas**, **Wilbur Stites**, **Les Barton**, **Moose Allen**, **Mo Morris**, **Al Whitely**, **C.P.**

**Kurtz**, **Bob Atkins**, **J.R. Masterson** (he hopes to be in Vegas — we hope so too), and received an interesting article by **Max Stout**.

Bob Atkins was a member of Bryson's crew and asked that we make known to all that Bryson has passed away. Atkins has had contact with all of the crew members except for one (I don't know which one). If you want to write to Bob regarding Bryson's crew, his address is: Box 36, Ely, Vermont 05044.

To follow up on a suggestion from Wilbur Stites — there will be a meeting of the 453rd BG executive committee in Las Vegas prior to our group business meeting. I can't give you a time or place yet obviously, but plan on it. If we all were to arrive a day early we could have it before the 2nd ADA reunion commences. Regardless we will have one.

I've run down. Diana and I plan to see each of you and your spouses, children, etc. at Las Vegas, so **BE THERE!** One of Erma Bombeck's recent columns said something to the effect that time is a commodity we can't return for a refund or credit. Once we have used up a day, it's gone and she suggests we seize the day and spend the time living. Time is a gift that can be used, but not returned. Let's make use of our time by reconvening with one another this October in Las Vegas.

It has been enjoyable visiting with you. It would be great if more of you would write and submit articles for the Journal and/or our Newsletter. I know there are a thousand interesting tales you can weave for all of our enjoyment if you only would.

# Operation Market Garden

by Lt. Col. Robert E. Oberschmid (93rd)

We were flying 20 feet above the ground, engines howling in protest of a power setting far above normal and the engine instruments in the "red" or close to it. We had an indicated air speed of 205/210 with the wind whistling through more holes than anyone would ever count, still taking hits from small arms fire and no effective means of fighting back. I didn't even have my trusty 45. Where and when, you say? OK, follow me where angels fear to tread but where "all those fine young men" would go so many, many times.

We had been briefed for a practice mission with a real twist — a number (18?) of 93rd BG aircraft together with approximately 102 B-24s from other 2nd AD Groups would assemble and fly a loose bomber stream to an area north of London, descend to treetop level and return to our home base on the deck, individually hedge hopping all the way. What a fascinating opportunity that turned out to be. About as much fun as I ever had flying a B-24, and I'm sure there are bovine descendants that still cringe when a plane passes overhead.

Several days later (18 Sept. 44) we were called for another such flight, but this time we were going to Holland. Arnhem to be exact, and we would be dropping parachute supplies to our airborne troops who had gone in the day before. It was to be a "no mission credit" kind of trip. No flak vests or steel helmets but they added a load master for some obscure reason. It wasn't going to be as much fun as the practice mission either, because the trip would be at 500 feet instead of on the deck and we would have fifteen P-51s to intercede for us. They wouldn't be necessary of course, but just in case. I was decked out in a pair of oxfords, pink pants, green shirt, A2 jacket and 30 mission crush hat. Piece of cake. An early day version of kick the tire, light the fire, every man's a tiger.

We were doing our pre-flight when jeeps began running all over the place, picking up our navigators to re-brief. Somebody somewhere had decided we were going to the wrong place. Seems we were not going to Arnhem after all — now it was Osterbeck. Talk about confusion — if ever the alarm bells in my head had gone off this would have been the time, but no matter, away we went, we were invulnerable, we were good and this was gonna be fun, at least someone said that.

At its best, the North Sea is an ugly, incredibly cold, foreboding body of water. This day it was fairly calm, but the debris of war was scattered from England to Holland. At the top of the list were several Horsa gliders awash in the sea and one of them had at least three British troops sitting on the wing. We reported their plight to "Colgate" (air sea rescue) but the troops were a long way from shore and had already been in the sea at least 24 hours. Poor odds, I'd say.

Landfall was on time, uneventful, on course and at 500 feet, very beautiful. Holland in the fall is truly a poet's inspiration. It was a clear day with the Dutch countryside before us when all hell broke loose. It started with a loud bang from the front of the plane and our nose gunner, Nick Flueraas, said he had been hit and the turret was knocked out. Now anyone who flew 25 or 30 missions with the Mighty 8th knows how

such an event can focus one's attention. Our bombardier, Al Faulhaber, gave him first aid and said the injury wasn't very bad, but we had lost the turret we would so desperately need. On to Osterbeck — but now we were really on the deck in a very loose gaggle rather than a formation. A number of the planes had been hit and the radio was alive with the concerns of the various crews, to wit; what the hell's going on and didn't they say this was going to be a fun "no mission credit" trip and where are our little friends and hey, a guy could get hurt doing stuff like this. I was flying 10 to 15 feet above the ground and was actually pulling up to cross dikes and roads. I could see some large electrical transmission towers ahead and I made the decision to fly *under* the wires rather than pull up again. Now just sit back and reflect on that maneuver for a few minutes, and you can't help but wonder where you and I and all the rest of us got the courage to make a decision like that. And the courage of my crew was equal to or greater than mine — they knew what I was going to do and no one uttered a peep. Our top turret gunner Glenn Thompson says he still has a tendency to duck his head driving under a high line.

From here on things just got worse. We came to a guard tower at the corner of a large fenced area which turned out to be a Prisoner of War camp. I lifted the left wing over the first guard tower and flew the length of the fence, waving at the prisoners who were really animated at the thought that deliverance was at hand — little did they know. At the end of the fence I lifted the wing again to clear a second guard tower and there, not more than 30 feet from my face and eyeball to eyeball were two German soldiers with a machine gun in full automatic. They stiched our plane from end to end but didn't hit anything vital; however, my navigator Jerry Baughman developed a blister on the back of his neck from a round that passed a bit too close.

From then on things just got worse than worse. We were flying about 30 feet above a canal that ran along one side of a small town. My left wing was over the street and the right wing over green fields. Soldiers of all nations gravitate toward towns, and this idyllic village was no exception; it had German soldiers every place I looked. One guy on a bike going our direction looked over his shoulder when he heard us coming and somersaulted but came up on his feet with a pistol in his hand and put a few more holes in us.

There were soldiers walking, riding in trucks, half tracks and tanks and they were all shooting at us. We passed a church and a priest was in the belfry waving down at us — at least he wasn't shooting.

Approaching Osterbeck we pulled up to 500 feet, formed up, opened the bomb bays and made the drop on target. Two of our bundles did not release and our engineer, Fred Johnson, did his usual circus trick of going into the bomb bay without a parachute to release them. As we made a left turn away from the drop zone I could see that the trees across the river from our drop point were sprinkled with the parachutes of our paratroopers and many of those men were still hanging there.

As we headed home, it was obvious that a disaster of major proportions had been brought down on our heads. We never did see our little friends but were told later that they had been devastated on the way in and the trip out was just an extension of that mess. We were on the deck indicating about 210 when a terrific explosion occurred in the cockpit. A fire broke out in the fuse panel on my left and the cockpit area was full of smoke and debris. It took me a few seconds to realize I was still alive, if somewhat rattled. When I turned to our engineer Fred, who always flew standing between our copilot Art Antonio and myself, I saw a picture of total amazement. Fred had been wearing a baseball cap and the visor was gone. The only remnants were a few threads hanging down his forehead. Anyone who believes "close only counts in horseshoes" has never been shot at and missed.

Over the North Sea headed home we watched one of our Group go in the water. Technically it was a perfect ditching, but there were no survivors. Not even a cushion floated after the second impact which also broke the plane in two. We also saw another B-24 and a C-47 go down in the water. Approaching Milfoil (Hardwick) I requested an ambulance for my nose gunner but it proved unnecessary as his injuries were quite minor. So minor that my recommendation for his Purple Heart wasn't even acknowledged. Because of my request for the ambulance we were greeted by a number of staff and medical personnel whose curiosity immediately shifted to questions such as "Where is everybody?" When we informed them that "everybody" was scattered and splattered from Hardwick to Arnhem, Nijmegen, Osterbeck and back, the mood became somber indeed. In the final analysis Montgomery's end run around the Ruhr was an utter disaster. Inadequate planning, ineffective staffing, confusion and timid leadership led to one of our greatest defeats of the war.

After the war I visited the battle area on the ground and flew over the drop zone several times retracing that portion of the mission. It became obvious we and our paratroopers were victims of incredible error. Simply put, our resupply drop zone was not in an area controlled by our forces.

Operation Market Garden eventually proved to be a military operation based on political considerations and thus doomed from the start.

For an exceptional account of Market Garden, read Corneleotis Ryan's "A Bridge Too Far" and Geoffrey Powell's "The Devil's Birthday."

Our crew consisted of myself and co-pilot Art Antonio, navigator Jerry Baughman, radar navigator Elmer Pearson, bombardier Elwood Faulhaber, engineer Fred Johnson, radio operator Eugene Clement, gunners Nick Flueraas, Glenn Thompson, James Duprey and Allen Sorenson.

With the exception of our radar navigator who joined our crew on mission #14, we did our phase training, flight over, 30 missions and return to the ZI together. Jerry Baughman and Nick Flueraas are now deceased but the rest of us and Jerry's widow Mary Baughman have a reunion every year.



by H.C. 'Pete' Henry

The following is quoted from the 44th HMG "Logbook," Winter 1991 edition. "Over the years since WWII, the building used as Flight Operations Control Tower near the flight line AAF Station 115, known to us as Shipdham Airfield, Norfolk, England, has been the subject of much discussion and debate." Will Lundy has accepted the responsibility of raising funds to restore the building to a satisfactory condition and try to convert it to a museum type facility. He recently inquired if any other control towers in the Second Air Division have been restored.

During the writer's visit to England in 1989 to help with arrangements for the 2ADA Convention in Norwich, July 26-31, 1990, we had the opportunity to visit the restored Seething (448th BG) tower and museum. We were all very impressed with this restoration (see photo) and hope that something similar can be accomplished with the Shipdham Tower (see photo).



Seething (448th BG) Control Tower, courtesy Patricia Everson, 448th BG Collection. (See "Letters")



Shipdham Tower, courtesy Bob Krueger, Editor, 68th Squadron Newsletter. Photo taken September 1991.

Also in the aforementioned "Logbook," a letter from Will Lundy is quoted in part, "...at our 67th Squadron dinner during the Rapid City Reunion, several people gave me checks and pledges immediately (now over \$5000) with the R.I. Browns giving a donation of \$4000. When contact was made with the present owners about our desire to at least repair the roof, he offered to consider restoration of the whole building. Although the owner has offered to pick up most of the costs, we, as benefactors, have an obligation to assist financially as well. A memorial honoring all our airmen killed in action will be installed here, and it can be used as a museum. Now I am appealing to all of our membership to take a few moments to look within ourselves and see if the cause is worthy enough for you to donate a sum, small or large, to help bring this memorial to life. If you feel you would like to help, please send your donation to me and make your check payable to '44th B.G. Tower' care of Will Lundy, 3295 No "H" St., San Bernardino, CA 92405-2809, phone 1-714-882-2441."

Will wrote me in November advising that the Tower passed inspection for architectural strength and can be repaired and restored. In December, he advised that scaffolding has been erected and a new roof has been installed. Will is planning to visit Shipdham during the summer of '92 to thank the owner and contractor and check it all out. We hope to have photos to show you when he returns.

Jack Wind (506 Sq.) saw R.J. Stine's story in the Fall '91 Journal about getting shot up pretty badly over Brunswick, Germany, 8 April 44. Jack (the pilot) said they flew their first as a crew on that mission and also got home "on a wing and a prayer" including a crash landing. They took six 20mm shells and about 70 flak holes in the ship. Two engines were out and one tire was flat when they landed and ground looped. The plane was named "Consolidated Mess" and it sure was! Jack got a face full of plexiglass from a piece of flak that came through the windshield and spent 3 days in the hospital before going on to complete 31 missions. But that first mission they considered to be the toughest one experienced.

Norm Linville (68 Sq.) wrote in November to advise that he has located John Lyman in Springville, PA. Norm said John was in an aircraft right next to him when he got shot down and became a POW. John never knew that he got out of the plane until they found each other in 1991. (There is a very interesting 3-page write-up about Townsend's crew, on which Lyman was the radio operator, in Will Lundy's book *44th Bomb Group — Roll of Honor and Casualties.*) Same Brunswick mission, 8 April 44.

Will Lundy has 12 copies left of Ursell Harvell's book *44th Liberators Over Europe*. When these are gone, there will be no more. Write to Will for price and availability. (See address above). Write to R.E. Bottomley, 4509 Morrice Road,

Owosso, MI 48867 for 8-Ball caps and T-shirts. Copies of 44th BG roster are available from Pete Henry for \$4.00.

In the "Folded Wings" and disabled department, Robert J. Weber (66 Sq.) died in February 1991; Marvin A. Swanson (66 Sq.) died 16 Dec. 91; and Marion W. Bagley (67 Sq.) passed away 18 Dec. 91. Mrs. Raymond Parshall reported that her husband lost his eyesight in June '91. Irene Lundy had surgery in Oct. '91 but is fully recovered and doing fine. Al Franklin (66 Sq.) has had many medical problems in 1991, but Emma says they will try to join us in Las Vegas next October. We send our condolences to the bereaved families and get well wishes to the others.

And finally, we'd like to thank all of you 44thrs and other 2ADA members who sent Seasons Greetings to Mary and me this past Christmas. They are much appreciated and we hope to hear from you again before next Christmas.

## Curtains

by C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain  
Chairman, "England-1992" Committee

Fifty years ago, February, Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker arrived in England to raise the curtain on USAAF involvement in air operations against Hitler's "Fortress Europe." As you read this, the curtain again rises. This time, however, it reveals the return of thousands of American airmen and their families to commemorate the 50th anniversary of that historic event.

Kudos for carrying out this much heralded Return to England program go to the East Anglia Tourist Board. Over a seven month season, starting in April, the board has organized a wide variety of exciting and colorful activities certain to appeal to returning veterans at almost any point in the calendar or on the landscape.

The 2ADA will be well represented. Eight group organizations are planning to participate — most in the spring to avoid interference with the 2ADA October convention. Total attendance could exceed 700! Although seven 2ADA units are not sending delegations, a number of their members intend to go individually. So, all in all, there could be a 2ADA contingent at the UK USAAF 1992 reunion equivalent in size to our normal conventions there.

Patron of the reunion is His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, who says that the occasion "...will commemorate and reinforce fifty years of remarkable friendship between two nations." As the curtain descends on this once-in-a-lifetime affair, let's pray for this to be the case and salute the EATB for grasping the moment to make it so.

# Coincidence at Cambridge

by Murray D. Friedman (93rd)

This past summer a friend of mine, Bob Lane, retired Vice President of the Goodyear Corporation advised me that he, his wife and daughter were going to tour the English countryside. (Bob developed the plan for the Goodyear "Blimp" to visit sporting events.) I asked him to visit the 8th Air Force Cemetery at Cambridge and place a bouquet of flowers in my name out of respect for our departed friends laid to rest there. He agreed, and lo and behold he advised me a few weeks ago that they made

the trip and took pictures of the episode.

Bob and his family went to Harrods in London and selected a beautiful plant which had an abundance of yellow flowers. They arrived at the cemetery and laid the offering at the first grave because it was in the front row and the most visible. The grave so decorated was that of a fellow 93rd Bomb Group member, Robert M. Trask. Coincidence #1 - Bob did not know my Bomb Group or Squadron.

As they toured the cemetery, they came

upon the Wall of Memory where Bob used his wife as a "prop" and the name she pointed to was another fellow airman of the 93rd Bomb Group. Coincidence #2.

When Bob returned and gave me the pictures, he told me of his experiences and I thanked him for making the trip. His response was beautiful! He said, "Don't thank me! I want to thank you for bringing this experience to me. I'll never forget it."



Decorated grave of Robert M. Trask, 2nd Lt., 330th Bomb Sq., 93rd Bomb Group, Oregon, March 29, 1944



Wall at 8th Air Force Cemetery in Cambridge, England

## The Twain Have Met

by George A. Reynolds (458th)



Herbert Perry (left) from the 458th control tower and Tommy Land, a pilot from the 3rd Strategic Air Depot, finally met to recount one memorable landing at Horsham in November '44.

On 7 Oct. 44 Lt. Albert H. Grice and his crew left Horsham St. Faith in "Yankee Buzz Bomb," #41-29340, with 28 other Liberators to bomb the Rothensee oil refinery at Magdeburg, Germany. Over the North Sea, however, two engines went out and Grice turned back just before gremlins salvaged the bomb load through the bomb bay doors. As the crew ran out of airspeed, altitude and ideas, they were able to set the bird down in a short, narrow barley field at Southrepps, a village near Norwich.

A mobile repair crew came from the 3rd Strategic Air Depot (SAD) and determined the aircraft was still serviceable, once out of these confines. Capt. Tommy Land of Memphis, TN checked the situation over

thoroughly and decided he could fly the ship out under the right conditions — with a strong, southerly breeze and high humidity. He had 1,500 feet of "runway" available instead of the usual 4,000 feet required.

English type rain began, engines had to be replaced, other repairs made and every pound of removable weight taken out, including the radio gear. A steel mesh strip had to be laid on the field, and then more delays cropped up. But "D-Day" arrived 7 Nov., when conditions were "right." And there was a 300-foot ceiling and visibility of about one mile.

Tommy locked the brakes, applied full power for a moment and the Lib roared away, lifting off at the 1,200-foot mark (with full flaps) for its 20-minute flight to the depot at Watton. Shortly, the three crew members were rejoicing over a successful takeoff and hardly noticed Attlebridge slip past the wingtip.

The only navigation aid aboard was a compass, and nearing Watton, twilight arrived along with a lower ceiling/visibility. When they reached a point where the base should be, nothing looked familiar. Tommy decided he was lost and turned back northward, hoping Attlebridge was still open. Altitude was 200 feet, and suddenly many flickering lights below told the crew they were over Norwich where locals were shuttling about with their blackout "torches." Shortly, they saw the cathedral spire flash past, then a single, amber beacon glowing along their course.

Land knew this had to be the night approach lane to Horsham St. Faith, but the light was on in violation of regulations with

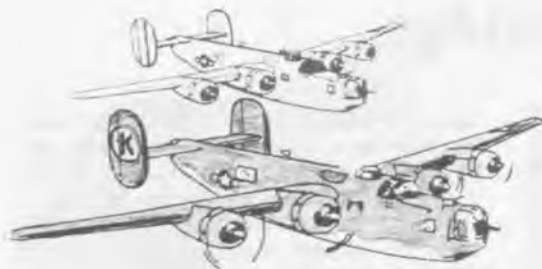
no 458th aircraft aloft. He held his present heading for a few more minutes and runway lights popped up in front of him. He landed safely.

There had been no combat missions scheduled this day, and when the controller at Attlebridge recognized the plane's markings, he assumed they were trying to find Horsham. He called the tower there and spoke with Herbert Perry of Durham, NC. Perry was a hard sell, and insisted none of their aircraft were flying. But he finally agreed to turn the approach/landing lights on for a time "just in case."

This complete story was published by *Air Classics Magazine* in August 1982. Over the years afterward, Tommy had wondered who turned the lights on and indicated he would like to contact him for a belated "thanks." My info source was off just a tad. Herbert was said to be Harold and I was unable to trace him. Then in 1990 mutual friends from the 458th tower, Harold Knox and Lou Freiburg, found Perry.

Tommy and Herbert had a couple of extended phone visits, and when the 3rd SAD held its annual reunion in July 1991 at Norfolk, VA, both were able to attend. They re-hashed every detail of that traumatic experience from long ago — it was more humorous this time, naturally!

Decades before, another man with strong English ties, Rudyard Kipling, predicted in one of his battle stories that "never the twain shall meet." But as it has turned out so often in the more recent past, RK underestimated the persistence of 2nd ADA warriors in tracing former members. And it took only 47 years!



## 458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

### 8TH AIR FORCE HERITAGE CENTER

Ceil and I will be attending the ceremonies of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center in Savannah, GA the last week in January. Our mid-term Executive Committee meeting is scheduled in Savannah during this time. Hopefully, I will have additional info on the 50th anniversary of the birthplace of the 8th AF and what its future plans are with regard to all.

### SQUADRON INSIGNIA, ETC.

The only squadron "patch" I have left is the 753rd (still \$9.50 P.P.); all others are gone. The amazing thing is that when the balance of the 753rd insignia is gone, a total of 300 of all 4 squadron insignia will have been sold or donated to museums or other causes. I still get calls and letters regarding the above and am disappointed that all requests could not be fulfilled.

Continue to have requests for the "tailfin badges." Both the red-white-red vertical stripe and the olive drab "Circle K" are still available. Cost remains at \$5.50 each or both for \$10.00, postage included on all items. Again, I must repeat, when the last of these are gone, there will be no re-orders.

Have about a dozen of the vinyl covered B-24 Key/Tab rings left. The B-24 J is done in a gold outline on a blue background and the reverse side is silver with the "Star & Bar." Price remains at \$5.50 PP.

Continue to make the 8th AF custom plaques, B-24 (6" pewter) desk models and a few altimeter clocks remain. Have sufficient materials for all three types and will furnish an information sheet with photos and costs to anyone interested, on request. As usual, all profits realized from this venture continue to go to the 2ADA treasury and are "earmarked" for the Memorial Library Funding. A total of \$3,400.00 so far has been so contributed.

### TAILWINDS

The following are new members: **E. Max Snyder, IL; Clifton Coatney, WA; Rip Van Sky, IL; W. "Robby" Robinson, TX; Jim Petette, KS; Don Buck, MN; and Len Wainick NY.** Anyone wishing addresses, please drop me a note. Sincerely appreciate hearing from those of you who can furnish me with names of those who were with us but haven't as yet become members of the Association. If you've tried and weren't successful, why not let me try? I have a "recruiting kit" that is very informative to prospective members and may do the job.

As a result of publishing the last group of new members, I received calls and letters as follows: **Ernest Hutchins** recognized **Austin Stirratt** as his crew's long lost ball turret gunner. **Pat McCormick** requested **Gerry Matze's** address; they both flew the first 10 Azon missions. **Will Naughton** found his crew's flight engineer, **Alf Rizzi.** **Chuck Joeckel** (492nd) requested **Cal Criswell's** address; both were interned in Switzerland for a while. **Elliot Brunner** wanted **Leonard Larson's** address and **Art Vanderbeek** says he finally found his co-pilot, **Frank Beck.** A new and up-to-date 458th roster will be available by the time you read this. Cost remains at \$4.50, but at the rate we've been adding members and increasing pages, the USPO will be demanding more money soon, so why not order your roster before mailing costs go up?

Had some response to the **Joe Fisher** blazer insignia and some ideas on improving it. If I can come up with the suggested changes

and get some quotes on a metallic threaded unit from the same people who did our Squadron insignia, I will advise. So if you have any idea on what our 458th blazer patch should look like, why not send me a sketch? The 458th (as most of our Bomb Groups) never had an approved Group Insignia; what do you think about adopting one now?



Recognize "**Duke**" **Trivette** of Dayton, OH, keeping our Memorial at Wright-Patterson Air Museum bright and shiny? For those of you who were not aware of it, Duke was one of the driving forces in '86-'87 in getting our Memorial established. In more than a year of dealing with the W-P Air Museum officials to get this done, he became a working part-time volunteer. The last time we talked, Duke and I discussed plans for adding appropriate shrubbery to our Memorial. More about this in a future issue of this Journal page. This appears as good a time as any to answer those who have requested another 458th reunion in the Dayton area. At present, we have no such plans. Please direct any questions to either: Duke Trivette, 1791 Utica Drive, Dayton, OH 45439, or to me at 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. I'm hoping the 2ADA Convention at Las Vegas in October will find a very large number of you fellows there. At least, from a large gathering, better ideas for a future 458th reunion could be discussed.

Received some information that Mrs. Kris (Froh) Kirchdorfer, 625 June Drive, Ft. Worth, TX is looking for someone who flew with or otherwise knew her father **Bill Frohm.** I checked back through my records and found that he was a member in the mid to late '80s but had passed on. The only info I have was that he was a gunner; don't know the squadron or crew. If you can be of any help, please contact Kris.

Received a great 1992 calendar from **Gene Young** called Vintage Aircraft Nose Art, and it has several photos of 458th aircraft. Although the large photos are in color, the smaller ones of the 458th are in B & W. Available from Motorbooks International Publishers & Wholesalers, P.O. Box 2, 729 Prospect Ave., Osceola, WI 54020. No idea of cost.

Still have A-2 leather jacket ordering forms from two suppliers. You definitely cannot buy either the cowhide or goatskin genuine A-2 for less from any supplier, and we still will get from 5 to 10 dollar rebates that go into the Memorial Library Funding program. Have heard nothing but the best of praise regarding these jackets. Either one can be purchased for \$175.00 and is certainly a great value.

The Lord in all his wisdom, has called the following to make their "Last Flight": **John Philp, Roy Holton, Orville Beduhn, Don Flateland and John Tredway.** I sent 458th condolences to their families.





## Wings Of Memory

Jesse Briggs and Berl Robinson (left to right in both pictures above) met 47 years after their B-24 Liberator was hit over Germany. Pictured is another B-24 in flames.

by Mary Lou Wilson

Reprinted from the Vacaville Reporter

July 22, 1991

Submitted by W.H. "Bill" Beasley (492nd)

Navigator Berl Robinson grabbed frantically at the maps blowing about the bullet-riddled turret of the B-24 Liberator. Flames were streaming from the plane's No. 4 engines, hit by flak just after bombardier Jesse Briggs dropped his load of bombs on the Stettin Oil Refinery in Politz, Germany.

There were gas leaks everywhere. The fuel gauges in the cockpit were broken and the bomb bay was full of fuel mist. No one knew how much gas was left or which tank it was in.

Certain that the crippled bomber was doomed, one crewman had already bailed out through the nose wheel door. Eleven of the planes flying with them had dropped into the Baltic Sea, but pilot Joe Harris decided there was a chance the "Silver Witch" could reach neutral Sweden.

It was up to Robinson to set the course to safety. He corralled the maps and directed the pilot to a small airfield at Malmo on the Swedish coast.

That day - June 20, 1944 - is a part of World War II history, the time when "the air war over Western Europe reached a new peak of fury," the International News Service reported.

That day was also the reason for a quiet reunion in a Davis restaurant a few weeks ago when Robinson, now 78, and Briggs,

72, saw each other for the first time since their internment in Sweden.

Forty-seven years had passed, but in memory they were still the snappy-looking captain and lieutenant who shared that heart-stopping flight across the Baltic.

"It's great, we can't describe it," said Robinson when a friend asked how it felt to be together again.

Robinson has lived in Vacaville since 1949; unknown to him, Briggs has been in Rancho Cordova for 25 years. They got in touch by phone after each received a letter forwarded by the Veterans Administration from tail gunner Willis Beasley who was trying to contact all crew members of the "Silver Witch." It took a while to set up a reunion. But finally - joined by a few relatives and friends, including Robinson's



Bombardier Jesse Briggs took this picture of the "Silver Witch's" target in Politz, Germany.

wife, Adele, and Briggs' wife, Christine - the two met again.

They had already caught up on the years that followed that mission. Robinson left the service in 1945, was recalled in 1948 and sent to Japan to replace personnel flying the Berlin Airlift. From Japan, he returned to the then Fairfield-Suisun Air Force Base and became a public information officer for Brig. Gen. Robert Falligant Travis for whom Travis Air Force Base was named. Out of the service, he earned his teaching credential and taught at Vacaville Union High School for several years. After that, he owned a toy and hobby shop in Vacaville called Robby Hobby and later operated Vaca Welcome, a greeting service. He also worked in real estate.

Briggs was recalled by the Air Force in both the Korean and Vietnam wars. After serving in Vietnam, he stayed in. His last assignment was at Mather Air Force Base where he retired in 1970 as a lieutenant colonel.

But those were years spent apart. What they wanted to talk about was the harrowing flight and the four months together in Sweden.

Their memories fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. One would start a story, the other would finish it; when "Robby" Robinson hesitated over a name, "Snuffy" Briggs supplied it.

Briggs had a few precious snapshots with him. Another member of the group had newsletters from the 492nd Bomb Group which had sent 35 bombers, including the "Silver Witch," on the June 20 run. The newsletter noted that there were from 3,500 to 4,000 planes in the air that day - at the time it was the greatest concentration of American heavy bombers ever sent into action.

Robinson and Briggs said they could still picture the chaos: smoke filling the plane; the nose turret being punctured by their own machine gun bullets set off by anti-aircraft fire; crew members inching through the unpressurized plane wearing heated suits and shoes and oxygen masks.

As they headed for Sweden, Briggs jet-risoned the ultra-secret Norden bombsight into the sea. When they entered Swedish air space, they found German planes, flown by Swedes, on their wingtips.

They were directed to a grassy field where they landed. They learned later that 21 planes from the 8th Air Force had found their way to Malmo that same day.

"It was lucky the 'Silver Witch' made it," said Robinson. "Despite the maps, I was guessing at where I had been and where I was going. I just told the pilot to head in the general direction of Sweden."

The Swedes treated the internees well, agreed Robinson and Briggs. When given passes, they could bicycle about, visit Stockholm and enjoy the beaches.

But they were anxious to get home. In October, under cover of bad weather, Robinson flew to England with 100 other men in a converted B-24 bomber. Briggs followed in November. So both were back in the States with their families.

# Unbelievable!

by A.E. Wilen (453rd)

On November 14, 1991, I received a phone call. "Are you Abe Wilen?" "Yes, I am." "Well, I am Bob Bevis." "Should I know you?" I asked.

"Yes, you should. I flew out of Old Buckenham in the 732nd Squadron, 453rd Bomb Group." "So did I," I responded, "but I don't recall the name."

Bob said, "I have been calling you every few days for the last six weeks in Boca Raton, Florida, and all I got was a recording that this phone has been temporarily disconnected."

"That's true," I stated. "I am six months in New Jersey and six months in Florida, and have my phone on a vacation mode when I am at my other home. We just arrived in Florida yesterday and that is why my phone is on."

"Tell me how you knew about me, where to phone me and how we know each other," I asked.

Bob replied, "Someone told me about the 2nd Air Division Association. I never knew about the existence of this organization, but I intend to join. Meanwhile he gave me the Summer 1991 edition of the 2nd ADA Journal. In it was a letter to the editor from you, Abe Wilen, with a Boca Raton, Florida address. I got your phone number from information and have been trying to call you ever since."

"In this letter you quoted an article from a veteran's magazine indicating why you and your crew looked forward to reunions. You mentioned your crew — pilot Dick Witton, co-pilot Buck Croxford, bombardier Walt Connelly, and yourself, navigator Abe Wilen."

"You mentioned being an original crew of the 453rd having been in Boise, Pocatello, March Field, Hamilton Field, then flying out of Old Buckenham. The crew members' names were familiar; all these places you flew out of were familiar. My crew and I were there with you."

I said, "During the war my name was Wilensky. In 1946, I dropped the 'sky' and made it Wilen. How could you possibly identify my crew and me by this one letter?"

Bob said, "I remembered your first name and our crew shared the same quonset hut in England. I was originally a co-pilot and then moved up to pilot when my pilot was promoted upstairs. Our crew finished our tour of 30 missions on D-Day."

Bob Bevis then said, "I have a photo taken in April, 1944, in front of the operation or interrogation hut and I think you are standing right next to me in the photo. In fact, I will send it to you."

He immediately sent it out and I received it on November 18, 1991. Lo and behold, Bob Bevis, pilot of the 732nd Sq., 453rd Bomb Group, was right. Here is the photo. From left to right: Me, Abe Wilen; Bob Bevis next to me; next to him in back he thinks is Bill Bates, pilot and good friend to



all of us who was killed in a mid-air collision; and next to Bill is Col. Sullivan, C.O. of the 732nd Squadron. Bob is not sure, but he thinks the next one is Frank Webster.

The photo was taken in April, 1944 immediately after a mission near Munich, Germany. Bob said Col. Sullivan grabbed him and told him to get in the picture since he is the only one who looks like he had been on a mission.

If anyone can identify the remaining men in this photo, I know that Bob Bevis, who can be reached at P.O. Box 389, Arcadia, Florida 33821, would like to know as would I, Abe Wilen, 70100 Boca West Drive, Apt. 166, Boca Raton, Florida 33434.

The incredible part of the story is that this photo was taken in April, 1944. We

were shot down on May 8, and spent the rest of the war as POWs. As a result, I never saw the picture. In fact, I don't even recall posing for the photo.

How Bob Bevis, 47 years later, through a letter I wrote to the 2nd ADA Journal, could identify me as the fellow next to him is incomprehensible.

Bevis said on the May 8 mission we went down, he was flying as Bob Hoffman's co-pilot. I checked the flight formation of that day and on our left wing was Bob Hoffman's plane. So there, as big as life, was Bob Bevis sitting in the co-pilot's seat next to us watching us being hit by fighters and go down.

Please contact either of us if you have any further information on this photo.

## 50th Anniversary Commemoration, 1942 - 1992 of the Arrival in Norwich of the Second Air Division

by Ray Strong (HQ)

To mark this occasion and to honor all those who served between 1942 and 1945 in Norwich and the surrounding 14 Bombardment Group and 5 Fighter Group stations, Headquarters is organizing a small fundraiser to pay for some badly needed additional bookshelves for the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room. As you know, our 2AD Library received all of the library books from Greenham Common Air Base when it was closed. The shelving would be used to display, in the Memorial Room, a small portion of these books. It will cost 957 pounds plus 17% VAT — or roughly \$2,000.

Our goal, in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the first troops in Norwich and Norfolk, is to raise at least \$2,000. We hope to do this in two ways:

(1) The WACs are making another quilt

to be raffled off in Las Vegas next October. The quilt will be 90 x 108 inches with a royal blue background. "50" will be in large gold top letters in white. Bomb Group and Fighter Wing numbers will be in their respective colors. Raffle tickets will be sold at the reunion. We hope that all of you who are going to Las Vegas will buy a lot of tickets. The WACs will have a table set up near the registration table.

(2) We are also asking those who are not going to Las Vegas to make small contributions to this project. If you wish to make a direct contribution, make out your check to 2AD Association and send it to me at the address below.

Ray Strong  
320 Burlage Circle  
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

# Operation Home Run

by S/Sgt. Maurice Barrangon and Samuel Taylor  
Reprinted from LIBERTY, October 20, 1945

They don't talk. All over the base, in the offices, in the huts on the line where the ground crews live beside their B-24 bombers, in the mess halls and the Red Cross clubs, the men have little to say. Only the squawk of the Tannoy and the smell of smoke make the thing real. You can tell a bomber base that's moving out by the smell of burning paper.

At intervals of a few minutes the Tannoy horns crackle and the booming voice sounds off with another directive, echoing in the living sites and rolling across the airfield: "All flight crews and passengers of the 786th Squadron will bring their baggage to squadron supply at thirteen hundred hours to be weighed in. I repeat: All flight crews..."

This is the 466th Bomber Group (H), a Liberator group of the Second Division stationed at Attlebridge, just outside Norwich, England. The "H" means heavy bombardment. The first mission this outfit ever flew was Berlin. They flew the climactic bombing attacks that broke Germany. They were in at the death. Now they have one more mission to fly, a very final mission, because the planes, once airborne, will not return to Attlebridge.

At Eighth Air Force headquarters the thing is known as Operation Home Run, and the plan is for the bombers to fly the Atlantic, taking home their combat crews and all the passengers they can carry. Twenty men will ride in each of these Libs. That is, if they ever get off. The mission has been "scrubbed" twice: postponed one day, then another.

The Tannoy horns blare again: "Attention. Attention. All flight crews and passengers of planes one to forty-four will be at their planes at ought nine hundred hours tomorrow. Medical inspection will be at ought nine-thirty. Customs inspection at ten. Take-off at eleven. I repeat: All flight crews..."

This is it. We hope.

"Get a picture of a G.I. saying good-by to an English girl," says the sergeant in the Public Relations office. "You got to get the G.I. and the English girl. It's corn, but it's good."

They have a joke, these men who are about to fly home. It has to do with the voyage home.

"You climb into that airplane and you may get no farther than Cambridge."

Know what that means?

Cambridge is where the American dead are buried. There, in a vast burial ground in the English university town, lie the men of the Eighth Air Force who died in England, or whose Fortresses and Liberators limped home with them after they had died in action. The medics know about that. They took turns driving the trip to Cambridge, and it wasn't always a combat man in the back of the ambulance. These big warplanes demand lives, whether you flew in them or serviced them on the ground. Names on two of the crosses at Cambridge are those of the line mechanics who were asleep in a tent at

Knettishall when a crippled Fort careened off the runway, crossed the perimeter, and rolled its left wheel through the tent, the number two propeller slicing ahead of the wheel. Those things happened. Mechanics, armament men, truck drivers, radio men, clerks — the little white crosses are in neat rows that seem endless.

The boys hope they've seen the last of Cambridge.

The airfield is waiting, quiet and careful. This is no time for anything to go wrong, not now, with home maybe a week away. Men drive their jeeps with care. They live right. It's no time to get sick or talk out of turn or goof off. On the surface they are elaborately calm.

The base is divided into men who are flying and men who are going by boat. They have heard that their advance plane turned back from Greenland with a feathered propeller, and the parachute rigger who tells you about it says he heard they jettisoned all their baggage.

"I may turn up back here with less luggage and a thousand more grey hairs." A non-flier seated on one of the tables asks, "What are you crying about? I got to go home in just a little flat-bottomed boat."

"Never mind. We'll pin-point all the biggest icebergs for you."

"Says you! We'll pick you up out of those dinghies as we go by."

The airplanes are ready. They are no longer parked at their hardstands where they used to sit dispersed. Now they are lined along the short runways, wing tip to wing tip, a strafing pilot's dream. But the war is over, German intruder planes are junk to be disposed of by the occupation Air Force and the Military Government, and the Libs of the 466th wait here in neat rows, bright paint on their engine cowls, little yellow bombs freshly painted on their noses.

At the beginning the crew chiefs were handed a long list of modifications that had to be completed before the transatlantic mission. Ball turrets came out, bomb bays were fitted with wooden platforms for the luggage. Was there an engine that threw oil or didn't sound just right? Yank it out; hand up a new one. Rules said there could be no rebuilt engine with more than 250 hours, nor any new engine with more than 540. Each plane has been put on scales and reweighed, and has flown a fuel-consumption test.

Every time one of these four-engined babies gets off the runway her crew chief is aboard. You can't pry him loose from his ship, not these days. He's flying the Atlantic in her.

S-1 is in a state of collapse. That's Administration, where they do the paperwork, cutting orders for the mimeograph machines. It takes 75,000 copies of orders to move this base. There are travel orders for each man — twenty copies. Ten certificates with each plane, certifying that this and that has been complied with. First landing will be at a

lonely place called Valley, on the coast of Wales, where they come under the direction of Air Transport Command, and if there is one paper missing from one plane — one paper of the 500 necessary for each plane — chaos and disaster. They might even send the whole fleet back to Attlebridge.

The lieutenant colonel in charge of S-1 thinks he's got this licked.

"Right at the last," he says, "I'm going to cut an order stating that I am God. Then, if we need more orders on the way, I can issue them."

Of the 3,000 men at the base, about 50 percent will travel by air — seventy-two planes, twenty men to a plane. Most of the rest will follow two or three weeks later by boat. Left behind will be a holding party of five officers and twenty men who will give buildings and grounds a final cleaning up — the U.S. Army goes to great lengths to leave a place clean and orderly — and play a part in the ceremony of turning the field back to the British. Strange as it may seem, it hasn't been difficult to find men eager to stay behind. The volunteers are men who have married English girls, have become engaged to English girls, or are just in love. Little is expected from that last group, but at least they are volunteers.

Again today there is smoke. It curls up from old rusty oil drums where papers are being burned. Those letters from home — the men read them one last time and toss them into the oil drums. They're too much to carry. So are quantities of stuff in the department files, and literally tons of paper from the secret files of S-2. Intelligence officers have been wielding rakes, stoking the bonfires.

The Tannoy is squawking again:

"Attention. All crews and passengers of the 786th Squadron will meet at their planes at fourteen thirty hours for ditching drill. I repeat: All crews and passengers..."

"Put in something about a G.I. saying good-by to an English girl," says the Public Relations sergeant. "I know it's corn, but you got to have it. It's what the public wants."

"Attention. Attention. There will be a briefing of all pilots and navigators at ought eight thirty hours in the number two briefing room. I repeat: There will be a briefing..."

Our pilot is a boy named Peace, if you can believe it: Captain Stuart M. Peace, Jr., of Chattanooga, Tennessee. He is tall, good-looking, and twenty-three, and he sits down in front in the briefing room, following everything, studying every chart and diagram that is passed around. He flew thirty-five bombing missions, then became assistant Group Operations officer, and how he could do all this and still have his smile and good nature is beyond knowing. But you understand how he could do those things and survive as you watch how seriously he takes this transatlantic milk run.

(continued on page 20)

## Operation Home Run

(continued from page 19)

In accordance with ATC requirements, Peace has logged twenty hours of instrument flying within the past ninety days, and five hours of night flight within thirty days. It's all certified somewhere in the vast pile of papers to go aboard the ship. Our navigator, Lieutenant Robert D. Petersen of St. Paul, Minnesota, has on his record the necessary two night celestial missions — "star fixes" — within thirty days.

There is no flak map at today's briefing. There is only a weather map. There scarcely needs to be a briefing, since the pilots have twice before been ready to take off. The weather officer makes his report:

"The stuff's looking pretty good today. High cumulus, five to seven tenths. Six to eight thousand, tops. Winds 260 to 270 degrees.

"For today, change your mag heading from 301 to 318. Your call letters are U.S. Army plus the last four numbers of your aircraft."

Today's flight is to Valley, a matter of a couple of hours, and then ATC will decide whether the planes fly the northern or southern route. They expect to fly north: Valley to Meeks (Iceland), to Goose Bay (Labrador), to Bradley Field (Windsor Locks, Connecticut). After that, nothing matters.

The commanding officer speaks. He is Colonel Elvin S. Ligon of Kirkwood, Missouri, and he is going to fly the last plane out. He hopes he won't have to pick up stragglers. He reminds the pilots that they are responsible for everything and everybody on their planes, for the inspection of baggage and for the conduct of their men at ATC bases where they land. All men will be in Class A uniform whenever they leave the airplanes.

"I'm quite sure that anybody who hollers 'scrub' today will be shot. It looks like you'll get off. There will be no lunch for anybody. Even if take-off is delayed, no man, nobody at all, is to leave his plane. See to it that your crews understand that. Good luck to you all."

Our plane is number four on the take-off list, and the jeep rolls us the full length of the runway lined with planes, half a mile of Liberators wing tip to wing tip. The names are freshly-painted: Fran, Sugar, Piccadilly Lilly, Sky Pirates, Grand Slam, Doc Patch Clipper. These are the ships in which the boys flew into battle. Near the end of the line is the famous Slick Chick, with 115 bombs painted on her fuselage.

Dixie is our ship, with eighty-seven combat missions. In a burst of dignity they've painted one small bomb, and under it the figure 87. That's on the left, near the navigator's window. On the right, the picture of the girl has been brightened with fresh colors.

It is eight fifty, and you never saw so many men hurrying to a formation. The men of each crew line up under the right wing of their plane, their baggage in front of them. Patiently each man responds to questions, submits to the medical examination, opens his luggage for inspection, signs papers. Talk

is nervous and subdued.

Maybe it makes a difference that these men were a late group in the Eighth Air Force, flying all their combat in the days of fighter escort. They came over here in March, 1944. You ask them about their worst day, and they say Brunswick — the marshaling yards at Brunswick. They sent out twenty-one planes and lost six. Well, every bomber base has its bad day. Drive across East Anglia to the 388th, a Fortress group from away back, and the name that makes them wince is Stuttgart. On September 6, 1943, they sent twenty-one planes on a mission to Stuttgart and got back seven. That was before we had fighter escort that could go all the way.

It's time to get aboard. Every man must have his parachute harness on and the leg straps fastened — that's orders. Here in the waist section, behind the bomb bays, are the ground men, the passengers. The flight crew is up front. The co-pilot appears, sticking his head up through the rear hatch.

"Where's the two fellows who are going to throw that life raft out?" he asks. "Do you know who you are?"

There is silence. It develops that the two men assigned to throw out the life raft are now up front. The co-pilot looks unhappy.

"Who's going to throw the radio out?"

"Here, sir."

So if we have to ditch, the radio will get thrown out. When, as, and if. The co-pilot ducks out and we slam the hatch shut. There is a dull chugging sound and vibration runs through the ship. The engines.

Not one of them likes this overloaded take-off, and it's not because they're reluctant to leave the base. Not a man looks out the window except to see the ground safely away. On the take-off we simply huddle grimly and listen to the straining roar of the engines.

Well, we're off. Relax now and squirm into a more comfortable position.

*The sergeant in Public Relations was disappointed. "I'm sorry you didn't get a picture of a G.I. saying good-by to an English girl," he said at breakfast. "I'll see if I can get one and mail it to you. You gotta have it."*

"Navigator to crew. Navigator to crew. That city off the right wing is Nottingham."

Nobody stirs. Nottingham would be the town where Robin Hood used to put in for a mild-and-bitter. Or was it the sheriff who hung out there? The crew couldn't care less.

Because this crew list contains twenty names, it is twice as "Grand Hotel" as the usual bomber crew list of ten men. Up front we have Peace, Campbell, Petersen, Spurlock, Slayton, York, Mohr, Morrell, Nothstein, Langley. Those are the "flying status" men, the boys with the wings. Back here in the waist we have Taylor, Durst, Grosch, Johnson, Slaugenhaupt, Kovacevich, Swaw, Richbourg, Rotella, Moore. They are a cross section of the base — mechanics, a turret specialist, an armorer, and instrument specialist. Slaugenhaupt has been Dixie's crew chief during her entire combat career, and they say he's good.

Twenty men from twenty different parts of the United States. One man is nineteen,

and one, a corporal, is thirty-eight and says he has a daughter eighteen.

Down below you see deserted airfields, really empty, not just a few empty revetments the way they used to look when a group was out on a mission. Today you see lifeless fields with no sign of an airplane — just the runways, the perimeter roads, and the hardstands like bulbs attached by stems to a vine. We probably could have seen Cambridge in the distance, but nobody tried very hard.

We pass over Liverpool, and then we have the Irish Sea off our right wing. The boys come to the window to look at the sea. They are cold and miserable. On the next hop they'll dress more warmly.

The door to the bomb bay is pushed open and Captain Peace appears, making his routine inspection of the ship. He has leisure now that he's in the air. It's Friday, he says, and with luck he might be home on Tuesday. His wife lives in Decatur, Alabama, and they have a daughter.

"My daughter is twenty-seven," he says. You blink. "Twenty-seven months," he explains. "I haven't seen her for thirteen months."

You ask him how the pilots felt about taking on the big planes, the B-29s, or whatever it is they might have been going out to fly. Peace leans on the right waist gun and stares out over the Irish Sea.

"Some men wanted the big planes," he says. "Others hoped to get on small ones, because they like a hot plane and they didn't like the responsibility of a big crew. If we had gone to the Far East, I wanted to fly the big one."

How did the boys feel about the Pacific? About Okinawa and points north?

"It would have been rough," he says. "Rough and rugged, I guess. But the boys were expecting to go. That's all there was to it. They weren't eager and they weren't reluctant. They were just expecting to go."

## Mother Phyllis Speaks

PLEASE could people who will NOT be travelling in groups *let me know in advance* when they plan to come to Norwich. I can help you plan a visit to the Library and to your base. I would be glad to send London-Norwich train schedules, information on accommodation, etc. I will try to make sure that you don't miss anything that may be going on while you are here. Our base contacts are all looking forward to your visits but many of them are gainfully employed and they must plan ahead to be able to welcome you. You will get far more out of your "Return to England" if you heed the words of Mother Phyllis and let us know when you expect to be here.

It is only January and people are already arriving with no advance warning. The "Return" is supposed to begin in April. Put pen to paper, purchase stamp, place letter in envelope...do I sound desperate enough?

— Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian



# Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabec

**FOLDED WINGS (93rd men not members of the 2nd ADA).** I learned of these three when I sent out third applications: A.W. Newburgh 3/6/89, Edward B. Smith 4/14/87, and William G. Clayton 6/1/80.

**NEW MEMBERS, 93rd BG.** Starting with revision sheet #32-91 dated 11/11/91, the following men have joined. Nicholas A. Caruso, 2161 Club House Dr., Prescott, AZ 86301. Benjamin P. Fields, 224 W. Beaver St., St. Anne, IL 60964. John C. Byozkowski, 260 N. Meadowbrook Pkwy., Cheek Towaga, NY 14206. Associate Member Adrian G. Hanri Smit, P.O. Box 294, Fairfax, CA 94930. Leonard R. Kozarek, 4602 Woodland Ave., Duluth, MN 55803. Ending revision 2/92.

**PLANNED 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PLOESTI, 1 AUG. 1993 MEMORIAL:** As I reported in the Fall '91 Journal, I need a couple Ohio area volunteers to make plans for this. It's up to you, fellows, whether you want to participate or not. I will be there representing the 93rd. So many of you fellows ask me when we are going to have a function, and when something comes up, no one will step forward to take charge. I'm sorry but I just can't do it; can't handle any more, there are not enough hours in the day. I have a list of 42 members that live in Ohio; if a couple of you don't step forward and volunteer, I'll have no more to say about this. William Doerner and his wife Jo handled our Memorial Service at Dayton in 1989 for the dedication of our Memorial plaque and tree dedication and they did an outstanding job, but they are so far away from Dayton it was no picnic doing that job. He has said he would help as much as he could, but is just too far from there to be chairman again. We had a wonderful turnout for those services and a wonderful dinner that night.

**THE STORY OF THE 93rd BG (H):** I was very disappointed; didn't receive enough errored copies back to cover all the orders. I still have six members on my list who want a copy. I know that some of you had passed your copy on to someone (that was OK, I didn't expect to get all of those copies back), but I would like to be able to fill the orders I've received. Some of these fellows weren't members when we had plenty of the books. I just thought I would get a better response than that.

**93rd BOMB GROUP ROSTERS:** You may purchase our up-to-date 93rd roster from Frederick and Inez Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459. They have done an outstanding job supplying these for only \$5 for roster plus a geographical, \$3 without the geographical.

**FLORIDA GET-TOGETHER DINNER OR REGIONAL REUNION:** There are around sixty-seven 93rd members and a good many Snow Birds in Florida during the winter months. Also there are many members of other 2nd ADA Groups residing in Florida. Please note Vice President John B. Conrad's report in the 1991 Winter Journal. He will find some volunteers and I would like some 93rd members to step forward to work together with the other Groups, for a possible regional reunion in the Orlando area for winter of 1992-93. Don't wait, there is much to do for the planning of these. Let's make it happen.

**93RD INFORMATION I CALLED FOR IN SUMMER JOURNAL:** I received the following information to complete the list of our 93rd plane names and numbers that were involved in the Ploesti mission, 1 August 1943. Thanks, fellows, I'm happy to report this list is now complete with these changes and additions. (1) The spelling is "BOMERANG" #41-23722-C, pilot was Roy G. Martin, Luther Bird was co-pilot. (2) "BIG NOISE," pilot John Emmons, did not have name of "DOITY BOID" on it. (3) "SATAN'S ANGELS" #42-40604-I (not C), pilot Herrell Ford. (4) "DEATH DEALER" #42-40611 code X not W. (5) William Meehan was flying "THE LADY JANE" #42-40804-X.

**JOURNAL ENTRIES BY MEMBERS:** I was very pleased to see several entries by our 93rd members in the Winter Journal. There were the three stories by Bob Oberschmid; "Martin's Red Caps" by Luther S. Bird; and in the letter section, "Family Reunion" by Joe Bradley, a letter from George Richard Manley on his return to England, and I had a couple. Don't forget to note 93rd BG when you submit your stories to the Journal.

**APOLOGY IS IN ORDER:** To Gordon K. Reynolds, for my errors in reporting the 93rd BG plane collision over Henham Estate, March 29, 1944. I had given the news article you sent me to a 93rd member, and couldn't remember who it was, as he told me that he might be able to attend the Memorial Service being planned, so I didn't have all the information needed when I wrote this in my "Open Letter to the 93rd." Sorry about that.

**MEMBERSHIP FOR 1991:** I have sent 80 first applications, 37 second and 48 third, total of 163. We have 62 new members, 29 dropped for non-payment of dues, 10 reinstated, 11 deceased, 9 dropped on request, 4 mail returned. I have answered 140 letters plus 65 others I have written. I had hoped to reach a membership of 700 last year, but fell one short, only 699. I then received one on 1/6/92. This count is all 93rd members, not counting Associates. I have 42 of them and 24 that have another group listed first. I have had fairly good results with the third application I send. This has cut down on my long list of 93rd men that had been sent one and two going back to 1988-89. I have a good many from

1990 to whom I will start sending third applications. Also, will start sending second applications to those in 1991 who haven't joined as yet. I believe that the viewing of the "All American" all over the country has helped very much. Please send me names and addresses of any 93rd men you are corresponding with. My 93rd non-member list is starting to shrink. Have 48 that have received a third application. I fear that we have lost them, but will keep them in my file just in case someone is looking for them.

**THE PROPOSED REFUSE TIP AT HARDWICK AIRFIELD:** I received an early morning phone call from BBC network in England, and also from a news reporter requesting the 93rd BG reaction to the news about Norfolk County's intention to build the refuse tip on Hardwick Airfield. I gave them my negative thoughts. I was quite long-winded on this subject — was cut short on our thoughts, and was thanked for my response. Before that I had received a letter from past Vice Pres. Ltc. Charles Weiss (Ret.) saying, "I heard from England, via the 2ADA Amateur Radio Net (Bill Holmes) in Norwich, that the "tip" has been put on indefinite hold. This is not only as a result of the 93rd letters but from pressure from the nearby residents. They have put up quite a ruckus themselves!! Bill told me that the minister Hazeltine (SP) was one of the movers and shakers in getting it put on hold." I feel that this is no reason that we should stop writing our objections. Please when you write, do not, I repeat, do not make threats, even if they are humorous. This is one thing we don't want. In addition to writing Mr. M. Haslam, as I requested in the Fall Journal, here are some others you should write too. I have received answers from them all. (1) Mr. J. Birkbeck, Chairman, Planning Sub-Committee, County Hall, Martineau Lane, Norwich, NR1 1JH, England. (2) Mr. Martin Shaw, Director of Planning and Property, County Hall, Martineau Lane, Norwich, NR1 1JH, England. (3) The Rt. Hon. John MacGregor, OBE, MP, House of Commons, Westminster, London SW1A 0AA, England. Write now, let's keep the heat on. While writing this report I received an Eastern Daily Press clipping, dated Jan. 2, 1991 from Phyllis in our Memorial Library. This was information of a threat by one of our 93rd members, addressed to Chief Planning Officer Mike Haslam, and of course he turned it over to the press. A Christmas card was addressed to "Ebenezer Scrooge," alias Mr. Haslam. In the card the sender said, "If the plan went ahead he would start a movement to build a public lavatory on the site of Nelsons Column in Trafalgar Square!" Phyllis said that the proposed tip will be shelved for the present. I now repeat, continue writing those letters, but please no threats, even though humorous.

**TO LET YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN:** I have received a picture and news clipping that I can't use, but  
*(continued on page 22)*

## Open Letter to the 93rd

(continued from page 21)

to give you an idea of the love and caring for the old 93rd by David and Jean Woodrow, local residents for our 93rd Memorial Monument, the picture shows David Neale and his eight-year-old grandson laying a wreath at the monument, and David and Jean and several residents, plus members of the 2nd AD Memorial Library from Norwich and several young folks, standing around our 93rd Memorial Monument on Remembrance Day. Hundreds of poppies were dropped on the former Hardwick airbase from a Tiger Moth, Royal Air Force training plane, flown by owner John Barker from Tibenham airfield as his tribute to the 93rd BG. A short service conducted by the Rev. Ernest Green, rector of

the Hemphall group, paid tribute to the four squadrons based at Hardwick and in memory of those lost in the war and the survivors. This should give you an idea of the feelings the residents of Topcroft, David and Jean have for the old 93rd. I will let you know at a later date what we have planned for them.

**IN MEMORY OF G.I. VITO:** An American soldier is remembered on the old Hardwick airfield. Vito Navigante served with the USAAF during WWII and was stationed at Hardwick. During that time he fell in love with Edith, a Norwich girl, and they were married at Old Lakenham Church in 1944. As a G.I. bride, Edith said goodbye to England a couple of years later and settled down to raise a family in the U.S. Sadly Vito died in the 1970s and is buried in Long Island National Cemetery, but Edith has

returned to Norwich and brought the burial flag with her. She has now presented the Stars and Stripes to David Woodrow, who has built up a small museum of wartime memorabilia on the airfield, which is now private farm land. Normandy veteran Frank Scott was kind enough to tell the tale with a nice picture (that I can't use) of Edith handing the flag to David in memory of Vito, who never forgot those days at Hardwick.

**INFORMATION STILL NEEDED:** I made this request in my Fall "Open Letter," but have had no response yet. I'm looking for 93rd men who flew with or knew S/Sgt. Robert Neal, who served in '44 and returned to the States 3/45. I will try to get a picture of him in uniform from his son; that might help.

## Division Headquarters

by Ray Strong

You should see elsewhere in this issue of the Journal an announcement to everyone in the Association about the 50th Anniversary Commemoration and our efforts to raise \$2000 to pay for the badly-needed new shelving in the Memorial Room. Each member of the HQ contingent should have received HQ Newsletter #9 explaining in detail our desire to commemorate the passage of 50 years since the arrival of the first 2AD troops in Norwich and especially the arrival of Headquarters. I hope, if you are going to Las Vegas, that you will buy a lot of raffle tickets. If you are unable to make it to the reunion, and want to make a contribution to this project, just make out your check to the 2nd Air Division Assoc. and send it to me.

As you know, I have been asking you to send me your experiences, reflections, memories, etc. of your time at Division Headquarters. John Sanders sent me the article below and he swears that it is the truth. I don't know a whole lot more about the duties of a technical inspector than I did before, but it would have been fun to have been present at the presentation of the medal to Lt. Norton.

### A ONE OF A KIND MEDAL

by John Sanders

One of the interesting things about my job as Technical Inspector at Headquarters was that I got to travel to each of the bomber bases and meet a lot of very fine people. One of these was a Lieutenant Norton who was from Tennessee and who told me this story.

In addition to his primary job as Squadron Engineering Officer, Lt. Norton was assigned to the Air Raid Detail. In the event of an air raid alert, all those assigned to the Air Raid Detail crew were, upon hearing the air raid siren, to go immediately to a designated building and be prepared to take whatever action might be required.

One very dark night the air raid sounded. Lt. Norton hurriedly dressed, grabbed his

trusty bicycle and started out. He decided that he could save time if he took a short cut across an adjoining pasture. He lifted his bicycle over the fence and began pedaling furiously toward his destination. He suddenly heard a "clickety-click, clickety-click" sound and, thinking that perhaps he had picked up some object in his front wheel, he leaned forward to hear it better. Too late — the "clickety-click" sound was made by a large work mare trying to escape an unknown intruder. Lt. Norton and bicycle rode straight between the back legs of a much surprised and terrified animal. She clamped her tail down on an equally terrified lieutenant and took off at a high rate of speed "in all directions", eventually spilling Lt. Norton and bicycle among the weeds, rocks and dirt.

After retrieving a battered bicycle, a very scratched, bruised and battered Lt. Norton arrived at his destination. Naturally everyone wanted to know what happened since he looked as if he had already been in an air raid. He was reluctant to give details of his experience, but eventually most of them came out.

Well, a few days passed and Lt. Norton went about his job as Engineering Officer. Then one day he received an order to report to the air raid assembly building. To his surprise, the whole detail had assembled and he was "guest of honor" for a very impressive ceremony awarding him "The Distinguished Mare Medal" along with an elaborate citation describing his harrowing experience and praising him for outstanding bravery and courage when, coming face to "face" (?) with unseen circumstances, Lt. Norton conducted himself with courage and dignity befitting an officer and a gentleman.

I don't know what became of Lt. Norton, but I'm sure that somewhere in Tennessee, on a den wall, there surely must be displayed, along with other war mementos, a beautifully framed citation and the one-of-a-kind "Distinguished Mare Medal."

## Membership Dues

My personal apologies for not having been more detailed in my recent announcement of the increase in Annual Membership Dues. In addition to the very obvious reason for the increase — *inflation* — other factors were also considered by your Executive Committee. As we are all well aware, the 2nd ADA must face facts regarding an anticipated decrease in membership. Simple arithmetic tells us very quickly to expect a steady diminution of dues as this erosion continues. A firm financial base is vital if we, the members, are to realize a continuation of 2nd ADA benefits. We must be able to fund our Reunions and most of all, continue publication of our superb Journal. The increase, as determined by the Executive Committee, was inevitable. The decision to make the change now, rather than "down the road" when the need for the increase would be critical, is in my opinion, prudent management.

We regret any inconvenience or hardship this adjustment may have caused and we, your Executive Committee, deeply appreciate your continued support.

— Richard M. Kennedy  
President

## Underage Veterans Sought

The Veterans of Underage Military Service is trying to locate all veterans who served in the U.S. military for any length of time under the age of 17. A reunion will be held in Las Vegas in August. Please contact:

Allan C. Stover  
3444 Walker Drive  
Ellicott City, MD 21042

# The 466th Bomb Group

by Bill Nothstein

The books are closed on 1991. We had our ups and downs. The group membership now stands at 398. During the year we signed up nineteen, dropped three for various reasons, and six passed away.

The saddest event for me was the passing of Arthur Sessa, of Yonkers, NY. Art was my assistant vice president and the closest friend I had in the 2nd ADA. We met in 1980 when we were both attending our first reunion in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We had seen each other at each reunion since then and had several other weekends together. Art was active behind the scenes at reunions and at the B-24 Fiftieth Anniversary meeting in Fort Worth, TX. He will be missed by the Group and by all who knew him. Thank you, Artie.

from Attlebridge to Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Connecticut in June 1945. I have forwarded the article to Bill Robertie to publish in the Journal (*please see page 19*).

The 466th Bomb Group Memorial Monument has become a reality and will be dedicated Friday, June 12, 1992 at Attlebridge. Instrumental in putting this program together was Tom Reto, Board of Directors, 466 Bomb Group Association; and Ted Clarke of Norwich, England. In November, Tom flew to England and with Ted, met with the Broadlands Council, Norfolk Council, District Council Landscaping Section and Mr. Keith Rackham, stone mason, to finalize the design, inscription and installation of the monument. Tom also met with hotel representatives

Let us continue with the story of Charlie Herbst's Tour of Missions with missions 3 and 4.

## BIARRITZ - MARCH 27, 1944

This is our third trip in "Jamaica?" and it was a real long one. Going down to the Bay of Biscay near the Spanish border for a visit to a Luftwaffe training base. Seems they have been getting a lot of pilots from this school and we were to interrupt their education. The formation was lousy all the way, for we took off in lousy weather and couldn't get together like we should. Both our wing men never appeared but we found out later they had run together right after taking off. This was the first loss of any of our real close friends. The first quatrains in did a good job, one of them cut us off and we had to make a second run, much to our dislike. Even with this we missed the target completely, for the lead ship's bomb sight screwed up. As we dropped the bombs the ship on our right started something really new by letting its bombs explode before they reached the ground. They got a lot of "hold" in their bomb bay, but that is about all. The "girl" got damaged for the first time with a few small holes in her right wing. It wasn't due to enemy action so no Purple Heart this time. As we came up the coast the gunners on the ground figured they needed some practice so they opened up and got plenty close for awhile. The weather was plenty bad when we got back to England (by the way, that is where all these trips are starting), as usual, and the formation broke up. We were on our own and the old girl needed gas, so we dropped in at a Limey base for the night, got gas the next morning and headed for home base.

## PAS DE CALAIS, APRIL 5, 1944

This is another trip into France, for the Jerries seem to be building things in this area that the higher-ups don't like, so we get the job of visiting them to see what we can do to hinder their building program. Today the weather was different with the clear weather over England and all the clouds over the continent. We followed a radar ship in and dropped our bombs through the clouds. Couldn't see the ground at all and were happy about the whole thing. Those guys around that area have had a lot of practice shooting at planes and are plenty good, but with clouds as they were, guess they didn't want to bother too much. The boys at Dunkirk were ambitious, for they shot up quite a bit but we were five miles from there. Later on, from all reports this was one of the first trips against the flying bomb sites.



**RITTER CREW.** Top row (l-r): James T. Moser, Homer Mallas, Patrick J. Connolly, Lewis Mixner, Walter C.M. Frederick. Bottom row (l-r): Gerald L. Behrens, James S. Ritter, Michael J. Cambon, Franklin E. Smith. Not shown: Walter G. Kaminski

I received a letter and the crew photo shown above from Michael Cambon. He is looking information on other members of Jim Ritter's crew. If you can help, write to: M.J. Cambon, 31 Field Flower Ct., The Woodlands, TX 77380.

Two members have sent me copies of an article that was published in the October 20, 1945 issue of LIBERTY magazine. The article was titled "Operation Home Run," the story of the 466th Bomb Group's flight

and made arrangements for lodging and activities for June 9 through June 15. He has also made arrangements for transportation. If you would like to participate, space may still be available, so give Tom Reto a call, (216) 758-3489. Incidentally, the Memorial Fund is just a trifle short of its goal. If you can help, send checks to Russell D. McNair, 20 Dorset Drive, Kenilworth, NJ 07033 (payable to 466th Memorial Monument Fund).

# BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP  
by  
Marvin H. Speidel



In this first Journal of 1992 I would like to offer my best wishes for health and happiness to all. Let's look forward to renewing friendships at the 446th Bomb Group Valley Forge Reunion in August and at the 2nd ADA's convention in the land of slots, cards and broken dreams, Las Vegas, in October. Mark your calendars now; I'll be looking for you at both.

As we look forward to the future with all the anticipation of our youth, though our bodies are not quite the same, it might be well to pause and reflect on the accomplishments of the 446th BG Association since its incorporation. Mostly through the efforts of President Bill Davenport, with the cooperation and assistance of many others whom I won't try to name for fear of forgetting someone, the "Bungay Buckaroos" have planted a tree and placed a plaque in the Air Force Museum's Memorial Grove in Dayton, Ohio and restored the Memorial Gates at St. Mary's Church in Flixton, England, 42 years after the installation of the original gates by the Group at the end of WWII. Also, on our 1987 visit in conjunction with the 2nd ADA Norwich Reunion, the 446th dedicated and installed our Roll of Honor in the Church. Along with that a donation was made to the Parochial Church Council to be invested as a "Memorial Gates Fund" with the proceeds to be used to maintain and/or replace the Gates as needed. In addition, there have been annual wreath laying ceremonies at the American Military Cemetery, Madingley, Cambridge, England and at the Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. The one at Cambridge is conducted by our FOTE friend John Archer each Memorial Day with an investment in place with the Imperial War Museum at Duxford to undertake this task when John is unable to and with part of the agreement permitting use of some of the income toward exhibits of American involvement in WWII. At the Air Museum Paul Wermuth and others perform the ceremony at the 446th plaque each July 4th and negotiations have been completed to have the Dayton area Boy Scouts assume this responsibility when necessary. Part of this agreement allows for an ice cream party for the Scouts participating.

Other actions have seen Bill McMahon arrange DFC status for Chaplain John Gannon on the Collings Foundation's "All American" B-24, on which Irv Day has arranged for the same DFC designation for Bill Davenport, Bill McMahon and Fred Knorre.

Bill McMahon and others in Florida have organized the John Gannon Chapter of the 446th BG Association and these Sunshine Staters, along with their wintertime sun-seeking buddies, get together each November. Finally, 446ers have been actively contributing to the 2nd ADA Memorial Room at the Norwich Central Library on a regular basis, including the recent campaign to support an American presence there, as have all the groups.

For the future, we're looking at and considering ways to support the 8th Air Force Heritage Center planned for Savannah, Georgia and the possibility of some kind of 446th Bomb Group center to pay homage to that Grand Old Lady, the B-24 Liberator, that had so much to do with winning the war except in Hollywood and the media. These will be major topics of discussion for the business meeting at the Valley Forge Reunion — we hope you will be there to express your opinions.

In another vein, I have received a couple of mission reports from Dick Ghery of Warren, Ohio which may be of interest because, although we all shared experiences in common, no two were ever alike. I will report one here and save the other for next time. Let's hear from some others along the same line.

## MISSION NO. 17, BERLIN-ERKNER MARCH 8, 1944

Awakened early — breakfast and on to briefing. Primary target announced as Berlin (PFF) with the secondary Erkner, 5 miles SE of Berlin, a ball-bearing plant. We got out to our ship, No. 620 "Princess" and just before takeoff were ousted by Lt. Mattes and crew. McKeny wanted to ask Bohnet to let us fly "Shiflus Skunk" but quickly realized it would be an insult to Bohnet. "360" was ready to go and we took off one minute before time for last TO. I had quite a time with the Consolidated turret — comparatively new to me, and breezy... b-r-r-r. Rich disliked the nose also. It had a Norden sight. Anyway we caught the formation and headed for Berlin. Hit flak at Osnabruck and Hanover. As we neared the target we saw "Shiflus Skunk" leave the formation, losing altitude and going far to the right. Three 109s jumped them and in a few minutes "Shiflus Skunk" was flaming. Four chutes came out. The plane exploded and another chute came out, then another chute opened from the pieces after that. That was a great blow to our crew. Our very close friends, Lts. Bohnet, Zimmer, Carter and Gilbreath and their crew members were MIA. We hit for home and about 45 minutes out of the target area, three 190s surprised us out of the sun. They bore in very close — VERY close, made one pass and knocked down Merriman on our right wing. No chutes seen. A third crew was lost, Helfer never returned to base.

## Land Short and Roll Out

by Ed Johnson (489th)

We were one of the lucky crews that suffered no physical harm to anyone, though we had many hours of three-engine time due to flak damage. Once, we had to come back from Munich unescorted — nearly went to Switzerland — because of flak damage to a turbo. We only had power on three engines at altitude, and we thank the Lord for all the cloud cover during our return flight to the North Sea.

On 24 July, on our first trip to aid in the St. Lo break-out, we were in the drop zone at 11,000 feet when a call came to hold the bombs and return to base. At this time we were flying in the slot, below and behind Lt. Florcyk's lead aircraft. It took a direct hit which broke off both wings and the tail section. I had the bomb bay doors open when John Strauss and Neal Sorensen saw what had happened and asked me to look

for chutes. All I could see to begin with was two wing tip sections going down with the props still spinning and the tail sections falling. I later saw parachute packs and other debris falling also. Close to the ground, I saw one chute open. Three days later the radio operator, and only known survivor, returned to our base. I later saw him at Tucson, with his ever-present bottle of spirits.

In September, on our next-to-last mission — to Koblenz — we had a new first pilot riding in the co-pilot's seat. On the run from the IP to the target we took a very close flak burst that knocked the electric hydraulic pump off the bomb bay wall. This sent red fluid spraying into the rear of the plane, and the waist gunners thought it was gasoline. I was standing in the bomb bay when this happened.

We were carrying 500 lb. GPs and incendiaries, and the flak cut one of the two bands on one of the incendiaries. I was able to toggle this one out, as well as one 500 lb. GP that had hung up. When we reached Halesworth we dropped out of formation so I could manually crank down the main gear, kick out the nose wheel, and crank down the flaps. All the hydraulic pressure we had was in the accumulator, so I asked Lt. Shroyer to land short, roll out, and apply the brakes only once. All went according to plan, and they towed us back to the hardstand.

We had three different planes through our tour. The other two were lost with other crews. Our enlisted crew hut had the same experience, as we lost two crews from there. One gets real close to other flyers under such conditions.



# A Bit of Trouble Over Norwich

by Fred Becchetti (445th)

July 31, 1944, and the 445th Bomb Group was headed for Ludwigshaven, our B-24 bomb bays loaded with unarmed fragmentation bombs.

Pilot Keith Palmer lifts off from Tibenham at 9 a.m. and takes her above the 500 ft. ceiling for the assembly of the group formation over the Wash.

At 16,000 feet and climbing, our No. 4 prop runs away. Palmer feathers it, calls in an aborted mission and reports an altitude loss of 300 feet per minute.

There's no returning to base with the unarmed frags, so I give Palmer a heading to a point over the Channel where we are to jettison the frags.

We dump the bombs, but the ship continues to lose altitude. Then a second engine begins to act up, and our rate of altitude loss increases.

To lighten the ship, Palmer gives the order to toss out everything that is loose. We wrestle with guns, ammo, flak suits and even the generator and send them whistling and hissing out the various hatches, down through the 500 ft. layer of clouds to whatever lies below. At one point, I jokingly grab waist gunner McGovern by the leg as though to toss him out. Lots of laughs later about that!

At 2,000 ft. and still losing altitude at a dangerous rate, Palmer polls the crew and we vote to bail out in the hopes of saving

the ship by lightening it even more.

Over the Norfolk region but unable to see the land because of the clouds, we line up at the rear hatch and bail out one at a time into the unknown beneath the cloud cover: first, waist gunner Gregory McGovern (who fractured his leg on landing); then tail gunner Robert Sherrick; waist gunner Lawrence Sladovnik (who broke his leg); ball turret gunner John M. Smith (who sprained an ankle landing in a British WAAF base, where the women took care of him splendidly); radio gunner Carl McHenry (who sprained an ankle); engineer Bernard Goldstein; and finally myself.

Bailing out at about 1,000 feet, I counted quickly to three and yanked the ripcord, while the noisy B-24 flew off, leaving me in the dead silence of the sky as I drifted downward through the clouds into who knows what. I whistle to myself to break the eerie silence.

In the clouds I begin to hear sounds from below. People talking, vehicles. I burst through the cloud cover. I am coming down in a residential area of Norwich. There is only the slightest wind, so I am coming straight down with little lateral movement.

To my right, a large tree and a house. To my left, a row of small trees and a house. And directly in front of me, there is a small, newly-spaded garden, an 8 ft. high hedge and beyond the hedge, a house.

Delicately, I maneuver toward the center of the garden. I land without a roll, both feet together and falling forward comfortably, with my face slightly pushed into the soft soil of the garden.

Slightly dazed, I lie there and monitor my body, feeling a slight twinge in my left ankle, but otherwise feeling good and thankful, though somewhat reluctant to move.

I hear a rustle of branches in the hedge in front of me. The hedge parts and a ruddy-faced man peeks through, catches my eye and with a twinkle and a smile asks me, "Having a bit of trouble, Yank?"

And I laugh, reviewing in my mind all that has happened since 9:00 in the morning.

Mr. Morris pushes through the hedge while I unhook the harness of my chute entangled in the tree. He helps me into the house and serves me a scotch and soda. After a while, two Bobbies pedal up, eye my Italian name with some suspicion, until the MPs show up to take me back to the base, where I learn that pilot Palmer and co-pilot Cliff Bolton were able to land the ship after the bail-out.

As for my parachute entangled in the tree, we never found it.

They say that several little girls in the neighborhood had new dresses for school the next year.



by Bob Sheehan

One of the significant items that contributed to the success of our October '91 Reunion in Tucson was the fact that 51 men who attended the reunion were men who were attending for the *first time*.

We strongly urge all who might read this article to attend at least *one* reunion of your Bomb Group. It is a most rewarding experience.

We all hope for a good attendance at our 2nd ADA Reunion in Las Vegas, Nevada in October 1992. Geoff Gregory reminds us that now is the time to make recommendations for the Awards Program in conjunction with this reunion of the 2nd ADA as well as the 467th Group. Send your suggestions to him at El Rancho-Not-Yetto, 3110 Sheridan Drive, Garland, TX 75041.

The Executive Committee of the 2nd ADA met January 29th and 30th in Savannah, GA. The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center had a special program concerning the Fiftieth Anniversary beginning on January 28 and lasting 4 days.

We visited with Phil Day and Miss Cille on January 8 in their home in Shreveport, LA for a couple of hours. For our entire Group I wish to thank them for all the work they have done through the years and particularly now in connection with publishing "Poop from Group," maintaining the current roster of over 1200 names, and serving as our Treasurer. We are indebted to them.

It is the intent of this Group to plan a 1993 Reunion in the southeastern part of the U.S. in either May or October. Stay tuned.

## The London Char Woman

by George M. Collar (445th)

I had a three day pass to London, and was staying at the Reindeer Red Cross Club on Clifford Street. My accommodation was a cot set up in the hallway on the third floor.

It was late in the evening and I had just gotten into bed when the air raid sirens sounded.

As it happened, an elderly char woman was mopping the floor near the stairway. I hurriedly got dressed and headed for the stairs.

Now I could hear the buzz bomb (V1) coming — a sound never to be forgotten!

I fully expected the cleaning lady to bolt down the stairs ahead of me, but she only leaned on her mop and listened. I made up my mind not to appear panicky in front of this brave lady, so I too stopped and listened.

That devilish V1 sound came ever closer, until it appeared to be directly overhead. At this point the lady resumed her mopping. I kept listening and soon the pulsing sound stopped and there was a terrific explosion in the distance. (I learned later that a bus had been struck and demolished at Kennington Oval.)

When the all-clear sounded I went back to bed, marveling at the *savoir faire* of that calm old lady!



## 392nd B.G.

by Oak Mackey

Keith and Patty Roberts still have vacancies available for the Return to Wendling Tour in June, 1992. To inquire for more information and the itinerary, write to: 392nd BG Wendling Reunion, 26631 Dorothea, Mission Viejo, CA 92691. Time for making reservations is running short. Please hurry if you decide to go.

The Second Air Division Association 45th Annual Convention will be at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, NV, October 4-7, 1992. It will be a gala occasion; be there if at all possible. Evelyn always provides a great shew. You can count on it, you will enjoy yourself.

Eleven new members have enlisted for the duration in the past six months or so. They are: John E. Largen, 601 Stewart Rd., Winston-Salem, NC 27107; Fred Jones, 5208 Kissing Camels Drive, Colorado Springs, CO 80904; Antonia Robinson, Associate Member, 7864 Broken Arrow Trail, Winter Park, FL 32792; Joseph W. Supp, 1926 Michelle Ln., Lakeland, FL 33803; H. Kenneth Toosman, 2005 Tumblebrook Rd., Coopersburg, PA 18036; Earl R. Mann, 16 Howd Ave., Stony Creek, CT 06405; Gerald Gersten, 5 Cherry Lane, Scarsdale, NY 10583; Roy H. Edmundson, 5107 Kinglet, Houston, TX 77035; Robert M. Holland, Jr., Associate Member, 307 Romney Rd., Akron, OH 44313; David Orenbach, 30 Lord's Way, Manhasset Hills, NY 11040; Cynthia Davis Swetzer, Associate Member, 40 Upper Hibernia Rd., Marcella, NJ 07866. Welcome to the 2nd ADA, all of you. Please come to the Annual Convention in Las Vegas, October 4-7, 1992. New members have the most fun because the experience is so new, somewhat like your wedding night.

Milton E. Kroll and L.D. Robinson passed away in 1991. We will miss them and we pray for them and their families.



Kneeling (l-r): Mario Briganti, TG; Sam Hackney, LW; Bill Bowen, RW; Bob Wickens, RO; Gale Chatterton, TG; Bill Henning, EG. Standing (l-r): Jack Reichl, Nav.; Gene Gwihn, Bom; Sam Singer, CP; Art Benson, PIC.

Bill Bowen of Lemoyne, PA sent this photo of the Benson crew. Their first mission was July 12, 1944 and the last on Feb. 15, 1945. Their seventh mission on July 21, 1944 was to Oberpfaffenhofen, near St. Lo. Flak damaged control cables and the plane was flown back to England on auto-pilot. They were unable to land because of the damage and all bailed out safely. The airplane crashed near Old Buckenham, home of the 453rd BG.

Gale Chatterton, TG was behind the rest of the crew five missions and did not finish with them. He flew his last mission with the Grettum lead crew on March 22, 1945. This was the infamous accident where flares were somehow ignited in the cockpit and the airplane crashed twelve miles east of Wendling. Four crew members managed to bail out; all others perished. Chatterton was 19.

Bowen, RW; Wickens, RO; and Benson, PIC had a reunion in July, 1990. They hadn't seen each other for 45 years.

Charles A. Piper of Apollo Beach, FL sent a note about photo #200 on page 251 in *Liberators from Wendling* by Bob Vickers. The photo is of a B-24 named "Exterminator" with a crew pictured alongside. The index of photos on page 275 states the crew is unknown. Piper found himself in this photo and knows all the others. This was the Joe Higgins lead crew of the 579th Sq. and the picture was taken in the fall of 1943. The crew flew nine missions with the 392nd BG in the fall of 1943. Because of their excellence, they were selected to be a Pathfinder crew and were transferred to the 389th BG. At that time, the few radar-equipped Pathfinder airplanes and crews were assigned to the 389th BG and then were used as lead crews for the other Groups as needed. They were shot down by fighters on April 29, 1944 on the way to Berlin. Casey, the navigator, was



Standing (l-r): John Bertoli, Nav; Ned Twining, PIC. Kneeling (l-r): Roy Grimm, RW and Chief of Chaff; Frank Hostetter, Eng; John Largen, TG.

killed; the others were captured. Piper spent over a year as a guest at Stalag 178. After returning to the good ole USA, he re-enlisted in March, 1946, trained to be an engineer and flew C-119s in Korea and Japan.

In the Fall edition of the Journal I noted that Olin Castle's son attended the 2nd ADA Convention in Dearborn last July. I had neglected to get the son's name and asked Olin to provide it so I could put it in a later Journal. He is Michael Castle, 40 years old, lives in Columbus, Ohio and is an auditor for the Public Utilities Commission for Ohio. Thank you for the info, Olin.

Roy Grimm saw the B-24 "All American" at the Raleigh-Durham Airport in March of 1991. This inspired him to find "lost" crew members with intentions of having a reunion. He was so successful that the five shown in the picture above and their wives met at the Clarion Hotel in Cincinnati, Sept. 13-15, 1991. Most of them had not seen each other since leaving Wendling. The two crew members who could not attend were Allen Duff, CP and Burt Hinckley, RO. Two crew members have died; Boles Gusciora in 1984 and Frank Maguire in 1980. The one remaining crew member is truly "lost." He is Harold J. Clark, bombardier. If anyone out there knows where he is, send the info to Roy or to me and I'll pass it on to Roy. The Twining crew was at Wendling from July 1944 to April 1945.

Walter Bell was the Director of Training for the 578th Squadron. He and his crew were at Wendling from August, 1944 to April, 1945. Besides his duties training pilots, he flew a complete tour of 35 missions, the last on April 6. His letter to me of Nov. 13, 1991 concluded with the suggestion that ground personnel may have been taken for granted during the war and have not been given the recognition and appreciation they really and truly deserve. These people are the ones who made the 392nd BG operate in a very efficient fashion. Without them, the air crews could have done nothing. How about those cooks who fed us breakfast before each mission, and those who briefed us before the truck drivers took us out to the airplanes, where more people had loaded us up with bombs, ammunition and gasoline and had that big B-24 raring to go. And when it needed repairs, inspections and maintenance, the crew chiefs and mechanics were there, night and day, in good weather and bad. Also, someone at the Base Hospital attended those who were sick or wounded. And how about the guys who counted out the pound notes on the 31st of each month? Surely, I have not mentioned everyone, but the thrust of my comments is this: Without the ground personnel, the 392nd BG could not have functioned. Everyone did their part and they did it very, very well indeed.

Maxine found the following information in the Sunday paper: there is one living veteran of the Spanish-American War. He is Nathan Cook of Phoenix and he is 106 years old. There are about 81,000 living veterans of World War I; 8,812,000 of World War II; 4,812,000 of the Korean conflict; and 8,299,000 from the Vietnam era.

Goodbye for now, see ya in Las Vegas.

# Five Medal of Honor Recipients

## 8th AAF, World War II

### 44th BG, 93rd BG (2), 389th BG, 489th BG

by Willis H. "Bill" Beasley (492nd)



"Sometimes a very thin line exists between an award of the Medal of Honor and a trial by court-martial. . ." — Second Lieutenant Samuel I. Parker, winner of the Medal of Honor — Soissons, France, 1918 — *Above and Beyond, The Story of the Congressional Medal of Honor*, Joseph L. Shott.

The highest award given for military valor by the United States Government is the Medal of Honor. Because the President confers the medal in the name of the Congress, it is commonly called the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The award was first granted in 1863. When judging whether or not an individual is entitled to the Medal of Honor, each of the Armed Services has set up regulations that allow for no margin of doubt or error. The deed of the person must be proven by incontestable evidence of at least two eyewitnesses; beyond the call of duty from lesser forms of bravery, it must involve the risk of life and it must be the type of deed which, if it had not been done, would not subject the individual to any justified criticism. (1)

This article had its beginnings after a trip to Valley Forge which included a tour of the grounds of the Freedoms Foundation. In keeping with the Freedoms Foundation's mission to educate Americans about our country's past and heritage, the Medal of Honor Grove was developed. Located on the grounds of Freedoms Foundation is a wooded grove of over 50 acres dedicated to the memory of those who have earned the Medal of Honor. The Medal of Honor Grove is divided into areas for each of the 50 states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico. The focal point of each of these areas is a seven foot, seven inch high obelisk patterned after the Washington Monument. Affixed to the obelisk is a state seal, dedication plaque, and a list of Medal of Honor recipients accredited to that state. Within the state area a small 4 x 6 inch tree marker is placed for each recipient. These markers give the recipient's name, rank and unit as well as the place and date the Medal was earned.

Six months of research followed, includ-

ing many hours at the library, with patience and assistance from my wife, Norma; Gerard White, Director, Congressional Medal of Honor Society, United States of America (who sent pictures and citations); Edward F. Murphy, President, The Medal of Honor Historical Society and author of *Heroes of World War II* (who sent citations); James Kenney Interests, San Antonio, Texas (who also sent information and citations); J. Peter Jordan, Associate Professor, University of Hawaii at Manoa; (nephew and namesake of Lloyd Hughes) Earl Zimmerman (389th Bomb Group) who supplied pictures and statistics; and Carroll Stewart (93rd Bomb Group), co-author of *Ploesti, The Great Ground-Air War, 1 August 1943*, whose book was an invaluable resource. I wish to express my thanks to all of them for making this story possible.

All participants in the 1 August 1943 raid on Ploesti are recognized as heroes; to name a few that are known to me personally: General Philip Ardery (389th BG), Floyd Mabee (93rd BG), General Ramsey Potts (93rd BG), and Earl Zimmerman (389th BG). *No intent is meant to overlook anyone. The focus of this article is on the Medal of Honor recipients only.*

The Ploesti Mission of 1 August 1943 produced 5 Medal of Honor recipients, four of whom are from the Second Bomb Division, 8th AAF detached to the Ninth Air Force. In addition, there were 14 Silver Stars and Distinguished Service Crosses awarded, and ALL participants received the Distinguished Flying Cross. The Medal of Honor recipients are:

1. Col. Leon W. Johnson, from Columbia, Missouri, 44th Bomb Group (Group Commander), "Suzy Q", Flying 8 Balls, living in McLean, Virginia.

2. Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker, from Akron, Ohio, 93rd Bomb Group (Group Commander), "Hell's Wench," The Traveling Circus, posthumous.

3. Major John L. Jerstad, from Racine, Wisconsin, 93rd Bomb Group (Co-Pilot), "Hell's Wench," The Traveling Circus, posthumous.

4. 2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Hughes, Alexandria, Louisiana, 389th Bomb Group (Pilot), The Sky Scorpions, posthumous.

5. Col. John R. Kane from McGregor, Texas, 98th Bomb Group (Group Commander), "Hail Columbia," The Pyramidiers, living in Barber, Kansas.

The fifth Second Air Division Medal of Honor recipient is Lt. Col. Leon R. Vance — 489th Bomb Group (pilot), "Missouri Sue" — 5 June 1944 mission to Wimereaux, France, posthumous.



**COL. LEON W. JOHNSON**

*Flying Eight Balls — 44th Bomb Group  
Command Plane "Suzy-Q"*

Col. Leon Johnson flew as co-pilot in the command plane Suzy-Q on 1 August 1943, piloted by Major William Brandon. Leon W. Johnson was born in Columbia, Missouri on 13 September 1904. He was appointed Cadet of the United States Military Academy 1 July 1922 and graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant, Infantry, Regular Army, June 12, 1926.

While serving as Commanding Officer, 44th Bomb Group, Second Bomb Division, United States Air Force in Europe, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty on 1 August 1943. Colonel Johnson, as commanding officer of a heavy bombardment group, led the formation of the aircraft of his organization constituting the fourth element of the mass low level bombing attack of the Ninth United States Air Force against the vitally important enemy target of the Ploesti Oil Refineries. While proceeding to the target on this 2,400 mile flight, his element became separated from the leading elements of the mass formation while avoiding dangerous cumulus cloud conditions encountered over mountainous territory. Though temporarily lost, he re-established contact with the third element and continued on the mission with this reduced force to the pre-arranged point of attack, where it was discovered that the target assigned to Colonel Johnson's group had been attacked and damaged by a preceding element. Though having lost the element of surprise upon which the safety and success of such a daring form of mission in heavy bombardment aircraft so strongly depended, Colonel Johnson elected to carry out his planned low

*(continued on page 28)*

## Medal of Honor Recipients

(continued from page 27)

level attack despite the thoroughly alerted defenses, of exploding delayed action bombs from the previous element, of oil fires and explosions, and of intense smoke obscuring the target. By his gallant courage, brilliant leadership and superior flying skill, Colonel Johnson so led his formation as to destroy totally the important refining plants and installations which were the object of his mission. Colonel Johnson's personal contribution to the success of this historic raid, and the conspicuous gallantry in action, and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty demonstrated by him on the occasion constitute such deeds of valor and distinguished service as have during our nation's history formed the finest traditions of our Armed Forces.

Leon W. Johnson served as Commanding General, 14th Combat Bomb Wing, Second Bomb Division, later Second Air Division, United States Air Force in Europe to June 1945. Gen. Johnson resides in McLean, VA.



**LT. COL. ADDISON M. BAKER**

*93rd Bomb Group — The Traveling Circus Flying "Hell's Wench"*

Lt. Col Baker entered the service at Akron, Ohio. Born: 1 January 1907, Chicago, Illinois. As the pilot following the 376th Group in a turn at the wrong IP, he was soon to rectify the mistake by making a turn in the opposite direction and putting the 93rd on a completely different target approach to that planned. His citation reads: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy on 1 August 1943. On this date he led his command, the 93rd Heavy Bombardment Group, on a daring low level attack against enemy oil refineries and installations at Ploesti, Rumania. Approaching the target, his aircraft was hit by a large caliber anti-aircraft shell, seriously damaged and set on fire. Ignoring the fact he was flying over terrain suitable for safe landing, he refused to jeopardize the mission by breaking up the lead formation and continued unswervingly to lead his group to the target upon which he dropped his bombs with devastating effect. Only then did he leave formation, but his valiant attempts to gain sufficient altitude for the crew to escape by parachute were

unavailing, and his aircraft crashed in flames after his successful efforts to avoid other planes in formation. By extraordinary flying skill, gallant leadership and intrepidity, Lt. Col. Baker rendered outstanding, distinguished and valorous service to our nation. Baker is one of two Akronites representing both World Wars to receive the highest U.S. award for valor. There is no civic memorial to either. Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker is memorialized on the ABMC Wall of Missing at the American Cemetery in Via Cassia, Italy (7½ miles south of Florence). The entire crew was killed in action.



**MAJOR JOHN L. JERSTAD**

*93rd Bomb Group — The Traveling Circus Flying "Hell's Wench" with Lt. Colonel Addison Baker*

Major Jerstad was born 12 February 1918 in Racine, Wisconsin. Entered service at Racine, Wisconsin. Served in 20th Combat Bomb Wing detached to 93rd B.G. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty. On 1 August 1943, he served as pilot of the lead aircraft in his group in a daring low-level attack against enemy oil refineries and installations at Ploesti, Rumania. Although he had completed more than his share of missions and was no longer connected with this group, so high was his conception of duty that he volunteered to lead the formation in the correct belief that his participation would contribute materially to success in this attack. Major Jerstad led the formation into attack with full realization of the extreme hazards involved and despite withering fire from heavy and light anti-aircraft guns. Three miles from the target his airplane was hit, badly damaged, and set on fire. Ignoring the fact that he was flying over a field suitable for a forced landing, he kept on the course. After the bombs of his aircraft were released on the target, the fire in his ship became so intense as to make further progress impossible and he crashed into the target area. By his voluntary acceptance of a mission he knew was extremely hazardous, and his assumption of an intrepid course of action at the risk of life over and above the call of duty, Major Jerstad set an example of heroism which will be an inspiration to the U.S. Armed Forces. An elementary school in Racine is named Jerstad-Agerholm in honor of the hero of Ploesti and a 19-year-old

Marine, Harold Agerholm, who was awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously for evacuating 45 wounded men on Saipan while under enemy fire. Major John L. Jerstad is buried in Grave C-24-10 ABMC Ardennes Cemetery, Neuville-en-Condroz, Belgium. The entire crew was killed in action.



**LT. LLOYD H. HUGHES**

*389th Bomb Group — The Sky Scorpions Aircraft 42-40753*

Lt. Lloyd H. Hughes was born 12 July 1921 at Alexandria, Louisiana. He enlisted in the Army of the United States on 28 January 1942 at San Antonio, TX and was appointed an Aviation Cadet on the same date. He was commissioned a 2nd Lt., Army of the United States on 10 November 1942 and rated pilot. He was assigned to the 564th Bombardment Squadron, 389th Bombardment Group. Lt. Hughes participated in five combat missions in the Italy-Rumania area. He was killed in action on 1 August 1943 while piloting a B-24 type aircraft which crashed during a minimum altitude attack against the Axis oil refineries in Ploesti, Rumania.

He was awarded the nation's highest decoration, the Medal of Honor. His citation reads: For conspicuous gallantry in action and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. On 1 August 1943 Lieutenant Hughes served in the capacity of pilot of a heavy bombardment aircraft participating in a long and hazardous minimum altitude attack against the Axis oil refineries of Ploesti, Rumania, launched from the northern shores of Africa. Flying in the last formation to attack the target, he arrived in the target area after previous flights had thoroughly alerted the enemy defenses. Approaching the target through intense and accurate anti-aircraft fire and dense balloon barrages at dangerously low altitude, his airplane received several direct hits from both large and small caliber anti-aircraft guns which seriously damaged his aircraft, causing sheets of escaping gasoline to stream from the bomb bay and from the left wing. This damage was inflicted at a time prior to reaching the target when Lieutenant Hughes could have made a forced landing in any of the grain fields readily available at that time.

The target area was blazing with burning oil tanks and damaged refinery installation from which flames leaped above the bomb-

(continued on page 29)

## Medal of Honor Recipients

(continued from page 28)

ing level of the formation. With full knowledge of the consequences of entering this blazing inferno when his airplane was profusely leaking gasoline in two separate locations, Lieutenant Hughes, motivated only by his high conception of duty which called for the destruction of his assigned target at any cost, did not elect to make a forced landing or turn back from the attack. Instead, rather than jeopardize the formation and the success of the attack, he unhesitatingly entered the blazing area and dropped his bomb load with great precision. After successfully bombing the objective, his aircraft emerged from the conflagration with the left wing aflame. Only then did he attempt a forced landing, but because of the advanced state of the fire enveloping his aircraft, the airplane crashed and was consumed. By Lieutenant Hughes' heroic decision to complete his mission regardless of the consequences, in utter disregard for his own life, and by his gallant and valorous execution of this decision, he rendered a service to our country in the defeat of our enemies which will be everlastingly outstanding in the annals of our nation's history. Lieutenant Hughes is buried in Grave U-53 at the Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery in San Antonio, Texas, and has a Medal of Honor headstone which his family had erected. Two members of Lt. Hughes' crew escaped the burning crash and were prisoners of war. They are S/Sgt. Thomas A. Hoffi, tail gunner and S/Sgt. Edmond H. Smith, waist gunner. The remainder of the crew were killed in action.



**LT. COL. LEON R. VANCE**

*489th Bomb Group — "Missouri Sue"*

Leon R. Vance, Jr. was born 11 August 1916 at Enid, Oklahoma. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy from Oklahoma, was graduated on 1 June 1939. In November 1943, he was assigned to the 489th Bombardment Group at Wendover Field, Utah, as Deputy Group Commander. He assisted in the training of the group from December 1943 to April 1944, and then accompanied the organization to the European Theater. He participated in two successful combat missions against the enemy as Group

Air Commander. During his second combat mission, he was severely wounded in action over Wimereaux, France, suffering a traumatic amputation of the right foot from enemy anti-aircraft fire on 5 June 1944. He was awarded the Medal of Honor. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty on 5 June 1944 when he led the 489th Bombardment Group (H) in an attack against defended enemy coastal positions in the vicinity of Wimereaux, France. Approaching the target his aircraft was hit repeatedly by anti-aircraft fire which seriously crippled the ship, killed the pilot, and wounded several members of the crew, including Lt. Col. Vance, whose right foot was practically severed. In spite of his injury, and with three engines lost to the flak, he led his formation over the target, bombing it successfully. After applying a tourniquet to his leg with the aid of then Lt. Bernard W. Bail, Radar Navigator Operator, Lt. Col. Vance, realizing that the ship was approaching a stall altitude with the one remaining engine failing, struggled to a semi-upright position beside the co-pilot and took over control of the ship, Cutting the power and feathering the last engine, he put the aircraft in a glide sufficiently steep to maintain his airspeed. Gradually losing altitude, he at last reached the English coast whereupon he ordered all members of the crew to bail out as he knew they would all safely make land, but he had received a message over the interphone system which led him to believe that one of the crew members was unable to jump due to injuries; so he made the decision to ditch the ship in the channel, thereby giving this man a chance for life. To further add to the danger of ditching the ship in his crippled condition, there was a 500 pound bomb up in the bomb bay. Unable to climb into the seat vacated by the co-pilot as his foot, hanging on to his leg by a few tendons, had become lodged behind the co-pilot's seat, he nevertheless made a successful ditching while lying on the floor using only aileron and elevators for control and the side window of the cockpit for visual reference. On coming to rest in the water the aircraft commenced to sink rapidly with Lt. Col. Vance pinned in the cockpit by the upper turret which had crashed in during the landing. As it was settling beneath the waves an explosion occurred which threw Lt. Col. Vance clear of the wreckage. After clinging to a piece of floating wreckage until he could muster sufficient strength to inflate his life vest, he began a search for the crew member whom he believed to be aboard. Failing to find anyone, he began swimming and was found approximately fifty minutes later by an Air Sea Rescue craft. By his extraordinary flying skill and gallant leadership despite his grave injury, Lt. Col. Vance led his formation to a successful bombing of the assigned target and returned the crew to a point where they could bail out with safety. His gallant and valorous decision to ditch the aircraft in order to give the crew member he believed to be aboard a chance for life exemplifies the highest traditions of the Armed Forces of the United States. He spent two months in the hospital but was lost in a hospital plane

between Iceland and Newfoundland on July 26, 1944. On 9 July 1949, Enid Air Force Base was re-designated Vance Air Force Base. The posthumous Medal of Honor was awarded to Lt. Col. Vance and was given to his daughter Sharon.

### A Few Interesting Facts

#### Surrounding the Medal of Honor Are:

1. The only father and son to have received the Medal of Honor are General Douglas MacArthur in World War II and his father General Arthur MacArthur in the Civil War.
2. Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr. did not receive the Medal of Honor but was awarded a posthumous Distinguished Service Cross for remaining in his aircraft while his B-17 crew bailed out on December 10, 1942.
3. There have been 3,399 Medals of Honor granted as of June 15, 1991. (2)
4. There are 19 double recipients of the Medal of Honor.
5. There are 210 living Medal of Honor recipients as of June 15, 1991.
6. The only woman to receive the Medal of Honor was Dr. Mary E. Walker, Contract Surgeon during the Civil War. In 1916 her name was stricken from the roll. Buffalo Bill (Cody) was also stricken from the roll.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *The World War II Quiz and Fact Book, Vol. 2*, Timothy B. Benford
2. *The Annals*, June 1991 - Official Publication of the Medal of Honor Historical Society
3. *American War Medals and Decorations*, Evans E. Kerrigan. New York, Viking 1971
4. *Double Winners of the Medal of Honor*, Dr. Raymond J. Tassin. Daring Books, Ohio 1986
5. *Above and Beyond*, Joseph L. Schott. New York, Putnam, 1963
6. *Heroes of World War II*, Edward F. Murphy. California, Presidio, 1990
7. *Target Ploesti # View from a Bomb-sight*, Leroy W. Newby. Presidio, CA 1983
8. *The B-24 Liberator*, Steve Birdsall. California, Aero 1985
9. *Log of the Liberators*, Steve Birdsall. Doubleday, New York 1973
10. *The Mighty Eighth*, Roger Freeman. Bath Press, Avon, 1986
11. *Ploesti — The Great Ground-Air War, 1 August 1943*, James Dugan and Carroll Stewart. Random House, 1962
12. *For Conspicuous Gallantry*, Donald E. Cooke. C.S. Hammond & Company 1966

### RECOMMENDED READING

1. *Bomber Pilot*, Philip Arbery. The University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, KY 40506
2. "Ploesti," Edwin C. Baker (93rd BG). 2nd ADA *Journal*, Vol. 23, No. 1, March 1984
3. "Ploesti Aftermath," Earl Zimmerman (389th BG). 2nd ADA *Journal*, Vol. 11, No. 2, June 1973
4. "Men of Gallantry," H.C. Pete Henry (44th BG). 2nd ADA *Journal*, Vol. 16, No. 2, June 1978



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

by Hap Chandler

### GROUP HISTORY PROJECT

On 15 January two members of the history committee spent two days with Jack Leppert and John Fitzgerald in Palm Harbor, Florida. Our report of progress follows.

(1) Preliminary text now encompasses seven loose-leaf notebooks. This is being constantly reviewed and cross-referenced by input from Ringmasters which arrives daily.

(2) Approximately 300 pictures have been catalogued, with the LOG collection of 200 more pictures in process of integration. PLEASE SEND CREW PICTURES AND NOSE ART WITH IDENTIFICATION. There are 72 original crews, plus 194 replacement crews. Our goal is to publish as many as possible.

(3) Increasingly orders for one copy are being increased with orders for children and grandchildren. Several are donating to their local libraries and colleges.

All this work will be to no avail if we do not receive enough orders to publish. With only 610 active 491st Group members, at least two orders from each are required to proceed with publication. Please get your orders in promptly and be as generous as possible in support of this project. To order, write to: RINGMASTERS' HISTORY, 2911 Pinewood Run, Palm Harbor, Florida 34684-4920 or call (813) 784-1984.

### RETURN TO ENGLAND

The 491st will rendezvous for a fabulous welcome back dinner at the Tara Hotel, London, 15 May 1992. 64 are currently on the manifest for ten days in North Pickenham, Metfield and Norwich.

### PRISONER OF WAR: HENRY MORRIS' LAST FLIGHT

The following condensed account, written by a friend of Henry Morris over a period of several years, was recently forwarded to us by his son. Sergeant Morris was on his 33rd mission, 12 September 1944, to Misburg. His aircraft "LAMBSY DIVEY" (44-40170) exploded just after bombs away. He was the sole survivor and finished the war as a German POW. This is his story as related by a friend.

"Gaining speed rapidly, the LAMBSY DIVEY rolled down the runway and lifted off, flying low over the end of the runway with a load of incendiary bombs destined for an oil refinery at Misburg, Germany. Gradually gaining speed, Lt. Sparrow banked to the left and headed for forming altitude.

"With a sigh of relief, S/Sgt. Henry Morris, waist gunner, felt the tension ease as he listened to the steady drone of the engines. There was always that tight feeling in his stomach on takeoff.

"At 0700, the 852nd Squadron formed with the other Squadrons of the 491st Bomb Group and headed east to join the other Groups of the 14th Combat Wing. A bright



Results of an explosion in the fuel tanks. The forward section is upper left and the tail section is lower right, just prior to impact.

sun was glinting off the plexiglass nose of LAMBSY DIVEY as they bored through the cold morning air.

"The 491st headed east toward CP-1 on the coast of France where they would pick up their fighter escort. Lt. Sparrow's voice came over the intercom, 'Clear your guns and keep your eyes peeled for enemy fighters.' The 50 caliber machine guns clattered as they were fired to ascertain if they were working properly.

"The fighter escort picked them up just before the formation entered enemy territory. P-51 Mustangs were flying area cover, the heavy bodied Thunderbolts, flying 3,000 feet above, were giving close support to the 491st. They were a welcome sight.

"Puffs of black clouds suddenly erupted up ahead, marking the spot where the German AA batteries were firing. The propellers clawed through the cold air as the bombers went up to 26,000 feet to get away from the flak. It was cold, but Henry could feel the cold sweat run down his back.

"They had been in the air over four hours now, and Henry was tense as he watched the little black clouds of death move up toward them. 'Just like the others,' he thought. This was his 33rd mission and he had never liked to see those flak bursts reaching for his plane. 'Well, they are putting out the welcome mat again,' said the pilot. Henry thought about an earlier mission he was on with LUCKY BUCK and how they had caught a flak burst in the tail section. So here he was, in another B-24, being bounced around by the concussion of flak bursts.

"As they moved deeper into Germany he searched the sky above, seeking to locate the enemy fighters which he knew were there. Without his Polaroid sunglasses he would never be able to look directly into the sun, but they were up there. He saw the P-47s drop their auxiliary gas tanks and go looking for the German fighters.

"He saw an ME-109, but the German pilot made no move toward his plane.

Suddenly a hole appeared in the wing of LAMBSY DIVEY. A B-24 went out of control and headed earthward spinning. He saw no parachutes.

"This was the hottest reception they had ever received. AA fire seemed to intensify as they made the run over the target. 'Let's get the hell out of here,' said the bombardier. Lt. Sparrow banked right, put the nose down and headed for the rally point. Just off the target LAMBSY DIVEY took a hit in the #2 engine from a flak burst. The plane began to burn, leaving a trail of black smoke. Flak was tearing holes in the fuselage. Henry had shrapnel wounds in both legs. Then it happened. With a deafening roar, LAMBSY DIVEY exploded.

"When he came to, he was falling through space. His was the only chute in the sky. 'I've had it,' he thought. Then he pulled his ripcord. With a jolt, he found himself drifting slowly toward the ground. As he dropped, he could see an AA battery close to where he was going to land. He could see the men scurrying around with their weapons. He had heard stories of parachutists being machine-gunned as they came down. But, if anyone was shooting at him, they had missed — so far.

"Remembering his air crew training, he hit the ground and rolled. With pain stabbing through his legs, he started to run for cover but he was caught by an angry mob of German civilians. They kicked and beat him to the ground and hit him in the back of the head. When he revived there was a rope around his neck. He was being dragged toward some trees. They were shouting at him, but he did not know what they were saying. He thought of the irony of it all, being shot down and escaping from the burning plane, to end his life at the end of a rope at the hands of a lynch mob.

"At that time a squad of soldiers ran up and rescued him, removing the rope. Cursing both Henry and the soldiers, the civilians

(continued on page 31)

## The Ringmaster Reports

(continued from page 30)

followed them until one of the soldiers aimed his rifle at the mob leader.

"The soldiers shoved him into the back of a truck and took him to a bomb-damaged building to be interrogated. Although he could hardly walk, he was interrogated relentlessly. Consistently he gave only his name, rank and serial number; then the two guards would punch, slap and beat him. The interrogators then changed tactics. They offered him better treatment if he would talk. When that failed, the Major jumped up and shouted, 'Dumpkopf, don't you know we will exterminate your Air Force if you continue to bomb us.' The Major nodded to the troops and said, 'Take him away.'

"They half dragged, half carried him to the truck outside. In a few minutes the truck stopped in front of a barbed-wire enclosed stockade. He was put into a half-lighted room where he could see the forms of men sprawled against the walls. The men were also survivors of the air battles of that day.

"Henry didn't sleep much that night. Hunger pains reminded him that he had not eaten for hours, and his wounded legs throbbed painfully.

"In the early morning they were separated

into two groups. Men not wounded were marched away. The wounded men were taken to a bomb-scarred building for medical treatment. Some of the German medical personnel evidently disliked the idea of giving medical treatment to enemy airmen. One, who could speak English, told Henry he thought it was a waste of medicine to give it to them when so many civilians were dying as a result of their bombing. They were given food and loaded into trucks, taken to a railroad station and put into a boxcar. After many hours of traveling they came to a stop.

"The sight that met their eyes was none too inviting. The unpainted buildings of the POW compound stood out starkly against the bare earth. This was to be Henry's home from September 1944 until March 1945.

"They had roll call every morning and every night. They didn't stay outside long, as dogs patrolled the compound until morning. They slept on the floor, huddled together to keep warm all through the cold winter. They were guarded by German soldiers, SS troops, and Hitler's Youth Organizations. The Hitler Youth were detested by the prisoners, mostly because of their habit of jabbing the prisoner with bayonets as they guarded them.

"Food was rationed and there was no

medical attention. They all suffered from malnutrition with barely enough food to sustain life.

"Early one morning the men were ordered out of their camp and forced to march westward. Rumors were that the Russian armies were near. On the third day they were the target of strafing planes and Russian artillery. A little later they were attacked by Russian tanks. As the guards fell under the Russian fire, the prisoners grabbed their guns and joined the battle to take their revenge on the German guards.

"Now the former prisoners were faced with another problem. They didn't know what the Russians would do with them, so they formed their own unit, equipped with weapons taken from the Germans. They demanded to fight their way to meet up with the American forces advancing in Germany. This was a new way of life as Henry fought along with the ground forces. They learned how to live off the land as the Russians did.

"After the battle of Berlin, Henry made contact with the soldiers of the 101st Airborne Division. After de-lousing and a bath, Henry was given some clean clothes.

"Once again Henry was on his way, but this time it was enroute to home in the USA. Henry was the only member on LAMBSY DIVEY to survive the war."

## Letters



Dear Mr. (Gordon K.) Reynolds:

I have just finished reading the Winter Journal, and am writing regarding your letter and also your article titled "A Lasting Scar" (which appears on page 11).

One of the two crews was mine. I had been taken temporarily off the crew for special training for P.F.F. Pathfinders in Scotland. Up until your article, I never knew what happened to my crew. The C.O. had me return to the base and write to the crew's families. All I was told was that another B-24's propellers cut through the middle of my crew's plane.

Thanks to you, after all these years, I now know what happened.

My crew was put together at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. From there we received additional final phase training at Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, CO. We then proceeded by train to Topeka, Kansas where we picked up our new B-24 and calibrated the instruments. From there we went to Morrison Field in Florida, to Trinidad, to Belen, Brazil, across the Atlantic to Dakar, to Marrakech (two weeks there), then to England.

For your further information, there was no thunderstorm as you said, the skies were clear.

I am overjoyed at the attempt to have a memorial erected there in my crew's names. Enclosed you will find a check to start the memorial.

The names of the crew are listed below:  
2nd Lt. Robert L. McFetrick, pilot; 2nd Lt.

Harry Cassel, co-pilot; 2nd Lt. William H. Lowry, navigator; S/Sgt. Clifford E. White, flight engineer; S/Sgt. Carl J. Mead, radio operator; Sgt. Albert A. Blood, gunner; Sgt. William R. Bloom, gunner; Sgt. James E. Scanlon, gunner; and Sgt. Orland J. Watson, gunner. I do not know who was my replacement as bombardier.

J. Robert Shaffer  
93rd BG, 328th Squadron  
1916 Calle Buean Ventura St.  
Oceanside, CA 92056

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I am seeking information on my late father, Staff Sgt. Henry A. Morris, serial #12134127. He was a member of the 491st Bomb Group, 852nd Squadron. He was a member of a replacement crew which arrived in England on 7-2-44. He flew on the Liberator "Lambsy Divey" #44-40170 as right waist gunner on Lt. Sparrow's crew. The "Lambsy Divey" was shot down over Misburg, Germany on 9-12-44. My father was the only survivor of the crew of nine. He was captured and held at Stalag Luft IV until he was liberated by the Russians on 4-29-45.

I'm not 100% sure of this, but he may also have flown on "Lucky Buck" #42-110158, piloted by 2nd Lt. Walt Kales and co-piloted by 2nd Lt. Larry Walker, in July of 1944.

My father passed away 27 years ago when I was a child, and any information I can get concerning this important time in his life I would greatly appreciate. Thank you.

Henry A. Morris Jr.  
16 Wallace Avenue  
Trenton, NJ 08618

(Ed. Note: Please see "The Ringmaster Reports," page 30).

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I saw a request in the Journal from a member who wanted to get the Mighty Eighth War Diary. His name was Richard D. Lodge, St. Petersburg, Florida. Since the address is incomplete, would you please advise that the Mighty Eighth Diary is available from Zenith Books, P.O. Box 1, Osceola, WI 54020. It sells for \$49.95 and is listed as item 115895AP in their Christmas catalog that I received in November.

E.D. Scamahorn  
P.O. Box 226  
Colville, WA 99114-0226

+ + + +

Dear Pete (Henry):

Thank you for your letter and good wishes. It was good to hear from you. We really enjoyed the visit of 25 June 1989 by the 2ADA.

I have enclosed a few photos of the Seething Tower for you to choose. It's all I have at the moment, as most of them have American visitors standing in front of it.

Seething Tower was restored by just 5 British people with the help of donations from members of the 448th BGA. It was started in 1985 and dedicated - reopened in 1987. Leroy Engdahl and a large group of 448th people came to take part.

We offer a warm welcome to all Liberator men and their families (B-17 people as well!!) and would love to meet any of your 44th people who come over.

Patricia Everson  
'Stanmare'  
Seething  
Norwich  
Norfolk NR15 1AL

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Congratulations on another fine issue of the Journal. You've done a terrific service for the 2nd ADA for many years.

Thanks for putting in the pictures of the officers of Lt. Gen. William Snavely's crew in 1945 at Seething and in same order at our 448th group reunion in September. (See *Winter 1991 Journal*, page 33).

I started as a private so I want to recognize enlisted men as well. I am now submitting to you similar photos of the entire crew of Lt. Gen. "Bill" Snavely. All are still living and all were at the group reunion in Hampton, Virginia. Many had not seen each other since leaving Seething in 1945. Most wives were also present.

Leroy Engdahl



Front row, left to right in both pictures: Robert Grabowski, tail gunner; Larry Barham, flight engineer; Fred Aldrich, radio operator/gunner; Marvin "Cap" Hicks, armorer/gunner; Thomas Logue, gunner. Back row: Frank Parmer, radar navigator/bombardier; Larry Wolfe, navigator; Roy Morris, co-pilot; William "Bill" Snavely, pilot; Joseph Borah, navigator.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Cadet Class 43-K, Central Flying Training Command/San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, is making preparations for a reunion to be held during the spring of 1993. Any 2AD members who also are CFTC SAAD SAACC's should contact either Harold A. Jacobs, 17545 Drayton Hall Way, San Diego, CA 92128, or Harlan E. Lyon, 1433 S. Maple St., Carthage, MO 64836.

By the way, I think maybe that the WWII term "Sad Sack" may have originated from the rear bumper stenciling of the abbreviation for San Antonio Aviation Depot/San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center, SAAD/SAACC. Someone else may have a more definitive explanation.

James Dyke  
P.O. Box 606  
Mesilla Park, NM 88047

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Just received word that a very dear friend of the Rackheath "Aggies" - 467th Bombardment Group (H), who has been in ill health recently, passed away very suddenly. Being a very good friend of all veterans of the 2nd Air Division of the 8th Army Air Force of World War II and a booster for our library in Norwich, I would like to give a word of tribute for Peter Bond in the Journal in his memory.

As a matter of fact, Peter painted a picture of our aircraft "Tangerine," a B-24 Liberator that our crew flew over to join the conflict with the 788th Bombardment Squadron from Wendover AAFB, Utah in early 1944. Crew members were: Bill Dillon, "Angus" Morrow, "Toby" DeGrothy, "Long John" Longfield, "Blackie" Blackburn, "Chuck" Hartney, Max Rufner, Claud Stinson, J. Story and M. Huckins.

This same picture (photograph) was sent to our comrades in the 467th this year in our Seasons Greetings cards along with a short resume of the crew. I'm enclosing a copy so

+ +

Dear Bill:

I received this plane and crew picture from Herb Farrell, bombardier on this plane (extreme right, back row). He lives at 707 Center Street, Garwood, NJ 07027. He only remembers that the pilot for a while was A. Anton, then was Ed Stromdahl. The only one he is in contact with is the navigator, Joe Sassano, 883 Meredan Street, Akron, OH 44310 (third from left, back row). I have just sent him an application. Can anyone identify the rest of this crew?

I always wondered if there was any other plane named "All American" and now I believe there were two. Herb told me that his plane was "All American" 279-47. They had completed 13 missions and flew this plane back to the States at the end of the war. Please let me know if you know anything about this plane and crew. I don't know if



Painting Portrait by Peter Bond of "Tangerine" B-24 H 41-29446

you might, after these many years of memories from long ago, place it in the Journal for all our members who have been befriended by our friend from "over the pond."

William F. "Bill" Dillon  
1115 Buena Vista  
Amarillo, Texas 79106

+ +

those numbers on the picture are part of the plane serial number or not. They didn't do it that way when I was over there; please advise. I can't find any number anything like that in my list.

During January the Collings Foundation's "All American" and that other plane 909-B17 were at the St. Petersburg/Clearwater Airport and there is an article (in paper by organizer) Russell Harriman (I don't know what group he is with) that the fully restored "All American" is named after its historic cousin lost October 4, 1944 over Yugoslavia. The original was known for shooting down 14 fighters in a single raid over Germany.

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



+ + + +



Dear Bill:

I've enclosed a photograph, that now in 1992, would be humorous. In 1945, when this photo was taken, whoever painted the "12B" on this Nissen Hut, living quarters for enlisted crew, may have been serious, and perhaps it wasn't meant to be funny. The airmen looking out the windows were posing, as I particularly wanted a photo of the hut. This photo was of a building in the 714th Bomb Squadron, 448th Bomb Group at Seething. The individuals shown, who incidentally did not reside in this hut, were all from the 714th. On the far left is a gunner from Georgia, but I can't remember his name. The others were from our crew, "Gordon Brock's Crew 152": Sergeant Horace Deane from Fall River, Massachusetts, our left waist gunner; Staff/Sergeant Milton Burchett, our armorer/nose gunner/"toggelier" from Lincoln, Nebraska; and Tech/Sergeant Richard Carlin, our radio operator/gunner, originally from Rockford, Illinois. Richard Carlin, prior to his death, resided in Alexandria, Virginia. I don't know the status of the gunner from Georgia, but Horace Deane and Milton Burchett are still living.



I would be interested to know if any of your readers remember and can identify the gunner from Georgia, and those crew members that may have lived in hut "12B."

Ed Chu  
129 Lakeside Avenue  
Edinburg, NY 12134

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I was the pilot of a B-24 crew that flew 16 missions with the 489th Bomb Group from 12 Sept. 44 until the group departed the ETO in late Nov. 44.

At Topeka Army Air Field on 2 Aug. 44, our crew was assigned B-24J number 44-10615. We named the plane "Little Audrey" after my wife Audrey. Painted on the nose section was a picture of a little girl firing a shotgun and the name under it.

We departed Topeka 6 Aug. 44 and arrived at Valley, Wales 12 Aug. 44 by way of Bangor, Goose Bay and Iceland. After leaving the plane at Valley, we never saw it again.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may remember flying in this plane, because it must have been assigned to a 2nd Air Division group.

I am enclosing a picture of our crew, taken at Halesworth. I found out about the 489th history book too late to contribute the picture. Our crew is listed, however. If you

could publish the picture, other members of the group may wish to add it to their books.

Thanks for any help you can give.

John O. Stavenger  
P.O. Box 386  
Morris, MN 56267



**Kneeling (l-r):** Leroy R. Meneely (AG), Edwin M. Wolff (CG), James F. Crawley (E), Jack B. Keeth (R), Frank W. Blackmon (CG), David C. Kennemer (CG). **Standing (l-r):** Bernard J. Smolka (CP), John O. Stavenger (P), Owen N. Bottomley (B), David Altenhoff (N).

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is your personal copy of *Elusive Horizons*, which first came out in hardcover by A.S. Barnes in 1969. It was followed up with a paperback edition. This is the third publication and under the Avon label.

The thing did get good reviews, with particular emphasis on Chapter V. The new edition, released Jan. 1, 1992, carries some footnotes, a different cover, an index and all the photos used in the hardcover edition.

Those who can't find the book or want an autographed copy can get one from me for \$5, including first class postage and handling (see address below). Sales from this edition might open the way for publication of a sequel covering both ends and a year of prison camp at Stalag Luft III, the camp which was the setting for *The Great Escape*.

Keith C. Schuyler  
Cedar Lane  
Box 3094 - R.D. #3  
Berwick, PA 18603



+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of my crew, 389th Bomb Group, 566th Squadron, Hethel, England. Our 24 was named "Pugnacious Princess Pat." Our 35 mission tour ran from July to November of 1944. In addition to those shown, we had two navigators, Emmet Hall and Carl Ganapini. Also, due to the illness of our engineer, after only a few of our missions, we had numerous replacements who flew with us.

We are attempting to plan a reunion for all of our crew to be held at the 2nd AD Reunion in Las Vegas in October of this year. Anyone with info on the whereabouts of any of the crew members, please contact me.

Al Dexter  
26 W. 10th St. #502  
St. Paul, MN 55102  
(612) 228-0485



**Standing (l-r):** John Joyce, bombardier/navigator; John Foster, co-pilot; Warren Denny, radio; Carrol Smith, nose gunner; Al Dexter, pilot. **Kneeling (l-r):** Harold Morris, waist gunner; Jaffrey Taiba, tail gunner; Francis Van Hine, waist gunner; Harry McGowen, engineer.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a photo dating back to the summer of 1944 (probably July) which shows part of our air crew and four of the ground crew, whom I would like to identify. The ship is -V, 565th Squadron, 389th BG.

Felix B. Leeton  
7325 Bonanza Place  
Greenwell Springs, LA 70739



**Back row (l-r):** Felix Leeton, Conley McKinnish, ground crew (?), Terrence Moriarity, Auzie Cearnal. **Middle row:** Fred Dingeldein, J.W. Mitchell, Jr. **Front row:** ground crew (?), ground crew (?), Crew Chief Sgt (?) Potter, Carl Nelson.

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is a check for the annual 2nd ADA dues plus a ten dollar donation to the Memorial Library Room, Norwich, England. My wife and I visited there a few years ago after a visit to the Hardwick Air Base, which was mostly fields yellow with mustard plants, some cracked perimeter track and a small Quonset hut. We enjoyed the visit to the Memorial Room in Norwich, especially the wall of tail markings and the Memorial book.

I am also enclosing two photos, one of me in front of a B-24 named "Bear Down." It was sent home on a bond selling tour after flying 110 missions without an abort. The second photo is in front of a different Lib. The men are (left to right) O.J. Mora, Stanley Marr, Earl T. Woodruff and myself. I have been trying to locate Woodruff. We lost contact a few years ago; I hope he might see these photos or someone else might know him.

Woolsey Lyttle  
131 Burnett Road  
Granby, MA 01033



+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

When I received my copy of the Fall 1991 Second Air Division Association Journal, I was somewhat disappointed to see my name missing in the listing of the 466th Bomb Group attendees. Of course, I try to console myself with the thought that this occurred because my name was pulled on the occasion of receiving a partial refund for my wife Jo Ann, who was not able to attend as a result of a recent heart attack.

I was in attendance and did have the good fortune of visiting for the first time in 46 years with our tail gunner, Bill Nothstein and co-pilot, Gene Saltarelli (see photo enclosed). I was the waist gunner.

I did have a great time and will always be

pleased with the five days I was able to spend with the Association and my friends. The Lord willing, my wife and I hope to be with you at the 45th Annual Convention, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Stanley J. Mohr, Jr.  
52 Gaddis Drive  
Ft. Thomas, KY 41075



(l-r): 466th BG crew members Bill Nothstein, Gene Saltarelli and Stanley Mohr, Jr.

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

We served as walking bill boards at the world's largest Aircraft Builders (Experimental) and War Birds Restorers Convention. Over 900,000 attended over 8 days, in Oshkosh, WI, July-August 1991.

There were many inquiries about the 8AF logo. Potential B-24 8AF 2ADA members were advised of the 2ADA and what it does. Address, dues, etc. were given.

Ray Pytel & Twyla Kieffer  
Post Office Box 484  
Elkhorn, WI 53121

P.S. Oh yes - we are husband and wife, but we kept our pre-marriage names. Makes it amusing at motels and conventions.



+ + + +

Dear Bill:

While in England this past spring, I made my way back to Norwich to show my wife the environment in which I spent almost a year with the 466th Bomb Group, 785th Squadron as pilot of a B-24 crew.

We entered Norwich in our rental Rover automobile just at rush hour in the evening, an experience similar to combat! Through a series of miracles, we learned about the Memorial Library, of which we were totally unaware. The next morning, my wife and I made our way to the public library and were totally surprised to find such a unique and fascinating organization. Librarian Phyllis

DuBois and Tony North, Aide, made me feel as if I had won the war single-handedly. I was in awe to learn of this unique collection and was given full run of the facility. During our visit, I had the opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. A.D. Clarke who later served as tour guides, first to the home of a young acquaintance whom we knew in 1944-45. They also directed us to Attlebridge (Station 120) and the neighboring pub. All of this was an emotional and unforgettable experience!!!

The Memorial Library folks gave me the address and information concerning the 2nd Air Division Association with appropriate membership application forms. I am now a card-carrying member of the organization and have received two copies of the Journal. This is an excellent publication and you are to be commended for your work!

The Journal calls up many pleasant and frightful experiences to this "happy warrior." I have some of my own which might be usable.

Earl E. Wassom  
548 Brentmoor Drive  
Bowling Green, KY 42101

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Thanks for doing a great job on the Journal. I don't know how you do it. It just seems to get better with each issue.

During the All American's 3-day visit to our area last May, I recruited heavily for the 2nd ADA. Out of the 35 applications I gave out, 10 resulted in new members. With a little help I could have had more. Each application was sent to Evelyn with the new member's check.

Also copies of the applications were sent to the respective Bomb Group VPs. *Not one* VP acknowledged receipt. I'm not looking for a pat on the back or thank you. I'm concerned about the questions the new members had regarding their crewmen. Were these inquiries satisfied or not?

Harold Fritzer  
1130 S.W. Chestnut Drive  
Portland, Oregon 97219

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I have been given your name by the Librarian of the Memorial Room of the 2nd Air Division USAAF in Norwich, Phyllis DuBois. We have been discussing how the Rotary Clubs in Norwich can offer contact to visiting Rotarians among your membership during their reunion visits this year.

I have given Phyllis full details of the five Rotary Clubs in Norwich, their meeting venues and times and how to contact the Secretaries. If any of your Rotarian members wish to make contact, please ask them to approach Phyllis DuBois, Norwich Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich NR2 1NJ for details.

Roger C. Glasbey  
29 Brettingham Avenue  
Cringleford  
Norwich NR4 6XQ  
Norfolk  
United Kingdom

+ + + +

# Second Air Division Association

## 45th Annual Convention • October 4-7, 1992

### Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada • (702) 794-9561

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3**

Registration  
Early Bird Party  
(Cash Bar, Complimentary Hors D'Oeuvres)

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4**

Registration  
Cocktail Party  
Group Dinners

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 5**

Buffet Breakfast  
Golf Tournament  
Cocktail Party  
Buffet Dinner  
Awards Ceremony

**TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6**

Buffet Breakfast  
Business Meeting  
Cocktail Party  
Gala Banquet & Dance

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7**

Buffet Breakfast

The costs listed below are for the entire package, as shown above, including hotel room for three nights, Sunday 10/4 to Wednesday 10/7. For special arrangements, let me know your requirements and I will advise cost.

#### COSTS PER PERSON

Single Occupancy ..... \$390.00  
 Double Occupancy ..... \$290.00 per person  
 Triple Occupancy ..... \$260.00 per person  
 Quad Occupancy ..... \$245.00 per person

**DEPOSIT WITH RESERVATION — \$50.00 PER PERSON — FULL PAYMENT BY AUGUST 1st.**

In all future conventions, an advance deposit of \$50.00 per person attending will be required, which will be non-refundable if written cancellation request is not received before 90 days of the convention starting date or by due date of the entire payment. Confirmations will be mailed upon receipt of deposit. At that time, we will also mail you an insurance application you can use to collect payment for late cancellation. Please read this carefully. Insurance must be purchased and paid for at time of final payment. Note mailing address on form.

**ALL EXTRA NIGHTS AND INCIDENTAL CHARGES MUST BE PAID UPON CHECK OUT, DIRECTLY TO THE HOTEL.**

**PLEASE NOTE:** If you are planning to come in Saturday night, we will have a limit on the number of rooms that will be available; therefore, we suggest that you make this reservation early. If you wish to spend Friday and Saturday nights, there will be no problem. Cost per room for extra nights is \$60.00 + 8% tax.

**CAMPGROUNDS:** Contact has been made with Circus Circus. After you have made reunion reservations with Evelyn, those wishing to make campground arrangements, please fill out form below along with \$10.00 check made out to Circus Circus. Cost per night for full hookup is \$10.80.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address / Phone No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Arr. \_\_\_\_\_ Dep. \_\_\_\_\_ No. in Party \_\_\_\_\_ Children \_\_\_\_\_ Pets \_\_\_\_\_  
 Type of R.V. \_\_\_\_\_ License No. \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND DEPOSIT ALONG WITH FORM TO: M&M Floyd (Roberta) Bull, P.O. Box 30, Circleville, NY 10919.**

*(continued on reverse)*

# 45th Annual Convention *(continued from page 35)*

- **GOLF TOURNAMENT:** Nellis AFB, October 5, \$40.00 with cart. Box lunch and buses will be available. Contact Chuck Walker (714-526-4248) 1530 S. Pomona B-32, Fullerton, CA 92632; or Harry Orthman (714-581-0755) 25382 Adriana, Mission Viejo, CA 92691.
- **NON-SMOKING ROOMS:** Not Available
- **HANDICAPPED ROOMS:** 24 Available
- **WHEELCHAIRS:** Available
- **HERITAGE LEAGUE:** Executive Meeting 10/3, Regular Meeting 10/4
- **PARKING:** Free at the Riviera

**TO OUR JEWISH FRIENDS:** I goofed and I am sorry. I have made arrangements with a Synagogue in Las Vegas for you to attend services Tuesday evening. I will arrange a special early dinner for that night. Our friends Sally & Aaron Schultz will be your hosts at dinner and the Synagogue.

**PLEASE NOTE** that we have left your afternoons free for sightseeing or whatever else you may want to do. There are tours in Las Vegas to go to various sights, but we thought it best for everyone to do their own thing.

**GROUPS:** We are designating Monday, October 5th as Group Activities Day. Each Group Vice President will be responsible for any events they may wish to schedule for this afternoon.

---

## RESERVATION FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Group or Groups (If you served with more than one, indicate which you will join for dinner Sunday & Tuesday) \_\_\_\_\_

Sgl. \_\_\_\_\_ Dbl. \_\_\_\_\_ Trip. \_\_\_\_\_ Quad \_\_\_\_\_ Will Share \_\_\_\_\_ Arr. \_\_\_\_\_ Dep. \_\_\_\_\_

First Convention \_\_\_\_\_ Deposit \_\_\_\_\_ Paid in Full \_\_\_\_\_ Nicknames \_\_\_\_\_

Other parties in your room if triple or quad \_\_\_\_\_

Do not call hotel for reservations, changes, cancellations, etc. All these should be sent to me:

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

---

### SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

BILL ROBERTIE

P.O. BOX 627

IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS 01938



Non-profit Org.  
U. S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Ipswich, MA 01938  
Permit No. 74

VIRGIL REINDERS  
467TH  
222 REINDERS RD APT A  
EAST PEORIA IL  
61611