



JOURNAL

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Spring 1996

Golden Girl Award-Winning Salute to the B-24

BY C.N. (BUD) CHAMBERLAIN (489TH)

In the Fall 1995 *Journal* on page 3, Chuck Walker advised us of the national publicity our B-24 would be receiving. Thanks to the efforts of Stroh Brewing Company, on behalf of its Schlitz Beer, the Liberator was to be pictured on every case of Schlitz distributed starting in April 1995, as a salute to the Liberator and commemorating the 50th anniversary of the victorious end of World War II.

Chuck also pointed out that the Colings B-24 "All American" would be embarking on a 100 city tour, and as a tie-in with this event, the Schlitz Golden Girl logo had been painted on the nose of the aircraft.

In that same issue, on page 5, Geoff Gregory added further comments, pointing out that "this promotion exposes our B-24 to millions of people in one stroke."

You were further reminded of these activities in the Winter *Journal* (page 27) in an article titled "What's in a Name." We were told therein that Victor Dzenowagis, son of Joe Dzenowagis (467th) was deeply involved in this promotion, and that he would ensure that the materials would be produced in such a manner as to result in a program that not only sells the product, but, as importantly, would be true to the B-24, and the 50th anniversary. He also added, "Some of my friends in the sales force have told me that this is one of the best received programs they have ever seen."

Now, here's the very gratifying "rest of the story." Too late for inclusion in the Winter *Journal*, we received a copy of a press release dated 20 October 1995 which reported that:

(1) Stroh Brewing Co., brewers of Schlitz beer, was awarded the 1995 World Pro Award for "the best promotion in the world" for its Schlitz WWII commemorative promotion.

(2) The award competition, organized by PROMO magazine, recognized Stroh for its



comprehensive promotion developed to mark the 50th anniversary of the end of WWII.

(3) This winning promotion also won the Gold Award (the top national award) in the 1995 World Pro Awards consumer promotion category.

(4) The specially designed B-24 packs and the 12 packs featured a color image of the World War II B-24 Liberator aircraft.

(5) One of the judges in the contest is quoted as being "totally overcome by the promotion." He added, "I could almost hear the Glenn Miller band playing in the background. Nothing else was even close."

(6) The competition organized by PROMO magazine included 211 entries from 11 countries in North America, South America, and Europe.

At our Lexington convention there was a large display of the B-24 Schlitz packs similar to that pictured here. At the end of the convention the cases were given to any of us who had the energy to carry them home.

All of us with connections to the 2nd Air Division appreciate this favorable attention to our Liberator. We repeat our thanks to Victor Dzenowagis for his part in this salute to the veterans of World War II. ■

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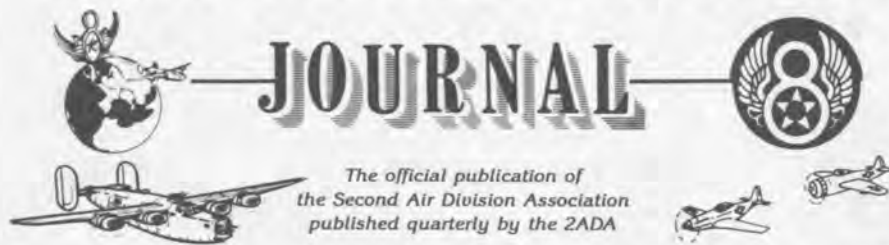
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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



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THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION traces its initial meeting to 1948 in Chicago, Illinois. It was organized as a nonprofit corporation in the State of Illinois on January 10, 1950. Members of the original Board of Directors were Second Air Division veterans Marilyn Fritz, Howard W. Moore, Jordan R. Uttal, and Percy C. Young. The association's purpose is to advocate and support an adequate, effective and efficient Army, Navy and Air Force at all times; to perpetuate the friendships and memories of service together in the Second Air Division, 8th Air Force in England during World War II; to support financially, and in any other way, the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division as represented by the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room of the Norwich Central Library; and to undertake such other activities as may from time to time be deemed appropriate by the membership.

REGULAR (Voting) MEMBERSHIP in the association is limited to those personnel, military and civilian, American or British, who at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during World War II and any person who served with any bomb group or fighter group or any other unit of the Second Air Division assigned or attached. Provisions are also made for Associate (Non-Voting) memberships.

Please submit all material for publication to the editor by the 15th of December, March, June, or September. We make every effort to mail your Journal within 45 days of the deadline listed above. Your receipt of the Journal will be anywhere from one to four weeks later, depending on the U.S. Postal Service — especially your own post office.

President's Message: Greetings From Texas!

BY GEOFF GREGORY (467th)



Howdy, Howdy, Howdy! I wrote my last article so far in advance of *Journal* publishing time, I didn't realize the holiday season would be upon us before the next issue. Needless to say, my wife and I hope you all enjoyed a marvelous time with family and friends. We wish you blessings of good health and happiness in the coming year.

In case you didn't notice, there is a new photo of yours truly accompanying this article. I have received a lot of flak about the "old me" — my wife said I look like a refugee from the Mafia. I hope this one is better — if not, *don't* tell me.

As some of you know, I have just returned from a meeting in England with the new Fulbright representative in Britain, Mr. Robin Berrington. I joined Oversight Committee chairman Neal Sorensen and 2ADA past president Chuck Walker for that meeting which was held at the U.S. Embassy in London. The purpose of the meeting was to make some needed changes in the framework of our agreement with Fulbright. We also hoped to facilitate a general upgrading of the personal relationship between the two parties. I think you will be pleased with the results, but I will defer further information to chairman Sorensen's report to the Executive Committee during our March '96 meeting in Dallas.

While in England, Terry and I availed ourselves of the opportunity to enjoy the company of Norwich friends whom we had not been able to see during the VE Day celebrations. Since returning, I have been asked the same question many times: "What's happening at the library?"

It is important to realize that we are not on the scene, and we are not aware of the many political and socioeconomic forces at play in their government bureaucracy. Thus, progress may seem slow to us. In order to help clarify the situation, I have asked the editor to reprint an excerpt from the *Eastern Daily Press*, which was published one year after the fire. I think it helps us in our understanding of the situation, and points out the happenings since the fire in chronological order (See "The Year After The Fire" at right).

I fully expect a veritable explosion of developments during the first six months of 1996. This will all be covered by our representative to the Board of Governors, Bud Koorndyk, in his report to the Executive Committee on March 1, 1996.

Speaking of England, we were delighted to see a "rebirth" of Remembrance Day (November 11), with observances throughout the country. It was great to see the gathering of troops, citizens, and clergy to honor all those who did not return, as well as to remind everyone of the sacrifices made by all who served during World Wars I & II.

I can't help but contrast this with the general downgrading of observances in America, and the "rewriting of history" permeating our private and public schools today. When I asked two boys, ages 9 and 13, what had been said in school about December 7th, I received blank stares. Yet there seems to be much emphasis placed on the importance of "multiculturalism," and so very little placed on the importance of "Americanism." Really, America is the greatest example of "multiculturalism" in the world today.

Again, speaking of England, Jordan Uttal, our liaison with the Friends of the 2AD Memorial, has recently heard from John Page, the new chairman of the Friends. He reports that there was an increase in attendance at the annual Thanksgiving dinner this year, to the tune of 109 members. Everyone enjoyed the dinner, and a check for £250 was presented to Tom Eaton, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust. Additional funds collected at the dinner were turned over to Vice Chairman David Hastings. Good job, one and all!

Now for something on the lighter side. Many of you intending to travel in Britain by rail have pre-purchased Brit-Rail Passes and Flexi Passes, stateside. They do afford good value, but have two major drawbacks. They require an expenditure of hundreds of dollars up front, and you must travel a certain number of days within a given time frame. Thanks to a tip from some British friends, this time I beat the system. Available is a Senior Pass, which can be purchased at the Travel Office adjacent to the Brit-Rail ticket windows in Gatwick. The cost is only £16, and it is valid for an entire year! Thus you can buy tickets whenever you wish to go, with a savings of about half on standard fare, and a third on first class. You can mix standard and first class as you wish, depending on your trip requirements. Also, buy before you purchase your ticket to London, and the discount applies to your first train ride. Pretty neat deal, and *not* publicized.

One more event I wish to share, but I must preface it by adding that I fear I cannot fully describe it here in this article. Due to the good offices and hospitality of David Hastings and Group Captain Barry Titchen, Base Commander RAF Neatishead, I was invited, as a courtesy and tribute to the 2ADA, to a formal "dining in" dinner. It was hosted by RAF Neatishead, at RAF Coltishall, to honor those officers leaving the base. It was indeed a dinner never to be forgotten! It began with a reception at Captain Titchen's home, where we were cordially greeted by his lovely and gracious wife, Helen. Then into his staff car for a twenty minute drive to the officers' mess at Coltishall for "The Dinner."

The dinner was great, and the service impeccable. The table was decorated with the most beautiful silver pieces I have ever seen. These unique priceless pieces ran down the entire length

(continued on page 13)

THE YEAR AFTER THE FIRE

Norwich Central Library
August 1, 1994

August: The inquiry into the devastating fire headed by King's Lynn lawyer Ben Pearson begins . . . A service lending choral and orchestral music sets is established . . . The 2nd Air Division Memorial Room is temporary housed at the Assembly House . . . A quick reference library is established at the Shirehall . . . An emergency urban mobile library service begins operating in Norwich . . . A temporary children's service opens at Plumstead Road library.

September: More than 100,000 books are bought for a temporary lending library . . . County Hall officers work on a split-site solution for temporary replacement libraries.

November: The disused Glasswells furniture store gets planning permission for the temporary lending library . . . Councillors decide on a temporary reference library in Gildengate House, Anglia Square, which would be the location for the temporary record office.

January: Libraries Director Hilary Hammond begins a tour of world libraries to investigate the latest technology on offer.

February: Councillors decide a new library should be built on the Bethel Street site . . . City Hall unveils an ambitious Technopolis bid to be funded by millions of pounds of Millennium Commission cash, with the library as a high tech centerpiece . . . The temporary lending library and 2nd Air Division Memorial Room open at Glasswells.

March: Demolition experts move into the Bethel Street site to take down the existing structure except for the book tower . . . The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division unveils a plan for a new library half again as big as the former 2AD Memorial Room, backed by a public appeal.

April: Damning findings of the Pearson report are released, pointing to muddle and neglect in maintenance and upkeep of wiring which led to the electrical fault that started the fire . . . County Hall appoints retired chief executive Dudley Proctor to head an internal inquiry.

June: Quick reference library opens in Gildengate House.

July: Three middle and junior ranking members of staff are threatened with disciplinary action following the findings of the Proctor Report. ■

Not Suitable For Hanging . . . (the picture, that is)

EDITORIAL, BY RAY PYTEL

Well, the first issue went quite well — I didn't get "hung," but you notice my picture is without a tie . . . so the jury is still out! (When the editor's picture dons a tie, I'll be ready for the "hanging" one way or another!)

You will notice that I am trying to get some "balance" on the articles, stories, and poems used in each *Journal*. This is a problem at this time, because it is apparent that everybody thinks he is a great poet! We have enough poetic material for 100 plus issues unless we go to "all poems" for a year or two.

To those of you who say, "Choose the best one," well, that's a problem too, because all I recall about poetry is from my college days with year-long courses in English and American literature. Then, a poem to be considered "good" usually made no sense at all to anyone but the professor, and he was free to tell us whatever he felt we'd believe! Unfortunately, all of the poems on hand make perfect sense!

There is also an abundance of "scripted speeches" which sound good and even profound when spoken to an audience, complete with proper gestures, body language and eye contact, but which lose something when they are read on a printed page. The other problem is that many of the speeches repeat the same theme, and thus they do not impart anything new to the 2ADA members and *Journal* readers, unlike the listening and original audience, which probably heard it only once, no doubt for the first time. We should not have too many in any one issue.

Obituaries and eulogy type articles with the usual "He was bigger than life" theme go quite well with well known celebrities or very high ranking "big achievement" type individuals, but seem a bit forced when applied to an ordinary individual who only shot down a FW-190 or a few ME-109s, bombed out a few dozen German cities, or even conquered a nation or two.

Finally, there is a stack of articles that are just way, way too long, and cannot be shortened quickly by the editor because there is no central point or theme to highlight; rather it is a listing of many names or missions, each one contributing only a small facet to the whole story. If you sent in one like that, please take some particular event and highlight that, with some additional support in similar missions, individuals involved, or results from that event, and "round out" the story, rather than try to "cover all the bases" with the "shotgun" approach.

We are trying to limit articles to one page in the *Journal*, never more than two pages, including pictures, illustrations, etc. Write another facet of your story separately if it is getting too long. Divide your "run-on" articles into two or three articles, each one centered on a specific event or subject.

The "ideal" article takes about one page of the *Journal* with possibly a picture or two at the most — and to meet that, your goal should be about six *double-spaced* typewritten pages.



If you go by counting words, there are about 13 words in a typewritten line, with approximately 55 to 60 lines per page. That's about 700 words, leaving about 8 unused lines between paragraphs for "white space." This is important! Be sure to use "white space" often; it does wonders every six to ten lines for easier readability. And if you are using a lot of pictures, you must allow for them with less text! Sentences should run no more than 20-30 words.

Some of you have submitted really good articles which appeared in your local newspaper or favorite magazine, but sent in without any identifiable name, date or location of the publication. While the chances of being sued for plagiarism may be small, it is only common courtesy to ask the source, and the writer, for permission to reprint. Not only does this avoid embarrassment to the *Journal* and its editor, but it makes the original writer feel good!

Finally, avoid obvious clichés; i.e. "We were young," "if my memory serves me right," "flak you could walk on," "Army Air Corps" for Army Air Forces service between the dates of June 20, 1941 to September 26, 1947, and "drafted into the Air Force" (the draft was always into the Army first; "flying" was always voluntary!)

O.K. Start your eng . . . computers, typewriters, pens or pencils! Let me see some dazzling articles and stories! Ready? Get set! Go! Then mail or fax them to Ray Pytel, P.O. Box 484, Elkhorn, WI 53121-0484, fax 414-723-7981. Write and see your articles in the *Journal*!

THE EDITOR'S TEN CONUNDRUMS:

One: Who said, "The side that makes the least mistakes will win WWII."

Two: Who said, "Statistically, war has been more common than peace."

Three: Who said, "The allies owe the success of the [Normandy] invasion to the Air Force. They prepared the invasion; they made it possible; they carried it through. Without the U.S. Air Force, the war would still be going on elsewhere, but certainly not on German soil."

Four: Who said, "May God have mercy on our enemies, for they shall need it."

Five: Who said, "Our youth have an unsatiable desire for wealth; they have bad manners and atrocious customs regarding dressing, hair, and what garments or shoes they wear."

Six: What exactly does "Big Ben" name, and how was that term derived?

Seven: Who said, "Cease firing, but if enemy planes appear, shoot them down in a friendly fashion."

Eight: Who said, "They make things worse, later restore them to the original level, and then claim they made things better."

Nine: Who said, "I can't keep the country out of war. Any little German lieutenant can put us into war at any time."

Ten: Who said, "The thing that impresses me most about America is the way parents obey their children."

ANSWERS TO THE WINTER CONUNDRUMS:

The two WACs are our WWII era Evelyn Cohen and the late Jackie [Maria] Gra Havac, who encountered the young man in Norwich, gave him "sweets," and bought him lunch! Mighty clever, those Britons. (They didn't even get his name!) Eleanor Marple Callihan of Medford, Oregon and Evelyn Cohen got the picture, but not the "Anacreon" questions!

Anacreon (521 BC) was a Greek writer of poetry, mostly about love and drinking. Much later, 1775 AD in fact, the English composer John Stafford Smith wrote a "paean" in an "Anacreontic song" entitled "Anacreon in Heaven" which became a very popular English drinking song among the university students and nearby pubs, much like WWII's universal favorite, "Roll Me Over in the Clover!"

Now comes a lawyer, Francis Scott Key, who was an artillery volunteer in the unpleasantness of 1812. Nothing really happened to him for two years, so he got involved in a truce deal and was detained by the British on a supply ship . . . and as a prisoner he could do even less! Nothing but watch all hell break loose from his boat for 25 hours, so slyly he wrote a "stanza" on the back of an envelope. Upon his release he polished and finished his literary effort, and then gave it to his brother-in-law, Judge J.H. Nicholson, for safekeeping.

When an opportunity arose to publish the new literary gem, Key chose the name "Star Spangled Banner" for the completed poem, and Nicholson suggested the tune . . . you guessed it . . . "Anacreon in Heaven!" An "Anacreontic song" sung loudly by our 8th AF airmen in 1943! Congress officially adopted it in 1931 as our national anthem, long, long after its unique history had been forgotten!

The 1995 World Almanac, page 468, the 1990 Universal Almanac, page 48, or any large dictionary will give you a good synopsis . . . Remember the meteorologist's "synoptic situation?" ■

MUSINGS FROM MINNESOTA

BY NEAL SORENSEN



While watching a recent TV segment, titled "The Fleecing of America," I was again reminded how fortunate we of the 2nd Air Division Association are in this matter. The 2nd Air Division Association is the largest non-profit organization in existence that does not have a professional staff. This fact was impressed upon me while attending my first executive committee meeting a number of years ago. *Each person attending paid his or her own way.* The association pays for two working lunches and one dinner — participants pay for their own transportation, hotel rooms, meals, and their wives' shopping forays!

As audit committee chairman, I and the other committee members were reimbursed for travel expenses to Philadelphia (to audit

convention records kept by Evelyn Cohen), and to Spencerport, NY (to audit our financial records kept by Bill Nothstein). Evelyn has an entire room devoted to over 10,000 records of members, past and present, including date joined, spouse's name, response to annual dues, library donations, etc., the vice president/membership duties that Evelyn performs so admirably. Add to that the unending details involved in keeping track of those who intend to come to reunions, those who must cancel due to illness or other problems, and those who are thoughtful enough to just show up at reunions without prior notice. The previous duties still leave us short of the massive amount of work in negotiating with hotels for the best rates for our reunions (hotels large enough to accommodate the separate group banquet rooms, as well as the association breakfasts, dinners, and final banquet). Then we have the organization of registration procedures, name tags, programs . . . the details go on and on, ad infinitum! These are just some of Evelyn's tasks as our vice president/conventions, done because of her love for all of us.

Bill Nothstein, our 2ADA treasurer, has many years of service on behalf of his 466th Bomb Group and the 2nd Air Division Association. Bill served as group vice president for the 466th, and when Dean Moyer encountered ill health, Bill was serving as chairman of the audit committee. The railroad started running and Bill was nominated for, and elected to, the office of treasurer.

Bill, too, has a separate room for the copious records which cover not only his years in

office, but all of Dean's documents that the I.R.S. requires us to keep (and that we keep for historical reasons).

Bill receives vouchers and paid invoice copies from group vice presidents as well as any 2ADA officer who expends funds in the interest of the association. These are entered in the computer records and reimbursement checks are printed by the computer. Each check requires *two* signatures, which safeguards both Bill and the association. Vouchers, invoices, and bank statements are all filed by the month, so that when the audit committee arrives, each transaction can be completely reviewed. The committee also visits each bank in which funds are deposited. Bill has a position of supreme trust in the 2nd Air Division Association and does an admirable job for us. Have you thanked him?

Our newest association official of note is Ray Pytel, editor of the *Journal*. Ray stepped into the big boots of Bill Robertie and immediately got his feet wet! (See page 6 of the *Winter 1995 Journal*.) With his wry sense of humor, the future for the *Journal* bodes well. Ray is also continuing to serve as vice president of the 445th Bomb Group.

As you read the rest of the *Journal*, you can reflect with pride on your comrades who have served or are presently serving to continue the legacy of the 2ADA begun in 1948. And you can help, too — though we still get new members each month, we need more! You can do your part by looking up an old buddy and inviting him or her to become a member of our 2nd Air Division Association! ■

REPORT ON THE MEMORIAL TRUST

BY E. BUD KOORNDYK

One of the problems for the principals involved in the rebuilding of the Norwich Central Library has to do with informing the average man on the street about the concept and vision of a "TECHNOPOLIS."

I believe that this also is on the minds of our membership; consequently I felt it best to share an article that appeared in the *Eastern Daily Press* explaining to the public the background behind the concept. I have shared this with our executive committee, and now through the medium of this *Journal*, our membership at large. This article is the first of several PR articles that will be appearing in the local papers in Norwich (see *News From Across the Pond*, page 7).

My trip over as your representative for the October 17th meeting of the Board of Governors was very enlightening. The financial status of the trust for the year ending April 5, 1995 showed a solid growth in capital assets. The cost was listed as £245,755 with a market value of £393,638. Added to this total was a separate investment of the Special Endowment Fund, which I have explained in previous publica-

tions, a cost of £42,000 with a market value of £60,289, the total of the two funds being a cost of £287,755 and a market value of £453,927. As you can see, the performance of the investments in England are greater than in the USA. Since my return from Norwich I can report that with added donations, the Special Endowment Fund is now up to £44,400. The trust itself did suffer a yearly loss of £5,591 of expenditures over income. This came about through extra costs associated with preparing our Memorial Room for opening for the VE Day celebrations, and action will be taken to ensure that a deficit does not occur next fiscal year.

I also had the opportunity to meet Mr. Robin Berrington, the new cultural assistant attache and chairman of the Fulbright Commission. Mr. Berrington was welcomed to his first Board of Governors meeting and I am positive he will be a positive addition to the board.

Hilary Hammond, Director of Arts and Libraries, gave his report on the progress of the rebuilding effort. The scope of this effort will depend largely on whether the National Lottery Fund approves the request for £40,000. Fur-

ther reports were to be prepared by Hilary for a final presentation to the committee handling these funds by December of 1995. Final approval or disapproval, according to Hilary, will not be forthcoming until April, 1996. In the meantime, plans to proceed with rebuilding have begun. Architectural drawings, specifications, etc. are now being drawn up. Regardless of the ruling of the Millennium Commission on the gift, the rebuilding will proceed as per schedule. Only the size and scope will be affected by the extra monies asked for.

Phyllis DuBois, trust librarian, reported on the work being continually done to bring the library back to what it was prior to the fire. The use of the services of the temporary library is even greater than what it was prior to the fire. Not only visitors from the 2ADA but also visitors from other veterans' organizations, because of all the news releases on the fire, are now aware of what we have in England as a living memorial to all who gave their lives in the defense of freedom.

I conclude this report by encouraging you all to be sure and read the article on page 7. ■



NEWS

BY H.C. "PETE" HENRY

As I start preparing the 8-Ball column for the *Spring Journal*, I note that it is 18 September 1995, 51 years since Henry's crew flew with the 44th on a low level mission dropping supplies to our troops in and around Best Holland. Quite coincidentally, I uncovered a letter sent to me over a year ago by Carroll A. Berner (93rd BG). Following is one paragraph quoted from his letter:

"This past 18 September 1994, exactly 50 years ago, I had another amazing experience, talking to a man I had met several weeks earlier, but until that day we had said nothing but the usual — how are you today, that's nice, etc. That day, I told him that 50 years ago today, I flew very low over his homeland of Holland. His response was, "You did? I was waving at you! The noise was incredible and it never stopped; they kept coming and coming. So low I could almost touch them, and in the house, dust was falling from the ceiling and walls, everything was shaking, some dishes fell, and we LOVED it. I was seven years old at the time."

This past summer, I received a letter from Jim Auman (66th SQ). He was with the 44th for just a brief period, but on or about 4 June '44 he was riding a bike along with his buddy Harm Krull around dusk, somewhat to the southeast of Shipdham. The sky was clear and the sun was setting behind them when they heard the extremely loud roaring of engines being run-up at the field. As they coasted along, they became aware of a heavy bomber lumbering for altitude at what they estimated to be about 20,000 feet. After identifying it as a Liberator, they saw two fighter planes appear from the south or west and one had a pointed nose like a Spitfire. They were making passes at the bomber from above and behind when they heard a crunch-like sound like a collision and saw the bomber with a large section of its right wing severed. It flipped on its back and slowly spun earthward. The fighter went into a high speed dive and must have crashed miles away. The B-24 came down, engines screaming, and landed on a building that may have been the farmer's living quarters. After the crunch of landing, there was a muffled explosion.

Jim and Harm rode their bikes to within about 600 feet of the farm yard, where the entire building and airplane were now a solid ball of flames. Fire fighters arrived in short order, but the situation was hopeless. It was still daylight when they saw the rescue squad pulling bodies from the wreckage. Another four or five fire fighters took a position on a thick stone wall about five feet tall with their backs to them,

but they did not have enough hoses or water pressure to do any good. Suddenly, there was an explosion. They heard shrapnel ripping through the branches of the trees overhead and, when they looked back we saw two, three, or four firemen laying on their backs on their side of the wall.

They did not report this incident to anyone because they were on alert and transferred to the 466th Bomb Group at Attlebridge the next day. This story does not appear in Will Lundy's book, *44th Bomb Group — Roll of Honor and Casualties*, so, if anyone has any information about the accident, please pass it on to me and I'll send it on to Jim Auman.

We have yet another ZADA member with a vanity plate. Gerald "Jerry" Campbell wrote to me a year ago (just found his note recently in my stack of paperwork) and included this photograph of his 44th BG plate. Jerry went overseas with the 492nd BG on "Eager Beaver," and after they broke up, he was transferred to the 44th and finished his tour in November '44.



D-Day, First Mission, 1944

Through the combined efforts of Charles L. Armstrong, Harold C. Morrison, Anthony Mastradone, Steve Adams, Will Lundy, and others, several conclusions were reached. Official information was located in mission order #328 and field order #394 obtained from the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library.

They concluded that the most significant feature of this mission was the use of PFF aircraft and crews due to weather conditions. Emphasis was placed upon getting the maximum number of planes over the targets in the shortest period of time — each unit of six aircraft was led by a PFF crew. Targets were moved further inland to preclude the possibility of hitting our own men.

As for the question of who bombed first, the answers were in Combat Wing's reports to the 2nd Division, both found in Washington, D.C. archives and 2nd Division microfilm. It is felt that this question is secondary, not important, as all units were being led by various PFF planes and crews.

Details can be found in the 44th BG's newsletter, *8 Ball Tails*, if anyone wants to pursue the question further.

44th Bomb Group Veterans Association

All reports indicate that the reunion in San Antonio, 10-23 October 1995 was a huge success attended by over 350 44thers (one report said 382). Regrettably, yours truly was unable

to attend for health reasons. At the business meeting and with the votes of the board, the decision was made to abandon the control tower project and switch our attention to the Arrow Air Complex. Also, they voted to attempt to obtain the wall art from the 14th CBW building, if possible, and utilize it in the construction of a new "reading room" for pilots which will also become a small museum for our photos and some records, etc. Steve Adams, our good English friend who is hard at work on the 66th Squadron history, will visit Mrs. Rix, owner of the 14th CBW property, to determine if she will cooperate with us to help salvage some of the artwork which is still in good enough shape to salvage.

Incumbents, Roy Owens, president, and James Clements, vice president, were reelected unanimously. Robert I. Brown was elected representative of the 67th Squadron, and Sherman Dowcett, representative of the 506th. Many members were there for the first time, indicating that interest in the 44th BGVA is growing.

Phyllis DuBois wrote in October regarding the Military Library Endowment Fund: 44th BG. She apologized for not reporting earlier on the books purchased with the income from this fund. All of her records were lost in the disastrous library fire in 1994. The endowment funds have enabled her to buy beautiful and informative books for the Memorial, while using insurance money and the normal book budget to replace books lost in the fire. The following books have been purchased for the Memorial using income from 1993/94 and 1994/95: *Over There*, by Juliel Gardiner; *Gabby: A Fighter Pilot's Life*, by Francis Gabreski; *Stealth Bomber*, by Bill Scott; *My Life as Author and Editor*, by H.L. Mencken; *Combat Crew*, by John Comer; and *Vengeance: The Vulture Vengeance Dive Bomber*, by Peter Smith.

In the Spring 1995 8-Ball column was an article about a Liberator bomber named "Ruthless" that crashed near the town of Eastborne, England. A plaque was inaugurated on 6 June 1944 and is located in the Hall of the County House in Illfurth. A letter has just been received from Roland B. Prieur, Superintendent of Epinal American Cemetery in France, advising that a monument was to be erected and inaugurated on 29 January 1996 in Illfurth, and funded by the town of Illfurth, as was the plaque. Mr. Prieur wanted veterans of the 44th Bomb Group to attend the ceremony, but I had to tell him that there was not enough time to advise the 44th BG before the ceremony date. Mr. Prieur advised that he will be in attendance and will do his best to represent the 44th if we could not make it. He said that he considers it an honor.

William F. Lantz (448th BG) sent a note advising that Percy L. Thomas, 77, 44th BG line crew chief, passed away 1 October 1995. Percy trained and went to England with the 44th and came home with the 44th when the war was over. Our condolences to the Thomas family.

(continued on page 7)



TECHNOPOLIS: WHAT IS IT?

by David Macaulay
Public Affairs Correspondent
The Eastern Daily Press, Norwich

The project is a mixture of new and ancient, with the latest technology being used to draw on Norwich's historical roots.

Technopolis would rise from a city-centre site presently dominated by the burned-out Norwich Central Library and Bethel Street car park. In the best traditions of ancient Greece it would feature "The Agora" — a meeting place containing public display and performance areas, shops, information services, and a "cyber cafe" where users would be able to access the Internet. The "Millennium Library" at the centre of the complex would differ greatly from its predecessor. While books would still feature prominently, the ability of computers to store vastly more information would make it possible for users to access facts and figures from across the world. There would also be virtual-reality displays.

Links with the U.S. would be strengthened in a 21st century USAAF 2nd Air Division Memorial Library.

Business links would be coordinated from the Digital City building. Facilities would be available for companies to link up to rural outposts, national and international teleconferencing, and virtual-reality simulation in training and product development.

It would be a centre for Business Link, the European Information Centre, the EU Information Society project office, and links to business and educational establishments. The other major part of the development would be tourism-linked.

The "Time Capsule" would combine a flight simulator with virtual-reality technology to give visitors a trip back in time to the days when Norwich was England's second city. The building of the cathedral, Kett's rebellion and Nelson's school days could be recreated.

The "City Exposition Hall" would essentially be a museum of the future, exploring such lofty subjects as architecture, social and environmental changes, and religion. Optical effects would put visitors with a head for heights level with the pinnacle of the cathedral or skyscrapers and allow them to plumb the depths in the city's sewers. "Living Dig" would show archaeological wonders from the site.

A rallying call to the public and businesses to back this project to put Norfolk at the cut-

ting edge of the technological revolution has been issued, and city and county are seeking to galvanize support for this ambitious bid.

It may once have seemed like high-tech pie in the sky, but now almost £40,000 in National Lottery cash is firmly within sight.

Technopolis is a giant "leap of faith" for Norfolk, seeking to reverse the image of the county as an attractive but declining backwater, according to its backers. In the last few years Norfolk, and in particular Norwich, have suffered

from a lack of identity and confidence. The chocolate factory is closing, Norwich Union is shedding jobs, the library has burned down, the Assembly House has been badly hit by fire, and even the football team has been relegated. On top of this, the prospects of road improvements are diminishing.

But by establishing Norwich as one of Europe's most technologically-advanced cities, the backers of Technopolis believe scores of new businesses can be brought to Norfolk, tourism will be boosted and benefits will extend to the whole of East Anglia.

Technopolis would bring new technology to rural communities which have changed little in centuries, according to city council planning officer Brian Smith.

"It has the potential to regenerate village life. We are talking literally about the village library being Technopolis, and having the ability to access everything that Technopolis has to offer," he said.

"Technopolis would to a large extent neutralize the disadvantages of our location."

The younger generation who stand to gain computer access to the Central Library from their schools and homes would benefit massively, according to city council leader Alan Waters. "It is the young people who are more able to conceptualize and understand it than the older generation. They are laying down the marker. Because everybody will depend on it in future, we should make that leap of faith," he said. "The future of the city and beyond will depend on information technology."

"We have to recognise our tight time schedules. We need to build up a national profile and capture the imagination of people in a matter of weeks."

Celia Cameron, Labour group leader on the county council, said Norfolk would be in an ideal situation to benefit from a growth in information technology which would not harm the environment.

She warned that the alternative could be the county being left as a backwater.

There has been considerable backing so far from firms including Norwich Union and KPMG, but to meet the Millennium Commission demands, new partnerships with the private sector and pledges of support are needed. The councils are aiming to get giant national companies on board.

The complex itself would provide up to 150 jobs, but its role as a catalyst would be

more important in an area where 75 percent of jobs are expected to be created in information-related areas.

The project's backers believe tourism potential is huge. Norwich is currently the ninth most visited city in the country, but lacks some of the high-tech attractions found in rivals such as York — a factor which may have played a role in declining museum attendances.

It is hoped that the time capsule and museum aspects of Technopolis would become a major international attraction, propelling Norfolk into the "first division." ■

44TH NEWS (continued)

An invitation was received from John and Maria Watkins to attend a decorations ceremony at 1500 hours, 10 November 1995, at VFW Post 2410, San Benito, Texas, when Commander Jim Grissom presented the Silver Star Medal and the Soldier's Medal to Horace L. (John) Watkins, Jr. Horace (John) was a member of the Peterson crew and flew with the 66th Squadron. I advised Horace that I would be unable to attend the ceremony, and referred him to Will Lundy to see if there were any 44th people in or near San Benito who could represent us. These medals have been a long time coming, and I sent Horace my heartiest congratulations, as I'm sure all 44th members do.



As this was about to be mailed, a letter was received from Will Lundy advising that he received word from Kevin Watson, the spearhead for the Eastborne memorial for Bolin's crew (see earlier paragraph about "Ruthless"). The crash site is drawing many visitors — so many that the newly sodded area is being trampled and must be repaired. The museum in the city is busy setting up a display of data about the plane and crew, and Kevin's book about "Ruthless" and the crew has been accepted for printing, and should be available in mid-April, 1996.



Don "Roscoe" Turner (66th SQ) tells a scary tale about coming off the target at Wilhelmshaven on 26 January 1943. He had been firing at an ME-109 when he stuck his head out the right waist window and felt a tug on his face. The next thing he remembers was coming to, flat on his back on the floor of the plane. His partner had turned around to check on him and could see that the hose to his oxygen mask was eaten into by the 109's bullets. His partner put a walkaround bottle on him, and in a few minutes he was back to normal. He feels that if he had looked out a little farther, he might have gotten the bullets in his head. God was looking out for him, and, since he got home safely, must have been watching over him for a long time. ■

The 448th Speaks



BY CATER LEE

1995 was a very big and wonderful year for our 448th Bomb Group Association. We had the best ever reunion back in England with our many wonderful British friends. We can never say enough as to how hospitable and what gracious hosts they were.

Our 448th reunion in San Diego was also superb. San Diego is a beautiful southern California city blessed with a wonderful climate and beautiful mountains to its east and harbors on its west. It is also home to a vast number of military establishments.

Our next group reunion is in Savannah in August, 1996. We expect one of our largest ever stateside turnouts. Not only is Savannah the

Display your items with pride and honor, representing your service in that great struggle to preserve freedom. People of many countries wish today that they could have the many freedoms that Americans enjoy.

place where the 8th Air Force had its start in 1942, but it is an historic and beautiful southern city.

One hundred and sixty rooms have already been reserved, and we may need even more. In addition to a half day visit to the new 8th Air Force Heritage Museum, other interesting sightseeing tours and points of historical interest are on the program.

Since our reunion is in late August, a mailing to all 448th veterans on our roster will be sent out in May or June. Put the mailer where you won't forget about it, and make your plans right now to be there with your WWII comrades and brothers-in-arms. Most 448th veterans are now in their mid to late seventies, so please come while you are still young and "fit as a fiddle."

Speaking of the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum, some of the groups of the 2ADA have pledged to contribute \$25,000.00 toward the financing of this wonderful project. Each 448th veteran was asked to donate a minimum of \$100.00, or more if they could and wished to do so, and due to the generosity of many of you fine 448th veterans, the 448th was the first of all those in the 2nd Air Division to *exceed* its pledge. Congratulations to all of you who helped make this possible. You can all be proud.

I know many of you have either just forgotten or haven't taken the time to send in your contribution. Any amount will be appreciated and helpful. Please make your check out to the "8th Air Force Heritage Museum" and send it to me, Cater Lee, P.O. Box 850, Foley, AL 36536. There is no limit on how much a

group or individual may donate, as the cost of this memorial to the Mighty 8th will be *humongous* to say the least, and the City of Savannah has been most generous in donating the land for this project.

Another reminder: The museum is setting aside special booths for all groups — bomber and fighters — to display any significant memorabilia you may wish to donate. Surely many of you have some items up in the attic or stored away in your foot locker that you haven't looked at in forty or more years. Please take the time right now and see if you have something you would like to donate. Your name will be placed by your item, recognizing you as the donor. Let's not be the group with the least amount of items on display. Show your items with pride and honor, representing your service in that great struggle to preserve the freedom that our great country and people have enjoyed. People of many countries wish today that they could have the many freedoms that Americans enjoy. So, dig deep, and let Leroy Engdahl, chairman for this project, know what items you have, their condition, and a little background on them; i.e. "the Eisenhower jacket I wore in WWII," etc. Leroy's address is 1785 Wexford Drive, Vidor, TX 77662. Don't send anything yet, since Savannah isn't ready, but contact Leroy ASAP so that we can best

determine, without duplication, the items we want to display from the 448th.

As you all know after reading the Winter issue of the *Journal*, we now have a new editor, Ray Pytel of the 445th BG. Let's all help him out and wish him success in this very important endeavor.

We wish our new association president, Geoff Gregory of Garland, Texas, success in leading our great organization in this year's challenges. Also, best wishes to Charles McBride, who was elected as our 2ADA group VP. Charles will represent the 448th at the bi-annual meetings of the 2ADA staff, and will report to me and consult with me on all these affairs.

The 448th, with the help of Leroy Engdahl, is making a concerted effort to expand our membership. Too many, for one reason or another, have failed to keep up their annual membership. Rick Rokicki of the 458th Bomb Group couldn't have said it better in his article in the Winter *Journal*. There has been extra work for each group VP to try to maintain and expand membership. If you know of any 448th veterans who are not members, please notify Leroy Engdahl, membership chairman, so he can contact them. We wish every veteran would become a member.

One last item: It costs money to send out all these letters and notices plus all the handouts at our reunions. We ask for a *voluntary* annual donation of \$10.00 to offset these costs so we can keep our heads above water.

Thanks for reading and God bless. ■

Bonds of Anglo-American Friendship

by Jordan R. Uttal (HQ)
2ADA Honorary President

They are strong, indeed, these bonds . . . and enduring. And, as time goes by, we learn more and more about them.

On the back cover of the Spring 1995 *Journal* (page 40), George Reynolds (458th) beautifully relates an outstanding tale of heroism, devotion, and love for one's fellow man. He tells about the crash of B-24 Liberator 42-95133, "Lady Jane," 753rd Squadron, 458th Bomb Group. This brave crew of young Americans, on a practice mission on 24 November 1944, in very poor weather, was on a go-around after one attempt at landing at Horsham St. Faith. The plane appeared to falter over the city, struck a church steeple, and at the last moment deliberately veered away from a densely populated area and crashed into a vacant lot near Heigham and Barker Streets. The aircraft burned fiercely, with the loss of the entire American crew . . . but no civilians.

The article goes on to describe the gratitude of the local residents who created a plaque dedicated to the memory of the crew on 5 November 1945. Further, on 24 November 1994, the 50th anniversary of this deed of heroism, there was a memorial service conducted near the site, involving 300 people including some of the relatives of the deceased in attendance.

George salutes the efforts of several Norwich residents who organized this tribute, evidence of the strong bonds of friendship and respect which have endured over the years.

As an update to this inspiring story, I was very pleased recently to renew an old friendship with Reverend Leonard P. Edwards, base chaplain at Horsham St. Faith where my beloved late wife served as assistant to the American Red Cross Field Director, Carlos "Bud" Efferson. Chaplain Edwards conducted the funeral services for the deceased, and sent letters of condolence to the families involved. Incidentally, in his correspondence with me, he identifies the aircraft as "Lady Jane."

Col. Jim Isbell asked the chaplain to act as a liaison with the community for this series of events, and turned over to him four handwritten letters postmarked 26 and 27 November 1944 from local citizens, all expressing their gratitude, their condolences, and their prayers for the fallen and their families.

These original letters which he sent me for disposition are being sent to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in Norwich. It will be requested that the originals be placed in the division archives, with photocopies inserted in the 458th memorabilia folder in the Memorial Room. Rick Rokicki has photocopies, and a set will be sent to George Reynolds, and to the archives at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah.

We are grateful for this further evidence of the ties with each other and with our British friends. Indeed, WE SHALL NOT FORGET! ■



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY JAY H. JEFFRIES, JR. AND JULIAN K. WILSON

"...ello, ...ello! 'ere we are again with an update on what has been happening with all of us from out of Old Buck! And were we ever busy ending up 1995, and greeting 1996! A Happy, Healthy, and Prosperous New Year to each of you!

Our reunion in San Antonio, with about 185 people in attendance, went off without a hitch. This was in very large part due to **HARRY AND LETTY WINSLOW, LINDA & HERMAN WITTIG, and MO & LUDIE MORRIS.**

We had a fine time touring the San Antonio River Valley, seeing the Alamo as one of five old missions, and learning about the engineering over three centuries ago that created the system of acequias, or irrigation canals. The acequia system, created mostly with manpower applied to one end of a shovel, was explained to us by two of the most competent persons. We had roadside mini-lectures and bus briefings from **DR. CHRISTOPHER C. MATHEWSON** and **LLOYD E. MORRIS** of Texas A & M. (Lloyd is the son of proud members Mo and Ludie Morris.) We had a Texas barbeque on the grounds of Fiesta Texas, this after enjoying Tejano music and folklorico style dancing, margaritas, und German 'oompah music, mit beer, and plain old Western fiddlin' music. That night the sky was ablaze with fireworks and laser beams!

One busload of us opted to go to Lackland Air Base. While the prime attraction, the dogs trained to sniff out the explosives of terrorist bombs, was not available, those who went saw some interesting old warbirds, including a very crippled B-24.

Our banquet was a success, with the presence of both **GEOFF GREGORY** and **JORDAN UTTAL** as respected guests. The program consisted of hearing from our guests, plus anecdotal tales from a panel of five members moderated by **BOB JORDAN**. Bob, as expected, did great in filling in for **ABE WILEN**, who had planned this portion of the program, but illness prevented his attending. Bob introduced **PAT RAMM**, who spoke of his recollections of our occupancy of Station 144. **STEWART BRAGDON** re-rode his tail turret on a raid to Hamm. **ROBERT BIECK** related the saga of Colonel Miller. **CHARLES HUNTOON** told of being interned in Sweden, and the successful efforts to restore many of the diverted B-24s so they could fly again. **ANDY LOW** spoke of his capture and internment in a stalag.

That same evening, **WIB CLINGAN** and **DAN READING** were awarded plaques as but a very small token of the group's appreciation for the term (five years!) they served in office.

Have you ever willingly donated money, and hours and hours of your time, to help a worthy cause? **LUDIE MORRIS** did. She contributed the material and devoted hours and hours to crochet a beautiful afghan robe replete with our group logo smack in the middle. Looked great! Ludie then gave this afghan to us, which we raffled off.



JAY JEFFRIES

Members present in San Antonio contributed \$375.00 while buying tickets for this raffle, which was held at the banquet. One lucky person went home with the afghan! A check that included the \$375.00 has been sent by our treasurer, **FRANK THOMAS**, to the Memorial Room in Norwich. Please accept thanks from all of us, Ludie, for your generosity. And our thanks to each of you who contributed door prizes. Our faithful buddy in Crescent City, **ROBERT HARPER**, gave us another of his famous prints to be given away. Thanks, Bob!

A productive business meeting was held, and we heard from our secretary, **ALBERT BIEL**. **BILL GARRETT** reported on the practicality of our incorporating in order to offset possible penalties due to litigation brought against us. Bill's advice was to procure special insurance coverage for any future special events that might call for such a policy.

Interest was shown during the business meeting in supporting reunions in 1996 and 1997. **ED BECKER** spoke of the attributes of Jackson Hole country, and **RALPH McCLURE** advocated the Washington, D.C. area. Before this *Journal* reaches you, it is planned that you will have been sent, or will soon receive, the information you need to sign up for the sojourn into the beautiful land of the Grand Tetons, with Yellowstone National Park just a little ways upstream.

We had to report the passing of our past secretary, **ROBERT E. NELSON**. A service plaque we had for him was passed on to his family. **LINDA WITTIG** told us that her mother, **LA RUE ALLEN**, had passed away in March of 1995. Our heartfelt sympathy to each family that has lost loved ones.

JIM DYKE was in San Antonio setting up the 453rd "Post Exchange." Thanks to your support, this has proven to be a true money-maker. Jim is currently working on a project to provide us with a cloth patch insignia. Another of our members, **LEN APTER**, is lending support for this project as well.

Jim will probably have something for our consideration at our Milwaukee convention. Many thanks, Jim, for all you do for the 453rd and for the 2ADA!

Notable by their spirited presence were several crews who each had several members present. At the risk of omission, with no recorded listing of attendees by crew to draw from, here are some of the crews who converged in San Antonio: **LEAVENWORTH, MEINTEL, GILLIE, KRAMER, and WALLACE**. Our apologies if we left someone out! Let us know, and we will make amends.

JAY JEFFRIES and **JOE COREY** dined with crewmate **ALLEN ORR**, a first get-together in 51 years! For the first time, these reunions within reunions even extended into our ground crew membership. Three armorers of the 735th shop were tallied. One was **JESSE BROWN**, a recent "find" who met again with **RALPH McCLURE** and **WILLIE WILSON** after a lapse of fifty years.

Please note the change in the byline at the head of this quarterly column. The name of my assistant chairman, **JULIAN "WILLIE" WILSON**, now also appears. Willie and I are collaborators in all that involves written communication for the 453rd BGA. With your acceptance of this arrangement between us, and with the guidance of our executive board, we shall meet all of the obligations of our offices.

Check your checkbook. Have you sent your dues to **EVELYN COHEN** for the 2ADA? While you are at it, have you moved? Please send all of your address changes to Evelyn as soon as they occur. Doing so will make her job much easier and will result in much less money wasted. **JACKIE & FRANK THOMAS** await latecomers for our own 453rd Bomb Group Association dues. You can use the special envelope we provided for you in the *Newsletter* to bring your 453rd Association dues up to date. We need your financial support if we are to continue sending our newsletter to our non-member folks, as well as to provide for the funding of our special projects, and supporting others.

Support newsletter editor **WILBUR SITES** by continuing to send him your stories and pictures. And **RAY PYTEL** will also appreciate your stories for the *2ADA Journal*. As new editor, Ray has gotten off to a great start. How about that sense of humor that emerges from him here and there! Thanks, Ray!

We hope many of you saw the one-hour special program on December 24th on the A&E channel. Time was given to review the holiday season events of 1944 at our Old Buck base, among other places and wars. The program contained footage of some movie film taken at Old Buck in '44, footage that most of us did not know existed. Many of you in the 735th worked on, or flew the aircraft "christened" "Liberty Run." The first crew to complete most of their missions flying her was that of **MILT STOKES**. He called 078 "Choo Choo Baby." 078's crew chief was **ARTHUR "PENNY" PEN-SACK**. 078 ultimately completed 100 missions. We hope to have a copy of this TV program to show in Milwaukee.

We missed seeing some of our regulars in San Antonio, but we enjoyed meeting all you newcomers and first-timers! See you in June in Milwaukee, and in Jackson Hole next fall! ■

BUNGAY BULL



As I write this in mid-December, up to my neck in holiday plans with my daily "honey-do" list, a bright spot each morning is the arrival of the mailman. Yesterday I received a greeting from Ralph Peters of the 705th Bomb Squadron, who lives in Falls City, Nebraska. He hopes to make it to a reunion and expressed his concern about the "Enola Gay thing the Smithsonian did." He wondered how people can forget so soon what happened on December 7. Ralph was in Denver attending armament school at Lowery on the "day of infamy."

Also heard from was Walt Taranjo in Orange, Texas, of the 705th, with all the news of his family. Of course, John and Mignon White never fail to write, as well as Max Minear of Orlando. This year we heard from Alan and Beryl Hague of the Norfolk and Suffolk Air Museum of Flixton. Alan is always looking for memorabilia for the museum. If you have things you would like to donate, please contact me. Also, John and Lorna Archer of Bungay, 446th loyal locals, send their good wishes.

Word was also received from Richard J. Ghery, a 706er, who tells of his 13th mission in February, 1944. It was code named "Knothole" to an aircraft factory. He writes:

"After an early breakfast we went to the briefing room where we learned that the primary target for visual bombing was the Bachman-



Crewmates in 1945. Standing (L-R): L. Britton, D. Morrow, W. Simmons, J. Fortie. Kneeling: L. Reavis, H. Johnson, W. Tarter, H. Pelish, H. Runnels, C. Chaney.

Von-Blumenthal aircraft plant at Nurenberg-Furth, Germany, makers of ME-110 and ME-210 aircraft.

"We boarded Ship 498, "Desperate Desmond," piloted by Charles McKeny, and left the runway at an early hour. Loaded with 52 M-47 incendiary bombs, we climbed to an altitude of 17,500 feet and took No. 4 position in the second section.

"On our way to the target we did not see any enemy fighters nor any flak until we reached the I.P. There we saw plenty of heavy flak.

"As we started down the bomb run, we could see the target already ablaze. At 1432 hours our bombs landed on the target. "Mac" then turned "Desperate Desmond" and we headed for home with only one flak hole at this point.

"Seconds later our formation was attacked by ME-109s. We had no fighter escort protection, as they had returned to base. Two ME-109s repeatedly attacked our waist, coming in from 9 o'clock high. Four ME-109s were attacking stragglers. They downed three B-24s, one from our squadron, Lt. Hockensmith and crew. I fired the nose guns at the MEs, but they were mostly out of my range, coming in from 9 o'clock.

"The ME-109s finally left, and our next problem came up in the way

of heavy flak as we flew over Saarbrucken. Later we were in flak thrown up from Amiens. The last barrage came up from Poix. Our lead ship was hit by a first burst. We could feel it and other bursts as well. Also, on our way back we saw burning targets at Stuttgart and Ludwigshafen — targets that the B-17s had hit earlier.

"McKeny landed 'Desperate Desmond' at home base in the late afternoon. We then went for coffee, sandwiches and debriefing."

Another tough one.

Calvin Chaney from the 704th sends word that he has found another member of his crew, Denton Morrow from Ft. Worth. There are still seven members of his crew living. In September the seven got together in Colorado Springs. He has enclosed before and after pictures of the crew, whose pilot was Lloyd Britton.

I received the following poem by Joe Broder which he wrote after watching last year's Air Force/Army football game at West Point:

Long ago I marched on dusty fields. I walked in mud.

I also strode on firm terrain.

I marched in sunshine, in the morning's cold or in daylight's hot glare.

I stood quiet and still when "parade rest" was called.

I wheeled and turned upon command. I obeyed all cries.

Many years have passed since parading on that southern soil

Nostalgia returns.

The long gray lines of cadets move across the West Point "plains."

Decades later, I now understand the throaty voices.

"REPORT," "ATTENTION TO DETAIL," "ORDER ARMS,"

"RIGHT SHOULDER ARMS," "FORWARD MARCH."

The band strikes up in martial music, the gray lines follow.

"PASS IN REVIEW" is called.



Seven reunited in 1995 in Colorado Springs. Standing (L-R): L. Reavis, D. Morrow, L. Britton, W. Simmons, H. Runnels. Seated: C. Chaney, W. Tarter.

The Corps parades past the assembled higher ranks, presents a soldier's salute.

And this former flyer weeps.

I also review.

I see again the faces of those who gave up their lives in World War II.

I stand sad and silent and proud.

Then, once more, "passing in review" are the fellows who flew with me in those war-torn skies.

I tearfully salute all the soldiers and sailors and marines and airmen who now and forever PASS IN REVIEW.

My humble thanks to Joe and the others who keep in touch and inspire us to remember, revere, and give thanks.

Please put on your calendars the annual group meeting of the 446th at the Pines Resort Hotel in South Fallsburg, New York (near West Point), September 19-22, 1996. Details in the Beachbell Echo.

Please continue to send news to me, Aud Risley, 682 Slade Avenue, Elgin, Illinois 60120, or phone 847-741-7757. ■

PART 1 — BY ANDY LOW

Somewhere on a bomber base in England, late in the afternoon of an April day in 1944, the Operations Control Room of the 453rd Bombardment Group (H) under the direction of the Group Operations Officer, the Major, and his assistant, the Captain (that was me) was slowing its activity. The Major was winding up last-minute operations reports to higher headquarters on the results of the morning mission to Hitler's Fortress. The Captain was anticipating the next day's mission. The call would come for a maximum effort — every available air crew and every available aircraft. There would be a short interlude in group operations activity as the staff awaited target intelligence and arming instructions.

With hardly a break in shuffling the mound of paperwork, the Major, in his low key manner, simply said, "Andy, find us a minimum crew and an airplane and we'll go shoot some landings."

With a quick, "Yes, Sir," I headed for Base Operations. Staff pilots, who generally flew in the copilot's position of the lead aircraft during our combat missions, getting to "shoot some landings" was a welcome break.

At Base Operations I filed an aircraft clearance form and questioned the regulation which specified a minimum crew for any training operator. It was a poor time of day to locate crew members. Both the Major and I were "green card" and instructor pilots on the B-24 Liberator aircraft. Both of us had many flying hours as instructors in both B-17 and B-24 aircraft in the U.S., thus my rationalization on finding additional crew members for a local area training mission was simple — make up some names. I listed the Major as pilot and myself as copilot. Using combinations of our names, I filled out the remainder of the crew positions. I signed the authorization. We were cleared! No questions!

I phoned the Major to indicate the parking hardstand where our aircraft was located. The aircraft was coming out of major maintenance and the crew chief had systems that he wanted us to operate and check during our flight. I gave the aircraft a quick inspection, kicked the tires, signed the paperwork, and confirmed the aircraft was ready for flight.

Soon the Major pulled up in his jeep. He first asked about the minimum aircrew requirements. I ran over my rationalization on this subject. The old barracks proverb, "the exigencies of the situation being such as to preclude compliance with appropriate regulations, etc." could apply. The Major was a very silent guy. Without comment we mounted up with him in the pilot's position and myself as copilot. We cranked the engines, received our clearance by radio from the control tower, taxied out and were on our way. Exhilarating! Off we went into the "wild blue yonder!" The B-24 Liberator responded like a homesick angel.

We could not have been up to 1000 feet on the climb when the Major pulled back on the power. He looked over at me with a wry smile and above the noise of the aircraft engines he shouted, "My former group commander always has his nap about now. Let's go wake him up!"

The Major had just come to our group from a base less than ten miles away. Before I could

In Retrospect . . . STEWART & LOW — The Buzzin' Twins!

This story first appeared in the *Second Air Division Association Journal*, Vol. 23, No. 2, June 1984

comprehend his intentions, we were in a gentle dive toward his former base. We swooped below the surrounding treetops, below the ridgelines of the barracks. The Major then deftly pulled up in a beautiful "Chandelle" maneuver to his left.

"Well, that will wake him up. Now let's GET him up!" said the Major as he rolled expertly into another dive. Again we dipped below the treetops, the barracks ridge-lines,

We could not have been up to 1000 feet when the Major pulled back on the power. He looked over at me with a wry smile, and above the noise of the engines he shouted, "My former group commander always has his nap about now. Let's go wake him up!"

and then up again into another "Chandelle" maneuver, this time to the right. As a normal thing, the Major had a very subtle smile, but by this time he was broadly smiling, with a steely glint in his eye.

"He's up now and will want our aircraft tail number, so let's go up one more time!"

The control tower operator at the base continually called to inquire why we were flying in his control area without a clearance, and below specified altitude minimums. Handling the radio, I looked to the Major for guidance. "Ignore them, don't answer," the Major instructed.

At each dive, the control tower operator became more adamant. He wanted the name, rank and serial number of the pilot. We were reminded that they had our aircraft serial markings. The bureaucracy would soon know who we were.

After the third swoop, the Major looked over at me with an almost mad twinkle in his eye and with his taciturn drawl said calmly, "I could make those operators get out of that tower!" We rolled into another dive. The control tower was mounted on an elevated platform above the aircraft maintenance hangar. Access was by an external ladder for the last twenty feet. Down to the tower level we dove and around the tower we zoomed. Transmissions from the tower became more rapid, almost frenzied and staccato. Would the pilot of the B-24 kindly report his name, rank and serial number! We remained silent. The second diving pass was from the opposite direction, but just as close to the tower. On the third pass, the transmission from the tower ceased. The three occupants could be seen scrambling down the ladder. The Major broke into a broad grin.

We returned to our home base. The Major practiced some takeoffs and landings. We

ran through the systems checks requested by the crew chief. We changed seats and I then had an opportunity to check my proficiency. Our mission was over. We came to a stop on landing, taxied in, and parked the aircraft. We made necessary entries in the flight logs, reported to the crew chief, and returned to our office. It had been a most satisfying and relaxing training mission.

An hour later, we went to the officers' mess for our evening meal. Suddenly the group commander strode into the mess and came directly to where we were seated. We jumped smartly to our feet and the commander immediately began to regale the two of us; pity the poor example set by his operations officers, those charged with developing and enforcing safe air operations.

Here in the story I have difficulty recalling the exact details of what happened next. So, I defer to the Major — Major James M. Stewart, Group Operations Officer. Major Stewart was known to us principally as a talented pilot and inspirational combat leader. To the rest of the world, he was Jimmy Stewart, already an acknowledged movie star.

PART 2 — BY JIMMY STEWART

Well, it's been forty years!

I recall the incident. In fact, I recall when I wished I could have forgotten it. It happened much as Andy has written. In his telling, perhaps the airspeed seems a little faster, the altitude a little lower, and the Chandelles more perfect, given the passage of so much time. So, there may be some embellishment.

It fairly relates what happened on a late afternoon in April 1944. He's right, the Colonel strode into the mess. Normally he was a most mild-mannered man. Highly decorated, he had already been through much of the air war. Though much younger than I, his combat experiences had induced a maturity far beyond his years. Obviously he had recently been severely chastised and I guessed immediately that he had been called by the Brig. General commanding our combat wing. The word of our training mission — our escapade — had been reported to higher headquarters. Well, I tried the explanation that we were highly qualified instructor pilots who had been cooped up too long in a stuffy headquarters. Suddenly, we had a chance to fly, and were momentarily carried away with the exhilaration of being free. We did nothing dangerous, only getting a feel of the airplane. So we tried to explain. The more I struggled for words (the Colonel did not give me much opportunity to speak), the more I realized that what we had thought was a grand idea some three hours earlier now seemed pretty dumb. So we switched rationale. I say "we." Andy just stood there. He did try to remind the Colonel that we were very experienced pilots and did nothing dangerous.

Then I remembered the old barracks proverb, "When you are at the bottom of a hole,"

(continued on page 12)

IN TRIBUTE TO "OUR LITTLE FRIENDS" COL. HUBERT "HUB" ZEMKE

BY JOHN L. FRISBEE

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM AIR FORCE MAGAZINE, APRIL 1995

Col. Hub Zemke was one of the preeminent World War II fighter commanders in the European Theater. His 56th Fighter Group, the "Wolfpack," was credited with 665 air-to-air victories, leading all fighter groups in the European Theater of Operations. Zemke alone had 17.75 confirmed victories in 154 combat missions, putting him in the top twenty-five of all Army Air Forces World War II fighter pilots. He once said that if he had been a better shot, he would have had twice as many.

Zemke was a professional fighter pilot before the U.S. entered the war. His insistence on discipline in the air and on the ground earned him the respect of all his men, but not always the love of some high-spirited pilots. A superb tactician, he originated the Zemke Fan and other tactical innovations. The Zemke Fan drastically changed Eighth Air Force policy that had required escorting fighters to stay with the bombers at all times. Colonel Zemke was convinced that if some fighters fanned out well ahead of the bombers, many enemy fighters could be shot down as they were forming up to attack the bomber stream. Lt. Gen. William E. Kepner, who headed VIII Fighter Command, bought the idea. Bomber losses declined significantly as fighter victories increased.

The Zemke Fan was first tried on May 12, 1944. On that mission, Hub Zemke's element lost one of its four P-47s to an abort. The remaining three were attacked by seven Messerschmitt Bf-109s. Zemke immediately ordered them to form a Luftbery circle. The Luftwaffe leader cut across the circle and, in a dazzling display of deflection shooting, downed one P-47. A few moments later, he repeated his performance, leaving Zemke alone in an unfriendly sky. With no recourse, Zemke went into a barrel-rolling vertical dive at full throttle and escaped. (Years later, he learned that the German sharpshooter was Maj. Günther Rall, the Luftwaffe's third-ranking ace with 275 victories.)

A somewhat shaken Zemke headed for home, escaping another formation of Bf-109s en route. Near Koblenz, Germany, he saw many 109s forming up below. The aggressive spirit that had made him an outstanding college and semipro boxer took over. He contacted two members of the 56th FG who arrived as the number of 109s grew to thirty. Zemke told his men to fly top cover while he went down alone to take on the enemy fighters. He shot down one before his fuel ran low and he had to break off for home.

In August 1944, after commanding the 56th FG for two years, Zemke volunteered to take over the 479th Fighter Group, equipped with P-38 Lightnings but about to convert to P-51

Mustangs. The 479th's record had not been good. Zemke soon restored the group's morale while earning three more victories himself.

As October drew to a close and his combat hours passed 450, Zemke knew his days as a group commander were about to end. He was ordered to 65th Fighter Wing headquarters as chief of staff. With his bags packed, he decided to fly one more mission before taking over a desk.

On that mission he ran into the worst turbulence he had ever encountered. He ordered his formation to turn back, but before he could do so, his P-51 lost a wing. Parachuting from the wreckage, Zemke was soon taken prisoner and ended up in Stalag Luft I at Barth, Germany, on the Baltic Sea.

Newly arrived, Colonel Zemke found himself senior officer in command of 7,000 Allied prisoners, some of whom had been there for several years. Conditions were deplorable: insufficient food, inadequate clothing and medical attention, a lack of military discipline among some POWs, and indifferent or hostile German officials.

Zemke quickly established his leadership of the POWs, who numbered about 9,000 by VE Day. Gradually he developed working relations with the prison commandant and staff and achieved some improvements in living conditions.

As it became apparent that their war was lost, the Germans became more cooperative, especially as Soviet armies approached from the east. Zemke and his staff negotiated an arrangement with the camp commandant for the Germans to depart quietly at night, bearing only small arms, and turn the camp over to the Allied POW wing.

To avoid conflict between some POWs and the hated guards, Zemke's staff kept the arrangement secret until the morning after the German departure. Zemke then nurtured friendly relations with the arriving Soviets. (In 1941, he had spent several months in the USSR teaching Russian pilots to fly the P-40. He spoke some Russian and fluent German.) Ultimately, Zemke arranged for the POWs to be flown to Allied territory. His strong leadership saved the lives of many POWs.

Col. Hub Zemke retired from the Air Force in 1966 and died August 30, 1994, at Oroville, California. He was an extraordinary man, outspoken, courageous, and of unflagging personal integrity and conviction. These qualities, which made him one of our greatest wartime leaders, did not endear him to some of his military superiors and probably denied him the rank and responsibilities he deserved. Nevertheless, he will remain a symbol of military excellence long after others are forgotten. ■

IN RETROSPECT: STEWART & LOW: THE BUZZIN' TWINS (continued)

don't dig." I assured the Colonel that there had been only a momentary lapse in good judgement. This we regretted and such a lapse would not happen again.

Flushed and upset, the Colonel strode out of the mess without stopping for his evening meal. After all that, our evening meal didn't taste very good either. We returned to the office. Shortly after arriving, a telephone call came from Wing Headquarters for me. It was the Commanding General. As a Major I was pleased to be called by the General, but it soon turned out to be a continuation of our encounter with the Colonel. How could we do such a dumb thing? Weren't we supposed to be setting a proper example for younger crews? Suppose they were tempted to repeat our mission and kill themselves in a high speed stall.

I had learned from our session with the Colonel to limit explanations. Now they did not make too much sense. I assured the General that a lapse of good discipline and training would not occur again. At least, not with us. Finally, he hung up.

It wasn't over yet. The phone rang again. It was my former Colonel, and he was most upset, particularly about his control tower operators. I was most humble and contrite of heart. I assured him we regretted the stir we had caused. We were convinced it was unprofessional. Reluctantly we listened and hung up.

I was glad the operations instructions for the mission the following day began to come in. At least it changed the subject.

As I now recall the incident, and the furor we provoked, I recall I was fortunate to have had so much theatrical training behind me. I was called on to play many different roles in a very short time. But the air war went on.

A month later, in May 1944, I was promoted to Lt. Colonel and Andy was promoted to Major. Obviously, the bureaucracy had not taken a vengeful stance. I was moved up to Combat Wing Hdq and assigned as Executive Officer to the Commanding General. Andy moved up in the bomb group to replace me as Operations officer. Somehow, I guess the bureaucracy has forgiven our iniquity.

As a postscript to our war story, I can report that one of my early tasks was to publish, in the General's name, a memorandum calling attention to the regulations requiring a minimum aircrew, which forbids flying without proper clearance in a control zone and descending below safe operating altitudes for any reason.

In reflection, over the past forty years I have done a lot of flying in many kinds of aircraft, and for many diverse reasons. As I look back on that training mission, I remember it as a really fun flight. ■

Last fall Harold McCormick sent me the following, which I thought that all of you would be interested in reading . . .

"Thanks, Ray, for your splendid work with the HQ Newsletter. For all the gigantic size of our war, the HQ unit was small enough to really get to know most of our wonderful people. This makes the newsletter even more special.

"One day at Ketteringham I was told to report to General Hodges. I had come to know him from working with strike photos and mission analysis in the photo lab. Jack Kellogg headed the unit then. The general was obviously angry and was scowling at some photos on his desk. They were pictures of B-24 formations, and very poor ones at best. He growled at me, 'McCormick, do you think you can get me a picture with more than 17 Liberators in it?!?!' I gulped for a breath of air and said, 'Yes, sir,' did an about-face, and marched out literally on the air. My God, this paddlefoot was going to get to fly!!!

"We jury-rigged a K-17 Fairchild camera with a 12" lens cone and bungee cords to help carry its 90 pounds in suspension between the waist windows. We were given war-weary B-24s and a five man crew, and I was about to get my first flight in a *real* airplane. When we were cleared for takeoff from Hethel, the pilot revved the engines until we skidded forward, then snapped off the brakes. I was only used to civilian DC-3s, and rolled backward like a bowling ball clear to the rear turret! The veteran crew roared with laughter. The laughter was repeated hours later at landing because of the large ink spot on my shirt pocket. At

DIVISION

HQ

BY RAY STRONG

we promptly got the hell out of there, and hurried home to develop and print the pictures and brief the General. He never ceased to growl, to demand more and better air discipline and formations, and was — in my opinion — the best friend the air crews of the 2nd Air Division could have had.

"Some of those missions were as long as ten hours, and the forty below zero temperatures hour after hour made us really realize what the combat crews endured for 25 and then 35 grueling missions. Our old B-24D had the early constant-flow oxygen system with a bladder below the mask that would fill with ice crystals from your breath. I remember having to stop work and knead the bladder with my fingers to break up the ice and make breathing a little easier.

"About six weeks after D-Day we got to start low level photography of our targets as the bomb line moved forward. This was part of what was to become the Strategic Bombing

weary old B-24. I'm sure that each of us treasure our own personal memories of those exciting days. One of the very best of those memories for all of us is the outstanding photo officer who really ran and kept the photo lab at Ketteringham the best in the ETO. His name is Jordan Uttal.

"I could never have dreamed then that my retirement from the United States Air Force Academy in 1973 would state 29 years, 11 months and 18 days of service — a *long* way from Horsham St. Faith!"

Thanks, Harold. I believe that this experience and the kind of leadership shown by General Hodges, and later by General Kepner, is what made the 2nd Air Division the best division in WWII, or even since for that matter.

The picture below (I assume that it is Harold behind the mask) shows the extent to which Harold and his associates went in order to get what General Hodges wanted. If you look carefully, you can see the bungee cords holding the camera.

Just a reminder: I know that some of you remember experiences that should be written up and printed in the *Journal*. Let me beg again that you take pen, pencil, typewriter, or computer in hand and let the words roll out. I sent you a sheet in Newsletter #16, but you can write it on anything and I will put it in print in either the *Journal* or the newsletter. Let me hear from you!

Once again, let me also remind (and even beg) all of you to come and meet Harold McCormick, Jordan Uttal, Jim Reeves, Livingston Jones, a large contingent of WACs, and others in Milwaukee, June 13-16. For further information and a registration form, see pages 35-36 of your Winter 1995 *Journal*. ■



HAROLD McCORMICK AT WORK IN WWII

24,000' the low pressure sucked out every drop of ink from my fountain pen.

"We took *lots* of pictures, the general growled, and practice missions visibly and quickly began to produce the formations he demanded. We would arrive at a 'buncher' or 'splasher' ahead of and well above the group or division assembly and photograph the whole drama. Later on, we photographed the order of battle entering the enemy coast. Then

Survey to record and evaluate the heavy bombardment of 'Festung Europa.' Armed with mission orders, high-level reconnaissance pictures and strike photos of our missions, it was a superb opportunity to document, to study, and to evaluate the impact of the Eighth Air Force in general and the 2nd Air Division in particular.

"Many of the others in the photo lab shared the privilege of flying photo missions in a war-

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (continued)

of the table. One piece in particular, sitting directly in front of me, was a sterling silver replica of a complete radar station! I was forewarned not to touch any of the pieces, as to do so would obligate me to purchase drinks for the entire room (about 100+)! Need I tell you, I kept my hands in my lap!

The dinner progressed, the wine flowed, and it was an all-male function except for two or three female officers (very attractive, I might add). Decorum was maintained throughout, but it did slip a little when a series of explosions was set off. They were plenty loud, and filled the hall with smoke — all in good fun, I think.

The evening progressed with what we call a "roast" of the CO and of the officers leaving the base. It ended with a toast to the Queen, and, because of my presence, a toast to the President of the United States. It was, for me, a once-in-a-lifetime occasion. I will forever remember and appreciate the courtesy and hospitality of our friends in the Royal Air Force.

Thus it was a great trip, with the fine successful meeting in London, and reunion with wonderful friends in Norfolk.

We in Dallas are looking forward to hosting the 2ADA Executive Committee meeting on March 1 and 2. The meeting will be held in conjunction with the 12th Annual Southwest Regional Dinner at the Sheraton Grand Hotel in Dallas.

Till we meet again, be good to yourselves, and take care of each other. ■



392nd B.G.

BY OAK MACKEY

Many of you have visited the 392nd BG air base at Wendling at various times since 1945. Notable was the visit by a contingent of 392nd veterans on May 8, 1995 to celebrate VE Day with our British friends. We found that most of the buildings have been torn down and moved away. The main runway is still there, where it serves as a foundation for numerous turkey barns. The north taxiway is there; the control tower is long gone. Part of the headquarters building remains and serves as an office building for a John Deere farm equipment dealer. Nearby is the vault where our super-secret Norden bombsights were stored. A ways down the main road, a used auto parts dealer makes good use of the old officers' club. A bit further, and on the other side of the road, a few Nissen huts remain in the former 576th Squadron site. The people there are very generous and allow all old-timers from the 392nd onto their property to view those old relics. And that is all that is left. However, there is one old landmark nearby that was there centuries before the 392nd came, and will remain there for many, many more years to come. I am referring to the 14th century Beeston Church.



Thanksgiving services were held there on VE Day, and veterans of the 392nd BG and their wives and family members were joined by the local British people until the church was full and overflowing. During the war, some 392nd people were married there. Many of you will remember what a relief it was when that old steeple came into view while returning from a combat mission. So, if you go to Beeston again, a visit to the church would be most interesting and appropriate, for there is a profound feeling of permanency there, a feeling which is not found in very many places.

Thinking of something worthwhile to write about is not always easy. Would info on the Roll of Honor be of interest? As you all know,

the original copy of the Roll of Honor was destroyed in the Memorial Room fire on August 1, 1994. This original copy was created in the late 1940s by the USAF Statistical Control Section at the request of Lt. General William E. Kepner. It contained a total of 6,032 names. Over the years since, 642 names have been confirmed and added. The rules regarding the addition of names are very strict. Only the names of those killed in action, or killed in the line of duty, can be added to the Roll of Honor. This must be verified by the Department of Defense, Mortuary Affairs and Casualty Support Division, Department of the Army, U.S. Total Army Personnel Command. Verification can also be provided by overseas American cemeteries, if the date of death or interment and the grave number are known.

All matters pertaining to the Roll of Honor are delegated to and are the responsibility of Jordan Uttal, 2ADA Honorary President. From copies retained before the fire, Jordan has been preparing a new Roll of Honor for display in the Norwich Memorial Room, and it will be completed in the near future. It will be on vellum in hand calligraphy by an expert calligrapher. Those names added before the fire were placed

on additional pages at the end. The new Roll of Honor will include those names in proper alphabetical order. Therefore, the new copy will be much more beautiful and accurate than the old one. There is currently a temporary Roll of Honor displayed at the temporary Memorial Room in Norwich.

I have a list of names of those from the 392nd who are on the Roll of Honor. You may write or call to ascertain if a friend or relative is on that list.

In the centerfold of the Winter issue of the *Journal*, which you received last November, is a reservation form which you should fill out and mail to Evelyn Cohen if you plan to attend the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum Grand Opening on May 13 & 14, 1996.

The 49th annual convention of the Second Air Division Association will be held June 13-16, 1996 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In the Winter *Journal* on pages 35-36, you will find complete information on this gala event. Again, there is a reservation form to be filled out and mailed to Evelyn if you plan to attend. Handy for future reference is a copy of your reservation form. ■

LEST WE FORGET

The "Big Week," 19 through 25 February, 1944, was the most concerted period of operations against Nazi Germany to date by the Mighty Eighth Air Force. No less than 3,800 deep penetration bomber strikes (sorties) were mounted against twenty-six aircraft factories, causing severe reduction of their production capacity. The 392nd scored one of the most accurate and spectacular strikes of the war. Ninety-eight percent of its bombs struck the twin-engine fighter plant at Gotha. It earned the 392nd the Distinguished Unit Citation. Seven airplanes and crews were lost.

A vivid description of the mission is contained in the following citation issued by HQ 2nd Air Division:

"The 392nd Bombardment Group (H), 2nd Air Division, is cited for outstanding performance of duty in armed conflict with the enemy on February 24, 1944. The group dispatched 32 B-24 type aircraft, the maximum number available, to bomb the most valuable single target in the enemy twin fighter complex, the aircraft and component parts factory at Gotha, Germany. Of these, one was forced to turn back shortly after takeoff. Flying as the lead group of the second combat wing in the division formation, they were attacked by the enemy upon entering the Dutch Coast. In the bitter aerial battle that ensued, the group was viciously attacked for over two and a half hours by approximately one hundred and fifty (150) enemy fighters, consisting of FW-190s, ME-110s, ME-210s, and JU-88s, who raked them with cannon and rocket fire and even attempted air to air and cable bombing in a vain effort to disrupt the formation. As the 392nd Bombardment Group (H) neared the initial point, the units of the lead combat wing were observed to be proceeding on divergent courses. The group was faced with the decision to follow the lead units of the division to a questionable target and maintain the integrity of the division formation, or to pursue a separate course that might later prove to be erroneous and which would expose the group formation to even greater enemy attacks. The group chose the latter, and maintaining perfect formation, valiantly fought its way through the flak defenses to bomb the target with pinpoint accuracy, virtually destroying it. Although seven of their aircraft were lost to the relentless enemy in the battle to and from the target, and an additional thirteen aircraft suffered battle damage, they accounted for the confirmed destruction of sixteen enemy fighters, the probable destruction of one, and the damage of five additional fighters. The destruction of this high priority target was a serious blow to the GAF and was a contributing factor to its impotency in the invasion of continental Europe. The aggressive courage, determination to do their task at all costs, and combat efficiency of the air crews together with the professional skill and devotion to duty of the ground personnel of the 392nd Bombardment Group (H) have reflected great credit on themselves and on the Armed Forces of the United States.

By command of Major General Kepner: Francis H. Griswold, Brigadier General, U.S.A., Chief of Staff. ■

DOUBLE DUTY: 8TH AF BOMBER PILOTS WHO BECAME FIGHTER PILOTS

SUBMITTED BY G.W. FORD AND JAMES J. SCANLON

Ed. Note: An excellent background account of these special aviators appeared in the Summer 1995 Journal. Eighteen of them have been confirmed so far, and each has his own story to tell. Starting with this issue, we will share some of them with you. The first is Edward W. Appel of Redfield, South Dakota. He flew with the 445th, 93rd, and 389th Bomb Groups before transferring to the 56th Fighter Group from February 1944 through April 1945. Meet:

EDWARD W. APPEL

Lt. Edward Appel flew to England in February 1944, and before he returned to the States fourteen months later, he had become a unique pilot among the few 8th Air Force pilots who flew both heavy bombers and fighter planes during World War II. He was shot down in a B-24 while over enemy territory — and on a second tour he was shot down in a P-47 over enemy territory. Both times Ed Appel eluded the Germans who were hunting for him, and made his way to the Allied ground troops. Remarkable feats!

At the time of his first tour, B-24 air crews were required to complete 30 bombing missions, but Lt. Appel never got to finish his last mission. On that one (to the strongly defended railroad marshalling yards at Karlsruhe), his aircraft was hit by 88mm fire and badly damaged. He describes the plight in this way:

"We took a monstrous hit in the right wing which knocked out the two right engines. The two left engines were still running, but we had no turbos and the fuel cells were ruptured. The rudder cables were also cut, so we had no use of our rudders. The windshield had caved in from the blast, and gasoline spewed all over. I thought we were going to catch on fire. However, we managed to get the plane turned by using the ailerons, and we headed westward toward France. With the loss of two engines' power, along with the other damage, we couldn't hold altitude. In minutes we had gone from 24,000 feet to 10,000 feet and the front lines in France were still 100 miles away. It was time to bail out, and we did."

The B-24 crew was scattered over miles of eastern France. Appel landed in a ploughed field and ran across it to hide in a vineyard. German soldiers came hunting for him, but he managed to elude them. Later the Germans continued their pursuit, and Ed dove into some water and hid in the rushes. They shot into the place where they thought he was, never hitting him, and finally left in the dark of night. Ed sneaked out and began walking. He walked only at night, but about ten days later he decided to cross a field in daylight when he saw a French farmer and his wife at work. Shortening his dramatic story, Ed says, "They hid me in a hayloft, along with their

son who was also hiding from the Germans. We stayed right there until the end of November when the Germans were pushed out and American tanks, trucks, and troops came down the road. I was out!"

Ed Appel got back to England, and pending his reassignment to the ZI, he decided to try to stay on and hook up with a fighter group. Ed says, "I always wanted to fly fighters, but I guess the big reason was that I didn't feel quite right about the way my tour in bombers ended up. Being a little flak happy, too, I went to the 56th Fighter Group base, met with Colonel Schilling, told him I wanted to fly fighters, and asked if I could transfer. 'Sure,' he said. 'Come on down.' And I did."

"That was quite a kick, getting out of bombers and into fighters — like getting out of a truck and onto a motorcycle. There was one little incident in my transition to a P-47 that raised hairs. On my first takeoff, the canopy slammed open and torque caused that thunderbolt to go zooming clear across the field."

After checking out in the P-47, Appel flew 16 missions — escorting bombers, dive bombing, and strafing — but then his second tour was abruptly ended. It was on 16 April 1945 when his plane was downed by anti-aircraft fire as he was strafing Muldorf Airdrome, fifty miles east of Munich.

"I was shooting into ME-109s on the field and then I saw that I was getting hit. There were holes in my ship's wings, and the engine started running rough and losing power. I tried to get out of range and over a hill before bellying in, but in straining to clear the hill, my right wing stalled and went under. The plane cartwheeled across the countryside and I thought school was out, again. By some miracle, it stopped right side up. I was cut on one knee and arm, but climbed out and ran until I reached some trees. I thought I shouldn't stay in the woods because German soldiers were coming from the airfield that I had just strafed, and they were shooting. There was a little village up ahead, and I figured I had best get past it."

Before Ed could get past the village, he encountered two German soldiers, got away from them, hid in some trees, and eluded capture. (*Ed. Note: This is a story in itself which was printed in the June 1982 ZADA Journal*). He traveled at night, as he had during his previous escapade, stole boats and crossed rivers, got food from a few German homes, and eventually reached the front lines where he "surrendered" to U.S. Army troops.

Back home after World War II, Edward W. Appel took on activities of a more gentle nature, and he established his business career in wholesale and retail sales of oil products. ■

Pilots Who Completed a Tour in a Bomber Group and then Flew Fighter Planes in Combat During World War II in the 8th Air Force, European Theater

Edward W. Appel

445th, 93rd, 389th Bomb Groups
56th Fighter Group

Frank Beatty

492nd & 467th Bomb Groups
479th Fighter Group

George Bradley

458th Bomb Group, 56th Fighter Group

Maury Coplan

94th Bomb Group, 361st Fighter Group

Russell DeMont

93rd Bomb Group, 355th Fighter Group

Karl Dittmer

385th Bomb Group, 487th Fighter Group

Douglas Drysdale

100th Bomb Group, 364th Fighter Group

Gervais W. (G.W.) Ford

453rd Bomb Group, 4th Fighter Group

Wayne Fox

446th & 482nd Bomb Groups
364th Fighter Group
5th Emergency Rescue

Richard Gray

466th Bomb Group, 355th Fighter Group

Frank Hanzalik

453rd Bomb Group, 359th Fighter Group

Jack W. Hayes

96th, 388th, 452nd Bomb Groups
355th, 357th, 55th Fighter Groups

Richard Henderson

448th Bomb Group, 352nd Fighter Group

Francis R. (Frank) Hill

452nd Bomb Group, 352nd Fighter Group

Thomas O'Dwyer

453rd Bomb Group, 361st Fighter Group

Roscoe Pease, Jr.

492nd Bomb Group, 479th Fighter Group

James J. Scanlon

453rd Bomb Group, 4th Fighter Group

David Swift

398th Bomb Group, 364th Fighter Group

FLY THE FLAG — AND BREAK THE LAW!

Reprinted with permission from THIS ENGLAND, Summer 1995

by Roy Faiers, Editor

A shoal of letters from irate readers arrived at our offices just before Easter, complaining that as VE Day was approaching, people in various parts of England were being ordered to take down the Union Jack they had put up on their houses — because it is against the law!

Being still close to April Fool's Day at the time, one might have been forgiven for thinking it was some kind of joke, but no — *This England* followed it up and found the reports to be true, thus confirming to what unpatriotic depths Britain has now sunk. Take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband of Wiltshire . . .

Emma (33) and her husband Christopher live in a pretty 18th century cottage on The Green at Marlborough, an elegant Georgian town. Both love their country dearly and, with Victory Day looming, they thought how splendid it would be to hoist the Union Jack over their cottage. So Emma bought a six by four foot flag from the local British Legion, threaded it onto a brass curtain rod, and proudly fixed it up on the front wall of their old brick home.

Their patriotic action delighted fellow citizens of Marlborough, and dozens of them — particularly the elderly — complimented the young people on their initiative. Many other local people thought of doing the same thing, flying the flag to celebrate Britain's great sacrifice and the peace we won fifty years ago . . . but then the hand of Big Brother cracked down.

A neighbour with Left Wing views reported the Union Jack's sudden appearance to the local council, claiming it made the cottage look like the headquarters of the National Front! Council officials delved into their books and bylaws and decided that, since the cottage was

a Grade 2 listed building, planning permission was required before the flag could be flown since it might be construed as an advertisement! The cost of applying for that permission would be £160, because the council's planning committee would have to investigate it, details of the application would need to be published locally to enable anyone else to raise objections and, assuming it received the committee's approval, it would need to go to the full council meeting for endorsement of the decision. All this would take several weeks, if not months, and there could be no guarantee that the Younghusbands' request would be granted.

Phew! Emma and Chris, like most young couples struggling to make ends meet, decided they couldn't afford it, and they didn't want to flout the law . . . so they slowly hauled down the Union Jack, folded it up and put it away in a drawer, even though *This England* offered to pay the fees involved.

Emma said, "The Union Jack represents our national identity. We should all be proud of it. There is a tremendous amount of suppressed patriotism throughout the country and I think everyone should fly the flag. But now we just feel so fed up with all these pathetic rules for this and that."

The district council's Director of Planning, John Lee, told a local newspaper: "It is not a question of patriotism. The cottage is in a conservation area and we don't want to encourage people to hang flags out — the effect would be horrendous."

Mr. James Hill, Conservative MP for Southampton Test, said: "Possibly the last resistance we have got to the European Union is to put

up our national flag. Put the flag back up, I say, and to hell with the consequences!" Another Conservative MP, Sir Teddy Taylor (Southend East), who was one of those awarded a Silver Cross of St. George by *This England* for defying his own government and voting against the Maastricht Treaty, said: "This is the kind of ridiculous busybody bureaucracy that infuriates people. It would provoke a riot if it happened in my constituency. I think someone should throw the council officials in the village pond."

Perhaps the final irony, which strikes any visitor who goes to Marlborough these days, is that there's a large flag flying only a few yards away from Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband's cottage. It is also on a listed building, but the council hasn't asked for it to be taken down.

If not, why not? Maybe because no one has ever complained about it being there since it was first hoisted up thirteen years ago. But it's not the proud red, white and blue national flag of Great Britain. Oh, no, this is a tri-colour of red, white and green, and you can see it flying outside a spaghetti restaurant further down the street.

It's the flag of Italy . . . and that's fine and dandy for the petty officials and misguided socialists who still lurk in odd corners of our green and pleasant land.

You can hoist any flag you like, it seems — the Hammer and Sickle, the Rising Sun, and even the Swastika, I suppose . . . just so long as it's not the Union Jack. People might think you were going all patriotic!

Editor's Note: So you think that we in the States have troubles giving the Flag "due respect"? ■

FOLDED WINGS

HQ

Henry W. Counts
Harry S. Futor
Robert L. Gates
L.C. Oldham

44th

Walter H. Eichensehr
Harold G. Faust
Ellis R. Seaton

93rd

Ralph Finnicum
Ralph J. Glenn (446th)
Oscar R. Krebd

389th

Floyd E. Beel
A.L. Berthelson
William J. Denton
Lawrence N. Freas
Anthony T. Galgano
Harold Morriss
Col. John Repola
Louis Singer
Clayton G. Woodward

392nd

Ben Ortenberg
William L. Wallace

445th

Charles E. Painter
William Rasmussen
Ellis E. Snee

446th

Edwin L. Book
Deane G. Curry
Charles G. Mixson

448th

Patricia A.S. Jonson (AM)

453rd

Jerome E. Baier (467th)
Donald C. Baldwin
Herbert G. Lambert (HQ)
Joseph E. Meintel
Robert E. Nelson
Howard P. Shaw
Fred E. Strickland

458th

Stuart Goldsmith
Joseph L. Landers (392nd)
Richard D. Robertson
William V. Sanders
James E. Snowden
L. Saylor Zimmerman, Jr.

466th

Michael A. Colicigno
Ray N. Edwards
Roy Guy

467th

Melvin L. Bland
Gerald J. Gebauer
Lloyd Haug
Daniel B. Wright

491st

Anthony P. Riccio
William R. Starnes

492nd

Alfred S. Randall
Robert J. Silva



POOP from GROUP 467

BY RALPH ELLIOTT

In the Winter 1995 *Journal*, I wrote asking for information about the crash of "Belle of the East" at the request of Richard Lindsay of King's Lynn. Ken Ireland, copilot of crew W-40 (pilot Fred Enck), whose crew flew the "Belle" to the UK from Wendover and flew 29 of their 35 missions in the "Belle," has responded and reports that he has been corresponding with Lindsay for some time. Lindsay had reported to him that a photographic memorial has been put up in the Village Public House in Belten and that the pub might be renamed "Belle of the East." Enck's crew was not involved in the King's Lynn crash. The pilot was probably Craig Harrison. Mort Schecter of the 467th, who lives in Los Angeles, was one of the survivors (tail gunner), and should be able to shed additional light on the crash.

Vince LaRussa has also received letters from Lindsay asking the same questions and listing the same names. I'm puzzled. Like so many inquiries, this looks a little bit like a fishing expedition — with too many hooks on the same line. Time will tell!

Having said that, I now pass on a request for information on the 11 June 1944 bombing of the Blois/St. Denis railroad bridge from M. Philippe Canonne, 2 rue Assolant, 41.000 Blois, France. The 458th, 466th, and 467th Bomb Groups participated. Philippe writes that he is a history/geography teacher and is working with French archives about the bombing of the Loire bridges. He says, "Recently I received a letter from the city settled near the remains of the bridge. (They agree) with my project for a commemorative marking stone to honor the American air crews who participated in this mission and for all the 8th Air Force." If you were on that mission and are interested in following up, you can write directly to Philippe. I will send you his original letter if you like, but would also appreciate knowing the outcome of your contact with him.

I recently received a request from Martin Bezon, mickey operator

on William Chapman's crew, for information on the burial place of Lt. Harold P. Van Tress, their navigator who was killed on the mission to Berlin. The crew bailed out over Russia and the survivors took the long way back to Rackheath. Van Tress was originally buried in Landsberg. The answer is that he is now buried in Site D-319 in the Ardennes American Cemetery in France. That information was available from Vince LaRussa, who is in the process of compiling a listing of the final resting place of all KIAs from the 467th BG, by cemetery and by site, if possible. Vince's problem is that accurate information is hard to come by. While the info on Lt. Van Tress is accurate, the information on the other crew members listed as KIA that day appears suspect, and we are in the process of trying to untangle those records.

Vince LaRussa and Phil Day have listings of all kinds, including a list of everyone ever assigned to the 467th, which will eventually be published as an addendum to the latest printing of Alan Healy's *History of the 467th*. Drop Vince or me a line if you have a question or need an answer. His address is: Vincent LaRussa, 8570 N. Mulberry, Tucson, AZ 85704. Copies of the book are still available from Vince for \$40.00, which includes postage. Those owning the book will get the addendums when issued. Many of the listings in the original *History* were in error, and the addendums are much more accurate and include many more names. In fact, names are still being added.

I had a great Christmas letter from Lill and Perry Watts from Salhouse/Norwich with reminders of the wonderful VE Day celebration at Rackheath. Perry did a sketch of "Witchcraft" flying over Salhouse Church and presented a framed copy to each 467th veteran at the dinner on the evening of May 8, 1995 at Salhouse Lodge. For me, that evening was the highlight of the week. I missed the 467th reunion in San Diego in October, and so missed seeing the Watts' at their first reunion with the group in the States, but I was glad to hear that they will try for Savannah next October when the 467th meets there. If you go to England in the meantime, be sure to contact Phyllis DuBois at the library, who will put you in touch with local friends of the 2nd Air Division like Perry and Lill to show you around. My only regret on the VE Day trip was that we ran out of time and didn't get around Norwich to see more of the city and the surrounding area. One more trip to Rackheath is on our "futures wish list." We have a dozen reasons to want to go back. We're not short of English friends — we're just short of time. ■

MARCH 6, 1984

An Epilogue by George H. Lymburn (445th)

Editor's Note: In the Summer 1995 Journal, George Lymburn recounted some important dates. Another important date is the 40th anniversary of his crash landing on March 6, 1944. He describes it here . . .

Early in 1984, my son Bruce was at a friend's house browsing through Roger Freeman's book, *The Mighty Eighth*. On page 115, a picture of a B-24 arrested his attention. The props were off on the starboard side. He read the outline: "Two that did not come back from Berlin. Sole 445th BG B-24 lost on 6 March 1944 was 42-7566 Q+."

Quite excited, Bruce called me. After he described the B-24 and read that outline, there was no doubt that it was indeed "God Bless Our Ship."

I was dumbfounded. Who took the picture? How did it find its way into the book? And what memories would now start being recalled?

There was a series of events that took place — from the time we were hit by flak to the time I crash-landed the plane — that I had never told anyone, not even my fellow POWs.

Shortly after the first call, Bruce phoned again saying that he had found one of the last flying B-24s, at March Air Force Base in Riverside, California. It was owned by Dave Tallichet, and Bruce had received permission for us to enter the craft.

We set the day of our meeting. It occurred to me that if I was ever to tell the truth about what happened when I was shot down, this would be the time; and if I was ever to tell anyone, my son Bruce would be the first and obvious choice.

So in February 1984, we entered the B-24 at Riverside. Bruce sat in the copilot's seat and I sat in the pilot's seat. Then for the first time,

I related the series of events that occurred on March 6, 1944.

And having told that story, it was obvious to me that I needed to take one additional action to bring this wartime experience to closure.

On March 6, 1984, forty years to the day I was shot down, Bruce flew down from San Francisco in his Cessna and picked me up at the Santa Monica Airport. We flew out to Hemet, where I went through a parachute training course, went up to 2800 feet, and finally — at last — made my first parachute jump.



My relationship with Bruce was greatly altered following this series of experiences. Of all the results, this is the most gratifying. We also collaborated on a story called "Son! That's My B-24!" ■



Open Letter To the 93rd

BY ALFRED ASCH

This is my first Open Letter to the 93rd since I became group vice president last June. I will try to do as well as Floyd Mabee has done in all his past years of dedicated work.

The last six months have been busy for some of us on the affairs of the 93rd. Cal Stewart continued hard at work on getting our history book published. Yes, we are going to soon have a history book! On 12 December, Cal told me that everything is ready for printing and binding, and final production was expected for January 1996. Floyd Mabee has been busy working on a final Roll of Honor for us which we will put in our display case at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, Savannah, Georgia. Paul Steichen has been publishing our "Ball of Fire" newsletters which are always so well done and serve to hold us together. I have been learning what a V.P. is supposed to do as well as acquiring and arranging artifacts and memorabilia for our display case at the museum. On December 11, I sent them many accession worksheets for the items I have collected, reworked, rephotographed, framed, and reframed — pictures, maps, and many other things.

How did the museum display project come about for the 93rd? Major General Ramsay Potts called me a few months ago and briefed me on the museum. He said that Paul Steichen referred him to me and that I would be the best one to accomplish this project for the 93rd since I lived in the Washington, D.C. area. I had to agree with Ramsay that getting display space at the prestigious Mighty 8th Museum was indeed an opportunity of a lifetime to tell the world about what a great group we were during WWII. Our display has to be completed before May, 1996, the scheduled date of the museum opening. Ramsay is one of the directors of the museum and he arranged for us to get the display area.

Let me ramble a bit about how things are progressing with our display. We are receiving a case with a display area that is sixteen feet long and five feet in height. It will be nicely encased with a glass facing and overhead lighting. I have divided the display material into three distinct parts. This was a natural, as all of you know, i.e. there was "The Beginning" where we couldn't fly very far over enemy territory with our small bomber force without fighter escort because of the overwhelming superiority of the Luftwaffe. But the German submarine was a great menace, so we did submarine patrol and bombed submarine pens on the coastal areas of Europe. Then some of us went to Africa to help push Rommel's African Corps out of the desert. After returning to

England in March, 1943, we hit a few tough targets such as Vegasack. At the top of "The Beginning" will be a colored 21" x 26" picture of three B-24s flying close formation returning from a mission. The 24s are "Jerk's Natural," "Shoot Luke," and "Eager Beaver." Rollin Reineck donated this picture, which I had framed. It is in this part of the display where Colonel Ted Timberlake will be featured, showing him briefing us for our first mission, and then hosting King George VI when he visited us while we were still at Alconbury.

"The Beginning" ended when we returned to Africa to fly the low altitude Ploesti mission, Operation Tidal Wave, August 1, 1943. This part of the display is devoted to this mission, and we will show pictures of low altitude formation flying, Ploesti refineries burning, a route map, and Lt. Col. Baker and Major Jerstad are

Our display space at the prestigious Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum is indeed an opportunity of a lifetime to tell the world about what a great group we were during World War II.

featured, having received the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously. The Air Force has promised to loan us a medal for the display. General George Brown, who became Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Major General Ramsay Potts are also featured, having received the Distinguished Service Cross. Mrs. Brown has donated Gen. Brown's medal and Ramsay has found his for the display. At the top of the display area devoted to Tidal Wave will be a 24" x 34" framed, color picture of B-24s (one on fire) leaving the Ploesti refineries burning. This was donated by Ramsay.

The third part of the display will be called "Operation Pointblank." As you all know, this phase of the air war started in the late fall of 1943 as a major effort to defeat the Luftwaffe before D-Day. Our Air Force leaders were convinced that D-Day would fail with a strong German Luftwaffe. The 8th Air Force was receiving large numbers of bombers and longer range fighter protection to defeat the Luftwaffe and to hit strategic targets deep into Germany. At the top of this section is a 21" x 26" nicely framed picture of "Wham Bam" just taking off from Hardwick at the start of "Pointblank." It's an original that was published in the *Illustrated London Times* on October 16, 1943. Since this was my crew's airplane, my mother saved the article for me. There are maps, charts, and pictures to show this phase. Mrs. Brown gave us two old program pamphlets, one to commemorate our 100 mission milestone when we received the Distinguished Unit Citation, and the other is the original program to celebrate the end of the war. Also in this section will be our Roll of Honor in an Air Force blue colored notebook donated by Floyd Mabee. Finally, in the lower right corner will be our history book written by Cal Stewart.

It is impractical to list here all the items that will be in the display. Some of the other donors include Gerald Melmood, who sent me his navigation kit filled with old British maps, computer, plotter and straight edge which he used during the latter months of the war. A map, along with his computer and plotter will be shown. Walter E. Smelt, a gunner, sent me a WWII aircraft recognition book and a canvas knapsack which will be treasured by the museum. Lastly, I will be forever grateful to Cal Stewart for permitting us to use material from his 93rd history book. He also sent me several additional items that will be treasured by the museum.

As indicated above, I have sent the accession worksheets to the museum. I am deeply indebted to my wife, Naomi, for putting up with me over the last several months. I didn't do

much of anything else except work on the display, and now her living room is cluttered as I had to lay out the items in a sixteen foot area to make certain things fit together. Ramsay Potts came over to view the final, and made several fine suggestions for improvements. He gave me good support, including the donation of a model B-24 he received from the Air Force Historical Foundation. Ramsay arranged with Mr. Dana Bell of the Smithsonian Institution to have "The Duchess" and our tail markings painted on her. With the model will be featured Pop (Herbert F.) Hastings, as he was the crew chief of "The Duchess." Again, my mother saved an article published in the feature section of the *Stars and Stripes* about Pop and "The Duchess," with the heading "The 'Duchess' is Queen of the Libs" for having flown 47 tough missions without an abort. "The Duchess" finally went down fighting on her 54th mission as witnessed by Sgt. Donald Decker of Kalamazoo, Michigan from another B-24 in the formation. My mother saved the articles because "The Duchess" was given to our crew when we returned from Africa. Ramsay Potts and some of my crew flew "The Duchess" on the Ploesti mission.

If you have items you wish to donate to the museum, you should contact the staff there for accession worksheets which you can use to describe the items. The address is: The Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum, P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402, phone 1-800-421-9428.

Another word about our history book: I have sent Cal Stewart a check to purchase twelve books to give to selected Air Force and other organizations. I will inform you of these organizations after the books are received and delivered.

I hope to see all of you at our next 2ADA reunion, this coming June in Milwaukee. ■

"HULKING" HAS RETURNED!

by George Reynolds (458th)

Well, sort of. On 22 April 1995 (a night of infamy in East Anglia exactly 51 years before when enemy fighters made devastating attacks on 2AD Libs over their home fields) a replica of a RAF air traffic control tower was dedicated at the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio. "Hulking" was the call sign of the tower at Horsham St. Faith, home of the 458th BG, and has been in radio silence since June, 1945. Present for the dedication were seven members of the 60th Station Complement Squadron that staffed the control tower for the 458th. They were: Alben Shelton, CO, Louis Freiberg, James Graham, Harold Knox, Herbert Perry, Bernard Schaefer and James Smith. Robert Sellers, Flight Control Officer for the group, also attended.

The tower was erected through efforts of the Eighth Air Force Museum Foundation, and its price tag of \$250,000 was met by donations by 8th AF Historical Society members. It was built as a memorial to the 26,000 air crew members of the 8th AF who didn't survive the war. The exterior is as shown at right, and the interior will have vintage maps, weather charts, bunks, teletype machines, Aldis lamps, emergency gear, and radios. These will serve as true educational examples for future generations, to show them "how it was" — not as the revisionists proclaim.

The RAF built 100 similar towers throughout East Anglia at their air bases from 1939-41. Beginning in 1942, many of the bases were turned over to the 8th AF. Along with them came their vital experience in weather forecasting, navigation, and radio/radar communications which were centralized in the towers and



This new RAF control tower on U.S. soil is one of many memorials honoring the Mighty 8th.

highly lacking in the still-novice Yanks.

On the first floor of this facility there is a section containing more than sixty bricks collected from former 8th AF towers, where possible. Each brick has a brass faceplate to identify the base of origin and is placed to represent its location on an area map of East Anglia.

Every possible source was checked to ensure that this tower is as authentic as the originals. One of these sources was Robert Sellers, who served as a consultant to the builders for about three years. As the 458th Flight Control Officer, Bob was an innovator and inventor extraordinaire. He used the expertise of flight

control from the British counterparts and combined it with our air traffic procedures to organize a very effective system to move air traffic in and out. Also, he and Art Goldberg "moonlight requisitioned" an APQ-13 airborne radar set and modified it to establish what is now recognized as the first ground controlled approach system in the Air Force. This allowed 458th aircraft returning from missions to land at their base during inclement weather which would have been otherwise impossible. This procedure was then adopted by other bases in East Anglia, providing untold advantages to the war effort, and to peacetime flight operations in later years.

Lou Freiberg arranged for a display of memorabilia on the first floor from the flying control "caravan" crews. The photos and documents depict functions of a mobile control tower that went to the runway's end for take-off and landings, which were used about 70 percent of the time during operations. Caravan crews worked out on the field because often they could not see all of the runway in use from the tower's "greenhouse." And frequently besides doing the usual radio work, they stood out in the open firing yellow flares at the runway's approach end to aid pilots in those last critical moments of landing, especially in marginal weather, fog, or precipitation.

Realism inside the control tower is such that in a quiet moment, you just might hear echos of radio calls to Hulking tower from happy, flying warriors requesting flight departure clearance to go home in June, 1945. Don't miss it!

Thanks to James Graham for the photos and to the Air Force Museum's *Friends Journal* for the assist. ■



Equipment in air traffic control at 8th Air Force bases in England was crude compared to today's standards, but it was effective.

For four decades, Kay Hutchins believed her brother died in a blaze of glory when his bomber and two dozen others, left vulnerable by a navigator's blunder, were shot from the sky in three minutes over Germany.

The truth: War criminals had tortured Newell Brainard, pumped two bullets into his head, and dumped him and other victims in a mass grave.

The U.S. Government had known his fate, but never told his family — either to spare them or because the information became lost in bureaucracy.

It was a chance exchange of letters that cleared the mystery and drew together two people from opposite sides of a terrible war that scarred both of them. Kay never would have found out if not for the tireless work of a German man who, as a young boy, watched the planes fall from the sky. Sometimes Kay Hutchins wishes she didn't know.

The Skies Over Kassel . . .

The story begins in England, on the misty morning of Wednesday, September 27, 1944. The 8th U.S. Army Air Force left its bases for targets in central Germany. Copilot Newell Brainard's 445th Bomb Group was assigned to the Henschel locomotive factory in Kassel, which was believed to be building tanks and cannons.

At the point where the groups split into separate bombing runs, amid cloudy skies and poor visibility, the leader of the 445th deviated 30 degrees from his route.

"That Mickey man (the radar navigator) in the lead ship has screwed up," one navigator said over his intercom. "We shouldn't have turned yet."

In moments, the planes were separated from the other bombers — and their protective fighter escorts.

The bombers of the 445th mistakenly flew to the town of Goettingen and dropped their bombs with no casualties or significant damage. Then the lumbering, vulnerable bombers followed the planned route back — 50 miles behind the other planes, which had made a successful raid on Kassel. Veterans say the leader may have actually thought he was still on course and had bombed Kassel.

"It was a complete fiasco," recalls battle veteran George M. Collar.

The Germans, pursuing the main convoy, launched ME-109 Messerschmitt fighter planes — designed to distract American fighters — and slower, more deadly Focke Wulf 190 stormfighters especially built to pick off bombers.

About 45 miles southeast of Kassel, the 150 German fighters instead came upon the lagging 445th. Within three minutes 25 American bombers were spiraling down in flames. Five more later crashed trying to get home or returned so damaged that they were declared total losses. It was the greatest loss of bombers for any individual group of the 8th Air Force.

During the battle, gunners aboard the bombers and several late-arriving American P-51 fighters managed to down 29 German fighters.

From their B-24, nicknamed "Patches," Newell Brainard and his pilot, Lt. Raphael Carrow, saw the plane in front of them burst into flames. Newell pounded on Carrow's arm — an engine was afire and Germans were bearing down. "Patches" tail assembly had been all but destroyed. A fire spread and the crew was bailing out.

"Brainard was trying to get out, (but) the bomb bay was a roaring inferno," Carrow later wrote a companion. Carrow finally made it to the bomb bay but found only blue sky — the plane had split in two. He had no choice but to leap into the abyss.

Carrow, one of 121 Americans taken as prisoners of war, knew when he bailed out that Newell Brainard was no longer in the plane. But he never learned his copilot's fate. He believed, as did most, that Newell was one of the 118 Americans killed that day as their planes fell in a 20 mile circle around the small town of Bad Hersfeld.

On the ground, a 12-year-old boy watched in awe as the explosions formed black clouds in the sky and airmen parachuted to earth. His name was Walter Hassenpflug.



2nd Lt. Newell Brainard, 445th BG, 700th BS, copilot on Lt. Carrow's crew. Shot down on the Kassel Raid, 27 September 1944, and murdered by civilians.

HOW DID MY B

Kay Hutchins thought her brother, Newell Brainard, was killed when his plane was shot down. It took forty years, and a chance meeting,

"Killed In Action"

Back in West Palm Beach, Florida, the Brainard family learned that Newell was missing in action.

In November 1944, Kay (who had been secretary to the commander at The Breakers hotel, which had been converted to the Ream military hospital) joined the American Red Cross and went to Europe. But there was no further word about her brother.

In September 1945, after he had been missing one year, the army declared Newell Brainard KIA — "killed in action." The family never held a memorial ceremony.

A September 1947 report identifies Newell. He had been buried in March 1946 at the American military cemetery at St. Avold, France, as unknown soldier X-1535. The military used dental records, physical characteristics, and the name "Brainard" found on a wool undershirt on the body to identify him.

It wasn't until April of 1948 that the American military told the family of the identification. They gave no indication that the cause of death was any different from that given earlier — shot down over Germany.

Newell's mother opted to have him remain buried with his comrades.

In later years, Kay became an assistant to actor and part-time Palm Beach resident Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. In the early 1980s, she was a volunteer historian for the 8th Air Force. That led her to Walter Hassenpflug.

The Truth at Last

The day of the Kassel raid, Hassenpflug and fellow members of the Bad Hersfeld Hitler Youth had scattered into adjoining fields, gathering and burning leaflets and ration cards dropped by the American planes.

Two months later, during an American raid a bomb struck his house, killing his parents.

The drama of the Kassel battle intrigued him in later years, especially when veterans from both sides began visiting the area. He began gathering everything he could about it — interviewing townspeople and contacting veterans groups and archives from both countries. His efforts intensified in the 1980s with the launching of a project to build a battle memorial.

In April of 1987, Kay Hutchins got a letter from Kassel veteran George Collar, who had seen in a newsletter a note from her asking for details of her brother's death.

Collar attached a copy of a March 1987 letter to him from Walter Hassenpflug in Germany. Kay saw her brother's name.

"It is possible that he landed with his chute near the village of Nentershausen and was one of the five airmen who were shot to death there," Hassenpflug wrote.

"I was horrified," Kay says now. "I owed it to myself to find out."

In March of 1990, Kay was in New York working with Fairbanks. She decided to board a train for the National Archives military records center near Washington. After spending an entire day in the 8th Air

Y BROTHER DIE?

Newell Brainard of the 445th Bomb Group, was shot down over Germany in 1944. Meeting, to find out what really happened.

Force files, she was unable to find the report about the Kassel mission. A researcher told her it had been missing since 1970.

As a dejected Kay prepared to leave, the researcher stopped her. He told her that what she really wanted was her brother's burial file. He would find it and send her copies. About a month later, 129 pages arrived.

"Nobody had ever looked past the first page of his file," she says now. "It wasn't until I reached page 80 that the story began to gel."

The September 17, 1947 burial report — the one that identified Newell Brainard as the body that had been discovered in a mass grave — was a poor copy, but one word on it could be clearly read: "Murdered."

War Crimes

For the Germans, nothing inspired more hate, or glee at the opportunity for vengeance, than a living, downed American airman.

With American GIs fighting Germans far off at the front, it was the U.S. bombers alone who the Germans saw destroying their factories and towns. And it was the airmen alone whom people could punish when they fell from the sky. But the first Germans to encounter Newell Brainard presented only compassion. They found him lying amid his parachute in a field, suffering a head wound, and they took him to a nearby village, where a Red Cross nurse treated him.

In the next town, the German government ran an *ostarbeitslager* — a labor camp where citizens of eastern European countries were forced to mine copper. Its commanders — under orders to pick up any downed American airmen and hold them for military authorities — quickly learned that some had been captured nearby.

"They were supposed to detain them," says Gunter Lemke, Hassenpflug's interpreter and associate on much of the Kassel battle research. "They took it on their own to murder these people."

One pilot was shot in town; the other four, including Newell, were taken to the labor camp. There, the fliers were interrogated and beaten. Finally, they were led outside and shot with pistols. All five were thrown into a single grave in the town cemetery.

Even as the atrocities were taking place, the labor camp's days were numbered. That week the Russians were in the Baltics, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia; the Allies were marching through the Netherlands. Within months, the war was over, the German Reich destroyed.

Soon after setting up an occupation force, Americans began asking residents about any downed airmen. The townspeople led them to the grave. A February 28, 1945 report on Newell's as-yet-unidentified body said he had been clubbed, then shot. According to reports, the remains had been found in a mattress cover in a box, two bullet holes in his head.

Residents identified suspects. Seven were rounded up; an eighth had committed suicide on the last day of the war.

The Americans set up a war crimes trial that began on June 3, 1947, in the town of Dachau, site of the infamous concentration camp. The military court ruled that all but one of the seven defendants were eager principals in the beatings or killings and not merely curious bystanders, as each of the accused contended he was.

Three were hanged, one was sentenced to death but had already been hanged for another crime, and the other three were given jail terms.

The camp commanders would have shared all Germans' hatred for airmen, and most were put in such jobs specifically because they were fanatics and were especially cruel, say Hassenpflug and Lemke. But it would be pure speculation to try to place a firm motive on the slayings, the two say.

Kay Hutchins says her brother's murderers were "just mean, I think."

A Reconciliation

Newell Brainard's mother died in 1957, never knowing how her son really died. There's no way to know after all these years why or how the military never told Brainard's family the circumstances of his death, says Doug Howard, mortuary programs specialist for the U.S. Army. Howard notes that the military did not have the communications setup it does now, but says it would be pure speculation to blame the omission on bureaucracy. There's no evidence that the military had a policy of withholding such details from families, he says.

Kay Hutchins knows her brother's killers paid for their crimes. She also knows that atrocities were committed on both sides: An American soldier admitted to her that he machine-gunned five German prisoners because one called him a swine.

On August 1, 1990, Kay and nearly 80 other Americans traveled to a site deep in the Hesse State Forest in central Germany. On three granite stones, markers detailed the battle of Kassel and listed the 25 German and 118 American airmen who died.

Five hundred Germans joined the Americans for a solemn ceremony. A German Air Force trumpeter played taps. Former enemies shook hands. Prayers were offered.

Kay Hutchins finally met Walter Hassenpflug. Through an interpreter, the two shared the stories of how each had lost loved ones to the war.

The following day, as church bells tolled, Kay Hutchins would see where her brother's plane crashed, where he parachuted down, and the house where a Red Cross nurse had performed an act of mercy later fouled by an act of evil.

But for a moment, there in front of the stark stones, she reached out to touch the brass plate and run her finger over her brother's name. ■



Kay Hutchins at her brother's grave in St. Avold

Editor's Note: The preceding article, slightly condensed here, originally appeared in The Palm Beach Post on May 31, 1992, written by Post Staff Writer Eliot Kleinberg. George Collar, referred to in the article, was a bombardier on the crew of James Schaen, whose B-24 was also shot down. Collar became a POW, but before he was taken away, Collar was forced to collect all the American dead and wounded in the area. (His story appeared in the Spring 1995 issue of the Journal, page 21).

Of the nine men who were on the crew of Raphael Carrow, five perished either on the plane or upon capture, including the murdered copilot Newell Brainard. Four survived the capture and the war. Since then, all but Carrow have died.

Aside from Newell Brainard, the four additional 445th airmen murdered on that fateful day were John Donahue, of Oliver Elder's crew, and John Cowgill, Hector Scala and James Fields, all of James Baynham's crew.

See the Bulletin Board on page 22 for information on the 52nd anniversary reunion of the Kassel Mission survivors. ■



2ND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION 49TH ANNUAL CONVENTION

The 49th Annual Convention of the Second Air Division Association will be held June 13-16, 1996 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. For further details and registration information, see pages 35 & 36 of the Winter 1995 *Journal*. If you do not have a copy of the *Journal* or for further info contact:

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

EASTERN DAILY PRESS BOOK PROJECT

Enthusiastic public response to our May, 1995 V-E Day reunions in Norwich has inspired the EDP to publish a book celebrating American ties with East Anglia. Your photographs (returnable) and recollections are needed by the end of April, 1996. Send them directly to:

Steve Snelling
Eastern Daily Press
Rouen Road
Norwich, Norfolk NR1 1RE
ENGLAND

The book is targeted for completion by Christmas, 1996. Be in it!

1996 2ADA MIDWEST REGIONAL: THE GERMANS ARE COMING!

Luftwaffe veterans who were our mortal enemies 52 years ago will be hosted at the Midwest Regional 2nd Air Division Association Meeting on September 27, 1996 at the U.S. Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. A number of German pilot veterans, and German civilians who created the Kassel Mission American/German Memorial near Bad Hersfeld, Germany, have accepted invitations and will attend this anniversary commemoration.

Sponsored by the Kassel Mission Memorial Association and the 445th Bomb Group, this year's Midwest Regional will focus on the highest group loss in 8th AF history — the Kassel Mission of 27 September 1944. The 445th Bomb Group lost 30 out of 35 Liberators that day, while the Luftwaffe lost 29 fighters. Among the events planned is a preview of a new media-quality video about the Kassel Mission by the Dzenowagis Group, including archival combat footage and interviews with actual German and American

veterans who flew in the air battle.

General John Huston, Ret., Official U.S. Air Force Historian and history professor at the Naval and Air Force Academies, has agreed to be our banquet's keynote speaker. General Huston was an 8th AF navigator on B-17s during WWII, and will put the Kassel Mission into perspective for us on Friday night.

The Dayton Marriott Hotel has reserved up to 200 rooms, and early response indicates an excellent turnout. Many veterans plan to bring their families for a great historical weekend. To receive a schedule and prices, contact:

William R. Dewey
KMMA, Inc.
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012
Tel. 810-644-1492

THE AMERICAN AIR MUSEUM IN BRITAIN

The American Air Museum in Britain, now under construction at the former RAF fighter base at Duxford in conjunction with Britain's Imperial War Museum, is a dramatic exhibition building large enough to house all of Duxford's American aircraft collection spanning over three quarters of a century of U.S. military aviation. The American Air Museum will use over twenty aircraft and other supporting exhibits to explain the significance of American air power and its part in 20th century history. They are working very hard to get a B-24, and will definitely add one to the display if they are successful.

Through peace and war, the special relationship between Britain and America has grown throughout the 20th century. Britain and America's air forces have a history of collaboration, and East Anglia in particular has had a huge U.S. air presence since the Second World War. It is because of this unique alliance that the American aircraft collection at Duxford is itself part of Britain's history. The American Air Museum in Britain will not only stand as a testimonial to Anglo-American cooperation but also as a memorial to the 30,000 U.S. airmen who gave their lives while flying from British bases during World War II.

Total cost of the American Air Museum in Britain project is around \$17 million. So far, a total of \$4.5 million in U.S. and U.K. fundraising efforts has been secured or firmly pledged. The largest donation, and the one that allowed building work to commence, was \$10 million from Britain's National Heritage Lottery Fund. A shortfall of \$2.5 million is needed for completion.

You can help by sending a donation today to help preserve an important part of American history. Contributions are tax deductible under section 501 (c) (3) of the IRS code, and the U.S. Federal Tax Exemption Number is 52-1326048.

Checks should be made payable to "The American Air Museum" and sent to:

The American Air Museum in Britain
c/o Kessler & Associates
510 11th St., S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

NEW MEMBERS

HQ

Clinton E. Wills

44th

Stanley K. Lipczynski
Ellis R. Seaton
Brian J. McKenna (AM)

93rd

Alford G. Clark
Wanda Murphy (AM)

389th

Ray Govus
Fred K. McConnell
Maj. Thomas R. Riggles (Ret.)
Walter J. Sodo
Douglas W. Billings (AM)
Robert R. Guenther (AM)
George D. Kasparian (AM)

445th

Staten G. Wallace
Stephen W. Boyanowski (AM)

446th

William J. Mah
Alan Senior
Dane Killion (AM)

448th

Donald L. Allen
Carl D. Baldwin
Charles W. Billings
Larry Calvert
Robert E. Carroll
Robert G. Coker
Bruce E. Crane
Daniel Daly
Irving H. Horn
Henry C. Jappel
Harold Q. Kennedy
Edwin A. Kiefer
James F. Kiely
Charles Knorr
Stephen V. Lawnicki
William P. Leibensperger
Joseph T. Marek
Frederick D. Margulies
Albert G. Metzger
Keith Mink
Jeffrey A. Palicki
George J. Peterson
Benjamin H. Poppy
John B. Reynolds
Fred Rowe
Luther D. Rummage
Howard Sandbeck
Donald E. Sharp
Robert G. Silver
E.C. Slack
Howard L. Smith
William R. Stewart
Thomas P. Taylor
George W. Wilson
D.L. Alford, Jr. (AM)

(continued on page 31)



389th Green Dragon Flares

BY FELIX B. LEETON

Since this piece will hit you after the start of the New Year, I hope that you all had a pleasant and rewarding holiday season, that your team won, and that you are as ready as I am to get into the swing of 1996!

This year will be a busy one for the 389th. There will be a group get-together in Sacramento, California in April which is being put together by George Laprath and Bob Stone, who have the situation well in hand. I am looking forward to this one! I have not been in the California capital since one night early in 1944 when we landed there because of an oxygen failure. We did not want to continue the training mission back to Blythe at night, but the maintenance crew got us fixed up in fine order and we were back home just a couple of hours late. I expect to see more of the place this time!

The 2ADA's 49th annual convention in Milwaukee in June will also be especially interesting to me. I lived in the area for almost two years in the late forties, and was a frequent visitor until retirement from Allis Chalmers a few (11!!) years ago. It will be a blast to see the place again. Ironically, the reservation form in the *Winter Journal* offers four options that I would enjoy for nostalgic reasons: Tour #1 to the Oshkosh EAA Center is a trip I have threatened to make but never did. Tour #2 to Old World Wisconsin might show the kind of house we lived in during 1948-50 — a 100 year old stone farmhouse converted into a duplex and nicely modernized. It had 36 inch walls, an oil-fired hot water heating system, and a water softener, and was remodeled beautifully. Tour #3 to the Pabst Theater brings back memories of one of my most enjoyable theatrical experiences. I saw "Die Fledermaus" from the fourth or fifth balcony where one looked straight down on the stage! The ladies in their colorful evening dresses

looked like brilliant disks from on high! Tour #4 to Historic Cedarburg would be interesting as well, since this was in my home area (Mequon/Thiensville). I'm not too sure of its history, but I'm willing to learn! I will make my own arrangements to visit Karl Ratzch's for, in my estimation, the best German food!

I want to echo the call that Geoff Gregory made in the *Winter Journal* for everyone who did not contribute his profile to the 2nd Air Division history book to take advantage of the *second chance!* I agree that we owe it to posterity to make our history and experiences available to those who might be interested. We are particularly fortunate to have so many ways we can contribute. In addition to the Turner SECOND AIR DIVISION 8TH AIR FORCE USAAF history, the 8th AF Heritage Museum offers a great opportunity (see page 39 of the *Winter Journal*), and the Imperial War Museum in Duxford is off the ground. Then there is the Norwich library, which offers the best chance for our history to be preserved!!! The raw numbers offer the greatest insight to the problem. On page 10 of the original 2ADA 8th AF USAAF history, David Turner states that the book contains almost 1,900 personal histories. There are almost 8,000 members of the 2ADA, which means that only about 23.75% of our members are represented. We can do better than that!!

When the first call came for the Turner material, J.W. "Mitch" Mitchell called and wanted to be sure that all of our original crew was represented. Mitch was the "eager beaver" engineer of the crew, so I knew that if he wanted it, it *would* happen. Although there was one member whom no one had seen nor heard from since September 1944, and there were four "folded wings," they are all in the book! One was written by a widow, and one by a daughter. Mitch had photographs taken out of a snapshot taken in Blythe, California, and took care of the rest including the missing one! It *can* be done!

I am sure that crews would be easier to assemble than ground personnel because of the small unit and the possibility that someone may come up with a stray set of orders to provide the clues. Mitch and I have been trying to find our favorite crew chief for several years. We remember him as M/Sgt. Potter, crew chief of "The American Beauty." We have a photograph of him and a couple of his crew, but have been unable to track him down. ■

After My 30th

BY E.W. GORDON (458TH)

When I landed at Horsham St. Faith the morning of June 5, 1944 following my last mission, I thought I could kiss the ground (that was done a lot back then), congratulate myself, and start packing to go home. After all, I was a "happy warrior," and they get sent home. Don't they? I would send out all my dirty laundry. After all, I wouldn't want to go home with dirty underwear and socks. The wool uniform was not a problem — just dip it in 100 octane.

Guess what? The powers that were, in their infinite wisdom, decided I could serve the war effort in another capacity. Orders were cut detailing me to Northern Ireland to teach a refresher course in gunnery. They didn't even ask if I had any teaching experience. The order specified "you will," so I did not argue. Democracy was *not* practiced in the service at that time. I, at first, thought I had misunderstood the man. I said, "Sir, I don't have any experience teaching." He said, "That's perfect, son (that was the first part), you will." I had already learned not to argue with anyone who outranks you, and there a lot of those. They always won!

Barely had I got my cleaned clothes back than I got orders to report to some town in Northern Ireland where I was to impart the wisdom I had gleaned in combat to these new men fresh from the States. We (there were several of us instructors) had a two or three hour layover in Belfast. I remember a guy from either Kansas or Missouri helped me celebrate my new job. Belfast was a pretty city (I think). Not to brag, but I had never in all my time in the service been awarded any prize for sobriety, but at this point my condition could best be compared to this old clinker: A man on a tour through a brewery fell into a vat that was ready for bottling. Three different persons helped him out, sometimes with the use of force. He would go to the

men's room and jump back in, where he eventually drowned — happy.

I taught "nomenclature." Can you imagine how exciting that was? We reviewed the names of all the parts of the Browning 50 caliber machine gun. While there the government threw a dance for us to show some appreciation. They hauled in a truckload of colleens from the countryside so that the men would not have to dance with other men.

I went and was soon introduced to Irish whiskey. (You see, I wasn't into dancing, mainly because I was married, and somehow I felt bound by the marriage vows.) As the night progressed, I kept on sampling to make sure. You wouldn't want my report on Irish whiskey to be hearsay, would you? At one time I commented, "This Irish stuff couldn't be any stronger than Florida bootleg." I awoke around 2 AM sitting just outside the dance hall door — on the ground. In Mississippi, with my luck, I would have been on a fire ant bed. There was a nice family living just outside the gate nearest the mess hall where we could get a real breakfast reasonably. That was my first time tasting rhubarb preserves.

Then I was sent back to England, but not East Anglia. I thought, "Now I'll be going home." No again! Word must have leaked out that once I called my pilot, Jack Umphrey, to volunteer for permanent K.P. if we got back, because that is what I did for the next several weeks. I soon learned that a S/Sgt. would still wash pots and pans. The lowest rank on the base was a sergeant, so we did the K.P. duties while T/Sgts and M/Sgts pulled guard duty. Unhappy "happy warriors," all!

To this day I am glad I was already on the Ile de France in Glasgow Harbor when the Battle of the Bulge happened, or they would have found a place for me in the army. I sure learned the meaning of the word "versatile." ■



491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM

the RINGMASTER REPORTS

BY HAP CHANDLER

RINGMASTER LOGOS DELIVERED TO THE MIGHTY 8TH AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM

The stained glass logos depicting the four squadrons and the group Ringmaster were delivered to museum officials on 30 November 1995. An 8th Air Force patch, as shown, was included. Not shown is the stained glass presentation of "Tubarao" in forming ship colors. These distinctive contributions will be the centerpiece of our display in the exhibit hall of the completed museum.

A Norden bombsight and A-10 sextant, in mint condition, were received from Hawaii, courtesy of Russ Journigan, 855th Squadron lead bombardier. Dick Lewis provided a collection of navigation maps, including rare RAF route maps and silk escape maps. These join the North Pickenham tower log and the original "Lucky Bastard" card from Gale Johnson. Other exhibits include a model of "Rage in Heaven" for the diorama of an 8th Air Force base and an authentic model of "Lookin' Good" which is being prepared by John Formon, son of one of the plane's pilots. John Paller and Burt Blackwell are assisting in the authentication of the nose art and other features of this aircraft.

Jack Van Acker is reported to be finishing an exposed model showing crew members in crew positions as experienced in actual flight. All of these exhibits are being received and coordinated by the exhibit design team at the museum.

Several members have called regarding valuable items such as original A-2 jackets. Valuable or sentimental items of this sort may be provided to the museum on a loan basis. Please specify in your cover letter if you wish to retain title to your memorabilia.

Bill Mulock has provided the museum with the 479th Sub Depot logo and history. This is one of the first support units to provide their record and unit identification. They packed our parachutes and kept us flying! Well done, Bill.

DONATION STATUS

As of 1 December 1995, Ringmasters had donated \$12,165.00 toward the \$40,000 pledged in support of our own museum. The museum on 1 December needed \$411,000 to complete its 1995 goal of 1.5 million dollars.

RINGMASTER HONORS FALLEN CREW

Jack Shay, one of the first to complete a combat tour in the 852nd Squadron, recently established a scholarship fund honoring seven comrades who perished on 7 June 1944 after a direct flak hit near Angers, France. A graduate of Fenwick High School (Oak Park, Illinois), Class of 1933, he announced his scholarship at a recent class reunion.



Jerry Ivce, chairman of the museum committee and an accomplished artist, presented these six stained glass representations of squadron, group, and 8th AF logos to Buck Shuler on 30 November 1995 for inclusion in the 491st's exhibit at the Mighty 8th AF Heritage Museum. The representation of "Tubarao" is not depicted.

"There I was, an 'old guy' at 29, and men much younger than I were losing their lives. It's something you don't forget, and I pray for them every night. Last year a friend of mine sent me a list of the gravesites." After receiving this list, he decided to honor them by establishing a commemorative fund in their honor.

Jack traveled from his California home on his motorcycle, 2150 miles, to attend both his high school reunion and the 491st reunion in Cincinnati. Jack took up motorcycle riding 20 years ago at the age of 60. He trained with the California Highway Patrol and rode with them for two years before soloing. This was followed by coast-to-coast trips via motorcycle and two trips to 491st reunions, Dayton and Cincinnati.

Ringmasters salute you, Jack. We will see you in Savannah on May 12, 1996 when we re-

member the more than 25,000 killed during World War II flying from England.

AWARDS POLICY

Prior to August 1944 the Distinguished Flying Cross was awarded to air crew members completing the prescribed tour of combat missions, which was originally twenty-five, later increased to thirty and in August 1944 to thirty-five. Statistical "gurus" on the 8th Air Force staff promulgated the mission increase and reduction of awards on a questionable analysis of the hazards of combat flight.

Many who finished their tours in 1944 and 1945 failed to receive this coveted decoration. It seems to me that this is an oversight (or discrimination) that should be rectified. How about it? Your comments are solicited. ■



Jack Shay has made motorcycle trips from California to 491st reunions at Dayton and Cincinnati, as well as several coast-to-coast trips. Not bad for an "old man of 29 in 1944!"



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

The 492nd Bomb Group has been designated as a WWII Commemorative Community by the 50th Anniversary of World War II Commemoration Committee of the Department of Defense. We will receive a flag and other materials in an entitlements kit being assembled by the Department of the Army. The World War II Commemorative Communities Program was initially projected to enroll some 1,500-2,000 communities, based upon experience with the Bicentennial Commemorative Communities Program. Although the programs seemed to have gotten off to a slow start, they are currently approaching an enrollment total of 7,000 communities.

A MYSTERY . . .

An item of interest in the *Winter Journal* was the letter from Weems Estelle on page 38. Weems was in our bomb group. I wrote to him asking if he was part of a mickey crew. He told me he never flew missions with the 492nd and was never part of a mickey crew. I hope that someone out there will be able to enlighten us. The mystery deepens.

8TH AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM

The 492nd BG has 25 rooms reserved at the Ramada Inn, Pooler, Georgia, for the grand opening of the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum this May. Two other members have reservations at another hotel. The remaining crew members of Elvern Seitzinger will be in attendance for the opening. Their plane was the focal point of the painting "Into the Hornet's Nest." The 492nd raised enough money to buy the original oil painting, and it has been donated to the Heritage Museum. The painting arrived at the museum on June 20th, the 51st anniversary of the mission to Politz.

The Second Air Division Association needs our help in meeting its pledge to the Heritage Museum. The original pledge was for \$100,000. \$50,000 has been sent to the museum already; however, there is an additional \$50,000 needed from the association in early 1996. If you can see your way clear to contribute, remember that all donations, no matter how big or how small, are greatly appreciated. As 2ADA members, let's support the association in this important project.

2ADA REUNIONS

Norma and I will be attending the 2ADA Southern California Dinner at El Toro on February 24. We like to spend a few days in San Diego and soak up some of the warm weather before coming home. We enjoy getting to see our California 492nd BG members as well as members from other groups. We have attended the dinner several times and have had a very good time.

We are also going to Dallas, Texas for the 2ADA Southwest Dinner on March 2 following the executive committee meeting. Dallas is another warm and sunny place that we look

forward to visiting before returning to cold, colorful Colorado. I would like to see all 492nd BG members who live in the Dallas area come to the dinner. No matter which one you attend, a 2ADA function is like being with family. The same warmth is felt whether it is California, Texas, Illinois, Kentucky, or anywhere else the 2ADA members meet.

MIDWEST REUNION, SPRINGFIELD, IL

Elvern and Hazel Seitzinger, Russ Valleau, and Norma and I attended the 2ADA's Mid-

west Reunion in Springfield, Illinois in September, 1995. The weather did not cooperate too much, but we all had a good time.

Neal Sorensen, Ray Pytel, and I served as the honor guard for the candlelighting ceremony. Our trip to Lincoln's Tomb and the courthouse was very interesting. Willis Kirkton and his committee did a terrific job.

We had a catered box lunch from Burger King that was a delicious surprise . . . I didn't know they did that. I was the lucky winner of one of the prizes in the drawing, a little gray mouse handcarved by one of the members.

TAPED INTERVIEWS NEEDED FROM THE 492ND BG

I am still trying to get a personal taped interview from each and every member of the 492nd. It may not seem easy to do, but please give it a shot! ■



Candlelighting ceremony at 1995 Midwest Regional. (L-R): Neal Sorensen (489th), Bill Beasley (492nd), Ray Pytel (445th), and Wilbur Stites (453rd), lighting the candle. Seated at right: Reunion chairman Willis Kirkton and his wife Eileen.



The Winter issue of the *Journal* had an item by Oak Mackey (392nd) on page 19 in which he tells the story of F/O Frank Donovan Gallion. Coincidentally, I received a letter from Henry Kwik, editor of "Bulletin Air War 1939-1945," with pictures enclosed of Gallion's P-47 being lifted out of the Zuider Zee. I shared the photos with Oak Mackey, and one of them is shown above.

Attlebridge Tales



Those of us who went to Norwich in May, 1995 are still living in the afterglow of the wonderful 50th anniversary celebration of the end of WWII in Europe. The warmth and appreciation shown by the English was unbelievable. And appreciation for our efforts keeps coming . . . this month I received two letters, one from Belgium and another from France, in which the memories of the liberation of the continent are still being relived. I wish to discuss the correspondence which has been received from France.

A very young French lad, Philippe Canonne, born at Blois, France, recalls his childhood experiences of going with his parents to the bank of the Loire River where they swam. He saw the piers, the only remains of a rail bridge which once spanned this, the mightiest river in France. He is now 32 years of age, a graduate of Tours University, a professor of history, and has a keen interest in aviation. He is researching the mystery, as he calls it, of the story of the remains of this bridge. He has interviewed eyewitnesses of the bombing which occurred early on Sunday morning, 11 June 1944. Civilian records indicate that no aircraft were shot down and no civilian victims were recorded, a fact of great importance to the French. Philippe quotes the words of the older persons of the village: "Yes, they destroyed 'our' bridge but without civilian casualties!" Philippe is researching this event carefully. He has contacted the American Embassy at Paris and learned that the 96th Bombardment Wing, 466th, 467th, and 458th Bomb Groups were the units involved in the raid. He is working with French archivists and corresponding with members of the 466th Bomb Group and others of the 2nd Air Division.

His purpose is twofold. The *maister* (mayor) of the little town which is near the remains of the bridge is in agreement with Philippe's projects: (1) to write a history about this event, and (2) to install a memorial stone to honor the participating bomb groups of the 8th Air Force who assisted in bringing France freedom from German domination.

When I received this interesting letter, I immediately began my research through contact with a number of 466ers who were on this mission. Our group history, *Attlebridge Diaries*, discusses the event. J. William Tikey, pilot who led the 96th Bomb Wing with Col. Sisco from Group Headquarters as commander, has provided valuable information. Gerry Merket, lead bombardier, provided many interesting comments. M. Harlan Oakes, group intelligence, was not an air crew member but was "sandbagging" (his first and last mission) riding in the rear of the Warren K. Burt plane as an

observer. He flew in the waist position and manned a camera!

The 11 June 1994 briefing was to be mission #53 for the 466th Bomb Group. The target was a huge rail/automotive bridge spanning the Loire River, SSW of Paris. The D-Day invasion was only six days old; weather had not permitted visual bombing. Allied troops were pinned to the beach heads, air support was nil, relief was necessary. At the briefing, instructions were to destroy the bridge at any cost — it was a key supply route for all the Germans who had the Allied forces stopped at Normandy. Tikey remembers the command which came after takeoff, "Bomb visually! Go as low as necessary. The bridge must be destroyed."

The wing formed at 19,000 feet. The lead aircraft carried four 2,000 pound bombs; the other planes had three 2,000 GP bombs (those craft flying formation could maneuver more easily with lighter bomb loads). The entire 96th Wing was instructed to bomb in trail, three

ship elements, as Tikey described, "to give many more bombardiers a crack at the target." Throughout the mission there was solid undercast. Some minutes away from the IP (initial point), a slow, instrument formation descent was initiated. They kept descending until they were clear of clouds at 5,500 feet. They reached the IP right on course and proceeded to the target.

Harlan Oakes, the stowaway, was unaware that this was a top secret mission. The change in the orders to bomb from low altitude after being in flight negated the effectiveness of the automatic cameras calibrated to be activated at "bombs away" for altitude range above 18,000 feet. Consequently, no clear strike photos could be expected. Since Harlan had a K-20 camera, he hand-held it and recorded the results. Sgt. Pop Julian held onto Harlan's chute straps while he took pictures through the rear escape hatch. Flying at such a low altitude, everyone on the

(continued on page 27)



Broken rail bridge, Loire River at Blois, France, bombed by the 466th on 11 June 1944.



The last mission for for the Tikey crew. Kneeling (L-R): Jovaag, Massing, Simels. Standing: Condon, Tevelin, Beerman, Boise, Tikey (holding the Distinguished Flying Goat for misleading 30 missions), Winowak, Scott, Feiling.

489TH NOTES

BY
RALPH L. BELWARD

STOP THE PRESSES . . . LAST CREW MEMBER OF THE RIPPER FOUND . . . DETAILS BELOW

A long lost member of the Van Winkle crew (The Ripper) has been found, thanks to the efforts of Mel (Andy) Anderson, another crew member. Andy found Ed McNichol by checking the National Listing Phone Book.

Ed was discovered living in Stratford, Connecticut, a short 25 miles from where your current VP was born and grew up and had been in Stratford many times since leaving there. After phone calls to the crew members to announce that Ed was with us again, a meeting place was decided upon.

We met 15 September 1995 at Howell, NJ, at the home of Ken Raisch and his wife Martha. Ken was ball turret gunner on The Ripper. This was the first time we had been together since we left Davis Monthan in 1945. We celebrated our reunion and my birthday. Needless to say, "a good time was had by all." A close look at picture "C" on page 175 of the 489th history shows McNichol as he looked then. The picture above shows us as we are today.



Crewmates Ralph Belward, copilot; Ken Raisch, ball gunner; Ed McNichol, waist gunner.

Ed was the youngest member of the crew. He celebrated his 17th birthday on a mission over Germany — what a birthday present! After leaving the service Ed returned to complete high school. He says, "It was a bit tame after being part of the invasion group." He then went on and finished college, married "the girl next door," and has a wonderful life. He worked for the "Great Yellow God," otherwise known as The Eastman Kodak Company, from which he retired. He and Bev have four children.

The three of us will be together again dur-

ing Formation Fun — Orlando 1996, which is the 489th's yearly reunion, and the 2ADA dinner on February 3. Who knows what new memories will be released? Of course our BBBs (Best British Buddies) will be there as well and the tall stories will fly once again.

It is now time to pause and say to Our Maker, "Thank you for the privilege of continuing old friendships and the will and opportunity to develop new ones." All of the 489th wishes each of you ALL THE BEST FOR 1996. May the words of Tiny Tim apply to all — "God bless us, everyone." ■

ATTLEBRIDGE TALES (continued)

mission expected automatic flak, but none came. A convoy of Germans was about one and a half miles to the right, but not a shot was fired. There was no battle damage in the group — the only answer to this was that the Germans were so stunned by B-24 bombers coming in at such a low altitude that they could not respond.

Gerry Merket flew as lead bombardier and John Leeds was lead navigator. In conversation, Merket recalled that after their descent through the clouds and the ground was visible, they were right on course, the Seine River was beneath them, and he sighted the primary target immediately ahead. It was an easy run, and the spans of the bridge were taken out by the 466th BG. The 458th BG was immediately behind them in three ship elements and they destroyed the approaches on both ends of the bridge. He did not recall the results of the 467th BG. In his words, "this was a milk run . . . no flak, no fighters, no opposition, and everyone returned home safely." Gerry had no explanation for the lack of enemy resistance. Tikey's waist gunners, Jovagg and Condon, and tail gunner Massing reported solid hits on the target by the first element.

And from the French perspective, Philippe Canonne declared, "In a few minutes three spans of the rail viaduct were destroyed, break-

ing down a very important route for the German army . . . With this bombing came the hope for liberation. It was the beginning of the end of five years of war."

Following the mission, a citation was issued by HQ Eighth AF, Office of the Commanding General, General Orders Number 466, 12 July, 1944: "The 96th Combat Bombardment Wing is cited for extraordinary heroism and outstanding performance of duty in action against the enemy on 11 June 1944. On this occasion, the 96th Combat Bombardment Wing undertook the task of destroying, regardless of cost to themselves, a bridge of vital importance to the enemy for movement of reserves against invasion armies in Normandy . . . clouds were encountered, obscuring the target . . . descended below the cloud level and bombed from the extremely dangerous altitude of 6500 feet . . . In spite of the fact that the formation was broken in the descent through the clouds, all the bombardment groups . . . made the run on the target and the bridge was successfully destroyed . . . By command of Lieutenant General Doolittle."

But the mission is incomplete: M. Philippe Canonne is requesting our assistance. If you have additional information from the 96th Bomb Wing or any of the three participating bomb groups, or you were in a fighter group which flew that memorable day on 11 June

1944, please write him and share your experiences. When sufficient research is gathered and the memorial is constructed, some of us will want to go to Blois, France, for the dedication ceremony. His address is: M. Philippe Canonne, 2 rue Assoiant, 41.000 Blois, FRANCE.

COMING EVENTS

Please make plans to be with your 466th BG buddies in Savannah, Georgia for the grand opening of the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum, 13 May 1996. Our group will be staying in the Hyatt Riverfront Hotel. If you wish to get in on all of the festivities, you should reserve your room for the nights of May 12, 13, & 14. The reservation form is on page 21 of the Winter issue of the *Journal*. See you there!

And we will be in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for the 2nd Air Division Association's 49th Annual Convention, June 13-16, 1996. Your reservation forms and instructions are on pages 35-36 of the Winter *Journal*. Let's have a large turnout! Bring your pictures, albums, and other things of interest to the 466th hospital room. A unique, one of a kind World War II artifact will be included in the raffle. You won't want to miss the chance of winning this! Bring your contributions to the raffle too. The proceeds will go to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room Fund and to the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. ■

458th BOMB GROUP



BY RICK ROKICKI

SPECIAL 458TH GROUP ENDOWMENT PROGRAM

I held up this column as long as I dared and still make the deadline. I hoped that I would be able to tell you that we met our goal of \$1,000 and that we were the tenth bomb group to be so designated. However, we are at only 80% of our minimum required total, and I am asking those who can afford a small contribution to do so. After running a new roster to see how many 458th members there are, I find that we have 736. Unfortunately, the response has been only 2% of that number. Perhaps it was bad timing on my part to be asking so close to the Christmas holidays, but I didn't factor in that thought last September. Before retirement we went by an old axiom that "twenty percent of the people do eighty percent of the work." I could live with that if it could be applied to our membership. I want to thank all those who have already responded, for you will have left a legacy to the Memorial Room that will live on long after we have made our "last flight." Of course, if we are not successful in this attempt, all money will be returned to the contributors with my sincere thanks. However, I make one more appeal to your generosity for the needed 20% to reach our goal.

458TH GROUP AND SQUADRON INSIGNIA



After receiving many requests for the 458th blazer patch I reordered all the group and squadron insignia, now for the fifth time (the last time was in the Fall 1993 *Journal*, at which time I said *positively* that it would be the last time I would do so. The fact is, it's a fairly high cost I have

to pay "up front" and then hope that sales will recover these costs. The first four times, sales did, and I sent a check to the 2ADA treasurer declaring the profits. The 458th (unofficial) patch is blue, silver, gold, red and white. It sells for \$10.00. The other four insignia, 752nd, 753rd, 754th, and 755th (official), embroidered in proper colors and size, cost \$10.00 each. I will pay the postage. So here it is, fellows and gals, the last chance you have to get any or all of the above. Please make your check out to me and send it to me, at 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. If you wish to call or fax me to see if I have any left, call 410-766-1034 or fax 410-969-1452.

SCHLITZ BEER B-24 PROMOTION

The Schlitz Beer B-24 promotion of 1995, featured on the front cover of this *Journal*, was indeed very successful. I personally bought several 12-packs and distributed them to my four B-17 friends. I told them how to cut the empty carton, join the halves together, and see the workhorse of the 8th AF. Of course I was reminded that my first assignment was with a B-17 group at Snetterton-Heath, and where was my loyalty? My standard reply was, 50 knots faster and carrying twice the bomb load!

ON FINAL

Jim Simes called to advise that Stuart Goldsmith had passed away. Jim was Stu's copilot before he got his own crew. Bob Deegan wrote saying that Maurice Bittler also made his last flight.

I received word from Jordan Uttal that eleven more 458th names were added to the master Roll of Honor in the 2AD Memorial Room. A total of 280 verified names have since been added.

In a two year period from 1993-1995, I sent out 105 letters to potential 458th members. Of that number, 43 joined our ranks. I'm told that this is a better than average return, but I haven't given up on anyone yet. You can help by giving me the names and addresses of anyone you know was with us in England and is not a 2ADA member. By our previous count, you can see that we are losing more members for various causes than we have been able to recruit. I need all the help I can get.

A new 458th group roster will be available by the time you read this. Cost remains at \$4.50 and includes postage. To those who haven't replaced their old roster in the last year or two, it's time to update.

Pete Alden, who is a subscribing member, sent me this small sketch of the tree I planted at the entrance to the air museum at Horsham on our last visit for the VE + 50 celebration . . .

And finally, George Reynolds has been checking with various publishers to get an idea of costs to produce a *fourth* 458th Group History. See details below. ■



458TH GROUP HISTORY IV

Since book III came out in 1988, many inquiries and requests have continued, and George Reynolds plans to publish book IV of the 458th Group History this summer, 1996.

If you have a favorite photo of aircraft, operations, base facilities, or the like (sorry, no crew photos) to include, please send them promptly. After copying, originals will be returned in the same condition as received.

To put your name on the book order list and/or to submit photographs as requested above, write to George at the address below. *Do not send any money at this time.*

George Reynolds
4009 Saddle Run Circle
Pelham, AL 35124

Editor's Note: After Ira had shed his olive-drab and brass buttons for the last time, he spent thirty-three years of his civilian life employed by the New York City Board of Education as a high school teacher of social studies on Staten Island.

My idealism as a beginning teacher in 1949 was probably equal to that which I felt when I first enlisted in the Army Air Forces in 1942. I was a fairly strict and formal person in the classroom, and I am certain that most of my charges never thought of me as a sexual, or maybe even as a human, being.

Early in my employment as an educator, I discovered that the American secondary school pupil, through his or her clothing, language and general behavior, was (and still is) both a leader and a follower of changes in American daily life.

Consequently, as I stood in front of my classes, I would silently recall my own American and British experiences as a young, virile male, handsome and impressive in my uniform with, as the song said, "those wings on my tunic."

I knew that the girls with whom I had socially associated during my off-duty hours while I was in the service, both in the United States and overseas, were similar to many of the attractive young ladies currently in front of me.

How fortunate I was, during those wartime years, to have been unmarried, and, if I had to face the enemy directly, to have been stationed in the United Kingdom.

It is likely that many of my former comrades

OOPS!

by Ira (Welkowitz) Wells (448th)

in-arms, despite the passage of a half century, fondly remember their own amorous experiences while in (or out of) uniform. One of my own most vivid memories, along these lines, did not even involve any personal activity on my part. It went like this:

In late August of 1944, we six very young, and very frightened, youths arrived at the hut which was to be our home in East Anglia for the next several months. Our living quarters housed two crews; I do not recall whether the cots we were to use were available because their previous occupants had finished their tours of duty, or had been shot down.

We looked in awe at our new acquaintances who, after all, had already flown several missions. The five present quickly informed us newcomers that we would rarely see their sixth man.

It seemed that Sixth Man had been in the cadre which had originally established our 448th Bomb Group at Seething, and had qualified as a gunner after his arrival. Beginning with that crew's first combat flight, he had replaced a waist gunner who had been removed from flying status.

Seething, like many other American airfields in England, adjoined, and even surrounded, active farm land. Almost within sight of our housing was a typical rural dwelling.

The family living there included a teenage girl, Beryl. We were told that Sixth Man had met her during the earliest days of Seething's construction, and spent most of his free time with her.

We were amazed to learn that when his crew was awakened in the wee hours of the morning for a flight over enemy territory, his five buddies would take turns running through the darkness to the young lady's home in order to arouse Sixth Man. They had to be sure that he would arrive on time at intelligence briefing sessions. (*He was apparently already aroused — they just had to get him out of there!*)

Coincidental with Sixth Man's crew's completion of its final required mission, and anticipation of rotation back to the United States, we heard that Beryl was "in a family way."

At this point, Sixth Man had made arrangements to inform Beryl's family that he had been "killed in action."

Unfortunately, there was a mistake in timing, and the message arrived while Sixth Man was with his girlfriend, enjoying what he had planned to be a far different encounter.

His crewmates made the westward crossing of the Atlantic on schedule. Sixth Man's shipping orders were cancelled.

I flew my last mission, a thousand-plus airplane raid on Berlin, on March 18, 1945, and arrived back home to join the throngs in Times Square, New York on V-E Day, May 8th.

I never heard of Sixth Man again. ■

Norway Remembers Americans' Sacrifice

by Ed Dobson, Jr. (AM, 44th BG)

August 16 and October 1, 1943, while the 67th was on temporary duty based in North Africa, Lt. Dobson's B-24 was the only plane of the squadron that got to the target and returned to base. In October 1943 the remnants of the 67th returned to England. There, Lt. Dobson accomplished the goal of all copilots: promotion to first pilot with his own plane and crew.

Lt. Dobson knew his job, and he knew the odds. At that time in the war, combat crews had to fly 25 missions. The top brass adopted that number based on an expected 4% loss rate per mission. There was some talk of lowering the requirement to 15 missions, but that never happened. The men figured their life expectancy at eight missions. After eight, they figured they were living on borrowed time.

Until the morning of November 16, 1943, when the mission officer first lifted the curtain from the map to expose a target in Norway, none of the B-24 crews in England expected to go there. The trip involved 1400 miles, mostly over the frigid North Sea. A parachute was only short-term help and rescue virtually impossible. But the Germans had a heavy water plant in Norway, a key to their effort to be first with the atomic bomb.

On November 16th, four bomb groups, the 44th, 93rd, 389th, and 392nd, were assigned to the heavy water target. The weather did not

cooperate. Most planes, including Lt. Dobson's, were called back. Planes that arrived in Norway could not find the heavy water plant, but a vital chemical plant was destroyed. There was little flak, no enemy aircraft, and no American losses. Later, the heavy water plant and its product were disabled and destroyed by Norwegians on the ground, led by the late Knut Haukelid and now known as the Heroes of Telemark.

On November 18th, when the curtain went up to reveal Norway again, the men were more concerned about the long flight over cold weather than about enemy opposition. This time the target was a German fighter repair base outside Oslo. Joseph Stalin was demanding that the Allies open a campaign on the western front to divert Hitler's attention from Russia. D-Day was still half a year away. The Germans' fighter repair base outside Oslo was servicing their fighters from the Russian front. Our bombers would answer Stalin's demands.

107 planes of the same four bomb groups lifted from their bases in the dark of that fog-bound and icy morning. In a portent of what was to happen, the 44th was unable to accomplish its formation assembly. Tail-end planes starting late for Norway expected to assemble on the way. Because of this, when the German

(continued on page 32)

Lt. Ed Dobson was one of many young men who answered the call to fight in World War II. And like too many others, Lt. Dobson did not come home. After his commissioning as a combat pilot in the Army Air Force, Lt. Dobson served and gave his life in a four engine B-24 Liberator bomber. On May 8, 1995, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of the war in Europe, Norwegians dedicated a stone monument with bronze plaque to Lt. Dobson and 62 other American fliers who lost their lives on the mission that began the liberation of Norway.

Lt. Dobson's last mission took him to Norway on November 18, 1943. On the 50th anniversary of that mission in 1993, several men who flew the mission gathered in Norway as guests of the Royal Norwegian Air Force. Over 400 Norwegians filled a church at Lillestrom for the commemorative service. Many had been tortured during the war as members of the resistance.

Lt. Dobson had been assigned to the 8th Air Force as copilot on the crew of Lt. James E. Hill of Midland, TX. They were sent to the 67th Squadron of the 44th Bomb Group, stationed in England, as a replacement crew.

The 67th Squadron was suffering terrible losses, being mathematically entirely wiped out twice by the fall of 1943. On two missions,

MIDWEST REUNION HOSTS OVER 100!

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH), JOURNAL EDITOR

The 13th Annual Midwest 2ADA Reunion was attended by about 100 members from the seven adjoining states. It was held in Springfield, Illinois, September 20 & 21, 1995 at the Holiday Inn East.

Springfield welcomed the 2ADA with what can properly be described as "Lincolnmania," the selling of the life and loves of a future president . . . from the womb to the tomb Springfield is Lincoln! A fine tribute to our 16th President.

The "show" started with a choice of several tours, including a visit to Old Illinois State Capital, now a showpiece for Abraham Lincoln's pre-presidential activities in the state legislature, plus a bus trip to New Salem State Park, where "Old Illinois" is represented in the days of Lincoln's youth, from his rail splitting days, log cabin "book larnin" and law studies, farming, and finally country style politics the "Honest Abe" way. The wet, cold and windy day contributed to the atmosphere of the "rough and tough" days when the USA was becoming a nation, and the country's most trying and "un-Civil" "War Between the States" was still in the far-off future.

to the top via a circular staircase. Elevators whisked our members to the other levels of the bell tower.

Between the tours there was plenty of time for fraternizing, with Fred Dale selling lottery tickets. The prize was "loony," although Bob Suckow called them "geese." Neal Sorensen said, "They waddle like our geese," but Bill Kirkton, the head honcho of the reunion, cut the argument with a decree that "These are loons!" and that's final. Whatever they were, they were beauties. "Loons" are also what the Canadians call their dollar coins, but these are not it!

Willis and Norma Beasley from the "greater Denver area" sweated out the reports of Denver's first snow, which brought us chills and foreboding of the oncoming fall and winter, even if this was still September 21st!

The speaker at the banquet was "one of us," a B-24 pilot, retired businessman (retired, not tired, sez his wife Kate!), and "world traveler," Fran Sweeney of the mighty 467th Bomb Group! If ever you can find them at home (or even in the USA), they're from Monument Beach, Massachusetts. "My kind of people!"

His topic was inspirational and motivational, emphasizing that we continue to be active, to seek new friends, to do new things, and to seek to discover new activities in the third stage of our lives. He pointed out that in the first stage, things and friends are "forced" upon us, parents, teachers, sports and required social activities. In the second stage we are in contact with bosses, fellow workers, clubs and organizations at every turn. It is in the final stage that we must seek out new contacts, new activities and new friends, or become "mental recluses," which usually turns us into coach potatoes and tomatoes.

The 1996 midwest reunion will be held in Dayton, Ohio, with some activities and visits to the Wright-Patterson Air Museum. Besides the Kassel mission survivors from the 445th BG and their families, the reunion will include the 445th BG and any midwest members of the 2ADA. The dates are September 26, 27 & 28. The Kassel Mission group hosts. Check with Bill Dewey of KMMA, P.O. Box 413, Birmingham, MI 48012, for details and reservations (see the *Bulletin Board*, page 22). ■



Committee meeting at the home of Bill Kirkton, August 1995. Left to right: Jim Myers, Fred Dale, Lyman Crumrin, Bernie Deany, Jerry Steinhauer, Bill Kirkton.



Banquet speaker Francis Sweeney (467th), retired businessman and B-24 pilot.

Lincoln is cited quite often for his Gettysburg Address, his "nation divided" statement, and his "fool some of the people all of the time" admonition, which your editor likes to paraphrase as "You can please some of the people all of the time, and all of people some of the time, but when you ever get to the point that you are pleasing all of them all of the time, you are in deep doo-doo and don't even know it."

Another of Springfield's unique attractions is music to your ears . . . The Thomas Rees Memorial Carillon in Washington Park. 2ADA members were allowed to visit with the staff, and listen to the bell music from "way up and within," as well as outside on the park grounds. The bell tower is the world's third largest, and you can watch the bells being played from different floors. The top view offers a panorama of "Lincoln's town," that is, if you can make it



The ladies who did all the work: Joan Myers, Eileen Kirkton, Marge Dale, Genevieve Crumrin, Edie Deany, and Pat Steinhauer.

IT WAS UNFORGETTABLE. There was a late briefing, a late takeoff, and a return to base after dark at 2130 hours (9:30 PM) and Jerry came back with us. Over a dozen B-24 bombers were shot down, destroyed, and strewn about airfields all over East Anglia, not counting standard aerial casualties. Many ships crash-landed. Our 446th Bomb Group dispatched twenty-four Liberators. Two failed to return, but this does not include miscellaneous casualties.

The objective was Hamm, one of the greatest traffic centers in Western Europe, and the target itself was a complex of railway marshaling yards. While most combat flights are scheduled for the early morning, an exceptional proceeding occurred this day. Within two hours of noon, crews were rounded up from all over the airdrome — mess halls, barracks, flight lines, orderly rooms, officers' and airmen's clubs, and wherever else aviators congregate. At exactly 1200 the 446th (including me) was to be briefed for a major mission. When the target, flight altitude, and ordnance were announced, there were many gasps and groans. It was a surprise, not unlike the late briefing.

Flixton Airfield became a beehive of activity. Vehicles brought personnel from briefings to the aircraft, planes were hurriedly bomb-loaded, ground crews hastened to their specialized assignments, and tarmac became busy with equipment handling and testing. Cars and jeeps raced back and forth. "Old Hickory" stood at ready, fully war painted and thoroughly inspected by crewmates Elizer and Whaley. Just a few minutes later the pilot's position cackled "thirty minutes delay." We waited. Unfortunately, it was the only delay. It lasted fifty minutes and the mission was not cancelled.

At 1440, mid-afternoon, we accepted the green-green Very pistol signal from the tower, rumbled awkwardly ahead, raced down the runway at full throttle, finally picked up enough air speed, and barely rose at runway's end. Clearing into a shining sky, we were followed by the rest of the 446th, and our adventure began. Only one aircraft in our 707th Squadron, which led on this day, had to feather a prop and it turned home. He was lucky. We cleared to altitude and droned on.

When met by Focke-Wulf fighters stationed

THE HAMM RAID APRIL 22, 1944

by Joseph Broder (446th)

fifty miles south of Hamm, we were clearly able to see the swastika-painted planes become engaged by our P-47 Thunderbolts, dogfight our escorts almost to a standstill and yet still manage to attack our columns. These Germans were very determined. Bitter battles filled the skies as our turrets turned and fired, friends and foes clashed, and two bombers exploded — smoke and debris fluttering earthward. The FW-190s caught it, too, cannon fire exterminating some of them as our friendlies exacted a degree of revenge. Of the three dozen to forty Luftwaffe interceptors, not less than one-third of them were downed by our snub-nosed, fat-bellied friends.

At that time I caught a glimpse of an enemy face as he broke off an engagement with one of our nearby bombers. Turning hard and swiftly to his left from what was a ten o'clock high attacking position and then standing on his wing before deliberately hurling himself nose first towards the below, I spotted a dark-haired, squinty-eyed, pale looking youth who hardly looked Teutonic. He looked like me.

As our B-24 formation lumbered on to its target, an avalanche of ground fire exploded in our midst, the black puffs of smoke downing still another Liberator in the wing directly behind us. It was identified by tail gunner Baker as being from the 458th Bomb Group. There was little let-up. Massive bursts of enemy fire continued, chaff drops proved ineffective, and the Ruhr Valley's smoke screen all but obliterated the aiming point and the target. We bombed to unknown results.

Dusk was barely beginning to settle as we

were departing the south central sector of Holland and were hit by Messerschmitt 109s, perhaps seventy predators in all. Luckily, our revolving escort was there. A brilliant defensive effort by an outnumbered group of P-51 Mustangs saved our skins, enabling us to escape with losses of only two bombers in our entire wing . . . but three more of the giant warbirds suffered damage. One aircraft had a section of its right tailfin blown out by a twenty millimeter shell, one had Davis wing damage and was fast losing fuel and altitude, and a third ship had two feathered props. These Libs would barely make it back to base or else ditch in the Channel. They might be rescued by the Royal Navy — they might be rescued by German boats — or they might drown and die. Not an inconsiderable number of our bombers had wounded aboard.

More bad news: I was right . . . Our ETA to Flixton was almost exact and would take place with darkness falling. But even worse news was yet to come.

Boche ME-410 fighter-bombers, having followed the division's Liberators, beat us back to bases all over East Anglia and wrought enormous damage, confusion, and casualties. The return from Hamm turned into hell. Intruders struck at almost blacked-out airfields, shot down some B-24s in their landing patterns, and caused blazes and bonfires as ships broke up or belly-landed on nearby farms. Pandemonium ruled. Shots were exchanged. One of the 446th's runways was usable; one wasn't. We landed at Seething, a base about a dozen miles away.

When the 446th awoke to Hamm's morning-after, they hadn't the benefit of the reveling, just the hangover. Runways were potholed from foreign bombs and had to be smooth-surfaced quickly or the field temporarily closed. Wreckage was removed from what twisted metal remained of what was once a Liberator that had just given up ten charred bodies to an already overworked mortuary station. Then another three charburned remains were yielded from an enemy ME-410 aircraft that was still embedded in the B-24. It will never be affixed who destroyed whom on those final fatal yards flown by the young aviators. ■

NEW MEMBERS (cont. from page 22)

453rd

Richard P. English
Sue Kidwell (AM)
Melba L. Ness (AM)

458th

Charles B. Burton, Jr.
Bart Catanzaro
Thomas R. Dahlen
William Doninger
Donald V. Eng
Collis B. England (492nd)
Jackson W. Granholm
Charles Manuguerra

Jack W. Miller

John R. Sherwood
Harold A. Walker
Jane A. Grahlmann (AM)
Geraldine Sanders (AM)
Larry M. Stemple (AM)

466th

Earl H. Beitler

467th

Leonard Schutta
Nancy L. Bland (AM)
Carmen Haug (AM)
Catherine A. Kuchinski (AM)
Paul J. Kuchinski (AM)

489th

O. Edward McNichol

491st

Steven Kany

492nd

G.A. Bohlken
Edwin F. Bremer
Dorsey E. Wiseman

SM

Theodore Battema, John Harvey,
David Mindham, Claude Murray,
Barbara Scott, and Stuart Wright

On January 14, 1945, the 458th Bomb Group dispatched twenty-eight B-24s to Halle, Germany for a strike on the Hermann Goring works that produced benzol and various munitions. Fair weather prevailed to the target and back, thus the crews were able to drop visually and observe good results with many fires and one large explosion from their bomb loads. But the flak crews also took advantage of the same weather conditions and some of the Libs were damaged, although none were lost.

One of the damaged aircraft was "Lassie Come Home," an original from the 10 Azon Bomb ships that was christened with its nickname by her pilot, F/O John T. Tracy, in fond memory of a Cajun queen who waited for him back in Louisiana. Lassie had an engine out when she turned on final approach with full flaps and the gear down about one mile from the runway at Horsham. There were nine men aboard. Suddenly, another engine on the same side quit and the pilot applied more power to his remaining engines to maintain flight. In an instant, with a deafening roar, Lassie inverted and crashed into occupied cottages below.

At 12 Spynke Road, Earl Zimmerman of the 389th BG was having tea with his fiancée, June, and several children were at play in the back garden when Lassie struck her house and #14 as well. After Earl and neighbors were able to get inside the aircraft, they took two crewmen from the waist section. One died there on the lawn, but miraculously the other survived. He was later taken off flying status, and if anyone can identify this man, possibly called "Doc," I would very much like to hear from you.

In November 1994, citizens held a memorial service for another bomber crew that had crashed in Norwich. Later, I told Mrs. Christine Armes (a lady who also knows war firsthand; besides the bombings, as a small child walking to school, she was strafed twice by Nazi pilots, and fortunately their aim was no better than their cause) of the Lassie story that Mrs. June Zimmerman had related back in 1975 at the 2ADA reunion. Then I asked her to check out whether a marker had ever

In Remembrance II

by George Reynolds (458th)

been placed at the site. She found there wasn't one, and suggested we change that.

On September 2, 1995, as a light rain fell, 100-150 people gathered at 14 Spynke Road to hold a memorial service and unveil a plaque, attached to the cottage, in memory of the eight airmen and two children who died in the crash.

The bronze, star and bars shaped plaque



Chaplain Wally Vaughn conducts memorial service, assisted by Christine Armes (left)

is headed by an 8th AF shoulder patch in color, and its message is: "In memory of the under-mentioned members of the 753rd BS, 458th BG, 2nd Air Division USAAF and two Norwich children who died near this spot 14th January 1945. A B-24 bomber, serial #44-40283, nicknamed "Lassie Come Home," was returning to its base at Horsham St. Faith with combat damage and crashed into the back garden here at 14 Spynke Road."

The plaque then lists the men's names as follows: Lt. John J. Clayborn, Lt. Stanley E.

Diehl, Lt. Leo W. Hecht, T/Sgt. Walter R. Denton, Sgt. Rollin E. Chapman, Sgt. Vincent P. Hyland, Sgt. John D. McNeely, and Sgt. Frederick G. Wiehage. It concludes with the children's names: Mary E. Kemp, age 5, and Brian M. Jones, age 9, and a miniature B-24 Liberator.

Chaplain Wally Vaughn, USAF, from RAF Mildenhall began the service by leading the congregation in reciting The Lord's Prayer and singing "The Lord Is My Shepherd." Then he gave a brief summary of the events leading to the crash and invoked God's blessings for those we were remembering. I was honored to unveil the plaque, and Mr. Roger Perry led the assembled in a short responsive reading of remembrance for the deceased.

A poppy wreath from members of the Royal British Legion - Norfolk Co., one from the Norwich Aviation Museum resembling the 458th "tail feathers," another of the star and bars design from Christine and me with the name "Lassie Come Home" in silver letters for the 2ADA, and two singles for the children were placed beneath the plaque.

Christine recited the crewmen's names, positions, hometowns in the U.S., and the children's names and ages. Standard bearers, led by Mr. Ted Shepard, from the RAF Association, Royal Norfolk Veterans, Royal Army Services Corps, Normandy Veterans, Royal Norfolk Anglians Regiment, Desert Rats Association, Air Training Corps, Market Gardens Association, and Dunkirk Veterans presented their colors for "God Save The Queen" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Alfred Jenner, from the 2AD Memorial Board of Governors, gave a graceful presentation of a small plaque that I carried over to express appreciation to Mrs. Armes from the 458th for her work in honoring members of the group so elegantly and tirelessly.

Chaplain Vaughn concluded the moving and memorable services with a short prayer asking God's blessings upon each one present for our efforts toward those we were there to remember. ■

NORWAY REMEMBERS AMERICANS' SACRIFICE (continued from page 29)

fighters did come, it was difficult for American flyers to identify their own damaged aircraft.

And come the Germans did. Fighters based in Denmark intercepted the tail of the formation going in, and most of the formation going back, especially the "tail-end Charlies." Lt. Dobson and the rest of the 44th were "tail-end Charlies" that day.

Of the 107 crews from the four groups, three landed in neutral Sweden without loss of life. Only six of the 107 crews were lost. Of those six, four were 44th "Flying Eight-Ball" crews. Three of the four were 67th Squadron crews, and the fourth pilot, Lt. Ed Mitchell, was an original 67th Squadron pilot who had just transferred to another squadron. The 67th's bad luck had struck again.

A report shows that Lt. Dobson made the bomb run and dropped on target, but no one knows what happened to Lt. Dobson and his crew. Two B-24s were positively identified going down in the North Sea on the return, but neither plane was Dobson's. That left two 67th planes unaccounted for and declared missing in action.

One of those two was piloted by Lt. Earl Johnson of Montgomery, Alabama. One 67th crew was reported shot down in the Skagerak, the sea south of Oslo, prior to the bomb run. That plane must have been Lt. Johnson's. At the end of the war, both crews were declared killed in action. Lt. Dobson is presumed shot down over the North Sea.

The mission was termed a success, as over 70% of our bombs fell within 2,000 feet of the briefed aiming point. Working with the Norwegian Resistance, the Air Force picked a day when the Norwegian work force was on holiday. Only three Norwegians died in the raid. Two half-sisters attending the 50th anniversary in 1993 had lost their father, and one had lost her mother. The two sisters were teens that day, schoolgirls huddled in a bomb shelter.

Later, both women said that they never blamed the Americans for their personal losses that day. They always thought of the Nazis as ultimately responsible for those events.

One of the sisters, Lil Nyheim, invited the Americans to her house the next day for waffles, a traditional Norwegian hospitality meal.

On the wall of her living room was a large and beautiful painting with a hole in it. She explained that the hole had been made by a bomb fragment, probably the bomb that killed her parents. Her parents were trying to get away from their house close to the airfield, perhaps thinking they that would be safer in the woods. They suffered a direct hit and died instantly.

Afterwards, as the small party of Americans gathered in their large van, expressing thanks and love to Lil Nyheim, she waved her goodbye with a four-foot Norwegian flag. Lil and other Norwegians are serious about remembering the American airmen who came to help liberate Norway some fifty years ago, especially those like Lt. Ed Dobson who gave their lives. The permanent stone and bronze memorial was dedicated on May 8th at the air base that was their target that day more than fifty years ago. It is a monument to Norwegian-American friendship as well as to the 63 American fliers and three Norwegians lost that day.

In Lt. Ed Dobson's hometown of Merrick, New York, Dobson Avenue is a reminder of his courage and commitment. ■



RAY PYTEL REPORTING

The "Manna for Savannah" campaign is in full gear, as approximately \$2,000 has been received and forwarded to the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum. This is a good start, so let's see you send in some good old "bucks," "moola," or the "good old green." The campaign is just beginning! Remember, you go to heaven naked — no "worldly goods" allowed — so use them up here for posterity's sake! Make your check out to the Mighty 8th Heritage Museum and mail it to Ray Pytel, Box 484, Elkhorn, WI 53121-0484.

You will recall that the Winter issue's 445th column had an "easy pay" formula of saving a penny on the first day of a month and doubling it each day until the end of the month. George Risko (491st BG) of Birmingham, MI has a problem — he says, "Taking a 30 day month, this would amount to 536870912 pennies, and that would cause a problem in shipping." I wrote George and said, "Just pick a 31 day month, write a check for \$10,737,418, drop the 24 cents, and don't worry about the shipping costs." Anyone else having such problems can do the same! So now what's stopping you??

If by some mischance the museum does not get the necessary funds, it is very possible that someone else will write "our history" and maybe fifty years from now WWII will be remembered for two things, the Holocaust and the atomic bombing of Japan, with the U.S. being blamed for both, a la Smithsonian!

"Whatever you do, don't fly inland into Brazil!" was the universal admonishment to all heavy bomber crews leaving Trinidad, Belem or Fortaleza on their way to Africa. Reports of cannibals, poison-spear-wielding unfriendly natives, and deep impenetrable tropical forests and jungles scared the hell out of most air crews to the point that they'd rather drown in the ocean than fly inland. (In a B-24 a ditching was almost suicidal; the unique "roll up" bomb bay doors would tear off on impact, and with a rush of water into the bomb bays the plane would break in two and sink in about half a minute. Few crew members were lucky enough to climb through the top hatch before the "mighty Liberator" went under.)

"If you go in and get into trouble, we're not coming after you." Most crews obeyed this warning. It is not known how many B-24s and B-17s did go west and inland and never came out... most were presumed lost over the ocean, and that was that.

But some crews did fly west into Brazil, whether by intent or through some navigational errors, and some crews did go down, lost forever, as far as the wartime Air Force was concerned.

Fifty years later, a B-24 was discovered deep in the jungles of Brazil in the very remote, unexplored jungles of the northern state of Amapa in Brazil. After a number of rumors,

an Air Force salvage team went inland 250 miles and found a wrecked B-24 that crashed in the jungle 51 years ago. After sixteen days of digging and blasting the swampy soil with high-powered water hoses normally used by wildcat gold prospectors, the searchers recovered bone fragments and 77 teeth.

Another investigation recovered a wallet still containing some family pictures, and later, still another wallet was found with some 1944 dollar bills. It was determined that the Liberator went down during a severe tropical storm on April 11, 1944 while flying from Trinidad to Belem, Brazil at the mouth of the Amazon

"Strange metal birds" were seen quite often over Brazil during 1942-45, and balls of fire were seen off and on . . . but the natives were too scared to report them, for fear that their gods might punish them.

River. Reports by natives indicate that "strange metal birds" were seen quite often during 1942-1945, and that balls of fire were seen off and on . . . but the natives were too scared to report them for fear that their gods might punish them.

A story in the Daytona (Florida) *News Journal* in the early part of August, 1995 reported the discovery in a story from Rio de Janeiro. The story was sent to me by Michael R. Ciano, one of our members now residing in Daytona Beach. No additional information was made available by the Air Force.

A recent letter from Memorial Room librarian Phyllis DuBois states that the following books have been purchased for the Memorial using income from 1993/94 and 1994/95 445th Bomb Group Endowment Funds: *Disney Dona Dogtags* by Walton Rawls, *First of the Many* by Tex McCrary, *Whistling Death: Test Pilot's Story of the F4U Corsair* by Boone Guyton, *X Fighters* by Steve Pace, *Home Fires: An Intimate Portrait of a Family in Post War America* by Donald Katz, *Combat Crew* by John Comer, and *James Stewart: Leading Man* by Jonathan Coe.

While we are on the subject of James Stewart, *Parade*, the Sunday supplement newspaper magazine of December 3, 1995 under Walter Scott's "Personality Parade" byline, states that James Stewart did not attend the opening of the James Stewart Museum in his hometown of Indiana, PA, but his twin daughters, Kelly and Judy, 44, were on hand to do the honors on their father's 87th birthday, May 20, 1995.

The museum's director, Ellen von Karajan, announced that Stewart's health is good, but that there is a great sadness over the loss of his wife Gloria in 1994, and that he rarely goes out in public. Stewart was a pilot in the 445th BG who went overseas with the group. He was promoted to the rank of Major in late March 1944 after completing 19 missions, and he was

transferred to the 453rd BG and led the Second Air Division on several combat missions. (See "The Buzzin' Twins" — "In Retrospect," page 10).

Ira Weinstein, a Kassel mission survivor, was the guest speaker at the military base at O'Hare Field in Chicago on POW/MIA Day, September 15, 1995. He spoke of his experiences on the infamous Kassel raid of September 27, 1944 by the 445th BG in which 30 out of 35 were either shot down at the target or were so badly shot up in a battle with 100-150 German fighters that they failed to return to the base. Weinstein was on his last mission, and after bailing out of the plane and getting captured he spent the rest of the war at Stalag Luft One, located in Barth, Germany.

Weinstein's talk included many of his recollections of the treatment and conditions of the internment at the Stalag Luft. At the end of the talk, Col. Peter Sullivan, Commanding Officer of the 928th Air Lift Wing, and the color guard escorted Ira to the flag pole, where the POW/MIA flag was lowered and presented to him as a gift. It is now framed and hangs with pride in Weinstein's business office.

Weinstein indicated that he will be "in full attendance" at the Wright-Patterson Museum Kassel Mission reunion next September 26-27-28 at Dayton, Ohio. (See the *Bulletin Board*, page 22, for full details on this reunion).

Al J. Lo Guidice of Jersey City, NJ says this beats the "wild goose" tale of Hut 14 . . .

Apparently his hut went "bunny-napping" and got to eat some U.S. Government rabbit "steak" without getting caught! He starts off his tale as follows:

"Recall the caged great big prize winning-type white (environmental?) rabbits stationed outside our dispensary? You guessed it — a couple of our expert 445th BG "bunny-nappers" swiped one and by 'Nothing Can Stop the Army Air Force' it turned out to be, by far, the best finger-lickin' good chow served in the ETO. Our highest compliments went out straight from our poor achin' GI hearts to our five-star gourmet "barracks chef," whose name conveniently escapes me!

"Dum . . . Dee . . . Dum . . . Dum . . . Needless to say, the base "gestapo," really frothing at the mouth, came "a-searching" for clues, 'Bugs Bunny type' clues! They vowed to show no mercy — when apprehended, the guilty will be hit with a General Court Martial and charged with "stealing and disposing of vital U.S. Government property!"

"Quick as a bunny, the old 'who, me?' syndrome swept from bunk to bunk, so rapidly, in fact, that we all started to sprout wings and halos. Really, you could have hung a CHAPLAIN shingle right out over the hut's door and, I'd wager, with the full spiritual dispensation of our humble base chaplains to boot! Why, take my case: I (a confirmed and confessed GI '10 Our Fathers and 10 Hail Mary's rabbit-dinner sinner) would have been absolved with a half-wink from the Holy Good Father Quinlan, I am sure!"

(continued on page 34)

Second Air Division Heritage League Essay Contest

Official Rules and Guidelines • Deadline: April 1, 1996

FOREWORD

In the belief that the contributions of the Second Air Division during World War II are valuable cornerstones of the freedom we presently enjoy, the 2AD Heritage League annually sponsors the Heritage League Essay Contest. It is designed to encourage young people's clear expression of their thoughts about these contributions through proper use of the written language.

The purpose of the contest is to encourage today's youth in the development of their awareness of the contributions made by the Second Air Division and, at the same time, to provide the participants with the opportunity to improve their skills in written composition, grammar, punctuation, and spelling. A reminder of the courage and sacrifice displayed by those who served in the Second Air Division during World War II to provide our most precious heritage of freedom serves to renew a dedication toward the value of human spirit and freedom.

Contestants are urged to read, and fully understand, the following rules and guidelines.

SECTION I: GENERAL RULES

The Heritage League Essay Contest is divided into three levels of competition: grades 4-6, grades 7-9, and grades 10-12.

(1) Contestants must prepare their essays without assistance other than that needed through personal interviews of veterans, etc.

(2) Any quotations or copyrighted material used must be identified properly. The contestant shall be fully responsible for the use of such material. Failure to identify non-original material will result in disqualification.

(3) The Heritage League shall have the right to edit, publish, and otherwise duplicate any essay entered for use within the *Heritage Herald* and/or the *2ADA Journal* without payment to the author.

(4) The deadline for receiving entries is April 1, 1996. All entries are to be forwarded to Billy Sheely Johnson, 600 Sandhurst Drive, Petersburg, Virginia 23805.

(5) Awards will be presented at the 49th Annual Convention of the Second Air Division Association, to be held in June in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

SECTION II: QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONTESTANTS

(1) The contest is open to all descendants of 2ADA veterans and fallen comrades in the grade levels specified in Section I.

(2) Participants must enter the contest by submitting their essay to the Heritage League President who will forward it to the judging team.

SECTION III: CONTEST RULES

(1) The official broad subjects for entries shall be chosen from the following list (topics may be narrowed as necessary):

- (A) "What is the Significance of My 2ADA Relative's Military Service During World War II?"
- (B) "The Purpose of the Heritage League"
- (C) "A Day in the Life of a 2ADA Veteran During World War II"
- (D) "Life at _____ Airfield During World War II"
- (E) "Freedom: Our Most Precious Heritage" (as it relates to World War II)
- (F) "Why I Would Like to Visit the Old American Bases in East Anglia"
- (G) "The B-24 Liberator" (may be specific about particular positions and their duties, and/or the role of the B-24 in World War II)
- (H) "Why I'd Like to Ride on a Restored B-24"
- (I) "What are the Ties That Bind the Americans and British Since World War II?"
- (J) "What is the Significance of the 2AD Memorial Library in Norwich, England?"

(2) Essays must be typewritten (double spacing required) or neatly handwritten in ink.

(3) Essays shall contain no less than 300 words nor more than 400 words (grades 4-6), no less than 500 words nor more than 600 words (grades 7-9), and no less than 700 words nor more than 800 words (grades 10-12). In determining the number of words, every word must be counted, regardless of length. In footnotes containing quotations, the quoted material must be counted as part of the text.

(4) Each entry must begin with a title page containing the following information: name, address and telephone number of the author, grade level, and total number of words contained in the essay.

(5) The chosen title should be on the top of the first page as well as on the title page.

(6) Each page, including the title page, should be stapled together, not paper-clipped, in the upper left hand corner.

(7) Each entry will be numbered by the essay contest chairperson on the title page and a corresponding number will be indicated on the actual manuscript. The title page will be detached so there will be no identification for the entries other than the chairperson.

(8) Judging will be completed by a panel of three judges who will individually rank the entries. Their combined ratings will determine the winner.

(9) Any protest in the conduct of the judging team must be made immediately after the condition is noted that brings about the protest. Protests received other than immediately after the winners are announced will not be considered. The essay contest chairperson will decide all protests in conformity with the contest rules. The decision of the contest chairperson is final and no higher appeals will be recognized.

SECTION IV: SCORING

Scoring procedures at all levels of the contest will be identical and will conform to the following schedule of points:

- (1) Material Organization (interpretation of subject, adherence to theme, and logic) . . . 40 points
- (2) Vocabulary and Style (diction, phraseology, and continuity) . . . 30 points
- (3) Grammar, Punctuation, and Spelling . . . 20 points
- (4) Neatness . . . 5 points
- (5) Adherence to Contest Rules . . . 5 points

SECTION V: PENALTIES

(1) Failure to write on one of the ten topics listed in Section III, or a topic closely related to one of the ten topics listed, will result in disqualification.

(2) Failure to identify the total number of words in the essay: deduction of 5 points.

(3) Failure to stay within the prescribed number of words: deduction of 5 points for each 25 words over or under the specified number.

(4) Failure to double space (if typed) or write in ink: deduction of 5 points.

SECTION VI: AWARDS

The following are the only awards to be given at various levels of the contest:

The Heritage League will award medals for the first, second, and third place winners in each of the three designated grade levels.

In addition to first, second and third place medals at each level, first place winners will receive a \$100.00 U.S. Savings Bond. ■

445TH BOMB GROUP (continued)

This is a true story, but some names were omitted to protect the guilty, says Al J. Lo Guidice, crewman on the Chuck Thornton crew of the famous 701st Squadron. (Yes, it beats the goose story!)

Thereby hangs the tale of the missing hare. It is apparent that the evidence was delicious! Surely, there must be a lot more mischief that our crews got into in their spare time. How about your experiences?

Another person with "experience" was our Public Hero No. 1 in 1938—a fellow who filed a flight plan to California from the East Coast and ended up in Ireland a day later. "Wrong Way Corrigan" is dead at the age of 88 . . . proof that more than two wrongs do make a right! Wrong flight plan, wrong heading, and wrong country equals "fame and fortune" the Corrigan way! (Wonder what his final flight plan was . . .)

Finally, let me tell you a poem that is quick, short, and to the point:

*Absinthe leads the fool to ponder
A quick and easy line to pass
as "Absinthe makes the tart responder"
Or some such awful gas!* ■

THE PX PAGE

If you have articles or items for sale that pertain to the 2ADA, they belong on the PX Page.

8th Air Force At War: Memories and Missions, England 1942-45

An Unusual, Outstanding, NEW
8th Air Force Book
BY MARTIN W. BOWMAN

An absorbing book that captures the flavor of the air war and Army Air Force life as good or better than any we've read. Hardbound, 7 1/2 x 10" with a colorful dust cover, it is loaded with 197 excellent photographs, cartoons, vintage ads, and pin-ups — many never before published.

Bowman has assembled what he calls a "cast of characters" from almost every bomb group and fighter group in the 8th Air Force. The Second Air Division is well represented, with quotes from all ranks, privates to generals. Combat is covered with quotes from both American and German survivors of Gotha, Kassel, Berlin, Munich, and many other missions. Bowman has projected the full spectrum of 8th AF experience, from chapters on "The Girls" to "Religion," from "Paddlefeet" to "Knights of the Sky."

Hey, if you were in the Mighty 8th, or want to really get the feel of "being there" on the ground or in the air — you've got to add this book to your library! If you were there, your name may be in the book! Send your check for \$32.95 (\$13 is a tax-deductible contribution to the Kassel Mission Memorial Association, Inc.) plus \$3 shipping and handling, a total of \$35.95, to:

KMMA, Inc.
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012

All The Best

by W.J. "Red" Komarek

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93RD BOMB GROUP

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Tel. 503-244-8790

THE KASSEL MISSION REPORTS

"The Kassel Mission Reports" is an unusual compilation of information on the highest group loss in 8th Air Force history which was incurred by the 445th Bomb Group on Sept. 27, 1944. On that fateful day, 30 of 35 Liberators were destroyed by over 100 Luftwaffe fighters in a battle which lasted no more than five minutes.

Included in the 44-page book, which was published by the Kassel Mission Memorial Association, are formation diagrams, pictures, disposition of the 35 bombers, over 36 individual accounts from American and German participants in the battle, and previously classified official 8th Air Force records.

Still available in limited quantity, "The Kassel Mission Reports" makes a great gift for friends, fellow crew members, and family. \$9.95 includes shipping and handling (and a tax-deductible donation to KMMA of \$4). Send your order with check or money order to:

KMMA, Inc.
P.O. Box 413
Birmingham, MI 48012

Songs of my Father

"Dad, how can I ever express the depth of gratitude I feel for the sacrifices you made?"

For the last fifty years, the sons and daughters of World War II veterans all over America have shared this feeling. One such child, the son of Clifford C. Duke of Atlanta, Georgia, finally did something about it.

Songs of My Father is a new recording of four original songs about fatherhood, inspired by the love and admiration of a son for his father. Written and produced by David Hughes Duke, the songs explore the vital importance of the father relationship, a powerful, far-reaching bond that we need in our country today more than ever.

Two of the songs are about David's own father, who served as a bombardier in the 2nd Air Division, 466th Bomb Group. The title song on the album, "Missing in Action," tells the true story of Mr. Duke's experiences, and those of his wife. "I've often wondered," says David, "which situation required the most courage: risking his life every day like my Dad did . . . or being left behind to worry and wonder, like my Mom. This song tries to explore that."

Songs of My Father is more than the story of one warrior, or one family. It is a universal story, one shared by millions of American families. The album is not available in retail stores. Cassette tapes cost \$8 each, CDs are \$10. With each package ordered, please include \$2 for shipping and handling. You can order by calling or writing the author at:

Duke & Associates, Inc.
5728 Little Oak Trail
Stone Mountain, GA 30087
Tel. 770-921-3077

WINGS OF MORNING

The Story of the Last
American Bomber Shot Down Over
Germany in World War II

BY THOMAS CHILDERS

Thomas Childers is the nephew of 466th BG "Black Cat" crew member Howard Goodner. He tells his true and tragic story with both the narrative flow of fiction and a you-are-there immediacy . . . A fitting memorial to the crew of the "Black Cat." 276 pages, hard cover, \$23.00. Contact Addison-Wesley representatives:

Karen Barnes, 212-463-8591
or on the West Coast:
Kim Dower, 213-655-6023

2ADA FILM LIBRARY — REVISED 1/96

The following tapes are single copies and are available for rent for \$5.00 each. They will be sent to you via first class mail and we ask that you return them the same way.

"Images of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Faces of the 2nd Air Division"
 "Eight Candles for Remembrance"

Produced by
 Joe Dzenowagis

American Patriots (Series)
 "The Story of the Second Air Division Memorial Room"
 featuring Jordan Uttal

Donated by
 Joe Dzenowagis

"PARADE" — 2ADA in England, V-E Day 1995

"Royal Air Force Tribute to the Second Air Division,
 8th USAAF, by Royal Air Force Coltishall Honor Guard
 and Royal Air Force Wyton Military Band"
 43rd Annual 2ADA Convention, July 1990

"24's Get Back"
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Order from: H.C. "Pete" Henry, 164-B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831.

A 2nd Air Division Videotape to Treasure

by Jordan R. Uttal (HQ)
 2ADA Honorary President

As you have read before, in May 1995, close to 500 of us returned to Norwich to celebrate VE Day + 50. The week was filled with outstanding events commemorating the occasion. For most of us, the heart of the reunion was the parade in which we marked the 1945 victory with our British friends, as we did again on 7 May 1995.

Of all the many fine 2AD military history videos produced by Joe Dzenowagis (467th) and his family, for me, the one they made in Norwich last May is priceless. It is titled, simply, "PARADE."

"PARADE" is a 56 minute video of the events of 7 May 1995 in Norwich. It captures the excitement and anticipation of thousands of people who came to share moments of remembered history and be part of the celebration. It shows the drama unfolding in the marshaling area as the detachments begin to assemble, the church bells ringing, the busloads of eager spectators unloading, and the growing excitement building up. It follows the almost 1,000 American and British veterans along the path of the original parade, uphill and down through the narrow, winding streets lined with cheering and applauding people, all the way to the Norwich Cathedral. Here it shows the colors being carried to the altar in memory of the honored dead.

"PARADE" then takes us to St. Andrews Hall for the reception in our honor by the Lord Mayor, and then closes, later that evening, with a special performance at the Theatre Royal in Norwich of "We'll Meet Again," a musical set in the wartime '40s.

The Dzenowagis family labored long and hard to have the videotape ready for its premiere showing at our convention in Lexington on the evening of Independence Day, 4 July 1995. It was obvious that it was an emotional experience for them to produce this tape, which required 100 hours of scripting and another 40 hours of editing. But, especially noteworthy was the strong impact it had on the audience, who responded throughout with spontaneous outbursts of applause, laughter, and a few tears.

It was an evening to remember there in Lexington, just as our whole experience in Norwich was, seeing those images of the 1945 parade blended in with those of 1995. The appeal of this videotape is not confined to those who were there. It truly is a tribute to all of us who served.

Copies of "PARADE" are available from Joe Dzenowagis, 4397 South Okemos Road, Okemos, Michigan 48864 (phone 517-349-3246) for \$49.50 plus \$3.50 for postage and packaging. While you are writing or calling, ask for a list of the fifteen other tapes they have made for the 2AD Military VideoHistory Project since 1986. ■



To the editor:

Several former Second Air Division members participated in a most unusual ceremony on Veteran's Day, 1995, at Hico, Texas.

Billy McAnally's airplane, "Black Jack," vanished on its return from a mission to Munich on July 11, 1944. The plane was a member of the 445th BG, 702nd Squadron, 8th Air Force. That day, the crew was listed as missing in action. On year later, they were listed as killed in action. Billy's brother Frank has diligently searched for information about his brother's fate and arranged for this final memorial honoring his brother's memory.

Joyce Whitis wrote in the *Empire Tribune*: "In a moving ceremony that stirred the emotions of family members, as well as the friends who filled the church, T/Sgt. Elworth Billy McAnally, top turret gunner, was remembered and honored in his hometown of Hico . . . In 1958 Albert and Jennie McAnally placed a marker in the Hico cemetery for their son although neither the plane nor its crew were ever found."

Laura Kestner wrote in the *Hico News Review*: "On a Veteran's Day that dawned crisp and clear, the family of T/Sgt. Billy McAnally held a memorial service in his honor at the First Baptist Church. In a heartbreaking ceremony that included full military honors, family and friends, including the fiancée he left behind, finally said goodbye to a hero."

"Billy was one of fourteen children (eleven boys and three girls) born to Albert and Jennie McAnally. Six of the sons, Lawrence, Clark, John, Gage, Frank, and Billy, served with the military during WWII. Billy enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Force on June 17, 1942. For the next two years he was involved in more than 50 bombing missions.

"According to Billy's brother Frank, the military files on those missing in action never close. But this service was a closure that this family needed."

Although Frank still doesn't know exactly what happened to Billy, and may never know, his research has uncovered some fascinating information, and has given the family a glimpse into the last few months in the life of a hero.

We now know that he participated in 55 bombing missions, three of them of D-Day; and that when he disappeared, Billy and the crew had delivered their bombs on target and had reported heavy damage and one engine out.

After collecting more than 1400 pages of documents and writing 300 letters to 28 states and seven foreign countries, Frank has become

a WWII expert of sorts. He can recite detailed accounts of land battles as well as major air raids, and had some first hand experience himself: "I was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944," he says. His brother John, 73, was also wounded in WWII and spent more than two years in various military hospitals. They are the only two surviving brothers who served in WWII.

Brigadier General John Brooks and Colonel Richard Atkins, both retired from the U.S. 8th Air Force, spoke at Billy's memorial service and both had high praise for Billy and other men like him. In addition to Brooks and Atkins, eight veterans of Billy's 445th BG came to pay their respects. They were Buddy Cross, Paul Dickerson, Edward Dittlinger, Shirley Irwin, Ray Lemons, Howard Reichley, John Sanders (HQ), and Chuck Walker. A very special guest was Lucille Gryder Hooks, Billy's high school sweetheart. She wore, on a chain, the engagement ring he had given her just before he shipped out.

There were approximately forty members of the VFW Post #8559 present at the service. Pastor Charles Grossman delivered the eulogy. An honor guard from Dyess Air Force Base posted the colors, and Chaplain Carter, also from Dyess, presented a message and a special prayer.

Following the church service, a ceremony was held at the Hico Cemetery. WWII veterans, members of the Confederate Air Force performed a fly-by as a salute to the family and then repeated in the missing man formation. Family and friends gathered around the tombstone that Billy's parents had erected in 1958. The memorial ceremony included the flag folding and presentation to the family, a 21 gun salute, and taps were played as family and friends said goodbye to a true hero.

Chuck Walker (445th)
9824 Crest Meadow
Dallas, TX 75230



Billy McAnally Memorial Service, Veteran's Day, 1995. Standing (l-r): Buddy Cross, Charles Walker, J.R. Lemons, John Sanders. Seated (l-r): Edward Dittlinger, Col. Richard Atkins, General John Brooks, Paul Dickerson.

Second Air Division Association

49th Annual Convention

June 13-16, 1996

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

For details and registration forms see
pages 35-36 of your Winter Journal.

To the editor:

As many of you know, I am currently researching the aircraft used by the 466th Bomb Group during their time at Attlebridge. Can any of you help me with any information and/or photos of the following aircraft that I have names for but no serial numbers?

"Carioca Bev" (survived the war and flew home in June 1945), "Cooter," "Makin' Believe," "Superchief" (flew with the 785th BS), "Sugar" (survived the war and flew home in June 1945), "French Dressing" (may have joined the 466th only weeks before the war's end and probably flew home in June, 1945).

Any photographs that are sent to me will be treated with care and respect and will be returned to you as soon as possible. Thank you for your help.

Mike Harris
10 Post Office Lane
Weston Longville
Norwich NR5 5JX
England

To the editor:

It has been suggested that somehow an apology is due the Japanese for our conduct of the war in the Pacific during WWII. To many, this suggestion is ludicrous, ridiculous, and asinine, to put it mildly.

The Japanese started the Pacific war. The Japanese ended the Pacific war. They decided when to start it; they decided when to end it. It was *their* war. They decided how many of their people they would sacrifice on the altar of "The Rising Sun." They decided how many of their children would carry burn scars to their graves. They could have ended the war before Hiroshima. They chose not to do so.

Now the pusillanimous, seditious, blame-America-first revisionists are apparently determined to ignore the facts of history and create past events and conditions "out of whole cloth" in an effort to heap guilt and culpability upon the United States. They may succeed.

Napoleon is reputed to have defined history as "a set of lies agreed upon." Perhaps a set of lies about the Japanese world conquest is in the making. A subset has already been created in conjunction with the Smithsonian display of the B-29 "Enola Gay." This misrepresentation of history, making the United States the culprit in the Pacific War, would have been adopted if not for a monumental wave of protest led by those whose military service during WWII was slandered thereby.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was the mistake of the millennium. It resulted in the ultimate destruction of their war machine designed for world conquest. This egregious mistake was not ours. We cannot be held accountable for it. Nor can we be expected to apologize for its results.

What we *can* do is realize that the present generation of Japanese people are also not responsible for the folly of their predecessors. We can be their friends. We can buy their automobiles which they have designed and produced with left-side steering suitable for our use. And they can buy our automobiles when and if we design and produce right-side steering models suitable for their use. We can "play fair."

And we can insist that Americans, Japanese, and the rest of the world be made aware of the historical *facts* of the Pacific war, free of eisegetic insinuations of irrelevant issues by self-proclaimed, Monday morning philosophers.

Sam Miller (445th)
Col. USAF, Ret.
2014 Harton Boulevard
Tullahoma, TN 37388

Editor's Note: There would have been no atomic bomb if there had been no Pearl Harbor . . .

To the editor:

My trip to Norwich this past August, after 50 years was a very emotional experience for me.

My wife and daughter and I were met at Thorpe Station by my good friend Pete Alden and transported us to the Georgian House; then to the 448th reunion at Seething.

The next morning, Pete drove my daughter and I out to Horsham St. Faith. (Regretfully my wife was ill and stayed in her room.) A very gracious guard (unfortunately I forget his name) escorted us through the E.M. quarters, officers quarters, and mess hall. It was truly a trip back in time as I reminisced with Pete about things and incidents that were familiar to both of us. My daughter made a video, and I have replayed it until it is about worn out!

I was saddened when the guard stated that a decision had to be made soon to either spend large sums of money on restoration and repair of the buildings, or to demolish them; the latter being more likely. All of the windows were boarded up due to vandalism. Maybe, like a lot of us old veterans, they have served their time.

After the tour we visited the 2AD Memorial Room, where we were received like royalty. Phyllis DuBois, Lesley Fleetwood, and Christine Snowden made us feel very welcome — the library couldn't ask for a more friendly and efficient staff. We thoroughly enjoyed our brief stay, and would like to encourage all who can, to contribute to the rebuilding and restoring of the library and memorial for future generations. And if you have never visited, I highly advise you to do so. The lovely ladies and other staff will make you feel like a General even if you were only a Private!

Ben Hooker (458th)
107 Whippoorwill Drive
Lufkin, TX 75901-5873

To the editor:

I was a tail gunner with the 448th Bomb Group. On our 13th mission, July 23, 1944, we bombed an airfield in Laon, France. We were delayed in landing because our nose wheel was stuck. When we got the nose wheel fixed we landed, but our right main gear collapsed. We went down the runway like a shooting star, scraping our belly and tearing off the prop on #4 engine. Our pilot, Bill Dogger, did a great job of keeping the plane on the runway instead of veering on the turf, which I believe would have been a disaster. The plane was a mess, and I believe they jerked it. The plane's name was "The Menace." Does anyone out there remember it, and our landing? I would like to have a picture of the wreck, if there are any.

John Shia (448th)
14 Yester Oaks
West Monroe, LA 71291

To the editor:

At the 466th BG reunion at Dayton, Ohio in June of 1995, two comments were made to Heath Carriker which could be valuable to an awards project I have undertaken, but the sources are unknown.

First, there was mention of having been dispatched to Germany at war's end to retrieve a black-painted B-24 which was subsequently flown back to the States.

The other comment referred to confidence in the Carriker crew in the lead as likely there would be no lead foul-ups.

If the source of either of these comments will contact me, I will be pleased to expand on my interest, and your observations will be of certain value to my project.

Jack Wendling (466th)
3622N 2000E
Filer, ID 83328
Tel. 208-326-4198

To the editor:

I became a pilot in glider school in 1943 with the rank of staff sergeant, but there were too many glider pilots, so I was advanced to a B-24 pilot in 1944.

I am interested in learning how many other veterans are like me.

Jim Payne (446th)
5011 N. 37th Street
Milwaukee, WI 53209

To the editor:

I would very much appreciate the name and address of anyone who could supply a counted cross stitch needlework pattern for a B-24J or B-24D. It can be either olive drab or silver. While any flying pose would be great, this old ground crew guy would be delighted if the pattern illustrated the plane landing, or better still, parked on a hardstand. Thanks!

Bob Little (389th)
2411 Rogue Valley Manor Dr.
Medford, OR 97504

To the editor:

I am working on an update of my 1981 *Eighth Air Force Bibliography* for the 8AF Memorial Museum Foundation. This is a request to seek help in finding items that should be included. In brief, I would like the titles of books and articles about the bomb groups of the 2nd Air Division. Of particular interest are privately printed memoirs and journals! Thank you for your help.

Kenneth P. Werrell
Professor of History
Radford University
Radford, VA 24142



Dear Ray:

First, let me start by congratulating you on the results of your first efforts as the editor of the *Journal*. The Winter 1995 edition is great, and just goes to prove that our publication is in good hands. I know that preparing your first issue must have been extremely difficult in view of the debacle that occurred with the search for an editor following Bill Robertie's passing. However, the result is proof that your appointment was all for the best.

Again, yes, once again I find myself at the ancient portable trying to put the words together that might become another letter which, like previous ones, might well not be published. I guess I am becoming something of a "devil's advocate," but I find myself disturbed for the umpteenth time over some of the information gleaned from the latest *Journal*.

You, along with most members, are probably aware of my remarks in the past which led to my resignation as 446th Bomb Group vice president because of my dissatisfaction with the undemocratic procedure at the executive committee meeting in Lexington last year concerning the editorship of the *Journal*. Unfortunately, it seems that the *laissez-faire* attitude of most of the membership is allowing the status quo to continue.

Part of the problem as I saw it then, was the small number of individuals holding multiple positions in 2ADA hierarchy, thereby controlling all decisions with little or no attempt to seek and encourage greater participation by the rank and file. In some cases an individual serving in six or more chairmanships or positions of authority equates to the ridiculous concept of one pilot flying all the Libs in the formation. Following my resignation as group VP, I was assured by both Chuck Walker and Geoff Gregory that change was in the offing and that the positions of responsibility on the executive committee would involve new people in order to spread things around, thereby leading to a one-man, one-job philosophy.

Articles in the last *Journal*, namely Neal Sorensen's executive vice president's column and your blurb, "The New Editor Speaks," bring forth the following: Neal has been appointed by President Gregory to three positions in addition to his duties as executive VP. *One man - one job???* Ray Pytel serves as editor under the continuation and scrutiny of the (unneeded, in my opinion) editorial review board composed of Bud Chamberlain, Jordan Uttal and Charles Freudenthal. *New people???*

Enough, already, enough. The more things change, the more they stay the same. In closing, let me say that while my opinions here may never see the light of day, writing them down has served as a form of catharsis and helps to maintain my blood pressure below the boiling point. That's all to the good, and maybe all that any of us can expect.

Marv Speidel (446th)
708 Dianne Court
Rahway, NJ 07065-2612

Editor's Note: I am not entering into a dialogue about the 2ADA's management, past or present. The future of the editorial review board is under consideration. It may be phased out.

→ → → →

Dear Ray:

I read, with much distress, the letter from Bill Davenport of the 446th BG which was published in the Winter *Journal*. I do not intend to become mired in the quicksand of pros and cons. However, I feel Bill must be answered, not only on behalf of the two "targets" of the letter, but also on behalf of the executive committee of the 2ADA.

Bill's letter comes at a time when we especially need to come together in unity and in deep pride of our accomplishments. Bill's letter does nothing more than indicate that he wishes to continue his previous course, pick up his marbles, and go home. This is his absolute right. But it is a sad commentary that we as the management team, and Bill as the critic, cannot find common ground to promote the common good. I feel this *can* be done, and as age begins to tell on us all, every effort must be made to do so.

I call upon my own experience at the management level. I have frequently watched with interest as the executive committee disagreed with the "targets" of Bill's letter. In fact, in recent months I have personally been in disagreement with their held positions. However, we were able, through open dialog, to find common ground, and a path which we can travel harmoniously together into the future.

Evelyn Cohen and Jordan Uttal have been pillars of strength since the inception of this organization almost fifty years ago, and they remain so today. Bill, it has something to do with dedication. It has something to do with honor. It has something to do with hard work; and yes, it has something to do with love. Are "they" always right? Are you always right? Am I always right? Of course not! *But the hand of friendship is always right!* This hand I extend to you, Bill, and to every member of this organization, by this president. Bill, you referred to the 2ADA as a "good" organization. It is more than "good," Bill. It is a "great" organization. It just might be the greatest.

Geoffrey G. Gregory (467th)
President, 2ADA
Garland, TX 75041

→ → → →

To the editor:

Enclosed is a photo of my bomber crew taken in Topeka, Kansas in April, 1944. We were crew #2363, and flew 13 missions with the 458th Bomb Group, 754th Squadron, out of Horsham St. Faith. We were shot down on June 29, 1944 over the Zuider Zee, flying "Shoo Shoo Baby," B-24 #44-51095. Some of the crew evaded and the rest of us were POWs.

Everett S. Allen (458th)
133 W. Main Street
West Brookfield, MA 01585

→ → → →



Crew #2363, 458th Bomb Group, 754th Squadron. Standing (l-r): Lt. John Beddow, bombardier; Lt. John Fullerton, navigator; Lt. Donald Blogett, copilot; Lt. Charles Armour, pilot. Kneeling (l-r): Sgt. William Owens, nose; Sgt. Cary Rawls; Sgt. Everett Allen, tail; Sgt. Jerome Brill, radio; Sgt. Billy Joe Davis, waist; Sgt. Frank Piechoto, Sperry ball. All except Beddow were shot down over the Zuider Zee on June 29, 1944 (Lt. Fred Erdman flew that day).

Ploesti Veteran Walter Stewart Awarded Belated DSC

Fifty-two years after skimming the smokestacks of the most heavily fortified enemy oil refineries in Nazi-occupied Europe to deliver the first bombs to the target, Walter T. Stewart of Benjamin, Utah was awarded one of the nation's highest military honors on October 21, 1995 at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City.

Stewart, who proudly called his B-24 "Utah Man," was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous bravery in combat as deputy leader of one of two 93rd Bomb Group



Lt. Walter Stewart proudly stands beside the B-24 he named "Utah Man" after his college's famous war cry. Utah Man was the sole survivor of the first wave of bombers attacking the Ploesti oil refineries on August 1, 1943.

forces which participated in the famous Ploesti low-level bombing mission of August 1, 1943. The night before the mission, Stewart was designated deputy leader of Col. Addison Baker's target force. When Baker's bomber fell in the

face of massive enemy fire, Stewart led the surviving force over the Ploesti refineries and dropped the first bombs.

Heavily damaged, Utah Man, its crew miraculously uninjured, limped back to its North African air base — landing fourteen hours after takeoff.

In the flurry of honors awarded to mission participants afterward, Stewart's DSC was mistakenly awarded to another pilot. Stewart remained ignorant of the mistake, but after a documentary about the Ploesti mission was produced by public television, research clearly showed that Stewart had, in fact, been the deputy leader of his target force.

Upon learning of the oversight, Geoffrey Panos of the University of Utah contacted the Office of the Secretary of the Air Force, and with the able assistance of Senator Orrin Hatch's staff, the paperwork correcting the 52-year-old mistake was expedited.

In a brief ceremony held at Stewart's alma mater, University of Utah President Arthur K. Smith, Senator Orrin Hatch, Air Force General Roger A. Brady, and film maker Mike Sanches paid tribute to one of Utah's favorite sons. As the medal citation was read by President Smith, General Brady decorated the beaming Stewart, who was attended by his wife Ruth. Ever the humble hero, Stewart later reflected upon the mission and the men with whom he served, taking time to recognize each member of his crew by name and home town.

Stewart, Utah Man's sole survivor, said, "They were the best crew I ever flew with."

Grateful and reverent, Stewart reminded the audience of the great sacrifices made by those who served and never returned, including his best friend, Hugh Roper of Oak City, Utah. (Roper and his crew were killed in a mid-air collision with another bomber, returning from Ploesti.)

In his closing remarks, 77-year-old Stewart,

thankful for every day he's lived to work on the family farm in Benjamin, quipped, "The guy that got my medal would have received it with 125 men in a hangar in England. I get to receive it in front of my best friends, at the best school, in the best state, in the best country in the world . . . and I thank you very much."

Festivities culminated a short while later at the Utah-Air Force football game. Prior to kickoff, Stewart and his wife Ruth were presented to over 30,000 cheering fans in Rice Stadium,



Colonel Walter Stewart (left) and General Roger Brady

where Stewart led the fans in singing the school's fight song, "Utah Man." Topping off the day's tribute was a fly-by of F-16s from Hill Air Force Base. Opinions may differ on the outcome of the day's game, but Utah beat Air Force, 23-21, in a gripping come-from-behind upset — a fitting postscript to Walt Stewart's 52-year mission. ■

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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