

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION • EIGHTH AIR FORCE




Volume 35 Number 4

Winter 1996

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JOURNAL

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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



JOURNAL



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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

BY NEAL SORENSEN

Through the courtesy of Jack Pelton (via Bud Chamberlain), the 2nd Air Division Association has been presented an intriguing and challenging opportunity. As is the case with most opportunities, if you believe it has merit, it will cost time, effort, and money for us to accomplish this task.

A sculptor, Robert Henderson of Cannon City, Colorado, has been creating scale models of World War II aircraft. Four 1/4 scale models of these fighting birds have been completed in bronze, placed on individual pedestals, and installed in the Honor Court of the Air Force Academy. They are the P-38, P-40, P-47, and P-51.

What raises my hackles is that Henderson is currently completing a 1/6 scale model of a B-17G, which will also be in the Air Force Academy Honor Court! Due to space and materials limitations, a 1/6 scale model with an approximately 17 foot wingspan is close to the maximum with current bronze materials.

The first step in the procedure is making a full-size model in wood. This is used for a casting mould. By carefully taking the casts from the model, it is possible to fully restore the model. The model is then painted with combat markings and placed on a pedestal. It is to be installed at the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, in the garden area.

With its wider wingspan, the B-24 would be slightly larger (19 feet) but slightly shorter. The cost of this project is estimated at \$170,000, or about \$25 per member if all wished to participate. The 305th Bomb Group underwrote most of the \$160,000 cost of the B-17. For major donors a



plaque is located on the pedestal of the B-17 with their names inscribed.

My vision, should enough of you endorse a project of this magnitude, would be to have the B-24 wooden version flying in the rotunda of the Heritage Museum and the bronze version in the court of the Air Force Academy! What better way to commemorate those wonderful planes that did so much in the war effort, and more importantly, brought us home from so many missions.

Should you choose that we undertake this project, I'm sure that thousands of others who flew on, serviced, or were in any way connected with our bird would be happy to donate to the best of their ability.

However you may feel about this idea, please drop me a postcard: Neal Sorensen, 132 Peninsula Road, Medicine Lake, MN 55441-4112.

Depending on the response, this will be an agenda item at the mid-winter meeting of the 2ADA Executive Committee in February, 1997. If you feel strongly, and wish to indicate the amount you currently feel

able to donate, please do so. This is an indication, only, and in no way would obligate you to donate that amount if we do decide to make this a 2nd Air Division project.

Up to this point, the office you entrusted me with as President has been very enjoyable. We have committees working on our 50th convention to be held next May, 1997. Tours, sports, Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, and shopping will be available. We hope to have a nationally known speaker at our banquet, which will feature Jordan Uttal as master of ceremonies. Jordan and Ray Strong are two of the 2ADA's founding members whom we hope will honor us with their presence.

We are now once more into the wonder-filled Holiday Season. My wife, Pat, and I wish a joyous season to all people of good will — our 2nd Air Division comrades and their loved ones! ■



About the Memorial

SUBMITTED BY JORDAN R. UTTAL
ZADA HONORARY PRESIDENT

It is with a heavy heart that I am submitting this report on behalf of Bud Koorndyk, at his request.

He phoned me late on the night of September 14, 1996 to advise me of the death of his son, Tom Koorndyk, from complications arising from a grievous traffic accident. I had been made aware of the accident earlier in the week, and had stayed in touch to offer moral support. Those of us who know the Koorndyk family are aware of their strong religious beliefs which will sustain them. They know that they have our warm thoughts and prayers.

In spite of the trauma, Bud was concerned about getting word "About the Memorial" out to the membership. I took notes over the phone as best I could, and I present this information as the latest at his disposal.

First, he reported that Mr. Derek Hills, the new Trust Librarian, is on the job at the 2nd Air Division Memorial. Mr. Hills has had over twenty years experience as a librarian in the London area, and he recently moved, with his family, back to East Anglia. We welcome Mr. Hills, who will be working on a part-time basis.

In September the Board of Governors welcomed Miss Linda Berube, our first 2ADA Fulbright Memorial Librarian. We had the pleasure of meeting her at the Milwaukee convention in June, and we feel that she will add considerably to the efficient operation of our Memorial.

Bud further reports that Hilary Hammond has described the current thinking on the part of local officials relative to the new library. At the moment they lean to the idea of building on the land that was formerly occupied by the old library and the parking lot. There is talk of the conversion of the parking lot into a garden area. It has also been suggested that an art museum be created across from the library adjacent to the Theatre Royal. He believes also that there is the possibility of a nearby concert hall.

The space to be devoted to the 2AD Memorial will be as much as 50% larger than the original according to current thinking. If I understood him correctly, the plans for our memorial area will be drawn up by the "in house" County Council architect.

(continued on page 5)

The Editor's Comments

BY RAY PYTEL



HAPPY YULETIDE!

Conventions, regional meets and dinners, and group reunions engender time and place confusion supreme!

Fred Thomas (VP, 392nd) says we have too many conflicts in our convention and reunion schedules — nobody's clearing the conflicts, and chaos results. Well, I have to miss the Florida Regional in February because of the El Toro, California Regional being on the same day. So maybe we need a clearance officer for date arrangements. What do the 2ADA members think? We could print "approved schedule" dates in the *Journal* if someone is willing to do the clearing and scheduling . . . this will be something to discuss at the next Executive Committee meeting. Oak Mackey wants a whole "standing committee." I say, let them sit down and assign it to one good man!

INTERNET SURFERS, TAKE NOTE!

Dick H.R. Spennerman of Charles Sturt University, Albury, Australia researched the B-24 Liberators on virtual display now on the Internet, per his article in the Spring 1996 issue of *Briefing Magazine*, the journal of the International B-24 Liberator Club, San Diego, California.

If you are "on" the Internet, you can get the text of his article with all hypertext links active, as well as a number of B-24 pictures. They can be found at the following URL — <http://life.csu.edu.au/~dspennem/MILARCH/Virtual-B-24s.html>. (Remember "Let your fingers do the walking!")

The British Tourist Authority is also available on the Internet, promoting Britain itself. BTA's World Wide Web site offers such information as a guide to all their offices, useful things to know before traveling to Britain, overview of accommodations, how to get around once there, major events, interesting sites and events, and ideas for "holidays."

In the very near future, links to commercial operators such as hotels, restaurants, and

tour operators will be added. The BTA Web Site address is: <http://www.bta.org.uk>

If you can't go but wish to get some history under your belt, *British Heritage Magazine* will provide access to their interactive home page via History Net — a resource for all lovers of "new" fields of history. "Post" your questions or comments to bhi@cowles.com.

All of our 2ADA Internet surfers: Let me know of anything that may be of interest to our members — share the wealth!

CARTOON SUBMITTERS TAKE NOTE!

Every month I get several WWII cartoons of the Sad Sack, Willie and Joe, or some similar familiar "gem" which you wish I would publish. Clever and old as these are, cartoons are timeless, and many times some new owner has copyright protected them, even if the original owner did not. (Soft-cover book reprints sell!)

Under the "new" 1978 provisions, works that were created before 1978 and not registered by then, are automatically covered under the new provisions. Those that were copyrighted before 1978 can still be brought in under the new law, by writing about the material in question, and then incorporating such material into the new article or book. (They got you coming and going!)

Copyright registration is not a condition for protection, but it does confer certain benefits; thus no notice is required or mark incorporated on the item in question. A synopsis of the Copyright Laws of the United States can be found on pages 724-725 of the 1996 World Almanac, and if you are still confused and persist in submitting cartoons, consult an attorney, who will no doubt clarify the matter for a price. I know, I know, others are doing it with impunity, but it's like driving 80 in a 65 mile zone. It would be just my luck to find an unfriendly "bear" in the woods the first time I cross his radar gun . . . and who needs nasty letters from some hungry attorney?

THE GRASSHOPPER AIR FORCE MEN OF WWII AND THEIR PLANES

The fascinating story by Albert Sabo on page 13 is but a sample of what the 3,000 liaison planes contributed to Allied victory in World War II. These were enlisted men, many privates, some corporals and sergeants, and even some officers, all in a flying world of their own, much different from the regular "bomber and fighter" stuff we 8AF'rs all knew and participated in. There was little glory, much versatility, abundant independent decision-making, daring incursions into the enemy's lair, and risky low level recon "jobs" with little reward but the satisfaction of getting a very important assignment "very well done."

If you wish to read more, get the book *The Fighting Grasshoppers in Europe* by Wakefield. It has 144 pages, 170 illustrations, and covers the entire 1942-45 WWII time frame. It is sold by Zenith Books, Box 1, Osceola, WI 54020-0001 for \$29.95 plus \$4.95 shipping and postage. This truly could be subtitled "The Unknown U.S. Air Force."

Final note: In the movie "The Battle of the Bulge" with Henry Fonda, the opening sequence depicts quite accurately the job of the "liaison pilots" in World War II, in zooming in on the staff car of Colonel Jochen Peiper, Germany's most brilliant and daring Panzer leader. Peiper spearheaded the Ardennes offensive. Historically, he epitomized the Nazi approach to war. The liaison pilot was instrumental in obtaining the first intelligence "picture proof" that this was a major German undertaking.

WILL THE REAL IRA WEINSTEIN STAND UP AND IDENTIFY HIMSELF?

Ira Weinstein has not been himself lately, and in the fall issue of the 2ADA *Journal*, page 7, he took on a new appearance entirely! I asked him if he's been traveling "incognito" lately and he answered no! He also submitted a recent photo of himself, and at the same time opened up a new mystery . . . who was that unmasked man who took his place? Anyone willing to venture a guess?



IRA WEINSTEIN — FOR REAL THIS TIME!

ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S SPECIAL CONUNDRUM

Question: Who was that "pig" I saw you with in Savannah?

Answer: That was no "pig" in the picture in the Fall *Journal* — so said the trio of Bill Nothstein, the "pig" and John Conrad. The alibi of the two is that the "pig" in question in a "fledgling artist" in pantomime working the Savannah streets. Taking a leaf from the current politicians they took "the fifth" on the name of the pig in question. Should we have a Congressional type inquisition?

Finally, Merry Christmas from your editorial staff, Ray and Twyla. ■

Executive Vice President's Message

BY OAK MACKEY (392ND)

It is now November, the beginning of the holiday season. Thanksgiving Day is just a few days away, a time for family get-togethers, reunions, and tables overloaded with good food. It is a distinct privilege to wish each of you and yours a Happy Thanksgiving. You 2ADA people are very special, because in WWII, you did more than your share to preserve our American way of life. It is okay for you to feel very proud this Thanksgiving season. It is also proper during this festive season to remember those who are less fortunate than ourselves, both in our prayers, and with our wallets. Be generous — it feels good.

Sometime this month, or maybe in December, you will receive your 1997 annual dues notice from our Membership Vice President, Evelyn Cohen. The dues remain a modest \$15.00, the greatest bargain this side of Walmart. In addition to annual dues, on your dues notice you will see a line on which you may indicate a donation to the Memorial Room in Norwich. And, on another line, you may indicate a donation to the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum which opened just last May near Savannah, GA. There is much work to be done to put the finishing touches on this most excellent museum. In a way, it is more than a museum; it is a shrine dedicated to the Eighth Air Force. The amount of your donation is strictly up to you, but \$50.00 is not too much. Of course, lesser amounts are always welcome, and if you can afford more, send it in. Total up your dues and donations, make your check out to the Second Air Division Association, and return it and your dues notice to Evelyn without delay. Please do not procrastinate here, for if you do, time flies, and in February 1997 you will receive a second dues notice. Sending out second dues notices creates a lot of extra bookkeeping for Evelyn and a lot of extra expense for the 2ADA. In May of each year, Evelyn sends to each of the group vice presidents a list of delinquent members who have not yet paid their dues. The group VPs then send a third dues notice to the delinquent members in their group. Many respond with payments; a few do not. These few lose their membership in the 2ADA. Sad, but it would not be fair to dues-paying members to keep delinquents on the membership roster. Please do not be a dropout — you are a good friend and we want you to stay with us. Ideally, all 1997 membership dues should be paid by December 31, 1996.

The Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial is an organization of English people of East Anglia dedicated to keeping alive the memories of 2nd Air Division veterans, our old airfields, and the groups and squadrons of B-24s that flew over their countryside during WWII. From "Second Thoughts," their very interesting newsletter, here are a couple of things they have done recently.

On October 5, they sponsored a dance at the Heathlands Community Centre in Blofield Heath, Norfolk. Music was by the Jonathan

Wyatt Big Band playing the music of Glenn Miller and other big bands. 1940s dress was encouraged, and they danced the waltz, the jive, and the jitterbug for a wonderful evening of enjoyment and nostalgia. Another notable event was an Open Day at the 93rd Bomb Group Museum at Hardwick on 18 August. There was the official opening of the new RAF Room by Air Vice Marshall John Howe (Ret.) There were military vehicles on display, aircraft flypasts, and displays of WWII memorabilia in original WWII Nissen huts. Admission was free. These are just a couple of things the Friends have done recently. They always have an ongoing schedule of events in memory of the 2nd Air Division. You may join the Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial by writing to Jordan Uttal. Annual dues are \$8.00.

The Air Force Association and the U.S. Air Force want you to be part of "Air Force Fifty," the celebration of USAF's fiftieth anniversary in Las Vegas, April 22-26, 1997. Two days of air shows are planned, featuring the USAF Thunderbirds and eight foreign demonstration teams. There will be acres of exhibits and displays, including historic aircraft, plus a spectacular historical retrospective of the first fifty years of the U.S. Air Force. Dignitaries from 113 foreign air forces are expected to attend an international air power symposium. Folks, this is going to be a really big show. For information, write to Air Force Fifty, Air Force Association, 1501 Lee Highway, Arlington, VA 22209. You may call AFA's Fax on Demand System at 1-800-232-3563 and order document number 1997. Air Force Fifty staff can be reached at 1-800-552-5427.

The Air Force Memorial Foundation, supported by the Air Force Association, has planned and is building an Air Force Memorial on a scenic slope overlooking the Potomac River in Arlington, VA. This \$25 million project is expected to be completed in the year 2000. While there have been memorials to the Army, Navy, and Marines in the Washington area for years, there is no memorial to the Air Force and the men and women who served in it. For information on this worthy project, write to: Air Force Memorial Foundation, 1501 Lee Highway, Arlington, VA 22209, telephone (703) 247-5808.

The 2ADA Florida Regional Reunion V will be at the Clarion Plaza Hotel in Orlando on February 22, 1997. This is an all-day affair including a gala dinner and program in the evening. This stellar event has grown in the past five years, and more than 300 people are expected. For complete information, write to Colonel Lawrence G. Gilbert (Ret.), 1482 Granville Drive, Winter Park, FL 32789, phone (407) 647-2623; or Cliff Peterson, 2120 Woodcrest Drive, Winter Park, FL 32792, phone (407) 647-7741. These fine gentlemen can provide you with everything you want to know about this major event. The price is right; you can count on that!

Now, let's travel across the country to Cal-



Oak and Maxine Mackey await an order of barbeque ribs somewhere in Texas.

ifornia. The Southern California Dinner will be at the El Toro Marine Base in Irvine, CA on February 22, 1997. With regret, I confess I do not know the names of the host committee to whom you should write for complete information. Check elsewhere in this *Journal*, or in your group's newsletter. If that doesn't work, write to Jay Jeffries (453rd VP), 17161 Westport Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92649, phone (714) 846-1653.

The two paragraphs above highlight a continuing problem. There are too many conflicting dates among 2ADA regional conventions, group reunions, and the like. A clearing house is needed; perhaps a standing committee through which dates would be cleared by anyone planning an event. Maybe that wouldn't be a total solution, but it's worth a try. We'll work on it.

The next *Journal* won't be out until February. With that in mind, Maxine and I take this opportunity to wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year. ■

ABOUT THE MEMORIAL (continued)

Bud reports that there is to be a policy meeting of Norwich and Norfolk County officials shortly to advance these plans. Good news also is that a scaled-down Technopolis plan, already approved by these officials, is to be presented to the Millennium Commission. Bud didn't mention it, and I wasn't swift enough to think to ask how long it might take for this to get through the Millennium Commission. *My personal guess* is that it will take some months, but if adopted and approved would add further improvement to the library. It is also *my feeling* that there is great eagerness on the part of all concerned to proceed rapidly.

This leads to the question of when the new library will be finished. As a result of his conversations on the subject with Chairman Eaton and Hilary Hammond, Bud's forecast is that it will be completed in the year 2001. He did mention that Hilary thought it would possibly be sooner.

I do hope that I have captured the essence of Bud's telephoned review of these matters. It touched me that in the midst of his grief he wanted to be sure that this information was brought to your attention. ■

My reply, "I was trained and worked as a Statistical Control Officer," always produced the same reaction: "What on earth was that?" The answer may partially satisfy our editor's continued search for articles from those of us who were ground bound. Here's my story . . .

After eight months in the ranks, attached to the then Air Corps and halfway through my course at the Air Corps Officer Candidate School at Miami Beach, I spotted a sign in the orderly room directed to men with previous business experience. It described a new Army Air Force management concept created in March 1942 by Lt. Gen. "Hap" Arnold to apply the best technical aspects of U.S. business to the Air Forces. Thus had Air Command made a new (and already successful) approach toward exactitude in a new, vastly complicated, and swift-moving art: Air Logistics.

Having already had seven years in the business world, most recently in sales management, and thoroughly excited at the opportunity to get to the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, I applied. My interview was with Lt. Col. Charles B. Thornton, who, after the war, started the tremendously successful Litton Industries. I was accepted and soon found my way to Harvard. There we were given concentrated schooling on how the Army Air Forces were organized, methods of collecting and gauging statistics, analysis of personnel by function and training, military law, and a variety of other subjects. Most important, we were taught the importance of accurate statistical information to military logistics in all phases of Air Operations.

By the time we graduated in early December, 1942, we were thoroughly indoctrinated with the belief that there was nothing dull nor unimportant about our strange new jobs. (One of my instructors, Robert McNamara, became president of Ford Motors after his overseas stint in the Army Air Force, and later served as Secretary of Defense.)

I'd been through basic as an enlisted man, but I can honestly say that the schedule at Harvard was more than rigorous, with twelve hour days of seminars and physical activity. We were taught that our responsibilities included the weekly recording and analysis of Aircraft Readiness (available for combat, repairable, or out of action), Personnel (numbers and types of training and specialties, casualties, and replacement needs, Operations (types of missions, weather, *degree of success*, and cost in men and equipment).

It felt good when I was commissioned, assigned to MacDill Field and welcomed by my new C.O. because he was tired of handling the detail that was to be my job. The unit to which I was assigned was already alerted for overseas, but it took six months before we were shipped off to the 8th Air Force, 2nd Bomb Wing at Horsham St. Faith, arriving 1 June 1943. There, I found my Statistical Control section staffed by my senior officer (a great guy) and three enlisted personnel. At that time we were assigned to A-2 (Intelligence).

It was more than a shock to find no evidence of any figures based on the required Statistical Control mission reports from the groups, covering the operations that had taken

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, CHUM?

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL
ZADA HONORARY PRESIDENT

place from 7 November 1942 through the end of May 1943. When I showed my senior officer the War Department letter of 1 December 1942 which described our functions, including the statement that it would be desirable to have us operate under the jurisdiction of the commanding officer and reporting directly to him, rather than a staff section, he agreed to pursue the matter. Very shortly we were removed from A-2, and set up to work directly with the Deputy Chief of Staff.

Since there had apparently been no reporting system established as per the prescribed Army Air Forces Statistical Control directives, we requested from A-2 the individual mission reports in their possession and received the paperwork on the 43 missions that had been flown since 7 November 1942. We took what repetitive information there was in each report, recorded the figures, compiled them as if they were the prescribed reports, and made gentle observations as to what trends were apparent. The Commanding General was surprised and pleased to know that such information would be available and compiled on a regular basis. He was assured that he would be receiving more complete information as per the reporting system set up by Statistical Control in General Arnold's office in Washington.

I still have the copy of the 43 mission report we made, and even though the groups (44th and 93rd) were stood down from early June, awaiting the arrival of the 389th and subsequent transfer to North Africa, I remember my dismay at what I had learned from the A-2 reports. Being newly arrived in the theater of operations, and aware that we were non-combat personnel, I remember vividly the shock in learning how many hundreds of brave young men we had lost in the first 43 missions. Only 25 of those missions were bombing missions. The remainder were diversions, and Molings. That awareness of loss continued through the next two years of dealing with every mission report!

While the three groups were away in North Africa operating against the enemy, including the 1 August 1943 mission against Ploesti, we had the opportunity to consult with 8th Air Force Headquarters and the ground echelons at the groups to set up the standard reporting system prescribed in the Army Air Forces directives. Upon the return of the groups to operations from their English bases, the enlarged Statistical Control section (two officers and six enlisted personnel, including two terrific newly arrived WACs) and our opposite

numbers at group level were ready to prove their worth.

In broad strokes, Statistical Control was to keep commanders advised of the efficiency of their operations, largely in terms of *damage to the enemy* and *conservation of U.S. personnel and equipment*. General Hodges detailed his areas of main interest. First and foremost was bombing accuracy. After that, we were to concentrate his reports on number of sorties, number of effective sorties, bomb tonnage dropped, enemy aircraft claims, and aircraft and personnel losses. He had us display this information on wall charts ranking the groups in order of performance. In addition to the numerical charts he was supplied with line and bar graphs colorfully executed by our two draftsmen.

We were able to satisfy his wishes with everything but his main concern, bombing accuracy statistics. This could not be reported in the nightly mission reports from Statistical Control at the bases because the determination of the number of hits within a certain distance from the aiming point was an art and science in itself, performed by the photo interpreters in Intelligence. After a long period on the hot seat, we were able to determine from A-2 that the pictures that were supposed to be taken by the automatic cameras were not.

General Hodges followed General Arnold's lead and decided to approach the problem as a business would. He called for a restructuring of the photo and photo interpreting function, removing it from A-2 and designating a Statistical Control officer to supervise the restructuring, with orders to improve the photo coverage so that the interpreters could do their job. This new separate staff section was set up in new premises, and was assisted by the acquisition of additional experienced photo personnel. Close coordination with the group photo sections was instituted and the results were most favorable. At last the bombing accuracy figures were being transmitted to Statistical Control, who with guidance from 8th Air Force began to provide the Commanding General with the information he regarded as first priority. Finally, this ultimate measure of *damage to the enemy* was available. General Hodges had an Army/Photo background and he requested that key photos from the day's mission be brought to him ASAP with analysis of the accuracy. To him, loose strike patterns meant loose formations and he continuously stressed tight formation disciplines.

Statistical Control could only supply the figures plus a limited amount of statistical analysis. From there, taking action to correct the problems which the figures may have shown to exist was up to the commanders at all levels. General Kepner, who succeeded General Hodges in August 1944, shared his predecessor's commitment to inflicting damage and conserving personnel and equipment. As the Division grew to fourteen bomb groups and five fighter groups divided into five (later four) Combat Bomb Wings, so did Division Headquarters staff. The Photo section grew to six officers and 17 enlisted personnel including one WAC, and the Statistical Control section

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THE LIBERATOR'S BIG BROTHER

©1996 BY JAMES I. LONG

Had the war in the Pacific stretched into 1946, the scarcely remembered B-32 Dominator might well have had a larger part to play in bringing final victory in World War II. In the event, the B-32 played a minor role in bringing about the defeat of Japan in the great Pacific struggle when the dropping of the atomic bombs quickly brought about negotiations for an end.

But a few such aircraft got in their licks near the end of the war. The 312th Bombardment Group was in the process of converting to this type during the summer of 1945, with the group's 386th Bomb Squadron having given up its Douglas A-20 aircraft to become the first — and the only — B-32 combat unit. The squadron carried out a number of combat missions against Japanese targets in the Philippines and on Formosa (Taiwan) during June and July 1945, and in early August the unit advanced to newly captured Yontan airfield on Okinawa in preparing for the final assault on the mainland of Japan.

Several B-32 aircraft of the 386th Bombardment Squadron were out on missions that fateful day when the order to cease all offensive actions against Japan was received on 15 August 1945. Hostilities were then at an end. Or were they?

The war didn't end abruptly. It wound down in a fitful manner, with sporadic and isolated incidents of attack and defense — even atrocities. Though hostilities were officially at an end, unofficial and unauthorized combat actions took place here and there.

Much activity lay ahead for the Allied forces scattered throughout the Pacific area. The defeated Japanese abroad had to be rounded up and repatriated, and the main islands of Japan had to be occupied. Landing sites had to be chosen and surveyed, and any unauthorized Japanese military activity had to be detected, monitored and stopped. The B-32s of the 386th Bombardment Squadron helped fulfill some of these important tasks. Two aircraft of the unit flew up to Korea and Honshu on the 15th to see if there was any Japanese aerial activity. The unit also flew photographic missions to the Tokyo area on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, and a special communications mission on the 28th.

Such missions were not without risk, and on two occasions, the B-32s were the objects of attacks by enemy fighter aircraft. The Dominators beat off these onslaughts, but suffered damage to the aircraft and had one man killed and one wounded. These attacks occurred during the missions flown on the 17th and 18th of August, and were the work of a few Japanese airmen who didn't want to lay down arms without getting one last chance to flick at the American enemy.

The four Dominators checking the Tokyo area on the 17th were attacked by about a dozen Japanese fighters. In the ensuing exchanges, two B-32s were damaged. However,



Crews retraining from the B-24 might well have received transition training in a Dominator like this one, a TB-32, a training adaptation which was without defensive armament. Forty TB-32s were produced for the training program at Fort Worth Army Air Field (Tarrant Field), Texas. PHOTO COURTESY GENERAL DYNAMICS VIA TOM Y'BLOOD

the American quartet won their first aerial match, for the visiting team's scoreboard registered one Japanese plane damaged, one probably destroyed, and one definitely destroyed (though these were apparently never officially credited).

The mission of the 18th was to have been flown by four planes, as well. But two aircraft had to abort due to mechanical trouble, leaving the two machines that had not been damaged on the previous day's mission to carry on. Again, the B-32s met Japanese fighters over the Tokyo area. But, unlike the previous day, 1st Lt. John R. Anderson's B-32 was hit in the aft compartment by a couple of explosive rounds, which wounded one of the photographers working there and killed the other. These were probably the last American casualties resulting from aerial combat during World War II.

As a balance for this extraordinary loss, Lt. Anderson's crew claimed two definite kills. Headquarters Fifth Air Force made it official by issuing General Orders No. 159 on 10 October 1945, crediting the bomber crew for the destruction of two enemy aircraft in aerial combat.

The action had taken place about twenty miles south of Choshi, Japan, at 1335/1 and 1340/1, 18 August 1945. The final aerial combat of the war was described this way by the general order: "This [Lt. Anderson's] crew was flying in a B-32 type aircraft on a photo mission in the Tokyo area when intercepted by enemy aircraft. The tail gunner of the crew sighted one enemy fighter attacking and opened fire. Several bursts hit the enemy plane and it exploded in mid-air. Several min-

utes later another enemy fighter attacked and the upper rear gunner opened fire and scored hits which caused it to burst into flames and crash."

These regrettable incidents — regrettable all the more so because of the loss of life — nevertheless secured a measure of fame for the Dominator in that these encounters were the last aerial battles fought between American and Japanese aircraft during World War II.

Had the war not ended when it did, some flight crews returning from tours in Europe with B-24 groups, such as those in the 8th and 15th Air Forces, might have found themselves training to man the Liberator's big brother and preparing for yet another overseas tour, for the B-24 and the B-32 were from the same stable, and men familiar with the B-24 were the logical choices to retrain on the B-32.

Though the B-32 was a new aircraft with many advanced features, it still shared some characteristics with its precursor, since both aircraft were products of the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, headquartered in San Diego, California. Men who knew the Liberator would undoubtedly have found similarities in the B-32: the main wing and its de-icing system, the main landing gear wheels, the retractable ventral ball turret, the roll-up bomb bay doors, and other items — all would have received the nod of recognition.

Other characteristics would not have been familiar. The B-32 was bigger than the B-24. Its wing span was 135 feet; its fuselage was 83 feet 1 inch. And though it originally was to have had a twin-rudder tail assembly

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Attlebridge Tales



by Earl Wassom

The unique blend of personalities, skills, and backgrounds of the personnel that made up the wartime 466th Bomb Group brings me new insight every time I sit down to write this page. This information is old, but becomes new to me through notes, letters, telephone conversations, and even hunches. Our current membership drive has revealed some intriguing stories. I discovered one through a telephone conversation, and the second I knew as a dedicated member of the ground echelon with whom I had close association during the months I spent at Attlebridge.

Karl Majjala was not a member of the original cadre of 466ers, and was not a replacement sent from the States, but came to us from a battlefield, the Hurtgen Forest located between the Belgian and German borders. He was an infantry rifleman, wounded on October 6, 1944 and sent from the front lines to England for rehabilitation at Birmingham. Wounded infantrymen arrived in great numbers from the Battle of the Bulge and many were sent back after recovery. But Karl was reassigned to the 466th Bomb Group. The transition from infantry to Air Force was not difficult. The comforts of life on the base were luxuries in comparison to the front lines.

Karl soon learned the art of "requisitioning" additional fuel for the coke-burning stove used in the barracks for warmth and cooking purposes. He also found that his new buddies had creative ways to throw a party. Those on K.P. were detailed to pick up bread and butter which would be enjoyed with the Italian sausage received from families at home. The sausage was best when heated to its dripping point by holding it on a fork near the stove. Another detail of fellows was sent to the beer hall with a bucket and their canteen cups. They would stand in line to get their canteen cups filled with beer, pour the contents in the bucket, and get back in line to refill their cups. When the bucket was full, they would return to the barracks. The parties they planned took away the boredom from their daily hum-drum assignments. Karl was blessed with extra room around his bunk, but when it rained he realized why. There were holes around his bed in the roof. These holes were never reported principally because of the way the holes got there in the first place. One fellow was promoted to corporal and when he returned from leave, he was given a military salute. His buddies stood on each side of his bunk and fired shots through the roof.

Karl was assigned to the refueling crew of the 784th. The squadron had three semi trac-



T/SGT. DELINSKY
Crew Chief of Aircraft 44-10545B

tors to haul the gasoline trailers and one truck which delivered oil. He had never driven a semi truck before. To learn this new skill, he was sent to the empty revetments, where planes were usually parked, and spent several hours each day learning how to maneuver those 1945 "eighteen-wheelers." Within a week, he became competent and was entrusted to go out on his own. His duties required pre-dawn trips to each revetment, and to each aircraft to top off the tanks after the engines had been warmed up for the day's mission.

At the end of each mission, usually about 3 or 4 in the afternoon, the ground crews anxiously counted the planes as they came back, noting those with battle damage and feathered props. As the planes rolled to a stop, ground crew members swarmed over each aircraft, ordnance people, radio technicians, the aircraft mechanics, sheet metal workers, and Karl, whose job it was to refill the aircraft fuel tanks for the next day's mission. Karl was especially impressed by the devotion of the aircraft crew chief.

Upon these dedicated "professionals" the mechanical readiness of the aircraft rested. The flight crew had great respect and admiration for the crew chief of their airplane. In the dark early morning hours when the orderlies came by the barracks to awaken the crews for breakfast and briefing, the sounds of Pratt & Whitney engines revving up could be heard coming from the revetments across the base. The crew chiefs were making final checks and adjustments for the day's mission. They had been up most of the night preparing and fine-tuning the aircraft for which they were responsible.

T/Sgt. Delinsky was among the original cadre of the ground echelon when the 466th BG arrived at Attlebridge. He was among the

first to arrive and the last to leave. He saw new aircrews arrive, finish their tours, and return to the States. He stayed on. We were the second crew assigned to 545B, Delinsky's aircraft. After briefing, when the crews arrived at the revetment, flight gear was deposited all over the tarmac. Sarge, as we all called Delinsky, was there, smiling and ready to help. Though he had been working all night, he always accompanied me as we did a walk-around visual inspection. He reviewed the maintenance which had been performed as our flashlights probed the darkness, shining on the leading edges of the wings, the turbos, the landing gears and tires. The other crewmen "checked out" their stations and equipment. As "start engines" time approached, all of the flight crew lined up along the edges of the tarmac and watered the ground for a last time. Once the crew was aboard, Sarge stood to the left of the aircraft watching intently as the engines were started, listened as the engines were revved up, watched as the flight controls and flaps were checked, and then waited until the taxi signal was given. As we started rolling, he always gave a smile and a "thumbs-up" wishing us success. Although he was now out of our sight, we were in his and he watched intently as we lined up with the runway and lifted off into the dark and damp English morning. Then he restlessly waited for hours until we returned, counting aircraft and looking intently for 545B. As we touched down and taxied the long distance to the hardstand, he waited. When we turned into our revetment, he would give a quick cursory inspection of the plane, ascertaining what kind of work would be required before the next mission. When the props stopped turning, he was immediately on the flight deck asking questions.

Another mission was completed. Sarge Delinsky felt a true sense of having performed his job well. As the refueling truck rolled up, driven by Karl or one of his buddies, and ground echelon personnel started their work all over again, we aircrew men were thankful. These two men and hundreds of others like them demonstrate the resolve and determination of youth far from home serving their country with dedication regardless of the circumstances.

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

During our meeting in Milwaukee, plans were set in motion to begin a recruiting drive for 466th guys, gals, and kids wherever they may be found. We have twelve recruiting teams working and a list of over 950 potentials. Some unique techniques are in place and contacts are being made. For our drive, the United States was divided into several geographic regions with recruiters responsible for those living in these areas. Where are these Attlebridgers? Well, California leads the pack with 98 of them; Texas as you might suppose has almost as many with 86; followed by Florida and Pennsylvania each with 68; New York with 56; Illinois 51; South Dakota with 1; and a couple of

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489TH NOTES

BY
JAMES M. DAVIS

The 489th Bomb Group is fortunate to have such an outstanding person as Charles Freudenthal who publishes our group news and information letter and does so many other things for the group. Because he does such an excellent job, I will not take the time or space in the *Journal* to duplicate that information.

I've learned that Bill Shaffer, engineer, has found one of his crew members — Edward O'Connell, of Grand Junction, CO. Welcome to the fold, Ed!

The following report by LD. Brown details the 489th's trip to England this past May.

HALF AND HALF

by I.D. Brown

Half a hundred Yanks were scooped up by British Friends of the 489th Bomb Group on 23 May 1996, from Heathrow and Gatwick airports. They were transported to Halesworth for half a fortnight of friendship renewals, reminiscence, dedications, and just plain fun.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, there was a "big howdy session" at the Angel Hotel between British friends, Yanks, and many locals as the coaches arrived. After fresh-up, a social dinner was served at the Angel and Yanks were dispersed to the homes of their hosts for needed rest.

Friday, the 24th, was civic day, with a welcome from the Lord Mayor of Halesworth, PR photos for the local press, registration for Yanks, and a formal dinner at the St. Helena Golf Club.

Saturday's schedule included a boat cruise on the Oulton Broad followed by drinks and dinner at the Hotel Hatfield. Entertainment included comedy, music and singing led by Paddy Cox and the Brits, with supplemental acts by 489th jokesters and singers.

On Sunday, Yanks joined with the local congregation of about 200 at St. Peter's Church, Holton, in an outdoor remembrance service. A USAF color guard was provided. The wind was so strong that John Lamar and I were detailed to keep the flag stands from blowing over after the colors were posted.

Everyone proceeded from the church service to the Holton Airfield, 489th war memorial to honor the dead. The ashes of Dick Wagner, an 844th navigator who recently died, were spread by his two daughters and a granddaughter. The USAF color guard retired the memorial flag, folded and presented it to Dick's daughters. Flowers and wreaths were placed on the memorial by many organizations and local individuals, as a low pass was made by a pre-World War Two vintage airplane.

Several British military units participated, including the British Legion, Desert Rats, Royal Air Force, a military cadet band and Sir Charles Souter.

Everyone retired to the Triple Plea Pub for drinks and then to the Village Hall at Westhall, for dinner and musical entertainment arranged by Brit, Ted Dickinson.

Monday started with the traditional ploughman's lunch at the Triple Plea, then on to Tannington Hall for an enjoyable drive through the countryside in coachman-driven, horse-drawn carriages. Jack McMullen and several others rode shotgun beside the drivers. Sue Bacle was ready to bail out without a parachute when the horse pulling her carriage reared up, letting everyone know he didn't like his place in line. The horse quieted down quickly when put in his usual spot. After the drive, dinner was served in a marquee, in the gardens at Tannington Hall. Dances and stories by talented neighbors were enjoyed.

On Tuesday, we gathered at the Angel and were taken by coach to Hardwick, the airfield used by the 93rd Bomb Group during the war. That is where a WWII quonset has been refurbished by the Brits and is now a 489th museum. The museum was officially opened with a speech by Paddy Cox and ribbon-cutting by Colonels Belward and Freudenthal, after which a tour of the museum was conducted.

Upon entering, a scantily clad lady mannequin is encountered on a GI cot, holding a sign: "Welcome Back Boys." In the museum is a 48-star American flag, a blue star window pennant, several 1940s service uniforms, autographed crew photos, and other pictures, poems, stories and news items. There are medals, dog tags, survival gear, maps, oxygen masks, flight helmets/suits, parts of aircraft found at local crash sites, and an ancient GI heating stove. All items were donated. There is a remembrance wall that has autographs of many 489ers, but there is room for more.

We joined the museum curator, Mrs. Marjorie Shires, of The Hawthorns, Harrison Lane, Halesworth, Suffolk, England, IP19-80A, for tea. She stated that much more memorabilia from the WWII period was needed and would be greatly appreciated.

For the evening, the Brits took the Yanks to the Swan Hotel for cocktails and to a grand dinner at the Carvery Restaurant. Dinner music was provided by Tony Kerrison and his ensemble.

On Wednesday, two options were offered: Yanks could either go to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library at Norwich or to the American Cemetery at Madingley. A coach was provided for each.

That evening, the final farewell dinner was served at the Beachcombers Restaurant in Southwold. Many moving words were said. To say we'll meet again may not be true. I remember Dick Wagner was with us when we said farewell at the Beachcombers, the last time, and now his ashes lie in a small corner of England that will forever be American. ■



Five small American flags mark the place where Dick Wagner's ashes were scattered at the 489th War Memorial.

ATTLEBRIDGE TALES (continued)

others with even less; i.e. Hawaii and Alaska have none! There are lots of states with 466ers numbering 50 or less. We have been working and the results are good, but we aren't finished. We have recruited members from France and England. There are lots of children and wives, too . . . so let's get them as associate members! The list of new recruits may be found elsewhere in this *Journal*.

FLASHBACK

I have been in close contact with Andrew Johnston, formerly with the British Broadcasting Corporation and now associated with *Flashback Television Limited*. Mr. Johnston, producer, and this organization have produced two excellent video programs, and I have had opportunity to view both. The first, *War, the Inside Story, Mission Berlin*, mentions our bomb group and we are listed in the credits. The second is *War, the Inside Story, Warbirds of Duxford*. Both are a credit to the efforts of the 8th Air Force during WWII. They were to be aired in England on the History Channel this fall.

MAIL CALL

From Jean Saltarelli: "Dear friends of the 466th Bomb Group, I want to thank you for the lovely basket of plants you sent to Gene and me at the time of the reunion in Milwaukee. We were disappointed in not being able to attend, but I find it comforting to know that we were in your thoughts and prayers. I deeply appreciate your kindness."

FOLDED WINGS

Col. Robert P. Baumann, USAF Retired, has passed away at 74 years of age. His home was in West Knoxville.

OUR OLDEST SURVIVOR?

I've had a note from "one of our own" who lays claim to being the oldest survivor among 466ers. He is 86 and writes: "I am looking forward to seeing you at the '97 reunion, 'the good Lord willing and the creeks don't rise' . . . But, I spent too much time preparing myself for this life and not enough for the next one — so I gotta catch up. Best, H.O." ■

The Pima Air & Space Museum Tucson, Arizona

BY RALPH H. ELLIOTT (467th)

"Ever since the Pima Air & Space Museum (then Pima Air Museum) opened its doors to the public in 1976, everyone involved has worked toward the goals of progress and excellence. Having started with a metal fence, a tin shack for selling tickets, and 75 weathered airplanes, the Pima Air and Space Museum now boasts a collection of more than 250 aircraft, six hangars containing airplanes and static exhibits, the Titan Missile Museum (at Green Valley), and the 390th (B-17) Memorial Museum. Now is the time for the Arizona Aerospace Foundation to lay out its plans to move this internationally known museum complex into the twenty-first century." Thus Executive Director Edward D. Harrow describes the beginning and looks to the future of one of the world's finest aviation museums.

There has been a turnaround in collection philosophy in the last few years, from a *hardware only* type of thinking to a *complete museum* philosophy that includes everything of importance to the military aircraft scene. While only about 10% of the museum's collection is on display at any one time, the exhibits are constantly changing, based in part on the material available and in part on the source of additional donations. The best example of fund-driven exhibits is the B-17 and the hangar to house it in that were donated by the 390th Bomb Group. Hangar #3 holds a restored B-24, B-25, B-26, and C-47. Hangar #4 houses a B-29, C-46, F4U4, TBM, and P-63. Since new money is the life blood of survival for any museum, they welcome donations for specific exhibits and specific airplanes: a way to honor your old outfit with its tail feathers or markings on a plane or display case of special items from your old group. The museum is a self-supporting, non-profit, educational organization funded solely by gate receipts, gift shop sales, memberships, and donations. It receives no funds from any government agency.

The Pima Air & Space Museum is located at 6000 E. Valencia Road, Tucson, AZ 85706, phone (520) 574-0462, fax (520) 574-9238. It lies just south of Davis-Monthan AFB and the Aircraft Maintenance and Regeneration Center (AMARC), the worldwide aircraft storage area for the Department of Defense, which explains the unique ability of the museum to add rare and significant aircraft to their extensive collection. Once acquired, they need only tow the new item out the back gate of DMAFB and into the museum. In addition, they also have the Titan II Missile Museum, the only missile silo museum in existence, in Green Valley, south of Tucson. This means they are interested in missile memorabilia as well as aircraft items.

I met with the Deputy Director for Operations, Tom Swanton, who spoke of the plans for future expansion, including an Aerospace

Educational and Conference Center to be built in 1997, improved land use infrastructure, new interpretive exhibits, and new museum publications and visitor materials. Kirsten Oftedahl, Curator of Collections, escorted me through the rooms, climate controlled where necessary, where the thousands of uniforms and other memorabilia are stored. I understand now why you need to contact her to see if your old uniform is needed to fill out the collection. There's only room for so many A-2 jackets, but if yours has the original pictures on the back, it might well fit in one of the ongoing exhibits the museum puts together. Kirsten introduced me to graduate librarian Cindy Coan, who took us through the extensive library of tech orders and documents, all carefully catalogued and available to the public for research use — under close supervision so that nothing walks away. Looking for an old flight manual or tech order? Ask Cindy to send you the list of surplus items she has for sale.

The Pima Air & Space Museum offers a legitimate repository for your WWII memorabilia, and material they accept will be put to good use. They are on track to building a fine reference facility, and material donated there may end up being more used than it would be in a large museum with an abundance of uncatalogued stuff in the basement.

If you have material to donate, a listing of the items should first be sent to Kirsten Oftedahl, Curator of Collections, Arizona Aerospace Foundation, 6000 E. Valencia Road, Tucson, AZ 85706 so that she and the museum staff can determine if the material will fit into their collection needs and is not a duplicate of something they already have. Copies of documents are acceptable, which means that duplicates may be offered to the 8th AF Heritage Museum in Savannah and the Memorial Room in Norwich at the same time.

The bottom line is this: You need to decide NOW what disposition you want to make of the military records and artifacts you have collected over the years. In another four or five years, at most, it will be too late, and they could all end up at your estate sale or in the trash can. If you have children who are interested, by all means pass things on to them, but do talk about it now so they will know what to do with them after you're gone. In many cases, the kids don't have the slightest idea what you did in the war, and they surely won't know what to do with your papers if you don't tell them.

The Pima Air & Space Museum is well worth considering as the repository for your personal collections. It is also worth visiting on your next vacation in the Tucson area. The exit to the museum is well marked, southeast of the city off I-10 at either the Valencia or Kolb Road exits. ■

WHAT DID YOU DO (continued)

grew to six officers and ten enlisted personnel, including four WACs. In addition, another entity had been added, the Operations Research Section, consisting of civilians of professorial rank, a Statistical Control trained officer, and several enlisted personnel.

All three sections worked closely with the division bombardier and A-3 (Operations) in general. The concept created by General Arnold worked. The commanders at every level had the information they needed to improve their efficiency, and the combat crews and all ground support personnel did their jobs. More and more damage was inflicted. Aircraft maintenance and performance improved, and aircraft and personnel losses declined.

That said, and as noted earlier, as every mission report came in from the groups at night, what stood out in all our minds was the information about casualties. The remembrance of that awareness is with us today, and all of us, the ground bound and the flying personnel who survived, have demonstrated that our almost 6,700 fallen have not been forgotten, nor will they ever be.

One of the great values of the combined photo coverage, statistical analysis, and mission chronicles was the support it gave to the general and other commanders when they either had to defend or explain matters which higher headquarters wanted to discuss. Time was always of the essence, and Photo/Statistical facts at the disposal of our Command were vital to next mission decisions.

Finally, a 56-page Statistical Control report of 2nd Air Division operations was prepared for General Kepner for forwarding to 8th Air Force. A fairly complete story is there. Important points to remember now, fifty years later, are:

(A) Bombing accuracy rose steadily from January 1944, 50% within 2,000 feet of aiming point, to 79% in 1945. There were just two dips in this steady increase. (Fact: 2nd Air Division led the 8th Air Force in accuracy in January, February, and March 1945).

(B) The effective sortie rate increased from 48% in 1942 to 67% in 1943, to 78% in 1944 to 84% in 1945. What a job by the ground crews and the flying personnel!

(C) Operational aircraft losses as a percentage of effective sorties declined steadily from November 1943 through April 1945.

Statistical Control provided information patterned after the best U.S. corporate practices. This was our mission. The flying personnel successfully used that information. Many of us trained in this field successfully used what we learned, after the war in our respective careers.

So, that's what I did in the war, chums. I was grateful to have been able to do my part, and I salute all with whom I served in Statistical Control and Photo, specifically, and all of the many friends I made during the war, and since then in the 2nd Air Division Association. ■

The 44th Bomb Group logo and patch insignia was most evident in the human form of Staff Sergeant Harvey Cox, 67th Squadron. Although he was a damned good tail gunner — left over from a 93rd BG crew that ditched in the Channel — he was also the personification of a flying Army Air Force 8 Ball.

Ye Olde Flak Shack was the "leftover" quonset hut where the lone survivors of the 67th Squadron, et al, were quartered. There were normally twelve engineers, radio ops and assorted gunners in residence, but seemingly none of them ever rotated back to the States . . . not until the spring of '45 when the war was drawing down to a close.

The spring of 1945 was a boring period of time for the gunners, since the Luftwaffe had shot their main load early on, and now seldom came up to challenge the Mighty 8th. That's the period of time when Sergeant Cox was a resident in Ye Olde Flak Shack, starting with the day after New Year's Day.

Harvey never saw another member of his crew after he escaped through a waist gunner's window. He then had twenty missions and three fighters to his credit; two ME-109s, and a 410 that he knocked down over Politz. He'd then been reassigned to the 44th, for whatever reasons.

Gunners with even one fighter to their credit were in big demand by pilots whose tail gunner was grounded with the GIs, or whatever. Harvey and one ace tail gunner in the barracks were the only men available as tail gunner replacements, and often had a choice of who they would fly with. There were new pilots in the unit who were real conservative and didn't want to wear out the entire runway, you know, and pulled the Lib off at the control tower. It was not a pretty picture when other crews had to follow a bomber down the runway that had gone off the end of the tarmac and into the apple orchard, with the bay full and the tanks topped off. That's the reason these two tail gunners didn't rotate (but stayed alive), because they were so damned picky about who they flew with. The extra five or ten missions that were tacked onto the original twenty-five, it seemed, was also like starting over again as a pipeline replacement . . . and each flight with a different pilot was a bitch mission.

Cox drew a new pilot and crew to fly with in late January, and after sweating out such a takeoff as described above, the mission was aborted over the Channel. Cox then sweated out a landing that was about as hairy as the takeoff. Thus, when the mission was rescheduled for the following morning, Harvey went to the ops officer and begged to be taken off the crew. When asked his reasons, he replied: "The pilot is dangerous." It was sufficient cause with the Captain, but not with 67th Squadron Administration.

For some odd reason that none of us ever figured out, the 67th Squadron First Sergeant hated flight personnel. Ditto the gravel-grip-

THE REAL FLYING EIGHT BALL

BY HORACE L. WATKINS, JR. (44TH)

pin' Exec Officer. So, when Harvey returned to the squadron area that morning after "refusing to fly," the topkick sent him to Master Sergeant Hundley's mess hall for KP duty. A staff sergeant on KP? You got it right, bro . . . plus airplane guard duty . . . even for tech sergeants.

Now, the morale of Ye Olde Flak Shack went down the biffy . . . except for Sergeant Cox. The man loved KP duty. When the flight crews were eating powdered eggs and cold pancakes for breakfast, Cox was scarfing down sunny-side eggs and a steak. Rather than eat fried Spam and cold mashed potatoes for lunch, Cox dined on a T-bone. And after dinner, just to make life interesting for his bunkmates, he'd bring a couple of pork chops and French fries back to the barracks, along with sweet pastries, and auction if off to the highest bidder. Oh, yeah, he got one pound for an eight ounce chop. I made a sandwich out of mine, and washed it down with a pint of mild and bitters.

This activity went on for a full week before he was rescheduled to fly . . . this time with the 67th Squadron Commander in the right seat of the MICKEY bomber. The mission was deep into Germany, along the industrial Rhine River Valley area. The crews were briefed for fighters, going in and coming out. "Watch for head-on attacks by ME-262s today," S-2 said, and Sergeant Cox was moved into the nose turret of the lead machine. Being the resourceful type and aware that he could make a quick ten bob, Harvey hopped on his bike and went back to the barracks for his trusty camera. Nomenclature: a Box Brownie 610.

The 262 was damned near impossible to knock down from the tail turret, and totally impossible from the nose . . . except for a lucky hit. In which case he would make the mission worthwhile, and photograph the new jets. With the camera in one hand and the trigger button in the other, Harvey photographed three ME-262s, two of them from close range. Fortunately, none of the bombers were damaged and no one was wounded due to his entrepreneurial escapade, and not a single gunner claimed as much as a hit on a 262, much less a kill.

A fortnight later, Harvey and one of the group photo-lab boys, a corporal, were peddling 8 x 10s at the EM Club for ten bob each.

Now, you'd think the Squadron C.O. would be a bit concerned about a gunner shooting at the enemy with a camera, yet he said nothing.

Rather, the First Sergeant called Harvey in and told him he was a private . . . to get his butt up to the kitchen. No Article 104, no chat with the Old Man; only the first sergeant's form of disciplinary action, if you could call a bust and an indefinite term in the kitchen as military discipline.

Private Cox took his licks without bitching to a soul — until the day he was scheduled to fly again with the MICKEY crew, this time with General Leon W. Johnson from 14th Wing in the right seat. Cox reported in at the briefing room, but not to the pilot — to the General.

He approached him very militarily, popped his heels together and saluted. "General Johnson, Sir, Private Harvey Cox reporting, Sir. I will be your nose turret gunner today, Sir."

The General puffed on a short cigar that he didn't bother removing from his mouth as he returned Cox's salute.

"Private Cox?" he asked. "Did you say you are a private, son?"

"Private Cox at your service, Sir," he reiterated to the General, just as the MICKEY pilot, a captain in the 506th Squadron, entered the briefing room. The General chewed on his cigar for a moment while the pilot approached the platform, thinking Cox was a member of his crew. Privates did not fly into combat in his command.

Rather than make a scene in front of the total flight personnel for the mission, Johnson took the gunner and the pilot by the arms, escorted them into the little room at the back of the building, and closed the door. Ten or so minutes later when they emerged, Cox was wearing a grin from ear to ear. He sat back down beside his fellow tail gunner from Ye Olde Flak Shack and stuck out his hand: "Staff Sergeant Harvey Cox will be flying in the MICKEY nose turret today," he stated without equivocating, then added: "And with a date of rank uninterrupted by Old Many Stripes. Boy, can that General flat chew out somebody! I mean, I may be on permanent KP when we get back from the mission today, but that First Dog ain't got enough butt left to wipe. Yessir, that General is good at what he does. If nobody else knows it besides the Germans at Ploesti, Rumania, and that First Sergeant of ours, he wears that star with authority, and his Medal of Honor with humility."

That was true. Everyone who knew him was aware that he was an officer first, a pilot second, and a General who loved his flight personnel, above all. Staff Sergeant Cox never worked another day of KP, and the First Sergeant went in the opposite direction when they were approaching each other head on.

We left England together the morning President Roosevelt died, and Staff Sergeant Harvey Cox proudly wore his A-2 leather flying jacket with the 8 Ball logo on his chest. It was him. He was it! A matching pair, as it were. ■

ILLFURTH, FRANCE HONORS AMERICAN AVIATORS

SUBMITTED BY PETE HENRY (44TH)

The village of Illfurth, France unveiled a granite monument with a plaque, erected in memory of seven American aviators shot down 29 January 1944 by the Germans, along the Rhone-Rhine canal near water lock No. 33. The monument honoring the George H. Maynard crew of the 66th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group was unveiled as planned on Saturday, 8 June 1996 at 10:00 AM by USAF LTC William Humphrey of the U.S. Embassy in Paris and Madame Therese Richard, a 16-year-old witness of the crash. Also present were Roland Prieur, Superintendent, Epinal American Cemetery, Dinoze, France; Mr. Jean-Luc Reizer, Congressman and Mayor of Altkirch; Patricia Mauroy-Willaert, Subprefect; Pierre Weisenhorn, Congressman and Honorary Mayor; and Helmuch Bihl, Mayor of Illfurth, who stated that with this monument, the sacrifice of the soldiers will not be forgotten. There were other dignitaries present as well.

Roland Prieur commented that a French Army band and a French Air Force Honor Guard rendered the Honors with a group of French veterans bearing their unit flags. The ceremony was started by a historical lecture to the Illfurth school children about the tragic



events. The Superintendent represented the 44th Bomb Group and Lt. Maynard's family with honor and pride and presented a wreath on behalf of Maynard's three sisters, Priscilla, Norma and Betty, during the wreath-laying ceremony. Two other wreaths were presented, one from the town of Illfurth and the other from the U.S. Embassy. Roland expressed the gratitude of the 44th Bomb Group members to the people of Illfurth, to all those present,

and to those who initiated and worked so hard on the project to honor our war dead, not forgetting the school children.

The inscription on the plaque is in French. Translated into English, it says:

80 meters west of this monument
the American bomber
B-24 Liberator #41-29157
66th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group
was shot down on 29 January 1944,
returning from a mission over Germany.

Seven crew members:

1st Lt. George H. Maynard
1st Lt. Thomas W. Nielson
1st Lt. John E. Norquist
T/Sgt. Russell W. Patterson
S/Sgt. Donald C. Porter
S/Sgt. Louis J. O'Donnell
Sgt. Frank Arcamone

died for France.

Passer-by, Remember.

Editor's Note: Refer to 44th BG 8-Ball columns in the Spring 1995, Spring 1996 and Summer 1996 issues of the Journal for additional information about this crash. ■

LIBERATOR'S BIG BROTHER (continued)

like that of the B-24, it wound up having a distinctively tall single vertical tail unit. The fuselage was circular in cross section, measuring 9 feet 6 inches in diameter, a legacy of the initial intention to have this plane be a pressurized very heavy bombardment type, like the B-29. A spacious flight deck housed the pilots, the navigator, the radio operator, and the radar officer all in the same large and unobstructed compartment.

Four big Wright R-3350-23A Cyclones with two turbo superchargers for each drove Curtiss Electric propellers measuring 16 feet 8 inches in diameter. They were controlled by an automatic synchronizing system, and the two inboard units could be reversed for on-the-ground braking and maneuvering, a first for any large land plane.

Unlike that of the early conception, the defensive armament on the production aircraft was of the conventional kind. There were five manned turrets, each mounting two .50 caliber Browning machine guns. The original plan called for remotely controlled turrets similar to those on the B-29.

The Dominator could carry forty 500-pound bombs for its maximum single-suspension bomb load of 20,000 pounds. Or it could be fitted to carry twelve 1000-pound bombs, or eight 2000-pound bombs, or four 4000-pounders. These heavy bomb loads, added to the weight of all other materials essential to com-

bat operations, would bring the B-32 to about 100,000 pounds, with the maximum allowable gross weight being 123,250 pounds.

Maximum speed for the Dominator was about 357 mph at 30,000 feet. Normal and economical cruising speeds were 290 and 200 mph, respectively, at the 100,000-pound weight. Typical radius of action was 1300 air miles, carrying 10,000 pounds of bombs and about 6,100 gallons of fuel to a bombing altitude of 29,600 feet.

As impressive as these specifications were, compared to the B-17 and the B-24, they were after all the specifications of a heavy bomber, not a very heavy bomber of the caliber of Boeing's B-29 Superfortress. The B-32 design failed as a strategic bomber and instead was developed as a heavy bomber. And for this reason and others, the end of the Pacific war brought an abrupt end to the development and military use of the Dominator. So swiftly were these aircraft disposed of that few but the most avid fan of aviation took note of their passing, let alone their very existence.

Except for the memories, not much of the old B-32 is left today. The National Air and Space Museum has a nose/tail turret. A private collector has an instrument panel. Some years ago, a B-32 wing panel was set up out in San Diego as a monument to aviation pioneer John J. Montgomery. The history and heritage display at Gunter AFB, Alabama, has one of the early dorsal turrets from a Dominator. No other artifacts have come to light.

In all, only 118 B-32s were accepted by the AAF during the model's short, troubled life. Only a handful of these were ever flown in combat against the Japanese. When the order came to dispose of all B-32s, those that could fly were ferried to disposal centers in Arizona and Arkansas; the others were junked where they were. Some fifty airframes left on the assembly line at Consolidated's Fort Worth plant were dismantled and shipped by railway car to a scrapping facility in Gainesville, Texas.

It was all over by 1947, and not a single B-32 could be found anywhere — except at Davis-Monthan AFB in Arizona, where the one survivor had been set aside for the USAF Museum. But even this lonely last example of the Dominator was scrapped in 1949. Thus, the sun had set on the career of the B-32, the combat model that had endured the last aerial attacks by a few die-hard airmen of Japan's tattered air forces, airmen desperate for some sort of retaliation, however meager.

→ → → →

Ed. Note: The little known story of the Consolidated Vultee B-32 Dominator of World War II is told in word and picture by an economically priced book that is now in its fourth printing. "Dominator: The Story of the Consolidated B-32 Bomber" by Stephen Harding and James I. Long may be ordered by calling (406) 549-8488, or write to Stan Cohen, 713 South Third West, Missoula, MT 59801. The price is a mere \$7.95 plus \$3.00 in applicable taxes, postage and handling. ■

When the 2nd Bombardment Division became the 2nd Air Division in early 1945, the 65th Fighter Wing was assigned to it. This made the coordination of a unified command of fighters and bombers the responsibility of the Division Commander. The staff officer who was responsible for much of the staff work involved, even before they became part of 2AD, was Colonel Harold G. Lund, known as Hal to most of us. I am continuing to include short articles from *Target Victory* and the supplement which appeared in the issue of February 3, 1945. This is what was included about the role of fighters and about Hal Lund and his duties as Operations Controller for Fighter Support:

**ROLE OF THE FIGHTERS:
TOP SCORING THUNDERBOLTS,
MUSTANGS PAVE LIB RAIDS**

Flying escort has one drawback — the 8AF fighter pilots prefer to go hunting for a fight, rather than wait for the fight to come to them. In the heated skies over Europe, they have found plenty of action by both methods.

Topping the 8th Air Force in total victories are fighter groups of the 2nd Air Division — the famed 4th (Mustang) Group, formed from the "Spitfire" Eagle Squadrons, credited with 775 Hun planes destroyed — the 56th (Thunderbolt) Group, commanded by Col. David C. Schilling (he's destroyed 34 1/2), leading the ETO with 830 confirmed victories. Include on their wing the 355th (Mustangs), third group in the ETO to down 600 Huns — 479th (Mustang) Group, recently led by Col. Hubert Zemke (28 credits), now believed a prisoner of war, first group to destroy an enemy jet-propelled aircraft.

They've strafed locomotives, airfields, and flak towers; dive-bombed tactical targets; rescued crippled bombers in the heart of Germany; and escorted shuttle missions to Russia and Italy. Among the "Distinguished Service Cross" rosters of the above groups you will recognize Col. Donald Blakeslee, Capt. Don S. Gentile (30 victories), Maj. James A. Goodson (30), Maj. Duane W. Beeson, Lt. Col. Francis S. Gabreski (31 victories), Maj. Robert S. Johnson, Maj. Walker Mahurin, Maj. Gerald W. Johnson, Maj. Paul A. Conger, and Capt. Henry "Tex" Brown (30 victories). You'll find in these groups leaders like Col. Everett W. Stewart, Lt. Col. Claiborne H. Kinnard, Lt. Col. Arthur F. Jeffrey, Capt. John T. Godfrey (36 victories, now a prisoner of war).

Rendezvous with the high-flying, slower heavies at prearranged positions and times calls for split-second planning. Coordination of these "big" and "little friends" is the specialty of 2AD operations controller for fighter support, youthful Col. Harold G. Lund, who can spout lore about his P-40 squadron's holding actions against the Japs on Java and Australia, P-39s and P-38s vs. Zeros at New Guinea, or P-47s and P-51s against the Hun.

Aside from the victories of their own guns,

DIVISION



BY RAY STRONG

the fighter support, too, is "... dedicated to getting bombs on the target."



I am continuing to include on the HQ page of the *Journal* short sketches of some of those HQ people who were assigned from the summer of 1942 until the summer of 1945. If you were one of them and I have not included a sketch about you, it is probably because you have not sent me any information about your service experiences, both on and off base, and about your life for the past fifty years. I sent each of you a form about a year ago. Dig it out of your files and write to me. If you can't find the form, just use any old piece of paper you can find!

Arthur W. Howe enlisted in the Army in 1941. He was trained as a weather observer and sent to England and the 8th Air Force in May of 1942. He ended up being sent to HQ, 2nd Bomb Wing in the summer of 1942 and served as a weather observer at Horsham St. Faith. While there, he spent several weekends with Vicar Edwards at Horsham St. Faith. Some of his off-duty time was spent cycling the countryside with a local cycling club. He became friends with a Mr. Belray who had a photo shop in Norwich who let him use his darkroom to develop his film. Arthur met Mr. Belray's son in 1992 at the same studio. He was to close the business and retire the next month.

Arthur was discharged in September 1945 and returned to Savannah. He obtained a BS degree and taught at Savannah Tech. He retired in 1986. While in Norwich in 1992, he visited Tom and Robin Eaton. He had met Tom and Robin at the 1987 meeting in Hilton Head. Arthur says, "Mutual English friends introduced us and we took them to eat at Williams Seafood Restaurant — who claimed their fish slept in the sea the night before. Robin informed me (at dinner in Norwich) that the Cromer Crab had been in the North Sea four hours before! One up for the British."

Arthur, who lives in Savannah, further says, "I am presently working hard with the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum, as are a large group of the Georgia Chapter of the 8th AFHS, Savannah Wing.

And here is what **Joseph F. Meyer (Joe)** had to say: "25 years in wholesale hardware and automotive supply. The past 25 years developing and managing commercial real estate in Houston. Married in 1945. Four children and eight grandchildren. My wife and I do some traveling and enjoy a farm at Round Top,

TX, 85 miles west of Houston where we raise cattle and have a small garden and orchard.

"I came to 2AD HQ from the 100th Bomb Group (B-17s) a short time after D-Day (rank of Captain). I was in contact with each officer in the bomb groups who was in charge of air-sea rescue equipment, oxygen equipment, electrically heated flying suits and all personal flying equipment used by crew members. Lt. Col. Moffit was my boss. A sergeant whose first name was Hercules drove me to the bases for meetings and inspections and a WAC whose first name was Jean did my typing, etc."

Joe writes the following about his most memorable experiences while off duty:

"(1) The first time I ventured into London, I became lost at night during a heavy, heavy fog and wandered till the early morning hours before stumbling onto a Red Cross shelter. (2) Taking shelter in Norwich and experiencing the flak from British anti-aircraft batteries falling close by."

Remember that I need news to put in both the *Journal* and the Newsletter. Write to me about your memories of your experiences in Headquarters or about your life during the last fifty years.

I am writing this in September, and Chapel Hill was right in the middle of Hurricane Fran. We were without power for five days and have at least nine trees down in the yard — three of which are hung up in other trees. I can't get anyone to come and get them down and they are apt to fall on our neighbor's house! I'll keep you posted. ■

RELEASE OF TWO NEW WWII VIDEO FILMS

Flashback Television Limited has completed and is releasing for viewing two new wartime documentaries relating to the activities of the USAAF and the RAF during the period 1942-1945:

**War, the Inside Story,
Mission Berlin**

**War, the Inside Story,
Warbirds of Duxford**

The History Channel, WINGS, schedule for viewing these documentaries in the United States, Eastern Standard Time, is as follows:

Sunday, December 15, 1996
9 pm - Mission Berlin
10 pm - Warbirds

Friday, December 20, 1996
8 pm - Mission Berlin

Saturday, December 28, 1996
7 pm - Warbirds

The 448th Speaks



BY CATER LEE

Would you believe we just finished our *fourteenth* consecutive annual 448th reunion at beautiful and historic Savannah, Georgia where we enjoyed our stay at the lovely Hyatt Regency Hotel.

We had a half-day visit to the absolutely wonderful 8th AF Heritage Museum. If you weren't there, you must see this lovely tribute to veterans of the WWII 8th Air Force.

We also toured Savannah and attended the Friday morning Marine recruit graduation ceremonies at nearby Parris Island, SC. Our reunion was attended by 265 vets and family members. General "Buck" Shuler gave a wonderful speech for our Saturday night banquet. A few who had sent in their money for the reunion had to cancel out for health or other reasons, otherwise we might have had 300.

For those who may challenge or just don't recall our past group reunions, here is a review.

Our first *group only* reunion was held in 1985 at Shreveport/Barksdale AFB, LA; our second was in 1986 at Dayton, OH and Wright/Patterson AFB; and our third was back in England at Seething and Norwich, in 1987. Our fourth reunion in 1988 and also our fifth were held at Colorado Springs and the Air Force Academy and in October at Harlingen, Texas at the annual "Confederate" air show. Our sixth reunion held in 1989 at Fort Worth, Texas celebrated the 50th anniversary of the famous B-24. Our seventh reunion in 1990 was held at Tucson, AZ and Davis/Monthan AFB; our eighth reunion in 1991 was held at Hampton, VA and Langley AFB; and our ninth reunion was held in 1992 in Omaha, NE and Offutt AFB. Our tenth reunion in 1993 was held at Seattle/Bellevue, WA and McChord AFB; our eleventh reunion was held in 1994 at Boston/Danvers, MA. Our twelfth and thirteenth in 1995 were held in England and in San Diego; and our fourteenth, yes, fourteenth, was held in Savannah, GA in 1996.

Our 1997 group reunion will be held April 10-13 in beautiful and historic San Antonio, Texas. Our hotel will be the Holiday Inn Northwest located at the corners of loop 410 and IH-10 with *free* hotel parking and *free* shuttle to and from the airport, and the price is \$69.00 per day plus taxes. We bargained for our usual free one hour cocktail time on Thursday prior to our casual banquet.

On Thursday we will tour Randolph AFB and have lunch at the officers' mess, followed by a visit to the famous River Walk made up of wonderful hotels, shopping, boat rides and outside tables for a *cerveza* or a margarita or just watch the action — it's great. There will no doubt be a stop at the Alamo. On Friday we will be honored guests at the recruit graduation ceremonies at Lackland AFB, followed by a visit to many WWII planes on exhibit and lunch at the officers' mess, then a visit to the Lackland Museum and a return to the city for more action.

Larry Wolfe, who lives in Universal City which is adjacent to Randolph AFB, and Bill Hensey, who lives in northwest San Antonio near our hotel, are both working with me on finalizing details for our reunion. Both are retired AF and belong to the officers' clubs at Randolph and Lackland and know their way around San Antonio. They also helped Leroy Engdahl in the selection of our hotel. Larry missed our Savannah reunion because of back surgery, which he says went well, and is looking forward to seeing everyone in San Antonio.

Everyone is encouraged to bring family members and grandchildren, as there is lots to see and do in San Antonio.

I will be mailing out complete reunion details probably in late February or early March, so mark your calendars right now for a fun time in San Antonio, April 10-13. The weather is very nice at that time of year.

In addition to our formal "group only" reunions, many of us have attended Second Air Division Association reunions stateside and back in England.

In 1983 in England Leroy Engdahl was elected 448th group VP, a position he held for seven years.

In 1984 the 448th dedicated two granite memorials, one at the base at Seething and one at the Seething Village Churchyard.

In 1987 the group dedicated the restored Seething Control Tower with money raised from donations by 448th members and with labor donated by five wonderful British friends.

We have a great love affair with the wonderful people of Seething and the surrounding villages.

At our 1996 group reunion, attended by 265 members and families, we were blessed with the attendance of our good friends from Seething, Pat and Ron Everson. Pat read a message to us all and extended an invitation for our group to please come back soon.

At our Saturday morning business meeting, I was reelected President, Charles McBride was reelected VP to the Second Air Division Association, and George Dupont and Leroy Engdahl were reelected VPs of the 448th.

In discussing where to have our 1998 group reunion, the question was asked, "How many people would like to go back to England?" There was an overwhelming majority for going back, so it will be England in 1998, likely in

August, so those wishing to bring grandchildren can do so when school is out.

If enough are interested in a stateside reunion at least three months apart from our England reunion, please let me know ASAP and we will work on a site.

If someone accidentally picked up a silk map of Morocco, Algeria and Spain when picking up their memorabilia displays (and hopefully this is what happened), please, please send it to Irv Toler, P.O. Box 170, Barney, CA 96013. Irv would be most grateful.

Ben Johnson of 3990 15th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77642 has a supply of 448th caps having 448th in the middle and all four squadron numbers across the bottom with 8th AF at top. The cost is \$9.00, all inclusive.

I have a good number of 448th group patches with holders to wear on coat pockets for special occasions as well as a good supply of attractive tail insignia badges with yellow background and black diagonal also with the "checkerboard" insignia. All items are \$5.00 each plus postage. These items belong to the 448th — get yours now for the next reunion.

That's it for now — so get ready for our 15th annual group reunion in beautiful and historical San Antonio, April 10-13, 1997. Come see us, heah? ■

DID YOU SERVE IN THE 8TH AF?

Join the company of other valiant 8th AFers whose names are inscribed on the "Wall of Valor" of the Memorial Gardens at the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia.

Your memorial is 4 x 12" on hand-some, indestructible granite. Send rank, full name, squadron, and bomber or fighter group (or other unit) of the 8th AF. Cost is \$100 for 24 letters. Add \$1 for each extra letter.

There are also larger memorials and/or crew memorials available. For information, call 1-800-544-8878 between the hours of 8 AM and 5 PM.

Your donation will be helping to create the beautiful Memorial Garden and preserve it forever. Join your 8th AF buddies in this great undertaking. It is our memorial.

The quickest way is to use MasterCard or Visa. Call the number above, or send your check to:

WALL OF VALOR
MIGHTY 8TH AIR FORCE
HERITAGE MUSEUM
P.O. BOX 1992
SAVANNAH, GA 31402



RAY PYTEL REPORTING

Pay your dues! Don't let Evelyn drop you!

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE!

Joan Patterson, wife of Dave Patterson, was a "busy bee" with her camera, so we are printing two of her "takes" at the Milwaukee convention. (Dave is recuperating well from his hip surgery, says Joan.)

CHUCK WALKER, SALESMAN EXTRAORDINAIRE

Some 95 towels were sold and \$2,000 sent to the Tibenham All Saints Church. Chuck found out that the total sent was more than the church budgets for the entire year! Chuck said it was Chuck Jr. who volunteered his dad to do the job . . . seems the son had more confidence in his dad than his dad did in himself! Well done, Chuck!

MYSTERY OF DIMOLA WELCOME SOLVED

As you probably noticed in the fall issue of the *Journal*, the DiMolas were royally welcomed to Milwaukee with a billboard sign right across from the Hyatt Regency. This was the doings of a neighbor of Frank's at Sun City West, AZ, who has a son who is a sportswriter in Milwaukee. He had the sign put up for the convention. Both Frank and Liz were pleasantly surprised!

MID-AMERICA AIR MUSEUM NOW OPEN!

Most of you know that the original crews of the 445th BG trained for a time at Sioux City, Iowa. Now this community has opened up a museum with a number of WWII planes, including a KR-2 kit plane, an A7D and a A7-K Corsair, an F-84, a UB-1B and a T-33.

At least ten B-17 and B-24 groups trained at Sioux. Another 2AD B-24 group was the 448th; others were sent to the 15th Air Force. Museum chairman Maurice Topf has assured me that the histories of both the B-17s and B-24s will be readily available for the public. There are a number of photos and memorabilia from WWII which includes both B-24s and B-17s. More is needed! Got any?

Aviation Acres will honor the men and women in all U.S. military services by displaying aircraft used in the different armed forces. Construction started in 1996. This aircraft honor display on 3.8 acres is located south of Motel Six between I-29 and Harbor Drive, west of Sgt. Bluff, IA. Make inquiries to Siouxland Aviation Historical Association, P.O. Box 709, Sgt. Bluff, IA 51054-0709, phone 712-943-5325 or 712-239-5592. At the Sioux Gateway Airport.

TWYLA A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AGAIN!

Twyla became a great-grandmother for the second time when her grandson John Kieffer the 4th became the father of John Kieffer the

5th on September 12, 1996. Congratulations to John IV and the mother, Dawn. (Middle age is creeping up on us!)

NOW ON TO INDIANS, TURKEYS AND FALL AND WINTER CHRISTMAS THINGS!

As I write this column, September is here and the meteorologists are going nuts babbling "Indian summer." "Indian summer" ad nauseum, when the regular summer isn't even over. According to the book *North American*

Native Customs, the true "Indian summer" is similar to the European Harvest Festival, coming after all the "crops" and "provisions" were in, and just before the onset of winter. Since the natives did not have a calendar, they improvised "natural" signs. First the leaves must be down, as they are to be used for insulation. Second a heavy frost must come. If both of the preceding occurred, the hunters and food gatherers were to head for a predesignated place with all their season's goodies on the first clear, warm day. Here all the food was apportioned and winter quarters set up, and once all that was done, a celebration of thanks was held! In Wisconsin, the leaves come down about October 20th, so any warm spell before that is not true "Indian summer." Or do you want the natives to freeze their butts off without insulation? (continued on page 16)



The "Power Five" — Four 445th VPs, three 2ADA Presidents, one Editor, and the President of Tibenham Airport's "Norfolk Gliding Club. (L-R): Ray Pytel (Wisconsin), Chuck Walker (Texas), Evan Harris (England), Frank DiMola (Arizona), David Patterson (California).



Norma Beasley's "B-24 Babes" PX Table. Standing (L-R): Norma Beasley and Ardith Butler. Seated: Dorothy Cash, Terry Gregory, and Joan Patterson.



492nd BOMB GROUP HAPPY WARRIOR HAPPENINGS

BY W.H. "BILL" BEASLEY

Norma and I were invited to attend the Second Day of Issue Ceremony for the Big Band Leaders Postage Stamps on Thursday, September 12, 1996 in the Glenn Miller Lounge, University Memorial Center at the University of Colorado in Boulder. We were honored to be introduced as representatives of the Second Air Division Association.

Presiding at the ceremony was Dean Granholm, Postmaster, Boulder, Colorado, with a welcome address by Roderic B. Park, Chancellor, University of Colorado. Speakers were: Alan Cass, historian, Glenn Miller Archive; Steve Miller, Glenn Miller's son; Tommy Dorsey III, Tommy Dorsey's son; Merritt Deeter, Benny Goodman's grandson; and Jim Williams, Dean of the University Libraries. The presentation of portfolios and the formal program were followed by a commemorative program signing and music by the Modernaires Big Band led by Dean Beck.

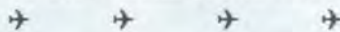
These stamps commemorating Glenn Miller, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, and Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey honor some very influential big band leaders. The stamps were issued on September 11, 1996 in sheets of 20. They were designed by Bill Nelson, who also designed the jukebox and the Cadillac Tailfin stamps, and were offset printed by Ashton-Potter. The printed program for the ceremony featured the following short bios:

"Glenn Miller is remembered for starting the most popular big band in America in the late 1930s. Such songs as *Moonlight Serenade*, *Tuxedo Junction*, and *Pennsylvania 6-5000* became world renowned hits. In 1942, the Glenn Miller Orchestra was awarded the first gold record for *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. Glenn lost his life in a plane crash while serving his country in 1944.

"William "Count" Basie's big band was referred to as a pillar of swing. Basie's rhythms and beat made the jazz/swing sound popular all over the country. His band played from the late 1930s into the 1950s. His hits include such favorites as *One O'Clock Jump*, *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, *Swingin' the Blues*, and *Basie Boogie*.

"Benny Goodman started his own band in July of 1934. When he played in Denver at Elitch Gardens, Kay Kyser, who was playing at Lakeside Park, had trouble keeping his band members from sneaking off to listen to Benny. His style and musical innovations such as improvised solos made the American dance public fall in love with his band. Some of his songs were *Let's Dance*, *Why Don't You Do Right?*, *Sing, Sing, Sing*, *Fascinating Rhythm*, and *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

"The Dorsey Brothers first attempted to start a band in 1922 while they were still teenagers. It was not until the late 1920s that they became known as "The Fabulous Dorseys." The brothers broke up in 1935 to start their own bands. Tommy found early success with such hits as *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, which became his theme song, *The Sunny Side of the Street*, *Marie*, and *Boogie Woogie*. Jimmy became successful in the early 1940s with *Oodles of Noodles*, *Deep Purple*, and *Contrasts*. The Dorsey Brothers Orchestra reunited finally in 1953. They played together only a few more years before ill health took them from us within a few months of each other."



Chris Dracopoulos has searched for and found several members of the 1261st MP Squadron stationed at North Pickenham. Three have recently joined the 2ADA. They are: Charles W. Andrew, William H. Creech, and Vance E. Dryden. Good work, Chris.

Allan Trattle sent good news about the Blue Lion Pub in North Pickenham. The pub has been sold by the brewery to new owners Joy Halstead and her son Philip who were formerly at the "Hole in the Wall" in Beachamwell where they had a reputation for running a fine pub and providing good food. They are presently updating the dining area and hopefully they will be in a position to serve food before too long. The pub will now operate as a "free house" rather than a "tied house." This means that the owners can purchase their supplies wherever they wish, thus giving them a greater choice in the brands they hold in stock. Now as owners rather than tenants they do not have a rental to pay.

Allan has been storing all of the pictures and memorabilia donated by the 491st and 492nd. When the pub is up and running, he will return them to the pub for public display.

At this stage in our life, it is not uncommon to have replacement surgery of one type or another. 492nd members who are recovering from these procedures are: Art Wirth, Hazel Edwards, Melvin Kernis, James Mahoney, Bob Mattson, Jake Mink, and Harry Rawls. We are pleased to report that they are all on the road to recovery.

There are many 2ADA members who were once in the 492nd BG and were later transferred to other groups. If you are or know of someone who fits this category, please drop me a note. I'd like to get our records as complete as possible, and if you can help with this project, I'd appreciate it.

Dick Bastien is seeking information regarding Roke Manor Rest Home where his crew was sent some time after the 20 June 1944 Politz mission. He has current information from owner/residents, the Siemens Company, but nothing about WWII. They were surprised to learn the Americans were there. C.R. Bastien, 2174 Tower Court, Woodbury, MN 55125.

Our English friends write about a Mosquito bomber being at North Pickenham. I only remember one crashing there. Does anyone have information about this plane? ■

445TH BOMB GROUP (continued)

Stories come to mind at this time involving the natives and the white man. An old Indian was dying, and with him, everyone feared would go his secret of accurately predicting the snowfall in the coming winters. After days and days of begging, "Tell us, Mighty Chief, how do you know that there will be a lot of snow this coming winter? What is the sign?" With a dying gasp the old Indian slowly said, "White man build lots of snow fences."

Just before Thanksgiving an Indian and a white man went hunting. "Remember, anything we get we divide 50-50," said the white man. The native agreed. After the hunt, the white started to divide the booty: "A turkey for me and a rabbit for you, a turkey for me and a rabbit for you, everything 50-50, right?" said the white man. The Indian grabbed the white man by the throat and said, "Now you talk turkey to me for a while!"

Finally, Tonto and the Lone Ranger were galloping across the wide open spaces when on the western horizon they spotted a whole tribe of wild Indians coming toward them. "What do we do now, Tonto?" asked the masked man. "Ummm we go east!" Not much later they saw another band of wild Indians coming from the east. "What do we do now, Tonto?" "Ummm, we go north, Kimosabe." So they went north and came upon another bunch of wild Indians. "What do we do now, Tonto?" "Ummm we go south," answered the faithful companion, so they started south, and soon were confronted by still another band of Indians. "What do we do now, Tonto?" asked the masked man, and Tonto answered, "What do you mean *we*, Paleface?"

Okay, okay, we made the transition to late fall, the leaves are down and the holiday season is here, what with Turkey . . . oops, Thanksgiving Day, Chanukah, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's, and on and on . . . Maybe we should save at least one day to celebrate "Nothing happened on this day" Day. Both Twyla and I wish you the best of holidays and a prosperous and healthy new year! See you in the greater L.A. Orange County, El Toro, February 20-22, 1997, and May 19-25 in Irvine, CA! ■

My association with what would eventually become the 491st Bomb Group began in the early months of 1942, when I was assigned to the 112th Observation Squadron. The 112th had been a component of the Ohio National Guard before being called to active duty in 1941, and was newly located at Dover, Delaware, where a new airfield (now Dover Air Force Base) was under construction. The mission — fly antisubmarine patrol over the coastal shipping lanes off the Delaware and Maryland coast.

We were equipped with North American O-47s which went off to war with a fixed forward-firing 30 caliber machine gun for the pilot's use, a flexible 30 caliber in the aft cockpit, and a radio. To the best of my knowledge, no O-47 crew in our or any other squadron ever spotted an enemy sub, and we never were able to determine just how much damage we could have done with what we had.

We also had a couple of Stinson O-49s, which we used for administrative and courier flights. The O-49 was a two-place, single engine high wing monoplane with relatively large wing area allowing fantastic low-speed flight. With the benefit of a strong wind one could put down full flaps, head into the wind, and drift backwards.

Notwithstanding our failure to sight any subs, let alone sink them, we did perform a service of some value by reporting on ship movements in our assigned area, as radio silence was the order of the day. We carried a schedule of coded challenges and responses, as did all friendly shipping, which provided a new code each day. When we encountered a ship — or a convoy — we would challenge the ship (or convoy leader) by heading toward it and blinking the challenge code for that day with our landing light. The ship would respond by running up a series of signal flags spelling out the correct response. With friendly status established, we would then read a second set of flags which would identify the ship to the appropriate authorities back on shore. We would note the course being followed, the approximate position, weather conditions at the time, and any other information that might be of interest. All this would be forwarded to headquarters in New York by teletype after we returned to base.

I don't remember the exact dates, but after two or three months of operation out of Dover, the squadron received orders to relocate at Georgetown, South Carolina. Our new base of operations consisted of a grass field at the edge of town with a landing strip just about long enough to accommodate an O-47. As the prevailing wind was from the east, our landing approach required skimming over the tops of some pine trees at the western edge of the field, then dropping groundward immediately thereafter to retain enough strip for a landing roll.

My memories of our stay at Georgetown consist mostly of the miserable climate there. We were there during the summer months, and it was always hot and humid. To make

FROM THE DEPTHS OF U-BOATS TO THE HIGHS OF MESSERSCHMITTS

BY KENNETH R. STRAUSS (491ST)

matters worse, Georgetown also possessed a large pulp mill, and its delightful aromas usually were passing right over our field. It was a real pleasure to climb aboard and head out to sea on patrol, simply to get up and away into some clean air. We usually flew our routes at about a thousand feet above the water, but I recall climbing up to eight or nine thousand while finishing a patrol just to let some cool air blow around me before heading back to that stinking field.

It wasn't all bad, of course. Suitable housing was always hard to find in those days, but several of the pilots managed to find an ocean-front rental on Pawley's Island, a few miles north of Georgetown. It even had its own fishing pier extending out into the ocean. It had only cold running water, and our showers were on the frigid side, but no matter — after a hot day at the field they were luxurious.

We were more than glad to leave the beach, however, when we received orders to move again, after about three months, to a county airport in Lantana, Florida, just a bit south of West Palm Beach. Compared to the facilities at Georgetown, Lantana was a taste of paradise, with paved runways and real buildings instead of tents. There was even a pilots' lounge and snack bar close by our squadron area, built to cater to the affluent Palm Beachers who kept their private planes there. Zack Moseley, who drew the old comic strip "Smilin' Jack," lived in the area and was a frequent visitor at the airfield (he did us the honor of featuring one of our O-47s in some of his episodes).

Civilization was more advanced than it was back in Georgetown, too. Rental apartments, built to accommodate the winter residents who weren't showing up in wartime, were in plentiful supply, and we were all living pretty high on the hog. Other nice things happened as well. I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant shortly after our move, and I met the young lady with whom I will be celebrating a golden wedding anniversary next year (we were married in November, 1942). In the meantime, some engineers back at Wright Field had come up with an idea for mounting bomb shackles on the O-47, and we could finally carry a couple of depth charges in addition to our two guns (although we never found a target for them).

During our stay at Lantana, we received a new designation — the 522nd Bombardment Squadron (H). We referred to our organization

as "The Fightin' Five Tooty Two," and claimed that the "Heavy" category stemmed from the fact that our O-47s now carried a bomb load.

Although the 5-2-2 numbers didn't stay with us very long, they did serve as an omen of things to come. In January, 1943, we got orders to move again, to Boca Chica Army Air Field, immediately east of Key West, and with still another name — the 17th Antisubmarine Squadron. We were moving up in the world, because the pilots were assigned on temporary duty to an anti-sub squadron operating out of the 36th Street Airport in Miami (now Miami International) to get checked out in their aircraft.

The B-34 Vega Ventura was an enlarged version of the Lockheed Lodestar airliner, with two R-2800 engines, and a real live bomb bay. We finally kissed the trusty old O-47s goodbye, and now flew actual bombers, with twin engines, yet!

With our check-out complete, we reported in to the new base at Boca Chica, and found that once again we were operating out of a field that was still under construction, although the necessary elements, such as runways, ramps and hardstands were in place. The barracks and BOQs were typical WWII temporary buildings, fitted with folding GI cots with mattresses to match. A lot of the swampy undergrowth and marsh plants were still in place, and mosquitoes had complete control of the air. However, we explored the neighborhood, and found a sort of fishing lodge just off base that had motel-like accommodations. Those of us who had wives not too far away (mine was with her family in West Palm Beach) took over the place and soon had our wives and cars with us again.

Life in the lodge was something else again. The proprietor had a gasoline powered generator as the sole source of electricity and water pressure, while the water itself was salt water, direct from the ocean. Fresh water came in bottles. Mosquitoes came inside any time the door was opened, and mosquito netting was an absolute necessity. Fortunately, Base Supply was well stocked with aerosol bombs (remember those?) and we went through them like Kleenex. As the proprietor's gasoline was rationed, the generator was shut down every night promptly at ten o'clock, and we made do after that with lanterns and flashlights. The base did have a fresh water supply, and it became standard practice for the resident wives to visit the infirmary regularly for showers.

In addition to our new B-34, we also received some old Douglas B-18s (an adaptation of the old DC-2 airliner for military use). The B-18s were equipped with an early version of airborne radar, and we commenced round-the-clock operations, using the B-18 for the night patrols. Our assigned area was the Florida Straits, and we flew six-hour patrols covering a rectangular pattern between Key West and Cuba.

Our technique with the B-18 at night was completely different from our daytime methods. If we were to illuminate a vessel in order

(continued on page 18)



REPORT FROM JOHN PAGE, CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL

Since my last report, the Friends have enjoyed the video of the celebrations held here last year in May.

On 21 July, we supported a day at Hardwick at which the Norwich Branch of the Normandy Veterans held their summer barbecue.

On 23 July we had an open meeting where a video on Christmas at Old Buckenham was shown by Pat Ramm. "Saga Of Utah Man" was shown by John Harvey.

August was a busy month. The open day at Hardwick with the official opening of the RAF Room by Air Vice Marshall John Howe (Ret.) was a great day!

Sunday, 25 August there was the unveiling of a plaque in Belton Village in honor of the "Belle of the East," a 791st Squadron, 467th Bomb Group aircraft which went down.

On Saturday, 14 September we visited East Kirkby, Lincolnshire to see the only privately owned Lancaster.

We held our annual general meeting on 17 September, and our annual Thanksgiving dinner will be held on 28 November. So you can see, we have had a busy season. Best to you all from the Friends!



Editor's Note: John sent clippings of the "Belle of the East" ceremony and the RAF dedication at Hardwick. Air Vice Marshall Howe's connection with the 2nd Air Division is very strong. His wife Annabel is the daughter of the late Cecil Gowing, who was on the Board of Governors from the early 1950s. The Howes live on the Home Farm at Rackheath. ■

DEPTHS OF U-BOATS (continued)

to read its flags, we would also be helping any enemy sub in the area to draw a bead on it, so we concentrated instead on checking out any radar images we might pick up.

Before taking off on a night mission, we would set our altimeter at zero altitude (the base was at sea level), and cruise at a thousand feet, with no lights on. The radar antenna was located in the nose of the aircraft, but the radar screen and operator were positioned back in the waist compartment. The navigator/bombardier station was also in the nose, below the radar antenna. All crew members stayed on intercom throughout the mission. When the radar would pick up an image, the operator would immediately call out the range and relative bearing, and the pilot would turn toward the target and start a descent, leveling out at 100-200 feet indicated altitude. As it could get awfully dark over water, he would be on instruments. As the radar operator continued calling out range and bearing, we would open the bomb bay doors a couple of miles from the target, and the bombardier would be poised to drop depth charges if the target should turn out to be sub on the surface. When the range closed to half a mile, the copilot would turn on the landing lights, and we would see what we had — usually a freighter or a fishing vessel. Check-out completed, we'd turn off the light, climb back to altitude and resume our patrol, noting position and time in the log for the after-mission report. If there should be any changes in barometric pressure while on patrol, things could get interesting. I well remember one occasion when we turned on the lights to find ourselves looking UP at the

mast of a sailing vessel . . . we missed it.

For some reason unknown to me, we kept the B-34s for only a short time, as they were replaced with lovely, brand new B-25s. Also, now that we were a genuine bomber squadron, we started receiving new personnel in the way of pilots and crew members, and we organized the outfit into three flights, with airplanes assigned to individual crews. I was named one of the flight commanders, and also enjoyed my promotion to Captain.

The squadron seemed to be establishing a tradition of moving to a new station every three months or so, and the tradition continued. It was decided someplace up above us that Boca Chica should become the Navy's property (to the best of my knowledge, it is still active as the Boca Chica Naval Air Station), so we shipped our wives back home, packed our bags, and flew our airplanes across the water to Batista Field in Cuba (there was more included in the field's name, but I don't remember all of it any more. I never was good at Spanish.) As we had merely moved to the other side of our patrol area, our operations continued much as they had been. We set up a schedule wherein one flight would fly the patrols one day, one flight would stand down for training and maintenance, and the third flight would have the day off. This, of course, translated into a free day every third day, which usually meant taking the bus into Havana, checking into the Hotel Nazionale, enjoying Havana's night life (which was still very much alive in spite of the war), sleeping late the next day and catching the bus back in the afternoon in time for another night/day flight schedule. It wasn't a bad way to fight a war.

REGIONAL 2ADA DINNERS & REUNIONS

The Florida Regional and the Southern California Dinner are sufficiently described in the Executive Vice President's column on page 5.

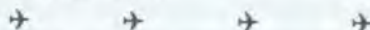
Southwest Regional, Dallas, Texas: Saturday, March 1, 1997 at the Sheraton Grand (Airport). For further information, contact: Ray Lemons, 10515 Estate Lane, Dallas, TX 75238, phone (214) 348-2762.

Midwest and East Joint Regional, Hershey, PA, Fall 1997: Includes the 7 midwestern states plus Pennsylvania. Visits to a chocolate factory, Gettysburg, and the famous Amish settlements. For further information, contact: Ray Souders Jr., 431 Lewisberry Road, New Cumberland, PA 17070.

The three month tradition continued, and the flight crews were sent to Langley Field, Virginia, for transition training in B-24s. We had finally joined the ranks of the big boys, but when we returned to Cuba we didn't find a fleet of four-engined aircraft waiting for us. Instead, as Allan Blue has so capably chronicled in his history of the 491st, we were again transferred — this time to Alamogordo, New Mexico, far removed from the coastal shipping lanes we had been covering. The squadron flew to Miami, from where most of the personnel headed west by troop train, while I got off in West Palm Beach, picked up my wife and car, and drove to the new location on four recapped tires under a 35 mph speed limit. Once there, we engaged in the recurring struggle to find living accommodations, and a few of us, with our wives, finally found refuge in an early-version motel located on the edge of the later-to-be-famous White Sands.

It was there at Alamogordo where the 17th Antisubmarine Squadron closed its books and became the 491st Bombardment Group. We had no airplanes and only a handful of personnel; our relocations to Davis-Monthan Field in Tucson, Biggs Field in El Paso, and Pueblo Army Air Field were still ahead of us. We had yet to acquire our crews, train them and take them to England, but we were the 491st.

And I was there!



Editor's Note: Kenneth R. Strauss was the commander of the 852nd Bomb Squadron of the 491st Bomb Group from activation. He wrote this account in 1991 recounting his assignment to anti-sub duty in the 17th Anti-Sub Squadron which became the 491st Bomb Group. ■



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

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

Congratulations! You have survived another Olympics, and another presidential election. These are exciting times, and we of the 453rd are not being left behind. In fact, we are creating our own excitement as we go, as witnessed by our most recent reunion last fall in Jackson Hole.

This year, we look forward with anticipation to seeing the program in store for us in Irvine, CA. May is a beautiful month in Southern California. Do plan on joining us then.

At the time scheduled for our 453rd Newsletter to "go to press," it was known that **Dan Reading** was very ill. It soon became apparent that his condition was terminal, and Dan passed away on August 19th, which was after the deadline set by **Wilbur Stites** for written material for the fall issue. This news of Dan's passing was passed on to our group editor as soon as it became known to us, but at this writing, we do not know if it has made it into the Newsletter. So, forgive us if this is a repetition of what we have already reported to you.

Dan was the assistant group chairman during the years he worked alongside **WIB CLINGAN**. He and Wib planned and carried out our first group reunion in Spokane, Washington — a job truly well done, and Dan was annually instrumental in helping to plan and bring off the Southern California Regional Dinner in February of each year. A mythical, but hoped for, organization composed only of shakers and doers such as Dan would be a thing to behold! We are going to miss our "shaker and doer."

WHY IS THIS ARTICLE TITLED "NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP"?

One wonders who, and by whom, code names were created and assigned, code names such as Operation Overlord, Manhattan Project, etc. During WWII, one can imagine the German Intelligence compiling a growing list of code names whose translation revealed the identity of a specific airbase. Station 144, Old Buckenham, was identified as "Flame Leap."

One may presume that most aircrew members not directly involved in communications between their aircraft and the home base, Old Buckenham, probably never heard of "Flame Leap." But for certain, the air crew radio operator darn well knew it, and he had to be able to identify the Morse code dits and dahs that spelled out "Flame Leap." At least once, not all radio men on the same mission did!

This is a tale related by **FRANK DAVIDSON**, the radio man on **DOUG LEAVENWORTH'S** crew. What follows was gleaned from a happenstance encounter in a hotel lobby. Frank found himself riding the same elevator with

me (JKW) during the reunion in San Antonio. We had first met during the 2ADA convention held in Colorado Springs. Now, in San Antonio, we found ourselves getting off at the same floor. We got involved in small talk, and knowing of his role as a radio man, for me, currently being an amateur radio operator, Frank's experiences as a radio operator constituted an interesting avenue to be explored. That is when Frank told me about this event that is centered on the code word "Flame Leap."

If Frank mentioned them, the details of the "where" and "when" parts of the mission have escaped me. The "what" part is that the mission wasn't going as it should have been. Frank, as usual, had his headset on, and his attention was glued to the radio frequency to be monitored that day. Copying code, mostly in one's head as opposed to writing each letter down as it is heard, was a very trying thing under the stress and distraction of thundering along in a B-24, in the noisy, cold and unfriendly skies over western Europe. To aggravate the task, 99% of the time none of the messages monitored were meant for your specific aircraft.

Radio operators had to monitor everything on the assigned frequency, with no advance warning to pay attention just because a special message was coming along just for their pilot.

On this day, along comes a message from "Flame Leap," instructing the pilots of the 453rd to return to base! Now those krauts were far from dumb, and you couldn't put it past them to have created and introduced that message as an ersatz message. It couldn't hurt! The dits and dahs of Morse code have no accent!

What a sense of accomplishment for the enemy to observe a certain bomber strike called off just by the use of a phony radio message!

But we were ahead of them on that one. A procedure had already been planned for such an event that would enable the pilot and the radio man to verify that the message had been sent by the transmitter of the home base, not from a German transmitter. On the day in question, this verification procedure was followed, and the message rang true. All of this was duly noted in the ship's log, and the navigator was called on to set a course for "home."

When Doug and the crew found themselves over the familiar terrain of Old Buck, a very unfamiliar sight greeted them. Where were the other aircraft that had also been recalled from that mission? Doug did not have to wait his turn within a traffic pattern that day, just fly it on in!

As soon as the plane had taxied back to the hardstand, and shut down, what should be seen but an olive drab command car hustling out

along the perimeter to the hardstand! What is going on here, man? Somehow we seem to be the only plane out of step!

Out of the command car steps the group communications officer who quickly covers the ground to the plane, where with an air of troubled concern and no greeting, he requests that Doug hand him the plane's log. It is then that the transformation takes place, and the communications officer beams his pleasure upon verifying that Frank had correctly identified, copied, and recorded the message sent from "Flame Leap," and, along with Doug, had followed the proper procedure. They were not out of step — all the others were!

Doug's plane was the only one that day that reacted correctly! Frank was very highly commended by the communications officer right then and there.

So even now, after fifty years, Frank Davidson can still remember back when it paid off to be able to identify the call of "Flame Leap" sent in Morse code, barely penetrating the noises in his headphones! I think Doug is still glad Frank was able to do it, too! And they, like all of us today, are still looking for word from Flame Leap to bring them 453rd group news.

Have you sent in your registration for Irvine? How about your reservation for the 453rd reunion in the fall in Washington, DC? We will never create a conflict between 2ADA events and 453rd group events. There is no reason why we can't support all, and enjoy these remaining golden years. Take care! ■

Gold prospectors find WWII plane wreck

BURNS, OREGON (AP) — Gold prospectors have uncovered human remains in the remote Eastern Oregon desert that may be part of a World War II bomber crash near the Nevada border.

Charred pieces of a skull, vertebrae, fingers, legs and hips were found at the remote site where a B-24 Liberator bomber went down in early 1945, said Sonja Whittington, spokeswoman for Mountain Home Air Force Base.

But little is left of the plane except four badly damaged 1,200 horsepower Pratt & Whitney engines, scattered wiring and aluminum. The fuselage, tail, and 110-foot wings are gone, either destroyed in the crash or carried away later, Whittington said.

The crash site on a windswept ridge in the Trout Creek Mountains may have been considered a mass burial by wartime authorities. ■



392nd B.G.

BY J. FRED THOMAS

Before I go to Glory, I have to tell you that I have found life to be a period of mixed emotions. After I served you as best I could as your VP from 1980 to 1985, and then went on to be involved in 2ADA affairs for another eleven years, I thought I would be satisfied to retire and let life in the 392nd BG and the 2ADA go as it would. However, like an old fire horse before he goes to the glue factory, I find myself honored again by being selected to represent you further. It wasn't planned. When Oak Mackey was tapped to be Executive VP of the 2ADA, he asked John Conrad, Col. Lawrence Gilbert and me to act as a nominating committee to find his replacement. He added that we could nominate ourselves. He offered candidates and we three added several names of able men. I added that if no candidate accepted the nomination, I would take the office since I have the record of the 392nd BG activities since 1980 in the 2ADA, the 392nd BGMA, and to a degree, the group activities in the 8th AFHS. I have learned the geography of Norwich and the Wendling area, and I believe I have a good rapport with our British friends at all levels and in all areas in which we are involved. Also, being an airline type, I can make the necessary travels without the concerns that might be an unacceptable load on another candidate. I don't know which part of that resume elected me, but our other candidates pleaded busy schedules and/or other offices, and I am it. It is now my duty to fully represent you in the 2ADA to the best of my ability while cooperating with the 392nd BGMA and the 8th AFHS, not to mention a half dozen museums. With the cooperation that you have always given me, I have no doubt that the 392nd BG will keep its rightful place in the forefront of the Second Air Division Association while we go about trying to help the 2ADA stay on the division course and fight our common battles as a whole rather than in fragmented groups of ragtag troops. Some sensible officer once said, "First we feed the horses and men, then the officers will eat." I believe in that philosophy. You will be kept informed of any 2ADA matters that are of concern to you. Should you believe that is not so, you have only to get on my case and I will do all possible to satisfy you. I believe I will be able to do that to a better degree now than in 1980 when I was acting as an uninitiated newcomer groping his way strictly on native intelligence. John Conrad and Oak Mackey have left a huge void to be filled. Luckily, they are where I can get their help if needed.

To emotions again. We are dejected when

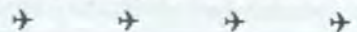


Lt. Sam Layton and crew at Wendling, 1943. Standing, left to right: 2nd Lt. Robert J. Beatson; 2nd Lt. Henry C. Feagan, Jr.; Lt. Samuel H. Layton, Jr.; 2nd Lt. Aldon H. Jensen. Sitting: S/Sgt. Armand Daughtry; T/Sgt. Joe C. Johnson; S/Sgt. Augustus Boomhower; T/Sgt. Robert R. Gibbs; S/Sgt. George W. Gottschalk; and S/Sgt. Frank Constabile.

a good friend has flown west, as did J.D. Long a few months ago. He will be missed. On the other hand, we are rewarded when we are able to help a crew reunite after 50 years. Last spring we had an 0700 wake-up call from Mr. Joe Johnson from Boone, IA. He was seeking his WWII pilot, Sam Layton, who he said lives here in Huntington Beach. Sure enough, although we had never met, I found Sam's name in our 2ADA roster. I contacted Sam with Joe's request, and to make a long story short, Sam and eight living members of the crew are reunited. They are: Sam Layton, pilot; Robert Kroll, copilot; Aldon Jensen, another copilot; Melvin Naylor, navigator; Morton Salsberg, bombardier; Joe Johnson, engineer; George Gottschalk, gunner; Frank Constabile, gunner; and Robert Gibbs, radio man. Sam and his crew were one of the original crews that went over with the 392nd BG in 1943. They flew 15 missions with the 392nd, and for some reason were reassigned to the 15th AF in Italy where they finished their tour which required more missions than was being flown in the 8th AF. In May we were surprised with a letter from Sam's

son, Dr. Kent Layton, who invited us to attend a two-day reunion at Oceanside for his dad and the crew. It was our pleasure to join them for the first evening, but scheduling kept us away the next day. A pity. We missed formal ceremonies where Sam and his crew were honored by the local dignitaries who presented them with letters of commendation from President Bill Clinton and officials of the Air Force. We were happy for all concerned, and we are hopeful that Sam and his crew will join us at Irvine next May and we can hear more fully about their travels and exploits. In the meantime, our 392nd BG and the 2ADA are reaping considerable publicity from the numerous articles published in papers across the USA.

We will expect hundreds of you at Irvine next May. In the meantime, I will expect to hear from you with articles of interest. Keep well.



Editor's Note: At press time, Howard Ebersole said that two of his crew died recently, gunner David Flynt and engineer John Gladys. ■

"QUALITY TIME" IN WWII ENGLAND ... ENJOYED IN THE GREEK MANNER



TED KAYAS: 1944

After reading "The Rhythm Bombshells" (Summer 1996, page 21), I had to call Chris "Drake" Dracopoulos after fifty years. I wasn't aware of another Greek on base outside of myself, Nick Kontos and Pete Karayeanes, until Nick, Pete and I were attending Christmas services at "AGIA SOPHIA" Greek Orthodox church in London in 1944. After the services we all gathered outside to shoot the breeze, when this "old" lady (about 40-45) singled me out and said, "Gather your friends, only the *Amerikanakia*, and come with me." Her request was like a command that only a mother can give. There were about eight of us altogether, and as we followed she said, "My husband and I own the Fitzgerald Hotel a few blocks from here, and we would like you to have dinner with us." Fantastic, I thought, and so did the other GIs.

When we arrived she sat most of us at a big dining table and she put me (because there was no more room at the big table) at a lone small table shared by a old distinguished looking gentleman with a white mane of hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

The old gentleman asked my name and I said, in Greek of course, my full name, Theodoros Savas Zapnoukayas. "Oh," he said. "Whose son are you, Nick's boy or Gus' boy?" I said, "Look, I've been asked that question a lot when stationed stateside and I know that my family was never west of Pittsburgh. We are from New York, I'm Gus' boy. How do you know my father?" He said, "I read the newspapers." "What newspapers?" I asked. "The *Atlantis*," he said. I of course asked his name. "Mr. Chrysanthopoulos," he said. I immediately recognized his name, as it appeared daily

BY THEODORE S. KAYAS (491ST)

on the front page of the *Atlantis* — he was its London correspondent. My father founded the Greek theater in America in 1917 and every time the group played throughout the Greek community they would be mentioned in the Greek press. Also my father started the "National Legion of Greek-American War Veterans" headquarters in New York, and that also gave the Greek press many things to write about.

After we ate the super abundance of good food, one of the GIs, Chris Dracopoulos, played some very lively Greek music on the piano while the rest of us relaxed and rested for the anticipated night "on the town." We then thanked our host and hostess — I only remember her name as "Kyra Maria" (Mrs. Mary) and her husband John. (God bless them!)

We then proceeded on to another pre-invited Christmas party at the Athens Restaurant which lasted on through the night. The place had the original folk music of Greece which came down through the ages and included the *hasapiko*, *tsamiko*, *syrtos*, dances that were accompanied by clarinet-dominant music. A couple of other popular dances that were adapted from the Turkish occupation of Greece from 1400 to 1800 AD were the *zeimbekiko* and the *chifte teli*, which featured the clarinet, violin, *oud*, drums. The *zeimbekiko* is sometimes danced by a lone melancholy dancer expressing his mood in dance, but this night was much livelier!

As the party went on late into the night I recall a young Cypriot civilian sitting at a nearby table and wearing on his lapel a button with the big Hammer and Sickle. "What's that you're wearing?" I said with anger. He said, "Oh, you are too young to know — when the Commie bugle blows we will all rise and go forth." "What the hell kind of garbage are you, you bastard!" I answered. A minor altercation broke out and the Cypriot was escorted out. There were many Cypriots during the war years who were pro-Communist, and naturally it angered all the Greeks! I was no different, I guess.

The Athens Restaurant was one of the many ethnic eating places within walking distance of the Rainbow Corner in good old wartime London, where the traditional ethnic foods like *moussaka*, *pasticcio*, roast lamb, *keftedes*, Greek salad with feta cheese, *baklava*, *loukoumades*, *karidopita*, *spanakopita*, and assorted libations were served.

Two additional asides:

About the Greek dances, the ones you see on TV and the movie screens most likely are the *syrtaki* which originated in the past 50 or



TED KAYAS: 1996

60 years in *Piraeus* along with the *rembetika* songs that are accompanied by a *bouzouki*-dominant orchestra. The *bouzouki* is a stringed instrument resembling a cross between a guitar, mandolin, and banjo.

Finally, the other aside: I remember one night in our own hut 13 at our base, one of the tenants had a "wireless" set playing music, and one of the songs prompted someone to remark, "Hey boys, listen to that. That's Glenn Miller's theme song." In reality I recognized it as Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade" and proceeded to correct him. He insisted, a bet was made, and the rest of the crew agreed with Mulcahy that he was right. Everyone put up a pound against my 13 pounds. "How are we going to prove it?" they asked. I said, "We'll write to George Monahan," who was emceeing the Armed Forces Network, "and ask him to please play for us and announce on the air Glenn Miller's theme song." A couple of weeks later, on comes George Monahan saying, "This is for the boys of Hut Number 13 — Glenn Miller's theme song, "Moonlight Serenade." He played it for a full week to make sure we all heard it. Needless to say, this bit financed one more of our excursions to London.

I called Chris Drake after reading his article in the Summer issue of the *Journal*, and later I called Pete Karayeanes, who lives in Pembroke Pines, Florida. Unfortunately, Nick Kontos was murdered about six years ago by a couple of misfits of human waste. He was working part time as a watchman in Commack, Long Island, New York at the time.

Thanks again to Chris for sparking my memory — even a Greek needs a "jolt" once in a while! ■

Fly, Private, Commanded Gen. Arnold... So I Flew Through WWII!

BY ALBERT S. SABO (67TH OBSERVATION GROUP, 8TH AIR FORCE)

After Pearl Harbor, I put my affairs in order and enlisted in the Army on May 19, 1942. I came off the "streets" with considerable experience in flying light planes and held a private pilot's license at the start of hostilities.

The Army sent me to Keesler Field, Mississippi for basic, and while I was there I discovered that with my experience I could apply for a pilot rating. I took all the Air Force tests; flight, oral, written, physical and officer's review tests. On August 20, 1942 I was given the following order:

P.C. #199, HEADQUARTERS,
ARMY AIR FORCES, 20 AUGUST 1942

"Pursuant to authority contained in par. 2, Army Regulations 35-1480 dated Nov. 21, 1932, the following named enlisted men, Army of the United States, who hold an aeronautical rating, are hereby required to participate in regular and frequent aerial flights. Under the provisions of Section 2, Circular No. 206, War Department, 1942, the procurement authority for the additional funds for flying will be the same as that for pay and allowances of enlisted men."

Private Albert S. Sabo, 15102425

All orders in conflict with this order are revoked.

By Command of Lieutenant General Arnold:
Jim Bevans, Colonel, Air Corps,
Director of Personnel

Ten days later I found myself on the Queen Elizabeth headed for the 8th Air Force in England. I was assigned to the 67th Observation Group headquartered in Membury, Middle Wallop, England. When I and a number of other "pilot rated" privates arrived there, we found out that the four squadrons did not have any airplanes to fly, so the RAF being in a very generous mood, gave each squadron two "Tiger Moths," a very futuristic bi-plane indeed. If nothing else we would make very good practice targets for the Luftwaffe if they ever encountered us in the 1942 English air! During the first few months the 67th became sort of a "support group" for the 8th AF performing various utilitarian duties such as towing targets, hauling VIPs, and providing "flying time" for non-pilot officers on flying status, who were required to fly four hours each month to get their flight pay.

They would come to the field and ask for "Lt. Sabo" and told me that I had to fly them for their flight pay. I told them I wasn't a lieutenant, I was a private! Right away they said, "No way am I going to fly with a pilot that is only a private! Stay here, till I check this out, I'll be right back!"

They were all told, "You don't fly with Private Sabo, you don't get flight pay for the month." Needless to say, they all needed their flight pay, so they all ended up flying with "No Way Private Sabo." When the flights were over, they all thanked me and then said, "I'll be seeing you next month!"

As time went by we got quite proficient in our Tiger Moths, what with the assortment



PRIVATE SABO AND HIS L-5 STINSON — FRANCE, 1944

of "menial" jobs we were assigned. Then one day, out of a clear blue sky, 28 crates arrived at our base. Each crate had a "L-4" Piper Cub in it — one full aircraft in each crate. Each pilot got a crate assigned to him and he had to put it together; it was his own plane! He and he alone was to fly it and maintain it. No one flew anyone else's plane. At last, I felt like a true "airman," albeit I and quite a number of others were still "solid privates," we felt we were "on our way" and made sure we knew everything and anything about our planes.

About this time we heard that the Army (not the Air Force!) opened up a "Liaison Pilot Training School" in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They were to do the jobs our own group was supposed to do, except that upon graduation they got rated as an "L-Pilot" and got a diploma, a pair of silver wings, and a staff sergeant rank. We privates in the 8th Air Force got nothing! We signed up too soon — a year later, we would have been sent to the Army's Fort Sill, got "trained" and got our diploma, wings and rank! We volunteered because we knew how to fly, but since the rank was based on graduation we were told more or less "that's tough," or words of similar persuasion.

About a month before D-Day, we all got reassigned. I was put on "detached service" to the U.S. First Army's V Corp. 56 Signal Company. Just before we went into combat we all got L-5 Stinsons, a bit heavier but more versatile observation plane. We lived under field conditions in pup tents flying "missions" all over England. When D-Day came we were told to be ready to travel in our L-5s and to have our aircraft in flying condition at all times.

We were issued a pistol, flares and a flare gun, ammo, hand grenades, and a "can bomb" if and when the time came. (On several occasions I thought I might have to use it.) On D-Day plus six, not even a week after the hit on

Normandy, seven of us got orders to fly a "V" formation unescorted across the Channel for an area near Cherbourg, France. We flew a few feet above the water without anyone noticing, without any incidents, and without knowing where the combat zone was or who held the part of France we were flying over.

After we landed and got settled, one of my first assignments was to fly a USA camera man all over the invasion beach, taking pictures of the action on the beach, the ships unloading, and the various tanks, trucks, and troops going inland where the fighting was in progress and clearly visible to us.

After the photographer got all the pictures he wanted and we landed, he asked me, "What was that noise we heard, like zing, zing, zing?" I took him around the plane and showed him the holes in the aircraft that the bullets made going in and out of the fuselage and wings. He asked, "How come they didn't hit me or you?" I told him, "Hell, they are just bad shots, and besides that we were lucky to be in the right place at the right time!"

Many missions we flew lasted until dark. If we couldn't make it back, we had to find a place to spend the night. At times we were gone for days at a time. Many times we saw no one when we left, unless it was another pilot working on his plane. Parts were hard to come by, and bullet holes were patched with whatever we had on hand. Today's "duct tape" would have done wonders to plug up much of the damage, but back then it was anything that held, friction or electric tape, band-aids, anything. If we did not take care of our planes, we would be out of our jobs! We ate, slept and wrote letters home in them, and when it rained or got foggy we slept under the wing with an eye open for any wind, hail, or whatever. Our aircraft was our livelihood, our life! I treated

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"We Were a Damn Good Crew: The Story of a B-24 Reunion"

BY ANN CARPENTER WING (44TH BG)

I'd like to begin my story with a plea. To those of you who have not recorded your experiences during the war, please do so! It means so much to future generations. You are an important part of history. I can tell you from a personal viewpoint that this knowledge means a great deal to me, and to my children and grandchildren. Let me tell you my story.

I am the wife of the now deceased Lyle Paul Carpenter, who was the flight engineer and top turret gunner of a crew in the 67th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group. He flew 31 missions over Germany and France from April to August, 1944. I would like to tell you about his crew, and how they finally found each other after 51 years.

When I first met Lyle, he had just come back from overseas, and was in a convalescent hospital in my hometown of Nashville, Tennessee. We met in a cafe, an airman from Michigan and a Southern girl, and we started talking. During our courtship, he downplayed his role in the war, jokingly saying that he got this medal for brushing his teeth, or that medal for polishing his shoes. It was only later that he told me about his missions, and how he felt each one would be his last. He would leave his personal belongings with his crew chief to make sure that his mother would get them if he didn't come back. He spoke with great admiration of his pilot, Robert Gunton, who he credited with saving their lives numerous times.

Later, we married and had three children. The war receded into the past, and we didn't talk about it much, except for occasionally getting out the photo album of his buddies and the planes, telling anecdotes of the war days, and showing the children his pictures and medals. With the busy day-to-day business of raising a family, there seemed to be no time for contacting the other members of his crew, who were also in the midst of building their lives in cities and towns scattered across the country.



Kneeling (left to right): Daniel Brandt, Martin Stewart, Robert Gunton, LeRoy Parker. Standing (left to right): Kenneth Bradford, John Krupka, Lyle Carpenter, James Cortez, Joe Tobiaski, and Arthur Henshall.

Lyle passed away of a heart attack in 1968, and I often thought of his crew and that time before I knew him. I felt that finding them would have been something Lyle would have liked to have done, so in 1994 I decided to tackle the task of being "detective" on his behalf.

Lyle had kept a photograph album of his crew with names on the back, so I started from there. At the public library I entered the crewmen's names into a computer program that contains the national phone directory. I started with the pilot's name, because I had a mid-

dle initial which cut down the number of entries considerably. After I wrote to Robert Gunton (Bob), he called me and gave me the complete list of the crew and their 1944-45 addresses, but no middle initials. Using the addresses, I tried each section of the country, and wrote many letters to the men whose names came up. Slowly, but surely, one by one they responded. We knew of the 44th Bomb Group reunion that was coming up on October 20, 1995 in San Antonio, so five of the original crew agreed to meet there with my children and me.

I cannot describe the feelings of anticipation and excitement I felt as we waited at the Holiday Inn for the others to arrive. We had just spoken to Bob on the house phone and were standing at the front desk when a man asked the clerk to ring Bob's room. That's how we met the first person from Lyle's crew, Martin Stewart (Marty), his copilot. A few minutes later, in walked Joe Tobiaski, the crew's radio operator. We agreed to meet with Bob and the others in the hospitality room a few minutes later.

Marty, Joe, my children and I got off the elevator to see Bob, Leroy Parker (navigator), and Dan Brandt (bombardier) waiting for us. Watching those men meet in the hallway, oblivious to all who walked by us, was an emotional experience I will never forget. To imagine them taking leave of each other 51 years before, and to see the years fall away as they became that B-24 crew again was wonderful to behold. Hours passed like minutes as the war stories flew — one man's memory would trigger long-forgotten events experienced by the others.

Sorely missed were James Cortez (Jim) and Kenneth Bradford, nose gunner and ball turret gunner respectively. Jim was ill and could

(continued on page 26)



Standing: Joe Tobiaski. Seated (left to right): Daniel Brandt, Martin Stewart, Robert Gunton, and Leroy Parker.

A Look Back . . . and a Look Forward

BY JORDAN R. UTTAL, 2ADA HONORARY PRESIDENT

I had occasion to look back into the 2ADA Newsletter/Journal file, and in the May 15, 1951 issue, I found an article about how we started. Please note:

"Word was sent to some individuals in the Chicago area inviting them to assemble at the (Howard) Moore apartment on September 16, 1946 for a social. Ray Strong (HQ), Henry Brandt (93rd), Jim LaPonsie (HQ), Clem Kowalczyk (446th), Jordan Uttal (HQ), and Percy Young (HQ) showed up in civilian clothes, full of vim, vigor, and vitality. Joyce Uttal was visiting New York, so the better halves of the Moore, Brandt, and La Ponsie families served as referees and nurses. Ray, Clem and Percy were still single at this time."

(Note, we thought we were getting together for drinks, dinner and some planning) . . .

"Over several pints of tea and crumpets and after *three days* of continuous conversation, it was decided that an association should be formed, and a get-together was planned for the fall of 1948. In the latter part of 1947, Marilyn Fritz offered to send a query to all 2AD personnel on her mailing list in an effort to deter-

mine the response to the proposed reunion."

It should be pointed out that over the three days, Henry Dietch and Mike Vydarney (with wives) were in and out and took part in the planning. The rest of us stayed at the Moores' apartment!

You know the rest. The idea of the 2nd Air Division Association was conceived fifty years ago this September 1996! The first reunion was held in 1948!

Looking ahead, Irvine, California in May of 1997 will be our *50th* convention/reunion. Oak Brook, Illinois in May 1998 will be our 50th anniversary, in the Chicago area where we started.

We have grown over the years to a membership of over 8,000, and with our support of our 2nd Air Division Memorial in Norwich, we have left a marker in history. I think we have every right to be proud of ourselves and each other.

ROLL OF HONOR UPDATE

In my most recent conversation with Hilary Hammond on the subject (early September

1996), he reported that the calligrapher confirmed what I reported in the fall issue, that the hand-inscribing was proceeding regularly. He estimated that the inscribing should be finished by this December.

THE FRIENDS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a report from Chairman John Page which gives evidence of a busy program. It is great to know that the level of interest among our Friends remains high. If anyone is planning an independent trip to Norwich, please get in touch with your group vice president, who has the names of the base contacts who possibly could be of help if you let them know before your arrival date.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BOOKS

Thanks to all of you who have chosen to remember crewmates, friends or family members in this fashion.

Once again, I extend warmest holiday greetings to you all!!! ■

FLY, PRIVATE (continued)

it right and it took care of me!

I remember another photo mission in a L-4 Cub with a K-20 Army camera. A corporal went along with me to handle the camera. We got our photographs and were heading back to our home base when darkness forced us to find a place to land. We landed at an RAF field and a Jeep came to meet us with a sign on it which said "Follow Me," so we followed it to the control tower.

About a dozen soldiers surrounded us while we tied down our plane. The photo mission we were on took us about a week, and we were dirty, unshaven, tired and quite hungry. The soldiers said nothing and then one said, "We are going to take you to the commanding officer on the base."

The commander asked us for our military passport, which was our I.D. card. We told him what our job was and then he checked and inspected the camera. He then said, "You are both under arrest." We asked why, but he would not answer. He did say that he would get in touch with our base. They put us in a small room and brought in some food. We could move around, but the soldiers tagged along wherever we went. We checked our aircraft every day, and we found it sabotaged. We said nothing.

We asked the commander why he didn't believe us. He said, "Until I hear from your base I don't believe you, because no private or corporal that we know of flies United States military aircraft; they are all officers!" We then asked why they sabotaged our airplane, and he answered, "To keep you from escaping." Then he decided to tell us the whole story.

The commander related to us that five German prisoners escaped in their area dressed up in U.S. Army uniforms. They captured three and they thought we were the other two. The commander did admit that they sabotaged the aircraft, but how did we know? We told him we

lived with these planes for two years; we not only flew them, but we first assembled them and then kept them in repair. It was easy for us to spot a disconnected magneto wire, or a nut removed and then replaced with the wires dangling or absent.

Soon thereafter the commander heard from our home base and all was well; he apologized profusely for our inconveniences and we shook hands. A break in the weather allowed us to take off for our home base, and we arrived safe and sound after a 12-day absence. We don't know what happened, but this incident somehow got the Army Air Force or Army or both off dead center on our rank situation, and it wasn't very long after that I jumped to corporal, ten days later to sergeant, and not long thereafter to staff sergeant. Of course by now the Fort Sill graduates were all technicals or masters, but at least I finally did get some "rank" and more important, the sergeant's pay that was not all swallowed up by "deductions."

I flew all kinds of people — movie stars, cameramen from Hollywood's Columbia Studio, generals who wanted to get where they had to be, VIPs who wanted to look at the front lines, and anyone who had to get someplace fast. It was very hard to get around on the ground; traffic was terrible and the weather was mostly bad, with rain, fog and climate constantly changing from place to place. You always had to make sure you had plenty of K and C rations, as you could be stranded for days. But at least you could fly out of there, when everybody else was stuck for the duration.

We flew just above ground level over most of the farm or clear areas, and at treetop level over wooded areas. The Germans could hear us, but were not able to see us long enough to fire at us, and that made them mad.

Hitler offered the equivalent of \$1,000 plus a month-long furlough if a member of their Wehrmacht or Luftwaffe shot down and captured the pilot and aircraft. Their Army and

civilians were always shooting at us, and we had to watch in all directions, our head going around like a beacon, always looking, looking! When flying with a passenger he was told to look, whether he was a general or not, because if the pilot gets it, his butt is gone too. The pilots were in command of their own planes, whether they were privates or sergeants. In our own planes we outranked everybody!

Around the time of the Battle of the Bulge and immediately thereafter, I was patrolling along the Rhine River, looking for bridges that our Army could cross aside from the Remagen Bridge. However, the Germans were wiring explosives under the Remagen Bridge. When they saw me, I saw them too, but it was too late, they really opened up with tracers. I banked to the right and the tracers hit the underside of the left wing, along the fuselage and tail fin. I hit full throttle and headed for our home base and the headquarters. When I told them about the location of the ground fire, they immediately ordered air and artillery attacks on that area, and it my understanding that the Germans got wiped out. It was at this time that I was informed that I was through flying and that they were shipping me out. No reason was given, and a protest didn't help. I guess I saw or discovered something I shouldn't have, or they wanted to keep it a secret. I was given a quick promotion to Technical Sergeant and shipped out, arrived back in the U.S. and was then assigned to the 3rd AF in March, 1945. I was told to "volunteer" for the China-Burma-India theater, but before I left the USA the war ended and I was discharged on August 11, 1945, on the "point system." I ended up with 97.

Thus ends the tale of a pilot who was a private for most of his four years in the service by "command of General Arnold!" Needless to say, most "private pilots" never made it home, but I did, and that's the best "rank" of all! ■

I'll Always Remember "Operation Clarion:" My Last Flight in a B-24

BY GENE NEWTON (491ST)

On February 22, 1945 the 491st BG sent thirty-two B-24s to bomb the marshalling yard at the little village of Eschwege near Hannover. The B-24s of the 491st had to fly into the target area at 5,000 feet because of clouds, and as a result we ran into some very heavy anti-aircraft fire.

On this mission, to achieve a high degree of accuracy, and to minimize the risk to the German civilians, the bombing altitude was supposed to be at 10,000 feet or less.

FOR THIS WAS THE "OPERATION CLARION"

By the middle of February the several Allied land armies were prepared to resume the offensive toward the Rhine which von Rundstedt had interrupted in December. In order to refine the extensive preparations already made, SHAEF requested the air forces to mount CLARION, a plan of long standing designed to utilize all available Anglo-American air power in a blow at German communications which would affect economic life and the tactical situation. CLARION called for British-American bombers and fighters to range over most of the Reich simultaneously on a clear day to attack all sorts of transportation targets: grade crossings, stations, barges, docks, signals, bridges, and marshalling yards. Most of the objectives were in small towns that had never been bombed before. Hence they would not be well defended and the effect of the attacks might produce a stupefying effect

on morale on the eve of the land offensive. The opportunity came on 22 February when most of Germany was clear and vulnerable to visual bombing. The tactical air forces received assignments in western Germany and the 15th Air Force was to operate over a wide area in southern Germany, RAF Bomber Command retained its targets system in the Ruhr, and Eighth was assigned to bomb in the middle and north central part of the Reich.

As the group approached the target at 1340 hours, our B-24 (Howard T. Graham, pilot) lost an engine to flak and left the formation with the copilot calling for fighter support. Two more engines went before the crew bailed out.

Our airplane hit the ground and the fires of hell couldn't have been any brighter — and there I was, coming down in a parachute, and unlike Desert Storm, I was not going there to kick butt. The Germans were getting ready to kick mine, but they had better stop shooting those 88s or there wouldn't be anything left to kick.

I saw three parachutes, but all nine of us got out and were soon enrolled in nearby POW camps. Three of us ended up at Nuremberg.

After I landed I crawled on hands and knees through low scrub pines until I came to a road with a forest on the other side. Just as soon as I started across the road, somebody yelled "HALT!"

Several German soldiers took me over to a farmhouse where they already had Frank

Ryan, our radio operator, and Rocky Nawrocki, one of our gunners. Three soldiers with rifles lined us up against a barn. They shoved the bolts on the rifles forward, putting a round into the chamber, then they waited for the Sergeant Major to give them the orders. He took a small book from his breast pocket and began to silently read.

Frank Ryan asked, "Newton, are they going to kill us?" I said, "Ryan, I don't know." Rocky piped up like he was in charge of the whole affair and said, "Hell, no, they are not going to shoot us." The sergeant gave some orders and the soldiers all pointed their rifles at us. I have believed in the power of positive thinking ever since because then they made us climb over a fence and marched us off through the nearest town.

This is where we started walking closer to the German soldiers because those civilians had gone berserk. They screamed at us. They spit on us. They shook their fists and acted like they were coming after us. You didn't have to speak German to know that those civilians wanted us dead.

The Sergeant Major grinned as he drew his finger across his throat and uttered, "KAPUT - KAPUT." But he kept on marching us right past them to prison camp!

Some occasions are such that you will always remember them. I can tell you, this certainly was one of them! I will never forget February 22, 1945! ■

MEMORABILIA AND ARCHIVAL MATERIAL

BY RAY STRONG (HQ)

Almost everyone who served with the 2nd Air Division brought home with them such things as photographs, orders, diaries, logs, programs of base events, etc. At our age it is definitely time that we made lists of our memorabilia and decided on its disposition either now or at a later date. Do it now! Don't put it off! We can't expect people to remember us if the records disappear.

Our Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library has become a depository for material concerning the 2AD presence in East Anglia during World War II. Relatives of World War II men, researchers, local enthusiasts and students of World War II are already using the Memorial Room archive and it will become an even more valuable resource in the future. The new 8th Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia is another worthy repository for your paper and photographic records. Both the Memorial Room and the Heritage Museum will be perfectly happy to accept copies so that you can keep the original material for your grandchildren — so spend some time making photocopies of papers and laser prints of photographs.

You may also be wondering what to do with bits of uniforms, objects, etc. All of these items will be a valuable record of our achievements in 1942-45. The 8th Air Force Heritage Museum, the new American Air Museum at Duxford in England, and the Pima Air and Space

Museum in Tucson, Arizona are some of the places you should be considering as repositories for any non-paper items. Our Memorial Room in Norwich will have exhibition space in the new library building and they may be interested in any small items you would like to offer to them.

Here is what you must do:

- (1) Make a list of what you have.
- (2) If the items are paper/photos, make some notes explaining the importance of each item. In the case of photographs, try to identify any personnel in the pictures (don't write on the photos).
- (3) If the items are objects like insignia, shrapnel, escape kits, etc., make a note of any incidents, aircraft, etc. associated with these objects.
- (4) Select a library or museum where you would like to deposit your memorabilia.
- (5) Write to the library or museum, sending a copy of your inventory list. Ask which items they would like to have. Do not send memorabilia until it is agreed in advance just what is being sent.

If you do not take action now, it is possible that this valuable material will never reach a place where it can be displayed or used in the future.

Following are the names of the people to contact at the four places mentioned above:

Linda Berube
2AD Fulbright Librarian
2AD Memorial Room
Central Lending Library
71 Ber Street
Norwich, England NR1 3AD

Mary Beth Barnard
Director of History and Archives
Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum
P.O. Box 1992
Savannah, GA 31402

Ted Inman, Director
American Air Museum in Britain
Imperial War Museum
Duxford Airfield
Cambridge, England CB2 4QR

Kirsten Oftedahl
Curator of Collections
Arizona Aerospace Foundation
6000 E. Valencia Road
Tucson, AZ 85706 ■

NOTICE! NOTICE!

The long promised "Poor Boy" roster is now available. It is current as of August 8, 1996. Send check for \$5.00 made out to C.N. Chamberlain, 769 Via Somonte, Palos Verdes Estates, CA 90274-1629.

You know and I know that there used to be these little mischievous beings that could make pilots and other Air Force people raving mad! In case you've forgotten, these creatures were those little ones that found joy in causing all sorts of mechanical problems in military aircraft.

It never was wise to infuriate them, but the trouble was, we never knew what made them angry enough to make our lives miserable. Having flown several aircraft that had great reputations for reliability, it would never surprise most of us if some little thing went wrong once in a while. Right? But do you think the Gremlins were satisfied to have something minor go wrong? Not likely.

Once my flyin' buddy's number four engine generator went out. No big deal. He had three more generators to fall back on. Then the hydraulic system pressure went way down. Sort of disturbing, so he called the tower for permission to use the longest runway since he might not have any brakes. Sort of hairy, but everything was calm — that is, until he realized he might not be able to get the gear down. About that time he realized his radio was blacked-out, and his number one engine started jumping around in its nacelle. All this

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GREMLINS?

BY ED WANNER (445TH)

in a place that had no complaints written on the Form One.

In case you didn't know, Gremlins are hard to research. The dictionary says they are an imaginary gnomelike creature. Huh? Someone told me they must be related to leprechauns. That's great! Now we've got elves that have hidden treasures and are cobblers — the Irish should have kept them, but I suppose they have enough troubles already. Maybe some of that little race got tired of cobbling and learned how to beat on airframe components instead.

Alfred Hitchcock had a film once with this ugly little brute messing around the engine of an airliner while it was in flight. No one would

believe the passenger who saw the ugly thing. I'm only kiddin' about ugly — in case they can read.

My CO began to believe in Gremlins. He said, considering all the things that went wrong with my airplane, mathematically there was no way it could always have been pilot error. Nice of him to mention that.

I think Gremlins even got into my social life. I was dancing in a pub with this pretty English girl, doing one of my favorite steps, and someone remarked that she looked like she was being carried out of a burning building! I think the floor was uneven.

If anyone got out of the ETO with their aircraft's Form One, check and see if there are any entries about Gremlins — but, I'll bet they already erased them. Now, tell the truth — when your car is purring along the highway, haven't you ever wondered *whatever happened to the Gremlins?*

→ → → →

Editor's Note: Ed, haven't you heard of metamorphosis? All Gremlins "mutated" into computer viruses of every possible kind, and combined with Murphy's Law they can cause more mischief in one "nanosecond" than all the Gremlins did in all of World War II! ■

A DAMN GOOD CREW (continued)

not attend. His fun-loving antics had made him popular among the crew. (They all remembered that "Cortez" would immediately fall to the ground and kiss it after each safe return.) Ken and his wife have a jewelry store and could not schedule time to come. Also sadly missed were Arthur Henshall (waist gunner, assistant flight engineer), John Krupka (tail gunner), and of course, Lyle, who are all deceased.

The next day Bob obtained a private room for the crew to meet, bringing their pictures, diaries, and records to "debrief." For six hours, they replayed those critical months, comparing notes and memories and sharing anecdotes. The men were amazed at hearing the stories from their crewmates; during the actual bombing runs, most were too busy doing their particular job or were not in a position to see what the others were experiencing. Here are some highlights of what was told in those hours.

All agreed that the most enjoyable, least stressful part of their time together was the trip from Topeka, Kansas (their point of departure) to Shipdham, England via the southern route. It was an eye-opening experience for them to see other countries and cultures. After pre-combat training in Ireland, they arrived in Shipdham on May 14, 1944 and were assigned their plane, the "A-Bar." Thus they became part of the "Flying 8-Balls," the insignia of the 44th Bomb Group.

"A-Bar" was a part of the D-Day invasion, and flew on the wing of the commander, General Leon Johnson. Their job was to bomb the coastal installations just seconds before the troops landed on the beaches. Bob recalled the vivid image of being part of thousands of gleaming silver planes streaming toward

France. Being busy piloting the plane, he did not have a good view of the ocean, and enjoyed hearing the others speak of the waters being full of Allied ships bristling with weaponry.

Two of the most dangerous missions were on June 27 and August 6, 1944. The objective of the June mission was to bomb a railroad tunnel. When the crew reached the target, a squadron of JU-88s was encountered. They hung behind the formation and lobbed missiles at the bombers. One of the crew recalled tail gunner John Krupka's response as he looked back: "Hurry up! They're catching up with us!" Many planes were lost on that mission, and the formation was forced to break up. Because the formation had dispersed, the crew flew home alone, a precarious position for a B-24.

The purpose of the August mission was to bomb the oil refinery in Hamburg, Germany. The crew recalled exceedingly heavy flak, resulting in the loss of one engine over the English Channel. They were forced to jettison all their ammunition and guns to keep the plane aloft. When they reached base, a second engine had to be feathered over the field. Some in the crew went as far as to say that on landing, there was only one engine operating! Everyone gave Gunton praise for saving their lives that day. Dan Brandt commented, "He just greased that landing!"

Dan also said that he thought one of the most important missions militarily was the July 25 mission to St. Lo, France, where their job was to clear the way for Patton's troops to advance toward Germany. The mission was extremely successful, and allowed for the continuation of Patton's sweep across Europe.

Some of the most dramatic reminiscences were about brushes with death. Bob recalled

having been assigned a plane on one particular mission that had just had bulletproof glass installed in it. The planes they normally flew did not yet have this feature. As they were flying, a fragment from flak hit the windshield directly beside the pilot's position. On returning to base, they found it lacked a fraction of an inch from coming all the way through the glass. Both Bob and Marty agreed that had there been regular glass on the plane that day, Bob would not be here to tell the story. In another incident that Lyle had often described, the tail gunner, Krupka, had a close call. He was leaning out of his seat talking to Henshall when a bullet zipped by and grazed the tops of his legs. If he had been sitting in his normal position, he'd have been shot in the stomach. Lyle was called back to administer first aid, and promptly placed a bandaid over the wound, about which he always joked.

Towards the end of the marathon session, I played a cassette tape that Arthur Henshall's wife had sent to me. He had made this tape in 1988 in order to tell some of his war experiences for his grandchildren's benefit. Everyone fell silent as Arthur's voice told of his memories during their time together. They chuckled at some of the lighter moments in his remembrances, and with solemn glances, they confirmed the combat events that he related. A moment of high emotion was felt by all as he finished with a word of gratitude to his comrades, and special praise for Captain Bob Gunton who brought them all safely home.

This is just one part of one crew's story during a historical event that has changed the world. The pride in the tremendous job done by a remarkable generation of men is echoed in Arthur Henshall's words, "We were a good crew." Yes, a damn good crew! ■



491st BOMB GROUP
POSTREMUM ET OPTIMUM
the
RINGMASTER
REPORTS

BY HAP CHANDLER

1997 DUES

Your cooperation in mailing your 1997 dues to Evelyn Cohen is requested. Dues notices will be in the mail shortly after Christmas. Please mail your check promptly.

HUNTER CREW REMEMBERED

On September 18, 1996, the people of Udenhout, Netherlands unveiled an oak plaque honoring Captain James Hunter and his crew. Leading the 491st on a low level supply mission in support of Operation Market Garden, they crashed while returning to North Pickenham. The unveiling took place on the 52nd anniversary of the crash. Mr. Paul Pouwels, a Dutch World War II historian, has been instrumental in obtaining approvals and funding for this recognition of Captain Hunter's crew.

Captain Hunter, having completed the supply drop in the Eindhoven area, encountered intense and accurate ground fire on withdrawal. Observers reported the aircraft on fire as the pilot desperately tried to crash land near the town of Udenhout. Unfortunately the right wing was torn off in landing and the crew, with the exception of the tail gunner, Frank DiPalma, perished. DiPalma, badly wounded, was rescued by Dutch partisans and hidden from the Germans until the town was liberated on September 23rd.

The Hunter crash is one of the most widely publicized pictures of the group's operations. It is displayed in the Nijmegen Museum where a model of the plane is displayed. A complete account of this mission appears on pages 81-89 of the group history. The picture of the plane crashing is on page 88.



Church in Udenhout, Holland where Hunter crew memorial was dedicated 18 Sept. 1996

Keith Thomas, our 2nd Air Division Association representative and past president of the Friends of the Second Air Division Memorial, was in attendance.

"BULLSEYE"

At the Milwaukee convention, Norm Stickney, navigator on Jack Lane's crew, 852nd Squadron, discussed some interesting missions that he flew with Jack in 1944 and 1945. The missions involved orbiting over London while searchlight and flak crews in the London area tracked the planes in a simulated night raid.

Norm writes, "At the group dinner questions were raised regarding the subject of "Bullseye: night missions over England. Our crew flew three "Bullseyes."

From Jack Lane's log, December 17, 1944: Bullseye One: "Played around with the searchlights (London) at 19,000 feet. Those boys are good with those 'torches."

December 18, 1944: Bullseye Number Two. The following day the crew went on a three-day pass.

Following three daylight missions and a seven day flak leave, Lane flew his last "Bullseye" on February 13th. Landed at 2300, then awakened at 0345 for a mission to Magdeburg.

Stickney says, "We were issued a flight plan covering exact arrival times and elevations over four or five English cities ending over London's Hyde Park with searchlight crews and night fighters targeting on us. No guns or ammunition on board.

"Pilots flew to break free of searchlights with 'evasive action.' This was accomplished with a number of other planes in the vicinity. Returned to North Pickenham with a blacked-out landing approach.

"The runway lights blinked as we touched down and were extinguished as we completed our landing roll. This was designed to offer the minimum target to the roving German night fighters.

"It was interesting to experience simulated night bombing efforts. After these three missions, our crew definitely preferred daylight bombing!"

TOM McEVOY REMEMBERS
"LOW LEVEL TO WESEL"

The 491st flew one of its deadliest missions to air drop supplies in support of the British crossing of the Rhine at Wesel, 24 March 1945. Tom McEvoy, copilot on the Formon crew, has written the following graphic account of this deadly mission. Both wingmen, Wilson and Fox, were shot down with the loss of all on board.

"THE MILK RUN"
by Tom McEvoy

At our pre-mission briefing on March 24, 1945, we were told that the 491st Bomb Group would be part of a major 8th Air Force effort to drop supplies and ammunition to the Allied troops who were fighting their way across the Rhine. Our assignment was to supply the

British forces who had established a beachhead near Wesel, Germany.

Our crew, consisting of John Formon, pilot; Al Chappell, navigator; Gerson Zubkin, bombardier; Don Duke, flight engineer; Red Leavitt, radioman; Charlie Martykan, Jim Duncan, Dan Dennehy and Lou Hoffman, gunners; and myself, copilot, felt that we were going to have a relatively easy mission. We would fly at low level, cross the Rhine, drop the supplies, and head back to North Pickenham, possibly without crossing enemy lines. So we optimistically boarded "She Devil" (our old standby, "Lookin' Good," had been retired), took off, rendezvoused with the lead plane shooting the green and yellow flares, and headed across the Channel.

A short time later we were flying over the Belgian countryside, and I recall observing that the homes, shops, and factories appeared undamaged by bombs, as if World War II were an event of the distant past.

We were to be one of the last (if not *the* last) formations over the target, but it didn't occur to us that we might run into difficulty. We spotted the Rhine River ahead and prepared for the drop, focusing on our brief flight over the beachhead. After crossing the river we encountered conditions that we hadn't anticipated, and the events of the next few minutes will never be forgotten by John Formon's crew.

B-24s suddenly appeared at about 2 o'clock, coming at us on a collision course. They had just dropped their supplies and were heading home. John dropped the plane down to the treetops to avoid them, with our wing planes, piloted by Paul Fox on our left and Andy Wilson on our right, following us in close formation. We had to climb immediately to avoid high tension lines that came into view, and then began our run into the drop area. As we let go of our cargo, we ran into heavy enemy fire. Before we could escape, we sustained a hit, and simultaneously Andy Wilson broke radio silence saying he was going to crash. I felt helpless watching his plane nose down a few hundred feet and explode on impact. John and I then looked to our left, and were stunned to see Fox's B-24, wings in flames, go into a vertical climb, turn over on its back, and plunge to the ground. I thought that maybe our luck had run out, but we flew through and past the enemy fire with all four Pratt & Whitneys working perfectly, and with our flight controls apparently intact. Al Chappell gave us a westerly heading, and we started to climb away from the treetops.

Duke, who had been manning the top turret, scrambled down to the bomb bay to assess the damage. Hydraulic fluid had coated the entire bomb bay, including the catwalk. The bomb bay doors were still open, and Duke was taking his life in his hands venturing into that space. He reported that a shell had opened a hole in the fuselage "that a man could walk through." The hydraulic tank was demolished

(continued on page 28)

458th BOMB GROUP



BY RICK ROKICKI

The last issue of the *Journal* had a mailing delay of about three weeks, so it's possible that's the reason many of you have not responded to our last and final call to get our Book Endowment Fund up another \$511.00 to make our corpus an even £2,000. I will send a check to the association treasurer as our final contribution. I have a total of \$215.00 as of this date in late September. Please, this is a legacy the 458th can leave behind with our blessings.

As many of you know by this time, George Reynolds received his shipment of the "458th IV History." As noted, the cost is \$30.00 per copy, pp. The increased cost is due to the higher paper costs of 50% over the last year. You can obtain a new copy by writing to George at 4009 Saddle Run Circle, Pelham, AL 35124.

A dear friend of the 458th is Christine Armes, who recently sent me the following information published in the *Norwich Evening News* on September 10. Those of you who have visited our airfield and quarters are aware that the University of East Anglia students lived and schooled at our old quarters until just two years ago. Since then, vandals continue to wreck the facilities. The site is split into four main areas: two residential, the old officers mess, and a large open central site. Ideas for a "new look" are in the draft stage, and selling the entire complex is an option if a developer can be found and agreements made with the Norfolk County Council and the University of East Anglia, which holds a lease on the property until 2006. It would appear that further changes will be forthcoming, possibly with "new look" homes, shopping and leisure facilities. As they say, stay tuned.

Further news from the same paper indicates that more than 100 people attended a public meeting at Black Friars Hall and voiced their displeasure at the slowness of the development of the new library in central Norwich. All were frustrated that the vision of a new library is dragging into its third year without any significance of accomplishment. It becomes obvious that the citizenry of Norwich are as impatient as those of us in the 2ADA who wonder when a new facility will come to pass. I've condensed the entire newspaper article to

491ST RINGMASTER REPORTS (continued from page 27)

by the hit, and later on, Duke counted some 86 holes in the fuselage, but fortunately no one was injured and there was no serious structural damage. With no hydraulic system, we knew that we couldn't close the bomb bay doors or use our landing flaps or brakes, and that the landing gear would have to be lowered by hand crank. While John and I were discussing our options, Al Chappell screamed into the intercom that we were heading east *into Germany*. John and I realized that we had relied on the gyrocompass, which wasn't functioning properly, and we made a very quick 180. We knew we would be a sitting duck if there happened to be a German fighter in the vicinity, and it seemed to take forever for us to reach the Rhine again.

Without flaps and brakes, we knew that North Pickenham's runways would be too short for us, so we opted for Manston Air Base in southeast England, which had a five mile runway. Duke was able to

a few lines, but the fact is without getting too deep into the politics of this and the loss of the Technopolis bid, another bid may be made by November 11, 1996.

I received further information along with a color print photo of the cherry tree the aviation museum/458th participants planted during our last visit. The large plaque at the tree base reads as follows:

"This cherry tree was planted on 8th May, 1995 by veterans of the USAAF 458th Bombardment Group, Horsham St. Faith, 1944-1945. It commemorates the anniversary of the end of hostilities, the memory of fallen comrades, and continued friendship with the people of Norwich."

If you haven't already done so, please send Christine Armes an audiotape of your memories of your tour at Horsham for inclusion in the museum library. Her address is: 192 Plumstead Road East, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich, Norfolk NR7 9NQ, England. It will be much appreciated and will leave a "personal view" that will be available for future visitors.

Over the years, I've received many requests for information on various aircraft and crews of the 458th. The latest was a request by a Spanish researcher who asks for help with an incident that happened on February 7, 1944. The writer gives an aircraft serial number 41-29277. It landed in Villa Cianeros, Spanish Sahara. It was assigned to the 458th. George Reynolds was able to identify that this aircraft flew a sortie to Leipheim, Germany on March 19, 1945. There were no losses that day on the reported strike. No further information on this aircraft has been found. Does anyone have anything to add for our friend in Spain? I will be happy to forward any particulars you may have.

An old friend, Bill Jameson, suffered a stroke earlier this year and Maurice, his wife, advises that Bill is recovering slowly at a nursing home and would like to hear from some of his old friends. He is at: Traymore Nursing Home, 7500 Lemmon Ave., Dallas, TX 75209. Bill was our treasurer at the time we needed financing for our memorial at Wright-Patterson, October 1987.

Don and Carolyn Fraser advised me that Birto Brumby's wife Jean passed away very shortly after attending our Milwaukee convention last summer. Birt and Jean and the Brumby crew attended almost every reunion as far back as I can remember. She will be missed by many.

Finally, please be advised that next year's dues statements will be sent out by Evelyn Cohen, probably before you get this message. Please react promptly by paying your 1997 dues and avoiding any second and third "follow-ups" by both Evelyn and myself. Again, those who opted for life membership need pay no attention to this plea.

Wishing one and all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year! ■

lower the landing gear, and we brought the B-24 in at 130 knots, touching down at the beginning of the runway. We cut all four engines and shut off the electrical system to reduce the chance of fire should we crash. The plane started to veer toward the right, but we were moving fast enough that full left rudder brought us back to the center. When we reached the end of the runway, we continued on until we hit a fence at the property line and came to a stop. "She Devil" had made her last flight, but our crew was intact, and we were ferried back to North Pick.

The next morning, Howard Kohl, a pilot in the 853rd and my boyhood chum from our hometown of New Rochelle, NY, came to see me because he couldn't believe what had happened to our formation the day before. I described the drop zone disaster in detail, and he replied that he didn't think his formation got a single hit. I remember his words as he looked at me and said, "And we thought it was a milk run." ■



IN RETROSPECT

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, MA?

BY AL BLUE

Reprinted from the 2ADA Newsletter, March 1971

When Rep. Edith Rogers of Massachusetts informed Gen. George C. Marshall in the spring of 1941 that she expected to introduce a bill establishing a women's corps in the Army, the War Department had to face up to an issue it had long avoided. Planners in the General Staff hurriedly outlined the framework for a women's organization which would "meet with War Department approval, so that when it is forced upon us, as it undoubtedly will be, we shall be able to run it our way." Mrs. Rogers incorporated the plan in a bill which she introduced in the House 28 May 1941, calling for establishment of a Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, or "WAAC." After considerable debate and delay, the events of 7 December 1941 changed the attitude of the majority and the Rogers bill became law on 15 May 1942. The measure permitted the enlistment of 150,000 women between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five, but set an initial strength limit of 25,000.



Hazel Bliss, Doris Ogden, Mary Frances Williams, and Gladys Veynar, with Captain Marble doing the honors.

Legal authorization, of course, did not guarantee public acceptance of the idea. Congressional critics had been unable to defeat the measure, but their opinions and predictions of dire consequences reflected the feelings of a large segment of the public. To some congressmen the measure was "the most ridiculous bill" and "the silliest piece of legislation" within their memory. The Army itself was unwilling at first to accept this newest addition to its forces. However, the wartime performance of the WACs altered the attitude of many commanders, including General Eisenhower, who originally was opposed to women in the Army. "The simple headquarters of a Grant or a Lee," said Eisenhower after the war, "were gone forever. An army of filing clerks, stenographers, office managers, telephone operators, and chauffeurs had become essential . . . From the day they first reached us their reputation as an efficient, effective corps continued to grow." As early as November 1942 the WAAC strength limit was raised by executive order from 25,000 to the 150,000 authorized. (In fact, however, this limit was never reached. Because of recruitment and other problems, peak strength was less than 100,000.)

Air WACs

It was typical of the AAF to desire a separate women's corps completely independent of other branches of the Army. The AAF, furthermore, early recognized the need for full Army status, rather than auxiliary status, for the WAAC. These two ideas were temporarily squelched in November 1942 when General Marshall wrote a note to the Chief of Air Staff: "I believe Colonel Moore this morning took up with Mrs. Hobby the question of her attitude toward a separate women's organization for the Air Corps (sic). I don't like the tone of this at all . . . I don't wish anyone in the Air Corps office to take up, without my personal knowledge, any question of organizing a separate unit, or any discussion of it except with me first."

Although the AAF could not acquire WAACs on its own terms, it was glad to take them on any basis. During the early months of the existence of the WAAC, the Aircraft Warning Service received top priority in the assignment of women in the AAF. The Air Forces felt that effective operation of AWS stations required full-time personnel subject to military discipline, and WAACs began to arrive at these posts in September 1942 immediately after completing their basic training at Fort Des Moines. In March 1943 the AAF began to receive its first WAACs for use in posts other than AWS stations. Small companies reported for duty at Chanute and Scott Fields and at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. In the following month twenty-three WAAC units arrived at air bases in the United States, and by the end of September 171 air bases had WACs as part of their personnel.

WAAC to WAC

In the summer of 1943 the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps became the Women's Army Corps. This step, placing the corps *in* the Army instead of *with* the Army, corrected a fundamental error which had been growing increasingly obvious. With the conversion to Army status, approximately 80 percent of the women serving with the AAF reenlisted. At peak AAF WAC enrollment of 39,323 in January 1945, more than 200 different job categories were filled by enlisted women, while WAC officers held more than 60 different types of jobs in addition to that of company officer. Some 20 WACs were listed as "Air Crew Members" and there was at least one WAC Crew Chief. Women sometimes also made non-combat flights as radio operators. As an experiment, one entire flight line was staffed with WAC mechanics, and there were eventually some 617 women in Airplane Maintenance, 656 Aviation Specialists, and lesser numbers in related jobs. The AAF WAC program was headed by LTC Betty Bandel.

The WACs Overseas

In the spring of 1944, the AAF adopted a plan for assignment of WAC clerical workers to the headquarters of combat air forces around the world. However, well before this system went into effect WACs had been shipped to the Eighth Air Force in England, the first WAC Separate Battalion arriving in July 1943. The satisfactory performance of this unit led to so many requests that by September the Air Force WACs made up one-half of the total WAC strength in the ETO. Requests from other theaters soon poured into AAF Headquarters, eventually resulting in the following distribution of AAF WAC personnel in January 1945: European Theater - 2,835. Mediterranean Theater - 457. Pacific Ocean Area - 2. Far East Air Forces - 694. China-Burma-India Theater - 287. Air Transport Command - 2,755. Other - 285. Total - 7,315.

If there was any doubt in the public mind by the end of the war as to the official Air Force attitude toward the WACs, it was removed by General Arnold's final report to the Secretary of War. General Arnold recommended that "a nucleus organization of female soldiers should be maintained in peacetime in order to provide for rapid and efficient expansion in time of national emergency." He pointed out that wartime experience "has clearly proven that these women, in the jobs they were qualified to perform, were more efficient than men." ■

1996 Reflections of a 1944 Gold Star Widow

BY MEG COLE SMITH (44TH BG)

I have just sent a check to cover the cost of books to be added to the Norwich library with the following dedication: "In loving memory of my husband, 1st Lt. Woodrow W. Cole, Bombardier, 44th Bomb Group, 67th Squadron, who sacrificed his life that others might live in freedom. From Meg Cole Smith, Santa Maria, California, USA." I hope the books will enlighten those who read them.

I am writing a narrative genealogical history of my family which will include details of my first husband's lineage, our short marriage, and as much data as I can gather about his time in service. I have two sons who are asking about their lineage so that their children will be informed as to their roots. My eldest son, Tom, is 51 years old and has just finished his second term in the House of Representatives in Vermont.

My son by my present marriage has just retired from professional baseball at age 39. He pitched for the Montreal Expos for eight seasons, the St. Louis Cardinals for three seasons, and was the winning pitcher for the Colorado Rockies opening game in Denver's Mile High Stadium in April, 1993. His name is Bryn Smith and he's a great guy with a nice family, now at home in Santa Maria.

He and his older half-brother Tom were raised to love their country and respect their elders. As they grew, they were encouraged to work at home and in the community, so that they would value the things that they received. As adults, they are community activists, working with the homeless and doing benefits for various charities and senior citizen centers, etc. The one thing about which they were unaware was the importance of my marriage to Woody, the impact that his tragic death had upon me during their growing years, and the values instilled in them, directly caused by the sacrifice of Woody and others.

I met Woody when I lived in Hollywood, California, working at RKO Studios, first as an actress and later as a publicist. He was an air cadet in the flying school at Roswell, New Mexico and received his bombardier wings in March, 1943, shortly after we were engaged. We were married in Kingman, Arizona on Easter Sunday of '43, spent our three-day honeymoon in a dusty little motel, and then he was off to one of the many bases where he would be stationed preparatory to going overseas. I spent the next three months following him throughout the western part of the U.S.

I was not unlike thousands of other young war brides, riding on trains and buses, sitting and sleeping on my luggage in the aisles, scrambling for food and drink at little out-of-the-way stations all over the western part of the country. Upon reaching one base, I would be told that Woody's group had just been transferred, so it was back on board after waiting in long lines for tickets. Once on the train we could be side-tracked while waiting for a troop train to pass. Many times I was taken off the train, having been "bumped" for a serviceman who was enroute to his designated place of embarkation.

I finally caught up to Woody in Casper, Wyoming and we had only three weeks together before he left for overseas. From then on, our marriage consisted of a few phone calls and heavily censored mail as I tried to fill in those deleted passages that would give me an idea of where he might be. I listened to the music of Glenn Miller ("At Last" was *our* song); hosted at the Hollywood Canteen; performed in USO shows at military bases up and down the West Coast; and went on bond-selling tours with other Hollywood actors. Since there were no nylons, I painted my legs with makeup and drew seams up the backs with eyebrow pencils; and wore shoes

sonal journey to visit Woody's grave in Cambridge Military Cemetery in Madingley as soon as our photography business allows me to do so. I commemorate our wedding date, his date of death, and VE Day, May 8th, each year through the floral program of the Battlefields Commission. I also donate to the Memorial Room and the Heritage Museum, and hope to do more.

My husband, Tom Smith, was associated with Lockheed Aircraft during WWII, photographing top secret material used in the building of that company's products. We met in 1949 through our friend, Jane Russell, whose notorious discoverer, Howard Hughes, bought

I, along with thousands of other women, took this new way of life in stride, refusing to tell our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons how tough it was because our plight would sound ridiculous to those who were "over there." Our troubles were miniscule by comparison.

with soles made of rope and other compositions. I walked to work, because gasoline was rationed; stayed slim because there was no butter, sugar or meat; and lived the civilian side of a war that would, hopefully, mean that my future children would never have to fight in another. How very naive!

I, along with thousands of other women, took this new way of life in stride, refusing to tell our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons how tough it was because our plight would sound ridiculous to those who were "over there." Our troubles were miniscule by comparison, so most of us tried to make light of it in our letters. Those poignant letters were sometimes difficult to compose, as we tried to let our men know how we felt, yearning to profess our love and longings without making them so homesick that they might be endangered in some way. Who was the general who said, "War is hell!" Sherman?

I was 20 years old when I received news of Woody's death, which occurred on January 21, 1944 after a bombing raid over France. His pilot, 1st Lt. Keith Cookus, was able to maneuver the crippled B-24 back over the Channel and they belly-crashed in England. Woody had been wounded by flak, but he was able to crawl to the blown-out bomb bay, release the bombs with his hands and feet, and then reporting to the pilot, he collapsed. He was trapped in the front compartment after the crash landing and the pilot and copilot were unable to free him after clawing at the debris for three hours. I had no details of his death until three years ago, when I learned of the ZADA through a good friend and wrote to the *Journal*. I am ever grateful for this wonderful organization that has allowed me to receive a peaceful closure to a most meaningful part of my life.

I have been corresponding with members of the 44th BG for a couple of years, and had planned to join the VE Day trip in May 1995, but at the time I was primary caretaker of my terminally ill brother. I plan on making a per-

RKO during the late '40s so that he could release her first film, "The Outlaw," in RKO's Orpheum Theaters, which had been denied him when he made the film eleven years earlier. It was my first brush with the awesome power of money and the narcissistic actions of a man who could manipulate an entire industry as well as the government! At least that acquisition resulted in my meeting with Jane and allowed us to forge a lasting friendship of fifty years. Also, I was able to work with Jimmy Stewart on "It's a Wonderful Life," but I never knew of his affiliation with the Eighth Air Force. He never talked about his time in the service and I was too young and shy to ask, anyhow.

My husband has done some photocopying regarding the restoration of the control tower at Shipdham. Also, I have received pictures of some of the planes that Woody flew in during missions over Germany and France, including the ill-fated "Liberty Belle" which carried Woody to his death. Tom has furnished me with terrific copies for my family history, and is cooperating fully with me in my search for information regarding my life and time with Woody. I have been truly blessed with marriages to two terrific men.

I have had a couple of letters published in the *Journal* along with a couple of pictures of Woody, hoping against hope that some of the survivors of the Cookus crew would recognize him and correspond with me. So far, no luck. However, I love reading the publications and seeing the Dzenowagis tapes that I have in my video library. It has all given me a better understanding and appreciation of how all of you lived during that terrible time and how you survived the dreadful tasks you were given. It is truly sad to think that you gave up your youth to the horrors of that war, yet with no expectations of further commendations than those you earned in battle. I am committed to logging this information in my family's history so that our children and grandchildren will know and honor your sacrifice. ■



BY WALTER J. MUNDY

Following Ralph Elliott as group vice president is a real education, and I am pleased to report that the outstanding job Ralph performed as a voting member of the Executive Committee and 467th BG Vice President and Communications Vice President did not go unnoticed at both group and 2ADA level. Ralph will be greatly missed on the 2ADA Executive Committee, and I want to thank him for his help in making my indoctrination a real pleasure. I am pleased to report that Ralph and Yvonne were planning to attend the 467th convention in Savannah, Georgia. Yvonne is recovering from surgery, and it was nice to hear that she is now well enough to travel.

At press time, twenty-nine first-timers are scheduled among the 240 members and guests signed up for the 467th convention October 3-7, 1996 at the Ramada Inn, Pooler, Georgia, with special interest in the new Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. At the business meeting on October 5, the 467th will elect two new members to the Board of Directors of the association. Charles Caldwell and Vincent LaRussa finished their terms at the 1996 convention. Remaining on the board are 1995-96 President Ralph Davis and Vincent Re and for two years Lloyd A. Davies and your 2ADA group vice president.

R & R IN LONDON

After one particularly rough mission, our crew got a pass to go to London to see the sights and get away from the base. The train ride from Norwich to London was filled with other 8AF people and a few British folks. At the rail station at Ipswich and a few other stops the British Red Cross had tea and biscuit counters set up. I would try anything at that point, and found the English tea was thin and only had a little milk to turn it white. I had my own little cubes of sugar that I had liberated from the mess hall. The Brits loved our sugar cubes, candy bars, chewing gum, cigarettes and money. Walt Naruta and I teamed up and decided we would try to find a restaurant that had steak. We finally got directions to a clandestine "club" restaurant that was in a basement. It was mostly a pub (bar) that sold light drinks to

the ladies who hung out there and whiskey and beer to the "boys." When we finally got a small table and waited, over three or four rounds of drinks, they ceremoniously served our steak dinner. We were doing OK until a British officer leaned over from his table and said, "How do you like the horse meat, chums?"

Walt had just mentioned that his steak was a little tough, and I told him that mine was a little stringy. We decided that horse meat was something we could do without. At that point the lady who was with the British officer asked Walt Naruta if he was going to finish his steak. We both said no, and at that she leaned over and forked the rest of our steak onto her plate.

At that point I realized the extent of deprivation that was endured by the British during the war, and reflecting on the bomb damage and devastation from fire bombing, I adopted a new respect for our English friends.

Walt and I checked into a USO and got a room and bed (with about 100 other U.S. troops). We had bunk beds in a big ballroom, and the "W.C." was down the hall in a closet. At about 5:00 AM the next morning I got the call to the "W.C." and sleepily staggered down to it. There was a 20 watt bulb on a pull chain and a long chain with a wood handle to flush the john. I had just settled down to take care of the necessary when the room shook. The room went white and then the light went out. Then there was a tremendous boom and shaking and crashing, and the sound of glass breaking.

A V-2 had landed in a small park in a traffic "roundabout" circle. The shock wave travelled down the radial streets, blowing out windows, knocking down signs and parapets and trees and anything not firmly anchored.

I staggered out trying to pull up my pants, and found some light from the blown-out window and black-out drape. Walt Naruta hollered to me, and when he saw me he started to laugh. I was completely covered with chalky white plaster dust. I looked in the broken mirror and started to laugh too.

After cleaning up we went down to have a look at what had happened. The street was full of debris, ambulances, fire trucks, police and Home Guard. The point of impact was a park in the middle of the roundabout. Every tree was shattered, and leaves and branches and broken masonry were scattered all over the area. A big smoking hole about 20-30 feet across was what was left of the V-2.

Miraculously there were no known fatalities, but lots of people were injured by glass and shrapnel.

So much for rest and recreation in Old London Town. ■



389th Green Dragon Flares

BY FELIX B. LEETON

As 1996 winds down, we see it has been a good year overall for the 389th BG. We had a great group gathering in Sacramento in April and enjoyed the 2ADA convention in Milwaukee in June. We have, sadly, lost some good people, but have found a number of folks that had been missing for all those years! I encourage all of us to report the names of potential members because their interest and enthusiasm shows the importance of their finding the organization of people with whom they shared a unique experience. It can be an exciting event, as I learned a couple of decades ago.

We shared with our British friends the disappointment of the loss of the "Technopolis" project, but are encouraged by the fact that our Memorial in Norwich is doing so nicely in its reconstruction phase. We welcome Linda Berube, the 2ADA/Fulbright librarian, and wish her luck as she starts her tenure. We will miss the presence of Phyllis DuBois in the library, but are hopeful that we will see her again. We will

be represented by Rosalind and Clifford Robinson (see the Summer 1995 and Summer 1996 NewsLetter reports) again next year at the Memorial Day celebration at Madingley (Cambridge American Cemetery) where we left so many friends in the 1943-45 period.

I have seen evidence of members helping to answer questions raised by people investigating subjects related to our history. J.W. Mitchell and I have been looking for information on the crew chief of -V in which we had many exciting times. It seemed that M/Sgt. Potter had disappeared from the earth. I had asked several people who should have known him, but no luck! We didn't even know his first name. There was a mention of this in the Spring 1996 *Journal*. George Kasparian went to the archives in his local library and found an order listing the crew chiefs of the 565th Squadron planes which included a M/Sgt. William O. Potter. He also accessed the phone database to find addresses of all the William O. Potters in the U.S., and he checked the current roster and found that Erroll Drinkwater is a member. I contacted Erroll — you may have known him as "Red" — who remembered W.O. well. I wrote to all the addresses and have received two letters returned, one from a William O. Potter who was sorry he wasn't the one, but he had been an AF crew chief in a later war, and there is still one letter unanswered!

I hope you all sent your biographical sketch to Turner Publishing for the second volume of the 2AD history book so that information searches like this will be easier in the future! ■

SALVAGED PLOESTI BOMBER'S REMAINS HELD UP BY THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT

SUBMITTED BY FORREST S. CLARK (44th)

Peter Frizzell of Gainesville, Florida, an aviation buff and historian, said recently that his effort was successful in raising a large portion of the 98th Bomb Group Liberator named "Hadley's Harem" from the bottom of the Mediterranean off the south coast of Turkey, but he cannot complete the job because the Turkish government has been holding the B-24 wreckage. The plane was part of the unique low-level and suicidal operation named "Tidal Wave," the famous mission to Ploesti on August 1, 1943. It was one of the several crippled B-24s trying to make it to Cyprus or Turkey after bombing the oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania.

The Turkish government, as well as other governments in the Middle East and Asia, are fearful of looting of the various "treasure sites" or the hauling away of national treasures without the knowledge or permission of the country in question. Frizzell's contention is that the effort to raise the B-24 was purely for a tribute and to honor the crew members who died in the crash and those who survived, and in no way should it be construed as looting. Up to this moment, the Turkish government has not relented, and continues to hold the remains of the wrecked bomber.

Frizzell has been in contact with the families of the deceased and with the families of the survivors, including some of the original crew members, and they all agree with the project. He hopes that one day he will be able to obtain a suitable memorial to the casualties in an effort to tell their story to future generations. He noted a lack or in some cases incorrect knowledge of WWII history, and his efforts are aimed at telling the true story.

Frizzell said that there is great historical value in the salvage operation and also in the effort to find the remains of any bodies that may have been buried in the wreckage. He said that divers had to go down and locate the wreckage in about 80 feet of water. He joined the other divers in some of the salvaging and raising effort, which although successful, has been seized by the Turkish government after being taken from the sea after 51 years.

This middle-aged American, virtually on his own with very little help and a great amount of dedication to the task, set out for Turkey after hearing about reports by Turkish locals and coastal fishermen of a wrecked plane. After painstaking research and numerous interviews, Frizzell realized that there must be something to these stories, and he set out to prove it.

Frizzell admitted to a life-long interest in aviation history, and here was his chance for an adventure which took him to a foreign land

in the Middle East, under some dubious circumstances, to solve the mystery of the disappearance of a Liberator bomber more than 50 years ago.

Frizzell attended many World War II air-men's reunions to talk over the reports of the entire Ploesti mission of August 1, 1943, one of the most hazardous undertakings of the U.S. Army Air Force during that war. Out of 178 B-24s that started out from Libya on that fateful day, over 54 never returned, and many of those that did, never could fly again. One that did not make it was the 98th Bomb Group's "Hadley's Harem" which was eventually salvaged by Frizzell.

Before the actual salvage operation, the submerged wreck was videotaped showing various views of the submerged Liberator, and the section that was brought to the surface. The operation was accomplished by the means of giant balloons to raise the wreckage from the sea bottom. Frizzell would like to examine the remains for clues and evidence as to the real reason the crew ditched the bomber a short distance off the beach rather than attempt a crash landing on the rocky shore.

The effort to raise the rest of the wreckage has become an international project between Turkey and the United States. The U.S. Embassy has advised that a contact was made with the Turkish government this summer to complete the salvage and to negotiate for return of the rescued portion to the United States. This effort was started after U.S. Senator Connie Mack of Florida and Senator Robert Graham requested a resolution of the project acting on requests of certain members of the WWII veterans of the Army Air Force.

The forward portion of the plane, including a cockpit section, was raised more than a year ago by a private effort but the salvaged portion was retained in Turkey. Since then efforts have concentrated on getting the job completed and the remaining parts of the plane returned to the U.S. for proper display as historic artifacts. Two bodies of crew members were recovered.

The latest announcement from Senator Mack is that information has been forwarded to him from the U.S. Embassy that gives hope that the wreckage can be returned in the near future.

Additional information about the salvaging of this Liberator wreckage is expected from the Turkish authorities. However, Turkey has recently undergone a change in government, and this may again complicate the matter of the settlement. Needless to say, Frizzell is anxiously awaiting the result of this latest development. ■

THE CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE AMERICAN AIRPOWER HERITAGE MUSEUM

Warrior ghosts roam the wind-swept plains of West Texas — not ghosts of fierce, Indian tribes, packs of bandits or even a lone Texas Ranger. These are ghosts that fly . . . and hum . . . and smell of oil and aviation fuel. They are part of the Confederate Air Force's "Ghost Squadron" headquartered at Midland International Airport. Located midway between Dallas and El Paso on I-20, the museum is situated in the heart of the Permian Basin.

Located on the 85-acre Confederate Air Force Headquarters complex, the museum is internationally recognized for its collection of authentic World War II artifacts and memorabilia, including uniforms of Allied and Axis countries, armament, photographs, weapons, equipment and aircraft. The museum opens new exhibits each year. As part of the museum tour, visitors can see aircraft on display in the CAF hangar. The approximately 14-20 "Ghosts" on display change quarterly, so there's always something different to see at the museum.

A research library and archives housing a significant oral history collection give the public access to the museum's abundant information resources. These CAF facilities provide students, teachers, historians, and the community at large with educational programs, tours, special events, and lecture series. Also while visiting the CAF gift shop, experience the thrill of flight in the entertainment simulator.

The historic combat aircraft of the Confederate Air Force defended our nation and won the skies on every battlefield in World War II. They are a flying tribute to the thousands of men and women who built, maintained and flew them more than fifty years ago. As the world's largest flying museum, the CAF has a fleet of 135 World War II aircraft (including a B-24) representing planes flown by the U.S. Army Air Force, the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, as well as some flown by the British Royal Air Force, the German Luftwaffe, the Imperial Japanese Navy, and the air force of the U.S.S.R.

**THE CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE
AMERICAN AIRPOWER
HERITAGE MUSEUM
9600 Wright Drive, P.O. Box 62000
Midland, TX 79711-2000
(915) 563-1000**



BY R.D. "DICK" BUTLER

General Orders No. 204 dated 24 August 1944 from Headquarters 2nd Bombardment Division, Office of the Commanding General, covering the performance of the 44th Bomb Group from 9 November 1942 to 4 August 1944 reads as follows:

"The 44th Bombardment Group (H) is cited for distinguished and exceptionally outstanding performance of duty in aerial operations against the enemy from 9 November 1942 to 4 August 1944. During this period of two hundred (200) operational missions, this group dropped over nine thousand four hundred (9400) tons of incendiaries and high explosives on seventy-five (75) targets in Germany, eleven (11) targets in Italy, four (4) targets in Sicily, and one hundred and ten (110) targets in enemy occupied Europe, which resulted in the successful destruction of vital enemy installations. Overcoming fierce and heavy fighter opposition on many occasions to reach their assigned targets, the 44th Bombardment Group claimed over three-hundred and twenty-five (325) enemy aircraft destroyed. The untiring devotion to duty, excellent teamwork, and skill exhibited by every member of the 44th Bombardment Group (H), both air and ground, in rendering such outstanding services reflect great credit upon themselves, their organization, and the United States Army Air Forces. By Command of Major General Kepner." Will Lundy provided this historic document.



In the last week of July 1996, Colonel Edward Mikoloski, USAF Retired, visited General Leon W. Johnson, USAF Retired at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Ed stated that the General is doing quite well, even putting on a bit of weight. However, he still cannot walk by himself. They had a great visit. The General's 92nd birthday was 13 September 1996. He loves to get cards from people. His address is: Belvoir Woods Health Care Center, Room 324 - 2, 9160 Belvoir Woods Parkway, Fort Belvoir, VA 22060.



James C. Beam, the first commander of the 506th Bomb Squadron, passed away last May in Gulf Breeze, Florida. The 506th was activated in early October 1942 at Pueblo Army Air Field, Colorado with Captain James C. Beam as commander. He was soon promoted



Shipdham, 1943: Ed Mikoloski receiving his first DFC from then Colonel Leon Johnson. To Colonel Johnson's left is Capt. John Nitsche, Group Operations Officer. To Ed's right is Major Goodman Griffin, Ground Executive Officer.

to major. He took the squadron to Wendover, Utah for the month of November and then back to Pueblo for December. Then it was on to Salina, Kansas in January 1943 where the squadron picked up its new B-24s. The crews with their new aircraft then went to De Ridder, Louisiana, Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida and to England and the 44th at Shipdham via the South Atlantic route. Major Beam led the squadron to North Africa twice, the first time for the low level Ploesti mission which he flew as a substitute pilot when the regular pilot on a crew was ill. He had a substitute copilot also, William Michaels, as the regular copilot was also down with the "Benghazi trots." They came through the mission unscathed with the 506th not losing any planes. The second trip to North Africa was to Tunis for the purpose of supporting the ground troops at the Salerno, Italy, landing. But by the time the 44th arrived, the troops had broken out of the beach head, so the group was used on missions to Pisa, Italy; Leghorn, Italy; and Wiener Neustadt, Austria.

Then it was back to England. Major Beam was promoted to lieutenant colonel in November, 1943 and left the squadron to become Group Air Executive Officer. He remained in the Army Air Force after the war and retired from the United States Air Force as a colonel.

Norm Nutt, who lives in Grants Pass, Oregon, sends the following: "Have I told you of the Southern Oregon Warbirds Association? A couple of years ago when the B-24 'All American' visited Roseburg, Oregon a former B-24 pilot, Roy Darby (8th AF, another group) started a list of WWII flyers in his area. It developed into the SOWA. The local Roseburg newspaper featured an article about the group and it was picked up by the Associated Press and

received widespread circulation. Darby is getting calls from all over. Both George Insley and I are members. They have meetings every month in Roseburg for lunch and BS." Norm also says there is an outfit in Medford, Oregon that is rebuilding two P-38s. They expected to have one ready for its first flight in August. He also mentions a book he came across in a Medford bookstore, *Wings of Morning* by Thomas Childers. It's the story of the last American bomber (a B-24) shot down (on April 21) over Germany in WWII. It belonged to the 466th BG. Norm says it gives an interesting account of stateside training, joining the 8th, and flying missions. Norm recommends the book as enjoyable reading.

There's a lot of activity in the Great Northwest — I had another letter from another Oregonian, Nathaniel "Bud" Glickman. He had a somewhat different and most interesting tour in B-24s. He flew seven missions with the 93rd BG as a lead bombardier and then was sent to the 44th BG, 66th Squadron. He was shot down on his eleventh flight on June 5, 1944 but returned to flight status a month later and flew the balance of nineteen lead missions. Bud has the Silver Star, two DFCs, five Air Medals, two Purple Hearts, plus other ribbons. I have asked Bud to share more of his experiences in detail with us.

In the "Folded Wings" column of the Fall issue of the *Journal* appears the name of William S. Aldridge. Bill passed away on 26 June 1996. He was a great individual and a dear friend. I always kidded him about the fact that he wiped out "Earthquake," the plane the crew I was on took overseas and in which we flew a number of missions. It was on the Wiener Neustadt mission that I mentioned earlier in this article. Like a lot of others on that mission, "Earthquake" was badly shot up. Bill got it back to Italy where he made a crash landing on a beach at Bari. Because of his skill, all of the crew survived. Bill stayed in the Air Force after the war, flying in Air Rescue Service, Weather Reconnaissance, and Military Airlift Command. He retired from the Air Force as a lieutenant colonel.

Another new book has come to my attention. It is *Yanks Over Europe — American Flyers in WWII* by Jerome Klinkowitz. It examines over 100 narrative accounts of the air war over Europe by American flyers, and offers an interesting look at both the 8th and 15th Air Forces. It is available from the Military Book Club through Leroy W. Newby, 346 Pineview Drive, Venice, FL 34293, tel. (941) 493-6860.

At the time of this writing, we understand that Mary McNamara, wife of Ray, is doing well in her recovery from a stroke suffered in August. We sincerely hope that she continues to improve and that she and Ray and many other 44thers will be able to join us for the fiftieth 2ADA convention in Irvine, California next May. Early word is that it is going to be a super affair. Hope to see you there. ■

EULOGY GIVEN AT AIR FORCE CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND AUGUST 5, 1995

BY LEROY ENGDAHL (448TH)

We are gathered here today at this beautiful memorial cemetery to honor and pay tribute to these Americans killed while serving with the United States Army Air Forces here in England during WWII.

We are also here to honor and pay tribute to those whose names appear on the "Wall of the Missing." Their bodies were never found.

We also want to honor those killed and buried on the Continent.

We do know that many went down in the English Channel and the North Sea trying to bring their badly damaged plane back to England rather than becoming prisoners of war or possibly killed by angry German civilians.

It was sad enough for parents to receive a letter from the War Department advising them that their son was missing in action, and it was even more sad for that letter to say that their son was killed in action, but to have never learned the whereabouts of a son or loved one had to have brought unbearable anxiety and mental anguish, not ever knowing if their son died instantly or whether he suffered or if he was killed by angry German civilians and buried without the Red Cross ever being notified.

Our less fortunate comrades were no less skilled than we were. They were no less religious than we were. Why them? Why not us? We have asked ourselves that many times. Call it fate. Call it luck or whatever you like.

We have members here today who received the Purple Heart for injuries received while flying combat missions. We have members here today whose planes were shot down and they became prisoners of war. They did not know if they would become slaves, be murdered, or what their destiny would be. Some had to march distances from their prison camp where Allied armies were approaching. All this time they were hungry, and often cold and ill.

Many of us here today had our planes hit many times with shrapnel from enemy anti-aircraft shells or by enemy fighter planes. Some of us had to crash land our badly damaged planes on occasion. We came through the war unscratched. Call it a miracle, call it fate, or whatever you wish.

We who survived, came home, continued our education, got a job, got married, raised a family, and saw our children grow up. Most of us are now enjoying our grandchildren and several, their great-grandchildren.

Our less fortunate comrades' lives were cut short! They never got to enjoy any of these things.

We must never let their sacrifices be forgotten. We must keep these memories alive and give thanks to our Lord that we survived and that our two nations and our allies were victorious in defeating the evil German war machine that sought to conquer the world.

We give thanks to God for these blessings. God bless each of you. ■

NEW MEMBERS

44th

General Leon Johnson

93rd

Donald W. Frank (466th)
Francis J. Kelly
Joseph S. Offutt
Donald H. White
Paul M. Stroich, Jr.

389th

Raymond C. Clay
Leo J. Habel
Charles E. Mefford
George S. Montee
Rosina Auglar (AM)

392nd

Dr. Kent B. Layton (AM)

445th

George E. Bjork
Clare A. Ericson
Edwin F. Goodrich
Owen Sodders
Brent A. Hege (AM)
James Luongo (AM)

446th

Willis W. Butts
Charles Kirkorian
Frankie Shannon (HQ)

448th

Darwin T. Hall
Dante J. Macario
June B. Irish (AM)
Anita W. Lewtas (AM)

453rd

Col. Robert E. Wickham (Ret.)
Muriel Reading (AM)

458th

Joseph J. Balint
Robert T. Craig, Sr.
Charles DeVries
Winfred Robinson
Raymond R. Romine
Barry A. Smith (AM)

466th

Glen H. Alexander
Thomas H. Allison
Robert C. Baumann, Jr.
G.W. Beckett
Henry J. Bender
James J. Berlinger
Robert L. Boebel
Dr. Carroll S. Bogard
Edward C. Brown III
William A. Campbell (458th)
Heath H. Carriker
Edwin V. Centola
Frank Cotner
Herbert S. Cox, Jr.
John H. Croft

Marvin Greenbaum

William J. Grey
Arnold W. Hansen
Thomas J. Hoffman
G.A. Holmes
Merl F. Hoyle
William B. Hutchens
Richard L. Kellogg
Frank Korycanek
G. Wallace Lumpkin
Karl Majjala

Scottie H. McHenry
William J. Morris
Frank F. Mulkey
W. Harold Nash
Kenneth C. Payne
Alson K. Petty

William D. Proppe
William J. Quick
Arthur R. Riley
Harry Romain
Lawrence Ross

Harry W. Sassman
James O. Sawyer, Sr.
Seymour Schram
Dr. Robert D. Shaw

DeWayne E. Slaugenhaupt
Erwin H. Sorsensen
Douglas R. Space
Westcot B. Stone
T.G. Stromberg
Clinton E. Swanson

Wayne Tabor
Kenneth E. Terrell
Jerome B. True
Jack G. Veach
Jared A. Walker

Evelyn L. Dallman (AM)
Maureen L. Dennis (AM)
Mary M. Pellican (AM)
Arthur G. Peterson (AM)

467th

George M. Haber
Richard B. Hirsch
James C. Pippenger

489th

John Moir
William Shaffer, Jr.

491st

Henry J. Streat, Jr.
Gerson Zubkin

492nd

Charles W. Andrews
William H. Creech
Vance E. Dryden (491st)

SM

Dexter Arnold
M. Philippe Canonne
Norman C. Grant
D.J. Wickwar
Brian Youngs

49TH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

2nd Air Division Association, 8th USAAF

Saturday, June 15, 1996 • Hyatt Regency Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A. CALL TO ORDER:

The meeting was called to order by President Geoff Gregory at 10:00 AM. There were over 300 members present, constituting a quorum. President Gregory welcomed several guests, among whom were the Past President of the 8th AF Historical Society, Charles Dye, and our new Fulbright Librarian for our Memorial Library, Linda Berube (accompanied by her brother, Robert). He also noted that we were fortunate to have in attendance twelve friends from England, as well as several WACs. All were given a round of applause.

B. REPORT OF THE DELEGATE COMMITTEE:

This is an official business meeting of the 2nd Air Division Association, a not-for-profit veterans organization. F.C. (Hap) Chandler, Group Vice President, 491st Bomb Group and Chairman of the Delegate Committee, moved that members in attendance be named official delegates to this 49th Annual Business Meeting. Motion was seconded and carried.

C. REPORT OF THE SECRETARY:

The Secretary, David Patterson, reviewed the minutes of the 48th Annual Business Meeting held July 5, 1995 at Lexington, Kentucky. These minutes had been published in the Winter 1995 edition of the Association's JOURNAL for member review. Further, copies had been distributed to all group leaders earlier this week for review at their group business meetings. John deCani of the 489th Bomb Group moved that the minutes be approved as presented. Motion was seconded and carried.

D. REPORT OF THE TREASURER:

Treasurer E. (Bill) Nothstein presented the following financial data:

Beginning balance, 6/30/95	\$252,018.40
Receipts 7/1/95 - 4/30/96	228,745.91
Total	\$480,764.31
Disbursements 7/1/95 - 4/30/96	\$212,303.06
Balance, 4/30/96	\$268,461.25

A motion was made by Robert Cash, 492nd Bomb Group, to approve the report. The motion was seconded and carried.

E. REPORT OF THE AUDIT COMMITTEES:

Report of the audit of the general books of account:

Mr. Neal Sorensen, Audit Committee Chairman, reported that the audit committee, consisting of Ray Pytel (Journal Editor and Group Vice President, 445th Bomb Group), Allan Hallett (Assistant Group Vice President, 389th Bomb Group), and himself, visited the Treasurer at his home office in Spencerport, New York, where the books are kept, and Rochester, New York, location of the banks that keep association funds. The committee checked the bank accounts, signature cards, invoices backing up expenditures, the individual checks, and the monthly balance sheets. Everything was in order and the records well maintained.

A motion was made by Oak Mackey (Group Vice President, 392nd Bomb Group) to approve the report. The motion was seconded and passed.

Report of the audit of the convention fund books:

Mr. John deCani, Chairman, reported that he and Treasurer Nothstein visited the home office of Evelyn Cohen, Vice President Membership and Convention Chair, location of the accounts for the convention activities. The committee inspected the accounts for the convention activities. The committee inspected the accounts and found everything in well-kept order. The chairman presented some financial data gleaned from these records:

The function celebrating "VE Day + 50 Years" in Norwich England:
Net receipts over expenditures amounted to: \$8,289.01.

The 1995 annual convention (Lexington, Kentucky):
Net receipts over expenditures amounted to: \$5,526.12.

The convention checking account was reviewed and checked against bank records and was found to be accurate and correct.

A motion was made by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain (member 489th Bomb Group and Chairman, 2ADA American Educational Foundation) to approve the report. The motion was seconded and carried.

E. REPORT FROM THE VICE CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE MEMORIAL TRUST:

The Vice Chairman, David Hastings, reported as follows:

1. He brought greetings from all members of the Board of Governors, from RAF Coltishall, from Bill and Sheila Holmes (the amateur radio link between the "Friends of the 2nd Air Division Memorial" organization as well as all the other 2ADA friends in England).

2. He read a letter from Hilary Hammond, Norfolk County Director of Arts and Libraries. In his letter Mr. Hammond stated the following:

a. He apologized for having to cancel his attendance at this Milwaukee convention. Cancellation was necessary due to mounting work of preparing for the rebuilding of the library and renewed work for the Technopolis project. Under pressure from the local citizenry the Millennium Commission has rekindled interest in at least partial funding of that project. Mr. Hammond is a key player in the County's planning process and thus his presence was required in Norwich.

b. The temporary Memorial Library's location has proven to be very suitable; its operation is in good hands and it is well used.

c. The Special Endowment Fund raised by individual members of the 2ADA and other special contributions are providing the moneys for more and more books for the Memorial Library.

d. The advent of moneys from the 2ADA Fulbright Memorial Library Award for funding a Fulbright librarian is most welcome and the Governors and library staff look forward to the arrival of Miss Berube, Fulbright Librarian, in September.

e. Included in Miss Berube's many tasks will be to build links between the Memorial Library and the "Friends" organization, the WWII 2AD bases, the local communities, and the schools. In addition, an important task for her will be to tie the Memorial Library by Internet to libraries in the USA and to prepare an internet page to summarize the 2AD Memorial Library's content. The Memorial Library will be one of the first libraries in the U.K. to tie to the Internet. It is the only war memorial library in the world that is part of the public library system and is a tribute to the 2nd Air Division and to the members of the 2nd Air Division Association who have made it possible.

3. Mr. Hastings pointed out that with the coming of Mr. Hammond to the County, the County Council's support of the Memorial Library has increased greatly both in moneys and in interest.

4. He thanked the association and its officers for their continued support and especially the moral and financial support given since the disastrous fire of 1994, a real inspiration for all involved.

5. Ms. Berube, Fulbright Librarian, was invited to the podium and spoke of her pleasure in meeting our members and her desire to make the Memorial Library the best there is. She had the initial worry common to many Fulbright appointees upon accepting a foreign assignment of being isolated and lonely in a foreign country, but that fear was soon dissipated by the warmth with which she has been received by all concerned. She was given a rousing round of applause at the conclusion of her remarks.

6. Mr. Hastings continued by reporting that the Governors are moving ahead with plans for the rebuilding of the Memorial Library. They are asking the County to provide double the previous space, with high quality construction befitting a war memorial, with provision not only for books, but also offices, a meeting room, a theater for video displays, a fountain, a Roll of Honor, and other niceties. Costs after insurance payment indicate that local taxpayers will be asked to fund £132,000, and the Governors will attempt to raise an additional £100,000 needed to complete the project. Recently, the Norfolk County Flying Club suggested a raffle to raise up to £40,000, which would be a truly wonderful aid for the reconstruction. (Northwest Airlines is considering contributing two round-trip tickets to the U.S.A. as a raffle prize.)

7. Future operating costs of the new Memorial Library will be in excess of current budget, thus some cost reductions are planned. Among those, the full-time librarian's work will be reduced to half-time. The Fulbright librarian, plus the present two part-time assistants, will provide adequate coverage for the future.

(continued on page 36)

BUSINESS MEETING (continued)

8. The British government regulates and watches over the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust through its Charity Commission. The Charities Commission "Scheme" for the 2nd Air Division Trust has undergone few changes since the Trust's inception in 1945. In process now are proposed revisions to update it. Among the changes proposed is the inclusion of a nominee of the Queen's representative, the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, on the Board of Governors. In addition, it is proposed that the total number of Governors be limited to 12, of which the U.S.A. Ambassador's office will be one, and the 2nd Air Division Association (or its successor) will be one.

Oak Mackey (392nd Bomb Group) made a motion to accept the report of the Vice Chairman, Memorial Trust Governors. Seconded and passed.

F. REPORT OF MR. E. (BUD) KOORNDYK, THE ASSOCIATION'S REPRESENTATIVE ON THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION MEMORIAL TRUST:

1. Mr. Koorndyk praised Mr. Colin Sleath, Principal Librarian of the Norwich Central Library, for his devoted work for the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, especially during those years when the Memorial had no librarian, and Mr. Sleath performed that function in addition to his other duties. Mr. Koorndyk then introduced Mr. Sleath. Mr. Sleath thanked the association for inviting him and his wife to the convention. He displayed a stone from Michigan that had resided on his desk for many years and survived the fire that destroyed the Memorial Library in 1994, and said the library, like this stone, will rise again from the ashes. Mr. Sleath was given a rousing round of applause.

2. Trust Librarian Phyllis DuBois is resigning August 31, 1996 due to impending budget restraints and her personal wishes. However, she has offered to work part-time for up to six months to help in organizing archival records. (She will work no more than 15 hours per week.)

3. The Special Endowment Fund for books for the Memorial Library now stands at £70,000. A goal of £100,000 has been set, so that income from the fund will be sufficient to supply and maintain books for the library into perpetuity. Groups and individuals are urged to provide donations to this fund. Minimum donation is \$1,000, which provides line-item recognition of the donor in the annual financial reports forever. The corpus remains intact; only the income is used, and just for books. Every book that is purchased through the Special Endowment Fund program will carry a nameplate designating the donor and the honoree.

4. The Norfolk County Council for the first time ever has agreed to provide funding for the Memorial Trust. The funding for the year 1996/97 will be £12,100. Next year £14,000 is being considered.

Mr. Patterson, Secretary, moved acceptance of the report. The motion was seconded and passed.

G. REPORT OF THE VICE PRESIDENT MEMBERSHIP AND CHAIRMAN CONVENTIONS (EVELYN COHEN):

1. Membership: Total is now over 7,000. Losses of 500+ this past year occurred mostly due to illnesses, deaths, and other constraints typical of this aging generation. Nevertheless, the association is still getting a few new members, and life members now number over 430.

2. Many calls and correspondence the Vice President receives now come from children and grandchildren of deceased members inquiring about details of the deceased relating to their years in WWII service — what they did, who their buddies were, etc. The bomb group vice presidents are notified so they can furnish the wanted information.

3. The 1997 2ADA convention will be at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Irvine, California, May 23-24-25, 1997. This will mark the 50th year of 2nd Air Division Association conventions, and the Vice President asks members to submit ideas for special activities to celebrate this anniversary event.

4. The 1998 convention will be at the Oakbrook Hills Resort near Chicago, May 20-26.

5. She noted that to accommodate group reunion schedules which are typically held in the fall and the spring, the 2nd Air Division Association conventions are held in the May-June period.

A motion by Secretary Patterson to accept the Vice President's report was seconded and passed.

H. REPORTS OF GENERAL COMMITTEES:

H-1: Report of the Chairman 2ADA/Fulbright Memorial Library Award Oversight Committee:

1. Committee Chairman, Neal Sorensen, Executive Vice President of the Association, explained the background of the Fulbright Award:

In 1991 the 2nd Air Division Association's membership raised \$550,000 (the fund now totals \$650,000) as a corpus from which the annual income was to fund (into perpetuity) a full-time American library professional for duty at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, Norwich, England.

This fund was entrusted to the Fulbright Commission under an agreement in which Fulbright was to administer the program and invest the moneys. A 2ADA Oversight Committee, chaired by C.N. (Bud) Chamberlain (489th BG) was established at that time, charged with the duty of monitoring Fulbright's performance.

Despite the constant pleas of the Oversight Committee, several years of lackluster investment policies by Fulbright caused the annual income generated to fall far below that needed to pay for the American presence. Finally, the Oversight Committee established a 2ADA investment vehicle in which to recapture and administer the funds if no positive action was taken by Fulbright. In addition, a concerted effort was commenced through diplomatic channels to make Fulbright fully aware of the association's displeasure with their handling of the program, and that the association was pressing to recapture the moneys. Fulbright then agreed to alter its investment policy, and beginning in 1995, moved the fund into corporate bonds, carrying an acceptable yield. However, the risk undertaken in these securities was imprudent because U.S. government securities were available and carried the same yield at a much lower risk.

2. Because of Fulbright's seeming lack of attention to the proper management of the fund, a new 2ADA Oversight Committee, consisting of President Geoff Gregory, Past President Chuck Walker, Executive Vice President Neal Sorensen (Chair), James Reeves (HQ), Earl Wassom (Group Vice President, 466th Bomb Group), and Bud Koorndyk (the association's Memorial Trust Governor), began new negotiations to make corrections. As a result, the following changes to the agreement with Fulbright, all of which were to the benefit of the association, were proposed and agreed to by Fulbright:

a. Fulbright agreed to furnish the 2ADA biannual financial statements covering its investment performance on the 2ADA/FMLA fund, and the 2ADA Oversight Committee will advise Fulbright annually of their preferred future investment policy.

b. Fulbright agreed to the following escape clause in the agreement: "Should the joint objective of this agreement not be accomplished by July 3, 1999, or the Fulbright Foundation and/or the Second Air Division Association be dissatisfied with the agreement, amended, and any subsequent agreements and amendments, then either party upon sixty (60) days written notice to the other party can cancel this agreement." In such case, the fund would be returned to the 2ADA, with the provision that if the 2ADA cancelled, the fund would be applied for its original purpose — to furnish a professional American presence in the Memorial Library. (The prior agreement provided that the moneys would be retained by Fulbright for their own educational programs.)

3. Chairman Sorensen concluded his report by pointing out that with the above changes the 2ADA has obtained needed flexibility and a stronger position for future dealings concerning the 2ADA/FMLA agreement. He especially thanked Geoff Gregory and Chuck Walker for their invaluable help in this project, including their willingness to travel with him to England to negotiate with the Fulbright representatives to assure that the association's best interests would be served.

H-2: 2ADA Policy for the Future of the Memorial:

Chairman Jordan Uttal, Honorary President of the 2nd Air Division Association, presented a synopsis of the project:

1. In recent years it was becoming obvious that our membership and its leaders, as well as many of the British governors of our Memorial, were aging, and a statement need be made as to the association's wishes for the future conduct of the Memorial.

2. This year, a committee appointed by President Gregory prepared a report of these wishes, which was reviewed and unanimously approved by the Executive Committee, signed by President Gregory, Mr. Koorndyk, and the association's Secretary, and is in process of distribution to the Board of Governors.

3. The letter included:

a. An opening statement that the Association recognizes that the ultimate management of the Memorial is in the hands of the British Board of Governors, thus this paper spells out the Association's desires only.

b. A summary of the history of the Memorial, from formation of the Trust in 1945 to the present day.

c. A listing of "wishes," including the following:

1) That the "Special Endowment Program" and the "Special Contributions for Books Program" be continued in their present form into perpetuity.

(continued on next page)

BUSINESS MEETING (continued)

2) That our 2nd Air Division's activities be prominently and permanently displayed in the Memorial (Library) Room by means of a photographic mural of the 2nd Air Division in combat action, similar to the striking one which adorned one entire wall of the pre-fire Memorial Room.

3) That the pre-fire procedure of placing acknowledgement plates on gifts of equipment for the Memorial should be continued.

4) That contents of the Declaration of Trust continue unchanged, and that a Heritage League appointee replace the 2ADA member on the Board of Governors when the 2ADA can no longer supply a candidate.

d. Certain additional items are on the "wish list," details of which appear in the letter.

e. After a listing of wishes, the report concludes: "Our strongest wish is to have it known by the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF that the membership of the 2nd Air Division Association, including all who have served in leadership capacity, are eternally grateful for your devotion, your efforts, and your dedication to the principles of our Memorial. We hold strong and enduring memories of the places you have made for us in your minds and hearts during the war years and ever since."

H-3: Report of the Liaison Officer to the Mighty Eighth Heritage Museum, Savannah, Georgia:

Dick Kennedy, Liaison Officer, Past 2ADA President, and member of the Board of Directors, Mighty 8th Heritage Museum, gave the following report:

1. Generals Shuler and Lyle, the driving forces in the establishment of the museum, indicated to Mr. Kennedy their highest regard for the 2ADA, and they, their staff, and their Board of Directors thanked the Association for its moral and monetary support.

2. The dedication and opening of the museum was held on May 13 & 14, 1996, and although it altogether was a magnificent mirroring of the deeds of the 8th Air Force, many expressed disappointment in the lack of displays featuring the 2nd Air Division and the B-24 Liberator. To remedy this, John Conrad, a past president of the 2ADA, has been commissioned to work directly with the museum curator on the design of the display areas so they will fully and properly reflect the accomplishments of the 2nd Air Division and the B-24.

3. Mr. Kennedy went on to describe the museum building, the theme behind the various scenes, and the plans for the future. Themes will be freshened from time to time to increase interest, and the museum will get bigger, and better, as time goes on.

4. Facilities are available for group get-togethers, and groups are urged to schedule their future meetings at the museum.

A motion was made by John Conrad (392nd BG) to accept the three reports of the General Committees. The motion was seconded and passed.

I. REPORT OF PRESIDENT GEOFF GREGORY:

At his term's beginning, President Gregory stated that among his top priorities were the following projects:

1. Control of the Association's finances: The Association's financial picture remains a good one, with a fine treasurer in E. (Bill) Nothstein, ably backed up by an equally competent Burton Lenhart (of the 93rd BG).

2. Spread of the Association's duties to involve more Association members: The "one-man one-job" program he pursued has been less than fully successful, primarily because of our Association's lack of business profiles on our membership. Our chief source for obtaining new workers remains with volunteers who step forward. President Gregory urges members to let the current leadership personnel (Group VPs and other officers) know of their willingness to help. Volunteers will be assigned to committee work in the areas of their choice, and as they gain experience in the workings and procedures of the Association, will find themselves in positions of greater responsibility in service to the organization.

3. A third important project that was accomplished was the revision of the Fulbright Agreement which funds an American professional presence at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich, England. Neal Sorensen covered this matter in detail earlier in the meeting. President Gregory complimented the Association's committee that accomplished this work (especially Neal Sorensen and Chuck Walker), and also complimented the Fulbright representative, Robin Berrington, Cultural Attache at the U.S. Embassy in London, for the fine cooperation he provided as a representative of "the other side." Fulbright gained nothing by agreeing to the changes that meant so much to our Association, but, in a spirit of good will and fairness, kindly agreed to accommodate our wishes.

4. A program has been instituted whereby reports to the Executive Committee are submitted in writing to all members in advance of the

meeting date. In this manner, all come to the meeting pre-informed and prepared to review and vote on issues in a knowledgeable manner. This not only promotes educated decisions, but also increases accuracy, speeds up meetings, and provides the Secretary with hard copy from which to assemble the minutes of the proceedings.

Mr. Uttal, Honorary President, moved the report be accepted. The motion was seconded and passed.

J. GENERAL BUSINESS:

1. Old Business:

Unfinished Business: "Poor Boy" Association Roster:

(This is a plain, photocopy roster of 2ADA members made "in house" by copying from the current computer disk used in publishing the Association's quarterly JOURNAL.)

Mr. Bud Chamberlain provides this service at cost, and stated that an edition, to be useful, must reflect periods when membership fluctuations are at a minimum. This "quiet period" occurs by mid-year; thus, he is now preparing to publish a "poor boy" roster from a membership disk updated to August 1, 1996. A notice will then be entered in the JOURNAL, giving details, and how to obtain a copy.

2. New Business:

Change in the Association's Bylaws to re-establish the position of Editor, 2ADA JOURNAL, as an independent officer of the Association:

President Gregory stated that the position of Editor of the 2ADA JOURNAL for the many years when Bill Robertie held this job had been as an independent officer of the Association, answering only to the Executive Committee, with full voting privileges on that committee.

Now that our new editor, Ray Pytel, is in place, it is time to restore that position to its independent status.

A motion was made by Mr. F.C. (Hap) Chandler, to change the Association Bylaws to make the Editor of the Association's JOURNAL a full-fledged officer of the Association, with full voting privileges on the Executive Committee, and answerable only to that committee.

The motion was seconded.

In the discussion that ensued, Mr. Chamberlain, former Vice President Communications, and former Chairman of the Editorial Review Board, pointed out the advantages of retaining the recent organization, in which the JOURNAL Editor would come under the auspices of the Vice President Communications for direction, and would be backed up by a review staff of experienced associates. The advantages:

a. Continuity and proven success: For the past five years, a three-member Editorial Review Board functioned well, produced an outstanding JOURNAL, and at the same time retained good control over costs. Mr. Chamberlain stated that there is no need to change from an already successful procedure.

b. Safety in numbers: Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that a staff of three experienced and knowledgeable persons, headed by the Editor, any one of whom could take over, protects the JOURNAL from interruption or temporary demise, if the proposed single editor becomes incapacitated. The likelihood of illness or other incapacity is a real factor in our age group.

c. Good organizational procedure: Mr. Chamberlain explained that the JOURNAL is a communications function, and for coordinated control and direction of all Association communications, the JOURNAL, a communications media, properly belongs under the jurisdiction of the Vice President Communications.

d. With the selection of Ray Pytel as our new editor, Mr. Chamberlain proposed that Ray be designated Senior Editor and be assigned two associate editors to provide backup and continuity.

The majority of our membership endorsed the concept of an independent JOURNAL editor, thus Mr. Chamberlain's motion to table was defeated, and Mr. Chandler's motion to approve the change in the Bylaws as stated in his motion was passed by over the two-thirds majority vote needed.

K. REPORT OF THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE:

Mr. Charles Walker, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the following slate of nominees for 1996-97:

President: Neal Sorensen (489th Bomb Group)
Executive Vice President: Oak Mackey (392nd Bomb Group)
Secretary: David Patterson (445th Bomb Group)
Treasurer: E. (Bill) Nothstein (466th Bomb Group)
Vice President Membership: Evelyn Cohen (Headquarters)
Vice President Communications: John deCani (489th Bomb Group)

Nominations from the floor were solicited. None were forthcoming. A motion by Richard Kennedy (448th Bomb Group) to vote in the slate as presented was seconded and passed.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, the meeting was adjourned at 11:25 AM.

DAVID G. PATTERSON
SECRETARY

The Second Time Was a Charm!

BY LUTHER S. BIRD (93RD)

The 93rd Bomb Group completed its formation and headed across the North Sea for Norway. There was a low lead section and a high section on the right of the lead. I was the pilot of "El Toro," and we were the co-lead ship in the high section. As I recall, our route and bombing altitude was 12,000 feet. It was extremely cold with the cockpit centigrade thermometer registering below minus 50. Periodically the group had to pass through scattered clouds and on these occasions some ships left the formation to return to base. About halfway to Norway we passed through clouds, and more ships, including the lead, aborted. At this point the remaining ships formed on "El Toro," and we became the group lead. Except for sighting a Stuka dive bomber off towards Denmark, the flight to the IP was uneventful. But then our problems began.

My Form 5 listed the November 18, 1943 target as Oslo and nine and one-half hours flying time. According to Roger Freeman's *Mighty Eighth War Diary* (page 139) the 93rd's November 18 target was Oslo-Kjeller with 20 planes dispatched, 15 bombing and one with 10 men MIA. According to Cal Stewart (*Ted's Traveling Circus*, page 258), on the November 18, 1943 mission to Kjeller repair base "the Circus made two bomb runs, commencing at 11:43." Mention of the two bomb runs stimulated me to write this account.

At the IP we turned on the bomb run. Immediately the bombardier (we had a substitute that day) called notifying that the bomb sight was frozen — a disturbing message meaning we were useless in contributing to a successful mission. There wasn't time for the radio or flares. I rocked the wing tips a few times and went into a left turn to circle and return to the bomb run. About halfway around, another ship cut inside and took the lead. All ships formed on the new lead and the run from the IP to the target continued. No flak or fighters were encountered in the target area. The new lead bombardier did a good job and all ships released on his bomb drop. The men in the back reported that the bombs were all on target. The target, a hangar, literally disappeared from the earth! A mission that could have been a failure became very outstanding for the Circus. (Regrettably I cannot recall the ship or crew that made the day for the 93rd!)

After leaving the target area and heading for the North Sea, our armorer-gunner called with the news that we had a bomb hanging by one latch in the right rear compartment. The decision was made to leave the bomb alone until we were over the North Sea. However, the bomb didn't wait as it dropped knocking the right rear bomb bay door off its tracks. The door was hanging down for the flight back. This did not interfere with the flight characteristics of the plane, flopping in the

(continued on page 41)

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION GENERAL FUND 1995-1996 ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

<u>CATEGORIES</u>	<u>DETAILS</u>	<u>SUB-TOTALS</u>	<u>TOTALS</u>
June 30, 1996 Balance			\$252,018.40
1995-1996 Receipts			
Membership Dues	\$104,660.00		
Convention Receipts	\$17,670.87		
Interest Income	\$7,180.71		
Heritage Museum	\$51,607.00		
Memorial Book Endowment	\$16,670.00		
Memorial Trust (Transfer)	\$35,000.00		
Other Sources	\$1,683.00		
Total 1995-1996 Receipts			\$234,471.58
Balance and Receipts			\$486,489.98
1995-1996 Disbursements			
Memorial Library			
Grant	\$15,000.00		
Representative Expenses	\$4,024.64		
Trusts	\$36,670.00	\$55,694.64	
Journal (4 issues)			
Publishing & Printing	\$38,003.50		
Postage	\$8,679.02		
Editorial Review Board	\$640.36	\$47,322.88	
VP Membership Office			
Rent	\$5,700.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$5,299.36	\$10,999.36	
Editor 2ADA Journal			
Rent	\$0.00		
Expenses	\$1,738.18		
Equipment	\$48.01	\$1,786.19	
Director of Data Services			
Rent	\$1,200.00		
Expenses	\$675.11		
Equipment	\$194.59	\$2,069.70	
Treasurer Office			
Rent	\$1,200.00		
Expenses & Bond	\$472.36		
Equipment	\$74.85	\$1,747.21	
Audit Committee		\$2,170.15	
Awards Committee		\$372.09	
Communications VP		\$651.32	
Director of Correspondence Services		\$1,539.44	
Donations		\$76,000.00	
Executive Committee Expenses		\$10,471.93	
Liability Insurance		\$1,650.00	
Other VPs & Officer Expenses		\$10,091.36	
Oversight Committee		\$2,111.08	
Total 1995-1996 Disbursements			\$224,677.35
June 30, 1996 Balance			\$261,812.63

Elwood W. Nothstein
TREASURER

Second Air Division Association 50th Annual Convention - May 23-26, 1997

HYATT REGENCY HOTEL, 17900 JAMBOREE BLVD., IRVINE, CA 92714 • 714-975-1234

Schedule of Events

Thursday, May 22

Registration & Early Bird Party - Cash Bar & Complimentary Hors D'Oeuvres

Friday, May 23

Registration • Golf Tournament
Cocktail Party & Buffet • Awards Ceremony

Saturday, May 24

Buffet Breakfast • Tours
Cocktail Party & Group Dinners

Sunday, May 25

Buffet Breakfast • Business Meeting
Men's Luncheon • Ladies' Luncheon
Cocktail Party • Banquet & Dance

Monday, May 26

Buffet Breakfast • Departure

Costs per person

The costs listed below are for the entire package (5/23 - 5/26) listed above, including hotel room for three nights. For special arrangements, write or call Evelyn Cohen.

Single Occupancy.....	\$505.00
Double Occupancy	\$385.00 each
Triple Occupancy.....	\$365.00 each
Quadruple Occupancy.....	\$340.00 each

Deposit with reservations - \$50.00 per person - payment in full by April 1, 1997

Cancellation Policy: 60 days prior to convention - \$15.00 per person charge

30 days prior to convention - \$25.00 per person charge

Full refund at the discretion of the convention committee (if funds are available).

Important Notes

Extra Nights: \$77.00 single or double occupancy + 8% tax. Triple or Quad - additional \$25.00 per night. All extra nights and incidental charges are to be paid directly to the hotel upon checkout.

Non-Smoking Rooms: 250

Handicapped Rooms: Non-Smoking - 13 Smoking - 4

Parking: Self Parking \$3.00 per night, Valet Parking \$7.00 per night

Reservations: Must be in by May 1, 1997 for guaranteed rooms.

Tours: See page 40 for information and reservation form.

Limo Service: John Wayne Airport, Orange County - free pickup by Hyatt Hotel at baggage area, 6 AM to 11 PM. 15 minutes after the hour and 15 minutes before the hour.

No reservations needed.

Los Angeles Airport - Super Shuttle - 714-517-6600 for reservations 24 hours before arrival. Cost: \$20.00 per person each way. Time approx. 40 minutes.

Golf Tournament: Rancho San Joaquin Golf Course, Irvine, CA (10 minutes from hotel).

Calloway rules for everyone, advise if you need rental clubs. Hotel will provide transportation. Cost: \$60.00 per person. Send reservations and check to:

Harry Orthman, 25382 Adriana, Mission Viejo, CA 92691 (tel. 714-581-0755).

CONVENTION RESERVATION FORM ON PAGE 40 

50th Annual Convention - Reservation Form

Name _____ Spouse _____
 Address _____
 Phone _____ Group for Group Dinner Seating _____ Group for Banquet _____
 Single ____ Double ____ Triple ____ Quad ____ Will Share ____ Smoking ____ Non-Smoking ____
 Arrive _____ Depart _____ First 2ADA Convention? _____
 Deposit _____ Paid in Full _____ Nicknames _____
 Triple or Quad Additional Names _____

DO NOT CALL HOTEL FOR RESERVATIONS, CHANGES, CANCELLATIONS, ETC. ALL OF THESE SHOULD BE SENT TO:
 Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114 • Tel. 215-632-3992

Tour Options - Saturday, May 24, 1997

- A. **RICHARD M. NIXON LIBRARY & BIRTHPLACE, 9:30 am - 1:30 pm**
 Minimum 40 persons, maximum 46. Tour includes admission, lunch, deluxe motorcoach, tour guide, taxes, and tips. *Cost: \$41.00 per person.*
- B. **HARBOR HIGHLIGHTS, 10:00 am - 3:00 pm**
 Cruising Newport Beach's picture perfect harbor, tour narration includes stories and anecdotes about multi-million dollar waterfront homes and yachts. Lunch in one of Newport Beach's quaint restaurants. Includes transportation, tour guide, taxes, tips. *Cost: \$45.00 per person.*
- C. **EARLY CALIFORNIA TOUR, 10:00 am - 3:00 pm**
 A trip back in time to the early days of California still seen in San Juan Capistrano. Enjoy tour of missions, Father Serra's Chapel, the museum, gardens, etc. Can be seen on a self-guided tour, at your own pace. Lunch is served at a restaurant whose building dates back to Mission days. Depart San Juan Capistrano and drive along scenic coastal route through Dana Point, Laguna Beach and Newport Beach. *Cost: \$40.00 per person.*

NOTES: No credit cards accepted. One check per registration form, please. A confirmation will not be sent; your cancelled check is your receipt. Tickets will be held for you at the Whirl-a-Round Tour Desk, Second Air Division registration area, Hyatt Regency, Irvine. Tickets will be sold on-site on a space-available basis only. Written cancellation must be received by Whirl-a-Round no later than Monday, May 12, 1997. Your refund, minus a \$5.00 processing fee, will be mailed to you within 7 business days. If a tour does not meet the minimum reservation requirements, it will be cancelled and a full refund given. Whirl-a-Round reserves the right to cancel tours due to safety concerns or Acts of God. If a tour is cancelled due to inclement weather, a tour of equal value will be substituted.

TOUR RESERVATION FORM — Second Air Division Association — Saturday, May 24, 1997

NAME _____ PHONE _____

Trip A - Richard M. Nixon Library	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed: Total _____
Trip B - Harbor Highlights	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed: Total _____
Trip C - Early California Tour	No. Persons _____	Check Enclosed: Total _____

Mail this form with your check or money order payable to:
 Whirl-a-Round, 17851 Sky Park Circle, #F, Irvine, CA 92614 • Tel. 714-752-9003 • Fax 714-752-5853

DO NOT MAIL THIS TOUR RESERVATION FORM TO EVELYN COHEN

Your Heritage League

BY CRAIG A. BEASLEY

There were three winners of the Heritage League Essay Contest this year. Each recipient was presented with a \$100.00 savings bond and a medal. Seventh grader Sara Adair Heath, whose grandfather was Harry Eugene MacDermaid, was presented her award by Billy Sheely Johnson. Her essay was entitled "Freedom: Our Most Precious Heritage." Joshua Craft, 8th grade, whose grandfather is Harry Craft, wrote about his "Grandfather's Twelfth Mission." Mike Walton, grade 10, was the third recipient. His grandfather is Thomas F. Jeffers. His essay is entitled "Honor and Remembrance."

Sara's essay follows. Due to space limitations, the essays of the other two winners will appear in the next issue of the *Journal*. I believe you will enjoy all of them. Hopefully, they will be an incentive for your grandchildren to participate in the League's annual essay contest. Essay guidelines may be obtained from me, Craig A. Beasley, 3459 Celebration Drive, West Valley City, UT 84128.

FREEDOM: OUR MOST PRECIOUS HERITAGE

by Sara Adair Heath

My grandfather, Harry Eugene MacDermaid, served as an Air Force navigator stationed with the Second Air Division in England during World War II. Grandpa taught me many things about freedom, love for my country, and patriotism, not by just his words but by his actions. At his home he was so gentle and kind, completely unlike the strict Air Force officer he had to be when he was on duty. He was the most knowledgeable man I knew.

The fight for freedom that Grandpa and countless others fought was of great significance. It was fought to stop the atrocities of Hitler and the Nazis. Some people try to brush off the thought of war, but when you must fight for freedom, those thoughts become vivid and war is no longer a distant blur, it is a reality.

During World War II many people fought for freedom. In doing so many of them lost

their lives. The true heroes of our nation, I believe, are not only the ones who gave their lives but, like my grandfather, were willing to do so.

The Second Air Division played a very important role in this fight for freedom. If they hadn't been able to do their job with very precise accuracy, they could have dropped a bomb on another one of their own airplanes or have dropped it where a small, harmless town was where many women and children resided. The danger for the fight for freedom was unspeakable.

Our country, the United States of America, has gained many freedoms that other countries do not have. We have the freedom of speech, the freedom of religion, the freedom to choose our own leaders, and the freedom to go and do what we want. The United States could not stand seeing the Germans take away the freedoms of many Europeans, such as Jews, so we became involved in this conflict.

The Jews did not have any freedoms because Hitler and the Nazis came into their lives and took over everything they had. They were separated from their families and put into concentration camps which were ordered by Hitler because of his hatred toward them. I don't know how someone could be so mean and cruel, but Hitler was certainly that kind of person.

I like being part of a free country. Some of the things that people in the United States or in countries that have similar freedoms do every day could result in imprisonment or death according to the laws of some countries.

I would like to conclude this essay saying that if you desire to be free and you have the courage and will to be free, then do your best to make it happen, just like the veterans of World War II did fifty years ago.

This is dedicated in loving memory of a man I am proud to call my hero: my grandfather, Lt. Colonel Harry Eugene MacDermaid, who, on August 14 of 1995, was given his final orders from his Commander in Chief. ■



Essay contest winner Sara Adair Heath (right) with Billy Sheely Johnson

FOLDED WINGS

93rd

Willard E. Bagcock
Therman D. Brown
Ralph L. Carroll
Violes L. Flanary
Oliver S. Larouche
Joseph J. Rosacker

389th

Thomas D. Koorndyk (AM)

445th

Albert V. Jones

448th

David E. Mellott

453rd

Dale E. Benesh
Charles M. Parker
Daniel J. Reading
Anthony J. Valente

458th

Joseph R. Rustic (Rusczyk)
George W. Swartz

466th

Robert P. Baumann, Jr.
Robert C. Lefever

467th

John H. Hoyle
Earle C. Page, Jr.

492nd

William H. Fox

SECOND TIME A CHARM (continued)

breeze. But we were concerned about our "stray" hitting civilians.

Despite our flapping bomb bay door, we made a successful landing, and when we reported to interrogation, the Norwegian underground had already reported the success of the mission. The report indicated that high level Germans were involved in a military review and an open house ceremony, and that our aircraft overhead were thought to be part of the review! Needless to say, we surprised them at a very opportune moment.

The Norwegians did also report that some stray bombs caused some minor damage to their civilians. We immediately reviewed and estimated that our stray bomb would have hit in unpopulated country. It was good to be back at the home base with the warm feeling that another successful mission was completed, even though this time we had to make two bomb runs!

→ → → →

Ed. Note: Only one question remains — Who took over the lead? ■



To the editor:

I'm trying to locate my diary of combat missions we flew during WWII. We were with the 448th BG out of Seething.

On January 16, 1945 we were on our 13th mission, flying lead for the first time in the 712th Squadron. (All other missions were with the 714th Squadron.) We were shot down south of Dresden, Germany, and became POWs.

If anyone has the diary or knows anything about it, please contact me. Thanks!

George Suchorsky (448th)
1633 Raritan Road
Clark, NJ 07066
Tel. (908) 276-0021



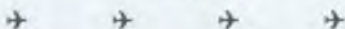
To the editor:

The article "The Rhythm Bombshells" in the summer issue is the most revealing that I could expect of anyone who was associated with the 2AD. Navigator Morris Jones and I were together since the 491st BG (The Last and the Best) was formed in October 1943. I had flown 18 missions with my original crew (Burk) when I was told that a decision had been made to advance Forsha to fly lead and I was to be his navigator. I was indeed shocked, and my first reaction was, "What's the matter with Jones?" Capt. Holcomb's reply was, "He's too quiet." There's more to the story, but it's now clear to me that Jones was more valuable as a musician than for his navigational skills. I don't recall going to any party where Jones played, but I was probably more interested in the libations than the girls and dancing.

My tour was terminated after 28 missions for which I received the Purple Heart. Jones flew 35 missions on various crews. May I add he should have received the Legion of Merit for the many gigs he performed with the Bombshells.

Morris Jones is now a senior noise pollution activist residing in California. His accomplishments are many, and it is utterly amazing that he finds the time and energy to do so much for all of us.

George A. Risko
400 N. Hunter, Apt. 206
Birmingham, MI 48009-5710



To the editor:

My brother, Kenyon Brindley, 445th BG, was a bombardier KIA on the B-24 "Billie Babe," one of the 13 downed on the Gotha raid of 2-24-44 piloted by David Skjeie, who was also KIA together with the following crew members: Wm. Stochl, Bob Porter, Don Banta, Fred Aldrich, and Jack Coy. Two of the crew became POWs, LeRoy Dunster and John Rein-schmidt. I have no information about the tenth man on the crew.

Any information on the raid and the crew would be greatly appreciated.

Joe P. Brindley
12701 Rivercrest Drive
Little Rock, AR 72212



To the editor:

I write you this letter from France, where I am writing "The Air War Over Loir-et-Cher, 1939-1944" (area of Blois, a town settled between Orleans and Tours on the river Loire).

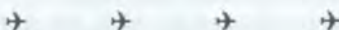
The mayor of the town has agreed to install a commemorative stone to express our recognition of the sacrifice of the American air crews for our liberation.

I need help with information about the participation of the 453rd BG on the airfield of Romorantin/Pruniers, just south of Blois, on 10 April 1944, i.e. what were the participating squadrons, the tactic, the hours of take-off and return to England?

In return, I offer my help to you if you have inquiries about missions over France, missing aircraft, etc.

Your reply would be greatly appreciated by this aviation enthusiast.

M. Philippe Canonne
2, Rue Assolant
41.000 Blois
FRANCE



To the editor:

I had the pleasure and privilege of being accompanied to the 50th anniversary celebration of VE Day in Norwich and East Anglia by my son and daughter. It was an experience each of us will cherish for the rest of our lives.

The day we spent at my old base, Tibenham, was especially memorable. The Tibenham church service was well attended and included memories of the 445th during WWII. The congregation welcomed us. The ladies of the church served light refreshments. They had arranged the needlepoint kneeling pad covers our members had contributed since our 1990 visit in a dramatic display as we entered the church.

In honor of Evelyn and Nigel Bayne, who had befriended so many 445th visitors over

the years, my son offered to sell Tibenham Church Tea Towels stateside in support of the church restoration and maintenance fund. Our initial order was for fifty towels, which were sent to members who had recently visited the church, plus several 445th friends at random who have participated in group affairs. Well, the response was overwhelming. Several members requested additional towels, necessitating additional orders. In the end, 80 members were contacted, and 74 responded by ordering 97 towels with donations that totaled \$2,063. After deducting three conversion fees (\$15 each) and coping with changing exchange rates, £1,263 pounds were sent to Dr. A.D. Clemson for the church project. His response was received recently:

"You and your association have made a tremendous contribution to our restoration fund, as the sum raised by your efforts is now more than the amount we normally raise in a year."

I apologize for not being able to contact everyone, as I feel certain many of you would like to have participated in this effort.

After the church services, the Norfolk Gliding Club welcomed us with good food, good drink, and good fellowship. Many of us enjoyed a glider ride on this cold, windy afternoon.

What a thrill to participate in the club's VE Day finale which included the National Two Minutes of Silence, grand fireworks, and the lighting of the traditional bonfire.

Once again, Tibenham and East Anglia have made us all proud for having been stationed there during the war. Memories of this 50th anniversary VE Day celebration will remain with us forever!

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



Andrew Haley (445th BG) has framed his Tibenham Church tea towel for his den.

Dear Chuck [Walker]:

Your package arrived today. I thought that you had sent me some papers for the archive, as we often receive things packed in unlikely recycled boxes. What a surprise when I opened the box and it *really was* a silver tray!



How can I ever thank you and the members of the Executive Committee for such a beautiful and personal gift? I was so touched by the message on the tray. You may be sure that it will occupy a prominent place in the sitting room of my country cottage — for visitors to admire, but mostly for me to be reminded of my 2nd Air Division family and the good times we have had together. You have taught me many things and have made me appreciate what you did here to preserve freedom for all of us.

Thanks also for the check. I shall deposit this money in my U.S. bank account and hopefully it will help me pay for a trip to a future reunion. I cannot bear the thought that I will never see you all again.

As you know, I will be revising and updating the 2AD Archive — in my opinion the most important resource at the Memorial. I do not plan to take up knitting just yet!

Please convey my sincere thanks to the members of the Executive Committee for these special gifts. You are a wonderful group and I love you all dearly. Please stay in touch.

Phyllis DuBois
Trust Librarian
2nd Air Division Memorial

→ → → →



(left to right): Col. Edward J. Timberlake, Jr.; Capt. Tarnell; Major Unknown; and George S. Brown, washing mess kits.

To the editor:

You may want to use the enclosed photo (above) in the *Journal*.

It was taken at Alconbury RAF Base, the first base of the 93rd in England.

I went over with the 93rd, transferred to the 491st and then to the 492nd.

Nevin H. Gibson
7711 Woodyard Road
Clinton, MD 20735

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To the editor:

I am a member of the 492nd and 448th Bomb Groups of the 2nd Air Division, doing research on a Rest Home operated by the American Red Cross during WWII, specifically in Roke Manor, located about two miles NW of Romsey in southern England, where I spent a week in 1944. Does anyone have any detailed information that could assist me?

Charles R. Bastien
2174 Tower Court
Woodbury, MN 55125-1670

→ → → →



Editor's Conundrum . . .

I saw a quotation recently that really intrigued me:

"When once you have tasted flight, you will always walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward; for there you have been and there you will always be."

I submit this conundrum to you and challenge you to guess the author's name. Good luck!

George A. Ferrell (458th), 8504 Hickory Hill Lane, Huntsville, AL 35802

TO THE 446TH MEMBERS:

No Bull this time! Aud Risley had surgery on September 11th. He's on the mend and will have lots of bull for the next *Journal*.

To the editor:

We realize that the Fulbright organization, our "American Presence" funds, our relations with the British Board of Governors and the British Charity laws, etc. are all delicate and touchy subjects, probably more delicate than need be. Certainly I don't want to write about or intrude where ignorance would tend to make our American Governor's job any more difficult than it is. In some instances, it seems that even now there are too many cooks trying to make the stew. Regardless, a number of us worked hard and long in raising a considerable amount of funds. We gave substantial amounts and our members have been generous. We believe that gives us the right to ask for information when that information is not detrimental in any way. I'm getting questions and I don't have any answers. I don't like that.

Phyllis DuBois, who has served us long and well, has resigned. We knew that would happen one day. Now we have a new "American presence" going to Norwich. She was introduced at the Milwaukee convention, but neither she nor anybody else made any mention of what her duties would be when in Norwich. We know that our representative doesn't have to serve as a librarian, but most of our members don't know that. Through contacts here and in England we learn that our new representative is a computer guru. It seems she is going to establish a web site and get us on the Internet so that most anyone, especially the academics, can correspond and swap information. That's great. We have a computer and can contact the library if a web site is forthcoming. One can't imagine the amount of information available by using the computer, but we must remember that a great many of our British library users don't have computers. It would be a pity should a computer illiterate be unable to check out a book if he wanted to find out the amount of BS produced in Texas. Anyway, we understand that the Brits will have a librarian available four hours per day on a four days per week basis. One would hope that a clerk or two will be in duty during other hours and on other days.

As I said, the above is the information our members expect me to have. I wasn't privy to any Executive Committee information at Milwaukee, and those who were say they don't know. Perhaps many things that have come to pass weren't firmed up at the time. Whatever, we found no answers in the latest *Journal*, either. We know we will get the information sooner or later, but keeping the troops informed will go a long way in keeping division morale at a higher level. We hope a great many will understand our efforts here. We know the group VPs will. Otherwise, let the flak begin!

J. Fred Thomas
VP, 392nd BG
8932 Biscayne Court #1318E
Huntington Beach, CA 92646

→ → → →

To the editor:

Ray Ward's letter questioning the "wind chill" or equivalent temperature at altitude, 60° below zero Fahrenheit and wind speed of 160 mph, was amusing. The "expert" scientific minds estimated the wind chill to be near -150°. I have found that the equivalent temperature which results from the cooling effect of air movement can be calculated from:

$$T_e = 91.4 + (91.4 - T_a) (0.0203W - 0.304\sqrt{W} - 0.475)$$

where T_a is actual temperature (F°)

and W is wind speed in mph

So, this formula indicates $T_e = -70.95$, which is ridiculous, because T_e goes down as wind velocity increases and the formula indicated T_e almost -150°F at wind velocity of only 40 mph and temperature of -60°F. This anomaly is due primarily to applying the relationship beyond the range of temperature and wind speed originally used to establish the relationship.

It appears that wind chill tables are based upon original work done by Siple and Passel in the Antarctic and published in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* in 1945. Siple and Passel established an empirical relationship between the cooling power of the atmosphere, "K," (in kilogram-calories per square meter per hour) relative to wind speed, "v," (in meters per second) and temperature, "t" (in degrees centigrade) as $K(v,t) = t(10\sqrt{v} + 10.45 - v)$. Cooling rates of cylinders containing water were measured between 6°F and -69°F and wind speeds from calm to 27 mph. The authors then substituted $(33 - t)$ for t on the assumption that the effect on human flesh could be determined by considering the difference between human skin temperature (33°C or 91.4°F) and actual temperature.

Wind chill tables are generally determined by defining "calm" as 4 mph (walking speed) and substituting an actual wind speed and temperature in the Siple & Passel expression and then finding an equivalent temperature at calm that has the same cooling rate. In the original units, this involves solving the following for t_e :

$$(10\sqrt{1.78 + 10.45 - 1.78}) (33 - t_e) = (33 - t) (10\sqrt{v} + 10.45 - v)$$

$$\text{i.e. } 22 (33 - t_e) = (33 - t) (10\sqrt{v} + 10.45 - v)$$

This is no doubt more than most people care to know about wind chill equivalent temperatures, but as long as I looked it up, I'll pass it along. Maybe the "experts" would be interested in the source of this expression (i.e. "wind chill," etc.) or maybe they know this but were too smart to mention it!

Joseph A. Kratochvil (446th)
212 South Thurlow Street
Hinsdale, IL 60521

Editor's Note: Joe, if I had to figure this out before I went on a mission I'd just leave the electric suit and shoes unplugged and take my chances with whatever came along! ■

ON THE TRAIL OF "WABBIT TWACKS"

On 6 March 1944 the 8th Air Force completed its first mission to Berlin amid heavy flak, fighters, and cloud cover up to 29,000 feet. A formation of 658 heavies took part in this raid, and 69 of the bombers didn't return — the highest number ever lost on a single day. The 458th dispatched twenty-seven B-24s for the sortie, and five failed to return. This would be their highest total of losses on any mission for the remainder of its tour.

One of the wounded 458th Libs that limped away from the German capital was #41-29286-T, better known as "Wabbit Twacks." Just over the Dutch border and approaching Amsterdam, the crew saw that their "bunny" could go no farther and bailed out. Capt. Jack Bogusch, the pilot, was killed on this mission. The ship crashed in a field and was demolished.

In October 1995, Robert Swift, the bombardier, and Robert Robinson, waist gunner, and his three sons visited the crash site of the ship at Tubbergen, Holland. With the help of a local historian and metal detectors, they located the exact spot of Wabbit Twacks' demise. They recovered small bits and pieces of the plane along with some .50 caliber ammo. The historian, Martin Klaassan, had salvaged a 36" x 14" section of a wing after the crash and gave it to Bob, who carried it home for mounting on the wall behind his easy chair.

Over the past 52 years, this is only the second known case of 458th crewmen going back to the site of their plane's crash. The other was when the late Richard Eselgroth, navigator, went to an area southeast of Frankfurt, Germany in 1974 and recovered parts of 44-10491, "The Iron Duke," shot down 22 February 1945.

George Reynolds (458th)
4009 Saddle Run Circle
Pelham, AL 35124-2625



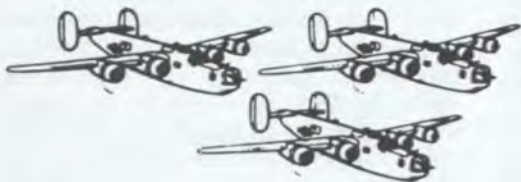
Spare rubble of a once-proud Liberator recovered from the crash site in the Netherlands in 1995.

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

EIGHTH AIR FORCE

RAY PYTEL, EDITOR

P.O. BOX 484, ELKHORN, WI 53121-0484



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