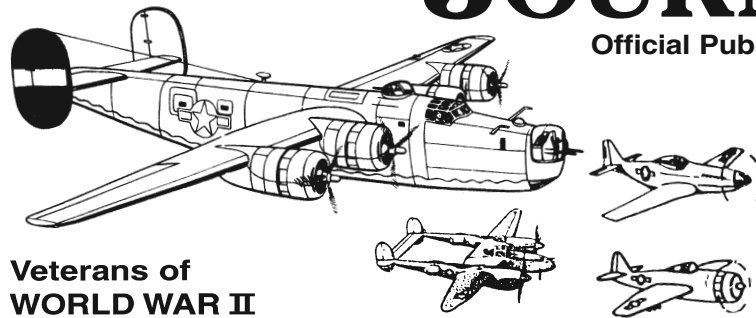




THE JOURNAL

Official Publication of the:



Veterans of
WORLD WAR II



Volume 51 Number 2

Summer 2012

2ADA DISSOLUTION SURVEY RESULTS: Dissolution **APPROVED** by 74% of Voting Members!

BY RICHARD C. ROBERT, PRESIDENT

The official vote of Second Air Division Association Members was **37 Votes FOR Dissolution** and **13 Votes AGAINST Dissolution** of the 2ADA at the September 2012 Convention.

Although **only 50** of our approximately 1600 members chose to vote, ALL MEMBERS had an opportunity to do so, as the official ballot was well publicized and located in a prominent place in the Spring *Journal*. As in any election, the majority of votes cast determines the winner, regardless of voter turnout. Therefore, Dissolution of the 2ADA at the September 2ADA Convention **HAS BEEN APPROVED** by the general membership of the 2ADA.

EXECUTOR NOMINATION:

- 4 NOMINATIONS: Richard Robert
- 2 NOMINATIONS: Oak Mackey
- 1 NOMINATION EACH: Fielder Newton, Charles Walker, Earl Zimmerman

DISSOLUTION COMMITTEE NOMINATION:

- 4 NOMINATIONS: Earl Zimmerman
- 3 NOMINATIONS EACH: Oak Mackey, Fielder Newton, Charles Walker
- 2 NOMINATIONS EACH: John Ray Lemons, James Lorenz, Ray Pytel, Richard Robert, E. King Schultz
- 1 NOMINATION EACH: Carl Albright, Jack Dyson, Charles Freudenthal, Dorothy Krogmann, Perry Morse, E.A. Rokicki, John Stevens

OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE NOMINATION:

- 3 NOMINATIONS: Charles Walker
- 2 NOMINATIONS EACH: John Lee, Oak Mackey
- 1 NOMINATION EACH: Jack Dyson, Dorothy Krogmann, John Ray Lemons, Perry Morse, Ray Pytel, Richard Robert, E.A. Rokicki, E. King Schultz, Earl Zimmerman, Marybeth Dyer (AM)

The 50 Dissolution Survey ballots and the 3 unmarked ballots, along with the 35 comments submitted by 2ADA members, will be reviewed by the 2ADA Executive Committee at a special meeting on Tuesday, September 4, 2012 from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm at the convention hotel in Rosemont, Illinois.

The effective date of Dissolution will be determined by the membership at the 2ADA Annual Business Meeting on September 7, 2012 at the convention hotel.

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491st Bomb Group THIS POSITION IS VACANT

492nd Bomb Group THIS POSITION IS VACANT

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Website: www.2ndair.org.uk

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



JOURNAL



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President's Message

BY RICHARD C. ROBERT (453RD)

At this writing on May 25, 2012, Dissolution Survey Forms are still coming in. So far, a majority of those voting were in favor of dissolving the Second Air Division Association at the September convention (please see the official tabulation of the survey on the front cover of this issue of the *Journal*). In the short time remaining before the survey deadline, I don't expect the final results will change significantly.

Regrettably, only a very small percentage of voters have nominated candidates for Executor, Dissolution Committee and Oversight Committee. In general, those nominated were 2ADA Officers and Group Vice Presidents. The 2ADA Executive Committee will review the Dissolution Survey Forms and tabulation at a Special Meeting on Tuesday, September 4, 2012 at 1:00 pm in the convention hotel in Rosemont, Illinois. The results of this review and tabulation along with the Committee's recommendation will be forwarded to the general membership at the 2ADA Business Meeting to be held on Friday, September 7, 2012 at 9:00 am in the convention hotel. All 2AD veterans are urged to attend and participate in this most important business meeting where the future of the 2ADA will be decided.

The convention committee chaired by Oak Mackey, along with the Heritage League, has been busy planning a great convention with entertainment and things to do in and around the convention hotel. My wife Gwen and I are flying to Chicago next week to meet with the hotel staff to review and finalize our convention arrangements. Since the convention is close to Journal Editor Ray Pytel's home, he has announced that his doctor will allow him to travel to the convention for the first time in many years. This will be your opportunity to meet and thank Ray Pytel for his dedicated service as Editor of our highly acclaimed 2ADA *Journal*.

In addition to the general funds in our treasury, the 2ADA has recently received a total of \$80,000.00 from the Bernard J. Newmark Revocable Living Trust. This unexpected gift from a 2ADA veteran member's estate has been placed in a special 2ADA bank account in order not to co-mingle this money with our general funds. Since we currently have sufficient operating funds for the remainder of the year, I am recommending we allocate an appropriate amount of this Newmark Trust money to the 2AD Memorial Library, to support the digitizing of our Memorial Library's catalogued records in the Norfolk County Archives. When these records have been digitized, they will be available online from anywhere in the world. I cannot think of a better living memorial for our veterans and their descendants, who will be able to research Second Air Division records in England from their homes in the USA.

Elsewhere in this *Journal*, there is information on how to transmit your wartime memorabilia and records to a USA address for free shipment to the Memorial Library in Norwich, England, and an article by Libby Morgan explaining what types of records you might have which could be suitable for inclusion in the 2nd Air Division Archive. Now that the Norfolk County Archives has launched the digitizing of our Memorial Library's records, your wartime documents will eventually be accessible by computer, and the originals stored in a secure and controlled environment for posterity at no cost to you or your family. I urge all veterans and/or their family members to seriously consider taking advantage of this one-time free shipping offer by the Second Air Division Association.

And now, a word of advice for those of you who may have designated the 2ADA as a beneficiary of your estate: Please consider revising your will to designate the Heritage League and/or the Memorial Library as a beneficiary instead of the 2ADA, since the 2ADA will undoubtedly shut down in the near future, and terminate its charter with the State of Illinois.

In closing, I wish to welcome our newest 2ADA Executive Committee Member and Group Vice President for the 453rd BG, Morris A. Schwartz, whom I have recently appointed to replace James Dyke who died April 11, 2012. Morris will also serve as Acting Chairman of the 453rd Bomb Group Association until a permanent chairman is elected at the group's business meeting at the 2ADA Convention.

It has been a busy but enjoyable year for me as your President. I thank you for your help and support. You All Come to the 2ADA Convention in September! ■

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION



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 2nd 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 2nd 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 Library of the Norwich Millennium 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 2nd Air Division assigned or attached. Provisions are made for Associate (Non-Voting) memberships and also for subscribing memberships (Non-Voting).

THE JOURNAL is the official publication of the 2nd Air Division Association.

Flight Delay



We were flying to Rome when the captain announced that we had lost one of the four engines, so we'd be an hour late. An hour later, he announced that we'd lost another engine, but that we could fly on two and would now be two hours late. Soon after, he announced the loss of a third engine, but assured passengers that we could fly on one, although we'd be three hours late.

At this point, one passenger became furious. "For Pete's sake," he shouted, "if we lose another engine, we'll be up here all night!"

- HENRY SUOZZI
SAN MARCOS, CALIFORNIA

The Editor's Contribution

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH)

It is very likely that the next *Journal* will be the final issue unless the Executive Committee decides otherwise. With this prospect in sight, all of you who have put off sending something to the *Journal* had better do it now or forever hold your piece of wisdom . . . As the great wisdomer said, "There ain't no tomorrow."

In checking my history with the 2ADA, it has been a nice ride for the last 35 years, including about four years as the 445th's Group Vice President and some 18 years as Editor of the *Journal*. While I am still young (at 92), I may also retire from my other "jobs" sometime before I hit the century mark in the year 2020, as I will be approaching old age by then.

Except for my poor hearing, especially over the phone, and arthritis which limits my confinement in vehicles to not over an hour or so, I am doing alright . . . so I will see you at the convention.

My mail always includes some words of wisdom, most of which have been said a hundred times before, and some including jokes that I first heard when I was in my mother's womb. Here are some that may deserve one more turn:

- *Overheard at breakfast at my favorite restaurant: "I believe that both candidates are telling the truth . . . but I have yet to determine which one is insane."*
- *"I cannot call my crew a 'Band of Brothers' . . . we were not related, and not one of us knew how to play a musical instrument . . . but we probably would qualify nowadays with today's status of what they call music."*
- *"I'm not buying the new style shorts with 'grenade pockets' on the side — I'm too slow on the release."*

In the last issue we forgot to include a quiz, so here is probably the final one:

On which side did Italy fight the war during WWII? ■

The Treasurer's Report

BY EARL ZIMMERMAN

The 2ADA's fiscal year ends the last day of June. As of this writing, 20 May 2012, our general account shows a balance of \$42,693.18. The Bernard J. Newmark Revocable Living Trust account shows a balance of \$79,999.94. In the future the 2ADA will receive an additional amount from the Newmark Trust to bring the total to \$100,000. A complete, up-to-date, Treasurer's Report will be available at the convention in Chicago, and it has been decided to have one last *Journal* printed after the convention if we dissolve the Association at that time.

President Robert has suggested that I be responsible for sending files, memorabilia, and other items concerning the 2ADA to the Archives in Norwich. All items will be sent to Libby Morgan, our Trust Librarian, who will remove items for the Memorial Library and send the rest to the Archives. A few years ago Dick Robert and I visited Norwich and were given a tour of The Archive Center by Dr. John Alban. I can assure you that all of our records, etc. are in good hands. The fire in the first Memorial Library, dedicated in 1963, did not destroy our archives.

If you have any records, files, memorabilia, etc. concerning the 2ADA or your Group, please see an article by Libby Morgan elsewhere in this *Journal*, explaining what types of records are suitable for inclusion in the 2nd Air Division Archive. Such records can be sent to the below-listed USA address for shipment to Norwich. If you send photographs, please try to identify them. Unacceptable items will be returned to the sender.

Editor's Note: Earl Zimmerman passed away on June 20, 2012. His daughter, Roberta Russell, will handle his Memorabilia Project. Memorabilia items should be sent to Roberta Russell, Backup Treasurer; Letter Mail: P.O. Box 40897, Indianapolis, IN 46240, Package Shipping: 8922 Haverstick Road, Indianapolis, IN 46240. ■

Folded Wings

44th BG

H.C. Henry
James F. Wright

93rd BG

Hebert Bornstein
Howard B. Nisbet
Charles D. Sill

389th BG

Irving Belsky
John P. Wyatt
Earl L. Zimmerman

392nd BG

Maxine Mackey (AM)
Lynn D. McKim
LTC David S. Rubin (Ret.) (44th, 491st)

445th BG

John V. Cadden
Charles A. Hay
John A. Marks
William J. Peveler
R.L. Prescott, Jr.
Darrell E. Reed
James T. Withey

446th BG

Joseph J. Savago

448th BG

CM/Sgt William A. Gautney
Clem L. Maher

453rd BG

Henry M. Barker
James P. Dyke

458th BG

J. Richard Butler

466th BG

William C. Hutchison
David McKalip
Elwood W. "Bill" Nothstein

467th BG

Raymond A. Betcher
Martin F. Bezon
Henry W. Ellison
John W. Upp (492nd)

489th BG

C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain

491st BG

Edward C. Duffy
William E. Glabau

The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF

BY MATTHEW MARTIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

GREETINGS FROM NORWICH!

I am conscious that there are discussions taking place for the possible dissolution of the 2nd Air Division Association. I realise that no decision will be made until the convention in Chicago. However I wish to reassure all veterans and their families and friends that the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF here in the UK and your Memorial Library here in Norwich will **go on and on**. The Governors are responsible for ensuring that is the case and they will discharge their responsibilities completely.

As an example of our continuing program of activities here in Norwich, we will be holding another Biennial Lecture on 7 May 2013. For the first time we will be having an American deliver the lecture. He is Professor Philip Bobbitt. He is a distinguished author, academic and public servant. He has served in several administrations at the White House and his uncle was President Lyndon Baines Johnson. He is a



Philip Bobbitt

Robin Hall

stimulating and thought-provoking individual and I know the lecture will be first class.

Earlier this week I went to a retirement party for Robin Hall, who was the Chief Executive of the Forum Trust. In that capacity he was responsible for the construction and ongoing management of the Forum in Norwich in which your Library is situated. It is impossible to exaggerate the role he played in this iconic Millennium building, and our profoundest thanks go to him for all he has done for us and the wider community.

I am now looking forward to the convention in Chicago in September and renewing old friendships. It is sad to think that this may indeed be the last such gathering. It is entirely appropriate that the convention will be taking place in Chicago, the Windy City, where the Association was formed all those years ago.

I am hopeful that there will be at least one more edition of the *Journal*. And so I will defer making my farewells until then. However I do want to say what a marvellous privilege it has been for me to serve in the capacity of Chairman of the Memorial Trust. This has resulted in many visits to your marvellous country. I will treasure my memories of all the wonderful places I have visited and Americans I have met, most particularly you, the veterans of the 2nd Air Division who came to our aid all those years ago and helped save the world from the worst evil it has ever known.

And so, until the next edition, stay well and keep taking the pills! ■

2ADA MEMBERSHIP NEWS

BY OAK MACKEY (392ND), 2ADA VP MEMBERSHIP

By the time this Summer edition of the *Journal* arrives in your mailbox it will be only two or three weeks until the 2ADA convention at the Hilton Rosemont Hotel near the O'Hare Airport in Chicago. The deadline for sending the Convention Registration Form to me was August 10th. However, if your circumstances were such that you could not make your decision by then, I can accept your Registration Form a few days later, keeping in mind that I must inform the hotel of the required number of meals at least a week in advance. Remember, this may be your last chance to mingle with members of your old Bomb Group from way back in the 1940s; this may be the last Second Air Division Association Convention. So, if you are able, and you don't live too far, come to Chicago to be with old friends one more time.

Maxine, my wife for 62 years, passed away March 22 after heart surgery at the Mayo Hospital here. To support me and cheer me on I have two daughters and three sons here in Arizona, one son in Minnesota, and all their families. They were

Counting all members (regular, associate, and subscribing), there are 1502 total 2ADA members as of today, May 25, 2012. Since the convention eight months ago in September of 2011 there have been 75 deaths or about 10 per month. Of those 1502 total members, 191 have not yet paid their 2012 dues. Those who have not paid their dues by the end of August will be dropped, leaving about 1300 total membership by the time of the convention.

wonderful in taking care of all the details at the time of the funeral; they wouldn't let me do anything, not even sweep the floor. So I am in good hands. According to her wish Maxine is laid away in the National Cemetery of Arizona.

To carry on with the convention planning, President Richard Robert has appointed me to take Maxine's place as Convention Chairman. She had completed most of the work by contracting with the Hilton Rosemont Hotel for rooms, meals,

meeting rooms, etc. It is my job to process the Convention Registration Forms, depositing the checks into the Second Air Division Association bank account here, coordinating with the Heritage League who will be manning the Registration Desk at the convention, and taking care of anything else that pops up.

I had a nice letter from Ray Strong not long ago. Ray is the only survivor of the seven founders of the 2ADA. He and Ruth are doing well in Chapel Hill, NC. ■

YOUR HERITAGE LEAGUE

BY MARYBETH DYER
Heritage League President

As I write this article, it is the time of a year when we are celebrating special holidays that honor our fallen Veterans and our Independence. For some of us it is a day off from work; for most of us it is a great time to reflect on those family and friends who served and protected us for that very freedom we have

today. My Dad was very adamant about not being called a “hero” even though he survived 31 missions. He always felt that the real “heroes” were the guys who never came home. These holidays remind us to honor the approximately 7,000 airmen of the 2nd Air Division who sacrificed their lives. The Heritage League remembers those brave airmen every year on Memorial Day and D-Day by placing wreaths at various cemeteries across Europe. On those wreaths we simply say “We are forever grateful.”

The Heritage League has lost a true friend and a great supporter, Maxine Mackey. Maxine passed away in March, and on behalf of the entire Heritage League our thoughts and prayers are with Oak and his entire family. Maxine was a wonderful, vibrant woman and very involved. Oak and Maxine represented the 2ADA to the Heri-

tage League and we will be forever grateful for all of her hard work she put into the 2nd Air Division, the Heritage League and the 392nd BG. I will personally miss the numerous conversations we had and will always remember her caring ways. She was one of the Heritage League’s biggest fans, and we will miss her tremendously.

As the Heritage League celebrates our 25th anniversary, we are preparing for the convention in Chicago in September. We encourage all of our veterans and their families to join us in Chicago and consider joining our membership as we keep the memory of all who served in the 2nd Air Division. For more information, please visit our website at www.heritageleague.org. We value your continued support and welcome all who are interested.

Stay healthy and well. Until we meet again... ■

Thanks for the Memories

BY IRENE HURNER, HERITAGE LEAGUE PAST PRESIDENT

A very special vet asked me to write something “profound” for the *Journal*. My trouble is that I am just a kid who has never learned to be a deep thinker, a storyteller, or a jokester. I have thought for several weeks about what I could write. So here are some of my reflections regarding the veterans and their families and friends who have become a part of my life.

My philosophy over the years has become one of enjoying the day, because, when I get old, all I will have are the memories. Truly, even this idea is not original. The viewpoint came from my mother-in-law.

My memories of the 2ADA began with the 1987 convention in Norwich that my parents, Claire and Albert Biel, invited me to attend with them. That is truly one of the most spectacular memories in my cache. I believe that there were nearly 8,000 members in the 2ADA at that time, and hundreds of us from the U.S. attended the convention. We filled two trains from London to Norwich, a band met us at the station, most hotels in the city were occupied, and we used many buses for transportation to get around. We had dinner in a castle, visited the American cemetery at Cambridge, attended a blessing in the cathedral, we women had lunch at Anne Barne’s wonderful estate, we visited the American Room, and I witnessed my first fly-over of World War II planes. To this day, our dinner served in a tent that was used previously, I seem to remember, for an earlier visit of Queen Elizabeth, is one ex-

I am so thankful that my parents invited me to accompany them to the 2ADA convention in Norwich 25 years ago. My life would not have been the same.

perience that I will never forget. Tables were set with china, silverware, and cloth napkins (not the paper plates and plastic ware that would be common here), there was a band playing familiar music of the 40’s, and the portable dance floor was crowded with appreciative attendees. To top it off, we were served our meal; this was not a buffet! Evelyn Cohen and her amazing organizational skills coordinated our entire visit as she had before and would continue for many years afterwards. The first meeting of the Heritage League was held during this convention. It was my first experience meeting our British friends.

Twenty-five years have come and gone. I have attended most of the annual conventions. I have gotten to know many veterans, their families and friends, the Trust Governors, members of The Friends (now disbanded), and have developed lifelong friendships because of my affiliation with both the 2ADA and the Heritage League. One thing that happened is that I have come to care about the World War II experience. When I was in school, World War II was the last thing that I wanted to study. Perhaps it was too recent in history. I loved history and studied ancient history, medieval history, U.S. history before 1900, and so on. When I was growing up, my father and his friends did not speak of their experiences and we children did not

ask. It really wasn’t until I began to travel to conventions and listen to Dad and others discuss their time in training and their service near Norwich that I developed an appreciation of all that they did. To think that most were just in their early twenties! Some of the things I have learned to admire and still marvel at are the awesome responsibility of ground crews keeping the planes flyable, pilots finding their targets and safely bringing the flight crews home, and the commanders strategizing to send the “boys” out from the bases hoping they would come back, yet knowing many would not. When I remember what life was like for me or for my children at twenty years old, I cannot imagine life during the war. Being able to visit Old Buck with Dad and other members of the 453rd Bomb Group is another memory that cannot and will not be duplicated. Conventions have become a family affair, with my husband, sisters, nephews, brothers-in-law, and even special friends gathering to honor Dad and our veterans. My daughter has been able to attend several, even traveling to England in 2001 with my parents, sisters and me for the rededication of the new library. I have become active in the Heritage League, a group begun by veterans and their spouses to continue honoring the memories and supporting the

(continued on page 19)

Of Kilts, Kin and Clans

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Mention Scotland anywhere in the world and most people's thoughts turn to whisky and tartan. Of course, as tartan is generally used to indicate Scottishness, it can be used in various ways. Tartan might be the pattern on a tablecloth or napkin, wallpaper, book cover, or even a carpet — but it is most commonly used to make kilts.

Strange as it may seem, the story of the kilt as we know it today is actually less than 200 years old.

Originally, tartan was a purely Highland tradition, and the kilt, as we know it today, simply didn't exist. Clans were more than simply families, as they were bonded not just by blood, but by the land they held under their chief, and that bond generally included military service. The early forms of tartan would simply have been made from what has been described as "wool of many colors," tinted using the herbs and dyes available, and those tartans would not have had the distinct family or clan connections we know today.

The clansmen didn't wear what we know as the kilt; they wore the philibeg, a long piece of cloth, wrapped around their bodies. Before they went into battle they simply dropped their plaids and charged, wearing only their shirts and bonnets. The members of the various clans stuck a different plant in their bonnets, not for decoration but for identification. Being charged by hundreds of semi-naked Scots sounds horrifying.

Following the 1745 uprising, when the Jacobite followers of the Old Pretender, otherwise known as James VIII, attempted to depose the Hanoverian King George II, the Highland clans who had formed a large portion of the rebel army were suppressed. The hated Disarming Act, aimed to curb the powers of the clan system by prohibiting the carrying of arms and the wearing of tartan, was eventually repealed in 1782. After that, tartan became acceptable.

The modern idea of the kilt, however, was born when King George IV visited Scotland in 1822. The visit, largely orchestrated by Scots' novelist Sir Walter Scott, saw the rather portly King swathed from head to foot in tartan. In truth, the king looked ridiculous, but where monarchs went, fashion soon followed. And when

Queen Victoria, with her great love of all things Scottish, came to the throne, it became even more popular.

Today there are some 3,500 tartans covering clans, districts, regiments, and even soccer clubs.

To wear a kilt, only three measurements are required. The waist, taken firmly but not tightly at the level of the navel, the fullest part of the hip, and the length, which is taken from two inches above the hip bone to an imaginary point just reaching the top of the knee cap.

When it comes to a choice of tartan, most men take a tartan based on family ties (usually through the male line) or a district tartan. After all, there will be a tartan connected to you in some way, and the cloth required will be in the shop stock or, if necessary, can be obtained from one of the major tartan weavers. Alternatively, you can simply choose a tartan you like. Just to make one thing clear, in Scotland the word plaid doesn't mean tartan. A plaid is a piece of tartan cloth worn over the shoulder.

The kilt maker supplies canvas for the parts that are reinforced, as well as buckles and lining, and some four to six weeks later your kilt will be ready. A kilt is made of eight yards of material with the pleats worn at the back. The most common error for those unused to wearing the kilt is to put it on back to front.

There is much more to the protocol of kilt wearing than that, however. Accessories or accouterments are required depending on when the wearer intends to wear it. Often, kilts are worn to weddings, dances, or sometimes just for everyday wear, but, as has been stressed to me, a kilt is made to be worn.

For everyday wear, a kilt should be worn with a leather or pigskin sporran, lovat green socks, and a tweed jacket or even a sweater. Semiformal occasions require a black sealskin sporran, black hose and Argyll jacket. A waistcoat is optional for semiformal wear.

For strictly formal functions, the dress code is a sealskin sporran with silver cantle (mounting), Prince Charlie black coat and vest. Black hose is also correct for formal wear.

Flashes are worn in the socks and,

generally, a *sgian dubh*, a small ceremonial knife, is tucked into one of the socks. *Sgian dubh* (Gaelic, of course) literally means black knife. The word black in this sense doesn't refer to the color, it means secret. In more violent times the knife would have been concealed under the armpit. These days it is carried more openly to show friendship, but I wouldn't advise taking one in hand luggage on a plane.

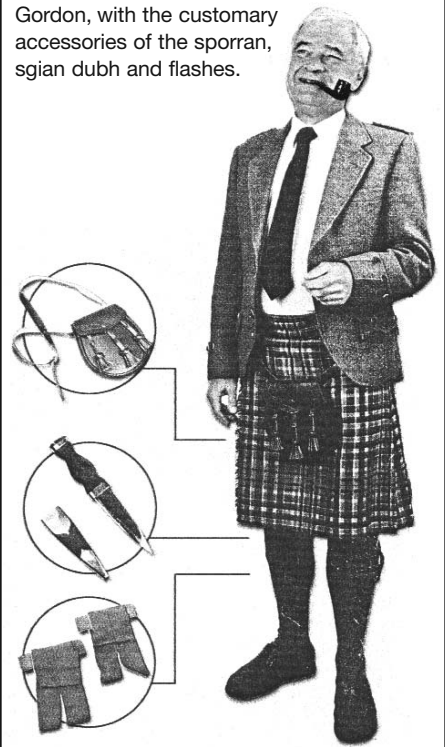
The supporters of Scotland's soccer team, the so-called Tartan Army (it has its own tartan), have taken the kilt wherever Scotland plays. They wear kilts of different tartans and lengths as they are often second-hand, along with self-mocking headgear consisting of a tammy, a sort of beret, with obviously fake ginger hair attached, which is known as a jimmy wig. Sadly, the Scots' team isn't particularly good these days, so the supporters, particularly at away matches, travel to support their team, have a few drinks and enjoy some good-natured fun.

On the other hand, Scots do take their national dress seriously, and many bridegrooms now wear the kilt for their wedding. Neckwear is also important; for everyday use the kilt can be worn with an open-necked shirt or a plain wool tie. A black bow tie is the traditional wear for formal occasions. Personal choice seems

(continued on next page)

Wearing the Kilt

British Heritage Magazine editor Dana Huntley models the hand-pleated kilt in the tartan of Ancient Red Gordon, with the customary accessories of the sporran, *sgian dubh* and flashes.



A Governor's Musings

BY DAVID Q. GURNEY

It was early 1994, when I was having one of my occasional lunches in the Norfolk Club as a break from my banking duties, when the former Chairman of the Norwich 2AD Memorial Library, Tom Eaton, came and sat next to me. I felt honoured! (In this particular club, Tom Eaton was a privileged member and he lunched there most days.) 'David', he said, 'What do you know about the Second Air Division Memorial Library?' Having been working away from the county of Norfolk for the previous 25 years and having only been back for a relatively short time, I had to admit, I knew very little.

'Well,' he said, 'Your grandfather Quintin was a founding Governor and upon his death, your father Dick, [Richard Q Gurney], took over that very special position. Unfortunately, when he was killed in the accident whilst riding his horse, you were working up North. I have left it until now to ask you, would you consider continuing the family tradition by becoming a Governor in their stead?' Two things came to my mind. First, one did not say 'No' to Tom. Second, the idea interested me because I had a high regard for the exemplary sense of duty to the community expressed by both my father and grandfather in their daily lives.

It was just after the original Memorial Library had burnt down in 1994 that I took a quick trip to see the temporary library. That's when I met the redoubtable Phyllis Dubois, Trust Librarian. Once I had learned what the background of the 2AD Library was about, I vowed that this was a cause that needed worthy support. Little did I know what it would involve; the wonderful people I would meet, the trips across the pond and the real enjoyment in my work as a Governor.

For the first couple of years or so I did little, except to attend meetings and learn what I could. However, through meeting such stalwart veterans like Jordan Uttal, the ever young Chuck Walker, Bud Koorndyk and others — just too many to mention, my commitment grew stronger to support the 2AD veterans and this special library. The devastating news about 9/11 was quite unbelievable. Soon after, and as a result, we Governors held an emergency meeting a few days later with Paul King and David Hastings who gave us the heartening and encouraging news that Jordan and Evelyn had said the veterans were still coming for the re-dedication. 'Plan on about 600+ to be there.' That was such cheerful news!

The organisation of that trip was amazing, *mainly due* to Evelyn and David Hastings. Somehow, again due to David, the security requirements at our end, imposed at such short notice, were all met. The veterans, their wives and families all arrived in Norwich in good form for the official celebration of the new library. I was put in charge of a coach and was supposed to ensure that everyone who came on the first trip returned on it. I did not know who you all were, I did not have a list of names and I relied on a head count — thank goodness you all got home safely! It was fun meeting and mixing with so many who came here not just for the formal ceremonies but for enjoyment too. Many lasting friendships were made.

Since then, many veterans and their families have been welcomed at our homes, first at Bawdeswell and latterly at Litcham — one might say veteran English houses built in 1683 and about 1350 respectively. Some of you have been to see an English Fox Hunt! Jacquie accompanied me to the Washington convention, although the other three I attended, I came on my own. Cedar Rapids where Bud Koorndyk's welcome dinner after the long hours flying was a special remembrance, Dallas where I visited that special coffee house much frequented by Chuck and friends, and steaming New Orleans with its American Football and Jazz. I also attended the Heritage League convention at St Louis with that amazing Arch. The same friends, sadly fewer each year, the same indomitable spirit, the camaraderie, fun and yet the underlying remembrance of what you veterans experienced in bitter wartime for me, for us all, for a free world that will remain forever.

Sadly I will not be able to come to Chicago. We had already booked to take our two eldest grandsons to Zambia to experience my passion for wild animals and birds, but I shall be with you in spirit and once again say a heartfelt "Thank You" to all the Veterans of the Second Air Division. ■

OF KILTS, KIN AND CLANS

(continued from page 7)

to be the order of the day, however, with outfits ranging from the formal to a kilt with an informal Jacobite shirt that laces up the front.

According to traditionalists, tartan, other than a plaid, should never be worn above the waist, so wearing a tartan tie with a kilt is considered wrong. A kilt, military wear apart, is not a uniform and should be worn so that the wearer feels comfortable. If you wish, you can certainly wear a tartan necktie with tartan trousers, or trews as they are known, or even with a conventional business suit.

One thing to be clear about is that a kilt is not a skirt. Ladies can wear long tartan skirts, but that is a different matter altogether.

Some dos and don'ts regarding kilts: Choose a well-established company and remember that mail order facilities are available from most kilt retailers. Don't rely on the Internet for accurate color — the actual colors may be quite different! A good kilt and accessories will be expensive; and at the top end of the market a full outfit will cost more than £1,000. But you get what you pay for; looked after properly, a kilt will last a lifetime, and, fashion-wise, doesn't date.

There are many myths about kilt wearing. The biggest myth of all is probably about what, if anything, a Scotsman wears under his kilt. Now, it may still be the practice in the Highland regiments for men to wear nothing under their kilt, but taking hygiene, cleanliness and simple practicality into account, dark underpants are recommended.

Don't expect to find everyone in Scotland to be wearing the kilt. They are now commonly worn at weddings and other formal occasions as more younger Scots take a pride in their country. For those abroad with Scottish roots, the kilt is part of their heritage, too, and there is no reason why they too can't wear a kilt with pride. ■

**Scotsman Spike Milligan
was asked:**

**"Is there anything worn
under a kilt?"**

**"No, it's all in perfect
working order."**

Alan McGee ranked among the luckiest of those who served in the USAAF during World War II. A B-17 ball turret gunner, McGee had no choice but to jump out of a disabled, spinning-out-of-control bomber from about 22,000 feet . . . without a parachute . . . and miraculously lived.

His incredible story was featured in a *Smithsonian* magazine article on the ten most amazing survivals during World War II. McGee seldom spoke of that death-defying drop. He died sixty years later of complications from a stroke and kidney failure in San Angelo, Texas.

His niece described her uncle as “just a regular guy.” “He didn’t like to talk about it, and he wouldn’t dwell on it,” she said. “One of the people who saw him fall through the glass roof of the railroad station tracked Alan down. Before that, Alan wasn’t interested in discussing this.” However, he did mention: “God was certainly looking out for me.”

McGee was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, the youngest of six children. He enlisted after the Pearl Harbor attack. He was 5 foot 7 and just barely small enough to fit in the B-17’s ball turret, a cramped, donut-shaped Plexiglas and metal turret

Lucky 17 Ball Gunner

BY PAUL LOGAN
Submitted by Ray Osterman (93rd)

on the bomber’s underside. It was such a tight fit — a gunner’s knees were practically against his chest — that McGee had to leave his parachute up on the flight deck of his four-engine Flying Fortress.

“His ball turret offered a panoramic view, but it was also a vulnerable target for [the attacking] German fighter planes. And there was a high casualty rate among B-17 gunners,” said Don Jenkins, McGee’s friend of 38 years and a World War II Navy veteran. “He was very easy to get along with, very cheerful, very talkative, and a very sweet person,” Jenkins said. But, he said, in all those years, McGee only spoke to him three times about the incredible events that took place on January 3, 1943.

Sgt. McGee, 24, was one of the oldest of

the 10-man crew that flew out of Molesworth, England on a bomber named “Snap! Crackle! Pop!” His pilot was only 19. His seventh mission was a daylight bombing run on St. Nazaire, France, called “Flak City” because of the many anti-aircraft guns defending the German submarine pens. On that day, his 303rd Bomb Group had sent 85 B-17s with fighter escorts. Over the target area, flak damaged McGee’s plane . . . then German fighters shot off a section of his aircraft’s right wing. McGee, who was wounded, scrambled out of his restrictive ball turret and went up to the flight deck where he noticed his parachute was ruined.

“He saw a gap in the side of the spinning plane and jumped out,” said Jenkins, who explained that in the confusion McGee forgot he wasn’t wearing a chute. “He remembered tumbling, but at high altitude, he quickly lost consciousness from lack of oxygen.”



Ray Osterman has been trying to find out the rest of this story. If you can help, or if you know anyone who can, please write to Ray at 5640 E. Encanto, Mesa, AZ 85205. ■

My Secret Life in Churchill’s Spy School

She told no one what she did . . . even Noreen Baxter's closest family thought she was spending the war quietly in an office job. All the time, she was one of Winston Churchill's secret SOE army.

The pretty, vivacious teenager had been recruited to the ranks of the cloak-and-dagger Special Operations Executive (SOE). Her role there was to help in training undercover agents before they were sent on missions behind enemy lines.

“They were the bravest of the brave, but we could never talk about them,” Noreen said. “No one on the outside ever knew we existed. When my mother would ask, I told her I was a civil servant working as a secretary with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.”

For decades it has remained veiled in deepest secrecy. But now the amazing story of the SOE, and its base in one of Britain’s stately homes, is being told for the first time in a TV documentary on BBC.

Some 3,000 agents, the James Bonds of their generation, were trained there as



spies and saboteurs, after which they were sent into occupied Europe. Half of them never returned. Author Ian Fleming based his 007 novels on some of their exploits.

Noreen, now 87 and a great-grandmother, is one of the few survivors left to

recall, first-hand, the SOE’s training center on the grounds of the Beaulieu estate in Hampshire. In wartime, it was a top-secret location, a finishing school for spies. The recruits who successfully made it through Beaulieu were taught by a motley group of instructors in the skills of fighting a “dirty war.”

Most of the men became deadly fighters, able to kill with their bare hands. A famous bank robber from Glasgow taught them how to blow safes. A career burglar, pardoned from his sentence, schooled them in the techniques of picking locks. They became fluent in the use of invisible ink, in using codes, and were experts in the use of explosives. One veteran recalls how he blew up seven bridges in one day.

They were equipped with the latest
(continued on page 13)

NORFOLK'S AMERICAN CONNECTIONS: The 2AD Memorial Library Celebrates the 70th Anniversary of the USAAF in Norfolk (1942-1945)



BY LIBBY MORGAN, TRUST LIBRARIAN



Above: Visit of Women's Auxiliary Corps director Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, 14 January 1944, to inspect the Women's Auxiliary Corps at Headquarters, Ketteringham Hall. *Norfolk Record Office MC 371/815, USF PH 16/1.* Below: Aerial view of a D-Day mission taken by the Meteorology Photography Unit of the 44th Bomb Group, Shipdham, 6 June 1944. *Norfolk Record Office MC 376/32, USF PH 1/1.*



During the Second World War, East Anglia became home to thousands of U.S. airmen. The United States 8th Army Air Force (USAAF) arrived in Norfolk in 1942, and between 1942 and 1945 there were at any one time around 50,000 USAAF personnel stationed within a 30 mile radius of Norwich.

The impact of this "Friendly Invasion" on local communities was considerable, particularly in villages where American servicemen (and women) vastly outnumbered the local population. Initial suspicion and prejudice towards the GIs rapidly disappeared among those who got to know them. It was a time of jitterbugging dances and big band sounds, and the first taste of peanut butter, chewing gum and Coke for many Norfolk people. Enduring friendships were forged between the Americans and the local population, which still endure today.

This year the Memorial Library is celebrating the 70th anniversary of the Friendly Invasion with a number of events and activities.

The first of these was our "Over Here" American Memories Morning, an opportunity for people to look at photographs and documents from the 2nd Air Division Memorial Archive, and to share their memories of life in Norfolk during the Second World War. A small selection of the archive photographs that were on display have been used to illustrate this article.

(continued on page 13)



May, 1944
Taken at (base) in England when Cpt. Lucey (Hq.) former Pilot turned Command over to 2nd. Lt. M. L. Simon,
1st. Lt. J. A. Reitmeier Navigator, 1st. Lt. J. B. Mead Bombardier,
Cpt. J. A. Lucey (Hq.) 2nd. Lt. F. M. Russell, Co Pilot, 2nd. Lt. M. L. Simon, Pilot
T: Sgt. P. B. Latta, Radio Operato, S: Sgt G. S. Hasty, Tail Gunner
T: Sgt. L. F. Dumesnil, Eng, S: Sgt. H. G. Collier, Ass't. Eng,

Photograph of the crew of 2nd Lt. M. L. Simon. Their B-24 was brought down during an encounter with a troop train near Bois de Brattes, France, 5 May 1944. Lt. Reitmeier parachuted out and, with his crewmate, bombardier John B. Mead (back row, second from left), evaded capture. *Norfolk Record Office, MC 371/680, USF 14/3.*



Above: Wings for Victory Parade, Norwich: Sikh Indian army troops on parade, 13 May 1945. Several Sikhs served in the 2nd Air Division, and in particular they often acted as guards for the aeroplanes. *Norfolk Record Office MC 371/49, USF PH 1/1*. Below: Children waiting for the 13 May 1945 memorial service at Norwich Cathedral to start. *Norfolk Record Office MC 371/48, USF PH 1/1*.





A Visit from Friends of the 466th Bomb Group

BY ELIZABETH RAWITSCH AND LIBBY MORGAN OF THE 2AD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

On Saturday 26th May, the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library was visited by friends of the 466th Bomb Group at Attlebridge. Among the group were three distinguished veterans: Bill Campbell, Earl Wassom, and Melvin Demmin. They were accompanied by over a dozen children, nieces, and nephews of the men and women who served in World War II. The current Vice Chairman of the Memorial Trust, Andrew Walker, was also on hand to chat with the veterans, as were several local residents who remembered the war from their childhood, including one woman who had worked on the base at the age of 14, pressing and ironing airmen's uniforms.

In their honour, the Memorial Library set up a display of Attlebridge photographs taken by John Michael, who had been stationed with the 466th during World War II. Our guests were welcomed by Trust Librarian Libby Morgan, who gave a brief overview of the Library's history, and by former Chairman of the Memorial Trust Paul King, who talked briefly about the Memorial Library's new home in the Forum building.

Two of our visitors, Bill and Martha Curtis, presented the Memorial Library with a commemorative print of the 466th Bomb Group at Attlebridge, and a large number of photographs of the Dougherty Crew and their plane "Dirty Gertie." Martha's father, William G. Horney, was the crew's navigator.

By happy coincidence, there was a display of 1940s dancing and American automobiles parked outside of the Forum building that afternoon, and due to the



Veterans Earl Wassom, Bill Campbell, and Melvin Demmin are visited by World War Two enthusiasts in Eighth Air Force uniforms.



Former Chairman of the Memorial Trust Paul King explains how the mural in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library was designed.



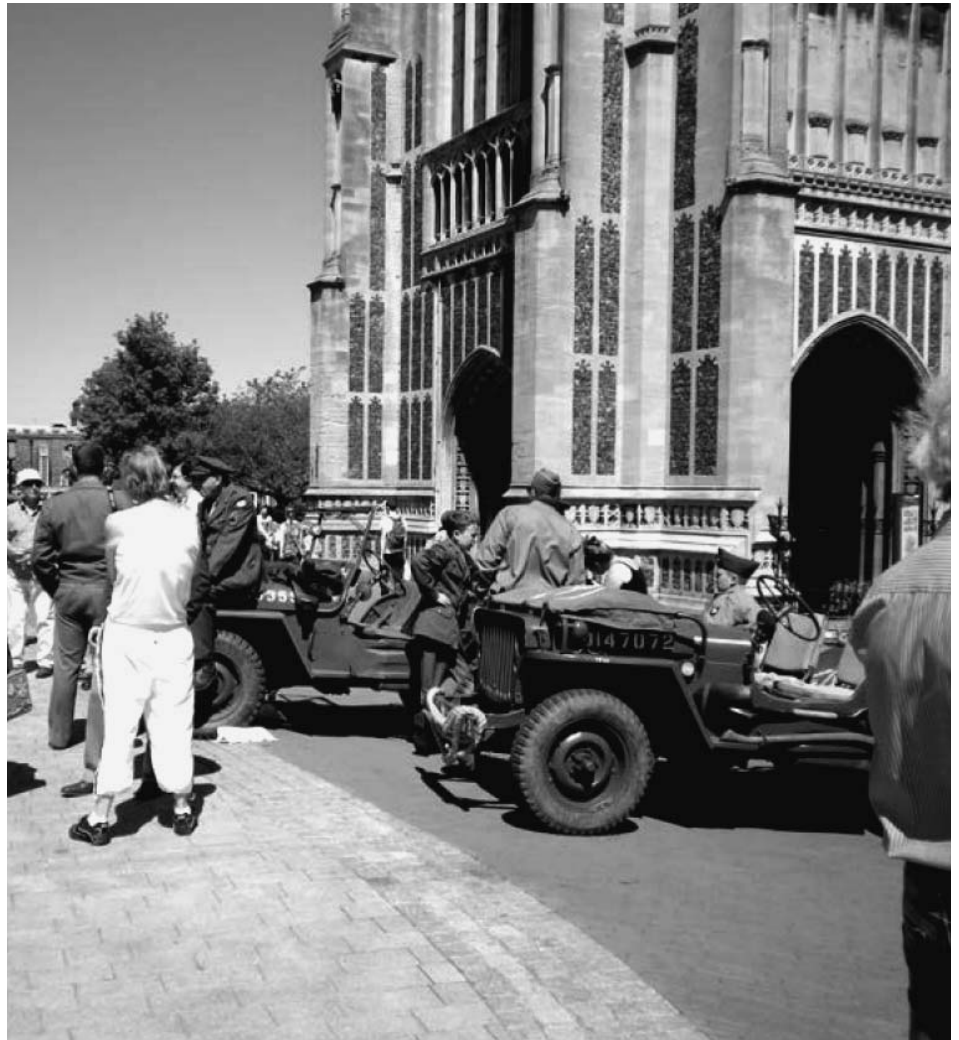
466th Bomb Group – 786th Squadron – Dougherty Crew 633 – June 14-August 30, 1944. B-24H- 15-CF #24-29366 "Dirty Gertie" – Attlebridge.

good offices of Paul Hindle (local Attlebridge contact and tour coordinator), the display included two U.S. military Jeeps. The Jeeps were staffed by World War II enthusiasts dressed in USAAF uniforms, who were delighted to be able to meet with the Attlebridge veterans. They made their way inside the Memorial Library to say hello, and wound up staying for over an hour, posing for photographs, interacting with our visitors, and giving repeated thanks for their wartime service.

We heard some wonderful stories, drank a lot of tea, and made new friendships. What a perfect way to spend Memorial Day weekend! ■



Veteran Bill Campbell shares stories with our visitors.



The display of military vehicles outside the Forum. The soldiers have Eighth Air Force badges on their uniforms!

MY SECRET LIFE *(cont. from page 9)*

spy gadgetry, specially designed for them: a pipe with a space below the bowl to hold messages, shoelaces that contained razor wire which could be used as a garrote, and miniature cameras that could take as many as 50 photos. Even the fillings in their teeth were replaced to match European-style dentistry in case they were captured.

Each agent carried one other essential item that was usually sewn into their clothing. It was a pill that contained a deadly dose of arsenic, enough to kill within two minutes. (Being taken alive meant brutal torture and death at the hands of the SS, and swallowing the pill was a merciful option. In one day, at the Flossenburg concentration camp, fifteen SOE agents were hanged together, suspended by piano wire from meat hooks.)

Once the skills were learned to perfection and the necessary equipment acquired, the SOE agents were landed in France with false papers and fake identities created down to the last detail. ■

NORFOLK'S AMERICAN CONNECTIONS *(continued from page 10)*

Elizabeth Rawitsch, one of our UEA American Scholars, shared some of her grandfather's wartime memories with us — he was stationed at Leiston Air Base in Suffolk during World War Two (the home of the 357th Fighter Group), and we were also joined by archivist Hannah Verge from the Norfolk Record Office.

It was wonderful to hear so many stories! As one visitor remarked upon leaving, "This made me feel young again." There is no higher praise.

Looking forward to later in the year, we have a number of events and speakers already booked, including:

- **2nd July** — The UK film premiere of "**Deopham at War: The Anglo-American Experience in Wartime Norfolk, 1939-1945**" presented by Dr. Vernon Williams, East Anglia Air War Project.

- **27th September** — **The Diamond Lil' Homecoming:** David Hastings MBE gives us a talk about the 1992 historic flight of a B-24 Liberator from Fort Worth, Texas to Norwich.

- **2nd October** — **Toilet Bowls and Tree Graffiti at Attlebridge Airfield:** County Archaeologist David Gurney uses a surprising range of surviving archaeological to tell the story of the airfield and USAAF Station 120.

- **11th October** — **The 392nd Bomb Group at Wendling:** Local historian John Gilbert shares his memories of the 392nd Bomb Group.

- **13th November** — **Legacy of the Mighty Eighth in East Anglia:** A presentation by Dr. Sam Edwards, Manchester Metropolitan University.

If you have access to the Internet, why not keep up to date with all our activities and find out what's happening in the Memorial Library by following our blog, www.2ndair.wordpress.com, or our Facebook page, www.facebook.com/2ndair. ■

The Aviation Artwork of James Baldwin

SUBMITTED BY CAROL HOLLIDAY



“FIGHTING OFF THE STURMGRUPPEN WILDE SAU”

B-24 “Witchcraft” fighting off German FW 109s. Mr. Baldwin created this rough sketch expressly for the 2ADA! You can see it as a finished portrait in the next issue of the Journal.

James Baldwin is an artist living and working in Cumbria, England. He studied fine art at Cumbria College of Art in the mid-1990s. Since then he has specialised in high quality pencil drawings, choosing to leave behind his paintbrushes (although he does still dabble on occasion).

Initially, he produced high quality drawings of sporting activities, especially motorcycling, and exhibited his work in a couple of London galleries. Soon, he was approached to draw a Spitfire and this rekindled a long standing passion for aircraft — a passion, he says, that started as a child being dragged each year to the RAF Finningley air show.

As an aviation artist based in Cumbria, there is always plenty of inspiration, as it can seem to be a playground for various air forces, especially the RAF. In addition to aviation drawings of modern aircraft, James produces historically accurate and detailed World War II drawings. The quality of his drawings must be seen to be believed, and has resulted in commissions from the Royal Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force, and the Joint Services Command and Staff College at the UK Defence Academy.

Notwithstanding his talent as an aviation artist, James does produce other work on request. Such drawings have included animal portraits, landscapes, and people.

View more of James Baldwin’s artwork on his website:
www.watercolour-paintings.me.uk/aviation_art.html

For art sales, enquiries, and commissions,
please contact the artist via e-mail at
jamesbaldwinart@hotmail.co.uk.



“WHAMM”

British Spitfire on chase with a German Focke-Wulf 190. In this particular picture the FW 190 was attempting its trademark roll and dive maneuver, but on this occasion it was too late.



“PORTRAIT OF A THOROUGHbred”

P-51 Mustang (Glamorous Glen III of Chuck Yeager).



“DIE JAGD DER PARTIE” (“THE HUNTING PARTY”)
Bf 109-E of Oberleutenant Josef “Pip” Priller of JG 51.



HETHEL

389th Bomb Group Green Dragon Flares

BY FIELDER NEWTON

We have received the details on the September 2ADA convention and look forward to being together with our 389th friends. Let's tighten our belts and try our very best to be at this last meeting. What a good ride it has been, and the memories are treasured. The 2ADA is providing a large hospitality room where all Groups can gather for fellowship and remembering.

The article in the Spring 2012 "Green Dragon Flares" spoke of the great work the boys at Hethel have done and will continue to do in restoring our Chapel and organizing the Museum. I want to remind you again of their ongoing needs for funds and hope you will be able to help them with a meaningful contribution. Our Treasurer, Allan Hallett, will add incoming money to our current balance of \$800.00 and hopefully we will be able to give a sizable sum to the Brits in appreciation for their dedication and work at Hethel in keeping our history alive for generations to come. Send your checks made payable to the 389th Bomb Group to Allan Hallett, 249 Highland Avenue, Leominster, MA 01453. I talked to Allan while writing this, and he reported that money has been received from four members — a good beginning and may many others follow.

We are all marching along in this army of aging, and let us think positively to make the best effort to be in Chicago for the last hurrah of our great 2ADA. It will be the best of times for memories and goodbyes.

See you in September, and God bless. ■

"A Fine Figure of a Sky Scorpion"

OK, so you flew 35 missions in 45 days and have many spam ribbons, but —

The guy who really took on all comers was **Capt. Walter H. Andrews** of the 564th Squadron, 389th BG.

Capt. Andrews challenged members of the 44th and 93rd to a boxing exhibition but received no replies. So much for the Groups that took a wrong turn at Ploesti.

"A fine figure of a Sky Scorpion." — EARL ZIMMERMAN



SEETHING

The 448th Speaks

SUBMITTED BY KING SCHULTZ

Remembering the Crew of the Lady Jane

BY DEREK JAMES

REPRINTED FROM NORWICH EVENING NEWS 24



Sheriff of Norwich, Derek James, and the Sheriff's Lady, Bridgette James, at a service to remember the crew of a Liberator killed when it crashed near Freeman Square in Norwich in 1944.

Nine white roses, each representing a young life, were laid on a cold day near a busy road in Norwich.

As the traffic sped past us we stood in quiet reflection to remember the young men who lost their lives on the same day in 1944.

Since then this part of Norwich, Heigham Street, has completely changed and has been re-developed with new homes and industrial developments.

But as we put the roses on the memorial in Freeman Square our thoughts went back to that terrible November day as pilot Ralph Dooley struggled with the controls of his stricken Liberator, looking for a way to avoid crashing on houses.

While we could imagine what it would have been like, eyewitnesses from that day have never forgotten watching from the ground as the mighty bomber — named the Lady Jane — fell out of the sky.

The people gathered for this short and moving service, conducted by the Rev. Elsie Hutcheon of St. Barnabas Church, where there is a memorial to the men, all had their reasons for attending... and remembering.

As sheriff and sheriff's lady, my wife and I were representing you at this special service. Among the congregation was author Richard Clements who wrote a book entitled *In Search of the Lady Jane* and artist Mike Bailey who painted the tragedy.

Others remember the incident as if it were yesterday. The

(continued on page 17)



NEWS OF THE 453RD FROM FLAME LEAP

BY RICHARD C. ROBERT

When 453rd Bomb Group Association Chairman James P. Dyke folded his wings on April 11, 2012, we no longer had a leader. The reason for this predicament is that upon the death of long-time Chairman Lloyd Prang, James Dyke automatically moved up from his position as Vice Chairman to Chairman, which left the Vice Chairman position vacant. And with Jim's death, there were only two duly elected veteran officers left to run the 453rd BGA: Treasurer Oliver "Mo" Morris, and Secretary Richard C. "Dick" Robert, neither of which can automatically move up to Chairman of the 453rd Bomb Group Association.

To overcome this lack of leadership in the 453rd BGA, I put on my 2ADA President's hat and made the following appointments on May 23, 2012: I appointed long-time member Morris A. Schwartz as 2ADA Group Vice President representing the 453rd BG, and as Acting Chairman of the 453rd Bomb Group Association. As a Group Vice President, Morris will have full voting rights on the 2ADA Executive Committee which acts as a Board of Directors for the Second Air Division Association.

As earlier announced by Former Chairman Jim Dyke, we will most definitely have a Business Meeting of the 453rd Bomb Group Association at the upcoming 2ADA convention at the Hilton Hotel in Rosemont, Illinois. This 453rd BGA Business Meeting will be held at 2:00 p.m. on Thursday, September 6, 2012 in the 2ADA convention hotel in Rosemont, Illinois. Details of the Second Air Division Association convention can be found elsewhere in the Spring 2012 edition of the *Journal*.

The first order of business at this 453rd BGA Business Meeting will be to elect officers, since the last election was held two years ago at the 2ADA New Orleans convention. Secondly, we have to determine whether the 453rd BGA is to continue as a viable veterans' organization or fold up and fly off into the sunset. Should we decide to dissolve the 453rd BGA, we must decide what to do with our treasury funds. I would suggest we consider dividing our remaining treasury funds between the Second Air Division Memorial Library and the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF).

And speaking about leaving money, I wish to caution those of you who may have willed a portion of your estate to either the 453rd Bomb Group Association or the Second Air Division Association, that both of these veteran organizations will undoubtedly fold up in the near future. Therefore, I would suggest you consider changing your beneficiary to the Heritage League and/or the Second Air Division Memorial Library.

Our Editor has announced there will be just *one more Group Newsletter*. This final 453rd BGA Newsletter will be published shortly after the Second Air Division Association Convention ends on September 9, 2012, to let the membership know the outcome of the 453rd Business Meeting and the possible dissolution of the 453rd Bomb Group Association AND the Second Air Division Association.

We owe a very great debt of gratitude to our Newsletter Editor Jeane Stites, the widow of veteran Wilbur Stites, for her many years of dedicated service editing and producing the 453rd Bomb Group Association Newsletter. Therefore, I recommend we show our appreciation for her service to us veterans with a generous monetary gift from our treasury at the Business Meeting.

I have enjoyed my many years in the 453rd Bomb Group Association, but time has taken its toll on us veterans. We are running out of officers and our numbers are decreasing rapidly due to old age and health problems. Therefore, it's time to fold and fly off into the sunset. Adieu! ■



WENDLING 392nd

BY OAK MACKEY

The first mission on D-Day was Mission #100 for the 392nd BG. The target was the St. Laurent Sur-Mer/ Colleville Sur-Mer area on the Normandy coast. 36 air crews were briefed for this mission, weather not good, sky overcast in the target area, bombing would be by PFF. Take-offs began at 0240 hours, the 36 B-24s in six squadrons of six airplanes each. 942 100 lb. bombs were dropped, results not observed because of the overcast. All crews returned to base at 0900 hours without having seen the great Allied landing force below.

The target for the second mission was Forest De Cerisy, located 12 miles south of the first mission's target area. Twelve crews were briefed and take-off was at 0600 hours. Again bombing was through the overcast by PFF, results not observed.

Target #3 on D-Day was the town of Vire, located 45 miles inland from the coast. At 1640 hours 22 crews took off into poor weather in the assembly area above. Three B-24s from the 392nd BG could not find the Group formation and joined other groups. Nineteen B-24s dropped 217 500 lb. bombs in the target area by PFF and returned to base in a heavy rain at 2100 hours.

The information above is from *The Liberators from Wendling*, a history of the 392nd BG written by Robert E. Vickers. Most, if not all, bomb groups of the Second Air Division flew three missions on D-Day, an all-out effort to support the troops landing on the beaches below. A day we must remember, a day we shall not forget.

Not much to write about on this day late in May. The 392nd BG Memorial Association will have their annual meeting at the Second Air Division Association Convention in Chicago, September 6, 7, & 8.

Our superb electronic technicians from the 392nd BG continue to improve and enlarge our excellent website which anyone can enjoy. Just go to www.b24.net. ■

458th BOMB GROUP

HORSHAM ST. FAITH



BY RICK ROKICKI

I received a letter from Bob Schauseil regarding the new book *Liberators Over Norwich*. He went through the process of ordering the book as I suggested, on the Internet through Amazon, Barnes & Noble, etc. He said Amazon recognized the title and advised they would send it through the “BookDepository.Co.UK.” However the price now was \$88.55 which included a shipping charge of \$18.56, which Bob agreed to pay. He received the book in ten days from the UK.

I called Schiffer Publishing and spoke to the only person with whom I had conversed previously, Ian Robertson, who I believe is the editor-in-chief. After expressing my feelings on the UK shipping cost, he said he would get back to me with an alternative shipping method. The next day he called with the most obvious and simple advice — order the book from their warehouse!

Orders Department

Schiffer Publishing Ltd.

4880 Lower Valley Road

Atglen, PA 19310

Tel. 610-593-1777

Fax 610-593-2002

Email: info@schifferbooks.com

Website: www.schifferbooks.com

Shipping cost is \$5.00 for 1 or 2 copies, and \$2.00 for 3 or more copies. Sure beats \$18.56.

Why did I not think of this in my original suggestion? I didn't have the above information at the time (which is now on page 4 of the book itself).

CORRESPONDENCE

Had a call from “Sandy” Ortega of Downey, CA, who said he was planning to write an article for the *Journal*. Hope he can do it soon, since the future of the 2ADA may be decided at the September convention. Sandy gave me a 458th B-24 Liberator T-shirt at the San Diego reunion in 1978, and I still have it — thanks again.

Roger M. Brown of Newark, Ohio advised that after Bernie Newmark, copilot of the Schulze/Newmark crew, passed away, he's the last surviving crew member. Roger was their flight engineer.

And finally, I was sorry to learn of the death of Jim Dyke, 453rd Group VP, Chairman of the 453rd Bomb Group Association, and member of the 2ADA Executive Committee. Jim was 91 and a very active member. I looked forward to his advice and valued his friendship over the last 30 years. It was his legal mind that the 2ADA's eventual dissolution may be based on.

“BRINEY MARLIN” MYSTERY

I had a telephone call that started with “You don't know me, but my name is Bob Wilson and I flew a B-24 in the Pacific Theater. My grandson was on the Internet and came up with your name, telephone number, and “Briney Marlin.” The name of my B-24 was also “Briney Marlin,” and the nose art was a bathing beauty in a white bathing suit over a red heart. I could never figure out the name — would that be “Salty Fish”? Where did that name come from and do you know the origin?” Further info from him was that he and his crew picked up the aircraft in California and the nose art was already on it.



I told him that this aircraft was flown to England by way of Newfoundland by an aircrew of the 445th Bomb Group, then transferred to the 458th BG. I knew that the flight engineer was Edward Kennedy (no, not the politician), and again, same story, the nose art was on the aircraft at pick-up time. One would think the artist would be the same person. I had no idea what it meant, although I learned that it was an Australian saying of personal endearment such as “Dearest Darling.” When my son, whose hobby is scuba diving, went to Australia's Great Barrier Reef, I asked him to find out if the term meant something near what I had been told. He confirmed my basic understanding, but much of the mystery remains. Certainly the artist had to be paid by someone for his work, or could it possibly be somebody at or near the factory or depot who freely contributed as part of his war effort/contribution to luck, since both aircraft survived the war in different combat zones. Now I'd really like to know — talk about coincidence? ■

THE 448TH SPEAKS (continued from page 15)

huge bomber was in trouble when it flew in, low over the city, on November 24, 1944, narrowly missing St. John's Cathedral — a landmark for American planes.

People, children at the time, said the noise was deafening. The Lady Jane was almost on its side as pilot Dooley, aged just 20, fought the controls, searching for waste ground. The plane then clipped the top of the old St. Philips Church. The pilot brought it down on one of the few areas without houses — the corporation yard — and it exploded in a ball of fire. The crew didn't stand a chance.

The boys in the Lady Jane, all in their early 20s, will never be forgotten. ■

The axiom attributed to George Eliot in *Silas Marner*, “Nothing turns out to be as good as you expect it to be,” has been a challenger. My experience as a passenger on a World War II vintage B-24 bomber denies that premise.

On July 25, 2011, I had the most meaningful adventure I’ve had in a very long time: a 40-minute ride from the Chicago Executive Airport in Wheeling, IL to Porter County Airport in Valparaiso, IN, on the same make and model airplane that my husband, Frank Hofmeister (445th BG), flew during World War II — the four-engine workhorse of the 8th Air Force, a B-24 bomber. It was awesome!

My daughter, Donna Poellet, and I drove to Valparaiso where we were met by Phil Griffith, an active member of the Collings Foundation which keeps the B-24 and a B-17 flying. He drove us to the airport in Wheeling. The airplane, appropriately named “Witchcraft,” was already there, waiting for the passengers for its next flight. We were able to visit with the pilot, who is a retired Air Force pilot and whose full time job is flying this B-24 all around the United States for demonstrations. There were other Collings Foundation people working on the airplane, refueling, checking systems, and polishing the exterior. When it came time to take off, it was the pilot’s responsibility to double-check everything. He even loaded extra seats aboard, as there were 13 people scheduled to make the trip, including the pilot, co-pilot, and two attendants acting as engineers and hosts.

The pilot and I became acquainted well enough that he recognized what this trip meant to me. He insisted that I be seated right behind the cockpit. There was another couple there who would have liked that seat. Her father was a gunner on this very airplane, “Witchcraft.” They had very good seats also, where the radio operator sat when on a mission.

Being seated where I was, I could watch the pilot’s every move. For some reason the tears flowed all the while, but I wasn’t sad, I was exhilarated. They were tears of emotion. I envisioned that this was my husband Frank flying, and understood how he wore his wedding band through in six months! I was with him in Liberal, Kansas, where he first started flying the heavy bombers. In Kansas you can experience rain, snow, sunshine, and dust storms all in one day. One day I came home from shopping to find Frank lying on the back porch of our apartment, sound

An Experience Never to Be Forgotten

BY JOAN HOFMEISTER

asleep and literally covered with sand. He was that tired.

One moment of deep concern was when we were starting the engines and braking in order to gain power and momentum for takeoff. You seem to strain, physically, as at that moment in the course of procedure during the war, the air crew on board never knew whether or not they were coming back. There was always a greater chance that they would not, according to the records that kept track of losses.

Frank’s crew arrived in England at Titchfield Air Base just two days after the Kassel raid during which the USAAF lost 30 airplanes due to a misdirection. They flew over an area that they should not have. Needless to say, the airbase was in mourning and looking for replacements. Very shortly after they arrived, Frank’s crew flew their first mission over Germany. Altogether they flew 24 missions before the war ended in Europe. His crew lost only one member, and that was a young man who wanted to accumulate his required 25 missions so he could go home. He flew with another crew on one extra mission, and that plane was shot down. Frank’s crew experienced heavy flak damage, but never to the point of incapacitating the airplane. His very last mission was bringing his crew and a planeload of GIs home to the United States. Thank God!

On our trip, we flew over Lake Michigan for a ways. I looked down and said, “We are now over the English Channel,” and as we approached the shoreline, “We are approaching France,” and after flying a pace, seeing what looked like German railroad yards down below, directed “BOMBS AWAY!”

The “Witchcraft” pilot made a perfect landing in Valparaiso, followed by the B-17, also carrying passengers. That is a lot of weight to set down like a feather. My expectations were fulfilled and then some. It was better than I anticipated. My grand-

daughter, Trista Hudson, made all the arrangements for me to have the flight. She and her 7-year-old son, Brady, were also passengers. It was interesting to see the reaction of a youngster who is used to the latest and best of everything, as he reviewed the history of the B-24, the structure, the various positions of the crew members, the narrow catwalk, etc. The catwalk through the middle of the airplane, where crew members got from one station to another and the only means of getting to the cockpit, nose gunners, navigator, etc., is only about a foot wide. One time, Frank’s radio operator, John Mann, passed out for lack of oxygen near the open bomb bay doors. Frank and his engineer, Richard McCarthy, dragged John back along the catwalk and strapped on his oxygen mask to revive him. Then Rich managed to re-engage the mechanism so the bomb bay doors would close. Propaganda leaflets had gotten stuck in the bomb bay. (Frank and I hosted two crew reunions where I heard all of this; I hope it is accurate.)

The Collings Foundation is the result of one man’s interest in restoring WWII airplanes, investing his personal fortune in the operation. Many people signed on as members of the Foundation, but several have been large contributors as must be expected to maintain the flying capability of 60-70 year old airplanes. Many B-24s were manufactured at Willow Run, Michigan. Parts are not being made any more, obviously. They have to be found or tooled.

I am so grateful for the opportunity to fly in a B-24, in memory of my late husband, but also in memory of all his crew and the thousands of others who all went through the same experiences. I thank Bob Collings of the Collings Foundation, pilot Fred and co-pilot Jason, and my dear granddaughter for such a great opportunity and experience. I relive it often, along with other memories it brings to mind.

✈ ✈ ✈ ✈



Franklin Otto Hofmeister served with the 445th Bomb Group during World War II. After the war, Frank re-enlisted in the Air Force Reserves and flew thousands of

hours in every conflict that America was involved in until 1982 when he retired at the specified age of 60. He passed away in September 2010. ■

RETURN TRIP THROUGH HELL: A Lucky Liberator Crew Survives a Head-On Attack

BY RICHARD H. SMART (44TH)

On May 29, 1944, we were flying a 506th Squadron B-24 as part of the 8th Air Force, 44th Bomb Group, out of England. Our target was Politz, Germany, the site of the synthetic oil refineries. The inbound trip on our fifth mission was uneventful, but the outbound trip was anything but routine.

We carried ten 500-pound bombs on our B-24 bomber (10-man crew). After five hours of flying time, we dropped our bombs amid heavy flak from 21,000 feet. Immediately following bombs away, we were attacked, out of the sun, by a formation of elite German Bf 109s. From our windows, we could see the fighters growing larger. Their yellow nose insignias were as plain as day, with their wing guns blinking and puffs of cannon smoke coming from their propeller spinners as they fired directly at us. We heard and felt some of their shots hitting our ship. Our gunners fired back as the fighters dived through the formation.

Our top turret gunner, Sgt. Branson, got two of the attackers. We all knew that we had sustained severe damage, as our plane began to lose altitude. Our pilot, Lt. Menzel, did his best to maintain flying speed, while we quickly assessed our damage. The number two engine was hit by cannon fire and feathered. All propeller controls were damaged, so we couldn't increase RPM or power output. The hydraulics were shot out, which made all the gun turrets inoperable. Shrapnel had ripped up through the navigator's table, wounding Lt. Bennett and severely cutting his face. Amazingly, his were the only visible injuries suffered during the attack. If the Luftwaffe had known of our damage, it could have returned to finish us off with little difficulty.

Owing to our mechanical damage, we were unable to maintain our speed, altitude, and position in the formation. Alone, we headed out over the Baltic Sea at approximately 5,000 feet. We opened the bomb bay doors and balanced ourselves on the catwalk; in an effort to maintain a diminishing altitude, we jettisoned guns and ammunition. At one point, we threatened to toss out Sgt. Branson; he was not only our heaviest crew member, but also, we were sure, the heaviest gunner in the entire Army Air Forces. With the steady



loss of altitude and airspeed, we faced certain death if we landed in the frigid North Sea. We were left with few choices for survival. Should we head for Sweden and certain internment, or attempt to return to our home base in England, flying some 600 miles over enemy-controlled Denmark and the North Sea, where there was a possibility of ditching? We decided to take our chances and press on to England.

At last, we reached England and our Shipdham air base. Still ahead of us was getting safely on the ground with only one pass as there was no possibility of a go-around. With little or no fuel, 100 octane gas fumes permeated our ship. Our shot-out hydraulics left us without any brakes, flaps or nose gear and only the right main gear. During landing, our nose settled on the runway; all switches were off. The plane's underside disintegrated in a shower of sparks and debris. All we could do was ride it out. We veered off the paved runway and came to rest on grass. Someone yelled, "Let's get out of here before she blows!" Fortunately, the gas fumes did not cause the ship to blow up, and all ten crew members safely touched the ground.

Our ship was eventually flown to a repair depot, where it was restructured by chaining a telephone pole in the bomb bay. It was returned to service and appropriately renamed "The Flying Log."

Our near miss with death left us all with a renewed sense of appreciation for our fortunate mishap. The toils of war

were not so kind to the next 10-man crew assigned to the plane. In August 1944, another crew with a full load of bombs took off in the revamped plane and crashed on takeoff. All ten men were killed. Sadly for them, "The Flying Log" was their flying coffin. ■

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

(continued from page 6)

memorials of the 2ADA once that organization is gone.

During conversations with "my" veterans, I have heard several lament that their children don't care about their experiences during the war. My answer is always the same. "You are a hero." Taking a cue from my younger self, I continue, "Even if your children seem uninterested, to your grandchildren you are their hero. Tell your story. Show them your pictures. If you can't write your story, record it. You are special and your story is something that will be cherished into the future. Through your grandchildren, your children will come to know and love your story also." Time is short. "My" veterans are leaving too quickly. I am so thankful that Dad and Mom invited me to accompany them to Norwich twenty-five years ago. My life would not have been the same. I am one of the luckiest kids in the whole USA. Thanks, Mom and Dad. Thanks for the memories. ■

“WHAT WE FLEW AND FOUGHT FOR”

OFFICIAL 8TH AIR FORCE BOMB STRIKE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BOMBING RAIDS ON GERMANY
SUBMITTED BY ARTHUR OLSON (392ND)



April 14, 1945, Fort De Royan, France. Target: Nazi garrison which had been holding out in the Royan area.



April 16, 1945. Landshut (near Munich) railroad marshalling yards near eastern Bavaria.



April 8, 1945. Bayreuth ordnance plant, northeast of Nuremberg, Germany.



October 5, 1944, Lippstadt Airfield.

25 Years of Keeping the Memories Alive at Seething

BY PATRICIA EVERSON • THE 448TH BOMB GROUP COLLECTION

Seething Airfield was home to the 448th Bombardment Group (H) from 1943 to 1945. The first Americans to arrive at Seething in September 1943 were the 58th Station Complement Squadron, who joined a small group of British RAF servicemen in preparing the base for the arrival of the 448th Bomb Group and their B-24 Liberator bombers in November 1943.

This made a really tremendous impact in the local area as 3,000 young Americans became our neighbours. The airfield was built on ground from four small villages in a rural area of Norfolk. There were parties on the base for local children, and dances for the young ladies, and airmen riding their bicycles to the local pubs and visiting Norwich. They became a familiar sight, and then we had the sights and sounds of the B-24s leaving on a mission and waiting for them to come home.

With aircraft crashing or coming back damaged, the airfield getting attacked by enemy fighters, and bombs landing close by, it was a traumatic time; and during that time the 448th flew 262 missions with 499 men killed or missing in action between November 1943 and June 1945 when they left Seething for good.

The airfield was then used to store bombs and ammunition, and it was not until the late 1950s that the land was released back to the landowners. In 1960 a local flying group was formed, and they leased part of the runways and perimeter track that included the old WWII Control Tower. They had to clear bushes, etc. before they could fly their light aircraft. It was in 1963 that the Waveney Flying Group eventually bought the site.



The memorial stone at Seething

It was during this reunion that on seeing the derelict Control Tower a remark was made that it would be nice to see the building as it was during the war. The end result was that in 1985 WFG Chairman Bob Marjoram gave permission to start the restoration, and the 448th Bomb Group sent over donations. A small team consisting of WFG members and volunteers, Ralph Whitehead, Mike Page and Judy Speed, started the work on the Tower with Min Whitehead from WFG liaising with Leroy Engdahl of the 448th. They were joined later by Ron Everson and Jim Turner from Seething village.



The photo above shows the area now used. The Control Tower is the small building slightly to the left near the trees. Through the years the Waveney Flying Group held several very popular air displays on site, and in 1983 they were approached by members of the 448th Bomb Group Association regarding the possibility of placing a memorial stone on the airfield. The 448th BGA also contacted the village of Seething asking permission to place another memorial stone in the village churchyard.

In June 1984 a group of 448th veterans with their families and friends came over for the dedications on their old WWII base and in the village. The airfield memorial stone is shown at the top of this page.



The first job was to replace the roof that was leaking. Also, someone had removed the original windows and the rails from the balcony and roof and the outside stairs. Internal walls were missing and there were no doors or frames. It was a daunting prospect ahead.

Sadly, Min Whitehead died before the task was completed. With no water on site, pipes were needed to bring it to the Tower, and no electricity meant a generator to provide power was another requirement. Toilets and a kitchen were built, and the first of many improvements through the years were completed in time for the return of the 448th veterans and their families in May 1987 for the dedication and reopening of Seething WWII Control Tower.



L to R: Pat Everson (448th Bomb Group Collection), Ron Everson, Jim Turner, Judy Speed, WFG Chairman Bob Marjoram, Mike Page, Ralph Whitehead, Lt. Col. Leroy Engdahl from the 448th Bomb Group Association, and a USAF Chaplain from RAF Bentwaters.



448th Bomb Group veterans watching the tape cutting to allow their first steps into the old Control Tower, a very moving occasion for all concerned.

Seething WWII Control Tower celebrates its 25th anniversary in 2012. Through the years there have been numerous improvements and additional displays of 448th memorabilia, plus the 448th Bomb Group Collection of photographs and albums of veterans' stories and wartime diaries. An important addition is a Nissen building housing many more displays.

Through the years there have been changes of those involved through deaths and other reasons, but some of the original people are still involved. The small "Tower team" now led by Chairman Tony Jeckells maintains everything to a very high standard, and some veterans have remarked that it looks better than it did during WWII.

Station 146 Tower Association was formed in September 1987, and we still send out newsletters to our members. We need new members to help us maintain this memorial to all those 448th men and their support units based here. To find out more and download a membership form, go to www.seethingtower.org.

We have been lucky to have had several 448th reunions here at Seething, the first in 1984 to dedicate the memorial, then in 1987 to dedicate the restored Control Tower, and others followed in 1990, 1992, and two in 1995. 1998 was the last big official reunion, but in 2001 a small group came over for the dedication and official opening of the new Second Air Division Memorial Library. And of course we have had many 448th veterans and

their families come on private visits. These have always been special. It is now mainly their relatives, as sadly the years have been taking their toll on the veterans.

Tour groups from America and other various interested groups also come to visit. Last year a different Bomb Group came and they were very impressed; a veteran remarked as he was leaving, "As the coach drew up, I thought 'whatever can we do here for two hours,' but now I wish I had another two hours."



A few faces that you might recognise from the Second Air Division, visiting the Control Tower during a planning trip for a 2ADA convention over here.

Even if you or your relative was not based here, through the photographs and stories you can get a flavour of what life was like back in WWII for those Americans far from home. You can read their experiences on the missions, and see the impact they had on the local area with the children's parties, the dances on the base, and the weddings when you visit the only WWII Control Tower in the Second Air Division that is open to the public.

We open the Tower on the first Sunday in the months from May to October, but we will try to fit you in if you cannot make it on those days. We will never forget those who were based here, and will always do our best to ensure that others remember and keep the memories alive. ■



Seething WWII Control Tower in 2012

Patricia Everson of the 448th Bomb Group Collection can be reached via e-mail at p.everson448@btinternet.com.

Shedding New Light After 68 Years

PART ONE OF TWO • BY CAROL E. HOLLIDAY

Several years ago I was approached by an acquaintance from Shipdham, England asking if I could help him find out any information about his grandfather whom he'd never known. His grandfather was American, had enlisted from Trenton, NJ and was a 445th BG airman. Obliging and feeling the need to help, I thought to myself, "How difficult a task could it be?" I had never done a focused study on anyone in particular before, and so a precursory search began. All we knew was his name was T/Sgt. Joseph A. Rosati of the 701st Squadron, 445th BG out of Tibenham. He had been KIA. With a dismal start, the initial Internet results came up with nothing. I gave it up completely for a couple of years. To sum up what this article is about, it is a story of one 445th crew member of 10 men who were coming back from a mission to Ludwigshafen, Germany on 7 January 1944. Their B-24 crashed into Mendlesham, Suffolk County. It also is intended to show the processes and potential successes I'm encountering in discovering who Mr. Rosati was and where he ended up. After all, Jamie Rosati, the grandson of our veteran, wants to know where his grandfather is buried today.

As we all know, the Internet is providing us with accessible information and WWII history is being continually discovered. The caveat here is, there are plenty of erroneous accounts which have fed into this story also. Recently, in rethinking how I would go about searching, I was enlightened by the fact that the recent e-cataloging of the many storage boxes which were housed at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library in Norwich (a six-month project) is completed for the most part. Other helpful sources are people like Mike and Deb Simpson, Group Historians for the 445th BG who've dedicated their precious time in helping me locate David G. Patterson's mission history. In truth, it's due to people helping people who make a story like this come to life!

Now, as far as Mr. Rosati is concerned, the information Jamie has requested is available but we don't have all of it yet. However, the past four months have revealed some much needed clues from dedicated providers at fold3.com. In March 2012, I again received a request from Jamie about his grandfather. I started searching again and unbelievably, I came across some



Cambridge Cemetery, 1944. T/Sgt. Joseph A. Rosati's gravesite is shown second row to the right.

pictures taken at the Cambridge Cemetery, 1944. They were random pictures posted on Fold3.com; original slides taken of the many temporary burials where American servicemen's remains were first placed before being un-interred and repatriated back to the U.S. after the war.

There it was, a picture of T/Sgt. Joseph A. Rosati's gravesite, along with the other crew members KIA in that horrific crash. There are many accounts of this one particular mission. Some are true, and some aren't. One thing led to another and I was able to email Martha Sell at Cambridge to ask her why they weren't listed in the ABMC online database. Her response was nearly immediate. All the veterans KIA in this crash had been returned to the U.S. She, in turn, led me to a Ft. Knox email which led me then to several caring and knowledgeable persons who also returned personal emails on where to send letters and how to get in touch with the exact people who could extract these decades-old records.

To be continued in the next Journal. ■

THE MOVIE "RED TAILS"

Does this recent George Lucas film revise history a bit too much? Maybe!

This film about the Tuskegee airmen was released in January, and its many exaggerations of exploits by the famous group of black airmen has exasperated at least one former fighter pilot.

Author, editor and historian Robert H. "Punchy" Powell was a WWII pilot with the 352nd Fighter Group. Powell knows his business and is described as "dedicated to factual reporting about the air war in Europe and aviation in general." Based in Belgium for more than two years, he flew 87 missions over Europe and piloted one of the fighter planes that protected the bombers over the Normandy beaches on D-Day.

Powell recently sat down in his Georgia home with writer Pat Shannan, a contributing editor of the *American Free Press*, to set the record straight in hopes that movie-goers could separate the truth from some of the ongoing myths. He points out that the oldest myth is the 65-year-old claim that the Tuskegee airmen "never lost a bomber to an enemy fighter when they were

escorting a mission." Last year the Tuskegee airmen's own historian, William E. Holten, announced that his research proved that this was not true. The facts show that they lost some 25 bombers to enemy fighters. Other accounts differ in number.

The claim that the Tuskegee pilots flew 15,000 missions is the result of the wrong use of words. Their records show that they flew 311 missions. The so-called 15,000 "missions" were actually 15,000 "sorties," and Powell goes on to explain the difference. A combat mission is an assigned flight to accomplish a military objective. This can be flown by just one pilot or a group of pilots flying together. Missions and sorties are completely different. When 64 pilots fly together on an assigned mission, it is recorded as 64 sorties. So by multiplying 311 missions by the number of members in the 332nd Squadron, one can understand how someone, either through ignorance or fraud, arrived at the 15,000 figure.

(continued on page 28)

The 2nd Air Division Archive at the Norfolk Record Office

BY LIBBY MORGAN, TRUST LIBRARIAN

The 2nd Air Division (USAAF) Archive includes personal papers of 2nd Air Division servicemen based in their “home away from home” in Norfolk and East Anglia during the Second World War, plus documents relating to how local people have remembered them, both during the war and since. It contains many poignant diaries, letters, photographs, memoirs and audio recordings and is a memorial to the nearly 7,000 young Americans in the 2nd Air Division, United States Army Air Force, who lost their lives flying on missions from airbases in East Anglia.

As reported in the Spring 2012 issue of the *Journal*, a new online catalogue of records in the archive was officially launched in November 2011 at the Norfolk Record Office. Known as **The Evelyn Cohen and Jordan Uttal Memorial Catalogue**, the published catalogue (main reference MC 371) is now available via <http://www.archives.gov.uk>.

During the course of the cataloguing project, several new donations of records received from veterans were added to the archive, which continues to grow steadily and be shaped by such donations. With the 2nd Air Division Association considering dissolution, this seems a timely opportunity to remind you of the types of records you might have which could be suitable for inclusion in the archive.

We are particularly interested in collecting original records from people connected with the wartime activities of the 2nd Air Division USAAF in the European Theatre of the Second World War, 1942-1945. Records of the official activities of the 2nd Air Division Association and Memorial Trust may also be suitable for the archive.

Some of types of records in which we are especially interested include:

- Correspondence
- Diaries and memoirs
- Official reports
- Photographs
- Audio recordings (such as reminiscences)

If you have served on the Board of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, or the administration of the 2nd Air Division Association, you may also have your official correspondence and papers.

The following will not usually be accepted for the archive, but may be added to either the print collections of the Memorial Library or to their memorabilia collections:

- Published and printed materials
- Three-dimensional materials, such as ephemera or artefacts

As far as possible, we prefer to receive original records, rather than copies, as this enhances the overall strength of the archive. It is extremely helpful if you are able to identify any photographs which you send and provide as much information as you can about the background and context of the records. Currently, the Record Office prefers to receive paper copies of records, but if you have records in an alternative format, Library and Record Office staff can discuss options for depositing these records.

If you have records which you are considering donating, please contact Libby Morgan or Jenny Christian at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, The Forum, Norwich, Norfolk, England, NR2 1AW, telephone +44 (0)1603 774747 or e-mail 2admemo.lib@norfolk.gov.uk. ■

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2nd Air Division Memorial Norfolk and Norwich Millennium
"Over Here" American Memorial

The Memorial Library Facebook Page, www.facebook.com/2ndair, is created and updated by the Memorial Library's UEA American Scholars. Have you “liked” us yet?



UEA American Scholars' Report 2011–2012



KATE ANDERSON



ELIZABETH RAWITSCH

Each year the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust awards two scholarships to American post-graduate students studying at the University of East Anglia in Norwich, to provide an "American presence" in the Memorial Library. Elizabeth and Kate look back on their year in the Memorial Library...

This year has flown by! Actually, time seems to be flying in general. Has it really been ten years since the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library moved into the Forum? As our year serving as your UEA American Scholars comes to a close, we are incredibly proud—and a little amazed—at everything that we have done since September.

Our day-to-day life here at the Memorial Library continues to be full of surprises. We have fielded a diverse range of enquiries, from identifying airplane crashes in both Norfolk and Germany during World War II to finding travel information about Oklahoma to identifying whether or not James Stewart was the lanky young officer in a photograph of wartime Norwich. (Disappointingly, we suspect he was not.) We have also had the opportunity to highlight the diversity of our stock through a series of rotating book displays—ranging from American transportation to visual culture—but we particularly enjoyed putting together our Halloween display. Eighth Air Force jack-o-lanterns look pretty great when you put battery-powered candles inside them!

We have, of course, been working on a few ongoing projects as well. Elizabeth has continued to inspect the Memorial Library's video collection: assessing the quality of new acquisitions, identifying DVDs that can replace what we hold on VHS, and obtain-

ing figures for what it would cost to transfer the remaining VHS stock to DVD. She has also ordered several new books to bring our film and television book stock up to date. Kate has updated the Library's American travel guides collection, ensuring that patrons have access to the latest information, and has compiled an American Fiction book collection that will circulate throughout Norfolk this summer. She continues to oversee a number of initiatives involving Bomb Group honour rolls, North America/Norfolk genealogy, and Library collection development.

The Reading Across the Pond book group had a busy fourth year. (Four years already! Wow!) The founding members all continue to attend on a regular basis, but finally we were able to add a couple of new members from the lengthy waiting list. We also opened one of our meetings to the public during Banned Books Week, when we discussed the censorship of Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* with B. J. Epstein from the University of East Anglia. This year the books that we read included a bit of nonfiction (*The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* by Rebecca Skloot), some short stories (Edgar Allan Poe), and our first detective fiction (*The Big Sleep* by Raymond Chandler). There are some fun titles planned for the coming year!

The launch of our Lecture Series on American Life and Culture went better than expected. We welcomed four speakers from the University of East Anglia for our season on politics, race, and gender: Dr. Lee Marsden, who spoke about race in contemporary American politics; Dr. Rebecca Frasier, who spoke about Sarah Hicks Williams and the process of writing biography; Prof. Yvonne Tasker, who spoke about the depiction of military women in Hollywood during World War II; and Dr. Olly Gruner, who spoke about protest and American folk music. Dr. Gruner brought along his guitar and drew a packed house! We extend our thanks to everyone on the waiting list who patiently queued outside the door and to all of our wonderful speakers.

We also ran a number of events for children over the course of the year. Kate helped run the nose art painting event at the Norfolk Record Office. We re-ran previous activities on tall tales and the Wild West for a group of homeschooled children. Kate also developed and ran two new children's events—on Pocahontas and Lincoln—in connection with the Norfolk's American Connections project. The Pocahontas event was filled beyond capacity: Norfolk children positively jumped at the chance to craft their own Native American dream-catchers.



CATCHING DREAMS WITH POCAHONTAS: After listening to a story about the life of Pocahontas, and discovering her connection to Norfolk, children created their own Native American dream catchers.



CHILDREN'S NOSE ART: Inspired by photographs of aircraft from the 2nd Air Division Archive, children painted their own nose art designs.

In April, Elizabeth participated in the American Memories Coffee Morning, sharing some of her grandfather's memories of the Eighth Air Force in East Anglia during World War II. She particularly enjoyed hearing one local man's story about how, as a young boy, he stole bicycles from the resident GIs while they were in the pub and then sold the bikes back to the same men...over and over again. One of our guests announced that the day of reminiscence made him feel young again. There is no higher praise.

2nd Air Division Memorial Library
Norfolk and Norwich Millennium Library

"Over Here"
American Memories Morning





Thursday 19th April
at 10.30am

Do you remember Norfolk in the Second World War?

Come and share your memories and see photographs from the 2nd Air Division Memorial Archive.

Join us for free tea, coffee, biscuits and memories!

Contact the Memorial Library to book your free place.
Tel. 01603 774747 or email 2admemoial.lib@norfolk.gov.uk





We are also planning a number of events for next year. There will be another season of our Lecture Series in November, and the theme will be Norfolk's American Connections (in association with Norfolk County Council's Heritage Lottery funded project). The four talks will once again welcome speakers from the University of East Anglia, but we will also have a couple of speakers from a bit further afield. There are no guitars this time, but we are sure there will be something for everyone!

Elizabeth is also assisting with preparations for South Norfolk Council's Across the Pond Film Festival (also in association with the Norfolk's American Connections project), helping to arrange introductions to each of the movies by students and faculty at the University of East Anglia. The films will highlight the long history of connections between Norfolk and America, and the 2nd Air Division's friend James Stewart is likely to feature heavily on the programme.

We both did quite a bit of travelling this year. Elizabeth attended an open day at Seething in September and got to see her first Mustang in flight. In December, we both walked the Wymondham College Heritage Trail to learn about the military hospital that was based there during World War II. Kate accompanied a group of Trust Governors to the annual memorial service in the American Chapel at St. Paul's Cathedral in London—it was a beautiful and impressive evening. On May 28, Kate was honoured to accompany Trust Governor Mike Longe to the American Cemetery at Madingley for Memorial Day services.

In March, Elizabeth travelled to Manchester with last year's UEA American Scholar Beth Southard to attend a workshop sponsored by the Higher Education Academy on "Teaching with Images and Material Culture: Innovations and Best Practice to Improve Student Learning in the Teaching of North American History." We were invited to speak specifically about the Memorial Library's "Beyond Cowboys and Indians" lecture that we ran in June 2011 and how we used visual images to enhance public history engagement. We are thrilled that the work that the Memorial Library does has been recognized by other teachers of North American history!

We continue to promote the Memorial Library's commitment to remember the past and inspire the future through our social media efforts, which are still going strong. We have nearly 100 people who "like" us on Facebook (*see photo on page 25*), and our blog now receives an average of 25 views per day—which is a significant increase from this time last year when it was only receiving an average of five views per day. We still get excited every time someone "likes" or comments on something that we've posted. It has been a fabulous way to stay in touch with the Memorial Library's friends both near and far.

So thank you for the amazing opportunities that this year has brought. On top of everything that she was doing here at the Memorial Library, Elizabeth also managed to complete her PhD thesis on Frank Capra and the Far East, and she is now awaiting her viva. She doesn't know what the future will bring (or what continent she'll be on after October), and she is sad to be leaving the Memorial Library after two wonderful years, but she'll continue to follow what it is up to through both the blog and the Facebook page. Kate is thrilled to be staying on for a second year at the Memorial Library and looks forward to welcoming the new UEA American Scholar Chad Ryan, who is working toward his PhD in philosophy.

Thank you for making us a part of the 2nd Air Division family—and for keeping both of us a part of it for two years running! We have learned so much and thoroughly enjoyed this wonderful opportunity and experience. It has been a gratifying source of pride for both of us to play an active role in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust's legacy. ■

Not All Our Wars Were Big – For Example, The Bloody Pig War!

BY RAY PYTEL (445TH) • REPRINTED FROM THE 2ADA JOURNAL, SUMMER 2000

The U.S. troops started landing. First, a company of the Ninth U.S. Infantry, commanded by a young officer named George E. Pickett showed up to assert America's manifest destiny on the beaches. A few days later, three Royal Navy warships arrived, ready to defend the rights and immunities of all British subjects and their possessions.

Peaceable though it now seems, a tiny island was quickly becoming the staging ground for a military contest between two mighty nations. Both the United States and Great Britain claimed the island as their own, and were ready to defend that right to the death. The "death" came soon enough in the form of a pig — which later became known in U.S. history as the "Pig War" that began on June 15, 1859.

If you have never heard of the Pig War, there is no need to feel inadequate. All it means is that you probably do not live within zip code 98250, the postal address of Washington State's San Juan's Island, a small tourism, farming, and whale-watching community just east of Victoria, B.C.

The pig's moment in history's limelight was a brief one. We know nothing of its biography prior to that fateful June morning, when it tunneled under a fence into a potato patch, began rooting up and eating the tender young tubers, and very shortly thereafter was shot dead by the man who had planted them. The pig, a large black boar, belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company (which had set up a farm on the island), and was therefore British. The pig-killing farmer had recently arrived from Kentucky, and was therefore American. This added up to an international incident when both the farmer and the Hudson's Bay Company started complaining to their respective governments, which drew new attention to the fact that each government, due to certain geographic irregularities, considered itself rightful proprietor of the island.

A military standoff occurred with threats and name-calling by both sides, until level-headed officials assessed the situation and agreed to a joint military occupation until the two governments could figure out which of them was the island's rightful proprietor. So the American troops hunkered down on the south shore of San Juan, and a small detachment of red-coated marines set up camp sixteen miles away, on the north shore.

Before long, the two garrisons more or less threw down their rifles and settled into a friendly round of picnics, track-and-field matches, and potluck dinners. This is how they whiled away the next thirteen years. The U.S. government was preoccupied with the rather more urgent matter of civil war; the British Empire, too, had other fish to fry. It was not until 1872 that the contenders got around to settling the San Juan question.

Then one day word arrived that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany — who had for some reason been asked to arbitrate — had decreed that San Juan was American soil. The British lowered the

It was not a particularly bloody conflict, but for the unfortunate pig, the war had meant a brief, glorious sortie across enemy lines, a daring raid, a flash of light, and then a kind of immortality.

Union Jack and sailed away. A farmer named William Crook bought their campsite and planted fruit trees on the old parade ground, and turned the old barracks building into storage sheds. The U.S. Army left a couple of years later, and the Pig War was over.

It had not been a particularly bloody conflict, unless you were the Hudson's Bay Company's pig. For that unfortunate animal, the war had meant a brief, glorious sortie across enemy lines, a daring raid, a flash of light, and then a kind of immortality.

The Library of Congress has several books on the Pig War. One of them, *The Pig War And Other Experiences of William Peck, Soldier 1858-1862*, offered a look at the journal of an American participant in the great conflict. Unfortunately, it turned out to consist largely of entries such as "Camp Pickett, November 18th. Weather as usual, dull. Detachment doing nothing. These are really halcyon days of our soldiering, utterly idle."

Today a sign that says "Pig War Museum" greets you at the tiny island. Soon you are met by Emilia L. Bave, who for the last 40 years has been San Juan Island's self-appointed curator of Pig War history. The museum's vast room is lined with cases of shop-window dummies dressed in historical garb, enacting episodes from the island's war history. In another display case, George Pickett (of Gettysburg fame) wears what looks suspiciously like a Coast Guard uniform.

The exhibits grow stranger and stranger. One, which depicts a certain Charles McKay, an ex-miner who lived on San Juan during the Pig War, bears a placard that reads: "His granddaughter, Aurelia Gagner, remembered when he was eighty years old that his teeth were still strong enough to shell walnuts. How he loved to play chess!"

Finally, there is an entire wall devoted to the Crook family, who had farmed where the English camp once stood, until William's last superannuated children transferred the land to the National Park Service in the 1960s. There was James Crook, who "lost his eye from a flying knot while chopping wood;" his sister Mary, who was "a perky little woman and very religious;" and sister Rhoda, who "wore her shirt collar up to try to hide huge goiters." This last dummy is particularly upsetting in appearance. Rhoda's life-size likeness, the placard states proudly, "was created from wall spackle by Emilia L. Bave."

Goiters made of wall spackle aren't quite up there with the Iwo Jima Memorial. Yet we can't help but wonder whether she hadn't created a suitable monument for a war that was started by a pig. ■

THE MOVIE "RED TAILS" (continued from page 24)

To have flown that many missions during the time they were in combat would have required them to fly about 25 missions a day — more than one every hour, around the clock, with no sleep — for every day they were in combat. "This would have been impossible due to periodic inclement weather and the problem of keeping their aircraft flyable over that period of time,"

says Powell.

Powell also takes issue with the recently published obituary of Lt. Col. Charles Dryden, wherein it is stated that the Tuskegee fighter squadron is "the most successful fighter squadron in American history." "Not so," says Powell. "It was the most publicized in American history, thanks to a well-paid public relations staff in Washington." ■

HALESWORTH 489TH NOTES

BY CHARLIE FREUDENTHAL

Greetings from the south bank of the Potomac! Herewith are photos of the parts from some B-24 wreckage in Austria. I was going to attempt to write some brief copy to go with the photos, but then figured that the following letter said enough. I would like to know if there's any res-

ponse. The Collings Foundation had it for a few weeks but had no response.

Helen and I went to the funeral of Helen Plate this morning. She and Will had been married for a little over 70 years.

I'm making some headway with getting the 489th records but have a long way to go.

LETTER FROM AUSTRIA

Dear Col. Freudenthal,

I have learned from Mr. Theile (Hofheim, Germany) that you served with the 489th Bomb Group. Maybe you can help me find an answer to an open question:

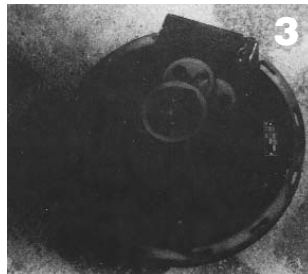
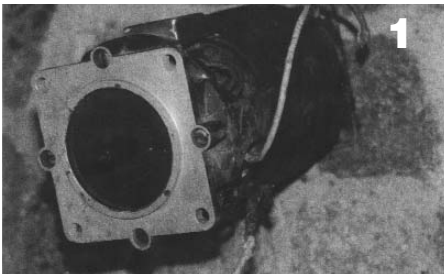
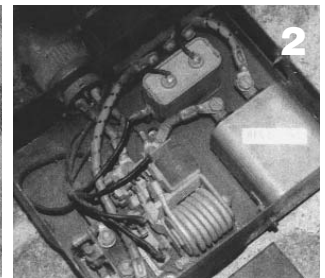
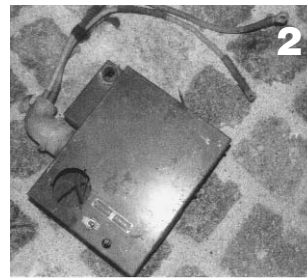
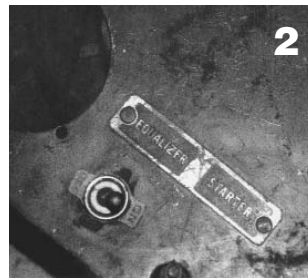
I am doing some research on B-24 bombers that fell into the hands of the Germans and their allies. For your information I include a list of all B-24s that were at some point in Axis service.

One of these planes is a B-24J-195-CO

(Serial # 44-41108, Name *Duchess*), which ended up in May 1945 at a small airport in Micheldorf (Upper Austria). In the few hours between the withdrawal of German troops and the arrival of U.S. 3rd Army troops, local inhabitants took away parts of the plane.

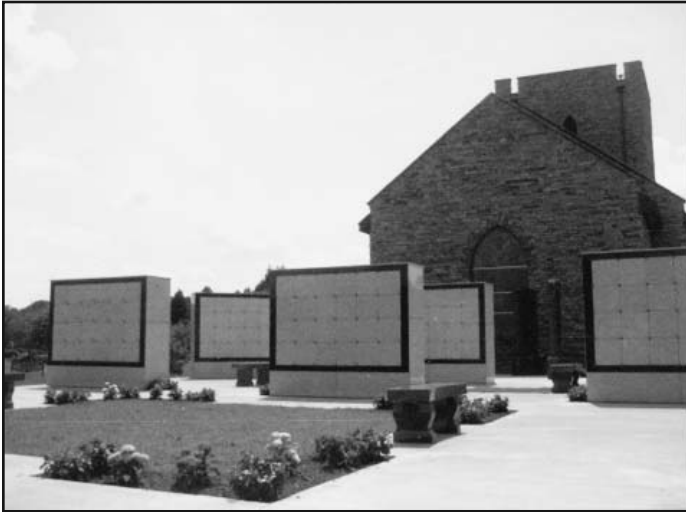
Enclosed you will find several pictures of parts I could locate. An enigma is the radio transmitter/receiver (labeled "3" below) and the small identification plate on it reads: TYPE CG 2 A // 56786 // 23180 HT D 360 // **Made in France**. How is it possible that a B-24 built in 1944 has this high tech equipment built in France?

I would appreciate any information. Please e-mail c.hartmann@aon.at or send regular mail to Christoph Hartmann, Am Berg 7, A-4560 Kirchdorf, Austria. ■



Type	US Serial / Name	Unit	MIA	Code	KG 200	Fate
Consolidated B-24D-I-CO	41-23659 Blond Bomber II	98th BG 343rd BS	20/02/1943 Pachino, I	I-RAIN	unlikely	Maybe destroyed by Allied bombers at Rechlin AB
Consolidated B-24D-5-CO	41-23782 Boiler Maker II	98th BG 415th BS	01/08/1943 Ploesti, Ro	none	no	Strafed by German fighters at Ghimbav AB, 26/08/1944
Consolidated B-24D-45-CO	42-40265 Honkey Tonk Gal	93rd BG 409th BS	01/08/1943 Ploesti, Ro	none	unlikely	Most likely never airworthy
Douglas-Tulsa B-24H-5-DT	41-28641 Cee Gee	453rd BG 732nd BS	04/02/1944 F or Eger, Cr	A3+KB	yes	Recovered by US troops at Salzburg AB, 05/1945
Ford B-24H-5-FO	42-52106 Sunshine	449th BG 719nd BS	29/03/1944 Venegono, I	A3+PB unknown	yes	Maybe strafed by Allied fighters at Halle AB, 1945
North American B-24G-5-NT	42-78106 Cherry II	459th BG 758th BS	09/06/1944 Gaissau, A	NF+LF	yes	Strafed by Allied fighters at Hildesheim AB, 1945
Douglas-Tulsa B-24H-15-DT	41-28779	389th BG 564th BS	20/06/1944 Stettin, Pol	KO+XA	yes	Destroyed by crew at Quedlinburg, 13/04/1945
Ford B-24H-15-DT	42-52627 Stolen Moments	453rd BG 735th BS	12/07/1944 Ensisheim, F	none	no	Strafed by Allied fighters at Ensisheim, 07/1944
North American B-24G-10-NT	42-78247	461st BG 765th BS	04/10/1944 Penzing, D	CL+XZ	unknown	Unknown
Ford B-24H-20-FO	42-94823 Sky Pirate	464th BG 776th BS	19/02/1945 Bjelovar, Cro	none	no	Strafed by Allied fighters at Bjelovar AB, 28/02/1945
Consolidated B-24J-195-CO	44-41108 Duchess	456th BG 747th BS	25/03/1945 Piestany, SR	unknown	yes	Recovered by US troops at Micheldorf AB, 05/1945

Garden of Folded Wings Columbarium at the Mighty 8th AF Museum



From Henry Skipper, President/CEO of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum in Savannah, Georgia:

Dear friends, I would like to make you aware of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum's Garden of Folded Wings Columbarium. The magnificent Columbarium is located behind the Museum Chapel in the Memorial Gardens. Features include solid granite construction, a flower garden, and benches set amongst the natural beauty of the memorial garden. The Chapel is also available for memorial services.

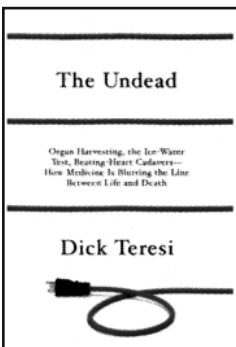
The Garden of Folded Wings is truly a final resting place worthy of not only those who served in one of the country's most renowned and gallant military organizations, but also those connected by family or friendship.

If you or anyone you know is interested in learning more about the Museum's Columbarium or would like to plan a visit, please call the Museum at 912-748-8888 and ask for me personally so that I may answer any questions you may have. ■

BOOK REVIEWS

The Undead

By Dick Teresi
Pantheon Books, 2012, 350 pp.
\$26.95



“Are you dead or alive?”

The Undead opens with a question that seems like it should have an easy answer. But Teresi, a science writer, argues that in today's age of beating-heart cadavers that can breathe, urinate, and even give birth while legally dead, it can be hard to tell.

Historically, Egyptians and ancient Greeks considered a heartbeat to be the tell-tale indicator; Christian and Hebrew interpretations of the Bible

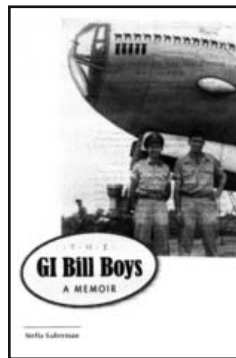
pointed to breath. The Samburu people in Africa still contend that someone is not dead until hyenas will eat the body.

In the modern era, Teresi says, the need for organ donors has brought about a new kind of death: the “loss of personhood,” or brain death. Coma patients who require ventilators to breathe can be declared dead long before their hearts stop beating, on the basis of simple, low-tech exams — a Q-tip touched to the surface of the eye, a splash of ice water in the ears, a gag reflex test. Despite this, researchers disagree on how “dead” a brain-dead person really is. For instance, some still show EEG activity when tested. “If you are finding any dead people with brain waves,” Teresi asks pointedly, “what’s waving?”

Teresi is critical of this hard-to-define state of personhood, and his investigations into the matter can make the book an uncomfortable read at times. With all this debate over who's dead and who's not, one might start to see the wisdom in letting the hyenas decide.

— ALLISON BOHAC

Ed. Note: Did you know you now have a choice? I still think the hyenas might be the answer, although I told my son to flush me down the toilet after cremation.



The GI Bill Boys

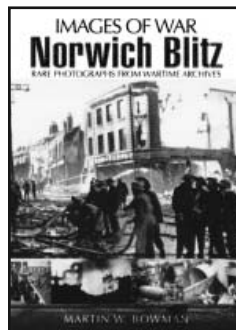
By Stella Suberman
Pub. 7/12. 6 x 9 in. 175 pp.
Tenn ISBN 978-1-57233-855-5
C/\$29.95

This memoir from the bestselling author of *The Jew Store* looks at the GI Bill's impact after the Depression and World War II. “Skillfully told, and absolutely crammed with life.”

— LOUIS D. RUBIN JR.

Images of War: Norwich Blitz

By Martin W. Bowman. ISBN: 9781848847552.
Paperback, £11.99



Norwich, in common with most English cities, suffered enemy air attack; and during a period of almost three and a half years, bombs were dropped in every part of the city. The first German raid occurred on Tuesday, 8 July 1940; the last on 6 November 1943. The total number of alerts during 1943 was 95, with a total duration of 54 hours. The Crash Warning was sounded 50 times, with a total duration of 19 hours 8 minutes. There was no

large devastated area, but throughout the city, considerable damage was caused. All sections of life were affected; and factories, railway stations, shops, schools, hospitals, and churches sustained damage and many buildings were totally ruined. Of the city's 35,569 houses in 1939, 2,082 were destroyed entirely, 2,651 were seriously damaged, and 25,621 were moderately damaged. In human toll, 340 people were killed and 1,092 injured, over three-quarters of these casualties occurring in 1942 when the enemy carried out what became known as the Baedeker Raids upon cathedral cities and historic and administrative capitals of the provinces. ■



Rettigny Memorial, near Gouvy, Belgium



Mike Hardick in early 1945 at the scene of Lt. William Truxes' crashed B-24. Mike's brother, S/Sgt. Peter Hardick, was one of the seven crew members who perished in the incident on Christmas Day 1944.

in another local memorial to a RAF Hudson crew who had crashed nearby in 1944. In April 2010 enquiries were made regarding this B-24 crash and efforts made to establish who the crew were and to what unit they belonged. After painstaking research, the Lt. Truxes crew were identified as those involved and efforts were then made to establish a memorial to those who lost their lives that day. The local municipal authorities were extremely helpful with providing finance and committing workers to the project, which finally came to fruition in October 2011. ■

This memorial located in Belgium near the border with Luxembourg is in recognition of the crew of Lt. William Truxes of the 788th Squadron, whose aircraft came to grief following the Christmas Day mission of December 1944. Elements of the 467th BG formation came under attack by up to 11 enemy aircraft believed to be FW-190s in the vicinity of St. Vith. B-24 #42-95220 was badly hit; with reports of an engine fire which later exploded, catching the right wing on fire and sending the aircraft into a spin before finally crashing to earth. The two pilots were blown out of the aircraft with the RCM operator and survived. Several crew members were found in the broken nose of the aircraft while others were found close to the wreckage and initially buried in a local cemetery.

Local man Paul Remy was the driving force of this memorial project. His parents lived nearby, and as a keen WWII aviation researcher Paul had already been involved

Wartime Heroism That Saved a Kent Village

BY BRIAN J. HEBDITCH
REPRINTED FROM "THIS ENGLAND"

A small part of the Kent countryside will be forever America. On Thursday, 13 April 1944, a B-17 bomber with a crew of nine began its mission from its base in Rattlesden, Suffolk. The pilot was Lt. William Johnson and the intended target was the Messerschmitt factory in Augsburg, Germany.

When the plane reached Abbeyville in France it was hit by enemy artillery causing extensive damage and injuring all the crew. Lt. Johnson decided to try and return to base. He was aware of the damage and the added danger of losing fuel.

As the B-17 reached the English coast over Hythe, it was flying at a dangerous height of 2,000 feet. Lt. Johnson gave the order to bail out, leaving him with his co-pilot approaching Lympne at the perilous height of 200 feet. After ordering his co-pilot to parachute out, Johnson was losing altitude and on the flight path of the village of Hamstreet.

Rather than bail out himself, he attempted a crash landing and lost his own life in the process. But through his navigational skills he managed to avoid Hamstreet, and his heroism saved the lives of everyone in the village.

The body of the unassuming 29-year-old pilot from the American south was flown home. He was nominated for the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award for valour, and was also awarded the DSC posthumously.

The people of Hamstreet have never forgotten Lt. Johnson's unselfish act. They decided to erect a flag and memorial stone near to where the B-17 crashed. They also named the spot Johnson's Corner. ■



PHOTO BY ERNEST W. ADAMS

LOG OF THE LIBERATORS

New Blood for the Eighth Air Force

As the year 1943 ended, more new groups were arriving for the Eighth Air Force as aircraft of the 445th, 446th and 448th, their eighty-inch white tail circles gleaming, trundled into hardstands for the first time.

FEBRUARY 1944: THE BIG WEEK

The possibility of good weather in central Germany in February meant that the long-awaited plan called Argument could become reality. On February 19 the meteorologists were watching a high-pressure area move to the south across Germany, and the aircraft factories which had been priority targets for so long seemed about to be laid bare.

The weather was not perfect, but it was good enough to permit the sustained attacks which caused the period after February 20th to be called Big Week. During the morning of that cold Sunday, England was blanketed by cloud, with snowflakes drifting down onto the broad shoulders of the Fortresses and Liberators in the hardstands, but soon a thousand heavies were airborne, bound for a dozen targets deep in Germany. The major force, Second Air Division Liberators following the First Division B-17s, headed for central Germany, accompanied by all the available long-range fighter escort. To facilitate fighter cover the bombers would stay together until west of Brunswick, then divide to attack their targets, and link up again for the flight back. Hindered at some targets by cloud, the operation was still a success, and the next day a similar force was dispatched to repeat the dose. The main targets were at Brunswick, but weather intervened and the bombing had to be blind. Only the Diepholz air depot was hit as planned, and some of the bombers were forced to resort to targets of opportunity.

The Eighth flew its third mission in as many days on February 22, breaching very bad weather to get to the targets. Assembly was so hazardous and so ragged that the Second Division's Liberators were recalled; some B-24s, already over the Low Countries, sought targets of opportunity, and one group mistook Nijmegen for a German town and killed two hundred Dutch civilians.

On February 23 less than ideal conditions over the targets and the need for maintenance and repairs to the bombers caused the Eighth Air Force to stand down, but on February 24 the Liberators made amends for their previous mission. They waded through the most savage Luft-

waffe interception to that date to bomb their snow-covered targets at Gotha. While a brand new group, the 458th, flew a diversion over the North Sea, the eight B-24 groups set out to destroy the Messerschmitt 110 factories in three unwieldy wing formations. The 2nd Wing went in first, and met the enemy fighters over an hour before the target. At the Initial Point the leading 389th Bomb Group aircraft slid off course and released her bombs when an oxygen failure caused the bombardier to fall over his sight and trip the bomb release. The other Sky Scorpions naturally also dropped, but the 445th behind them realized it was a mistake and carried on. After they had bombed they received special attention from the German fighters, and in sixty minutes of turmoil thirteen of their twenty-five aircraft were blasted away. The leading Sky Scorpions lost six.

Behind them, the 14th Combat Wing had been battling with fighters since the Dutch coast. Up front the 392nd Bomb Group planted 98 percent of their bombs within two thousand feet of the aiming point, and the Eight Balls added to the good bombing. The mission cost the 392nd seven B-24s.

The final day of Big Week sent the Liberators to Furth, and fine weather gave good results before the clouds came back to western Europe.



The Liberators met less opposition than the Fortresses during the March 6 attack on Berlin, the most costly Eighth Air Force mission of the war. Less than two days later the bombers were being readied to go back to the German capital again, but the city was covered by cloud and the enemy fighters stayed on the ground. In the middle of March the Eighth was able to make its first visual attack since Big Week, but the smoke screen at Friedrichshafen on March 18 was so effective that radar bombing was still necessary. Smoke floats on Lake Constance contributed to a screen which completely blanketed the city, and the fighters knocked out most of the forty-three bombers which went down. A dozen Liberators landed in Switzerland, a neutral haven for crippled air-

craft which received around eighty Eighth and Fifteenth Air Force Liberators before the air war ended.

Another group, the 466th, flew its first mission in March, joining the Eighth's attack on Berlin on March 22. This group was suffering casualties which could not be afforded — on the first mission two of its B-24s collided on the way in, and the following day two more slammed into one another near Osternburg. On March 27 still two more collided in cloud while assembling, bringing the group's losses to six Liberators in just five days. Perhaps the pilots had let their attention to the job of directing the lumbering bombers ebb, perhaps their training had not prepared them for the conditions, but either way it could not be allowed to happen.

One answer to the assembly problem, which a 446th pilot likened to Russian Roulette, was the use of gaudily painted, flare-firing assembly ships. Old war-weary Liberators, stripped of their armament and bedecked with lights, the planes in clown makeup at least partially solved a real problem. The 466th received an old and battered veteran from the Travelling Circus called "Ready and Willing" which had survived the low-level mission to Ploesti; they scraped her bare and painted red lightning flashes all along her. But what the 466th really needed was the experience that their Judas goat had in such abundance.



Although the Luftwaffe was seemingly beaten, flak was taking an ever larger toll. In August, 131 aircraft were lost to anti-aircraft fire, compared with 39 shot down by fighters. In June, the Eighth had ordered the removal of the ball turrets from all the Liberators to improve stability and permit higher altitude flight; by that time the Liberators were all B-24H or later models, lumbering beasts with jutting power turrets which could not answer the flak gunners. The fighters were still a problem also, and more vicious than ever, almost always singling out one particular formation for a mass assault. The success of the Sturmgruppe tactics, which had decimated the 492nd, caused Adolf Galland, Hitler's fighter commander, to advocate similar

units in all his Jagdeschwaders. By August Jagdeschwader 4 had its Gruppe II specially equipped with the Focke-Wulf 190A-8 heavily armored fighter with the sole design of shooting down four-engined bombers. Their cannon armament was formidable: two 13-mm and two 20-mm guns complemented by wing mounted 23-mm cannon. The tactic was simple line breast attack from the rear, to swamp the bombers.

The group that would learn about Gruppe II of Jagdeschwader 4 was the 445th, which had not been hit hard since the Gotha mission in February. The 445th was to be involved in the greatest blood bath any single Eighth Air Force group ever suffered.

On September 27 they were part of a force of more than three hundred Liberators flying over solid cloud to the Henschel works at Kassel. The 445th's thirty-seven Liberators, wearing their ominously black tail bands, were leading their Combat Wing when they took a wrong turn at the Initial Point. This led them away from the main column, and it was all that was needed. The Liberators dropped through the murk on what they thought was Kassel and moved on, unaware of their mistake of almost twenty miles. Following the plan, they placed themselves behind the rest of the Liberators, and ten minutes after "bombs away" the first fighters came in. The Focke-Wulfs, almost impervious to fifty-caliber hits as they closed, charged the Liberators, and behind them came Messerschmitt 109s to finish off the stragglers. The German fighters hit them like a rock in a still pond, and the Liberators scattered like ripples. The crews estimated there were ninety fighters, and they took three minutes working over the 445th. Twenty-five B-24s went down in the sky full of smoking wreckage and dying aircraft before Mustangs could lend a hand, and the survivors formed a sorry, loose parade. Two crash-landed in France, another two made it to Manston's crash trip, and another gave up just before her base. Two hundred and thirty-six men were missing and the returning aircraft carried one dead and thirteen wounded. It was a black day.



The Liberators had flown most of their oil missions in northwestern Germany, to targets like Hamburg and Misburg, while the Fortresses took care of the rest, and it was at Misburg that the Luftwaffe again made its presence felt. The 491st Bomb Group had just turned at the Initial Point on November 26 when FW 190s dropped

on them from the clouds above. The low squadron had bombed early after an accidental release and left the other squadrons to begin their flak evasion. It was the opportune moment that the fighters sought. Twenty Liberators fell to the onslaught, fifteen from the 491st and the rest from the unfortunate 445th. Oil was costing more airplanes than any other target system, but by November it was having an irreversible effect. Oil and transportation were the targets throughout the closing weeks of 1944.

The Battle of the Bulge began on December 18 and the Germans had been helped by gloom which prevented aerial

intervention . . . until Christmas Eve. The Field Order called for a total effort, a mission in which every machine that could lift itself off the ground was to participate. The Eighth was to destroy every airfield that could possibly provide German support for Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt's troops, and the largest force ever to fly from England was airborne on the clear, cold morning. More than two thousand bombers cluttered the skies; the 467th even sent up their assembly ship, the gaudy black, red and yellow "Pete the POM Inspector," flown by a pilot who had completed his tour, and defended by two men in the waist with carbines. ■



PRESIDENTIAL CITATION

General Orders 42

War Department, Washington 25, D.C., 24 May 1945

Battle Honors - Citations of Units

Section IX

As authorized by Executive Order 9396 (sec. I, WD Bul. 22, 1943), superseding Executive Order 9075 (sec III, WD Bul. 11, 1942), citation of the following unit in General Orders 129, Headquarters 2nd Air Division, 11 April 1945, as approved by the Commanding General, European Theater of Operations, is confirmed under the provision of section IV, WD Circular 333, 1943, in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction. The citation reads as follows:

The 445th Bombardment Group (H), 2nd Air Division, is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action against the enemy. On 24 February 1944 this group participated, with other heavy bombardment groups of the 2nd Bombardment Division, in an attack on the Gothaer Waggonfabrik, A.G. located at Gotha, Germany. On this occasion the attacking bombers met and overcame the fiercest and most determined resistance the enemy was able to muster in defense of this target, so vital to his ability to wage war. Unprotected by friendly fighter cover, the 445th Bombardment Group (H) was under almost continuous attack from enemy aircraft for a period of 2 hours and 20 minutes. Although antiaircraft fire was hurled at the formation along the route to and from the target as well as at the target itself, the most deadly opposition was given by enemy aircraft. For 1 hour and 20 minutes before "bombs away," savage attacks were made by single and twin-engined enemy fighters in a vain attempt to keep the bombers from accomplishing their task. For another hour after bombing, the group continued to be the object of ferocious fighter attacks. Of this group's 24 aircraft which penetrated enemy territory, 13 were lost to these fierce fighter attacks, which numbered approximately twice the loss suffered by any of the other groups participating in this mission. In addition, 9 of the surviving 12 aircraft returned from the mission in this battle damage. With heroic determination, the 445th Bombardment Group (H) flew its assigned course, destroying 21 enemy attackers, probably destroying 2 more, and damaging 7 during the long-running battle. The target was located and bombed with extreme accuracy and devastating results. This target, the most important source of ME 110s, was so well hit that the enemy air force suffered a most telling blow. The courage, zeal, and perseverance shown by the crew members of the 445th Bombardment Group (H), 2nd Air Division, on this occasion were in accordance with the highest traditions of the military service of the United States and reflect great credit on themselves and the group, and the Army Air Forces.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

G.C. MARSHALL, CHIEF OF STAFF

OFFICIAL: J.A. ULIO, MAJOR GENERAL, THE ADJUTANT GENERAL ■

Nazis Sought “Heavy Water” for Atom Bomb

BY PAUL CHRASTINA • REPRINTED FROM “OLD NEWS,” LANDISVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



Knut Haukelid, a 29-year-old Norwegian surveyor, was returning home from a construction site in northern Finland when the German army invaded Nor-

way on April 9, 1940. Haukelid immediately volunteered to join the Norwegian army and was issued a gun.

Within a few weeks, the Germans rolled over the Norwegian regular and volunteer forces, capturing the capital city of Oslo and forcing the Norwegian government to take refuge in England. By early June the well-supplied Germans controlled Norway's major cities. They were also waging a brutal war of attrition in the countryside, isolating and destroying towns and villages to which groups of resisters had retreated.

“The Germans set fire to all farms as they advanced,” Haukelid later wrote.

According to Haukelid, “Civilians who refused to leave their homes were shot, and all livestock was burned to death. We swore then that we would never give in — not even if the Germans won the war.”

Following the defeat of the Norwegian army and the imposition of a pro-German civilian government in Oslo, Haukelid joined a network of civilian underground resistance fighters who still opposed the Nazi occupation. An avid skier and outdoorsman, he established shortwave radio transmitters in remote wilderness areas to communicate with the Norwegian government-in-exile and with Britain's wartime secret service, the Special Operations Executive (SOE).

With SOE assistance, Haukelid began to make plans to sabotage a German naval base near Oslo and to kidnap Vidkun Quisling, the leader of the collaborationist government. Haukelid's plans were disrupted when the Gestapo, the Nazi secret state police, discovered his activities in the winter of 1941.

Haukelid narrowly escaped to Sweden. From there he made his way to England, where he joined the Linge Company, a Norwegian Special Forces unit being trained by the British army to wage guerilla warfare against the Germans in Norway.



Norsk-Hydro Vemork plant at Rjukan.

PHOTO COURTESY OF NORSK HYDRO ASA

At a training camp in the Scottish Highlands, British commandos taught Haukelid to parachute into mountainous terrain. He also received special training in lock-picking, bomb-making, and hand-to-hand combat.

Haukelid was a natural leader, older and better educated than most Norwegian resistance fighters, with a calm and amiable personality. After one year of training, he was made an officer with the rank of lieutenant.

In early February of 1943, Haukelid accepted an assignment as second-in-command of a secret mission to sabotage a Norwegian power and chemical plant fifty miles west of Oslo. This plant was the world's only commercial supplier of deuterium oxide, or “heavy water,” used to moderate the process of atomic fission in nuclear reactors. The Germans, who were trying to invent an atomic bomb, had seized the plant from the Norsk-Hydro Company and dramatically increased its production of heavy water,¹ which could be used to generate explosive plutonium fuel for a bomb. The Allies, who were trying to develop their own atomic bomb, feared that Norwegian heavy water would allow the Germans to win the race to build the world's first nuclear weapon.

The heavy-water plant was perched on the side of the steep mountain gorge of the Måne River at a place called Vemork, near the town of Rjukan. The plant used hydroelectric power derived from a five-hundred-foot waterfall to power the manufacture of heavy water and other chemicals.

SOE officers told Haukelid that a Norwegian spy named Einar Skinnerland had infiltrated the Vemork plant and had set up radio transmitters nearby on the Hardanger Plateau, a sparsely populated upland north of Vemork. In a mission code-named Operation Grouse, an advance team of four Norwegian commandos had parachuted into Norway in October of 1942. They had set up several camps and a series of supply caches on the plateau.

The Grouse team was supposed to have been joined by a squad of thirty-four British commandos to stage a raid on the lightly guarded plant, but this phase of the mission, code-named Operation Freshman, had met with catastrophe in November when a Royal Air Force bomber and two gliders carrying the troops crash-landed in Norway. The survivors had been captured by German soldiers and then executed by the Gestapo. Moreover, the Germans had either learned or guessed the

mission's objective and had increased security at Vemork. Installations of high-caliber machine guns, floodlights, and land mines now surrounded the plant. Despite the disastrous setback of Operation Freshman, the Grouse team remained encamped on the Hardanger Plateau. They had run out of rations and were subsisting on reindeer meat and a vitamin-rich tea brewed from moss and melted snow.

Haukelid was told that he and five other men of Linge Company had been assigned to make a new attempt to cripple the suspected German nuclear weapons program. Lieutenant Joachim Rønneberg would lead their mission. Haukelid would be second-in-command, but all team members were fully trained and each could complete the undertaking alone, if necessary. The other members of the team were Lieutenant Kaspar Idland and Sergeants Frederik Keyser, Hans Storhaug, and Birgir Stromsheim.

At one o'clock on the morning of February 16, 1943, the Operation Gunnerside team boarded an RAF Halifax bomber in Scotland. They crossed the North Sea by the light of a full moon and successfully parachuted onto the Hardanger Plateau. At dawn they set out on skis to look for the Grouse team, but later in the day they were turned back by a blizzard and were forced to take shelter in an abandoned hunting cabin. For the next three days heavy snowfall and high winds made further travel impossible, but on the morning of February 20, the wind died and the skies rapidly cleared.

As the men prepared to leave the cabin, they each picked up a rucksack packed

with food, weapons, and high explosives. Around the cabin in all directions the flat surface of the plateau lay buried under snowdrifts. The team members were about to set out when they noticed a man on skis in the distance, heading directly towards them.

The Gunnerside commandos hid behind a corner of the cabin and waited as the man came closer and then stopped to examine the fresh ski tracks they had left around the building. When he cautiously approached the cabin door, they immediately surrounded him with drawn weapons.

A brief interrogation revealed that the startled skier was not a German soldier or Nazi sympathizer but a local reindeer hunter named Kristian Kristiansen. Once this was established, the commandos had to prove to the wary Kristiansen that they, too, were Norwegians, and not German troops. When he was finally convinced, he exclaimed: "God, it's great to see you fellows here, on the plateau of all places!"

Kristiansen, who was familiar with the surrounding countryside, agreed to guide the team in its search for the Grouse camp. Later that day the team encountered Grouse members Claus Helberg and Arne Kjelstrup. They said that their leader, Jens Poulsson, was at a nearby cabin, while their fourth teammate was manning a shortwave radio station at another, more secluded, hut further away.

With the six Gunnerside men and three of the four Grouse team members united, it became necessary to decide what to do with Kristiansen. Rønneberg and Haukelid finally decided to tell the hunter to re-

main on the Hardanger Plateau for three days before going home, and to reveal nothing about what he had seen. The team then moved to a hut near the edge of the plateau, about seven miles from their objective in Vemork.

The heavy-water plant was located in the basement of a complex of buildings that housed hydroelectric turbines, laboratories, and chemical factories. The facility contained eighteen four-foot-tall stainless steel tanks in which heavy water gradually accumulated as the product of a long, slow process of electrolysis. The most obvious way to reach the building was by way of a seventy-five-foot suspension bridge that crossed the gorge of the Måne River. The bridge was used by the plant's regular employees and visitors, and was guarded by German sentries equipped with floodlights and machine guns.

Rønneberg and Haukelid studied aerial photographs of the five-hundred-foot-deep Vemork gorge, looking for a way to penetrate its natural defenses. They noticed areas of trees and shrubs growing on ledges of broken rock about a quarter mile downstream from the bridge. Reasoning that "where plants could grow, a man can go," they decided to climb down to the river at this point and then scale the other side of the gorge to a railway line running up the side of the mountain to the plant. Because of the steep cliffs on either side of the gorge, the railway was protected only by a single unmanned gate in the fence surrounding the plant.

On the morning of February 27, Claus Helberg made a trial run to Vemork dressed in civilian clothing. He returned a few hours later and said that he had found a route down into the gorge. The Måne River was frozen solid, Helberg said, and there was a cliff face across the gorge that looked as if it could be climbed without the use of ropes.

The nine commandos finalized their plans. Machine guns, explosives, detonators, and fuses were carefully loaded into rucksacks along with first-aid kits, extra flashlights, and emergency food rations. After sunset the men dressed in white ski parkas and pants, then left the hut and skied down a steep, wooded escarpment towards Vemork. Each man carried a pistol, a knife, several hand grenades, and a "suicide pill" filled with potassium cyanide powder to be used in the event of capture. "Once bitten through, it would ensure death within three seconds,"

(continued on next page)



The heavy water collectors at Vemork

NAZIS SOUGHT “HEAVY WATER”

(continued from page 35)

Haukelid wrote.

At the base of the escarpment they removed their skis and hiked to the lip of the gorge. Following Helberg, they climbed down a series of slanting, snow-covered ledges, grabbing tree trunks for balance and support until they reached the icy riverbed. As Helberg had warned, the opposite wall of the gorge was more sheer and rocky than the way by which they had come down, but after about an hour of quiet, cautious climbing, the team reached the narrow shelf of the railroad grade.

For the final approach towards the plant, the men split into two groups: Haukelid, Poulsson, Helberg, Kjelstrup, and Storhaug went ahead as a covering team, followed by a demolition group consisting of Rönneberg, Keyser, Stromsheim, and Idland. Haukelid led the way, with each man exactly following his footsteps in the snow, to conceal their number if the tracks were found.

At 11:30 p.m. they reached a utility shed five hundred yards outside the gate to the plant. From the shed they could see the suspension bridge and a German army barracks nearby. At midnight the German sentries changed their posts, and a half-hour later the two teams slipped out of the shed, cut through the lock on the gate, and ran to a cluster of small buildings about one hundred yards from the heavy-water factory.

Haukelid and his men spread out to find hiding places from which they could keep watch, while Rönneberg and his men proceeded towards the heavy-water plant in two groups of two, each carrying enough explosives to complete the mission if the other failed.

A few minutes later, Haukelid heard the faint sound of breaking glass. One of the teams had kicked in a window to gain access to the basement of the chemical plant. Haukelid watched the sentry post; the sentries did not seem to notice the noise.

For the next twenty minutes the covering team waited expectantly, until the sound of a small explosion rumbled through the facility. Haukelid later wrote that he was surprised the blast was not “particularly impressive.” The German sentries appeared not to notice it. A few minutes passed until a single unarmed German soldier emerged from the barracks with a flashlight. He swept the beam near Hau-

kelid’s and Poulsson’s hiding place, and Poulsson whispered: “Shall I fire?”

“No,” Haukelid replied, “He doesn’t know what has happened; leave him as long as possible.”

The soldier seemed to notice nothing unusual and returned inside. Seconds later, Rönneberg, Keyser, Stromsheim, and Idland emerged from the shadows of the building and ran towards the railroad gate, followed by Haukelid and the rest.

The mission had been accomplished. The demolition team had found the heavy-water collection tanks being monitored by only two unarmed Norwegian employees. The men had offered no resistance as the explosives were planted. They were allowed to escape with the saboteurs before the blast, which tore the water tanks apart and spilled over one hundred gallons of heavy water into floor drains leading to the Måne River.

The saboteurs quietly retreated by way of the railroad line and then climbed and slid back down the steep rock face into the gorge below. As they were crossing the riverbed, sirens began to wail and brilliant white floodlighting suddenly lit up the mountain walls above them.

“Now we had to take to the hills,” Haukelid later wrote. Three grueling hours later, the team reached the rim of the Hardanger Plateau. Looking back down into the valley during the ascent, they could see German search parties swarming over the grounds of the brightly lit plant.

While skiing back to their hut, the commandos were buffeted by a powerful rising wind. Helberg separated from the group to retrieve some civilian clothing from a nearby cache on the plateau. The rest got to the hut just before dawn, expecting Helberg to rejoin them with the new clothes.

Later that day a blizzard enveloped the area. When the weather cleared on March 1, the Norwegians sent a radio message to England confirming that the Vemork plant had been “completely destroyed.” Helberg, meanwhile, had been spotted by German soldiers and was unable to rejoin the group. He escaped to Sweden.

The remaining saboteurs split up. Seven of the remaining men also escaped to Sweden in uniform, but Haukelid and three others remained in Norway to work with the Norwegian resistance. For the next six months they kept on the move, alone and in small groups, evading German search parties by camping high in the mountains and traveling on skis to meet

with regional resistance organizers.

The situation at Vemork was monitored by SOE spies who continued to work at the facility. During the summer of 1943, they reported that the Germans were tenaciously rebuilding the heavy-water plant. In late July, Haukelid learned that production of heavy water had been fully resumed. A new, stronger garrison of German soldiers had been stationed at Vemork, and security around the plant had been improved.

It was decided that another sabotage raid against the plant was not likely to succeed. On November 16 one hundred and forty American bombers flew from British bases to Vemork and dropped seven hundred bombs on the facility and the surrounding area.² Because of bad weather and poor visibility, only fourteen of the bombs actually hit the power plant. Of those, two damaged the upper floors of the heavy-water building but did not harm the basement level where the concentrated heavy water was collected and stored. Twenty-four civilians were killed in the bombing, and the Norwegian government in England condemned the raid, about which it had not been consulted in advance.

The Germans decided to dismantle the Vemork facility and move the operation to a new, more secure site in Germany. In late January of 1944, workers began loading stockpiles of heavy water onto rail cars at the plant. On February 16 Haukelid



Burning buildings during the 16 November 1943 raid on Norsk-Hydro Vemork plant at Rjukan. PHOTO COURTESY OF NORSK HYDRO ASA.



The Lake Tinn ferry HYDRO

received orders to intercept and destroy the shipment. In three days, he learned, the train would leave Vemork and travel east to Lake Tinn, a long, narrow body of water over one thousand feet deep. The rail cars were to be loaded onto a ferryboat and transported to the south shore of the lake; from there they would again travel by rail to Oslo and then by ship to Germany.

The most vulnerable link in the route was the ferry crossing. A carefully placed bomb could send the shipment irretrievably to the bottom of Lake Tinn, but Haukelid and other resistance leaders were hesitant to attack the ferry because civilians regularly used it to cross the lake. "It is always hard to take a decision about actions which involve the loss of human lives," Haukelid later wrote. "In this case an act of war was to be carried out which would endanger the lives of a number of our own people — who were not soldiers." The perceived risk of allowing the Nazi regime to develop an atomic bomb, however, grimly outweighed these considerations: "Our orders from London left no doubt that it was of vital importance to the outcome of the war that the Germans should not get the heavy water . . . The ferry at Lake Tinn had to be sunk to finish the job."

On February 19 the heavy water shipment arrived at the lake and was loaded onto the ferry *Hydro*. That night Haukelid and two Norwegian resistance fighters disguised as workmen infiltrated the docks by the lake. German soldiers were

aboard the ferry, but the boat's deck was not under guard. Judging from the sounds coming from below, the soldiers were busy playing cards.

Haukelid and one of the men casually boarded the *Hydro*, while the third man kept watch on the gangway. Haukelid then planted a nineteen-pound time bomb in the ferry's bilge, near the bow. The group escaped from the area unnoticed by the Germans.

The next day, when the *Hydro* was over the deepest part of Lake Tinn, the time bomb exploded. The ferry sank within minutes, taking the heavy-water canisters with it. Of the fifty-three people on board, twelve German soldiers and fourteen civilian passengers drowned in the cold water before rescuers arrived to save twenty-three Norwegians and four Germans.

After completing the demolition of the ferry, Haukelid remained in Norway and continued to work with the resistance until the war ended fourteen months later. A few weeks prior to the defeat of Nazi Germany in the spring of 1945, the impact of the Norwegian sabotage missions on the German atomic bomb program was validated when U.S. soldiers found an unfinished nuclear reactor in a bombproof bunker in southwest Germany. Engineers estimated that the reactor would have needed an additional 185 gallons of heavy water before it could have started producing the plutonium needed to build a Nazi atomic bomb. Later investigations revealed that the German nuclear program had en-

countered many other setbacks and was two years behind the Allied Manhattan Project, but historians agree that the heavy water sabotage made it physically impossible for the German program to go forward during the final desperate year of the conflict.

Haukelid received medals of honor from Norway, Sweden, France, and the United States. He remained active in the Norwegian army after the war, rising to the rank of lieutenant general. In 1965 a fictionalized version of the attack on the Vemork heavy-water plant was the basis of the film *The Heroes of Telemark*. Actor Richard Harris starred in the role of Haukelid, although screenwriters renamed his character "Knut Straud." During the television coverage of the 1994 Winter Olympics at Lillehammer, Norway, Haukelid was interviewed as part of a special report by CBS news journalist Charles Kuralt. Haukelid died soon afterwards on March 8, 1994, at the age of eighty-three.

¹ Heavy water consists of oxygen and a heavy isotope of hydrogen in which the nucleus consists of a proton and a neutron, unlike the common hydrogen which only has the proton alone. This hydrogen is called deuterium, and it increases the weight of water.

² From Roger Freeman's *Mighty Eighth War Diary*, page 139: 199 bombers were despatched. 176 were effective, 147 B-17s from the 3rd Air Division and 29 B-24s from the 2nd Air Division. B-17 groups listed were the 385th, 94th, 388th, 96th, 95th, 100th, and the 390th which lost one B-17 due to engine fire with 10 MIAs. B-24 groups listed were the 93rd, 389th, 448th, and 392nd, with no losses.

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To the Editor:

We sure miss our trips to Elkhorn and talking with you. Is that bakery still in business? We have enjoyed the climate here in Arizona, and watched Goodyear grow from cotton fields to a great city to live in.

In January, Art fell and fractured his hip. For being 90, he has made a good recovery, but is now wheelchair bound. We are doing a little cleaning out and sorting, and hopefully you will know what to do with the enclosed pictures. (See pages 20-21).

We love the 2ADA *Journal* and hope to have some nice addition to your next issue. Hope you are doing well in our "old age."

Lee and Arthur Olson (392nd)



To the Editor:

I regret to inform you that my father, Harold Cutler, died on July 5, 2011. He was 88. Here is a brief military history of my dad. I gathered all this from his notes.



Dad was in the 489th Bomb Group. His unit arrived in England in April 1944. His duties included maintaining all the maintenance records for each of the B-24s in his squadron, including replacements.

Operations would call him prior to a mission and he would tell them what planes were operational and available for a mission. Once the bombers were selected, Dad got the mechanics, ammo men, fuel men, etc. on the job to make the planes ready by takeoff time. That included the right amount of fuel, bomb loads, ammo, etc. He had to call the OD's office to alert the combat crews. All this information filtered through Dad. This required him to sleep in his tin shack down on the flight line. He ate after the planes took off and he made it his business to be there when they landed. This way, he could learn what repairs were needed, including patching up flak or bullet holes.

Later, Dad's group was ordered back to Lincoln, Nebraska, from where they were scheduled to go to the West Coast to pick up B-29s. Instead, the orders were cancelled and Dad was sent to Wendover, Utah. There he was attached to Headquarters where he assisted in the final training of Tibbets' B-29 group before they went off to the Pacific. Dad was given the Utah state liquor cards for Tibbets, Ferebee, and Luthard. I still have them. Unfortunately, I never could get Dad to tell me what he specifically did at Wendover. Maybe some of the *Journal* readers can fill in this blank in Dad's military history.

Dad was discharged in November 1945. He left quite a few notes and photographs that we treasure. I'll be donating the liquor cards to the Enola Gay exhibit at the Smithsonian.

Dad was predeceased by his wife and my mother, Helen, who died in November 2010.

Lewis Cutler
11709 State Route 176
Cato, NY 13033-3311



To the Editor:

It is with great sadness that I hear the time is coming when this special Association will be coming to a close. You have given so much pleasure and interest to so many people, and helped keep the memories alive, and provided the chance for so many to meet up through your conventions both in the USA and over here in England.

Your help and involvement with the 2AD Memorial Library here in Norwich is yet another great achievement you must all be proud of.

Thank you all for coming to our aid during WWII and for your friendship through the years.

Patricia Everson
The 448th Bomb Group
Collection



To the Editor:

I have been asked to compile a book, to be published this coming year, of happenings, experiences, and memories of all WWII 8th Air Force veterans in the New York 8th AF Southern Wing Chapter. Here is your chance to let your family and the rest of the world know what you went through during your years serving your country.

Take a while to think back and either record your memories or write your ex-

periences and get them to me. I will help you by compiling your memories and thoughts for publication in the book. I want your experiences if you were flight crew or ground crew. Both are important for this publication.

The book, *KEEPING THE MEMORIES ALIVE: The Thoughts and Memories of Members of the 8th Air Force During World War II*, will be published and distributed to all members who contribute their thoughts and experiences to this worthy project.

Please contact me if you have any questions, and send your tape-recorded or written experiences to my address below. Let it be known here and now: Any proceeds received from the sale of this book will go into the treasury of the New York State Southern Wing Chapter of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society. Only expenses will be taken out. I am not taking one penny for my efforts in publishing this book.

It is most important. Please let me hear from you. Whether you were an officer or enlisted, both are important. Let me hear from those who completed their missions and those who didn't. Those shot down, those POWs, and the important ground crews that allowed us to fly our missions. Let me hear from the administration people, the armament crew, and the medics. I really want every person who was with the 8th Air Force during WWII to tell his story. Don't wait. Do it now. And send pictures, I need pictures. After publication I'll return them. But please send pictures with your stories.

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914-779-1232
914-439-6883



To the Editor:

My granddaughter asked me a very serious question about my days in the military. The following was my reply:

All of us met at the Newport Army Air Base located in Newport, Arkansas. From there we met again at Westover Field in Chicopee, Massachusetts. There we became Crew #238 and each and every one of us became a great crew at that. But fate or destiny, call it what you want, did not reveal to this crew what was going to be an ill-fated experience. We left New York Harbor on September 17, 1944, destination England, and arrived at Liverpool

on September 26, 1944. We traveled that night by truck to the 445th Bomb Group at a town called Tibenham. The next day was the 27th of September 1944, when 39 aircraft left for Kassel, Germany. Only four came back. Two landed in France and two came back to Tibenham. It was the biggest loss for the 445th Bomb Group. For this mission the Group received France's highest medal, the Croix de Guerre.

This is why we became ill-fated. After being in England not even 30 days, my pilot, Lt. Tenney, was selected to fly one of three B-24s to Greencastle, Ireland. It was October 18, 1944 at about 3 PM to 4 PM when the bomber exploded, killing all 24 airmen very quickly. That left bombardier Lt. Keil Holland and four gunners left from our original crew. I flew only 8 missions. It wasn't easy since you flew wherever you were needed.

On February 24, 1945, again as a substitute crew member, I took off on a mission, my 8th, to Germany. We were carrying 100 napalm bombs aboard. On take-off we experienced fire in number one engine. I watched it very closely and alerted Lt. Clifton Howard. He said to keep a sharp eye on it and I did indeed. It increased. I called him again and he started to feather the prop, shutting it down completely. Just about this time, the number 3 became a runaway propeller. Lt. Clifton Howard decided to abort the mission because the aircraft was not responding properly. He made a left-handed bank into the feathered prop. On the last bank I could see the runway. The Lieutenant was doing a great job. He made a great effort to bring that bomber in. He was very low. He made a great attempt to land, but the plane dipped into the left side of the feathered engine. The only officer who survived the crash was Lt. Gerard Stevens, who died about five or six years ago. The radio operator and three gunners also were lucky to survive, including myself.

Enclosed are photos of Lt. Clifton Howard's crew and the crash itself. Also a photo of Lt. Clesen Tenney's crew. Only two of us are alive today: tail gunner William Langevoort of New York State and waist gunner Stephen J. Bolcar of Boonton, New Jersey.

Thank you very much, sir.

Stephen J. Bolcar (445th)
413 Boonton Avenue
Boonton, NJ 07005

→ → → →



Lt. Clifton Howard's crew crashed on February 24, 1945 outside of Tibenham. The only officer to survive the crash died a few years ago. Lt. Jerry Stevens didn't remember anything about the crash.



The crew of Lt. Clesen Tenney. He lost his life coming home from Greencastle, Ireland on October 18, 1944. The co-pilot, navigator, engineer, and radio operator also died.

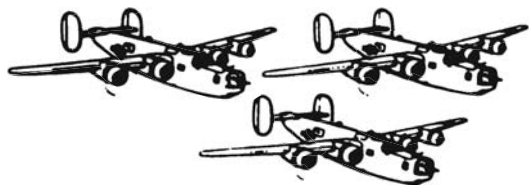


Two views of the crash site of Lt. Clifton Howard's crew, February 24, 1945.



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The “Diamond Lil” B-24 Transatlantic Flight 20th Anniversary, 1992-2012

BY DAVID HASTINGS



The 20th anniversary of the epic flight that was arranged by the Memorial Trust in 1992 as a tribute to the bravery, sacrifice and friendship of the 2nd Air Division USAAF has shown once again just how much the 2nd Air Division and the B-24 mean to the people of Norfolk and North Suffolk.

The film evenings have played to large audiences and have brought back so many happy memories. Also it was amazing to talk with several young people who flew in “Diamond Lil” on the Base Tribute flights and said this flight persuaded them to go into aviation as a career — the magic of the B-24.

Talks are being given to various organisations and the Memorial Trust has arranged for a “Diamond Lil” talk in the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library on Thursday 27 September at 2:30 p.m.

The aviation press have also not forgotten the 2nd Air Division — *FlyPast*, *Aeroplane*, *Pilot*, and *General Aviation* magazines are all having special features. Also, in the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators — the top aviation Guild in London — international news magazine they also kindly featured this unique flight. The local *Eastern Daily Press* newspaper has run a special article and the flight has also been covered by BBC Radio Norfolk.

Finally, a local publisher, Larkspress, has decided to publish a book covering the story of the entire project entitled *The Diamond Lil Homecoming*, which they hoped to have in the bookshops by mid-June. ISBN No. 978 1 904006 61 9.

YOU WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN. ■