



“D-DAY” AT TIBENHAM

Ordnance Men Played an Important Role

by John W. Archer

For days and weeks the men at the 445th had been working in the stucco olive-drab ordnance shop, the men who prowled around the bomb dumps at night, the men who hoisted high-explosives into the yawning bomb-bays of the B-24's — for days and weeks they had been waiting. The ordnance men in the 702nd Bomb Squadron were keyed up and ready for action.

Each man waited for his own particular conception of the Starting Gun, some imagining the General from Kansas with his eye glued to his wristwatch and his hand poised in mid-air.

On June 5th the word came at 1800 hours from Headquarters that they were to load eleven bombers each with 52 120-pound fragmentation clusters.

Psychological high-tension wires, already overloaded, generated sparks when the additional information filtered through that take-off would be before dawn, that there would be four squadrons of nine ships each and that there might be bomb loading for another mission almost before the first one took off.

“Do you suppose this is it, sir?” the ordnance men kept asking their officer. He was Lt. Basil C. Ashcroft, once a Montana school teacher, and he knew more than he could tell his men. But they all had a prescience of approaching a climax. “Because if this is really *it*,” they said, “we don't need any sleep”. No, and they were not going to get any sleep. From 1800 hours on June 5th to almost 1800 hours the following afternoon every man in the ordnance section, plus a few extras from outside, loaded bombs onto trailers, pushed bombs into bomb-bays, watched squadrons take off in bright moonlight, lit cigarettes, discarded them and loaded more bombs.

Directing their activities was T/Sgt. William J. Tierney, wiry and alert and emphatic. Once he designed textiles for an automobile upholstery company which supplied Ford and Lincoln; once he com-

muted between Hartford and New York City. On the night of June 5th he was the 702nd's Ordnance Section Chief. One of his two assistants was S/Sgt. Robert L. Brown, who used to run a still and drive a truck in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia. The other assistant Section Chief was S/Sgt. Nick Maslonik, a rugged Pennsylvania coal-miner. In normal times the Ordnance Section was organized into five crews, three of which worked at night, one during the day, and one was on pass. But on the night of June 5th all were on hand to render maximum effort to the mission.

There were five crews of five ordnance men each, and there were cooks and orderly-room clerks who straddled bombs in the dump and lent an eager hand.

Active on the line that particular night was Cpl. Glen F. Arnoldus. He was Tibenham's best barber and had once run his own shop in Salt Lake City, and he kept the 702nd's heads cropped in a very gentlemanly manner. On the night in question, however, he was not cutting hair.

At midnight an overcast still hung menacingly above the airfield. Behind headquarters, in the War Room, lead crews were studying photographs of their small tactical targets — gun emplacements, bridges, and crossroads. An operations officer read from the endless Field Order: “Under no conditions will there be any premature releases, because landing-craft will be standing from 400 yards to one mile off shore.”

A hushed hum filled the War Room. “Under no conditions,” said the intelligence officer, “will you attack your primary target after H-hour minus two minutes. Troops will be landing at H-hour.”

Down on the flightline, ordnance men apprehensively watched first the sky, and then the perimeter track around which the B-24's were being marshalled for their pre-dawn take-off. And they continued to load 52 120-pound fragmentation clusters in each bomb-bay, painfully triple-sliding the bombs, a task which was always

onerous with these frags, the small demos, and the incendiary clusters.

By 0130 hours the overcast had lifted, by 0200 hours a gentle breeze scattered the few remaining wisps of cloud which were draped over the face of a high yellow moon. At 0205 hours, almost 150 engines suddenly shattered the night air as they began to warm up.

Propellers churned wind that flattened stiff tufts of grass. Red and Green lights bobbed all around the perimeter track. The Liberators lined up in a tight file. They had warmed their engines and were now silent, waiting.

It was 0220 hours. This is it! “D-Day” had come.

Four engines flared up, the first plane lumbered — slowly, it seemed, down the runway. Others followed at regular intervals until the sky was alive with continuous activity. 36 ships were airborne.

The mechanics and communications personnel were catching a few minutes sleep, if they could. Some ordnance men curled up behind a cold stove in the shop, preparing for the next load.

The sun rose, and brought with it a cool wind that whipped across the runway, and swirled around the B-24's, squatting on their hardstands, being readied for the next mission.

All morning and all afternoon the men from ordnance loaded bombs, many of which were dropped through a 10/10 cloud base and some of which were brought back to base. Bomb service trucks were towing 500-pounders, and then 1,000-pounders. Ordnance men loaded with a will, because they had been waiting for this day. Returning combat crews told of seeing vast numbers of boats crowding the Channel whenever there was a break in the clouds. 702nd's men who loaded the explosives hardly slept or ate for 24 hours.

The Tibenham based group, and indeed the ordnance men, had played their part in one of the most important operations in W.W. II.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

OFFICERS

President L/C CHARLES FREUDENTHAL, (Ret.)
8421 Berea Drive, Vienna, Virginia 22180
Executive Vice President J. FRED THOMAS
8933 221H Biscayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646
Vice President EVELYN COHEN
Membership Apt. 06-410 Delair Landing Road
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114
Vice President WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
Journal PO. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
Treasurer DEAN MOYER
549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033
Secretary FRANK THOMAS
118 Lakeview Dr., Carlinville, Ill. 62626
American Representative Board of Governors JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, Texas 75230



GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters JAMES H. REEVES
Box 98, Thomasville Rd., Moultrie, Georgia 31768
44th BG HOWARD C. HENRY, JR.
164B Portland Lane, Rossmore, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831
65th FW COL. GEORGE M. EPPERSON (Ret.)
2369 Oak Crest Drive, Riverside, California 92506
93rd BG CHARLES J. WEISS
21 Moran Dr., Waldorf, Md. 20601
355th FG RALPH A. McDONOUGH
Box 240, RD 2, Adena, Ohio 43901
389th BG E. KOORNDYKE
867 Reynard SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49507
392nd BG J. FRED THOMAS
8933 221H Biscayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646
445th BG FRANCIS J. DIMOLA
390 Madison Ave., New Milford, N.J. 07646
446th VERE A. McCARTY
740 Ventura St., N. Salem, Oregon 97303
448th BG LT COL. LEROY J. ENGDahl, (Ret.)
1785 Wexford Dr., Vidor, TX. 77662
458th BG E. A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061
466th BG G. C. MERKET
716 Top Hill Dr., Tyler, Texas 75703
467th BG JAMES COFFEY
39 Hardscrabble Hill, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514
489th BG COL. CHARLES H. FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)
8421 Berea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180
491st BG CARL I. ALEXANDERSON
RR2, Pawling, New York 12564
492nd BG E. W. (Bill) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022



GROUP CHAIRMAN

453rd DONALD J. OLDS
1403 Highland, Rolla, Mo. 65401



JOURNAL STAFF

Editor WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
PO. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
Director of Public Relations FREDERICK MEYER
1317 Cedar Road, Ambler, Pa. 19002
Art Dept. EDWARD J. HOHMAN
695 Richmond Drive, Hermitage, PA. 16148



BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEMORIAL

THOMAS C. EATON, Chairman
3 Upper King Street, Norwich, Norfolk, England
PAUL R. KING, Vice Chairman
Noverre House, Norwich NR2 9H, England
MRS. MICHAEL BARNE
Crowfoots, Sotterley Beccles, Suffolk NR34 7T2
CDR. MARK EDMONSTONE CHEYNE
Ditchingham Lodge
Ditchingham, Bungay, Suffolk, England
ROGER A. FREEMAN
May's Barn, Dedham, Nr. Colchester, Essex, England CO76EW
FRANK W. GADBOIS
Dept. of the A.F.
RAF Mildenhall, Suffolk, England
DAVID J. HASTINGS
"Westering", Salhouse, NR, Norwich, Norfolk, NR136RQ, England
ALFRED A. JENNER
15 Ranson Rd., Norwich, Norfolk NR14AJ
LADY MAYHEW
588 Bracondale, Norwich, NR1 2AP, England
MRS. ANNE COLLINS
24 Grosvenor Sq., London W1A 1AE, England
PROFESSOR HOWARD TEMPERLEY
School of English and American Studies
University of East Anglia, Earham, Norwich, England
JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230
LT. COL. W.D. WUEST
14 St. Andrews Close, Hingham, Norfolk NR9 4JT

About the Memorial

by Jordan Uttal

The Annual Meeting of the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, 2nd Air Division, USAAF was held on Friday, 25 May 1984, and I was indeed pleased to be able to attend. When I was elected to the Board in late 1972, I promised that I would attend at least every other year. I am proud to be able to report that in the elapsed 12 years, this was my eighth appearance.

My report to the Association members will be given at the business meeting at our October Convention in Palm Springs — but here are some brief details and observations:

Finances: The value of our assets as of 6 April 1984 (end of fiscal year) showed a substantial growth over the same date last year. This was due to additional contributions from the Association, from individuals, and some very welcome donations made in England. Also, fortunately there was good appreciation in the value of the investments. Total value as of above date reached 130,000 pounds. We still have a way to go to arrive at the 250,000 pounds which the Board announced as a goal last year.

The income from our investments reached 9,600 pounds, a far cry from the 750 pounds annually that we were realizing as late as 1972-B.I. (Before Inflation). Fund raising efforts will continue in England.

Memorial Room: On three visits to the Room in my three days in Norwich, I was favorably impressed with the appearance and the maintenance of the Room, and the receptiveness of the Library staff when they were approached for information on help.

Individual Group Rolls of Honor: Decision at the meeting was to get this work started as soon as possible so that it could be completed by the late fall of 1984. Corrections found to be necessary will be made in the Individual Rolls rather than the Master Roll to preserve its appearance. Names to be added, also, will not be squeezed in, but rather made at the end — for the same reason.

Book Stocks: The Association endorsed policy of placing excess stocks in other wings of the Central Library as well as branch libraries in Norfolk and Suffolk is being carried out. Every book, regardless of where it is shelved carries the 2nd Air Division Memorial Bookplate. Over 400 new books were purchased this year, and around 60 removed because of age or condition.

New School Children's Project: Recognizing the need to impact on the coming generations in East Anglia, thereby increasing our stature as an Educational source, the Board enthusiastically embarked on a program to build into the Children's section at the Central Library, and other branch libraries, a selection of books on five subjects of interest to children as determined by the School and Library authorities. This additional stature will be a good talking point in efforts to raise funds locally.

Your contributions: Once again I was asked to convey continued and additional thanks from the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust to all the members of the Association for its support. I take this opportunity to remind you of the many ways you can be of further help:

(1) In the past year at the time of the passing of one of our earliest and most devoted supporters, his widow inserted in the Death Notice that contributions to the 2nd Air Division Association would be appreciated in lieu of flowers, and she gave the name and address of the Group V.P. to whom the donations could be sent. The response was surprising, and after consultation, the decision was reached to give half the amount to the Capital Fund and half for books in the name of the deceased.

(2) Your annual donations to the Capital Fund with your dues, to Evelyn. No amount is too small.

(3) Cash donations for the same purpose during the year, for the Capital Fund, can be sent to Dean — in any amount.

(4) Special Contributions for books in memory of specific individuals or groups of individuals may be sent direct to Jordan. (Minimum: \$20.00 — same as last year).

(5) Endowments in the name of individuals, squadrons, groups, crews, with your specifications as to how the interest is to be spent — Minimum: \$1,000.00

(6) Specific bequests, in your name, in your wills.

In any and all cases, checks should be made out to 2nd Air Division Association.

In conclusion, the Board of Governors, and I am sure that I can speak for the Executive Committee of the Association, thank Charles Parker, 453rd Bomb Group for the very thoughtful article he submitted in the last *Journal* describing his impressions of the Memorial Room during repeated visits over a six week period last year.

I look forward to seeing you in Palm Springs. It is a pleasure to serve as a member of the Board of Governors, and I am always interested in having any of your comments or questions with reference to our treasured Memorial.

In Memory Undimmed - 392nd BG

Dick Crowell, who flew as radio operator with the 389th's 566 Squadron, first told me about the 2nd ADA and added: "But I have not allowed the War to be the dominant thing in my life. Sure it was the big one, the one that made the papers, but we got back — and then there were other things."

How true! Over forty years have slipped by and all of a sudden we are old men, with aging ladies at our sides, and grandchildren — a lifetime.

The other things — the generous GI Bill, and school, and jobs and children, and all the goodies produced by American science and technology and industry for better living. Even such fun things as the transponders or the automatic direction finders on every one of the flying club's little two and four place airplanes.

But wait: — the genesis of the transponders lies in the one-code IFF sets of a few years ago — really forty? and the ADFs are descended from the manually rotated DF loops. It seems like yesterday that the jeeps pulled up to the IFF-equipped '24s an hour or so before taxi time and the MP-guarded radio men entered the planes to install the top secret code for that day. "Today" owes something to yesterday and that was fifty-forty-thirty years ago. Some things move back in time but do not dim in memory, and its the young faces that stay in memory undimmed. Especially those for whom there were no other things.

The faces stay even when the names are gone. "This is the line" said a Cpl. Theobald at Biggs Field, pointing to a lonely B24D in the sun, staring back at us standing in the hangar's shade. "Theobald" became popular as "Teaball" and stayed that way to VE Day.

"Take all the hand tools you can carry in your barracks bags," said Sergeant Golub, the squadron line chief at Alamogordo. "The separate shipments may not reach us till after the planes get there."

"They must be Italian prisoners," said one girl to another on a railroad overpass near Chicago as the 579th Sqdn. ground echelon in matted and sweated fatigues paced up and down alongside the halted troop train. And Al Limone, or was it Frank Negro, shouted back something uncomplimentary in Italian and the girls ran, pursued by mocking laughter.

Camp Shanks; the midnight train ride down the Hudson; the ferry ride across to the Manhattan dock and the huge ship; the Red Cross coffee and the parting gifts of little green bags; and the impossibility of eighteen thousand men all seeing the Statue of Liberty on the starboard side as the Queen Mary picked up her own propulsion; and the last sight of land and the two corvettes turning away as "The Mary" began her high speed, zig-zag run to the

northeast; and the PBYs rocking their wings as they went by on patrol.

No, it did not turn out to be Norway and a newly captured airfield, as the rumors had said, but Greenock and the steep gangplank to the shuttle boat and the train ride south through Newcastle-on-Tyne and Kings Lynn ("What the hell is a Lynn? and what is this 'Wash'?) to Wendling Station; and the very first night the Heinkel III that came rumbling over at about 200 feet AGL and familiarized us quickly with all the ditches and wires and manure piles in the area.

The 24s and their crews began to come in just as the all-black engineers battalion and the six-month-work-permit-laborers-from-Erie completed the taxi strip. It is at that point that the young faces come into focus: Hyman Schwartz and "Murph" Murphy (was it Robert?) — some names do stay. The first from Philadelphia, about 22, slim and tall and a great friendly smile; the second from New England, quiet, unsmiling, but congenial — an older man — as much as 26 or 27.

The first liberty run into Kings Lynn they were in the Black Swan pub (or was it just "The Swan"?) after a look at the Wash, and the Customs House and the Gray Friars, and they seemed glad of the quaint new surroundings. The next day, or week or minute they were off to Burtonwood in Lancashire to come back with some new 24H's that had been ferried over and needed maintenance; and then they were gone. Both planes crashed on takeoff — one after the other — with the loss of all on board. It made no sense.



"The Rose of Juarez". Man on right is Cpl. Anthony Palma, Armorer of Quincy, Mass.

There was Sergeant Golub with tears in his eyes (he was much older — over thirty) repeating "Our two best men; our two best men."

That was before the 579th took its first combat losses — not that there is any special significance in that — they came

soon enough: the squadron commander, Lt. Smith and his crew, and many — too many others. But Schwartz and Murphy, nearer in duties, remain more in focus, more associated with Wendling.

In 1975, February, there was no longer any railroad at Wendling, but turning north off highway 47 it was easy to find the entrance cut through the hedgerows and the brick-lined revetments. A light industrial building (canning of Brussels Sprouts?) had been built over the approach end of what seemed to be runway 26. But most of all — there were some wild daffodils in early bloom and some English Ivy, and they — brought back to the States — perhaps served as the inspiration for a little talk delivered that spring: "At the Schwartz-Murphy Memorial — the green fields of Wendling."



"Ford's Folly"

Before the Normandy Landings — back in '44 — much of the ground crew of the 579th were transferred to the 492nd BG and after the St. Lo breakthrough wound up between the towns of Eye and Diss on the Norfolk-Suffolkshire line in (you should pardon the expression please) a B-17 outfit, the 490th Group of the Third AD.

"It was there — the one that made the papers," as Dick Crowell says. But then there were no other things, as we knew them, for so many of those faces that remain in memory — the always young, forever fresh and vigorous and waiting for the bright good things that mankind owes to them.

New Members

If you have not received your free car decal write to
Evelyn Cohen
Apt. 06-410
Delair Landing Road
Philadelphia, PA 19114

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Vere A. McCarty



It is with mixed feelings that I put together my last Bungay Bull. While I happily relinquish the responsibility of choosing materials and meeting deadlines, I shall miss many contacts that the column generates. When I was elected as your Group Vice President at San Diego, I told the delegates there that I did not want a long-term commitment, but that I would give it my best for a year or so. Well, six years later finds me still in the saddle. Last year I reluctantly agreed to go one more year, but this year I am adamant. Also, I am well advised that others are willing and able to give it a go.

I want to thank all who have given their support. Thanks for your phone calls and letters. I certainly appreciate the hundreds of photographs, copies of orders and other materials which you provided both for the *Journal* and for our Group History. Those which you donated are going into large scrapbooks which will be displayed at reunions and eventually, will be donated to an aviation museum to be selected by the membership. Some photos were loaned. Most have been returned, but a few marked for return have been separated from the lender's name. If they are yours, please let me know.

Dominic Rizzo sent the photograph below of the entire Radar department of the 446th Bomb Group, taken at Flixton, Bungay, in 1944.

As I am writing, John and Lorna Archer are in The Netherlands consulting with Harold Jansen concerning the History. I just received word from Harold that he will try to attend part of the Palm Springs reunion. Speaking of histories, our attempt to have a reprint of our old 446th Bomb Group History by a Nashville concern has evidently fallen through. However, we have a new publisher that seems to be interested who may meet with us at Palm Springs.

I have a letter from the Secretary of the Norfolk and Suffolk Aviation Museum, located at Flixton, announcing that they have launched a £50,000 appeal for funds to build a new hangar to house their vintage aircraft and to provide space to display artifacts, including those of the old 446th Bomb Group. The present museum is a converted barn in which a large collection of smaller items are displayed while sixteen aircraft are parked out in the open. Anyone interested in the museum or the appeal for funds are invited to write to Mr. R.W.J. Bullen, 1 Turnstile Lane, Bungay, Suffolk, NR35 1DA England.

Last issue, I told about Eugene Thurston's experience on the Bernberg mission. This response from Col. Edward H. Marxen, then first pilot in the 707th Squadron: "In 1946 I was TDY at Frankfort Am Main with a flight of B-29's. While there two of us flew a C-47 to Berlin. At Tem-

pleof we were assigned a staff car with a German driver who spoke fair English. He had been a Luftwaffe fighter pilot and had been stationed at Bernberg. I asked if he remembered a bombing raid during which a Bombardier and a Navigator bailed out very near the Bernberg Luftwaffe base. He remembered it well — said that he had been in the air that day — had attacked B-24 formations. When he returned to base he had seen the two American airmen who had been taken to the base officer's club after their capture. He had no further information about the incident." Thanks, Ed, for passing on this information.

Sometimes I wonder how we ever won the war! The following are excerpts from a mission report (446th BG's Mission No. 1) of 16 December 1943: "Target, Bremen . . . Lt. Greisinger took off with four guns inoperative, two generators out, an oxygen leak and the liaison antenna broken . . . No. 1 supercharger went out at 9,000 feet. At 15,000 feet No. 4 supercharger went out. The ship (a/c B-24H 42-7611, "Silver Dollar") flew on with two engines until forced to turn back, 150 miles from the target . . . Lt. Shannon and Lt. Schmidt in a/c 583 (B-24H 42-7583, "Wee Willie") landed at a RAF night fighter station, hunting for any field below a 200 foot ceiling. They nearly plowed through two barrage balloons enroute and set down with but 10 gallons of gasoline . . . Four of our planes got down before a B-17 came in over the top of the trees against the flares . . . managed a perfect three-point landing although number three and four engines were out. He could not taxi off, so the main runway was closed just as Lt. Walker was making his final approach to the main runway. He tried to pull up after the tower gave him several red flares, but he was out of gas and had to come in. . . Two aircraft made crash landings at a base because of lack of fuel . . . What an initiation! Incidentally, the Silver Dollar was lost on its next mission, Osnabruck. Wee Willie was lost on the April 11th Bernberg mission.

It was proved at last reunions that the gala festivities of the mini-reunion is not conducive to a provitable business meeting for the Group. Our agenda, then, for business at the mini-reunion on Thursday evening, October 4th, will be limited to the election of officers for the ensuing year. They can then set the time and place for the remainder of our Group business. An item of unfinished business, held over from the Norwich, England, meeting last year, is the matter of whether the Group wishes to take on responsibility of renovating the gates of St. Mary's Church, the little church surrounded by our airbase at Flixton. In 1945, just before the Group returned home, the gate was presented to the Church as a memorial, by those serving there at that time. After some 40-years the wood is now

(Continued on next page)



THE NIGHTCLUB SHELTER

by Roy Hoelke (389th)

Everyone has had the experience of recalling an incident from his past when he has been stimulated by a photo, movie or a song. In addition, if you think back, there is the stimulus of smell, or odor.

I shall never forget the uneasy, apprehensive feeling I got one day, many years after the war — just as a friend walked into the room where I was working. I instinctively looked upwards, toward the lights and the corners of the ceiling. My hair stood on end. Then came comprehension.

My stimulus to uneasiness, almost fear was the sense of smell. My friend had married an English girl, and her relatives had just sent him some English cigarettes, one of which he was smoking. Now more specific memories returned to consciousness. A moonless night in London. Air raid sirens. An officious air raid warden directs us into a nightclub for shelter. And there, of course is the pall of smoke from those horrible English cigarettes. The smoke and the apprehension, both were there at the same time.

And then there is that pervasive odor of "Old Spice" perfume, which reminds me of — But that's another story!

Bungay Bull (Continued)

deteriorating. Bill Davenport has a letter from the Rector which he will bring to the attention of the delegates. Bill also received word of the death of Mark Jacoby, Bombardier on Jim Pickett's Naughty Nan. Jacoby was responsible for much of the nose art of the 705th Squadron and decorated many a flight jacket. At nineteen, he was reputed to have been the youngest commissioned officer to have completed a tour in the ETO.

I had a visitor the other day. Alden Moyer and his wife, Patricia, were going through town and stopped to say "hello" and to leave a few items for me to copy. They will be in Palm Springs in October where they hope to see other members of Hevener's crew on which Alden served as tail gunner.

John K. L. Peterson sent over a hundred negatives of photographs taken overseas which I am in the process of screening and printing for the Group scrapbook. Lou Dubnow, who flew the Control Tower, sent a copy of the Base Telephone Directory, circa Fall, 1944. So, it appears the scrapbook project will keep me occupied for some time to come. Look for them at the reunions and bring along your own, along with other wartime mementos. See you at Palm Springs! CHEERS! Mac.

MISSIVES FROM THE 492nd B.G.

by Bill Clarey (492nd)

In 1920 the Flying Club of Baltimore was organized for Reserve Officers of that city. The Club became a part of the Maryland National Guard as the 104th Observation Squadron. At the beginning of World War II the 104th became part of the Anti-Submarine patrol used along the East Coast. In early 1942 the 104th operated out of the Atlantic City Municipal Airport. On 17 October 1942, the unit was redesignated the 517th Bombardment Squadron and on 29 November 1942 became the 12th Anti-Submarine Squadron. A month later it started operations from Langley Field and stayed there until 19 September 1943.

On September 19, 1943, the 12th AS Squadron was transferred to Blythe, California. On 1 October 1943, it was redesignated the 859th Bombardment Squadron (H), and also designated as the cadre source for the new heavy 492nd Bomb Group — activated on the same date at Clovis Army Air Base, New Mexico. Squadron Personnel moved to Clovis and on 27 October 1943 the 856th, 857th, and 858th Squadrons were activated with personnel from the 859th plus additional personnel from the 25th Anti-Sub Squadron stationed at Jacksonville, Florida.

On 3 November 1943, the Key Tactical and Technical personnel of the 492nd departed for the AAF School of Applied Tactics at Orlando, Florida. While there, orders were received sending all personnel on flying status to Alamogordo Army Air Base, New Mexico, and all other personnel to the AAB at Great Bend, Kansas.

On 31 December 1943, the temporary commander of the 492nd was Major Louis C. Adams — the original group commander, Colonel Arthur J. Pierce, departed to assume command of the 466th Group (B-24) on 17 December 1943. The permanent commander, Lt. Colonel Eugene H. Snavely, was appointed 23 January 1944. The commander of the 856th Bomb Squadron (H) was Major John F. Losee, the commander of the 857th Bomb Squadron (H) was Major Donald H. Heaton, the commander of the 858th Bomb Squadron (H) was Major Robert Hambaugh, and the commander of the 859th Bomb Squadron (H) was Major James J. Mahoney.

In early January 1944, 20 crews were assigned the 492nd and from the 39th Combat Crew Training School at Davis Monthan. On 27 January 1944, 16 more crews arrived from the 331st CCTS at Casper, Wyoming. These were supplemented on 26 January 1944 by 24 more crews from Casper and 4 from the 29th CCTS at Boise, Idaho, bringing the Group up to full strength. Of the entire group, 32 crews failed the ORI (Operation Readiness Inspection) and were declared "not sufficiently advanced to fit in with the rest of the Group" and in early March 1944 were

exchanged for a like number of crews from the 330th CCTS at Biggs Field, Texas.

Flyaway B-24's began to arrive about 1 March 1944 and by the end of the month 68 aircraft were on hand. On 10 March 1944, Brig. Gen. Newton Longfellow, Commander of the 16th Bombardment Training Wing, arrived at Alamogordo to observe Practice Mission #12 and returned on 17 March 1944 to conduct a full dress POM (Preparation for Overseas Movement) inspection. The 492nd was given a passing grade and preparations for overseas movement began immediately.

The new B-24's departed for Herrington, Kansas, 1-4 April 1944. After several days at Herrington, spent modifying and preparing the planes for combat they departed for Morrison Field, West Palm beach, Florida. From there to Waller Field, Trinidad, then on to Belem, Brazil to Fontelesa, Brazil to Dakar, French West Africa to Marrakech, French Morocco to Nutts Corner, Ireland and finally on 18 April 1944, Home Field at North Pickenham, England.

Practice missions were conducted 4-7-8 May 1944, and a full dress rehearsal on 10 May 1944, assembling 40 aircraft with the 2nd Air Division. The first mission was flown 11 May 1944 against the Marshaling Yards at Mulhouse, France. The 492nd finished the month of June as a squadron group, for on the 19th the 858th was ordered to the 8th Air Force Composite Command. Major Robert Hambaugh, the 858th commander, accompanied the men to their new station at Harrington. The 492nd flew its last daylight combat mission (89 days from start to finish) — number 66 against Ostend, Germany — on 7 August 1944 and then were deactivated. The original 492nd was broken up and its personnel assigned to a variety of units in the 8th Air Force. With a few exceptions, all crews with less than 15 missions were assigned to the 859th Squadron and Lt. Colonel Mahoney went with them, 29 crews in all, to Rackheath where they became the 788th Squadron, 467th Group. An official quote regarding the 492nd "no other bombardment group in U.S. history ever lost as many aircraft in combat in so short a time." Not counting losses to accidents or crash landings, the 492nd lost 52 aircraft in almost exactly 3 months of combat operations. Killed in Action (KIA) were 530 personnel and Missing in Action (MIA) 58 personnel. A total of 3,643 tons of bombs were dropped during the 66 missions.

Awards and Decorations received by the 492nd are: Distinguished Unit Citation; French Croix de Guerre with Palm; Air Offensive, Europe; Central Europe; Northern France; Rhineland; Southern France. *NOTE: History credit to Lt. Col. Henry G. Gendrezie, (USAF Ret.)*

8-BALL-Y-HOO

by Pete Henry (44th B.G.)

After nearly two years of trying, I finally found a patch manufacturer who comes close to duplicating our Flying 8-Ball patch from WWII. The red background is more of a maroon and darker than the original, but it is otherwise a good reproduction. If anyone is interested in getting one, send me \$5.00 including postage and handling. If dissatisfied, return it to me and I'll refund your money less 50¢.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the March '84 issue of the *Journal*, I reported a story about O.K. 'Pappy' Hill's ship and a dog named 'Trim-Tab'. I received a lot of static from O.K. 'Kady' Hill, a member of the 506th Sqdn. and Bill Wickham of the 68th Sqdn. Looks like my mistake was in using the initials 'O.K.'. 'Kady' denied any knowledge of the story and Bill said 'Pappy' Hill's first name was Harold. The incident reported occurred in the 68th Sqdn. before the 506th Sqdn. was activated. Sorry about the mixup.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Milford Londo, Wakefield, MI, flew with the 67th Sqdn. in "Star Spangled Hell". He's hoping someone can help him locate others on Lt. James R. Perry, Jr.'s crew. I sent addresses for Mosley and Nabors, but am not be certain they are correct. If anyone knows the whereabouts of these men, please let me know and I'll advise Milford.



Back Row (l to r): Walter Mosley; Lt. Therian, Bombardier; Lt. Gasproni, Co-Pilot; Lt. Weller, Navigator; Lt. Perry, Pilot. Front Row: Unknown; Hulon Widon; Milford Londo; Wm. Nabors.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the December 1983 8-Ball column, I reported that Mrs. Eleanor Bartmess Riordan was looking for former crew members of "Little Beaver". In a subsequent letter, advising that she is now a 2ADA Associate Member, she told me about the following letter received April 9, 1944 in reply to a letter she had written to the parents of Lt. William E. Hill the Bombardier on "Little Beaver" when it went down over Kiel 14 May 43. Lt. Hill became a POW as a result of the Kiel mission and this was the first letter his parents received from the prison camp — dated 29 May 43 and delivered 21 Jun 43:

448th Speaks

by Leroy J. Engdall (448th)

The 448th Bomb Group's 4th anniversary Memorial dedication ceremonies was a complete success and the British hospitality was at its best.

The craftsmanship on the granite Memorial was magnificent and the fine details on the planes representing our four squadrons was unbelievable.

The 448th had eighteen British guests on Thursday evening at our social and dinner. These were the people who headed up various committees such as fund raising, food, entertainment, etc. Also included was the Chairman of the Waveny Flying Group who now own part of our old base.

Friday evening we were taken by motor coach to Seething to be greeted by the Waveny Flying Group members who had two trees nearby full of "Yellow Ribbons" which immediately caught our eyes and choked us up a bit. In the hangar where the food was waiting for us, we were entertained by the sound of Glenn Miller music which brought back memories of 40 years ago. The food and drink was excellent and the hospitality typical British.

Saturday was a full day with dedication ceremonies beginning about 9:20 A.M. with General Hubert S. Judy, Jr. and Leroy Engdall on the platform along with Col. Keith Lacey, Jr. of Lackenheath. Others included Chaplain Capt. Westall and Rev. Geoffrey Walker (former pastor of the church at Seething), Tom Eaton, James Hoseason of the Waveny Flying Group, Denis Kirkham (member of the Waveny Group) who acted as Master of Ceremonies, and many more. A bugler from Lackenheath played taps and an Honor Guard and Firing Squad for a 21 gun salute produced a touching part of the program.

Unveiling the Memorial at the base was Col. Ron Kramer, Col. Charles McBride, Walter Smith and Mrs. Maggie Wahnee, widow of deceased pilot Meyers Wahnee. Col. Keith Lacey gave a short speech and

"Dearest Mom and Dad and Family: Suppose by this time you know I am a prisoner of war. Went on one mission too many this time. Thanks to everyone's prayers, I am alive. Only officer of my crew alive, plus 3 enlisted men which leaves 4 out of 10. A 20mm.m cannon shell exploded right in the nose of the plane. Believe having a steel helmet on saved my life. Flames broke out immediately and plane went into flat spin. My Navigator bailed out and I followed. He landed in water but got caught in shrouds of parachute and drowned. Fortunately, I stayed with plane about 3 minutes longer and landed on beach. Almost knocked cold by blow on forehead as chute opened and again when I landed. However, came out of it all with scratch on forehead, sore spine for 2 days and a little shock. Germans treat us fine and we have plenty to eat. Can send return

we felt very fortunate to have had these fine young men with us for the dedication ceremony. A nice touch was the arrival of the son of Col. & Mrs. Ron Kramer (Maj. John Kramer) who is presently in the Air Force and stationed in Germany.



The ceremony at the church and the village of Seething had former residents of the area returning for the Memorable occasion and it is estimated that at least 500 people were in attendance.

Also there was a lady now living in Seething named Mimi I. Grix. During the war she was living in France and worked with the French Underground taking in American fliers who had been shot down. She gave a beautiful scarf representing a map of the Normandy invasion area.

Our Group is indebted to John Greenon for presenting a check it to the Waveny Flying Group to cover the cost of gasoline for the many plane rides given our group while being their guest. Many thanks John for this wonderful gesture.

Gen. Hubert S. Judy was our main speaker at our Saturday night banquet and covered serious events as well as a few humorous ones that took place during those trying days.

The banquet ended at midnight with everybody tired but very impressed with three days of being treated like kings. We invite all to be at the 2nd Air Division Reunion at Palm Springs, California on Oct. 4th through Oct. 7th.

address next time. Love, Bus."

Prisoners were allowed to write three short letters and four postcards per month. Mrs. Riordan plans to be with us in Palm Springs Oct. 4-7 and hopes that someone will supply William Hill's current address.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Just as this article was going to press, I received a note from Bob Vickers of 392nd B.G. advising that our former Group Commander Col. James T. Posey passed away 23 June 84. We extend condolences to the family.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Evelyn Cohen advises that the Palm Springs reunion will surely be the largest ever — maybe 1000! If that be so, the usual 10% 44th forecasts 100 for the mini-reunion Thursday night, October 4. Hope to see that many and more.

DANNY'S 489th DIARY, 30/9/44

by Charles Freudenthal (489th)

"You knew the chappies were going to visit Germany today by the lunch line. There was none. About 125 chums were aviating, so no line. . . . They queued up in Skulley's Automat at dawn, and happy Lt. Moir, who bombs and navs for Lt. Underwood, says he oughta get the DFC for eating the eggs. Interrogation bitches showed powdered eggs don't mix with combat. And one crew said 'There are two faucets, why the hell can't we get hot water out of one?'"

The 0620 briefing by S2 Lt. Conley had us bombing Hamm's rail yards; that's our newest hangout — like the smelter at Garfield. We were to pitch 'em while 75 knots of Hun wind pushed us 320 miles per hour. That's pushing. Capt. Bodine, with Capt. Gast as CP, led 489 today. Lt. Chamberlain was deputy, while Cpts. Carl and Gaczi led squadrons. . . . Before take-off we took pictures of some crews as they moped about, then jeeped around to annoy Lts. Cotton, Jeglum and Van Winkle. The first observation was that all crews used their handstand area for a urinal bowl. Somebody said it was better than the nosewheel doors at altitude. Cotton, on his 25th, inquired about a good write-up, and an hour later aborted 4825 with a gas leak. . . . Other crews asked if we'd join them on this one. That's the lovely quality about combat personnel; they invariably ask you along. . . .

Capt. Carls told a story at takeoff. He was flying a passenger, Capt. Brynjolf Bjorset of the Norwegian Coast Artillery. Later enquiries showed that Bjorset, who had witnessed the Nazis bombing his home town, got a 4 day pass from France and spent four days getting combat flight permission, oxygen and P/W training, etc. — and today donned heated clothing and flak suit for the dangerous privilege of watching Adolf get it. Capt. Bjorset is 40. Luck was again Capt. Carls today; his first abort after 25 take-offs . . . (he) felt

lousy about it, though he got through Belgium before calling it quits. The Norwegian regretted inability to spit on Germany, and seeks an encore.

Capt. Sturgis was managing at the caravan. Bodine got off; Chamberlain got a lift, and at 1020 things were humming. Lt. Loadholtes fired red flares from taxi position; he got fixed up and was off at 1100. Brother Walthers went up and five minutes later flew over base, #1 feathered, and shooting flares. Soon he was over the North Sea and dumping his bombs among the fishes. In fact, on this pay day, a lot of the taxpayers money sits in the cold sea off Southwold, for abortions and jettisoning were in style today. 'Kentucky' Jacobs, last to GO, made a sharp 90 degree turn to the runway and took off like a broad jumper. . . .

What happened? We bombed the Hamm R.R. by PFF at 1335 from 24,500 feet. Flak low, inaccurate, moderate, nobody hurt, and bomb hits unobserved. . . . Three planes aborted over Belgium, two over the sea, three at Halesworth. . . . Gunners said some P51s got too close, and Lt. Bobak's tail gunner fired 40 rounds at one. He said the '51 appeared to 'attack' from 500 feet, but got his a-s outa there when fired at. Which reminds me to get my a-s out of here. The Detroit Tigers lead the Browns by 1 game; Lil Abner has Sadie Hawkins Day coming up; and the Crap table officially opened at 1930 hours. Capt. Beardslee led the group there, and Capt. Allsbrook was Command pilot, with Lil Joe the target. Bombardier Segal was wounded (40 pounds) and fired Red-Red."

On The Other Hand

'Went on Pass to London today. Rained all afternoon and evening.' Bud Ellis, 846th.

The return of seven day furloughs and leaves was announced today by Col. Napier."

2AD—Leadership

by Jim Reeves (Hdqs)

As I review the years of 1943, '44 and '45 and the organization and growth of the Second Air Division I have a memory of the great leadership that prevailed in our Division. In order to have a good organization and a good team there must be good "leadership" and good "followship". In 2AD we had both. I well remember the rapid growth of the Division and all of the planning and coordination which was necessary until we reached a mighty striking force of fourteen (14) bomber groups and a scouting force of five (5) fighter groups

. . . PLUS the Combat Wings and all of the attached units on each base.

It was my privilege to serve almost twenty years in the Air Force Reserve. This afforded me the opportunity to observe many former Second Division Personnel who had outstanding careers in the Air Force. I suppose the one we remember best was the late General George S. Brown. It was my privilege to work for the then (Lt. Colonel Brown) when he was in Operations Section of Headquarters 2AD. I am sure all 2AD Personnel were proud, excited and honored when General Brown became Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force and later Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staff.

I have been a member of 2AD Association since its formation. This has given me the opportunity to observe the great leadership that has been displayed in our Association. In my opinion our 2AD Association is recognized as one of the best (if not the best) with an outgrowth from WWII.

I would like to pay tribute to the past as well as the present leadership of our Association. It takes lots of time and effort to administer proper administration, planning, organize conventions and maintain and seek additional membership and growth which has been so ably displayed.

Lets all be present at the 37th Annual Convention on Oct. 4th in Palm Springs.



"Sweating it out" (l to r): Capt. Winfield, Maj. Hoak, and Capt. WAS, Flight Surgeons; Maj. Holub, Group Maintenance Officer; Chaplain Wakefield; Unidentified Tech Representative.

Folded Wings

Emma Joe Whitlatch	Hdq.
Frank J. Wojtowicz	93rd
Sulo V. Sanda	3612st FG
James J. Smith	448th
Eugene Fox	453rd
Vincent P. Siebern	467th

392nd BG Report

by J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

July 11—OK, (censored my wife). It's column time for the *Journal* again, and I'm hurting for something to write that will be of some interest to our membership. However, when I wrote my first article for the *Journal* I promised to keep the 392nd B.G. in print, so I'll give you what I have and hope it will stir some response from you, or better yet, communication between you, the members.

It seems I have written a thousand letters, probably fewer, but we are getting quite a lot of response from our posters in the Queen Mary, CAF Museum, Douglas Museum, etc. as the tourist season heats up. Not many from the 392nd, but we never pass up the chance to sign a new member regardless of the Group. Not that the 392nd is suffering badly; our latest roster print-out received from Rick Rokicki which includes members through 4/23/84 shows us with 355 members, plus several associate members. The new members lists received since, shows us picking up five more for a total of 360. The latest new members on our list are: Temple Hill, Charlotte, NC; Milton P. "Mike" Anstey, Avon, CT; Clayton H. Jennings, Woodland Hills, CA; Mervyn T. Johns, Springfield, VA; Harry M. Vasconcellos, Phoenix, AZ; Norman J. Mellow, Merced, CA, and Edward K. Washington, Jamestown, NC. All have been written a letter of welcome.

The most enjoyable "duty" the past quarter was spent attending the 392nd picnic held by the Sacramento—Bay area 392nd colony. We spent a most enjoyable weekend with Myron and Blanche Keilman, and on June 2nd we and they attended the picnic hosted by Bill and Vi Long. In addition to the Longs and Keilmans, we were joined by Bob and Jean Berger, Alan and Dolly Clarke, Milt and Miriam Henderson, Ed and Lee Holmes, Charlie and Helen Neundorf, Norris and Rosa Nilson, Roland and Genevieve Sa-

bourin, Joe and Jinny Siegfried, and Harry and Nancy White. As can be expected when folks get together, the food and drink were delicious and more than ample, and the stories and camaraderie most enjoyable. It was a wonderful weekend. We are sending a photo made there and we hope Bill can print it. If our general membership isn't engaging in that sort of activity, you are missing out on what our Association is all about.

While most of you let your old dad sit out here and stew in his own juice, we have had a number of welcomed letters. John Conrad and Bill Jurczyn wrote supportive letters with checks for our petty cash fund. Bill Cetin, 579th Squadron Lead Bombardier, had written for a copy of our roster which we sent him. Had a nice letter in return with a check which we added to the fund. (We now have \$65.00 in the fund for whatever comes up.) All three plan to see us in Palm Springs. Ray Shaw and Mike Anstey wrote reporting what a great crew reunion they had at Charleston AFB. Seven of their nine crew members, including Dick Hoover, Bill Rice, Larry Bachman, and others were given the VIP treatment by the Air Force. Ed Washington wrote that he was sitting on his porch at home when he looked up to see a B-24 fly over. After collecting himself, he raced over to Greensboro-High Point Airport to find "Diamond Lil", the B-24 from the CAF. He had a nice visit with the crew and he sent us some good information about "Diamond Lil" and the CAF people. Odell Dobson wrote; seems he has found their crew's Radioman, Roger Clapp, after 39 years. He promptly made him a member of the Association. Mr. Clapp lives in Arcadia, CA, and we hope to call on him in the near future.

Walter M. Bell, Jr. sent a story. He was assigned to the 587th Squadron, and shortly after arrival, he was assigned as

Co-pilot on a mission with a crew that had lost their Co-pilot on a previous mission. While Walter was away, a staff officer decided to take Walter's crew and visit some friends on a B-17 base. Upon leaving, it would appear that the unknown officer decided to show the B-17 people how the B-24 could taxi at a high rate of speed.

While getting to the runway at a speed a little short of flying, an open drain was encountered. The English workmen had gone to "tea" and had left the grill off of the hole. The result was one of the main gear disappeared in the hole while the rest of the plane went skidding down the taxiway. The crew ended up in a ditch where they scurried in case the plane blew up. Who was that masked man who thought he was in Indianapolis?

Walter and othes are looking for 392nd members who live in South Carolina. They want to have a 392nd reunion down there in 1985. We could give him only two names; surely there must be more 392nd people in the State than that. Walter will appreciate any help you can give him in that regard, so if you know any 392nd people down that way, let Walter know. Also, let us know so we may invite them to join the Association. My suggestion to Walter was to include 392nd members from North Carolina and South Carolina and hold the reunion in Myrtle Beach.

While there wasn't anything to do, Bill Davenport and Fred Breuninger, (446th B.G.) and we have been doing some leg work for the Association in preparation for our Palm Springs reunion activities. There is a 50/50 chance that our efforts will not result in the success we hope for, but if we are successful, it will be the greatest hit of any recent reunion. Lest we get hopes up to be dashed later, we will keep the project under wraps a bit longer.

We were supposed to be on vacation May 15 to June 15, and there were some times for golf. We played twice at Sanford, NC with Bill Wall, a round with Myron Keilman, Roland Sabourin, and Charlie Neundorf, and a couple of games in the local area with Dick Griffin (392nd), Dick Boucher and Charlie Walker (445th). For the most part it was bad news . . . couldn't keep the wheels on the game at all, but on June 15 it happened while playing with Dick Boucher and Chas. Walker at Green River; my first hole in one ever on a championship course. I hit a 7 iron decently (153 yards) and it ended up in the cup. You just know it made the day for this 14 handicapper. What was my score for the day, you ask? It was a 79. But to keep my head from swelling, Boucher, who gives me three a side, chipped in on the #18 hole for a 76 and took \$2.00 off me.

That covers it. Dick Griffin, Boyce Barbee, and Warren Polking are visiting Norwich and Wendling this summer. I was promised cards from there; I'm waiting. See you at Palm Springs.



392nd Members at Sacramento Picnic

Front Row (l to r): Ed Holmes, Myron Keilman, Joe Siegfried, Chas. Neundorf, Alan Clarke, Bob Berger.

Back Row (l to r): Norris Nilson, Harry White, Fred Thomas, Bill Long, Roland Sabourin, Milt Henderson.

P L O E S T I

by T/Sgt. Deloros R. Brumagin (44th)

*There was training in the desert,
There were Twenty-Fours galore;
And flying o'er the sand dunes,
Had sometimes proved a bore.*

*Now we had a practice target,
Built to scale and bombed for fun;
But we knew the day was coming,
When we'd use it on the "Hun".*

*We'd been assigned a target,
PLOESTI, was the name.
General Brereton was commanding
The raid that came to fame.*

*He called his Group Commanders,
All the leaders for the "Day";
And with words that's since made
History,
So proudly did he say:*

*"It's the most important mission,
Any force has been assigned;
And with quick, complete destruction,
A Victory we will find.*

*They need that oil so badly,
The problem here is clear;
We'll bomb it from existence,
Though the price we pay is dear.*

*This task will be accomplished,
With an 'On the deck' attack;
With every Lib around Benghazi,
That'll fly to there and back."*

*The night before the mission,
The Chaplins' blessings gave;
And the message made things
brighter,
For the soul that God can save.*

*It was early in the morning,
August First was then the date;
Every man and plane was ready,
Just to shake the hand of fate.*

*The sun was shining brightly,
As we flew across the Med;
With the words of General Brereton,
Still droning through each head.*

*The minutes grew to hours,
And we crossed the mountains high;
Where the Yugoslav Guerillas
Were watching us go by.*

*Then we streaked across the valley,
Rousing peaceful Peasants there;
And the roaring of the engines,
Seemed like thunder cracked the air.*

*There was Rumania's golden wheat
fields
But their beauty soon was lost;
With oil wells in the distance,
And "Blue Danube" as we crossed.*

*That creek will be remembered,
The loveliest in the land;
But we used it for a landmark,
To know the target was at hand.*

*Then every heart was heavy,
Every eye was open wide,
As we asked the Lord, Our Maker,
To be our strength and guide.*

*Our minds' eyes saw a picture,
Of loved ones we hold dear,
God placed it there to aid us
Through all our strife and fear.*

*In the distance was the target,
And to us a gruesome sight,
We lost our thoughts of reverence,
In preparing for the flight.*

*We could see the flaming debris,
Some group had marked it so;
By mistake they'd left their bombs
there,
Why? No man will ever know.*

*The time bombs were exploding,
And oil fires raging high;
We could see "their" guns ablazin'
It was us to do or die.*

*Our leader knew his duty,
Disregarding fear and life;
With no sign of hesitation
Led his "Boys" through fire and strife.*

*We saw many things distinctly,
As swiftly on we flew,
We saw the German gunners,
We could see them dying too.*

*The battle was a nightmare,
Unreal in every thought;
But we needn't be reminded,
How fiercely it was fought.*

*Of the tempest o'er the target,
No man alive can tell,
There was shooting, burning, dying,
It was sure a living Hell!*

*Though the action lasted seconds,
It was a lifetime to us all,
As we watched the big guns blasting,
And our planes and comrades fall.*

*As the target flew behind us,
And through the thickest of the fight;
Every plane of ours was damaged,
And their holes a ghastly sight.*

*There were many started homeward,
But failing to return,
They had crashed up in the
mountains,
And were left up there to burn.*

*Some fell out with engine trouble,
To the "Cause" their lives they gave;
Then their fuel had been exhausted.
And crashed beneath the waves.*

*There were several airmen wounded,
But their will surpassed the cost,
'Cause they knew they had the
vengeance
For the blood that they had lost.*

*Now in tribute to those heroes,
Who died but not in vain,
Their deeds will be remembered,
Though forgotten be their names.*

*They had answered duty bravely,
Yes! Every loving Mothers' son;
We thank God for all our airmen,
And the victory that they won.*

Memories of a Mission

(Continued from June Issue)

by Lt. Col. R. L. Fisher, (44th)

By this time all four engines had been started, and the big aircraft was vibrating as something alive and eager to be on the move. Other planes had begun to taxi past our dispersal site, and our pilot released brakes, and we moved out slowly to be in position to take up the assigned location in the group; the nose compartment dipped and bobbed as he applied and released brakes causing the nosewheel oleo strut to compress and expand; at the same time there was an accompanying squeal of the main wheel brakes as if they were complaining of the heavy load applied to them. After our flight's assigned leader passed the entrance to our dispersal site, the pilot again released brakes, and we moved in behind the flight leader with more nose dipping and brake squealing. We were then part of the parade of aircraft on the perimeter track moving slowly toward the takeoff position. Because of the curvature of the taxiway, I could see the group lead aircraft already at takeoff position on the eastern end of the east-west runway, the aircraft ahead of us waiting to take their position on the runway, and at times a portion of the line of aircraft behind us — 17 aircraft, poised and waiting to go to war.

The bombardier standing in front of me pointed, and at the same moment I saw a green flare arc into the sky from the top of the control tower. Looking at the group lead plane I could tell that he had applied takeoff power while holding his brakes; the nosewheel oleo strut was compressed giving the aircraft some small resemblance of a sprinter with his feet in the chocks waiting for the starting gun. Then with the green flare signal he released his brakes; the nose rose a bit, and the plane began to roll and gained speed seemingly so very slowly as he used runway — so very rapidly. Then far down the runway the plane almost grudgingly separated from the runway and slowly began to climb; as it did the heavy landing gear just inboard of number two and three engines began to come up, one markedly slower than the other. And this takeoff picture was repeated until it was our turn to take the runway. During those early missions, I saw nothing amiss about taking off in the nose of the aircraft; so, the bombardier and I watched the process from that vantage point. While waiting and watching the others, I had a view of the operation from over the gunsights of the swivel guns mounted in our compartment, and remember thinking, "This is going to be my view of the war, over the post sights of the guns; navigation may be what is supposed to be my specialty, but shooting just may be a great deal

more important at times." And I remembered the pilot had said on several occasions that when on missions he looked out and saw enemy fighters coming at us from some position ahead of us he couldn't do anything but fly the aircraft, but he "... wanted to hear those guns firing in the nose, and keep on firing!" — a sense of priority with which I was in tune.

The pilot taxied the aircraft onto the end of the runway to takeoff position, then it was our turn. What the other aircraft had done was repeated by ours, except this time as the plane rolled down the runway, gaining flying speed ever so slowly I was watching the runway disappear beneath the nose only 3-4 feet away from my own feet, and I was feeling and sensing the power and weight of the aircraft, all of it behind us, and its effort to force us into the air. I felt more than a little awed with the process. It was at such moments that I sometimes had an ill defined feeling of being a part of something that was not nice to do, but had to be done, and I and others had by some process been chosen to be a part of it — a mixed sense of elation and dread.

And then we were in the air, and after proceeding for a short distance straight ahead the pilot began a slow turn to cut off the flight leader so that he could come into formation position with him, just to the rear and below his right wing. This accomplished, the flight joined the group as it circled, and the whole group climbed in the clear sun lit spring morning to depart the English coast at the exit point.

After departing the East Anglian coast the pilot cleared the crew to test fire the guns. I grabbed a belt of ammunition from the floor for one of the side guns, inserted the first round in the breech, slammed the plate closed, hand charged the gun, pointed it toward the sea and away from the formation and squeezed the trigger for two short bursts. Then I repeated this on the other gun. While I was doing this, I could both hear and feel the test firing being done in the other guns of the aircraft, the double 50's of the turrets being heard as a deep almost guttural, "BRRRRLP," and their reverberations being felt in the airframe. The single 50's sounded with a more staccato sound. Even the ones at the waist position between the wing and the tail firing to the left and right of the plane could be heard in the nose compartment above the sound of the engines and the rush of the slipstream. All the gun positions checked with operable guns, no jams, at least not at this altitude, and we hoped the same would be so for the 30 degrees below zero temperature expected at the

altitude of 25,000 feet.

The B-17 groups were joined at approximately the briefed rendezvous point, and the mass groups continued to climb to altitude. In the climb the discrepancies in operation between the B-17's and the B-24's became apparent: at the lower and medium altitudes the B-17's were much faster than the B-24's, and over the North Sea the 17's stepped out ahead of this lonely little group of 24's. By the time we got to the area of Helgoland the 17's were far ahead of us, and continued to be so at the entry of the German coastline. But on the other hand, above 20,000 feet the B-24 was faster than the 17, and when we entered Germany, we were flying at 24,000 feet and beginning to catch up, but there was such a lot of space between them and us that I had something of a lonely feeling.

Just a short time after entering Germany there was a cry on interphone, "Fighters at 2 o'clock high!" They were coming in from the sun, and as soon as I could see the first one and began firing when I felt he was something less than a thousand yards range, I realized there were others coming on behind him, groups of threes, sometimes six in a stream making a high frontal attack on the formation. After the first frontal assault the enemy broke up to attack from all quarters, and it seemed as if all the guns of our plane were firing at the same time, and all the gunners were calling off the positions of the attacking aircraft. I fired on the nearest attacking aircraft, jumping from it to the next one in line as I felt the need to deal with as many enemy as possible, a matter of "share the wealth." There were ME-109's, FW-190's and at one time I couldn't believe my eyes to see what I still believe to have been a JU-87, a stuka dive bomber, and thought at the moment, "They're putting up everything they've got." I also fired at this aircraft, and he turned away without completing his attack, which was alright with me! The very concentrated enemy aircraft attacks and flak from 88 MM guns continued to the IP, the target and even beyond. I remember nothing much more than turning from one gun to the other and firing at aircraft making head on and quartering attacks; the action was so rapid that I had no time to watch a fighter after he had either broken off his attack after a partial pass or flew past the traverse of my guns in passing through the bomber formation or underneath our plane's belly. The fighter attacks, the fleecy black puffs of smoke from flak floating past the aircraft, the incessant interphone chatter of gunners calling off positions of attacking fighters,

the sound of bursting flak, "crump," near the plane and even the gravel-like noise of shrapnel hitting and piercing our plane's thin skin, and the sound and feel of all the guns of our plane firing, was my world.

Just after the turn at the IP, the flak intensified and continued through the bomb run over the city of Kiel. By this time our faster speed at altitude had allowed our formation to overtake the last group of B-17's who were flying just ahead and below us by several thousand feet. The explosions, smoke and dust of the bombing done by the B-17's could be clearly seen in the bright sunlight of this almost cloudless day; much of the dockside area of Kiel was covered with a pall of smoke rising thousands of feet into the air. At the bombs away point the bombardier released our bombs as did all the other bombardiers in the group. We were surprised to see the incendiary bombs drop out of the bomb bays and then, not drop as the general purpose high explosive bombs, but each package of incendiaries to come apart and thousands of individual sticks of incendiaries filled the air almost like a cloud of confetti and floated down onto the target area. Indeed, some of this deadly confetti floated down through the group of B-17's we had overtaken, and some of the individual sticks actually bounced off the surfaces of a plane.

After the target our group got some relief from fighter attacks, but not so for the B-17's flying at their lower altitude. By the time we exited the German coast, some of the realization sank through of what I had heard on interphone about the number of fighter attacks from all quarters, fighters shot down, and losses suffered by our own group and the B-17's. It had been heavy. The floor of the nose compartment was littered with ammunition belt linkage and expended 50 caliber casings from rounds fired by the bombardier and myself. The air smelled of burnt gunpowder and scorched machine gun oil. The formation consolidated, and among the survivors there was visible damage from flak and fighters.

And the long flight back across the North Sea was a time of realization, at least in part, of what we had experienced in such a short time, and a time of recognition that for others the total experience had come to an end. The plane flown by our squadron commander was one of those lost, 7 of the 17 dispatched that morning. His plane had been seen to be under heavy attack and then to head over into an almost vertical dive with the tail turret firing even at the moment of the dive. His airplane broke up, the tail turret came off, and somehow miraculously, as reported later, the tail gunner escaped to become a POW. Over the North Sea the planes were checked for damage; ours had some minor flak damage, but the aircraft on whose left wing we were now flying did not come off so easily; there were some obvious large holes in it, and the left landing gear tire looked to have been gashed by either flak or fighter fire.

The much reduced formation let down and approached the base before breaking up to enter the landing circuit. The aircraft with the damaged tire waited until the last in case his landing might close the runway. When our aircraft taxied back into the dispersal site, and the engines were cut, there was a great feeling of relief to be at last back on firm and friendly soil — six hours and five minutes, takeoff to touchdown, life to death to life. The crew crawled out of the aircraft and soon we were working to retrieve the parachutes, other items of personal equipment, and the guns out of the plane, the guns to be taken to the squadron armament shop for cleaning and the other gear to be returned to lockers until the next flight. The escape kits which had been signed for because they contained scarce items of money had to be returned to intelligence to be issued on the next mission. The crew often worked in pairs on this phase, one man inside the aircraft handing out the heavy and damageable items to another standing by outside. It was while this was going on that the last plane landed; the pilot made what looked like a normal approach westward into the early afternoon sunlight, but at the point of touchdown held his left wing high to prevent that wheel from touching; the right wheel touched, and with what airspeed he had he held the left wing up and that wheel off the runway as long as possible. Finally, with the loss of airspeed and lift on the left wing he could hold it up no longer; it came down; there was a loud flapping noise from the tire, smoke and dust rose from the gear and the aircraft began to turn to the left; a great surge of power applied to the left engines held the plane on the runway until it could be braked to a stop. Long before all this was completed the ambulances stationed along the runway were racing to give aid if they were needed. They were! The plane had several wounded, one of which would die the next day, and one was a gunner from our crew who had been loaned to that crew in order to gain experience with an experienced crew. He shot down one enemy fighter and received a head wound.

The truck to take us and our gear to debriefing arrived; we put our gear and guns into the bed of the truck and climbed in to sit on the pull down benches. There we sat facing the ones opposite, two lines of young, but tired faces, at least temporarily lined by the sweat and grime patterns made by the hours of wearing oxygen masks, goggles, helmets and earphones, each making its characteristic impressions. At the armament shop pairs of crewmen carried each of the guns into the shop. Then we were off to the debriefing area where the rest of the gear was off-loaded for storage.

Outside the briefing room there were groups of crewmen, either waiting to go in for debriefing or waiting for transportation having completed the process. Before we could go inside, we all had our attention taken by a lone B-24 circling the base a little higher than traffic pattern altitude

with its gear up; it obviously wasn't ready to land. Then on one more pass over the base men began to jump from it, and almost immediately after each was in the air, clear of the airplane, his parachute was seen to blossom, except for one. He fell well past the others, and his chute did not open; he was much below traffic pattern altitude, and there was a low, but audible, gasp from some of the watchers — and then his chute opened; and the next thing he was on the ground — last out, first down. I heard later that before the war he had made some jumps in civilian life and did what he did this day as a matter of show off. I couldn't understand it, especially following such a mission. The aircraft turned and left the base. We learned later that the pilot had elected rather than crash land his plane, to jump his crew and head the plane out over the North Sea having jumped from it himself after making sure it would clear land and human habitation. The story told later was that after his co-pilot had jumped and before jumping himself the pilot realized a great kidney pressure and was attempting to figure out how to fly the aircraft by himself and at the same time use the relief tube when he suddenly thought, "What the hell!" He stood up, relieved himself against the instrument panel, turned around and stepped out of the aircraft through the open bomb bay doors.

In debriefing the crew sat down at a table headed by a debriefing officer, one from intelligence or a group officer conscripted temporarily for this duty. With his form in hand, he asked questions covering all phases of the flight from takeoff to landing, deviations from briefed mission, flak action, fighter opposition, fighter kills claimed and confirmed for other gunners or aircraft, bombing conditions and results, and losses to our own force. He directed most of the questions to the pilot, with the other members of the crew answering or supplying information if the pilot did not know. The room was buzzing with comments made from all the debriefings in progress: claims of fighters shot down, descriptions of our own losses; the fight was being refought — verbally. Someone said, "There were so many fighters they were squabbling over who would have first chance at us!" And someone else, "They had to queue up; there was a waiting list of those eager to attack."

After de-briefing we went outside to again wait for transportation by shuttle trucks back to the group mess site and the living sites where it had all begun early that morning. A Red Cross mobile van had parked outside the briefing room and the Red Cross lady was dispensing coffee and doughnuts. Several of the gunners went and got some, bringing several extra doughnuts back for other in the crew; they were heavy and doughy, but helped pass the time.

A truck rolled up, and we all climbed on board to be jostled for a few more minutes. "And that was number six," I thought, "with nineteen to go."

PLAQUES

Happy to say that the response was very gratifying regarding the "new series" of plaques. Of the last 30 made, 17 were done with Service Ribbons. The large 8th A.F. logo on the 4½ inch backplate did well also. It worked out very well since I ran out of the .50 cal. shells. After purchasing almost 2000 since 1979, I've been advised that my source of supply has been exhausted. At this time, I have only enough to make 14 plaques with the shells. After that, it's hard to tell. This last purchase cost 3 times the price of the original .50 shells, and the cost of the plaque has gone up accordingly.

The base price of both the .50 cal. shell unit and the 8th A.F. large logo plaques is the same . . . \$45.00 and includes one "identifier" (B-24 or wings). Two identifiers (B-24 and small 8th A.F. Cloisonne) costs an additional \$5.00. Almost any arrangement can be made to your request, just let me know what combinations you want and I will make every effort to customize your request. Any questions as to what can be made, drop me a note and I will reply and "hold" the necessary materials for your unit.

Since the plaques showing service ribbons were so much in demand, a special emphasis will be placed on them. Now stock the following ribbons: Silver Star, Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple

Heart, Good Conduct, E.T.O., WWII Victory, American Defense, American Campaign & National Defense. Also have the Presidential Unit Citation. Normally, 2 rows (6 ribbons) can be accommodated without any problem. Three rows can be done when using the large 8th A.F. logo instead of the shells. Ribbons with their brass mounts cost \$1.75 each. The "devices", (oak leaf clusters, battle stars), cost .75¢ each. Using photos #1 thru #6, costs should be figured as: #1, \$45.00; #2, 3 & 4, \$50.00; #5, \$45.00 plus 6 ribbons (\$10.50) PLUS any O.L.C. or Battle Star costs (75¢ each).; #6 has only 5 ribbons, so the cost is \$1.75 less. In any case, if you do not include enough money, you will be billed on the receipt of the plaque. Any overages will be returned. Of course, the shipping charges are still \$2.00 Chicago -East, and \$3.00 West of the Windy City.

Information needed:
 NAME — as you would like it engraved
 RANK — as desired
 DUTY — Pilot, Gunner, Mechanic, Armorer, etc.
 BOMB GROUP & SQDN
 LOCATION
 MISSIONS, DECORATIONS,
 AIRCRAFT number, etc.
 Anything else you might consider important.

Have mailed Dean Moyer, Association treasurer, another check for \$100.00. This brings the total to \$1,252.00. This would not have been possible without your con-

tinued support of this program. Ladies, just a word to you about a "one-of-a-kind" Christmas present, for him and/or the kids. Grandchildren will certainly remember "Grand-Pop", too . . .

Mail your request and check to:
 RICK ROKICKI
 P.O. Box 8767
 B.W.I. Airport, MD
 21240

A Nostalgic Flight

Submitted by John Archer

An English telephone booth has made a long distance call — to America.

The distinctive world war two relic has been flown out from Mildenhall to Louisiana. Its new home is the U.S. 8th Air Force Museum at Barksdale Air Base, where it has become part of a display featuring American military life in Britain during the last World War.



The phone booth, which was given to the museum by British Telecom, was loaded on to a KC-10 plane by members of the 306th Strategic Wing (pictured), whose commander, Col. Richard W. Hedge, said: "Like double decker buses, when you see a red phone booth you immediately think of Britain. Every detail confirms its age and authenticity. We are particularly fortunate to have been given one in such superb condition."

Incidentally, the phone booth came from Baldock, Herts.



Where Do We Go From Here?

by J. Fred Thomas, Executive Vice President

As we approach our annual convention and reunion at Palm Springs, we feel it may be well to take inventory of where our Association is, and consider the avenues to be taken in the future. The Association has evolved from what some have described as a "marching and chowder" society with a handful of members, with no great purpose except social reunions, to a healthy organization of over 5,000 members with definite purposes; the two most outstanding being the continued support of the Second Air Division Memorial, for one, and two, the continued growth of the Association by finding and reuniting every member possible who served with the second Air Division so as to continue and promote that great camaraderie we knew in WW II.

In the first instance, we feel our program is in capable and expert hands; certainly we have decisions to make as to the extent of our support and the manner in which it is applied, but we see no serious problems with that. Too, we have the question of who will represent us in the relatively distant future; will we be a "last man" organization, or will we leave it to our descendants? That, too, can be discussed and decided as to desires of the majority.

In the second instance, we continue to grow in numbers, but there are many, many people who served with the Second Air Division who remain unknown to us. We must continue and expand our search for that group. Also, we come a little closer to being truly a Second Air Division Asso-

ciation. We will never be so until we get activity from all Groups that served with us after the Second Bomb Division became the Second Air Division. It would seem we should turn a good portion of our attention and energy toward bringing this about by bringing our 65th Fighter Wing into greater prominence in our Association.

To digress, we would remind you of a number of things. First, the Second Air Division Memorial is just that; it isn't a Second Air Division Association Memorial. We just happen to be its biggest supporter. It is a memorial to members of all Groups of the Division. Several hundred names from the 65th Fighter Wing are listed on our Roll of Honor in the American Room. As such is the case, we feel it incumbent upon all 65th Fighter Wing people of the Second Air Division to join us in support of the memorial. It is likely that a great number of them donated to the cause when General Kepner's staff instigated the idea of a memorial, and we find it ironic that General Kepner had been in command of the 8th Air Force Fighter Command before the 8th Air Force was divided into three air divisions and he became commander of the Second Air Division, and now we have so few Fighter Wing people joining us in support of the memorial. We just don't believe they know what a great memorial they have at Norwich, and what an opportunity it provides for them to tell the present and future generations of their contributions to, not only victory in the air, but the total victory

of the Allied Forces in WWII.

We have checked our roster and we find approximately fifty members in our Association from the 65th Fighter Wing. We are highly appreciative of their membership; they are a cadre upon which we hope to build, and we urge and invite them to become more active. The 65th Fighter Wing has an able and willing worker in the person of George M. Epperson as their Vice President in our Association. He and we have spent considerable time and effort in getting the word out to the Fighter Groups. The results have not been all we would desire, but some progress is being made. We need support from all hands . . . members and officers of the Association. We feel we may have lost the input of our Fighter Wing people by default, and we would like to correct that situation.

For starters, we would like to see our brochures, stationery, and logos give increased prominence to our Fighter Wing. We have no fighter planes on our stationery or brochures, and little consideration is given in our brochures to the part our Fighter Groups played in the winning of the war. That must be changed and we have to improve our image in that regard if we are to make a sincere effort toward completing our Association. There is no doubt the Second Air Division was assigned the cream of the Fighter Groups when we became an air division, and we believe them well worth the effort to make them a prominent part of our Association. We hope this matter will be given serious consideration by our Executive Committee and at our business meeting at Palm Springs. To do less is to rest on our laurels, and we can't subscribe to that philosophy.

458th BG Report

by Rick Rokicki (458th B.G.)

As of mid-July, membership in the 458th has risen to 392. In the June issue of the *Journal*, we reported 43 new members, and as of this writing, we have added 19 more. In addition to that, somehow managed to also "sign-up" 3 fellows who belong to the 467th. Told Jim Coffey that he owes me a beer at the next Reunion. Again, one of the best methods we have of finding additional members, is the application form itself. The section that says "Names and addresses of former 2 ADA people you correspond with," is of great value and I'm really pleased that new members are taking the time to fill in this important section. Might add that sometimes it takes several follow-up letters to get replies, but no one ever said it would be easy. With that in mind, if you know of someone who should belong, but in spite of your efforts hasn't joined, please let me have a try. A name and address on a post card will do. I guarantee that I will do my best to have

him back with us.

Re-stocked the lapel sized B-24 pin and will have about a dozen with me at Palm Springs. In the meantime, if you want to be sure to have one (with the 458th tail colors), the cost is \$5.95 plus 30¢ for the mailer and 70¢ postage. Also still have brochure available that shows over 280 aircraft cast in 100% Boston pewter (ti-tac's), and newly available 5 inch wingspan desk models of more than 60 aircraft. B-24, of course, and just about all WWII Air Force aircraft. If interested, send ONLY a 20¢ stamp and I will forward you three or four pages of real values. Of course, all profits will continue to go to the Second Air Division treasury. Another \$100.00 check was sent to Dean Moyer, treasurer.

Fredrick Searle (subscribing member of 2 ADA), recently wrote me and said he had some inquiries as a result of the photo of his painting of The 458th OVER BIG "B" that was in the PX section of the last *Journal*. I hope to bring the original painting to Palm Springs with me, if I can "cabin stow" it. Any questions regarding having a painting done should be for-

warded to the artist, but I will be happy to assist in any way I can.

Evelyn Cohen has advised me that, as of this writing, 56 members (including wives) have sent in their reunion costs. I am sure we will have many California members there, but a good representation of East and Mid-West members always show up in the Golden State. It is extremely important that you advise Evelyn Cohen of your intention to participate, particularly if you live near the reunion site. Some members have indicated to me that since they live "in the area", they won't need hotel rooms, etc. Fact is, if you haven't made arrangements with Evelyn, even if you plan to attend only one or two functions, you may very well be disappointed by being left out. Please, let her know of your intentions. Her address is on page 2 of the *Journal*, under Vice-President, Membership. Ceil and I plan to be there a few days early, so those of you who might wish to drop by and have a drink or a few words, give us a call at the Hilton Riviera Hotel. Y'all come, Lord willin', we'll be there!

POOP FROM GROUP

by Jim Coffey (467th)

I hope to see you at the Palm Springs reunion of the Second Air Division Association, our 37th. Californians Hank Wedaa and Fred Jansen are organizing a mini-reunion of veterans from their state. Since the '84 reunion will be the first in the West since 1978, there should be an especially good turnout of Westerners as well as a large number of 467th people from the rest of the country. Bring memorabilia with you; that always adds to interest.

If you plan to attend, but still haven't made your reservation with Evelyn Cohen, you might be out of luck if you don't do so quickly. Walk-ins are strongly discouraged.

At the June regional reunion in Trenton, N.J., 467th participation was good. Your Deputy V.P. Floyd Kingsley wrote as follows:

"We had a nice area meeting at Princeton, N.J. on June 9th. It was attended by nine 467th people. There were approximately 200 people in attendance.

"The first timers were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Steffey who live at 96 W. Edwards St., Iselin, N.J. 08830.

"Also in attendance were the Honorable and Mrs. J. Wilson Noden of Titusville, N.J., Earle and Aline Page of Burlington, N.J., Tom Steranko of Philadelphia, Pa., and Dick and Eleanor Kingsley of Newark, Del."

David J. Hastings, a member of the Board of Governors since 1981, first encountered the 2nd AD in 1943, when the first B-24's arrived at Horsham St. Faith. Then a schoolboy, he treasures the silver dollar given him by one of the men of the 458th. You will be interested in his letter:

"Thank you so much for your kind letter, and all your wonderful help to us at Rackheath. We are all overwhelmed by your great kindness with the check for \$450 which has just arrived from Phillip, and the Parish Council will make a start

straight away on the seat which you have all so kindly donated. I am going to try and get it ready by June 17th when the Rackheath Church of All Saints celebrates it's 25th year, as this would make a wonderful time to unveil your marvelous gift to us all. I will keep you in the picture as to the progress, and also let you have any photos which may be taken in June.

"Thank you also for helping out in the search for some items which we can frame and hang in the entrance to the Church Hall. This will be wonderful, as so many visitors are intrigued by the Liberator on the Village Sign that they always ask for more information. On this I have asked Phillip if we can have any items in good time, so that I can get them mounted and framed ready for the June celebrations.

"On the film side, we have good news in that Jim Mahoney has now agreed to let us have a copy of his wonderful film on Rackheath, and Jordan will hopefully be bringing this over later this month when he attends the Governors meeting. I will then start the filming at Rackheath as soon as I can in June, and I'm sure we will have a very good "Second Feature" to follow "Remember Them", which is still showing almost once a month and has done so much to increase the interest locally, especially among the youngsters. Again I will keep you in the picture as to the progress and we might even be able to bring the finished film along to Palm Springs.

"Once again our sincere thanks to you and all the members of the 467th for your friendship and great generosity with the village seat, you are all so kind to us. Please give my regards to all the 467th, I think of you all each day when I drive across the airfield on my way to business.

"Finally, thank you and Phillip for all your help with regard to my efforts to get a link established with RAF Neatishead, who still use a 467th hut as their Officers Mess. Again Jordan will be presenting a plaque to the Station Commander on Friday, May 25th."

If you would care to donate any mem-

orabilia to the RAF for display in our transplanted Nissen at Neatishead — NATO's prime radar control station — please mail to me. I will combine, insure and send on to David. (In case of duplication, he will place your gift in a Norfolk school.)



Just received at press time: photographs from David Hastings. His Rackheath photos show the 467th's bronze memorial plaque dedicated there at the same hour as our plaque in Dayton, as well as the bench recently installed near the memorial, a gift from the 467th. Both gifts were conceived and carried through by Phillip Day. The Neatishead photos show gifts from the 2nd ADA by Jordan Uttal at a ceremony reported elsewhere in the *Journal*.

I am sure we all share a great sense of pride in our continuing relationship with the people of Norwich through the American Room of the Norwich Central Library and the recently established relationship with the Royal Air Force.

Homecoming

by Dwight Bishop, 453rd

I am a B-24-J, number 44-44175, once called "Shoot — You're Faded", now known as "Pima Paisano". I want to tell the story of how I got home — after 25 years.

My career in flying started in the China-Burma-India theatre, with the 10th Air Force, 7th Bomb Group, 9th Bomb Squadron. After WW II, I was not sent home with my people. Instead, I and other B-4's were transferred to the Indian Air Force, where for 20 years we did coastal patrol work.

About the middle of 1968, the Indian Air Force decided to phase out 16 of us. An article appeared in an English air magazine, and was seen by Lt. Col. Rhoades F. Arnold, who was looking for aircraft for a new museum in Tucson, Ariz. He started the ball rolling to get me home by writing to the Indian government and asking if they would donate one of us to the museum. We were all on pins and needles waiting to see which one of us (if any) would be selected. When I heard that the Indian government had decided to donate one of us, and I had been chosen, I was so happy, I could have spun my props and flipped my rudders.

The Americans began looking for support because they had to furnish fuel, oil

Mini-Reunion Held in Princeton, N.J.

by Evelyn Cohen (Hdq.), Pete Henry (44th BG)
Frank DiMola (445), Milt Stokes (453)

Following the pattern established in Southern California by J. Fred Thomas (392nd), a 2ADA dinner was held in Princeton, N.J., June 9, 1984, at the Hyatt Regency Hotel. Invitations were sent to all 2ADA members within a 100 mile radius and approximately 200 people were in attendance.

After dinner, short talks were given by President Charles Freudenthal; Membership V.P. Evelyn Cohen, 93 BG; V.P. Charles Weiss, 445 BG; V.P. Frank DiMola; Milt Stokes, 453 BG; and Public Relations Officer Fred Meyer.

During the break, a raffle ticket drawing was held during which two Air Force books and three 2ADA patches were awarded. Net proceeds from the raffle were \$122.61 and this amount has been forwarded to Treasurer, Dean Moyer for the 2ADA Memorial Library.

Following the raffle, two combat films were shown and were very well received by those present. They probably would have welcomed another one, but we had to save something to show next year.

If we missed contacting any one this time, please let us know and we'll make certain that you get an invitation from the committee next year.

and a crew to get me home. By Nov. 1968, the support was beginning to shape up and it was time to look for a volunteer crew. Lt. Col. LeRoy W. Svedsen, Jr. agreed to be pilot, Maj. James Boggs would be co-pilot and M/Sgt. Robert K. Kent, a former B-24 flight engineer, agreed to serve again to get me home. A navigator and radio operator were found and the men left Travis in March 1969. It was really happening — I was going home!

When the men arrived in Poona, India, I received a terrible shock — neither pilot had any experience in multi-engine aircraft — not even hour ONE! Talk about sweating! But flying is flying, and they both had thousands of hours in fighters and seemed to be pretty smart, so I figured with a few check flights by Indian instructors, and a little help from me, we would make it OK.

On 28 March 1969, I said goodbye to my Indian Air Force friends and we lifted off and headed for Karachi, Pakistan. I was finally on my way! We spent a night in Athens, and then went to Torrejon Air Base (near Madrid) where my crew proved how smart they were. Anticipating my huge thirst for fuel on the long flight across the Atlantic, they spent 10 days fitting me with a bomb bay tank.

We went to Jajes Field in the Azores, then flew 10½ hours to Newfoundland. I was really embarrassed on this leg of the flight. Being in India so long, my heating and de-icing equipment had long since been removed, and when the crew began to worry about frost-bite, there was nothing I could do about it. After a stop at Forestville, Quebec, it was on to Washington, DC and good old American soil at last. We stopped at Fort Worth to show the people that made so many of my sister B-24's how well they had built. I was real proud to have made the 11,000 mile trip from India without a hitch — no problems at all!

From Fort Worth to Tucson was a breeze. Over 500 people had gathered to welcome me, and at 1100 hours on 27 April 1969 — like a ghost from the past — I touched down at Davis-Monthan, the first B-24 to do so in more than 20 years. Damn, it was good to be home!

I was moved a short distance to the Pima Air Museum and here I sit with my contemporaries — B17, B29, P38, and some navy and some non-combatant types, enjoying the warm Arizona sunshine and dreaming of the long ago days when we — with the men that flew us and cared for us — were the heart and strength of US air power.

Many of the younger generations come to see, but I long for my 'old' friends — the ones that can say "I knew you when". I know I will never again "slip the surly bonds of earth and dance the skies on laughter-silvered wings" so you will have to come to me. If you are in Tucson, please come out to visit — love to see you.

PALM SPRINGS Oct. 4-7, 1984 A Reminder

If you wish to join us for any events in Palm Springs, please contact me for advance reservations or we may not be able to accommodate you. I will be home until 9/28 and at the Palm Springs Hilton on 9/30. Evelyn Cohen, 215-632-3992.

All acknowledgements for reservations have been mailed. If you have not received same, please call me at once.

Buses from Los Angeles and Ontario to Palm Springs. Ask the bus driver to drop you off at the Palm Springs Hilton. If he refuses, call the hotel and they will send a station wagon for you.

If you are flying into Palm Springs call the hotel using the #3 button at the airport and they will send a wagon for you.

HOTEL PHONE NO. 327-8311.

45th Reporting

by Frank DiMola (445th)

On May 7-8 1984, we had a Memorial Tree Planting Ceremony at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton. We had in attendance 30 members from our Group and 160 plus from the 453rd Group. With the assistance of the 453rd Planning Committee, it was a huge success. Many thanks to the committee for making this possible on the 40th Anniversary of the Brunswick Raid, May 8th, 1944 and the 39th Anniversary of the victory in Europe. A satire briefing of this mission to Brunswick was given by Charles "Moose" Allen, Texas. He made it sound like a "No Ball" milk run.

Many photos were taken at the tree planting and memorial site and what I did was to take the best ones showing the site and had a post card size photo made up and sent a copy to the members that contributed to the fund. Any one requesting a post card view of the area, please send me a self addressed envelope.

In the June issue there was a typo error about my retirement date. It should have read March 9th, 1984 and not the year 1948. The wrong date would have made me 99 years old and possibly the sole survivor of the 2nd AD.

Once again I am requesting the members to send Tony North of England any photos or stories of your service while in the 445th Bomb Group in England.

On June 9th, 1984, another successful mini-reunion was held in Princeton, New Jersey. It was again planned by Chairman Pete Henry, 44th BG; Evelyn Cohen, Hdq.; Milton Stokes, 453rd and myself. The attendance was close to 200 people.

All these mini-reunions usually have the first time meeting between comrades. Well it hapened to me. I met Eddie Goldsmith, III. That was in 1978. Well anyway this night two chaps called me over and asked me if I recognized a certain photo that was taken in England, May, 1945. "Heck

yes — it is me". Still another photo showed us in a group of 12 men and the three of us were in the snap shot. After 39 years, I met Frank Olover, N.J. and Fred Rodgers, Pa. What a thrill it was to have met some ground personnel that were crew chief with me in the 700th Sqd.

This could happen to almost everyone that is a member of the Association and it can be done very easily. Just open up your old foot locker or look in the attic and start looking for the guys that you were in touch with. Send me a list of names and old addresses and I will help you. There are various air shows in many parts of the country and in these locations we could put posters and set-up small stands. One of the air shows in my area is planned for August 24, 25, and 26th in Sussex, N.J. It is located just above the Old Play Boys Club in the Ramapo Mountains.

We had another first timer at the Princeton reunion and after 38 years, George Smith and Henry Culver from Jersey City, New Jersey have not seen each other since their last mission early in 1945. It was a thrilling situation because at this affair was George Culver's son who was in uniform and serving in the Air Force.

I have found four members of the same crew, William Williams, Fla.; Douglas Pillow, Ark. and George Smith and Henry Culver. I do hope that they are in touch with each other and are making plans to meet in Palm Springs, Calif. this October.

Most recently a major broadcasting company had a documentary on the 8th Air Force which was a disappointing review. In reply to my letter to the studios, I received a reply "In preparing NBC's recent documentary," all the fine young men: the 8th Air Force in World War II, "our producers realized from the start that there would not be enough air time to do justice to all the 8th Air Force's exploits. We know the B-24's made a magnificent contribution to the allies' final victory ad are sorry there was not enough time in our broadcast to document the activities of the Second Air Division".

453rd BG CORNER

by Don Olds (453rd)

They came from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Texas, to participate in the dedication of the 453rd BG Memorial Plaque/Stone in the Memorial Park section of the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio, on May 8th, 1984. What a crowd! Over 150 attended and many of them were attending their first 2nd ADA function. We headquartered at the Holiday Inn, Fairborn, Ohio and overflowed into a couple of nearby motels.

On Monday the 7th we went to the Officer's Club at Wright-Patterson Field where we enjoyed a nice dinner after the candle lighting ceremony. Milt Stokes served as MC and introduced the speakers, Andy Low, Mike Benarcik, Frank Thomas, John Ersparmer and from the 445th BG, our good friend, Frank DiMola. Pat Ramm, who as a lad of 10 years old hung around John Tangorra's hardstand was a guest of John and Helen Tangorra and reminisced about being a youngster on the Old Buck Airfield. Pat was accompanied by his wife, Agnes. Evelyn Cohen attended the dinner and spoke to us about the upcoming reunion in Palm Springs.

After dinner, Charles Allen recreated the briefing for the 8 May 44 raid in Brunswick, in which the 453rd BG led the 2nd Air Division which in turn led the entire 8th Air Force. The briefing started out lightheartedly. But the conclusion was deadly serious as the formation chart showed eight aircraft from the 453rd lost over the continent and two more crashing after arriving back over England. These were the people we were there to honor with our plaque/stone and the tree that was planted at the museum.



Marker and Inscription.

Tuesday morning the 8th we were greeted by cold, windy and rainy weather which caused our dedication ceremony to be held in the AF Museum Auditorium rather than out at the actual site. The weather didn't dampen our zeal and we had an emotional program completed with AF Color Guard posting colors, etc.

It seems everyone departed Dayton with a good feeling about participating in our dedication program. Much credit for the success should go to the committee and its leader Ginger Brubaker and to Glen Tisher, who did all the leg work at the

New Additions to 2ADA Film Library

by H. C. 'Pete' Henry (44th B.G.)

164 Portland Lane, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831

"REMEMBER THEM" as shown in Norwich May 1983 - 600' - color - sound - 30 minutes - Super 8. The story of the 2nd Air Division - Then and Now. Film of the airfields as they are now, linked with actual combat photography by Ursel P. Harvell. Rental - \$5.00.

CAUTION: This film can only be viewed on a Super 8 projector that will accommodate a 600' reel.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"LIBERATOR B24J" and "LIBERATORS OVER EUROPE". These two sound and color films are combined on one 16mm reel - 700' - 20 minutes. This film shows the B24J in several static shots from different angles, engine starting, taxiing, take-off, low passes across the field, landing and taxiing in. A P-38 slides into close formation for a good look-see, as seen from the right waist window, a really most unusual sight.

"Liberators Over Europe" depicts the 2nd Air Division carrying out an unusually low level supply mission to the first airborne troops to land in Germany. Two planes of the 44th B.G. are shot down in the target area and several more are severely damaged, enough to provide some spectacular landings. Rental - \$5.00.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The following films are still available for rent from your 2ADA film library:

"TARGET FOR TODAY" - 2 parts	Rental - \$10.00
"THE MISSION"	Rental - 5.00
"THE MEN WHO FLEW THE LIBERATORS"	Rental - 5.00
"1973 2ADA REUNION IN COLORADO SPRINGS" and "2ADA-8th USAAF MEMORIAL" - one reel	Rental - 5.00

museum in seeing that everything was ready for us on the day we arrived. Well done Ginger and Glen!

The 453rd has lost two more of its members. I received word that Eugene Fox of the Armament Section passed away on April 12th. Was also informed in May of the passing of Morris Sobel from the 735th Sq. ground crew. Cards of sympathy were sent to each family on behalf of the members of the 453rd BG.

The 453rd Bomb Group History mentions that Lester Hardwick, Group Photo Interpreter, was engaged to be married. Well, Lester did indeed get married, on Sept. 16th, 1944, to LACW Gwendolen D. Craven-Smith at Norwich Cathedral. Major John Braun, Group Communications Officer was best man and Capt. Charles Titkemeyer, Navigator, served as usher. Lester is now retired and living in Lake Worth, FLA. They have four sons, John, Michael, Brian and Peter. Lester also serves on the board of governors of the Florida Chapter of the 8th Air Force Historical Society.

For historical purposes we're trying to match up the original aircraft assigned to crews along with their serial number and any name the plane might have had. Several of them are nailed down, serial number, pilots name, squadron and the name of the plane. But, we have many gaps. Here's a few. Who were original pilots of 732nd a/c BATTLE PACKAGE, 733rd's MAID OF FURY, 734th's YANKEE DOLL and LOVER'S LANE of the 735th Sq. Write me if you have this information. Also, space doesn't permit listing others right now, so if you know of your a/c name and pilot, let me know. Original a/c only, please.

Got a letter from Del Wangsvick saying

that he is confined to the Jacksonville, Fla. Naval Hospital while undergoing surgery. He asked that I remind everyone in Palm Springs that he will be thinking of them should he not be able to make it. Knowing that all of Del's friends won't be able to make it to Palm Springs, I thought it should be mentioned here. Del is a long time member of the 2nd ADA and many years ago he attended a reunion and was the only 453rd person registered. Get well soon, Del. See you in Palm Springs!

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
60-410 Delaire Ldg. Rd.
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below, as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else (Bill Robertie or Group VP) simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the *Journal* will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

_____	name
_____	address
_____	group

Letters



Dear Evelyn:

I am sending my dues payment and some to put on the Memorial Library. Sure enjoy reading the *Journal* and it brings back some rich memories, some good, some sad, but I would not trade my experiences with anyone. I recognize some of the happenings that are written in the *Journal*; as I spent 34 months with the 328th B.Sq. 93rd B.G. Went over with and came home with it. Keep the *Journal* coming and I really appreciate the efforts of those who publish it and keep it going.

Bill Merchant

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Elmer (Clarey):

My name is Reto Renfer. I'm 18 years old and a great fan of the B-24 Liberator. Many B-24's made forced landings during the last war here in Switzerland, but unfortunately we can't see in Switzerland any more of this beautiful bird, the "Lib."

Now when we visit the Swiss Air Force museum at Dubendorf and we hold the eyes open, we can see an excellent piece of a beautiful B-24J, "The Tequila Daisy" from the 492nd BG, 857th BS. In the museum they have a piece of the right side with a painting of a pretty girl and with the red letters "Tequila Daisy". I was so astonished when I saw this piece the first time that I was a long time standing in front of it.

After this event, I began to get interested in the 492nd BG.

In England I bought the excellent book, "The Fortunes of War", and I have received a picture from the Swiss Air Force museum. This shows the plane after the forced landing. Unfortunately, in the book only the name of the pilot is printed, Lt. John C. Tracey. Can you tell me the other crew member's names, and can you send me information of the last flight of the "Tequila Daisy" against Munich, or send me pictures of the plane? I'm really a great fan of the U.S. Army Air Force because I also bought in England an original officers cap, and now I do look like an Army Air Force officer. All the neighbors do not understand when they see me with my cap. My greatest desire is to possess an original Bomber jacket worn during the last war, but it's very difficult to find.

2 months ago I found in a forest at Jegenstorf with a detector, parts of a B24H, nicknamed "Meat Around The Corner" from the 458th BG, 754th BS. This "Lib." came down on 11th May, 1944, after an attack against Epinal, a little French town about 40 miles from Mulhouse. This day the 492nd BG attacked Mulhouse.

What was your role in the 492nd BG?

Now I hope that you can help me and with joy I wait your letter.

PS: Can you send me the address of Lt. John C. Tracey?

Reto Renfer
Solothurn str. 53
2543 Lengnau,
Switzerland

(Can anyone out there help this fellow? Sounds as though there is a good story in the making. Lt. Tracey flew with Wyman M. Bridges until he was assigned his own crew.)

Elmer W. (Bill) Clarey

Dear Mr. Charles Weiss:

I have been a member of the Second Air Div. Assoc. for only two years. I have recently retired so I now have more time for projects. I am trying to locate a pilot friend by name Wesley (NMI) Sheffield. We were with the 93rd B.G. in late 1944 and early 1945. My recollection is hazy, but I think he lived in upstate N.Y. We lived in a "Nissen Hut" we called "The Bolt and Paul". Wes used to recap the daily happenings of the 93rd. His writeups were so good he used to put them up on our hut bulletin board. I checked with several Libraries to see if he ever published. I never had any success. If anyone knows anything of Sheffield I would appreciate any leads.

I was pretty artistic in those days. I did a drawing on one end of the nissen hut of a South Sea Island lady and I also did a poster for the 1944 Christmas Party at the Officers Club. It was of "Sad Sack" dressed as Santa Claus with a beautiful girl in his sack that was slung over his shoulder. All of the above is an intro to my next problem. I was working on a painting that I never completed because I was shot down on January 17, 1945. This painting was about two feet by four feet, it was on the back of one of the British Canvas Maps we were supplied with. Liberator was parked, I painted a Flaming Dragon's head on the nose in tempera paint, the painting was about 95% complete when I was shot down so I never got a chance to sign and date the painting. If anyone has any leads on the painting or Pilot Sheffield, I would appreciate it. I suggest the Association do whatever is necessary to make the *Journal* larger so more data from each of the Groups can be printed. It seems all the V.P.s are always referring to their limited space for writing. There are many of us who do not attend the reunions and our only contact is the *Journal*. Please keep up the good work and thank you for any help that may come from this letter.

Charles L. Kline

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Evelyn:

Thank you for sending my 1984 Membership card. Enclosed is my check covering dues and a small donation to the Memorial Library Fund which is made on behalf of my late husband Charles. I know he would want me to continue as a member of the Association and support the Library in Norway.

It has been four years this month since Charles joined his fellow crew members in the "wild blue yonder". There are only five of them left from the original crew of "Jamaica" and they are kind enough to keep in touch with me from time to time.

I shall look forward to possibly attending the next reunion — and of course enjoy reading the Newsletters.

Marion Herbst

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Bill:

Here's a short short which I hope you can find room for in the *Journal* some time.

A couple of months ago I got a combined phone call from my pilot George Dubina, and my navigator Jeff Steinert.

Hadn't heard from these guys since we separated after our tour at Hethel, Nov. of 1944! It was just great. We plan a small booklet of our experiences and are madly taping and recollecting.

Bad news as well. I also learned that my co-pilot had recently died. (We should have made contact earlier for a foursome. Too late, now.)

For the record:
Died: Harold E. Bayless (389th, co-pilot),
0-705100, 567th Sqdn.

Roy Hoelke

Dear Bill:

I enjoyed the front page article of the June '84 *Journal* by Andy Low and Jimmy Stewart and especially the picture of Maj. Stewart, Col. Potts, Gen. Timberlake and Lt. Col. Harris since I have one very similar. The guy with his back to the camera with the parachute harness on is me. That picture was made 13 April, 1944 after the return from a mission to Oberpaffenhofen, Germany on which Maj. Stewart led the 2nd Division. He flew with Oris "Porky" Warrington's 453rd lead crew and the flight lasted 7:52 hours. I recall that a small cloud obscured the hangar I, as bombardier, was supposed to hit and instead we tore up a cabbage patch. On the way home, we ran short of oxygen and had to share what little we had left. Besides Jimmy Stewart, Warrington and me, the crew consisted of Maxie B. Seale, Eugene E. Massy, Max Martin, G. F. Lesperance, Dottie R. Little, Donald S. Sherman, I. Sherman, and R. H. Erhardt.

If anyone knows the address of any of these please let me know. I have the address of Warrington and Seale.

I hope Jimmy Stewart attends the reunion in Palm Springs; I'd like to help him sing "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" again.

Orvis G. Martin

□ □ □ □ □

Dear Bill:

I hope enough members of the Second Air Division take the time to tell you what a fine job you are doing with the *Journal*. I know I look for it, and when it comes, I read it from cover to cover. I was a member of 453 Group, but I read every scrap from the other Groups as well.

The March Issue (Vol. 23 No. 1) contained an article submitted by Dr. Roy Baker of the University of East Anglia. It was in reference to three essays prepared by 10-11 year old school children in the Old Buckenham schools. I was delighted with them and enclose for you, a copy of my response to Dr. Baker and the three kids. I think it is wonderful to have the present day school children of East Anglia thinking of what it was like for their parents and grandparents when so many Yanks were about.

I note that from time to time you try to get ground crews to write their views for the *Journal*. I shall try to comply, because a lot of us have some funny incidents to tell about. Many of us stayed the full 17 months we were in England, and got a lot more exposure to the townspeople than did many of the air crews.

I'll never forget the night I was developing some "X" rated film in the Photo Lab, Commando activity around Picadilly Circus, if I recall correctly. Four of my lab mates were hauling the stuff out of the hypo as fast as I could process it. All of a sudden I noticed that there was no one in the darkroom but me and the four enlargements floating right-side up in the hypo. In strolls Colonel Thomas, two Red Cross ladies, and the Photo Officer, Captain Jess Gerding. The Colonel looks in the hypo, the ladies look in the hypo, and Captain Jess looks in the hypo. "Those the nose art prints for the 732nd planes, Kyle?" says old Jess without batting an eyelash. "Yes sir, Captain Gerding!" Col. Thomas just shook his head and walked out. The Red Cross ladies giggled, and I started breathing again. I never did find out where my lab mates went. (ed: probably headed for the hills as you should have done!)

Bill, keep up the good work. You make a lot of guys happy when they see the *Journal* in their afternoon mail.

Francis X. Kyle (732/753)

(Ed: Frank's reply to the three school children will appear in the December issue. Look for it.)

Dear Pete:

With each copy of the 2nd ADA *Journal* comes a sad realization that the life spans of WWII veterans are ending in greater numbers than before. The list of Folded Wings grows longer and the March 1984 issue listed Ed Reynolds — my roommate, advisor, A/C commander, best man and true friend.

I was a navigator on Lt. Crandall's crew, arrived at Shipdham in late November 1944, and assigned to the 67th Squadron. Lt. Crandall, Co-pilot Croll and myself were given quarters in the last quonset hut on the left side in the rear of the squadron's area. That hut was quartered with two officers to each quarter. My roommate turned out to be Captain Eddie Reynolds. We hit it off right away because we had one thing in common — we were New Englanders — he from Lowell, Mass. and I from Meriden, Conn.

As time went on I found out several things about my roommate. The first thing I diagnosed was that Ed was a good and dedicated pilot. He loved to fly, but fretted and became upset if his performance was criticized. During practice formation flying he was admonished several times by Major Banedon,

who was at one time squadron commander, for not pulling up real tight. Ed's position was that very tight formation flying was necessary when under attack or over enemy territory, but in practice safety was of primary importance. When later I became Ed's navigator, I noticed that on combat missions he was never criticized and as lead pilot he kept his squadron under firm control.

Some other things I found out about Ed. He was a scrounger — we often had fresh eggs and fried them over our little stove in the evenings using wood and coal that also had been scrounged. He was not selfish however. Frequently the benefactors were members of his crew or other officers in the quonset hut. He loved to read and also was a great letter writer. He was a very handsome guy with charm to go with it so his mail to and from the female sex was heavy. Ed enjoyed playing poker and was quite good at it. We spent many nights in the small officers club adjacent to our hut playing poker and he usually came out a winner. One thing Ed was not good at and that was drinking alcoholic beverages, yet he would tie on a beaut now and then. He told me that he hated the

taste of alcohol, but when he drank any he would drink it straight and fast so he would only endure the taste for a brief period of time before it took effect.

In early March 1945, Ed had some problem with the performance of his navigator so, without my knowledge, he had me transferred to his crew which had been given lead crew status. I was a little upset because I wanted to finish with Len Crandall, but the gods were with me through Eddie Reynolds. On March 24th, 1945, while we were flying practice missions, Lt. Crandall and crew flew a low level supply dropping mission for Field Marshall Montgomery's troops crossing the Rhine River and sustained a direct hit that wiped out the aircraft and entire crew. It took me a while to get over that.

After the war Ed stayed in the Air Force and spent time at various locations including Alaska where he flew to remote fields including the Aleutian chain where he checked out navigation aids often under horrendous weather conditions. He once checked out the GCA unit at Gander, Newfoundland when I was stationed there as chief dispatcher for Scandinavian Airlines.



Dear Bill:

Some time ago I received a large batch of B-24 nose-art photos taken at the 3rd S.A.D. at Watton/Griston. There was no information as to which groups the aircraft came from but obviously the odds are that they served with the 2nd AD.

I would be grateful if you can find space in the *Journal* to publish some in the hope that someone might recognize the aircraft depicted and supply me with information regarding group, squadron and, if possible, serial no.

Tony North
62, Turner Road
Norwich, Norfolk, NR2 4HB, England

Norfolk Schools Get a US Boost

The 2nd Air Division USAAF Memorial Library in Norwich is to turn its attention to Norfolk's younger generation.

The division's Memorial Trust is to buy books to strengthen the schools' project library's stock in American subjects. The trust's English and American governors yesterday agreed at their annual meeting to back the five-year project.

They hoped the scheme would increase school children's awareness and understanding of the American people.

Librarian Mr. Colin Sleath explained that the scope for increasing the library in the Memorial Room was very limited.

These new books would be housed by the schools' library service at Norwich

Central Library.

Mr. Sleath told the governors that it would cost about £250 to cover each subject and he thought they should aim to cover 5-6 such areas a year.

The governors agreed to give up to £1500 to cover the cost of the first year of the project.

Mr. Sleath said they had also decided to experiment at the Memorial Library and had bought some American telephone directories.

They now had the "Top Ten" U.S. cities' directories on microfiche which took up less space than books.

Mr. Sleath said the library was gaining a reputation across the country and he hoped it would be known better and better nationally.

The meeting was told that the number of names on the Roll of Honor now stood

at 6082, with more in the pipeline.

Chairman Mr. Tom Eaton said the trust had benefitted considerably from donations and had been able to develop its work in a satisfactory way.

Mr. Jordan Uttal expressed his distaste of the BBC-1 program "She Married a Yank". "I viewed the film with great distaste. It did not do justice to the fine relationship that was established between the Americans and the people of East Anglia," he said.

Mr. Uttal said he was sorry the program had not appeared the way he thought it would. The 2nd Air Division was not mentioned at all.

The division's Memorial Library is its official war memorial to the 6000 members killed while serving in East Anglia.

Mr. Eaton and Mr. Paul King were re-elected chairman and vice-chairman.

The Second Air Division Memorial Room, 1974-1983

Memorial Brochure

As many of you know a colored brochure of our Memorial in Norwich was first published in 1963, and reprinted in 1975. Many of you have copies, and we thought that you would like to have the following material written by Colin Sleath and Roger Freeman as an update.

For those of you who do not have a copy and want one, please send \$2.00 to Jordan Uttal, 7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101, Dallas, Texas 75230, and it will be sent promptly. Supply is limited so act now.

The role of the Room as a "living memorial" has been sustained and strengthened by continuously developing support from Second Air Division Association members and increasing use by the people of Norfolk and Norwich. In the United States, the members of the Association have responded magnificently to the need to increase the Trust's capital, and have added some \$100,000.00 since 1974.

The impact of the improved grant for book purchases has been noticeable in the increase in books available (now over 6,000) and a substantial growth in the number of books borrowed. Individual donors have demonstrated continuing interest and support with a steady flow of donations dedicated to relatives and friends. Extra shelves have been added to the Room, but these are now full. Some of the books are in circulation to other local libraries in East Anglia.

The basic aim of the Memorial Library is to provide books about the United States and its civilization, or books contributing to knowledge in general written by Americans or published in America, for the use of the general reader. One emphasis is on books and other information of interest to travellers. A new development still in its infancy is a slide collection illustrating American life and landscape.

Another important function of the Library is to document the history of the Second Air Division during World War II, and the aim is to make this collection as complete as possible. As well as group and other histories, diaries, original documents, maps, photographs, manuals and other items have been acquired and are always wanted. The records of all the bases have been obtained

on microfilm. Copies of any surviving archive cine films are also being obtained when the opportunity arises.

The Memorial has been enhanced by the addition of several new features. A sound/slide projector offers visitors a short introduction to the meaning and purpose of the Memorial. A 'Freedom Shrine', donated by the Exchange Club of Garland, Texas, has been installed near the flags and the Roll of Honor. The Freedom Shrine is a collection of copies of important documents contributing to the development of American constitutional ideals. A Purple Heart, awarded in recognition of the valor of 2nd Lt. Robert T. Couch, 458th Bomb Group, has been presented by his friends, Mr. and Mrs. L. Murton.

A further substantial enhancement of the Memorial Room, including the addition of Group Memorials, was timed to coincide with the celebration in 1983 of the twentieth anniversary of the dedication of the Memorial and the fifth reunion of the Second Air Division Association in Norwich.

The Roll of Honor is continuously updated and now stands at over 6,080. Following a disastrous fire at the National Personnel Records Centre, St. Louis, the approval of names for inclusion is now handled by the Second Air Division Association.

Further developments which are under active consideration include the appointment of an American intern librarian, the use of volunteers to carry out indexing and other tasks, the development of teaching material and project packs for use in local schools, and the collection of recorded reminiscences of Second Air Division veterans.

THE PX PAGE



Mighty Eighth War Manual



Roger A. Freeman

JANES



MIGHTY EIGHTH WAR MANUAL

Describes the procedures involved in the execution of particular types of operations and how these were amended to meet changing circumstances. Special operational projects and Air Force support facilities are also dealt with in detail. In addition to over 300 photographic illustrations, most published for the first time, the text is supported by many line drawings, including plans of sixty US Eighth Air Force airfields. Specially prepared by Norman Ottaway, these show each airfield as it was laid out during American occupation. While complementary and a companion to the other 'Mighty Eighth' volumes, this is, nevertheless, a completely self-contained book and in no way dependent on the earlier works. "Mighty Eighth War Manual" will prove fascinating to all who have an interest in the

most famous of all American Air Forces and its associations with the United Kingdom during its operations against Hitler's war machine.

FRONT JACKET: It is early summer 1944 as Republic P-47C Thunderbolts of the 361st FG climb away from their base at Bottisham, Cambridgeshire on bomber escort.

TOP REAR JACKET: Ground crew of the night leaflet squadron at Cheddington receive instructions on revised oxygen systems from Mobile Training Unit expert. B-17F, 42-3181, 'Flak Alley Lil' exhibits night camouflage.

BOTTOM REAR JACKET: 'Lion' nosed B-24J of 329 BS, 93rd on the Hardwick perimeter track, May 1945 awaiting return to the USA.

Retail price is \$30.00 but the price to our members is \$25.00. Please send check or money order to Bill Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, MA 01938. (Available in October 1984.)

(NOTE: "The Mighty Eighth War Diary" is once again available. Membership price \$25.00).



LIBERATOR PORTRAITS

by Mike Bailey (Hon. Member 2nd ADA)

Highly detailed painting of any variant of the B-24 Liberator on request.

100% Accuracy guaranteed in all details down to the rivet seams, field modification etc.

Approximate size 30" by 20". Exceptionally reasonable prices.

Write to:

Mike Bailey,
91 Waterworks Road
Norwich, Norfolk NR2 4DB,
England

