



Volume 12 Number 2 Voice of "The Mighty Eighth"

June 2012

TH AF NEWS

**REUNION INFORMATION
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**B-17
"Sentimental Journey"**

visits

**Stinson Municipal Airport
San Antonio, Texas
(Look under Reunion Highlights)**

**8th AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL REUNION
OCTOBER 3 - 7, 2012
CROWNE PLAZA RIVERWALK - SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**



AF News

June 2012

Magazine of

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society

The Eighth Air Force News is dedicated to the memory of Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, Founder of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society and Editor for sixteen years. It is published quarterly and is the official news magazine of the Society. The 8th AF NEWS is sent to members of the Society and is not for public sale. The home office is at 175 Bourne St., Pooler GA. 31322 - P.O. Box 956, Pooler, GA. 31322.

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President's Address

Wow! It seems as though I just finished writing the President's Address for the last magazine, yet here it is already three months later and it's time for the June issue. Time is flying so quickly!

In April, all nine members of the Board of Directors met in Atlanta for the mid-year meeting. We discussed in detail issues regarding the Society's membership and finances. Donna Lee from Armed Forces Reunions updated plans and presented an agenda for the Society's Fall Reunion in San Antonio. We also discussed plans for the 2013 summer reunion in Savannah. Henry Skipper reported updates at the Museum including progress on the restoration of the B17 "City of Savannah".

Lorene and I had the opportunity to visit San Antonio last Fall and meet the public relations/marketing director at the Crowne Plaza Riverwalk where the Fall Reunion will be held. The facility is beautiful with conveniently located areas to accommodate our needs for meetings, dining, displays, and visiting. The popular River Walk, which is adjacent to the Plaza, offers the opportunity for relaxing strolls. Many major attractions (Alamo, Mexican Market, Children's Museum, Tower of the Americas, Buckhorn Saloon/Museum, etc.) are within walking distance, or if you prefer, you can catch a ride on the river taxi. San Antonio is a great destination and has lots to offer you and your family. So, make plans now to join your friends for the 38th Annual 8th AFHS Reunion in San Antonio, Texas, October 3 - 7.

In April, Lorene and I also had the privilege to attend the 22nd Annual Reunion of the Mississippi Chapter of the 8th AFHS at Lake Tiak O'Khata. Although the number of members in attendance was low, the spirit and dedication of their chapter was evident. They have recently reprinted Mississippians in the Mighty Eighth, an anthology of stories by young men from Mississippi who served in the Eighth Air Force in World War II. This book, which was edited by Kenneth Nail, was originally published in 1999. Throughout the weekend we shared stories, photos, and experiences as we made lasting memories with new Mississippi friends.



Harry Tanner
President

Lorene and I hope all of you have an enjoyable summer. We hope to see you in October (Wow, only four months away!) in San Antonio. God Bless the "Mighty Eighth".

Sincerely,
Harry Tanner
President 8th AFHS

- Form may be reproduced -



JOIN THE 8TH AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY!



FIRST NAME _____ MIDDLE INITIAL _____ LAST _____

ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Telephone _____ Email _____

8th AF Unit _____ Not in 8th _____ Include me as a full Associate Member _____

In service _____ Branch _____ Dates _____ to _____

Were you a former member? _____ Member # if available _____

ALL RENEWALS AND NEW MEMBERSHIP ANNUAL DUES \$40.00 ☐

PAYMENT: CHECK ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ CARD # _____

SIGNATURE: _____

SEND APPLICATION AND PAYMENT TO 8TH AFHS P.O. BOX 956, POOLER, GA 31322 TEL: 912-748-8884

\$40 MEMBER DUES NOTICES ARE MAILED ANNUALLY

You may also apply online at: www.8thafhs.org

"Give the gift that shares the legacy"

"Give the gift that shares the legacy"

Interim Editors



Mother/Daughter - 8th AF News Team Donna Neely & Telisha Gaines

I first received the call from Dr. Walter Brown in December 1997 to help him produce our first **8th AF News magazine** to be printed in February 1998 with General Leon Johnson, 44th BG, on the front cover.

Fourteen years later, Telisha and I along with two different editors have produced a very well received national magazine. We have been well taught over the last fourteen years about the

8th Air Force history by previous editors, along with many conversations with 8th Air Force veterans. We have also produced books for 8th AF veterans, Earl Wassom and Marvin Silbersher. Telisha and I truly enjoy our journey with all of "you" wonderful 8th AF members. We are looking forward to working with each one of you for years to come!!

This is our **38th 8th Air Force Historical Society Annual Reunion** issue, with several pages dedicated to reunion highlights, hotel information and the activity registration form (look on pages 6-11).

Please don't get discouraged if your article does not appear in this June issue. We have received some excellent material to print in upcoming 8th AF issues. **PLEASE include PHOTOS with all of your articles!!!**

Thank you for this rewarding opportunity. We are looking forward to seeing

each of you in San Antonio!!
Have a safe & relaxing Summer!!

Sincerely,
Interim Editors
Donna Neely & Telisha Gaines
donnajneely@gmail.com

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MATERIAL DEADLINE
★ July 25th, 2012 ★
for the upcoming 2012
September 8th AF News

Chapter/Unit/Group Liaison Report

Greetings my fellow **Mighty Eighth Air Force Historical Society** members.

I have been in contact with several Chapters and a few Bomb/Fighter Groups, for the common issue of their declining veteran's status. I was encouraged by the common goal, to keep their organizations alive. I was in Oregon recently and sat down with the Chapter's President Tom Davis. Here is a Chapter that meets frequently with a good attendance and very interesting programs with guest speakers. They also record each get-together and have a good archive of meetings and interviews. The NYS Chapter held a May 20th luncheon in the main hangar at the American Airpower Museum sitting next to WWII vintage aircraft. The Birthplace Chapter located in Savannah GA is a very active chapter meeting monthly. These mentioned are just three from many chapters & groups that are active. Example: I have recently been in contact with the 384th BG including a special project of the group. We are involved with several projects, whether it be helping to get parts of the Chow-Hound (downed in August 1944), displayed at the McGuire-Dix AFB in the concourse that the National Guard is deployed through or getting new members to contact and become members of their local chapters or groups.

Look for updates on the Society's website, www.8thafhs.org, under the EVENTS tab, for many chapters and groups current postings along with Museums and other events.

I also want to encourage new and renewed members to also join their local Chapters and their fathers and uncle's Bomb/Fighter Groups. Group/Chapter meetings are great opportunities to sit, talk, listen and learn. It always fascinates me, as it will you.

The 8th Air Force will never be forgotten.

If you have any comments or ideas on how we can move forward, my address and email are posted on the inside front cover of this **2012 June 8th Air Force News** magazine.



Pat Keeley

'Keep The Memories Alive'
Pat Keeley
Please support the USO.



8th AFHS • Box 956 • Pooler, GA 31322

Email: membershipmanager@8thafhs.org



Not-So-New-Face!

When I joined the 8th Air Force Historical Society back in February, I quickly realized that in many ways, it was like coming home. My love and respect for the 8th Air Force began in 2000 when I joined the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum as Director of Marketing and Public Relations. Several years and many, many hats later, I left the museum to pursue different opportunities, but the amazing memories and relationships that were forged during that time, remained with me.

As Membership Manager with the 8th AFHS, my admiration for the courage, honor, and selflessness of the men and women of the Eighth, continues to grow daily with each email, post card, letter, or phone call. I am so excited to be part of something so dynamic—an organization whose sole mission is: **«To perpetuate the accomplishments and heritage of the 8th Air Force for present and future generations.»**

Just a mere dozen words, but so very powerful. Keeping the memories alive. Period. I thank all of you for this opportunity

and I look forward to being available to you should you have questions or concerns about your membership, receiving your magazines, or sharing your stories—your memories. The gift of membership into the Society is a wonderful opportunity to introduce younger generations to positive and truly heroic role models.

Wishing you all blue skies,



Debra Kujawa

Debra

Debra D. Kujawa
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BY LAWS AMENDMENT - DUES CHANGE

On behalf of the Board of Directors I posted a letter to our membership in the December issue of the *8th AF News*. As stated in that letter, falling membership has resulted in significant lost revenue. In order to sustain operations and continue to supply our membership annually with four copies of the *8th AF News*, we felt that a responsible action to take was to amend our by-laws requiring our Life Members to pay annual dues. This was not an easy decision to make and was the result of long and serious debate.



Darrel Lowell
Treasurer

This by-law change, along with other proposed changes, will be published in the *2012 September issue of the 8th AF News*. The by-law changes will then be voted on, according to current by-laws, at the General Membership Meeting to be held the last day of our reunion in San Antonio, TX

October 3-7, 2012. If this motion passes the revised dues clause would take effect starting with Calendar Year 2013.

We want to assure the membership that as a Board we were concerned over increasing the cost to our members of belonging to the Society. You will recall that the current dues structure remains in effect for this calendar year. Our request was for volunteer contributions from Life Members. The response has been overwhelming in support of our request for financial assistance. We are not insensitive to those veterans on fixed incomes who might find it difficult to pay the extras fees. In these situations, we will not discontinue sending the magazine to these war heroes.

If you have any questions call any Director or Officer of the Society. Their contact details can be found on the inside cover of this magazine.

Darrel Lowell
Treasurer, 8th Air Force Historical Society

8th AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL REUNION CROWNE PLAZA RIVERWALK SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

OCTOBER 3 – 7, 2012

REGISTRATION INSTRUCTIONS

See choices below and complete the Registration Form noting your event choices and personal information. By "WWII GROUP," we're asking for the group or unit in which you served (specific Bomb Group, Fighter Group, PRG, HQ, etc.). We use this information for tallying totals for each group, name tags, and seating arrangements. If you prefer to sit with a different group, please give us that information too. Remit by mail with check or money order payable to Armed Forces Reunions by August 31, 2012. You may also register and pay with credit card online at www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2012. A 3% convenience fee will be added to online credit card reservations. Forms received after August 31 will be accepted on a space available basis only. Hotel reservations should also be made by August 31, 2012.

ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. CANCELLATION POLICY

For attendees canceling reunion activities prior to the cut-off date, Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. (AFR) shall process a full refund less a \$5 per person processing fee. Attendees canceling reunion activities after the cut-off date will be refunded to the fullest extent that AFR's vendor commitments and guarantees will allow, less a \$5 processing fee. Cancellations will only be taken Monday through Friday from 9:00am until 4:00pm Eastern Time, excluding holidays. Please call (757) 625-6401 to cancel reunion activities and obtain a cancellation code. Refunds processed 4-6 weeks after reunion. Canceling your hotel reservation doesn't cancel your reunion activities.

MEALS / EVENTS CHOICES

MEAL PACKAGE #1 \$196

Package includes 7 hotel food functions starting with breakfast on Thursday. Tours are separate.

MEAL PACKAGE #2 \$138

Package includes 5 hotel food functions starting with breakfast on Friday. Tours are separate.

BREAKFAST MENUS: The continental breakfasts on Thursday and Sunday include juice, breakfast breads, cereal, yogurt, fruit, coffee, and tea. The breakfast buffets on Friday and Saturday includes juice, biscuits, eggs, meat,

potatoes, French toast or pancakes, coffee, and tea.

CHOICE #3 INDIVIDUAL EVENTS

Friday Rendezvous Dinner at \$42, and Saturday Banquet at \$44 can be purchased separately, but are included in both packages above.

TOUR OPTIONS

Tours and trips are described on the Reunion Highlights Pages. Prices are listed on the registration form. Driver and Guide gratuities are not included in the tour prices.

38th ANNUAL 8th AFHS REUNION

OCTOBER 3 – 7, 2012

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3

1:00pm - 6:00pm	Reunion Registration open
2:00pm	Memorabilia / Gathering Rooms open for duration of reunion
2:00pm -	8AFHS Board Meeting
6:00pm - 7:00pm	Welcome Reception with Cash Bar

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4

7:30am - 8:30am	Continental Breakfast
9:00am - 11:00am	Reunion Registration open
9:45am - 2:30pm	BUCKHORN MUSEUM AND EL MERCADO
2:00pm - 6:00pm	Reunion Registration open
3:00pm - 4:00pm	Unit Advisory and Chapter & Unit Dev. Meeting
4:30pm - 6:00pm	Next Generation Meeting
6:30pm - 7:00pm	Cash Bar Reception
7:00pm - 9:30pm	Welcome Dinner Buffet, followed by guest speaker, George Ciampa of www.letfreedomringforall.org .

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5

7:00am - 8:30am	Full Breakfast
8:00am - 1:30pm	LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE
9:00am - 12:00pm	CITY TOUR
9:00am - 11:00am	Reunion Registration open
2:00pm - 6:00pm	Reunion Registration open
2:00pm - 3:30pm	Individual Group Meetings
4:00pm - 5:30pm	WWII Q&A SESSION
6:30pm - 7:00pm	8AFHS Cash Bar Reception
7:00pm - 9:30pm	Rendezvous Dinners and 'Hangar Flying'

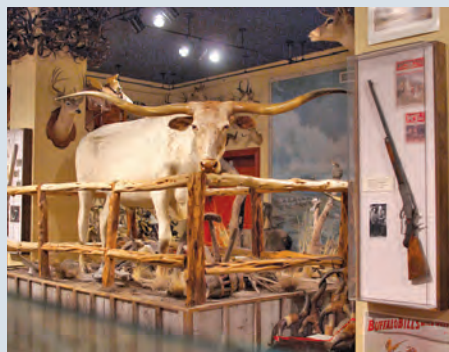
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

7:30am - 8:30am	Full Breakfast Buffet
9:00am - 10:30am	General Membership Meeting
12:00pm - 5:00pm	8AFHS Board Meeting
1:00pm - 5:00pm	CITY TOUR / B-17
5:00pm - 5:30pm	Reunion Registration open
6:00pm - 7:00pm	8AFHS Cash Bar Reception
7:00pm -	8AFHS Gala Banquet

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7

7:00am - 8:30am	Continental Breakfast
-----------------	-----------------------

Driver and guide gratuities are not included in the tour prices.
Please be at the bus boarding area at least five minutes prior to the scheduled time.
All tours must have a minimum of thirty-five people, unless otherwise stated.



BUCKHORN MUSEUM AND EL MERCADO

Thursday, October 4

It all started in 1881 when trappers, hunters and cowboys traded deer antlers for beer or whiskey at Albert Friedrich's saloon. Now, the Buckhorn Saloon and Museum's Hall of Horns, Hall of Feathers and Hall of Fins house not only the largest, but also some of the most impressive collections of native and exotic wildlife around. Next door you'll find the Texas Ranger Museum which contains priceless artifacts documenting the history and lore of the Texas Rangers. From there you'll visit El Mercado, the largest Mexican marketplace outside of Mexico. It occupies three blocks of plazas and historic buildings full of shops, restaurants, art galleries, and more! The shops feature

a wide range of products including; leather goods, piñatas, jewelry, Mexican dresses, stained glass, art, pottery, and blankets. There are also authentic Mexican restaurants, many with open air patios. The plazas are alive with music, dancing, mariachis, and other entertainment.

*9:45am board bus, 2:30pm
back at hotel
\$43/Person includes bus,
escort, and admissions.*

LACKLAND AIR FORCE BASE

Friday, October 5

Begin the day with the parade and graduation ceremony at Lackland Air Force Base. Take a stroll along the parade grounds and view Lackland's static display of vintage and modern aircraft. Take a short trip to the History and Traditions Museum, which houses a collection of rare



Air traffic controllers from the 37th Operations Support Squadron prepare to navigate F-16 Falcons down the runway on Lackland Air Force Base. The air traffic controllers are responsible for all movement that takes place on the Kelly Field Annex and Lackland Air Force Base flight line. (U.S. Air Force photo/Senior Airman Christopher Griffin)

aeronautical objects. The museum's aircraft, engines, instruments, and air weapons span the years of aviation development from its origin to the aerospace age. Next, head to the Gateway NCO Club for lunch, consisting of a turkey croissant with salad, chips, and dessert. NOTE: This trip is limited to the first 100 people registered.

*8:00am board bus, 1:30pm
back at hotel.
\$47/Person includes bus,
escort, and lunch.*

CITY TOUR or CITY TOUR / B-17 SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

**Friday, October 5 OR
Saturday, October 6**

From the earliest Spanish Missionaries in 1691 to today's traveler, San Antonio's appeal continues to draw attention. Enjoy a narrated tour of San Antonio's unique blend of rich heritage, traditions, and natural beauty. Points of interest include San Jose Mission which is still an active church and is part of the National Park service; the Alamo; San Fernando Cathedral, the original church of the Canary Island settlers; and the Riverwalk. On Saturday, the buses will stop at the Stinson Municipal Airport to view the B-17 Sentimental Journey. This plane is on location, especially for our



You can tour the B-17 Sentimental Journey, at Stinson Municipal Airport (\$5.00 donation).

group. For those wanting to go inside the aircraft, a \$5 donation will be collected at the plane steps (not included in tour price). Lunch is on your own before or after the tour.

*Friday: 9:00am board bus,
12:00pm back at hotel.
\$28/Person includes bus and guide.*

*Saturday: 1:00pm board bus,
5:00pm back at hotel.
\$29/Person includes bus and guide.*

RENDEZVOUS DINNERS

Friday, October 5

Units (BGs, FGs, etc.) with approximately fifty or more people in attendance will have a private room. Smaller groups will be combined with others. Think of this as your "reunion within the reunion." Dinner features Chicken Marsala.

6:30pm Cash Bar Reception, 7:00pm Dinner.

Cost is included in both meal packages or \$42 separately.

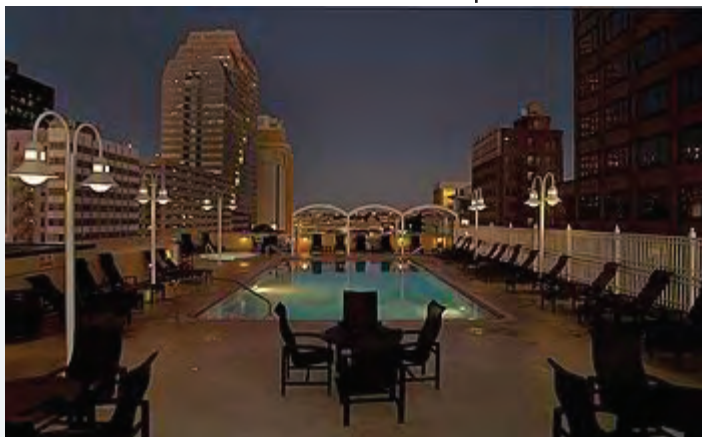
8th AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL BANQUET

Saturday, October 6

Assemble in the ballroom for the Posting of the Colors and Memorial Service. Dinner will be a choice of Tilapia w/ Lemon Caper Sauce or Flatiron Steak w/ Cabernet Demi Glace and the usual accompaniments. After dinner, we'll proceed with the guest speaker.

*6:00pm Cash Bar Reception,
7:00pm Banquet.*

Cost is included in both meal packages or \$44 separately.



8TH AFHS REGISTRATION FORM

Listed below are all registration, tour, and meal costs for the reunion. Please enter how many people will be participating in each event and total the amount. Send that amount payable to ARMED FORCES REUNIONS, INC. in the form of check or money order. Your cancelled check will serve as your confirmation. You may also register online and pay by credit card at www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2012. All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before August 31, 2012. After that date, reservations will be accepted on a space available basis. We suggest you make a copy of this form before mailing. Please do not staple or tape your payment to this form. Returned checks will be charged a \$20 fee.

Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.

322 Madison Mews

Norfolk, VA 23510

ATTN: 8th AFHS

OFFICE USE ONLY

Check # _____ Date Received _____

Inputted _____ Nametag Completed _____

CUT-OFF DATE IS 8/31/12

	Price Per	# of People	Total
REGISTRATION FEE			
Includes meeting expenses and other reunion expenses.	\$45		
Reg. Fee for children ages 8-16 attending more than 1 function & staying at hotel	\$30		
MEAL PACKAGES			
Choice #1 includes 7 hotel meals beginning with breakfast on Thursday. Choice #2 includes 5 hotel meals beginning with breakfast on Friday.			
Choice #1	\$196		\$
Choice #2	\$138		\$
Please select your entrée choice(s) for the Banquet:			
Flat Iron Steak		#	
Tilapia w/ lemon caper sauce		#	
SEPARATELY PRICED MEALS (if not purchasing a package)			
Friday: Rendezvous Dinner (Chicken Marsala)	\$42		\$
Saturday: Banquet (please select your entrée)			
Flat Iron Steak	\$44		\$
Tilapia w/ lemon caper sauce	\$44		\$
TOURS			
Thursday: Buckhorn Museum & El Mercado	\$43		\$
Please choose one of the following two tours:			
Friday: Lackland Air Force Base	\$47		\$
Friday: City Tour	\$28		\$
Saturday: City Tour / B-17	\$29		\$
Total Amount Payable to Armed Forces Reunions, Inc.			\$

Please Print

MEMBER NAME (for nametag) _____

☐ VETERAN ☐ NEXT GEN ☐ OTHER WWII GROUP (for seating purposes) _____

SPOUSE NAME (if attending) _____

GUEST NAMES _____ ☐ NEXT GEN ☐ OTHER

PHONE # (____) _____ - _____ EMAIL ADDRESS _____ @ _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

DISABILITY/DIETARY RESTRICTIONS _____

MUST YOU BE LIFTED HYDRAULICALLY ONTO THE BUS WHILE SEATED IN YOUR WHEELCHAIR IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN BUS TRIPS? ☐ YES ☐ NO (PLEASE NOTE THAT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE AVAILABILITY).

EMERGENCY CONTACT _____ PH. NUMBER (____) _____ - _____

Register Online at www.afr-reg.com/8afhs2012

The reunion forms can ALSO be downloaded and printed from our site - <http://www.8thafhs.org/reunion>

CROWNE PLAZA RIVERWALK, SAN ANTONIO, TX (210) 354-2800

The Crowne Plaza Riverwalk San Antonio is located at 111 East Pecan Street, San Antonio, TX 78205. Call the hotel for accurate driving directions. This hotel is within walking distance of Hemisfair Park and Tower, The San Antonio Convention Center, and the River Center Mall. The Riverwalk is just outside the door.

The Crowne Plaza Riverwalk offers 410 rooms. Handicapped and non-smoking rooms are subject to availability. Please request these special accommodations when making your hotel reservations. Each room features cable/satellite tv, coffee maker, hairdryer, iron and ironing board and free morning newspaper delivered to room. High-speed internet and wireless internet access are available for a fee. Guests may also enjoy the hotel's full fitness center, whirlpool, and rooftop pool. **The 111 Bar & Grille** serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner featuring South Texas influences with Mexican Flair. Room service is available.

Hospitality Suites are available for group socialization. There are two traditional parlor suites and a few meeting rooms that will allow byob privileges. The parlors of traditional suites will rent at the group rate (adjoining sleeping room at group rate as well). The meeting rooms will rent for \$100 per day and will be used on Friday for group business meetings and Rendezvous Dinners. Please contact DonnaLee@afri.com for more information.

SA Trans provides shuttle service from the San Antonio International Airport. Currently, rates are \$19 per person one-way; \$34 per person round trip; all pricing subject to change. Shuttle tickets are sold at the baggage claim area in Terminal 1 & Terminal 2. You can make advance reservations by calling (210) 281-9900. For a discount, make your 8AFHS reservations online at <http://saairportshuttle.hudsonltd.net/res?USERIDENTRY=AFR&LOGON=GO>. Self-parking at the hotel is offered to guests at a discounted rate of \$10.00 per day with in and out privileges. Check-in is at 3:00pm and check-out is at 11:00am.

The hotel does not have parking available for RV's. Should you require full hookup service, please call Fiesta Campground at (210) 821-6494 or Alamo KOA San Antonio at (210) 224-9296.

ScootAround rents manual and power wheelchairs by day or week. Call their toll free number at (888) 441-7575.

***** CUT HERE AND MAIL TO THE HOTEL *****

8th AIR FORCE HISTORICAL SOCIETY REUNION – HOTEL RESERVATIONS OFFICIAL REUNION DATES: OCTOBER 3-7, 2012

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

EMAIL ADDRESS (if available) _____ TELEPHONE # () _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____ TIME _____ AM/PM DEP. DATE _____

NUMBER OF ROOMS NEEDED _____ NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN EACH ROOM _____

SPECIAL REQUESTS: Wheelchair accessible room _____ Nonsmoking room _____
King Bed _____ Two Double Beds _____ Room/Bed types are not guaranteed.

RATE: \$109 + tax (currently 16.75%) Single/Double occupancy. Rate will be honored 3 days before and after reunion dates, based on availability.

CUT OFF DATE: 8/31/12. Reservations received after this date will be processed on a space available basis, at the prevailing public rate.

CANCELLATION POLICY: Deposit is refundable if reservation is canceled 72hrs in advance of arrival date. Record your cancellation number. Call (210) 354-2800. If a guest checks out prior to the guest's reserved checkout date, the Hotel will add an early departure fee, currently \$50.00, to that guest's individual account, except for officially documented medical or family emergencies.

GUARANTEE: Reservations must be guaranteed by credit card or first night's deposit, enclosed.
MC _____ VISA _____ AM. EXPRESS _____ CARTE BLANCHE/DINERS _____ DISCOVER _____

CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE (regardless of payment method) _____

Mail To: Crowne Plaza Riverwalk, 111 Pecan Street, San Antonio, TX 78205, Attn: Reservations
Or Visit <https://resweb.passkey.com/go/8thAirForceHistorical>

The reunion forms can ALSO be downloaded and printed from our site - <http://www.8thafhs.org/reunion>

Collings Foundation Wings of Freedom Tour 2012

by Nancy Toombs

On March 19th my dad and I drove to Shreveport, La. to meet two great war birds, "Betty Jane" a TP-51C and "Nine-O Nine" a B-17G. The Foundation had graciously granted us another flight experience on their wonderful WWII aircraft. This was our second flight with the Collings "ladies", as last year in March dad and I flew from Monroe, La. to Shreveport, La. aboard the B-24J "Witchcraft" and from that point on we were hooked. When the opportunity arose for another destination trip we packed up and headed for Shreveport. I had made arrangements with the Foundation for dad to fly on the P-51--this was a Birthday gift from me and my brother. Dad thought that he and I were going to fly together on the B-17, so you can imagine the surprise when we arrived and he was told that his seat was aboard the P-51! What a wonderful day. We took off for Dallas and once all birds were airborne the P-51 pulled up on the left wing



of the B-17 and I was able to take some great photos. In turn, dad was able to take photos of the B-17 in flight. This was the first time in 68 years that he has viewed a B-17 in flight from inside another aircraft. He later told me it brought back "many, many memories".

A sincere Thank You goes out to the Collings Foundation for all they do for the WWII veterans and their families. The Foundation provides a rare look back at a time when America and her sons' answered the call to preserve the very freedoms we have today. If the tour comes near your hometown, go out and meet the crew and catch a ride, it's an experience you will not soon forget. If you call in advance, Collings will provide flights to WWII veterans at no cost. Take a look at their schedule (www.collingsfoundation.org) and spend the day with these wonders of the sky.

General Ira C. Eaker Outstanding Airmanship Award

In a gala event held at the Eldorado Resort and Casino in Shreveport, La., on March 22, the Eighth Air Force announced the winners of the General Ira C. Eaker Outstanding Airmanship Award. The trophy was presented by Retired Lt. Col. Ivan L. McKinney, former 8th AF aviator and former President of the 8th AF Historical Society, to Lt. Col. Mark Seng and Maj. Luke Jayne, both from the 509th Bomb Wing, for displaying outstanding airmanship and decisive leadership during the combat employment of Operation Odyssey Dawn's three ship B-2 simultaneous attack on Ghardabiya Airfield, Libya. Launching from the American Midwest, this 30-hour global strike mission crippled the Libyan Air Force and removed the Government of Libya's air-war making capabilities by destroying over 20 Libyan aircraft in 45 hardened shelters, all within a span of 30 seconds. Despite intermittent long-range communications, both pilots were able to execute time-critical re-targeting, delivering 16 direct hits against the operation's highest priority targets.

Col. McKinney also presented "his last" coin to Maj. Gen. Stephen Wilson, 8th AF Commander, which commemorates the outstanding combat record of Eighth Air Force during WWII.



Former 8AFHS President Ivan L. McKinney and the 509th BW Ira Eaker Trophy winners are Lt. Col. Mark Seng and Maj. Luke Jayne.



Ivan L. McKinney presents 8th AF Commemorative Coin to Maj. Gen. Steve Wilson, Commander 8th AF

Correction
March 2012 8th AF News

Mrs. Anne Brusselmans was mis-identified as the leader of the Belgium underground. For those that would like to read more about Mrs. Brusselmans and the Belgium resistance movement, we would recommend that you read ***Belgium Rendez-Vous 127 Revisited by Yvonne Daley-Brusselmans.***

B-17 Question

The B-17 tail wheel was recessed into an opening in the fuselage. What kept the air flow from "blowing over" the tail gunner, who was positioned only eight feet beyond the opening?

STATION #126

447th BOMB GROUP/RATTLEDEN

Of vapor trails over the blazing sea,
Going to east to Germany,
Rising from a fairy-tale village,
Red flowers, ancient houses

Writing a story of the past
Which never dies,
The ruin is still there
The runway and the Control Tower

You hear the wind rising and falling
Like a voice that sings under the
Story-book clouds painted by
Constable and Reynolds

Broken into great tongues
Let loose by the cry of B-17's:
Down in the dark, the farmer will awake
Look out from his window

Watching
The edge of sky
To our bombers
Taking off

Marvin Silbersher
447th Bomb Group
Lake Hopetcong, NJ

Historical Society Receives Generous Gift from "Pied Piper" of Canandaigua Lake: Bernard J. "Bernie" Newmark

Bernard "Bernie" Newmark served as a B-24 pilot in the 458th Bomb Group, 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force during WWII. From 1942-45 he flew 35 combat missions, returning his crew safely each time. Bernie also took part in Operation Overlord (D-Day Normandy Invasion). But Bernie's service didn't end in 1945. He returned home to New York where he raised a family, became a successful businessman and an integral member of his community. He continued to educate others about his experiences during the war.

Countless stories abound not only about his wartime exploits and antics, but his skiing prowess on both snow and water are legend. Bernie was often referred to as the "Pied Piper" of Canandaigua Lake and an active member of the "Bay Rats"—Aqua Snow Skiers. He even hosted "Bernie & the Moose Ski Report" on WHAM.

Bernard Newmark passed away a year ago, June 23, 2011. And as generous as Bernie was during his life, he was equally as generous in death. The 8th Air Force Historical Society recently received a substantial gift from Bernie's estate. These funds have been carefully and wisely invested so that the legacy that Bernie left, as well as the 249,999 other men and women who served in the "Mighty 8th" during WWII, will never be forgotten, but will continue to inspire both present and future generations to come.

We cannot express adequately enough our gratitude to Bernie and the Newmark family for their support which comes during difficult, economic times. Thank you, Bernie...for your service then, and now.

If you would like to know more about leaving a bequest or gift to the 8th Air Force Historical Society, please let us know.

**Debra D. Kujawa, Membership Manager,
8th Air Force Historical Society.**



**Bernard "Bernie" Newmark pictured with his crew
and ground crew. Bernie is standing, far right.**

Order your CD or DVD's today!

Make checks payable to: 8th AFHS, P. O. Box 956, Pooler, GA 31322

Behind the Wire; Allied Airmen in German Captivity in WWII

Review by Chip Dobson, Wing Commander, South Alabama Wing, 8thAFHS

Behind the Wire is the latest DVD release in the series by the 8th Air Force Historical Society. This first-class documentary contains factual, well researched narration and photographs interspersed with engaging interviews of former Prisoners of War. It is a very interesting examination of life as an Allied Airman being held as a POW in Germany. Vivid descriptions of the shoot-down of their aircraft and the circumstances of their capture are recalled by both American



and British airmen. Some relate having seen their crew members captured and killed by enraged civilians. Others were saved at the last minute by Luftwaffe personnel. Still other more fortunate airmen relate stories of successful escape, evasion and their eventual return to England. Those who were captured recount deplorable living conditions, deprivation and atrocities.

For those interred in numerous camps across Germany, escape was always on their mind. Several Kriegies give detailed information about the people and planning involved in escapes, most

notably, The Great Escape from Stalag Luft III. There is emotional testimony to the mass evacuations of several camps just ahead of the Russian advance in the East. Thousands endured severe cold, starvation and exhaustion during forced marches to new camps. The stress, anxiety and depression overwhelmed many POWs and some who survived bore both the emotional and physical scars for the rest of their lives. This powerful documentary should be seen by anyone interested in WWII air war.

\$20 for Behind the Wire DVD
Make checks payable to:
8th AFHS, P. O. Box 956,
Pooler, GA 31322
includes shipping and handling



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Did you miss one of the last 8th AFHS reunions?

2007 – SYMPOSIUM: “The Big B”
A historical analysis of the air raids over Berlin in early 1944.

Keynote Speaker: Jonna Doolittle Hoppes, Granddaughter of General Jimmy Doolittle, Commander, 8th AF 1944 – 1945

2008 – SYMPOSIUM:

“Keep them flying”

The story of the 8th Air Force ground operations during WWII.

Keynote Speaker: Maj. Gen. F Dexter Tutor, Assistant to the Commander

Air Mobility Command Air National Guard.

2009 – SYMPOSIUM: POW’s

A discussion of treatment of airmen interned in Germany.

Keynote Speaker: Gil Cohen, Aviation Artist

2010 – THUNDER OVER

MICHIGAN AIR SHOW

Seminar: “Target Berlin” with Mark Copeland.

Get the symposium and keynote speaker on DVDs from the 8thAFHS Reunions.

\$30 each reunion year
contains 2 DVDs

for each reunion year.

Price includes
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The Columbarium of Folded Wings

**Behind the Museum's Chapel
Features Veteran Tribute Towers,
A Flower Garden, and Granite Benches
Set Amongst the Natural Beauty
Of the Memorial Garden.**

Placing plaque on a Tribute Tower or purchasing an elegant granite bench is a unique way for you to pay tribute to your loved one. If you are interested in purchasing a plaque on a Tribute tower or a granite bench, please contact Peggy Harden at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum at 912-748-8888 or at pharden@mightyeighth.org.

The solid red granite Veterans Tribute Towers and red granite benches stand as a lasting tribute to honor the past of America's veterans, and a salute to our present veterans. Individual 2x9 plaques on a Tribute Tower are \$250.00. Dedicating a granite bench is \$1,900.00.



HISTORY OF THE MEMPHIS BELLE-44-83546/N3703G

In 1945 a young 2nd Lieutenant pilot by the name of David Tallichet, was sent to the 100th Bomb Group and flew thirteen plus missions when the war ended.

Years later, David became a very successful entrepreneur in the restaurant business which let him indulge his other passion, Warbird collecting. One of the prized possessions in that collection is a B-17G which is currently on display at the 1941 Historical Aircraft Group Museum in Geneseo, New York http://www.1941hag.org/files_featured_ac/b-17.html. In 1989, 44-83546/N3703G was one of Five Flying Fortresses that were involved with the movie remake "*Memphis Belle*" which took place in England at Duxford and Binbrook. David's plane was painted as the *Memphis Belle* and carries those markings and nose art to this day!

The person who puts the blood, sweat and tears into this plane to keep her in the air is Joe Krzeminski, his team keeps this plane internally and externally historically correct. It is a significant educational tool for all generations to witness on the ground and in the air. Each year "*The Movie Memphis Belle*" takes to the air show circuit around the Northeast to give many an opportunity to see a Flying Fortress up close.

Here is the history of the plane

B-17G 44-83546 was accepted by the USAAF at Long Beach on April 3, 1945 and went to Topeka, Kansas for modifications before going to Lubbock, Texas for short-term storage. It was then moved

to Patterson Field, Ohio for storage and then was converted to a CB-17G (transport conversion) and assigned to Air

Haneda AB, Japan

Oct-54 to 3040th Aircraft Storage Squadron (Air Materiel Command), Davis-Monthan AFB, AZ
Apr-59 dropped from inventory as surplus

Civilian History

44-83546 was purchased by National Metals Co. of Phoenix, Arizona and then sold to Fast Way Air of Long Beach, California. 44-83546 became N3703G on the US civil register. In 1960 she was converted to a water bomber and operated as Tanker 78. In 1978 44-83546/N3703G was sold to TBM Inc. of Tulare, California who continued to operate her as a tanker until the late 1970s. 44-83546/N3703G was purchased by the Military Aircraft Restoration Corporation (MARC) in 1982 and was restored to resemble a B-17F.

Mr Tallichet passed away in 2007, but his legacy is kept alive by his son John and the rest of the Tallichet Family. They have been kind enough to participate in handing out our Membership Brochures at their tour stops and merchandise table. Please support the movie *Memphis Belle* when she is in your area.

For more information please contact Joe Krzeminski below go to <http://movie-memphisbelle.com/index.html>

Contact Us

Joe Krzeminski
Military Aircraft Restoration Corp.
7000 Merrill #37
Chino California 91710
(909) 597-3313 Office
(909) 597-9153 FAX



Transport Command at San Francisco. 44-83546 was then signed to Washington, DC and then to Germany. In 1948 it was redesignated a VB-17G (staff transport) and then assigned to Andrews AFB, followed by Offutt AFB and then to Japan during the Korean War. In 1954, 44-83546 was placed in storage at Davis-Monthan AFB and then was released for disposal in April 1959.

Military History Timeline

3-Apr-45 delivered to the USAAF
Apr-45 to South Plains AAF, TX (storage)
Jun-45 to 4100th AAF Base Unit (Air Technical Service Command), Patterson AAF, OH (to CB-17G)
Nov-45 to 63rd AAF Base Unit (Continental Air Force), Mitchel AAF, NY
Jan-46 to 1st AAF Base Unit (CAC), Bolling AFB, DC
Jan-48 to 10th Headquarters Squadron (US Air Forces Europe), Oberpfaffenhofen AB Germany and 501st Air Service Group (USAFE), Wiesbaden AB Germany
Aug-48 to 7160th Air Base Squadron (USAFE), Wiesbaden AB
Oct-48 to HQ Strategic Air Command, Andrews AFB, MD (to VB-17G)
Nov-48 to 3902nd Air Base Group (SAC), Offutt AFB, NE
Nov-50 to HQ Far East Air Forces,



D-DAY – JUNE 6, 1944



**P-51 Mustang
18th WX Squadron - Weather Staff of the 352nd FG
Bodney Aerodrome - England**

I was one of the GI's present on the eventful night and day known as "D-DAY." During the day of June 5, 1944, I remember seeing armed GI's standing guard on the periphery of our aerodrome with their helmets, leggings and carbines ready for any possible action. We knew then that this must be "It." I was on the night shift at the weather station, and after dinner at the Enlisted Men's Mess, I peddled on my bicycle to the weather station adjacent to the Operations Room and Control Tower. As I went to enter the weather station, I was challenged by a GI with a machine gun to give the password. Being a "big-shot" 20 year old soldier I thought he was kidding, but when he pointed that gun at me, I came up with the password given to me earlier.

When I got into the weather station, I never saw so much activity. All the weather officers were there. They usually didn't show up on the night shift, but this night, they did. There was constant dialogue between the weathermen and pilots in hushed voices, as if the enemy were listening. Constant briefings on current weather conditions continued through the night. All night long, I heard "putt-putt" motors going. I later found out these were gas-powered paint spray machines. They were painting black and white stripes on our aircraft for identification of all allied aircraft.

During the wee hours on "D-Day" we

could hear the drone of the bombers (B-17 and B-24) as they were circling over East Anglia to gain altitude before crossing the Channel. Our Mustangs (P-51's) started take-off about the same time. They took off down the dirt runway, four abreast, and staggered one behind the other. Our 352nd Fighter Group sent up approximately forty fighters, as did the many other fighter groups in East Anglia.

We had the misfortune of one of our fighters crashing on take-off into our new Control Tower under construction. Flames lit up the Aerodrome, and we could see the P-51's continue taking off in the light of the burning aircraft - no abortions. In fact, all the weathermen and other ground people were standing around the Control Tower witnessing this ever-memorable time. When the plane crashed, we could hear the "Old Man" (35-year old Col. Mason) yell over the loud-speaker system for the crash-crew to "get that plane the hell off the runway." Our mission was to get forty fighter escorts into the air, and there was no stopping the mission - as bad as we felt about the casualty. The pilot, Bob Frascotti, is memorialized at Bodney Aerodrome where the Control Tower still stands showing the marks of that crash. The 352nd Fighter Group dedicated a plaque which is mounted on the tower, that today serves as caretaker's quarters for the manager of the farmlands. Bod-

ney Aerodrome was converted back to farmland after the war.

The missions flown on June 6, 1944 were continuous. Pilots would return to base-one, two, or three at a time; re-fuel, re-load, a little rest, something to eat, and back out again to protect the ground troops going ashore.

Once incident I remember vividly was a pilot returning to Bodney with his landing gear jammed. As he flew low over the field, we could see the under-belly was black from apparently an oil leak. The "Old Man" (Col. Mason) was on the balcony of the Control Tower talking to the pilot, and we could hear him on the loudspeaker system. Col. Mason's words went something like this:

"Son, you've got three questions:

1. Bring her in on her belly, and we'll try to get to you as soon as possible.
2. Take her out over the Channel, and bail out, and we'll have a boat meet you.
3. Take her up to 30,000' and put her into a power-dive, and when you pull out, hopefully the centrifugal force will cause the landing gear to eject."

The pilot took suggestion No. 3, and, fortunately, the gear did come out, and he made a safe landing and taxied right up in front of the Control Tower. When he jumped out of the cockpit to a huge welcoming crowd of GI's, he did an unusual thing -- with both hands, he grabbed his trousers just below the crotch and squeezed. Out came liquid pouring to the ground. To this day, I'm not sure if that was sweat or urine or both!

The continuous missions went on for many more hours, and then, finally settled back into routine - if "routine" is the right word for missions of escorting bombers to their targets and then finding "targets of opportunity" on their return to base.

The fighters were known as "Little Brother" or "Little Friend."

"D-DAY" is a day I will never forget.

**Howard Polin
900 Fagan Springs Dr. SE
Huntsville, AL 35801-1856**

REMEMBERING D-DAY - 1944



*S/Sgt. Wayne Dennison
323rd Sq. 91st Bomb Group
Bassingbourn, England*

It's not often a person gets a bird's eye view of a great event in history. I had that opportunity on June 6, 1944, when allied troops started the invasion of Europe at Normandy, France during World War II.

I was stationed at one of the many United States Army Air bases in England, flying in one of the thousands of B-17 "Flying Fortresses," as a ball turret gunner.

We were awakened at 1 a.m. on that day and were given the word along with the other thousands of soldiers, sailors and marines, that this was the "big day" the world had been waiting for. We went to our breakfast of powdered eggs and spam, then to our briefing for our target for that day, which was the big German gun emplacements along the French coast.

The day was overcast. Our bombers rumbled down the runway and into the clouds as dawn was breaking. After our planes climbed up through the overcast skies, we flew into our assigned position in the growing formation. It was not long before we were out over the English Channel. It seemed that we would not see anything but clouds below us that day.

We had anticipated enemy planes, so we were always scanning the skies. My turret, with twin .50 caliber machine guns, moved with the slightest movement of my wrists. I had control of

looking straight down and 360 degrees around the horizon.

About five minutes before we arrived at our bombing run on the French coast, there were breaks in the clouds below. There was the greatest fleet of ships that one could imagine. Some were shelling the coast with their big guns, which I couldn't hear, but flashes of the guns looked ominous. With four 1000-horsepower engines roaring beside you not much was heard from outside. Landing craft were preparing to start the assault on the beach. We were informed that our bombs were to strike ten minutes prior to the landing on the beaches.

Our bomb bay doors were open at this point and the bombardier was preparing to drop our bombs on the German shore batteries. I watched 38 one-hundred-pound bombs fall out of the bomb bay, six feet in front of my turret, then disappear into the clouds below. We were bombing by radar that day.

No enemy planes bore down upon us that day with their cannons blazing. Only light anti-aircraft shells or "flak" exploded near our formation. Most of the enemy guns were pointed at the invasion troops and ships.

The formation of planes was made up of several squadrons, from many Bomb Groups, to make up our Bomb Wing. It was always impressive, when you are one of hundreds of planes, but on that day there were thousands of planes tak-

ing part. We were flying at 12,000 feet, which was less than half our usual altitude. There were planes above us, below us, on both sides of us, in front and behind. After "bombs away" was called over the intercom, the bomb bay doors swung shut. Our formation took a long swing over the coast and headed back across the channel. Again there were breaks in the clouds and each time I looked down I could see that great armada of ships headed for that long awaited and dreaded landing on the beaches of Normandy.

As we were flying back to our air base at Bassingbourn, our thoughts and prayers were with the troops who had to fly in on gliders, parachute in behind enemy lines, or walk onto those beaches in the face of a determined enemy entrenched along the coast.

We were on alert for the rest of the day in preparation for another raid, but it did not materialize. We were listening to any news we might hear of the landing.

After 68 years, the vision is still clear, all those ships and planes, all those men.

War is Hell!

Wayne Dennison
Former member of 323rd Squadron,
91st Bomb Group
8th Army Air Corps
Bassingbourn, England, 1944



Searching for Keith Bratton

My neighbor and good friend, Donald Smith is a retired Air Force Lieutenant Colonel and a former member of the 8th Air Force, though I'm not sure of which unit. His is 90 now and does not use a computer. He recently read the article in the March issue of the news magazine and recognized the name and picture of Keith Bratton. Don was a friend of Keith, and would like to contact him. I have been unable to locate an address or phone number so Don could renew his friendship. Would you be able to help, either by providing an address or phone number of Col Bratton to me or to Don. His address and phone number are: Donald Smith, 8307 Woodland Drive, Black Hawk, SD 57718. His phone number is 605-787-4675. Perhaps Col Bratton might like to

give Don a call. If I can help Don in any way I would sure like to do it, as he has always been one to help everyone in the community whenever they needed assistance of any kind.

Thank You. Billy L Hilton, LTC Retired, U S Army. hiltonbilly@gmail.com

Ed. Note: I have received several request to contact Lt. Col. Keith D. Bratton, 393rd BG. Mr. Bratton's article was published in the 2012 March 8th AF News on page 10-11.

Keith D. Bratton, 8200 Westrold Drive
Apt 401, Bakersfield, CA 93311-3449
(661) 588-2144

70th Anniversary

This is Brian Francis, life member from the U.K. I would like to bring to your attention that some friends & I are planning to hold a ceremony at the old 8th AF base at Grafton Underwood Northants UK. The first 8th AF raid on occupied Europe was from this airfield on 17th August 1942. On this first mission was a 97th B.G. pilot, Paul Tibbets who also flew the last mission and dropped the last bomb on Nazi held Europe. I am sure you know of his next and final mission that ended the war with Japan. We hope to hold a ceremony on the 70th anniversary and would like a mention in the magazine. We will have a colour/honor guard from R.A.F./U.S.A.A.F Alconbury/Molesworth. Mb

Groups flew into Grafton Underwood prior to permanent stations/bases. May I suggest that if any veterans that were at Station 106, want to get in touch with me, I have an idea to place a time capsule somewhere on the airfield (maybe behind the Bomb Group Memorial).

Looking forward to hearing from you

Brian Francis

Tel 011 44 1933 624133 or email brianfrancis1@virginmedia.com

Hood's Missions

There seems to be some confusion with respect to the number of missions that constituted a tour. Congress even argued with the 8th AF commanders over the subject, but the 8th AF commanders had a war to win so they won the argument about the number of missions that would make a tour I will cite my service, which may shed some light on the subject.

I started training at Amarillo AAF Base, Aircraft & Engine School in 1943. At that time the number of missions for a tour was 25. I moved on to Las Vegas Flexible Gunnery School, completing it in December 1943. Then to Salt Lake City Replacement Wing, where our crews were put together, in January of 1944. Then to Ardmore AAF Base for ground school & flying training as a crew. About this time the missions were increased to 30. Our crew completed our training and moved to England, and were assigned to the 306th Bomb Group Heavy (H), in June 1944. By this time the total missions required to complete a tour was 35. I flew with my crew (Lt. John Winward, Pilot). My first mission was 20 June 1944, Hamburg Germany, 7:50 hours. My last mission, # 35, was 21 November 1944, Leeward, Holland, 7:35 hours. My total Combat Time was 293:05 hours. I have been told that when the 8th AF flew it's last mission prior to VE day, anyone that had not completed their 35, were given credit for a completed tour. I will follow up and mail you a copy of my Operational Sortie Record. To verify what I have mentioned above. While I was in England my wife, Sallie, saved all the San Antonio newspapers.



Pilot - Lt. Keith Bratton, and Crew - England 1944

When I got home we clipped a clipping of each of my missions out for a scrap book. One clipping speaks of 7 October 1944 (I was on this raid) "Reich Hit BY 5,000 Aircraft". This was a combined effort of U.S. Strategic Air Forces, bombers and fighters from Britain, France, and Italy. As our good friends, the Brits would say "Good Show, Yanks."

Cheers, T/Sgt Theodore C. Hood
Flight Engineer/Top Turret Gunner
1st Air Division

306th Bombardment Group (H)
423rd Bombardment Squadron (H)
Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, England.

PS: I remained in the service, and retired as a CMSgt., 1 July 1973, with 31 years service, which included the Cold War, the Korean, era and on the ground in Vietnam for a year.

Sturdivan's Missions

This is concerning Eddie Deerfield's question in the March 2012 Air Force News about the number of missions an airman was required to fly in the 8th Air Force. As we all know it was gradually increased from 25 to 35 for wing crews. Lead crews were generally allowed five less when we arrived in April 1944. There was no difference between B-24 Groups and B-17 Groups. We graduated men from both planes since we switched from B-24s to B-17s on Sept. 1, 1944.

My experience shows that it sometimes was a matter concerning an individual or a crew. When we switched planes, crews with only one or two missions to go were graduated rather than learn a new system on a new plane. In my case I was at only 24 missions, in the 34th Group at Mendelsham, when my crew finished on December 15, 1944. As a lead crew radio operator I was 6 missions short of graduation. A promise was made that I could go home with my crew. That was changed by the 93rd Wing. 28 was the minimum. I flew 3 more (27) and was graduated. Our pilot had 30 missions. I found out later some members had 29 and two others had only 27, as I had. From all this it appears there was some flexibility which allowed groups to make allowances in certain cases.

Sincerely,

Walter W. Sturdivan, 34th BG

5901 N. El Dorado St.

Stockton, CA 95207

209-477-8811

Hi Donna & daughter Telisha,

Thanks for another great publication! I enjoyed reading about the identical twin brothers, as my Dad was a twin, not quite identical, but I think my Dad could make himself look like Rene. It was uncanny.

Attached is a photo they made just after the end of WWII. My Dad was in the Navy (gunner on a Liberty ship) & his brother Rene was in the Army. My Dad saw action on the North Atlantic - the German submarines were terrible.

Rene trained with the 69th Infantry Division & was then sent into Normandy with a different unit as a replacement soldier, about a week after D-Day, June 6 Normandy. He was a rifleman, BAR & light mortar. In the photo you can barely see Dad's "Ruptured Duck" symbol (end of war/service). Rene's wearing a shoulder braid, which was issued by the Belgium Government to honor the American soldiers for liberating Belgium. About 4,900 Belgium medals & braids were issued.

Thanks, Henry G. Wulbeck, AIA

ruetschle.com

Need more Varga girls!

Andy Rooney

Connie and myself used to be the UK contacts for over ten years for the 306th Bomb Group.

I am writing with reference to the Mail Call in the 8th Air Force News, March issue concerning Andy Rooney. He also flew on a mission with the 306th Bomb Group out of Thurleigh, Bedfordshire in a B-17 named 'Pretty Baby'. This is mentioned in Andy's book, 'My Kind Of War'. When we had the veterans and their wives back to Thurleigh in 1982 to dedicate the 306th Bomb Group Memorial, that Connie and I instigated, we had Andy Rooney back with a CBS Film Crew to record the proceedings and Andy met the pilot of the B17 that he had flown in.

The film that they recorded was shown



Twins
Rene and Jim Wulbeck

on an American television programme also all the hour long proceedings of the day, along with photographs of Andy Rooney at the 306th Bomb Group

Mail Call

Banquet at the Bedford Moat House Hotel.

Yours sincerely,

Gordon Richards

How To Join 8th AFHS

Hi, Donna, first let me say that the newest (vol.12, no.1) 8AFHS magazine is great! A wonderful job, as good, and better, than any in the past. However, there is one thing missing and that is details of how to join the 8AFHS. I wish to add my grandson to the membership list, and am not certain that details from past issues are currently correct. I wonder if you would send me the details (amount, address, etc)? And truthfully, this information should be in each and every issue, don'tcha think? Many thanks! Marshall W. Williams, 7th Photo Recon Group, 8th Air Force, 1944-45, member # 2318.

Marshall W. Williams

mtfm1410@yahoo.com

Ed Note: Marshall, "Thank you" for the nice compliments!!

You are very correct in suggesting that the sign up membership should be in every magazine.

That was an oversight in the last issue. Look on page 3 in this magazine. You will find all the information needed for your grandson to become one of our **8th Air Force Historical Society** members.



JOIN TODAY

**8th Air Force Historical Society
and receive this magazine
4 times a year**

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POOLER, GA 31322

TEL: 912-748-8884

\$40 MEMBER DUES

OR

YOU MAY ALSO APPLY ONLINE AT:

www.8thafhs.org

2012 March 8th Air force News

Hi Donna & Telisha,

The latest issue arrived today and once

again, MAGNIFICENT! The articles and photos are so clear and the entire issue is laid out beautifully!

I am especially pleased with the article "Nashville Man Helps Bring Crippled B-17 Back From Raid." What a nice touch to include the image of the paper clipping! I haven't talked to Mr. Levy yet to hear his thoughts but I'm sure he will be pleased too.

Now the next best thing that can happen is to see mail arrive concerning "Cisco's Kids" or someone who remembers Lt. Weinstein from another mission!!!

Thanks so much for doing such a wonderful job - I'm sure it means a lot to many people. Hopefully I can uncover some more "air stories" for you.

Sincerely, Pat Perrella

Tallahassee, FL

PRP patspace@comcast.net

PS. I also see you have CDs available with past issues so I'll be ordering some of those!

Lost in the Closet

Hi Donna....You won't believe this, but we had friends over for a few days when the December 2011 8th AF News came in the mail. I did not have time to read the magazine, so I put it aside in a closet with a lot of other stuff and forgot all about it. Just today, Feb 29th, I was in the closet to clear out some of the stuff and came across the magazine. I read through it and got to the last page and wallah! I read "Impaled on the Horns of a Dilemma"! This gave me a happy jolt and a real pleasant surprise! I'm sorry to be so late in emailing you.

The article looked great and I hope readers enjoyed it. Many thanks for publishing it!

All best wishes, Dick Sanborn

churchill101@verizon.net

94th BG 410th Squadron

William McGinley article pages 19-23

It was a pleasant surprise to see Nancy Toombs fine article about Bill McGinley in the latest issue of the 8th AF News, a magazine which I eagerly await every three months and always read with in-

terest from beginning to end.

We have a website with pages about Bill and the other evaders from his B-17 "Sally Ann" 42-7484.

The website is www.evasioncomete.org where hundreds of American airmen, the great majority of them from the Mighty Eighth, each have a page (in French only, sorry about that, but read our Home Page where a text in English explains our motivations... and language, time and space limitations... There are other pages translated into English in the "Textes" pages, notably the one about the balance of Comète's decisive action during the war).

On our site, Bill's fellow crew members (evaders and evaders/POWs) have individual pages, very recently updated with new information, and they can be found by clicking on their names in the "Fiches" Section :

With very best regards to all from Brussels, BELGIUM

Edouard "ED" Renière

riiren.belsuo@skynet.be

For the www.evasioncomete.org Team

Ridgewell Bomb Explosion

The story in the last issue about the bomb explosion at Ridgewell reminded me of a similar incident in my career. I was the Group Armament officer for the 491st BG at Metfield when it happened. I wrote a story for a class I was taking about writing your life history. I don't have any still photos but I took pictures with my 8mm camera which I have had transferred to a DVD which is in the archives at the museum.

If the story is of any interest, I could revise it adding more personal detail.

Sincerely,

Donald M. Whited

Lt. Col. USAFR RET

Editors Note: Look for Mr. Donald Whited's article and many other great articles to come in the near future.

Please send all
ARTICLES and **PHOTOS** to:

**Donna Neely • 2090 Cairo Bend
Road • Lebanon, TN • 37087 or
email • donnajneely@gmail.com.**

STRIKE ONE - TWO - THREE

His name was Milton and he was a co-pilot with the 8th Air Force in 1944. He was a handsome fellow wearing a 50 mission-crash cap and a movie star's moustache. Even if his last name wasn't Sinatra, the girls went weak at the sight of the silver wings he wore. But, he was still "Stateside". That was the way he looked on the outside. Inside, he was a quite a different person with feelings of inferiority and doubt in himself.

Fresh out of multi-engine pilot school, and sent to combat training in West-Texas in the fall of 1943, he drew the lot for copilot. The B-17's on the tarmac were old wrecks still flying but just barely. The training now was totally boring. Each day Milt and his brand new crew came down to the flight line to see if the planes were airworthy enough to get themselves airborne and off flying 50 mile triangular routes required of new aircrews as they were broken in to the unfamiliar planes. For many days, the ships were loitering in the hangars for needed repairs rather than airborne. It was catch-as-catch-can.

If this was pre-combat flying, wouldn't you think that the U.S. Army Air Corps would have better equipment available in order to speed up the process? 1943 was an awful year for the 8th Air Force flying out of England in terms of losses. Bombing without fighter escort was more costly in men and equipment day by day. The need for replacement crews was nearing its peak. The average life of a bomber crew was only about 5 missions. Casualties were decimating Group after Group.

There was no time for introspection. Some men, officers and enlisted soldiers, were less equal than others. Milton was one of those who measured up only according to his record. He uttered a signal to the contrary, however. Very early in his new training an accident happened for which there neither no reason nor excuse. Taxiing after a routine landing, he reached for the switch to retract the ship's flaps without looking. It was right next to the switch used to retract the landing gear. He hit the wrong one and the plane slowly lowered itself to the level of the runway and

touched down, crushing the fortuitously empty ball turret and bending the propellers to a stop.

The operations officer who drove up next to the wrecked plane in his jeep was screaming epithets and curse-words at the pilot and crew. "Don't you realize you just ruined a perfectly good \$300,000 airplane." He went on: "What in Hell were you thinking of?" Wherever this non-combat loss of one B-17 was recorded has long since disappeared from the records. It was an oldster, anyway. ***That was Milton's "Strike One."***

Milton and his crew moved on from Texas to Tennessee and then made their way to England by way of Kearney, Nebraska, Grenier Field, New Hampshire, Newfoundland, Iceland and Prestwick, Scotland in the UK. After a short stint of advanced combat training, he and his buddies started flying for real. The first assigned trip was an abort over London in which his plane lost an engine and returned to home base. The next two missions were equally uneventful to Dijon, France and Brunswick, Germany. The members of his crew were dumbfounded when they returned from mission #2 to learn that due to an error by the lead navigator, they had bombed a "Brussell Sprout Patch."

Things changed. No more "piece of cake" flying trips, boys. Mission #13 to Posen, Poland was a searing experience in which Milton's plane took a hit from a 50 caliber bullet fired from another plane in the formation which knocked out the number three motor and the plane out of the Group's formation. That mission threw a scare into everybody on board but he showed no emotion at least on the surface. Mission after combat mission he was steadfast and outwardly unaffected.

Having now been through a measurable number of trips over enemy territory, Milton's name came up for promotion to "First Pilot" and he was transferred to a new crew. Things went well at first and then one day he cracked up, personally. Flying along in formation as Aircraft Commander, he completely lost control and dived his ship as if aim-

ing it for the ground. They had enough altitude so that the Flight Engineer/Top gunner was able to put his hands on him and wrench him forcefully from the controls. The Copilot took over and quickly caught up with the formation again. The crew was severely shaken up but the plane made it back intact and landed. ***That was Strike Two.***

Milton was taken from the hard-stand to the Base Hospital for examination and treatment. The medical staff were general physicians and surgeons. Psychiatry was not on their curriculum vitae. Nor did they have any suitable medication available to give him. For the next two weeks he was confined for observation. There was no treatment. Doubtless, there were no books around on the subject either. The Group Commander was of the Patton generation and not the least bit sophisticated in matters of combat fatigue. It looked very much like a case of "cowardice" to him.

Milton was well aware of the commander's predisposition against men who for any reason announced they were no longer up to aerial combat. In spite of his mental state, he was more in fear of what the colonel might do to him if he asked to be relieved of his pilot's duties. So constituted, he avowed that he was fit to return to flying. His devotion to duty was readily acknowledged and he was released from hospital and assigned as a copilot once again. None of the attending doctors saw fit to challenge this decision.

Outwardly, Milt seemed OK, even to his closest buddies. All that had gone before was forgotten, wiped clean. No thought was given to any other course of action or review. Perhaps to some people, copilot looked like a sedentary job where one could sit with his hands folded in his lap looking out the window waiting patiently for a signal from the aircraft commander of the need for him to take the controls. Meanwhile, he watched and waited for signs of enemy opposition by way of bandit fighter planes or shellbursts fired from the ground. Strike three loomed.

And then it happened. As the ship

turned on to the bomb run, two bursts of enemy flak struck it. The gas tank for the number three engine was on fire and burning out of control. The Pilot gave the bail-out order over the intercom.

Milton could see the fire raging right outside his window. He heard the bail-out order just as clearly as he could see the damage to the plane a few feet away. He panicked as he released his seat-belt and headed for the escape hatch in the nose just a feet away and below the flight deck. He was to be the first man out of the ship.

On his knees in the catwalk between the pilots' compartment and the nose he found the release handle to the nose hatch and gave it a frantic pull. The hatchcover flew off just as it was made to do and Milt was out and away from the plane. But he had completely lost his wits. He knew as well as every man aboard that they all had been warned daily by the very large and prominent sign on the briefing room wall back at the base to **"DELAY OPENING YOUR CHUTE."**

If anyone of good sense had thought twice about it, there were two excellent reasons for not opening your parachute at high altitude. First, without oxygen



at bombing altitude (23,000 to 25,000 feet), one could pass out in seconds. Second and even more important, an open white-silk parachute up against a reasonably blue sky can be seen for miles away from the ground..

An airman bound by the duty to try to escape captivity as the first order of business knows instinctively to hide himself from sight in the best way he can. He also carried an escape kit containing a map and a small amount of emergency rations. Other than that, evasion of capture is a matter of luck and timing 300 miles behind enemy lines and deep within his stronghold. Milton was not able to think clearly nor would anyone in his semi--deranged state of mind. Instead, he did the best he could and gave the "ring" a very strong yank. The chute blossomed over his head. He was then about 20,000 feet in the air drifting slowly down in plain sight..

That day, there were a lot of people living around the target area. They were not all in air raid shelters and once the bombers had passed over and flown away, the military and populace came out to see what had happened. They carried weapons and would be keen on getting their hands on fallen enemy airmen. In fact, Adolf Hitler, the Fuhrer himself, had issued an order that the people should feel free to take their revenge on the bomber crews wherever they found them. The order also carried an addendum warning that the military should not interfere with the civilians exacting whatever punishment they saw fit.

A parachutist is a large target moving

somewhat slowly. Milton had an audience that day as he fell and there were some marksmen among them. He never knew what hit him and he was dead before he hit the ground. That was **Milton's Strike Three.**

Milton was in no condition to be flying a bombing mission of any kind and the way he died proved that. Say what you want about his doctors and senior officers, sending a man to fight after recording so obvious a deranged mental state was well, you fill in the blank.

The body lies in Arlington Cemetery at our Nation's Capitol. His death broke the hearts of his loving family.

Only the few survivors of his crew that day still remember him.

I knew Milton well, I thought. Maybe not.

I was navigator on the plane with Milton when it went down in flames. My luck held out and I survived to serve my first 7 months of captivity in the "Great Escape" camp (Stalag Luft III). On January 27, 1945 10,000 allied air officers made a forced march westward to avoid being overrun by the Russian Army. After marching about 60 miles in the snow, we boarded a cattle car train to another camp (Stalag VII-A) near Munich in Bavaria and remained there until liberated by Gen. Patton's 3rd Army on 4/29/45.

**Don Casey
B-17 Navigator
379th BG**



Chapter News

North Alabama Chapter

Ann Vaughn.....President
Traci CalvertVice-President
Bill Varnedoe.....Secretary/Treasurer
Chapter purpose is to perpetuate and preserve the story of the 8th Air Force during World War II.

As shown in the 8th Air Force News, and as noted in last month's Kilroy's Comments, we lost our long time Vice President, Doug Gardner. The Board has appointed Traci Calvert to the post until our next election, due in January 2013. We regret that there was no meeting in March. If you will remember, all of North Alabama was under a Tornado Watch and several Tornado Warnings at meeting time. In the interest of safety, the meeting was cancelled. We are fortunate that although on that day there were several destructive tornados nearby with casualties and extensive damage, none of our members were harmed.

The Chapter, however, was not idle in March. On March 8th, Bill Varnedoe gave a talk about the 8th Air Force in WW II to a meeting of Madison County School Principals, Assistant Principals and Social Science Teachers.

On March 17th, several members assembled and participated in Huntsville's 35th annual Saint Patrick's Day Parade. Several rode in a car but we also had Marion Gibson's truck decorated with our banner; some of us rode in that. It

was a beautiful, fair, Spring day with temperatures in the high 70's. Therefore there was a large spectator turnout!

There were over 100 entries in the parade; the 8th Air Force Historical Society was number 16, just a few feet behind the main pipe!

The speaker for our April meeting was Shirley Mohler, who gave the much anticipated talk she was supposed to give in March, "Women in World War II."

Oregon Chapter

Oregon Chapter 2012 Meeting dates:
August 11; November 3

The May speaker, Jack Cramer was the navigator on the "Goin Jessie", a B-29 in the 5th Sq., 9th Bomb Group, 313th Wing, 20th AF flying out of North Field, Tinian, in the Marianas. He flew 35 combat missions with one of them to Iwo Jima and one to Truk and the other 33 missions were to the home islands of Japan. In his talk he plans to describe some of his experiences and how the missions he flew were the same in some ways and different in others than the missions of the 8th Air Force flew over Germany.

All members can attend any Executive board meeting. The Board meets at the Elks Lodge three Saturdays before the regular membership meeting. If you can spare up to 2 hours between 10 AM and Noon you can also join the board and help make our chapter a continu-

ing success.

If you have items that you wish to share with others, they can be loaned to the Oregon Chapter, scanned and catalogued and then returned to you. You can always donate them permanently to the chapter if you wish. Contact Tom Philo to make arrangements for the documents.

Items in the archive are usually being posted onto the web site (see release form on web site) so that everyone can learn from what others have experienced.

Birthingplace Chapter

At the Birthingplace Chapter monthly dinner meetings, The Birthingplace Chapter usually has a guest speaker. For April, however, the Chapter viewed an excellent video entitled "He Has Seen War," which is about the problems faced by veterans returning to civilian life after World War II. It is an HBO production that includes interviews with family members of some of the soldiers and Marines, as well as a few of the men themselves, who were portrayed in the two mini-series, "Band of Brothers" and "The Pacific." Also featured is very meaningful commentary from Dr. Don Miller, history professor and author of the outstanding book about the Mighty 8th in WW II, "Masters of the Air." This program has not yet been shown on TV or made available to the general public. Bill Murdock

Secretary, Birthingplace Chapter

New Mexico Chapter

The New Mexico Chapter of the 8th AFHS held it's annual Spring General Membership Meeting/Luncheon at the Marriott Hotel April 7, 2012.

President Larry Stebleton opened the meeting with a moment of silence in remembrance of departed members followed by the "Pledge of Allegiance." Sixteen ROTC Cadets from the University of New Mexico where among the guests for this meeting, all in their snappy Class A uniforms - Sharp!

The Speaker for this meeting was Edward Giller a retired Air Force Major General with over 30 years of involvement in all aspects of nuclear weapons



**The North Alabama Chapter
Huntsville's annual St. Patrick's Day Parade.**



**New Mexico Chapter
Sixteen ROTC Cadets from the
University of New Mexico**



**New Mexico Chapter
Speaker Edward Giller**

in four different US government agencies. USAF, CIA, AEC/ERDA, JCS. Following his participation in WWII as an 8th AF fighter pilot flying P-38's and P-51's, he received a PhD in chemical engineering and was assigned to the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project. Gen. Giller spoke of his involvement with Area 51 during his assignment with the CIA. During which time he was involved in the development of the U-2 program, and later with the development of the SR - 71 program. General Giller concluded his fascinating speech with a question and answer session. Respectfully
Submitted by: Aelred Schwery
Secretary, 8th AFHS NM Chapter

North Carolina Chapter

The NC Chapter will hold its 28th Annual Spring Reunion June 9, 2012 at the Chilli's restaurant in Statesville. The three Wings continue to meet, Metrolina in Charlotte bi-monthly and the Western Wing monthly in Hendersonville. The Eastern Wing in Raleigh meets occasionally.

It is with great sadness to report the passing of our founder and past President, George Currier Hood (90) in Raleigh on March 25, 2012 in the presence of his dear wife of 63 years, June Kershaw Hood.

Growing up in Chelmsford, MA he demonstrated strong leadership abilities as he worked to attain the rank of Eagle Scout in the Boy Scouts of America while also serving as an Assistant Scoutmaster.

Mr. Hood was a WWII combat survivor of the 35 bombardment missions over Nazi Germany, serving as an Army Air Corps First Lieutenant in the Mighty Eighth's 95th BG. As a navigator of the B-17G Flying Fortress "Section Eight" he and his fellow crew members were each awarded seven Air Medals for their service. Following the completion of his 35 missions he volunteered to work with crews ferrying B-17 wrecks from the European theater back to England. After the war he remained in the Army

Air Corps Reserve, attaining the rank of Major before resigning to devote full time to his family and his career. Until his death he was the last remaining member of his B-17G crew.

Mr. Hood participated in many church and civic activities throughout his entire working career, establishing the North Carolina Chapter of the 8th Air Force Historical Society which he founded in 1984. He served as President for five years and continued as an active participant in the organization until his death. He served as Docent at the North Carolina Museum of History and was active in S.H.I.I.P. as a medicare volunteer Counselor. During the course of his long life he demonstrated many times that he could again and again face adversity and come out on top.

Submitted by Marion Morel, Secretary

398TH Bomb Group Memorial Association Flak News

www.398th.org

The last issue of FLAK NEWS produced "smashing" results, what with some \$17,000 being raised from the group's members who didn't want to see the newsletter "go under."

The monies came from a broad segment of "subscribers," led by Joe Mansell and his \$10K gift. Many dozens of others came in with contributions ranging from thousands to many \$10's and \$20's.

The treasurer said, "Thank you," but added that the on going quarterly dues gathering must continue.

This time the dues envelopes will be inserted in FLAK NEWS to those living in the "East." These states include Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and Washington D.C.

The envelopes will go to Dues Manager Dawne Dougherty
951 S 9th St.

Harrisburg, OR 97446-9585
who also said, "Thank you."

B-17 Names

By Bill Varnedoe, navigator, Crow Crew, 385BG

Have you ever noticed how varied and strange are the names and nose art on aircraft? These names, sometimes called "nicknames," were more personal than a serial number to identify the aircraft, especially to the crew. Although never official they were widely used and admired by everyone. Alas, they never appear in original archived "official" documents in the U. S. National Archives, causing a headache for historians. Whole chapters in books can be written about some B-17 names. Names were selected, most often, by a crew vote, but also occasionally by an individual or the ground crew. They used many things as their inspiration: Names can be anything, limited only by imagination!! It seems there was a motive to be inventive and unique. Many names included a whole harem of girl names. These were selected from: wives, girlfriends, sisters, celebrities, pin-up posters and even mistresses. They might be of not just the pilot but of a crew member or anyone. The portraits could be quite risqué. (Some CO's were stricter than others.) Compare 42-102636, Sleepytime Gal versus 42-3355, Nan. B.



Many popular B-17 names were duplicated in many Bomb Groups, but this article is confined to those in the 385th Bomb Group.

The 385th BG Archives support quite a variety of names and nose art pictures. Some names are humorous. For instance, 42-30091, Spare Parts was so named because this B-17 was repaired from extensive battle damage with parts from shop queens.

There are quite a few that follow comic



strip characters. 42-3422, Winnie the Pooh



Some names are just a clever turns of phrase. 42-31638, Big Gas Bird



Popular songs contributed their fair share of names. 42-97790, Ragged But Right.



The source or inspiration of still others can be self evident.

42-30168, Slo-Jo, named for a B-17 that was forever lagging in the formation



And 42-30354, Hustlin' Hussy for an eager B-17, always out front.



Many B-17s in the 385th BG had their names painted on the nose by an accomplished artist, our British Red Cross worker, Haywood Annie. Others

were painted by a talented crew member. Many B-17s either received no name, or if they did, the crew never got around to painting the nose. Often in this case, when the first crew "graduated", another crew would give this same unpainted Fort a different name. A few such names survive, but most such unpainted names are now lost, or if known, no one is able to pin that name down to a specific B-17, (by serial No.) Some classic stories from the 385th BG Association archives are:

42-97280, was transferred to the 385th from some other Group with the words "Haybag" already painted on her. The ground crew persuaded Annie Haywood to paint her self portrait on the nose, and add "Annie" to "Haybag." Ever since both 42-97280, and Annie herself, were known as Haybag Annie.



*42-3547, was named and painted Latest Rumor.



However, when another crew inherited her, they liked the nose art, but wanted a different name. They simply painted out the name, leaving the girl intact, and added the name Blue Champagne, leaving the telephone but adding the wine glass.



Still later the crew got a different B-17, 42-37977. They named and painted it Blue Champagne in honor of their first Blue Champagne. They copied, almost exactly, but not quite, the same nose art! This time the telephone got lost.



*42-3290 was named Raunchy Wolf, with just that name on her nose.



42-30249 was El Lobo with that name and a wolf's head painted on her nose.



After 42-3290 was lost, the original Raunchy Wolf crew inherited 42-30249, El Lobo. They painted out "El Lobo," leaving the wolf's head, and painted in Raunchy Wolf.



* It was more usual for the second, same-name B-17 to add a "II" (= the second) to the name. For example there was: Round Trip Ticket, 42-30285, then 42-30414 became Round Trip Ticket II, followed by 42-30827 named Round Trip Ticket III.

* However, since 42-3544 was named Stars and Strips after the Army newspaper,



42-31349 became Stars and Stripes, Second Edition.





My buddy, Darrell Burchfield and I were on the Oberemt crew in the 855th Squadron of the 491st Bomb Group during WWII. He was our radio operator and I was the armorer gunner. Darrell was a very talented artist and in fact he spent most of his working years in the commercial art business and now I miss him because he is deceased. I am enclosing a copy of one of his paintings that you may have an interest in seeing. This painting depicts our group on stand-down after a scrubbed mission and with the men relaxing and spending the day on practice missions. It really was a day to "horse around" and unwind our tensions from the combat missions.

Submitted by: "Lee" Leon S. Kruszewski, Palm Desert, CA 855th Squadron 491st BG

PEPPER'S "PLUCKY PLAY BOYS"

**Crew 71, 570th B.S., 390 B.G., 13th Combat Wing,
3rd Air Division 8th Air Force.**

1 Dec 1944 - Station 153 Framlingham, England

Top row L - R: Sgt. Joe Stewart - ball turret gunner - deceased, Omer Storck - top turret gunner - Sgt., Bill Getz - tail gunner - Sgt., Lt. Martin Pepper - pilot - deceased, Ernie Oelberman - waist gunner - Sgt.

Bottom row L - R: Leon Petruck - togglier - Sgt., Lt. Mike Czarnecky - co-pilot, Lt. Edwin Gooch - navigator, Tom Stinnett - R.O.G. - Sgt.





**3 Oct 44 Combat Crew
#246 - WWAAF Walla Walla, WAS.**

*Top row L - R: Sgt. Petruck, Joe Stewart, Del Berman, Storck, Getz
Bottom row L - R: Lt. Gooch, Lt. Czarnecky, Lt. Martin Pepper, Lt. Buck, Tom Stinnett*



SEVEN SURVIVORS

*Top row L - R: Omer Storck, Bill Getz, Ernie Oelberman.
Bottom row L - R: Leon Petruck, Mike Czarnecky, Edwin Gooch, Tom Stinnett
(As of May 2012 our ages range from 85 years to 92 years)*

TRAVEL TO BRITAIN

By Darrel Lowell - 8th AFHS Treasurer

My good friend and fellow Board Member, Bob Moses and I have been planning a trip to England to tour our historical WWII destinations for several years. We actually pulled the cord and took off for our journey in September of 2011. The excursion was an important event for me because, I spent a short time in England as a crew member on a B-47 during the Cold War and year's later traveled through the area on business. I somehow never had or took the time to visit these historical WWII venues. The trip also allowed me the privilege of removing a couple of items from of my so called "Bucket List". The first item, under the guidance of Bob, was actually visiting many of these historical areas, and the second was the opportunity to meet for the first time Gordon Richards. Gordon along with his wife Connie Richards (deceased), has served, as the Society's Managing Director of our European activities for well over 20 years.

We arrived in London in the early morning hours and after checking into our hotel we started our first day of touring activities. That day's highlight was visiting St Paul's Cathedral and viewing firsthand the famous "Roll of Honor". It was a memorable moment to view the book which listed the names of over 28,000 military personnel from the United States who served and made the supreme sacrifice of giving their lives in the defense of freedom.

The next day after taking a tumble down an escalator in the Underground Liverpool Station, followed by a 5 hour visit to London General Hospital to patch our bruises, we were off to East Anglia. We enjoyed dinner that evening with Jean Freeman, widow of Roger Freeman, famous Author and Historian of the Eighth Air Force. We heard many stories about Roger's life during the

war and actually visited the family farm where he made his living. A sidebar was viewing the tree that Roger planted in memory of his good friend Hub Zinsky. The third day we visited the Debach Air Field which was the home of the 493rd Bomb Group during the war. It is amazing the manner in which our British friends still honor our efforts to help protect their homeland during the war by rebuilding certain areas of these airfields to the state that existed during combat operations. The control tower, fire station and mess hall are exactly as they were during the time when these dangerous missions were being flown. The next day we met Gordon Richards and enjoyed a typical English lunch at a local Taven. Gordon and his deceased wife Connie, have provided loyal service to the Historical Society by serving the needs of our overseas members

England following the War.

Connie, one of the "Bedford Girls". After meeting Glenn Miller at Twin woods Air Field, Connie became a life time dedicated fan. Her collection of memorabilia from the Glenn Miller War years is impressive and one of the finest in the world. She loved to dance and planned many reunions for the 306th Bomb Group, who were stationed at Thurleigh during the war. She was honored at her Memorial Service by several military units for her service and dedicated effort to honor the memory of the brave military personnel who served both countries during the war. She was truly a legend and was highly honored at her funeral.

Since the end of the war the British have celebrated Memorial Day the same as we do here in the US. The day is honored at the Cambridge American Cemetery in Cambridge. For many years, the Richards have presented a wreath on behalf of the 8th Air Force Society to be placed at "The Wall of the Missing" to honor our soldiers who lost their lives in both World Wars. Gordon arranged for Bob and I to have a personal tour of this beautiful cemetery which was one of the more poignant moments of our trip. We were allowed to participate in the flag lowering ceremony at the end of the day.

It was our pleasure on behalf of the Society to present Gordon with a plaque in appreciation of honoring the many years of dedicated service that he and

his wonderful wife Connie have given to the Society. We are hopeful that Gordon and his family will be able to attend the Society at our 2013 Reunion to be held here in Savannah.

Editors Note:

Look for more stories about Connie and Gordon Richard's childhood days during World War II. As the English children would say "Got any gum, chum?"



Bob Moses - 8th AFHS BOD, Gordon Richards - UK office 8th AFHS Managing Director (one of the chewing gum kids from Bedford) and Darrel Lowell - 8th AFHS Treasurer

for something in the range of 20 years. Both were teenagers during the war, and witnessed the planes departing on bombing missions early in the morning and returning in the afternoon. In the evening they saw attacks from German bombers along with the danger they presented to the British. They as a team were acknowledged experts on those war years and gave many lectures to various organizations throughout

EXCERPTS FROM

"MISSING IN ACTION OVER FRANCE AND OTHER EXPERIENCES"

by James R. Golden

D-Day

Often, fate tries to warn us of forthcoming disaster, and she tried her best with me the days immediately preceding June 6th, 1944--the invasion of Normandy. The last notation I made in my diary before bailing out over France on D-Day was: "Today is June 5th, 1944 and I have attempted three missions since last writing in my Diary. On June 3rd I went through a tremendous overcast and upon breaking out on top I discovered that my radio was out, which required me to return to base--back down through the overcast with hundreds of planes on instruments working their way up through it, and I had no radio contact at all.

"On June 4th, I taxied out for a mission and my engine got so overheated I could not take off--as was the case with eight others in my squadron. Today, June 5th, I was at 30,000 ft. over Normandy when I took a routine glance at my instruments. I discovered that my oxygen supply was gone! I immediately dove to 12,000 ft. where oxygen was not necessary and headed back to England." Without the instruments, I would have never noticed any loss of oxygen, and would have ended up making a deep hole in the soil of France.

At 23:30 hours (11:30 p.m.) on June 5, we were called to the pilot's briefing room. One of the greatest thrills of my life was walking into the room and seeing detailed plans for the invasion of France on the board, knowing how excited the entire world would be the following morning.

At 6 P.M. on June 6th, I took off with the group to guard against German aircraft reaching the beaches. We flew directly over the landing area (which was obscured by clouds) and proceeded to our assigned position. When we were relieved by other fighters we dropped down to strafe a couple of supply trains. After a few passes I pulled up and looked back in my rear-view mirror and

saw what appeared to be heavy smoke. Thus began the final phase of my 48th mission and my career as a military pilot.

Hitting the silk

The official account, which was declassified many years ago, was sent to me by a friend in England. It reads as follows: "I was leading Noggin Red Flight in the vicinity of Dieppe, France, at an altitude of about 10,000 feet. Lt. Golden, flying No.2 position, reported that his oil pressure was dropping rapidly. When I looked in his direction I saw that the entire left side of his plane was covered with oil. I advised that he throttle back and I followed along giving him his headings. We flew like this



for roughly 15 minutes when his plane started to gradually dive to the right. I saw Lt. Golden jettison his canopy and clear the plane before he and the plane went into the overcast, which was approximately 400 feet below us. I did not see his chute open. I then spilt-Sd down through the overcast and saw a plane burning on the ground at the spot which I would have estimated Lt. Golden's plane to have fallen. Edward B.

Murphy, 1st. Lt."

Official language often makes things sound clear-cut and simple, but in the timeframe Murphy was describing, there was a real life-and-death struggle taking place.

Just prior to my bailing out I was advised that we were a hundred miles from crossing the English coast, only a few minutes to safety. I put my Mustang into a shallow dive, released the canopy and took off my helmet, which proceeded to blow out the cockpit, tangling the radio cord around my leg. When I got that squared away, I unbuckled my seat belt, put one foot on the seat and the rush of air did the rest. I was probably traveling about 200 mph when I bailed out. It was literally a real blast.

It seemed like a week before the tail section passed me (frequently pilots bailing out get broken bones from hitting the tail section), and you could cut the silence with the knife! One minute the roar of a huge aircraft engine and the next deathly silence.

But the worst was yet to come. I reached for the ripcord and could not find it! I glanced over my left shoulder and saw the chute pack blowing out behind me. I had not yet realized that somehow my leg straps were unbuckled, which left the chute pack flapping in the breeze and took the ripcord ring out of my reach. After I was able to stop my violent tumbling I reached back with my left hand and pushed the pack down until I could reach the ripcord with my right hand. When I pulled it the chute blossomed--but without the leg straps to hold me in the chute the harness was jerked completely over my head and I was left hanging precariously by hands and arms.

To make matters worse, as I fell through the harness, the metal chest buckle lacerated my face and hit me under the chin, causing me to bite a large chunk out of my tongue. Together they cre-

ated a bloody mess which caused me to wonder if the loss of blood before I hit the ground might cause me to lose consciousness. If I passed out I would immediately drop the rest of the way through the chute and become a French grease spot!

As I came out of the overcast I could see the English Channel. Unfortunately, I was on the wrong side of it. I was still not totally aware of the exact nature of my real problem until after I hit the ground. I landed in a tiny village south of Dieppe, which just happened to contain an encampment of German soldiers. When I reached to unhook my chute it was lying on the ground and the only connection between me and it was the dinghy strap hooked to my Mae West, the inflatable life preserver vest. Well, it served a useful purpose—I was able to start running quicker.

I landed about fifty feet from some French people and they were yelling for me to run for a small trash pit nearby. I needed very little urging! I took off like a scared rabbit and jumped into the pit. I squeezed up under some heavy vines growing down the side of the pit and stayed there without moving a muscle throughout the night. German soldiers were shouting and shooting in the air (I hoped!), and standing so close that I could almost have reached up and touched their feet. It seemed like a "B" movie, with those little motorcycles with side cars putt-putting along. One seemed to make an inordinate number of trips just over my head, but never stopped to search the pit.

I remember so well that one of my first thoughts was that Liz would soon get a MIA (Missing In Action) telegram—an awful experience! She would think I was dead and I had no way to let her know that I was very much alive.

Raw Courage

I lay motionless on bottles and an old wheel rim until mid-morning of June 7th, when I decided it was safe to take stock of myself and my situation. My ankle was badly swollen and my face was a bloody mess. My shoulders and back felt like I had been hit by a truck. Without the leg straps, they had absorbed the entire impact of the opening of my parachute. I was afraid to take



off my shoes for fear of being unable to get them back on. I took my white scarf, which Liz had given me, and cleaned up my face as well as possible.

(Incidentally, much fun is made of the "white silk scarf pilots have flowing in the wind", but it is an extremely valuable item, particularly in combat where the statement "keep your head on a swivel" is more than a passing remark. That is an absolute imperative when you are trying to watch everything around, over and under you, which might have guns attached. It saves your neck-- and there is no wind in the closed cockpit anyway!)

At this point, a series of tremendously courageous acts took place. About 11 a.m. I saw some boys playing nearby and one of them spotted me and he did the most priceless "double take" I ever saw. I started to laugh and so did he, and then he came over to me, clearly realizing that I was the flyer who "dropped in the night before. We conversed as well as possible and then he left. At about two o'clock, a man and a woman came to the pit with a small black bag. She remained on the rim of the pit as a lookout. He got down in the pit with me and pulled some French civilian clothes out of a black bag, which he helped me put on.

The man then departed and the woman gestured for me to walk with her right through the small village, proceeding to carry on a very animated, make-believe conversation with me in a language I didn't well understand. High

school French did little to prepare me. She was really great! We made the trip to her house in fine shape and she offered me food and wine. Unfortunately, my tongue was cut so badly that I could not eat or drink anything, and I think everyone in the village came by to look at me. I would hear the door behind me open and when I looked I would see several pairs of eyes staring at me. This concerned me, and I knew I must get away as soon as possible.

Betrayed?

Soon my benefactor asked if I would like to hear the BBC radio and took me to a house trailer a few feet away from the small house. She carefully uncovered a small radio and I listened to see how close the Allies were to me--or whether they had been pushed back into the English Channel. A very few minutes later six German soldiers surrounded the trailer and two more came inside. When she saw them coming my new friend pushed me into the rear of the trailer and into a bed. She clearly tried to persuade them that no one else was in the trailer but they rushed back to the bed and thrust cold steel into my ribs, with comments which unmistakably meant that I should arise immediately! One did not need to know French or German to get the drift, and that was fortunate because I had studied both in school and consequently would not have understood a word they were saying.

The soldiers got me out of the bed (my wife later teased me about being caught in a French woman's bed) and asked "Parlez-vous Francais?" I replied with a quick "Oui!" But when they rattled off more French I just said, "OK, OK, I can't speak that stuff, let's go!"

There followed a scene fit for a comic opera: eight soldiers surrounding a single, bloody, limping human being without even a toothpick for a weapon with every gun trained on him, walking down a dusty road.

Regarding "being caught in a French woman's bed," almost fifty years after the fact I found the MIA telegram. Instead of saying I was "lost over France" it read "lost over FRANCES!" How fortunate I was that Liz didn't realize earlier she had that ammunition! And what a

good title for my memoirs!

Interrogation begins

In Brussels, we were taken across a moat and into a large building for general interrogation--name, rank and serial number, etc., and then placed in solitary confinement to await transfer to the main interrogation center in Frankfurt, Germany. My stay was not uneventful. When I answered with my name, James R. Golden, the interrogator said: "A Jew, eh?" Protestant and of Scotch and Irish descent, I did not want to borrow anyone else's problem--and particularly one so large--so I tried to convince him otherwise, but without my dog tags I got nowhere. He sent me to solitary confinement with one more problem than I thought I had when I came in.

It was particularly disturbing since I had just recently read in a London paper that the Germans had served notice that Jewish airmen who bailed out over the continent would be shot. So, they seemed to have a choice: shoot me because they thought I was Jewish or shoot me because I was a spy with no identification, dressed in French clothes!

It was generally conceded during the war, and has been well established since the war, that anyone caught in civilian clothes, without identification, had a good chance of ending up in the infamous Fresnes prison--and ending his life there as well. It was adjacent to the Gestapo headquarters. Also, in the Nuremberg Trials after the war, the Germans were charged with murdering prisoners in Normandy, in the summer of 1944, a charge that was fully substantiated.

Stalag Luft III

On June 20th I arrived at one of the most famous prisoner of war camps--Stalag Luft III. It was a camp for British and American Flying Officers only, and there were over ten thousand such individuals in this camp alone. After the war a book and movie entitled *The Great Escape* came out, describ-

ing a very daring escape made from this camp through a sophisticated tunnel. Over five hundred men worked on three tunnels code named "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry" and on the night of March 24th, 1944, seventy-six men escaped. The Germans caught all but two or three of them. They shot fifty of them in cold blood after they were caught, to teach others a lesson.

When I arrived in the camp after three days and two nights on a train via Leipzig, there were large posters, outlined in bright red, proclaiming: "The escape from prison camp is no longer a sport!"

We were immediately photographed and fingerprinted by the Germans for an identification card and Kriegie number. "Kriegie" is short for "Kriegsgefangenen", which means "war caught." My number was 6017. Interestingly, this was done only for "Important Persons," those Americans and British officers with the rank of Colonel and above, and all flyers. I suspect that was done because they planned a special purpose for us before the end of the war.

When my group arrived at Stalag Luft III on June 22nd, the usual cry of "New Kriegies arriving!" greeted us, and dozens of old Kriegies lined the fence to

see if they knew any of the newcomers. I heard my name shouted and recognized John Diffley, an old friend with whom I had played football at Stetson University. This was fortunate indeed, for within the hour my admission to the camp was being delayed because of a lack of any identification. I immediately thought of my friend Diffley, and suggested that he could identify me. They allowed that since he had been in the camp for eighteen months or so they could trust him, and sent for him. The camp security officer (who after the war became Superintendent of the new Air Force Academy) told me that the Germans were constantly trying to get informants into the camp to search for tunnels and that he needed some identification to be sure I was not a plant. He could not take that chance.

John not only identified me, he also got me into his room (fifteen people in a small room with the beds lined up three high against the walls), with old Kriegies who knew all the ropes and had quite a lot of food stashed away in the walls and elsewhere for emergencies.

Life behind the wire

Without the Red Cross parcels we did not have sufficient food to survive. To survive we needed roughly 3,000 calories per day and the German portion--from 1,500 to 1,900 calories a day--was certainly insufficient. From time to time, the parcels were denied us for punishment purposes. Fortunately, this did not happen too often. The Germans weekly gave us one loaf of bread, some potatoes or similar vegetable soup three times a week, cheese on occasions, and small amounts of jam and sugar. This was pretty consistent until we left Stalag Luft III January 27, 1945. After that anything was possible, largely because they did not have anything additional to give to us.

Some people stopped getting mail after months and years in the camp when wives and



sweethearts lost interest. Sometimes they received "Dear John" letters, breaking off all relations. That was one worry I never had for one second. Our strong relationship and love let me ride through that potentially devastating subject untouched! I knew Liz and others had not forgotten me—they sent stuff, but the Germans just did not deliver it. It was as simple as that.

As a new POW, you first think you are going to starve to death, but you soon get used to it and don't need as much food. I found a good source of extra food early on, which came in handy until I got used to eating less. In the room with the stove at the end to catch end pieces which nobody wanted. I got quite fond of the bread ends and just picked up some each day for awhile. I also ate the kohlrabi, which was a very woody vegetable and not in great demand.

The Germans did not want us to store food as they feared it might be used in escape attempts. They therefore punctured all cans with an ice pick so the contents would have to be consumed quickly and not hidden away. But these old Kriegies had that one figured out. They just melted some candle wax over holes they made in the walls and then hung the cans down between the walls by pieces of string.

One of the most unusual but iron-clad, unwritten rules of the camp was the requirement that a POW could only tell his hard luck story to others on the anniversary of the action which got him incarcerated. However, on that day other Kriegies were required to hear him out. A genius thought that one up!

Reality dawns

At first, you have trouble believing you are really a POW and coming to grips with the harrowing experience that brought you there. There are fears in your inner soul you don't want to admit. You hear rumors of death camps with gas chambers, stories of the possibility of being used as hostages, etc., most of which proved to be true, and you wonder if they would ever get desperate enough to do this

to us. You can't seem to get enough to eat and you have a tough time adjusting from months of furious activity to total inactivity. You worry about your loved ones not knowing whether you are dead or alive. And finally, the total loss of freedom is devastating. You circle miles and miles around a small, barbed wire enclosed compound thinking about all of the above, wondering when or if you will ever get home again.

I have always been amazed and proud of the self-discipline exhibited by those thousands of young men cooped up for months, even years, without proper food, clothing or sex. I never saw a single flight while I was there, never heard of the theft of anything, including food which was so vital, or any hint of unusual relations between men.

In my compound, the South, one of five compounds of about equal size, we had approximately two thousand young men between the ages 20 and 28. Among them were exceptional athletes, scholars, artists, actors, musicians, etc. At Christmas, 1944, a group of about eighty singers performed the Messiah, by Handel. It was so cold in the hall (10 degrees below zero) that the three piano players alternated, warming their hands as well as possible between stints. The performance was well received by the Americans, but had its greatest effect on the German guards. After the performance they left with tears in their eyes.

Many things stick in my memory after all these years. I remember how cold the water was coming from our "shower"—a small Nescafe can with holes punched in it on top of a cold water pipe. (From

July 1944, until January 1945, when we left Stalag Luft III on the long march, we could sign up for a hot shower once a week. Before that time and after January 29th, 1945, there were no such things to be had.) I remember the day when Hitler was almost killed by some of his officers and we were sure the war was almost over. When Christmas 1944 came around we realized that we were mistaken. We rejoiced when the short winter days finally started getting longer (we were locked in the barracks with shutters closed at dark).

I remember how on special occasions we would make some kind of cake, using German tooth powder to make the cake rise, we had to make certain there was total fairness in dividing the cake. First we would cut the cards to determine from one to fifteen the "picking" order, and the last one to choose had the privilege of cutting the cake, with the use of a ruler, to get the pieces as equal as possible right down to the last one, which was his.

First tough steps to freedom

Between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock the night of January 27, 1945, we were told to be prepared to leave camp within the hour. A real flap started! Everyone was getting necessities together—mostly warm clothes, food and logbooks (actually, we had been told to prepare for a quick departure a week before this), wishing each other well and preparing mentally for the trip. We also had a tremendous "bash", eating everything in sight that we could not carry.

About 11:00 we departed with my compound of about two thousand POWs, leading out, carrying everything we owned on our backs or on small sleds. We made very effective backpacks by tying the leg bottoms of a pair of pants, putting our worldly goods in the pants and tying the waist. Then we put the legs around our necks.

We never thought they would move us at night, but out we went into sub-zero weather with



snow blowing hard. Many years after the war a documentary on Russia advancing on Berlin made the point that for three or four days in January 1945, one of the worst blizzards on record—one that even caused oil on guns to freeze—forced the war to come to a total halt. Those first three days of this dreadful blizzard were the precise days and nights, January 27, 28, and 29, that we were trudging through snow and wind and finally crowded like cattle into striking box cars.

There was much apprehension, but we were ready to move on. We could hear the Russian guns not too far away, only twenty miles, and we had heard rumors for many days that the Germans would try to move us rather than surrender us to the Russians. History confirms the rumors that they wanted to keep us bargaining chips for a favorable peace agreement. We thought the war for us would be much shorter if the Germans gave us up then, but from things that happened to other Americans under similar circumstances, I am not sure it would have been better.

The march

I was delighted to leave for anywhere! Just to get out in the open after months behind the same barbed wire fences was a real kick—even in a blizzard! A few hours into the march, though, I was not so sure. This certainly was not my home state of Florida!

As we plowed along in the snow we could hear the Russians guns getting closer and wondered if they would get to us before the Germans could get us away. We marched for about five hours without stopping for more than a few minutes, and when we did stop for a rest it was for several hours and we were on an overpass of an Autobahn. Conversation had trickled to almost nothing and men burned logbooks, clothing, anything to keep warm. The horses pulling the bread and margarine could no longer stand the load and so it was distributed among the Kriegies. We struggled through deep snow for about 36 km before we got a little hot water and were allowed to sleep in some barns.

As night fell, we left the little town of Grosseltern at about 6:00 P.M. and headed out again in the cold, snowy night. During the night, many men dropped out and were unable to go further. One such man was my good friend and barracks mate, Walter Jenkins, a strong physical specimen, and a former All American linebacker from The University of Missouri, who literally gave up the ghost while lying in a snow bank with Padre MacDonald urging him to keep



going. He told Padre to give his food to someone who needed it and to just let him die. He then shut his eyes and faded away, and the long column kept moving.

The longer we struggled against the elements, the more marchers dropped out and were put into wagons until they recovered sufficiently to walk. Others immediately took their places. Some were left in farm houses along the way;



we never knew what happened to them.

On one cold stop I lay down in the snow and fell sound asleep. When I woke up our column had gone well

down the road and I had to go fast to catch up. I can only assume that the German guards, who were mostly old men, thought I was dead and that it would be one less prisoner to guard. Many guys just stepped over me or walked around me and continued on down the road. I could have taken my freedom there, but our leaders had told us not to try to escape early even if given the chance to do so, because the Germans were taking us closer and closer to much more favorable areas for escape and there was more safety in a group in the existing circumstances.

It was this same night that a guard got up after a brief rest stop and started walking along without his gun, which he had stuck into the snow, muzzle first. One of the Kriegies just pulled it out and walked up and handed it to him. Such was the nature of things that night. All of us—guards and prisoners, were just trying to survive.

Hundreds of thousands of German civilians joined thousands of prisoners of war and others fleeing the Russians along the same route. It has been estimated that more than five million Germans were uprooted from farms in Poland and were fleeing westward at the same time the Russian drive on Berlin was taking place. The tide of pitiful humanity, carrying everything they owned on their backs or in small, overloaded carts or wagons pulled by emaciated animals of all descriptions, struggling for survival along those roads with brutal Russian soldiers murdering and pillaging indiscriminately, is indescribable.

Accounts of Hitler's meetings conducted with his staffs during this same period of time clearly show that he planned to make pawns of the Allied flyers who became prisoners of war in his attempt to get some type of conditional surrender. Records show he was interrupted at a meeting when the Stalag Luft III prisoners of war were preparing to leave the camp and when they finally departed. Records also show that at one time Hitler wanted all of those particular POWs to be marched from the camp in the snow with no shoes or pants until they froze to death.

Moosburg

Finally we arrived at Moosburg, an old World War I prison camp about 40 km from Munich and about the same distance from the infamous, first concentration camp at Dachau.

Before we were moved into the lice-infested camp we were taken for a hot shower and a delousing of our clothes. We had heard the stories of how the Germans executed the Jews by telling them they were going to get hot showers while their clothes were being taken for delousing, and then sending them into shower-type rooms which spewed gas from the fixtures instead of water. Naturally we were concerned when it seemed we were following the same pattern, but we did not think they would bring us all this way just to kill us. Reluctantly we gave them our clothes, which they put into metal baskets, and headed for what we hoped were showers. There were a lot of relieved Kriegies when hot water came from those shower heads rather than gas! I remember feeling as the water poured over my head and down my exhausted body that all the rest of my strength was flowing out of my fingertips and going down the drain. After being cleaned up and deloused we were put right back in bunks loaded with lice and started scratching all over again.

It was conservatively estimated that more than 100,000 POWs from many nations were in Moosburg, Stalag 7A. It was run by the Wehrmacht rather than the Luftwaffe, and that fact was rather obvious. Facilities were very poor and we soon learned what it was like to have no Red Cross parcels at all and very little else.

Soon after we got to Moosburg some German soldiers came to the compound passing out single leaf fliers--that is until an order quickly came for them not to do so and they hurriedly departed leaving behind numerous copies (one of which I still have). It read:

"Soldiers of the British Commonwealth! Soldiers of the United States of America! The great Bolshevik offensive has now crossed the frontiers of Germany. The men in Moscow Kremlin believed the way is open for the conquest of the Western world. This will certainly be the decisive battle for us. But it will also be

the decisive battle for England, for the United States and for the maintenance of Western civilization."

The last paragraph read: "At this moment we do not ask you to think about Germany. We ask you to think about your own country. We ask you just to measure the chances which you with your people at home would have too, in case the Bolshevik-communism onslaught should overpower Europe. We must and will put an end to Bolshevism and we will achieve this under all circumstances. Please inform the convoy-officer of your decision and you will receive the privileges of our own men for we expect you to share their duty. This is something which surpasses all national boundaries. The world today is confronted by the fight of the East against the West. We ask you to think it over. ARE YOU FOR THE CULTURE OF THE WEST, OR THE BARBARIC EAST? MAKE YOUR DECISION NOW!"

A very interesting document then and now!

Did my luck run out, or just begin?

Early in March, when everyone was out for a long head count, I was in my bunk with horrible abdominal pains. I thought the count would never end. When it was over two hours later, I was taken by stretcher to the camp hospital.

This was not really a facility one would conjure up in his mind when the word "hospital" is mentioned. It was basically an oversized field facility. It was made up of several one story buildings side by side, with an area for operating and numerous small rooms used for recovery and recuperating purposes. There were no nurses--male or female--to assist in the latter process. One had to depend largely upon infrequent visits by a French doctor and ever-changing roommates, most of whom did not speak English.

I remember being carried in on the stretcher (someone stole my only pair of G.I. shoes from the stretcher before I even got into the hospital), and being examined by a British major who had recently been captured. Only a week or so before I was operated on the hospital finally got a certified anesthetist (another POW). Prior to that time a U.S. Army Sergeant medic was doing the job with the

help of the surgeons. The sergeant and I became good friends and he looked in on me several times after the surgery. He had assisted in my operation and explained to me what had happened in the operating room.

The British surgeon examined me as soon as I was carried into the hospital and told me that the pain was obviously so widespread that he would have to perform an "exploratory" operation, making a large incision from just below the navel to the pelvic region, to determine just what was the problem. I remember smiling--only slightly--when he then said, "With your consent, of course." Obviously I gave it, and was carried immediately into an operating room with side by side, bare tables. On one operating table was an unconscious man having his entire thigh sewed up, looking for all the world like a huge side of beef being closed up with a large needle and thread.

They immediately strapped me down while I suggested to them this was not necessary and that I would not fight them. They wasted little time with that argument. They placed a cloth with ether over my mouth and nose and I was in never-never land.

When I awoke I was in a small room with eight beds, along with several other men, with no medical personnel in sight for several hours. Then in came a French doctor, who was very pleasant and spoke English well. He proceeded to remove the bandage, and to my surprise there was a plastic tube sticking up about two inches out of my lower abdomen. It wasn't going anywhere, just sticking straight up. He explained to me that because of what he called a "gangrened" appendix which had caused a serious pelvic ulcer, they had inserted the tube for possible drainage purposes. He replaced the bandage and departed.

About two hours later the sergeant medic came in. He described in great detail the problem and extremely cautious actions of the doctors as they tried to get the "green" appendix out of the abdominal cavity without rupturing it, which would have meant certain death because of the lack of any drugs in the hospital to deal with it.

Rambling comments

Some figures and descriptions: The South Compound (mine) was not only pushed first out of Sagan on the March, it got the harshest treatment because there were 8,000 more POWs behind us which the Germans were desperately trying to move away from the Russians just twenty miles behind in pursuit. Under the Geneva Convention we should have been limited on forced marches to 12.5 miles per day, whereas we marched in the first 27 hours a total of 34.5 miles in what was described as one of the worst blizzards in Germany in twenty-five years. Snow was continuing to pile up rapidly and temperatures ranged far below zero.

Obviously the main reason we were pushed so hard was because the Germans considered us to be hostages or pawns they could use to barter for less than total surrender. Some writers say the line of Kriegies was twenty miles long and several abreast when the last Kriegies departed the camp.

Throughout the last fifty years I have learned much about the war and friends who fought with me. The "what ifs" really make me wonder why I was spared. For example, "what if" I had not noticed my oxygen gauge on empty at 30,000 feet over Normandy on D-Day minus one? I was only a few seconds from death.

"What if" I had not gone down when I did and was flying with five of my closest friends--and most frequent flight mates--two weeks later when all, much more experienced flyers than I, were killed flying in terrible weather? There was plenty of such weather in that part of the world. The odds are that I would have been with them.

"What if" I had been picked up by the Gestapo agents instead of the Luftwaffe, as a friend of mine was in the same area a few days after I went down? He ended up in Buchenwald as a human guinea pig for Nazi experiments, along with about seventy-five other Allied fliers, all of whom were scheduled to go to the furnaces in a week. A very brave

Frenchman slipped out of the camp and told a Luftwaffe officer about it at an Air Base close by, and within hours the Luftwaffe extracted them from the concentration camp and sent them to my camp, Stalag Luft III. I saw them come in and they were in shocking condition. If I had been caught by the SS and they had believed, as did my first interrogator, that I was Jewish, I certainly would not be here today.

My last "what if" is obvious from this quotation from a recent book, *Eva and Adolph*, by Glenn B. Infield. The facts have been verified several times.

"When, late in the war, Hitler decided to use 35,000 prisoners of war as hostages, it was Eva who saved them. Hitler had instructed General Gottlob Berger of the Waffen-SS to take the hostages

cally signed and Berger left the room with the documents in his possession. Both he and Eva knew that he could stall off Hitler until the war ended without carrying out a single execution, and that is exactly what happened."

All of us know who some of those 35,000 hostages were. Thank you dear Lord, and thank you Eva.

Liberation!!

As the American tanks got closer to the Munich, we heard all sorts of rumors that the Germans would move us again rather than let us be liberated. On April 26th and 27th we heard 105s whistling over our heads and clearly we were in a cross-fire.

On April 29th a fight broke out between the S.S. and the regular German army--the S.S. not wanting to follow the Geneva Conventions of War as applied to prisoners. The S.S. wanted to keep us at all costs and the Army wanted to follow the Conventions and surrender us. Interestingly, it developed that Field Marshall Goring was about 100 miles from us at the time, in Hitler's famous mountain retreat, in the area apparently designated to hold us hostage. Hitler had him arrested about three days before we were liberated.

Hitler was in his Berlin bunker at the time and committed suicide

a couple of days later. Incidentally, on our forced march we also passed within about eighty miles of Hitler's last stand.

Soon thereafter, with bullets ricocheting all around the camp, General George Patton's Third Army troops and tanks moved-in at 12:40 p.m.--April 29th, 1945--we became R.A.M.P.s (Relieved Allied Military Personnel). The American flag flew in all its glory, and we were free at last! One of the most firmly enforced P.O.W. rules was that there were to be no replicas of the American flag in the possession of prisoners, so it had been a long, long time since we had seen the beautiful stars and stripes! Gorgeous!

When we were liberated I was still in the hospital but in pretty good shape. I remember the Germans bringing in an



to the mountains south of Munich and hold them there until he could obtain a satisfactory truce from the Allies. If he was unsuccessful the prisoners were to be executed. Eva learned that Berger opposed the plan, that even if ordered he would not kill the prisoners. She decided that it would be best if Hitler gave the signed orders to Berger, rather than to some other officer who would carry out the Fuhrer's command. She and Berger, both convinced that such executions were morally wrong, entered into an agreement. She arranged for him to have an appointment with Hitler, and while Hitler was discussing the matter with the general, Eva brought the typed orders pertaining to the executions into the room and handed them to the Fuhrer. He immediately and automati-

SS officer on a stretcher with a tube in his arm, headed for the operating room, and the temptation was great to pull the tube out. Several others followed but within minutes American soldiers, brandishing weapons, were running up and down the corridors of the hospital, and the place erupted with cheers from the patients.

We soon reached an air strip but had to spend a couple of days in tents with the infantry before boarding C-47s to take us out. While there we were served gourmet meals of C-rations, with white bread which looked like angel-food cake! I can't recall what I paid him or how but while we were there I got from one of the front line soldiers a captured Nazi flag and a 9 mm, 15 shot, Belgium Browning automatic pistol which he had liberated from a German SS officer. I also bought a beautiful watch, but it no longer works. I still have all of them.

Finally, we were moved to some tents beside the landing strip to wait for a C-47--the old D. C.3, one of the finest, most dependable airplanes ever built. When we were boarded it was like a dream--we had a hard time believing it could be happening. The pilot gave that work-

horse of a plane the gun and we started moving down that rough runway. Almost as soon as we were airborne we held our collective breaths in the rear--as the pilot banked sharply to the left and then set course for Paris! Unbelievable!

Freedom! Paris!

Another great thrill of the war for me was the night before the formal surrender. Everyone knew that the formal surrender ceremonies were to take place the next day--May 8th--but as we looked out of the hospital window at dusk on May 7th, we saw one or two blackout blinds removed from windows. In a matter of minutes others followed. Then more and more windows were uncovered until the city of Paris, known as the "City of Light", after so many years of darkness was truly alive with light!

This was a mild forerunner of what was to happen the next night--May 8th, VE Day! This was the night I chose for my pilgrimage into the great city of Paris. All of the world knew that the war was over, and Paris was no exception! The streets were brightly lighted and full of dancing people by the thousands.

Young girls and old women were grabbing boys and men, pulling them into the streets and dancing with rare enthusiasm! Several even tried to get me to dance but since I was doing well to even be on my feet I had to beg off. As the old saying goes, if I were starving to death and it started raining pea soup, I would be standing there with a fork! Anyway, it was one fantastic night!

Going Home!

As we were tucked in through the gate of Lucky Strike something happened that even an old "B" movie would not tolerate--one of the Kriegies saw his wife standing on the road watching for him. She had joined the Red Cross and was serving at this camp, and of course he had no idea that she was within thousands of miles, since they had had no communications for several months. He leaped out of that truck like Superman bounding over tall buildings!

We departed France on June 10 and our ship docked at Newport News, Virginia, June 21, 1945, to the strains of "Don't Fence Me In!" played by a small Army band on the pier.

Home again!



BULLETIN BOARD

Special Memorial for KIA Allied Airforce Personel in Holland

A new Monument for KIA Allied Airforce personel WWII has been erected in Holland.
This special Monument will remember 117 crew-members who died in WWII in the waters of the former 'Zuiderzee' before the coast of a city called 'Harderwijk', their remains washing ashore there. Their names are on a special plaquette.

Allied planes on their way to Germany (and back) often were directed over these waters because of estimated less FLAK.
The Nazi-Germans however put more FLAK on special constructed ships so that 'advantage' did not last very long.

Greater parts of the former Zuiderzee, now 'IJsselmeer', were turned into land for mostly agriculture after the war.
Lots of aircraft-wrecks however are still in the waters and in the ground.
Those able to recover have been salvaged over the last half century.

Erecting this Monument was on national news in Holland.

Know you appreciate this information,
Regards,
Co & Louise. Holland.

'Well not forget'

We are putting together an exhibit at the National WW II Museum in New Orleans. It will focus on the Air War and is slated to be open on 11/11/2012 and I am looking for men to interview in person who were on these missions:

11/9/42 St. Nazaire.
1/23/43 Lorient
1/27/43 Wilhelmshaven
8/17/43 Schweinfurt/Regensburg
9/6/43 Stuttgart
10/8/43 Bremen
10/9/43 Gdynia/Marienburg
10/10/43 Munster
10/14/43 2nd Schweinfurt
3/6/44 Berlin

Please contact me at:
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Please share your **PHOTOS** with us!

Send all material for this **8th Air Force News Magazine** to:

Donna Neely
2090 Cairo Bend Road
Lebanon, TN 37087
OR
donnajneely@gmail.com

Akenson, John C., 306th BG 367th Sq assistant crew chief, of Oregon died 23 Dec 11 in Hillsboro at 92. He was married for 58 years to Ruth Gardie of Manchester.

Albino, Arthur "Rick", went to meet his maker on Feb 11th 2012. He was a bombardier in 8th Air Force, 95th Bomb Group, 334th Squadron. He flew 33 missions and was awarded many medals including the Air Medal.

Allen, Herman F., 306th BG 368th Sq bombardier (Charles W Smith crew on B-17 'Liberty Lady') and Swedish intern-ee, died 26 May 11, at 94. In Sweden, Herman engaged in counterespionage against the Nazis in Stockholm, working alongside his future wife, Hedy, within the OSS. They married Jan 45 in Sweden.

Balthazor, Richard George, 86, of San Diego, CA., died July 3, 2008. A decorated WWII veteran. He initially served as co-pilot of a B-24 (in a plane identified as 'Chief Wapello'). Soon thereafter he was promoted to First Lieutenant and served as the B-17 pilot of his plane identified as 'Flutterbye.' He was stationed at Lavenham England, where he flew with the 8th AF in the 3rd Bombardment Division, the 487th BG. He flew 32 combat missions and received several medals and awards. Upon his death in California, he was declared an "unclaimed indigent." His remains were cremated and scattered at sea off the coast of San Diego without a veteran's military funeral.

Barr, Leonard A, Jr., 306th BG 367th Sq crew chief, flight chief, & line chief, died 15 Mar 11 in Belton, TX, at 88. He rose to be the youngest MSgt in the 367th and was awarded a Bronze star for around the clock work keeping the B-17s flying.

Bentley, Robert K., 306th BG 423rd Sq waist gunner (William Morgan crew), died 1 Jan 11 in Long Beach, CA, at 93. He flew 35 B-17 missions. Survived by wife of 63 years, Eileen.

Bevens, Eldon, (12 Mar 1925- December 2011) 390 BG (H) 570 BS. He was a ball turret gunner on a B-17. Eldon was injured in France and was awarded the Purple Heart and Air Medal. While recuperating from his injuries in Sioux Falls, SD he met and married Lois Miller. He was President of the 390th BG, which at the time was an 800 member national organization and he was named board

member of the 390th Memorial Museum in Tuscon, Az and was president of Oregon Chapter in 2005.

Bradbury, Albert "Brad" E., 306th BG 4th Station Complement Flying Control officer, of Evanston, WY, died 4 Jan 11 at 93. He was shipped out for Thurleigh soon after his Feb 44 marriage in NY City to Shirley, who died in Mar 85.

Bright, John L. (Buddy) 92, Brunswick, GA. Buddy was a P-51 combat pilot in WWII - stationed 357th F.G. - Leiston. submitted by James B. F. Russell, 466th Bomb Group Veteran

Broussard, Joseph W., 306th BG 367th Sq assistant crew chief, of Grand Chenier, LA, died 9 Sep 11, at 91. Survived by his wife of 65 years, Ada.

Cadmus, Mary Genevieve, died on 23 March 2012 in Walnut Creek, CA. She served as a member of the Women's Army Corps from 1942 to 1945 with VIII Bomber Command in Buckinghamshire.

Campbell, Phillip Robert, 90, died June 1, 2011. While stationed in England, he flew B17's, making 17 bombing missions over Germany. At the end of the war he became a private pilot, buying his first plane, a Piper Apache, in 1962. He later began flying Piper Aztecs, and continued to fly until he was 80 years old. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, June Campbell.

Cain, "Bill" Charles William, 306th BG 367th Sq waist gunner (crew of George Mapes, on 'Methuselah 969'), 87, of Shreveport, LA, died 15 Aug 11. Preceded in death by his wife LaVonne.

Considine, SSGT Louis W., 359 th, Bomb Sgdn. Was a Tail Gunner and had a total of 35 combat missions and was the last living crew member of his flight crew. He is mentioned in a few pages in "A Noble Spirit" book by Alvin L. Mortin.

Cook, Lt. Col. Carl L. Jr., died August 19, 2011. He was a B24 pilot during World War II and a decorated veteran. He was recently awarded the French Jubilee Medal for his participation in the Invasion of Normandy. He flew the Berlin Airlift where he was later stationed from 1963-1966. He is survived by his wife, Elsie.

Cook, William Leslie, Statesboro, GA., died at age 86. He was a tail gunner on a B-17. He flew 22 missions. His plane

was shot down and he was a POW for 14 months. He was awarded two Purple Hearts, POW and the Air Medal. His is survived by his wife of 56 years.

Couture, William, 306th BG 369th Sq tail gunner (Lloyd Johns crew), of Jewett City, CT, 88, died 16 Apr 11. His first wife Genevieve died in 86 and then he married Shirley.

Dahlberg, David B., 88, died on July 20, 2011. In WW II he flew on 35 missions over Europe as flight engineer and top turret gunner in B-17's. He flew his first mission on the Picadilly Lilley, Christmas Eve 1944. It was the largest mission in the history of air war with more than 2,000 bombers on that mission. He is survived by his children.

Dicke, Dr. Vernon H., passed away 15 Dec 2011, 447 BG (H) 711 BS (POW)

Duell, Neil G. "Old Hickory", 92, of New Haven, died April 5, 2012. He was a staff sergeant and flew in the Vaadi Crew, 385th BG, 8th AF. Survived by his wife Nanette of 63 years.

Dumler, Norma "Smitty" - beloved wife of Bombardier Fred Dumler, Denver, CO., passed away January, 2010. Fred was a Pathfinder Lead Bombardier with the 836th Squadron, 487th Bomb Group stationed at Lavenham, England.

Dunbar, Donald W., went to his final reward April 29, 2012. He was assigned to the European African Middle Eastern Theater, 8th Air Force, Headquarters, 8th Fighter Command. He was involved in the planning of North Africa, the Air Offensive Europe, Normandy, Northern France and Rhineland. For his efforts he received the Bronze Star and other decorations and commendations. He is survived by his loving wife of 67 years, Barbara, a native of England. They were married during the war in 1944.

Enders, Ralph L., 306th BG 423rd Sq bombardier, died 18 Jan 11 at 91 in Milwaukee, WI. He was part of the D-Day mission; his tour included the Casey Jones mapping project.

Farrell, Fred J., [15 Jan 2012]

Feleki, Elmer E., 86, Chicago, Illinois, passed away on May 6, 2011. Elmer served as a Radioman and Navigator in the 305th BQ. He is survived by his wife Dolores of 64 years. Lost entire 305th Group three times. Sent to China-Burma-India to fly the Hump. He was discharged in Fort Seridan, Illinois in 1945.

Fisher, Lt Col Roland T., [19 Jan 1921 - 15 Feb 2012]. Roland initially served in an RAF night-fighter unit flying Beau-fighters. In December of 1942, he transferred to the 8th Air Force [Army Air Corps] as a night fighter instructor. He was later assigned to New Guinea with the 5th Air Force as Operations Officer of the 63rd Bomb Squadron, The Snoopers, who flew B-24s alone at night at low altitude (50 to 500 feet) using radar with a range of up to 175 miles to locate and sink enemy ships. On 5 September 1944, Captain Fisher was based on OWI Isle and given a night mission to look for Japanese ships in Davao Gulf. He was flying the B-24D, Miss Liberty. Finding no ships, he went to attack his secondary target, Matina Air Strip, just south of Davao City on the coast. He bombed the strip and was headed home when a Japanese night fighter attacked and badly damaged his plane. 20mm shellfire cut his elevator control cables and hydraulic lines and destroyed the autopilot and compass. When his guns jammed, the Japanese fighter pilot deliberately rammed the B-24. The impact tore off the right engine and crushed the canopy of the fighter and threw the Liberator into a steep dive. With only his trim tabs for elevator control, Captain Fisher just missed hitting the ocean and managed to level off and began the long flight back to OWI. He brought his crew home safely after a difficult landing using trim tabs for elevator control and a deliberate ground loop of Miss Liberty. This action brought an award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Captain Roland Fisher. Years later after the war, Lt Col Fisher found the pilot, Yoshimasa Nakagawa, who had rammed his B-24. In 1972 they met in Japan both amazed but grateful that each had survived and they became close friends. Fisher is survived by his wife Irma.

Franz, Norman H., 86, died February 28, 2010. He was a Lt. in the Army Air Corp 457th Bomber Group as Navigator/Bombardier in a B-17. He donated much of his memorabilia to the museum in Atlanta.

Fritzer, Harol, [passed away 23 May

2011] 491 BG (H) 852 BS.

Funk, Arthur W., age 95, died November 26, 2011. Lt. Funk moved troops and parts for downed planes over the English Channel and over land in France. He survived by his wife, Jean.

Gentner, Joseph D., died September 22, 2011. He was born in Akron, Ohio on March 14, 1915. He flew 30 combat missions as a B-17 navigator over Germany and France. He was awarded the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Joseph leaves behind, his loving wife Maxine, of 65 years.

Gesiriech, "Gus" Florian L, 306th BG 368th Sq ball turret gunner (Frank Krzyston crew), 89, from Stuart, NE, died 10 Jun 11. He flew 36 combat missions, two of which were on D-Day. He married Delores Jean.

Glabau, William E. (Bill), died 7-29-2011 in Coos Bay, OR. He was a B-24 bombardier with the 491st BG. He was an officer in the George Tinsley crew.

Golden, James R., of Arlington, Virginia, died on December 14, 2011. A fighter pilot, he flew P-47 Thunderbolts and P-51 Mustangs out of England. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Prisoner of War Medal. On his 48th mission--on D-Day in Normandy--he was forced to bail out of his crippled Mustang and was captured the following day dressed in French civilian clothes. He was a prisoner of war for almost eleven months and was liberated by General Patton's Third Army.

He was president of the P-47 Thunderbolt Pilots Association, Ltd., based at The Wings Club in New York City.

Goodwill, Forest W, 306th BG 369th Sq crew chief (including for 369th pilot Robert P Riordan), 94, a native of PA, died 17 Sep 11 in Sebring, FL.

Greenho, Bruce, 84, of North Canton, OH. passed away July 9, 2008. He went in the service in 1943 until 1945. Stationed at Rattlesden, England with the 447th Bomb Group. He is survived by his wife, LaVonne.

Griffin, John Monroe, 90, of Homosassa, FL. He served as Bombardier with 30 missions. He was a member of American Legion, 8th Air Force Historical Society, 95th Bomb Group Historical Society and the 8th Air Force

Heritage Museum. He is survived by his wife, Rosella Griffin.

Guilfoyle, 1st Lt. Thos J., 410 BS, 94th BG, Navigator. Died Feb. 2012. St. Louis, MO. Prominent lawyer.

Gyidik, Frank, Vestal, NY., died October 5, 2010. He was with the 56th Fighter and was crew chief in Zemke's Wolfpack. The 56th Group had 37 reunions after World War II and Frank was President for many of them and wrote many newsletters for the group.

Hallberg, Chester A., of Greenville, SC., died October 3, 2011.

Hagerty, Dr. Harold Vincent 'Hal', (7 Aug 1924 - 18 Dec 2011) 388 BG (H) 560 BS, waist gunner on a B-17. Hal was born in Rapid City, S.D. On July 19, 1944, his 18th mission, Hal and the rest of the 10 - man crew of the B-17 Little Boy Blue were involved in a mid-air collision with another U.S. B-17 while flying in formation over Thurston, England. He was one of two survivors of Little Boy Blue, and was able to put on and deploy his parachute while falling to the ground. He was found and rescued from a hedge-row on one of the local farms.

Hance, Harry, (12/11/19 - 2/20/12). He was a base assistant adjutant for the 1st Air Division in Brandon, England and eventually left the Air Force with the rank of Major.

Hansen, Earl Joseph, 90, of Omaha, NE died August 13, 2010. He was with the 487th BG. He received numerous medals and was honorably discharged in 1945. He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Anna Hansen.

Hathaway, "Joe" Joseph R, 306th BG 423rd Sq radio operator gunner (Forrest Stewart crew), 87, died 17 Jan 11 in Glendive, MT. Joe is survived by Patricia, his wife of 61 years.

Heath, Ross E., died Jan.16, 2012. He flew with the 94th BG, as a Ball/Turret gunner. Ross was a long time member of the Colorado 8th AF Chapter.

Holmwood, MS GT Geoff, 332nd SQ, 94th BG, died 21 Jan 2012. He was Crew Chief for B-17 338-099, "The Dorothy V." No aborts as completed 35 missions.

Hood, George Currier, (90) 95th BG, passed away in Raleigh on March 25, 2012. He was a navigator of the B-17G Flying Fortress "Section Eight". Mr. Hood was a survivor of 35 bombardment missions. Until his death he was the last

remaining member of his B-17G crew. George was married 63 years to June Kershaw Hood.

Hood, Jack Richard, 85, of Lake City, Florida passed away November 24, 2010. He served as a tail gunner on a B-17G "Flying Fortress" with the 34th Bomber Group. He flew in 35 bombing attacks. Mr. Hood re-enlisted into the newly formed United States Air Force after World War II and served for a total of twenty years including being stationed in Japan during the Korean conflict. He is survived by his wife of 14 years, Raelene "Bonnie" Hood.

Hower, James M. Sr., 90, of St. Joseph, Missouri passed away November 1, 2011. He was served as a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot. He flew 30 missions and attained the rank of First Lieutenant. He received the Army Air Medal and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for flying the lead ship during an 8th Air Force combat mission over Nazi Germany. He is survived by his wife, Velma M. Hower.

Jimro, Albert, 306th BG 369th Sq airplane repair crew No.5, died at 94 in Boardman, OH, on 20 Apr 11. Al served 4 years servicing B-17s. Survived by his companion of 63 years, Esther Thompson.

Kepler, Horace F, 306th BG 369th Sq waist gunner (Andrew P Kata crew) and POW, of Decatur, IL, 88, died 8 Jul 11. POW from 8 Aug 44 (Caen mission), he was one of the four of his crew who were captured behind enemy lines after the entire crew parachuted before their aircraft exploded. Survived by Hazel, his wife of 38 years.

Kleinshrot, Kenneth Rex "Slinger" (1921-2012), of Painesville Township, Ohio passed away Feb. 1, 2012. He was a B-24 pilot. He flew 30 missions including "D-day." Ken received two distinguished flying crosses, an Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and the European-African-Middle Eastern Medal with four Bronze Stars. Ken entered the service as a second lieutenant and was discharged as a captain. He served as a major in the Air Force Reserves.

Kleven, Robert M. "Bob", 73, of Minnetonka passed away October 3, 2011. He retired from the US Air Force after 35 years, worked for the MN Department

of Military Affairs. He is survived by his wife, Margaret and children.

Knight, James N, 306th BG 423rd Sq waist gunner (crews of Harold Fossum & John Lockard), died at 87 on 3 Jan 11 in St. George, UT. Survived by Betty, his wife of 60 years.

Lester, S/Sgt. Oliver H. (Bud), 92, passed away November 3, 2011. Born in Eldorado, Kansas passed away in Apopka, FL. He was a Ground Crew Member in Communications for four years. After that he was in Japan for three years during the occupation. Went on to work at Patrick Air Force Base in Florida for 29 years. Retired as Chief Communications Specialist. Was a member of the 8th AF National Historical Assoc., as well as the Florida and Georgia Chapters.

Livingstone, Roy E, 306th BG 367th Sq engineer (McIntire & Watson crews) & POW, 88, died 7 Apr 11, Dunedin, FL. Preceded in death in 91 by his first wife, Grayce, in '00 he married Dorris, widow of a POW.

MacBain III, George, 89, of Charlotte, NC, died November 13, 2011. He served his country during World War II as a B-17 pilot stationed in Europe. George was a member of the 8th Air Force, 401st Bomber Group, 612 Squadron, 1st Division and flew thirty successful missions over Germany. He met the love of his life, the former Beverley Ann Lang to whom he was married for 58 years.

Manning Sr, William F, 306th BG 369th Sq waist gunner (Lloyd Johns crew), died 11 Sep 11 in Westbrook, ME, at 88. He is survived by Norma, his wife of 50 years.

Marmon, Richard, of Albuquerque, NM, died Dec. 22, 2011. He entered the Army Air Corp in 1943 and served with the 390 BG, 570th Squadron. He was wounded over Germany on his 15th mission and awarded the Air Medal and the Purple Heart for his service.

Marshall, David, 381 (3 Mar 1926 - 22 Nov 2011) BG (H) 535 BS, gunner from Portland, Oregon.

Mazzone, Peter A, 306th BG 367th Sq radar man and navigator, longtime resident of Reno, NV, 88, died 5 Jul 11. Survived by Dottie, wife of 63 years.

McKay, Robert G, 306th BG 367th Sq

radio operator & engineer (Howard Balcom crew), of the Cleveland, OH area, died 10 Mar 11 at 92. Preceded in death by his wife Betty.

Mellyn, John E, Sr, 306th BG 369th Sq engineer & radio operator (Kenneth Dowell crew), longtime resident of Dover, NH, died 16 Jan 11 in Durham, NH at 96. His wife, Marie Margaret preceded him in death in '00 at 88. .

Miller, Gerald "Gerry" H., Copilot, 452BG, 730BS; of Granite Bay, CA passed away March 31, 2012. He was a Past President and currently a Director of the 452 BG Assoc.. He will be missed by his remaining crew members.

Miller, Earl F., 89, passed away September 25, 2011. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps on the day after Pearl Harbor. Top turret gunner on a B-17, he flew out of Ridgewell, England and participated in the first Schweinfurt raid. His plane was shot down over Bremen, Germany on their 14th mission. He was subsequently captured by the Germans and spent 19 months as a prisoner of war in Stalag 17 in Austria. He is survived by his wife of 62 years.

Minugh, Charles Jack - was born Oct. 25, 1918 in Los Angeles, California. On Saturday, Oct. 24, he enjoyed dinner with a close friend, watched USC win the game, and then was welcomed to heaven for his 91st birthday. He served as a waist gunner with the 92nd Bomb Group, 327th "Alley Oop" Squadron.

Moore, Kenneth R., 87, of Mountain-side, N.J., passed away on May 30, 2011. He served as a tail gunner and completed 31 missions, first with the 92nd Bomb Group, and also five missions with the Royal Air Force. In 1943, his plane was shot down over France and he was reported missing for three months. He evaded capture and returned to England, where he was then assigned to the 492nd Bomb Group. He was awarded the Air Medal with Five Oak Leaf Clusters. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Lucille Moore.

Moran, David E., 81, of Lakeville, MN, died January 11, 2012. After his military and working career, he earned single and multi-engine flying certificates and became a flight instructor and charter pilot at Flying Cloud Airport. He accu-

mulated over 6000 hours of flying time.

Morey, Walter Z "Zeke," 306th BG 367th Sq bombardier (Thomas F Witt crew), native of Manchester, NH, died 19 Apr 11 in St Petersburg, FL at 91. Survived by wife of 70 years, Dorothy.

Morrison, Carl A, 306th BG 369th Sq co-pilot (Lloyd Johns crew) and pilot, died 9 Apr 11 in Palm Desert, CA, at 91. Survived by wife of 67 years, Beverly.

Murphy, Randel Lee Jr. (Pat), Austin, Tx. He was a fighter pilot in the 8th Air Corps, 56th Fighter Squadron, as a part of Zemke's Wolfpack. He received his highest awarded air medal, the Silver Star, in the attack of the Eggebek Airdrome in Germany. Pat became the first volunteer of the Texas Air National Guard out of Ellington Air Force Base, Houston, where he flew P-51 Mustangs. By the time the Korean conflict broke out, his unit had advanced to F-84 Thunderjets. Pat flew 100 missions during his time over Korea. During his career, he reached the rank of Major and was highly decorated with medals and awards. Pat is survived by his wife of 67 years, Margaret Isabelle.

Murr, George E, 306th BG 367th Sq co-pilot (Wilford N Bergener crew), of San Mateo, CA, died 20 Feb 11 at almost 87. George was survived by his wife of 59 years, Beverly.

Neely, James (JE) Ewing, 82 of Laverne, TN passed away March 6, 2012. James was born February 3, 1930 in Stewart County, TN. James, recently lost the love of his life after 62 years of marriage. James and Betty are once again united to spend eternity together. James proudly served for 23 years in the United States Air Force. Senior Master Sergeant Neely, was the recipient of numerous awards and citations, including the Bronze Star for actions in Vietnam; one of his seven overseas deployments.

Nelson, Harold R, 306th BG 367th Sq waist gunner (John Heraty crew), died 30 Jan 11 at home in Sioux City, IA at 86. Preceded in death by his wife Margaret in 02.

Nelson, Theron "Jerry", died Jan.17, 2012. He flew with the 95th BG, as a Navigator. Jerry was long time member of the Colorado 8th AF Chapter, and was our Treasurer since we started our chapter in the 1990's.

Nichols, Richard J., 87, of Elyria, passed away January 9, 2012. He was a WWII U.S. Army veteran.

Nowakowski, Adolph Anthony, 89, died March 31, 2011. He was a 1st Lt. who served as a B-17 pilot in the U.S. Army Air Corps, 351st BG during WWII. He is survived by his wife, Jeanette.

Offord, Durwood "Dode" F, 306th BG 367th Sq tail gunner, died 5 Jan 11 in the Panhandle of Texas, at 89. He flew 50 missions in two consecutive tours between Nov 43 and Jan 45, with 30 days of rest leave in the US between.

Orloff, Lt. Colonel George H., died May 17, 2011, age 95.

Pencek, Adolph Adam, was born January 3, 1921, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Sergeant Pencek was a part of the initial cadre of the Eighth Air Force formed in January, 1942, at Savannah, Georgia. He arrived in England in April, 1942, serving in Eighth Air Force Headquarters Flight A at Bovington, progressing rapidly to the rank of Master Sergeant. Following VE day, he circled the globe serving with the Strategic Bombing Survey under General Orvil Anderson. During the Cold War, Master Sergeant (later Chief Master Sergeant) Pencek helped usher in the jet age with the Strategic Air Command as a line chief, including many years at Barksdale Air Force Base. He was preceded in death by his wife, Delma.

Pettyjohn, Ralph R., 91, of Inver Grove Heights, died on October 18, 2011. WW II Veteran of the 8th Air Force. Survived by his children.

Petynia, William "Bill", 86, of Fredericksburg, TX. passed away March 11, 2012. He served as an Aerial Navigator. He is survived by his wife, Billye Gibson.

Phelan, Hugh E, 306th BG 367th Sq bombardier (Richard O'Hara crew) and Squadron bombardier, of Donaldson, AR, died 11 Feb 12 at age 93. His sweetheart bride of Dec 43, Evelyn.

Prante, Robert L., 89, of Louisville, KY, died January 23, 2012. Bob served in England in the 357th Fighter Group as an armorer, and travelled to Germany with the occupation forces. After the war, he joined the Kentucky Army National Guard, serving for 22 years, and retiring as a Sergeant Major. He is survived by his beloved wife of 70 years, the former Doris DeWeese.

Radtke, Maurice, 87, died June 27, 2010. He was a pilot in the 8th Air Force with 35 missions over Germany. He flew two B-17's during his service, "Sac Happy" and "Solvang Avenger". One plane that he flew lost a motor on take off and crashed with a full load of "petro" and a full load of bombs. It settled into a farmer's field and all got out safely.

Reagan, Kinsey S., 379th BG, from Plainfield Township, PA. Kinsey was a bombardier with the 8th AF flying on a B-17. He was a Captain and flew 30 missions. He earned the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

Rohan, Alton, 306th BG 367th Sq of W Bloomfield, MI, died 30 Mar 12 at 89. His wife Lorraine predeceased him in 00 at 76.

Rudow, Henry J. (Hank) Major USAF, RES. RET., of Toledo, OH. died February 19, 2012. He was a B-17 Pilot with the 398th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force stationed at Nuthampstead, England. On his 34th mission over Europe, his plane was hit by flak, but he crash-landed in Duffel, Belgium. He brought his whole crew home. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Louise.

Rye, Floyd, (14 Dec 1920 - 21 Aug 2011) 379 BG (H) 535 BS

Schiavo, Louis J. Jr., Lt Col USAF Ret. member of the 467th, BG. Col. Schiavo was 90, passed away March 16, 2012. He had most recently resided in Fairfax, VA, but had lived in Laurel, MD for many years, and had spent much of his AF career in Europe, continuing with European assignments as a civilian for the Dept of the Army after retiring from the AF.

Shebell, Charles D., 94, of Gill, MA. died January 6, 2012. He was a staff sergeant in the Army Air Corps, serving in the European Theatre from 1943 to 1945, and was the recipient of the Purple Heart. He is survived by his wife of 63 years.

Sinn, Herbert E, 306th BG 352nd Service Sq admin inspection clerk, died 15 Dec 11 at 96. He and his wife Carolianne were long residents of Hot Springs Village, AR.

Selden, Paul Stanley, (12 July 1922 - 13 Oct 2011). He was a Life Member of the Oregon Chapter and a Captain in the 55th Fighter Group. He was a pilot of P-

51s and P-38s.

Smith, Bartlett 'Bart' E, 306th BG 367th Sq pilot & co-pilot (Kenneth Starks crew), of Mason, MI, died 8 Nov 11 at 91. Preceded in death by Donnajane, his wife of 40 years in 90.

Smith, Lyle Richardson, MD, 306th BG 369th Sq waist gunner (Richard Buttorf crew), 88, died 3 Sep 11 at his home in Kingsport, TN. 'Steady Hedy' was the first B-17 to complete 100 missions, and Smith was on the first crew, completing 31 missions including the first daylight bombing of Berlin and the invasion of Europe on D-Day. Predeceased by his first wife Peggy Ann and he is survived by his wife Sarah.

Smith, "Ray" Reynold R, 306th BG 369th Sq, died 7 Apr 11 in Albany, NY at 95. Predeceased by wife Polly.

Standafer, Stanley, of Bronston, KY, died December 9, 2011. 401st Bomb Group. He is survived by his wife, Arlene.

Stellish, Wayne, 92, of Auria, Iowa died on February 2, 2012. He was a Flying Control Caravan Operator with the 4th Station Complement Squadron of the 306th Bomb Group.

Strong, Winfield N., of Chalfont, PA, died March 16, 2012. Attached to 35th Air Depot Group, 2 S.A.D. Abbots Rip-ton, England 1943-1945.

Thayer, Robert, of the 381st BG
Thibodeau, Raymond E., passed away 12/27/11 in Brooklyn, CT. He was trained as a airplane and engine mechanic serving with the 86th FG. At Burtonwood, he met his future wife, Evelyn of 65 years. They were married on Valentine's Day, 1946 and Evelyn emigrated to the United States as one of the many English brides who came to America at the conclusion of the war. After retirement, Ray and Evelyn moved to Florida where he became a life member of the 8th Air Force, Florida Chapter.

Todaro, Charles M., 93, of Emmaus, was born in New York City on February 17, 1919 and died April 13, 2012. He was an airplane armorer and was with the only radar countermeasure squadron that flew from England during WWII. The secret operations they flew were revealed in the work written by Stephen Hutton titled *Squadron of Deception* the

36th Bomb Squadron in WWII. He and Jacqueline would have celebrated their 68th anniversary.

Valenti, Jasper, 306th BG 423rd Sq navigator (Ralph Clark's crew), died in the Chicago area 15 Jan 11 at 90.

Veenschoten, John - 85, Erie, PA. He was sent overseas as a replacement to the 398th Bomb Group, 603rd Squadron of the First Air Wing of the 8th Air Force. John completed 30 combat missions over Europe, receiving six Air Medals and the Bronze Star among other awards.

Visconti, Adolph "Vinny" L, 306th BG 367th Sq crew chief of 'Skipper' (which completed 101 missions by the end of Nov 44, earning Vinny a Bronze Star), died 21 Mar 11 at home in Desert Hot Springs, CA, at 89.

Volkman, Robert R. Sr., age 88, of Wilmington, Delaware died April 7th, 2012. Bob was a fighter pilot where he was the rank of a Captain. He is survived by his wife Jane.

Von Stade, Alexander Jr., 86, of Wauneta, NE, died on April 30, 2011 (his birthday). A veteran and staff sergeant upon discharge, he had served with the 95th Bomb Group of the 334th Squadron and flew 35 missions as a tail gunner. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Edith L. Von Stade.

Watson, Edwin C., 87, of Ilion, N.Y. passed away March 31, 2012. He was a B-24 bomber pilot stationed in England, attaining the rank of lieutenant colonel before retiring in 1969. He was the last surviving member of his nine man crew. He served as past President of the 491st Bomber Reunion Group. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Betty.

Werner, John W., 93, of Akron, Ohio, passed away on November 20, 2011. He joined the 357th Fighter Group during its formation stage in the US, crewed the P-39 Fighters during their training and moved to England with them in late 1943. He had the distinct honor of crewing the P-51 for Leading Ace Kit Carson. Then after Kit finished his tour he crewed Lt. R.T. Conlins aircraft and then again was Kit Carson's crew on Kits 2nd tour. John transferred with the group to Germany after the war and was returned to the U.S. for discharge in

1946.

Williams, Jess F, 306th BG 369th Sq waist gunner (Edward P Maliszewski crew), died 3 Oct 11 in San Antonio, TX at 87. Survived by his wife of 67 years, Lorraine.

Wyrick, Clair Edwin, 94, of Franklin, passed away, February 10, 2012.

Born in Alvordton, Ohio, During WWII, he was a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber pilot in the 334th Squadron, 95th Bomb Group, stationed at Horham, England. He completed 35 combat missions earning the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters. He retired from Eastern Air Lines as a captain after 32 years of service in 1977. His 32,000+ hours of flying spanned four-engine bombers of the early 1940s to the largest jets of the late 1970s.

Yearous, Lester J "Jerome," 306th BG 369th Sq engineer (crew of John G Davis), 88, of Fayette Co, IA, died 9 Jun 11. He married Marion, his wife of 44 years.

Ziem, Arne G, 306th BG 423rd Sq tail gunner (Wilbur O'Brien crew) and evadee (15 Jun 44 Nantes mission), died 7 Jun 11 at 88 in Bayonet Point, FL. Predeceased by wife Evelyn.

Ziesche, Charles W., died June 6, 2008. He was a Bombardier with Hell's Angels flying out of Molesworth, England. He attended the dedication of The Eighth Air Force Museum in Pooler, GA. and gave his uniform to the museum at that time. Charles was very proud of his service in the Mighty Eighth and still had his Purple Heart license plate on his car.

Zwick, Joe, was the Ball Turret Gunner on the Fleisher Crew, 385th Bomb Group. He flew most of his missions in 42-97643, Katie's Revenge. Joe was a member of the 385th BG Association, and sent many emails to other veterans. We will miss his friendly emails!

But Joe was also on the Fleisher crew on 17 Feb 45 in 42-31677, Satan's Mate, when this B-17 made the only officially recorded loop! It is commemorated in the stained glass window in All Saints Church in Great Ashfield, home base of the 385th Bomb Group. This window was donated by the 385th BG Association.

QUEEN ELIZABETH WORLD WAR II FROM NEW YORK TO ENGLAND

'THE YANKS ARE COMING!!!' - Excerpts from Queen Elizabeth heading overseas in 1943, loaded with YANKS. It docked in Scotland. The 7th Photo Reconnaissance Group continues on by rail to their air base in England.

Sometime after dark we stopped in some sort of railroad yard, answering to roll call, heaved our barracks bags up on our shoulders, and stumbled off to the ferry in some semblance of order, midst the blackout.

Once on the ferry and heading out for the pier, the tired dog-faces sprawled out for a few winks. Others strained their eyes into the blackness for the first sign of the boat we were destined to voyage on. It was during this search that some of us caught a flimpse of the Normandy, lying on her side at her pier.

Farther on we could see a brightly lit pier, where we could hear a band playing, and it was there that our ferry disgorged us. By now everyone was awake and staring at the huge hulk of the ship that was receiving its human cargo. For us who had been led to expect shipment on a garbage scow, tanker, or second rate freighter at best, it took time to grasp the idea that we were to voyage on the world's greatest luxury liner, Britain's Queen Elizabeth.

As usual, the Red Cross was on the job serving coffee and doughnuts, and handing out packets of cigarettes, candy bars, and gum.

Not long after, as our last names were called, we answered with our first names and middle initials and were swallowed up in an orderly fashion, like so many thousands of Jones, into the huge belly of the Elizabeth.

IV. Trip Across on the Elizabeth

As we filed into the ship we were given cards which told us where to bunk and at what times we would eat our two meals a day. Some of the men were quartered in P section, others in R sections both on D deck.

Those in P section were extremely fortunate. Everything there was freshly painted white, the floors were linoleum-covered, there were tables and benches, and excellent toilet facilities, including two bath-tubs for use with salt water only. It was a

little hard getting used to sleeping in hammocks at first, which took the place of cots for those in P section. One advantage our squadron had was that it was not forced to share its quarters with any outsiders, to sleep in shifts as the boys up on deck and in the staterooms were forced to do.

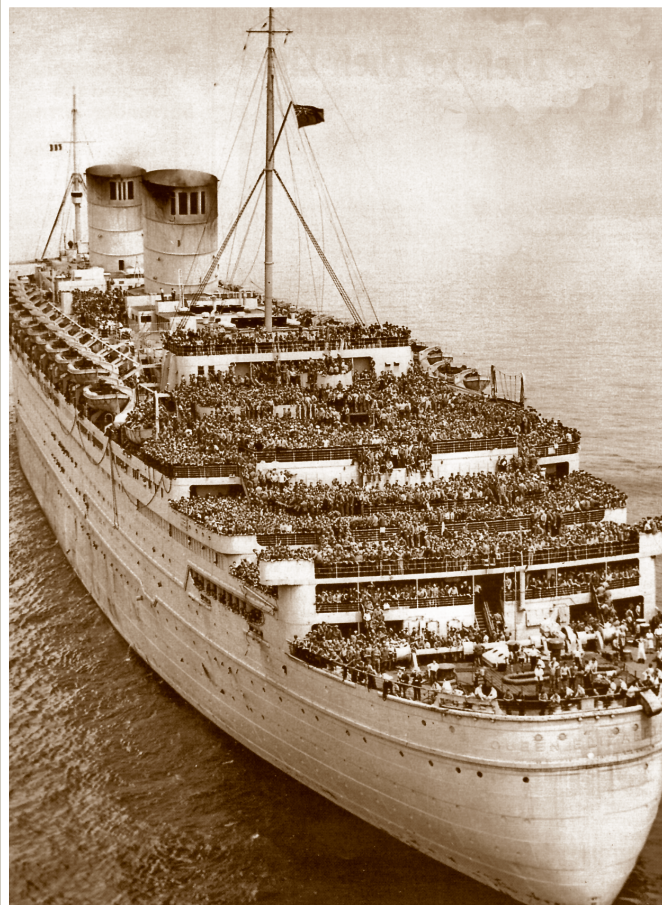
The remainder of the squadron was billeted in R section, and slept on iron cots that folded down from the wall. It was from here that the C.Q.'s functioned and our orderly room set up.

Because our quarters were so far below the water-level the men jokingly referred to it as "Torpedo Junction." Although the swift "Lizzie" traveled

without escort, to our knowledge we were not carried by U-boats.

The English cooking was tasteless but nourishing enough. We were forced to sweat out an endless queue before getting into the mess hall and another long one to where we washed our mess gear. Hershey bars, and cookies were on sale at the PX so our meals were supplemented with these.

**Submitted by: Walter Mysliwcyk,
Garfield Hts., OH**





Reunions



Please send all REUNION updates to:
Donna Neely • 2090 Cairo Bend Road • Lebanon, TN • 37087 or email • donnajneely@gmail.com.
Additional contact information on page 4.

The Birthplace Chapter

Savannah, Georgia
Meets 3rd Tuesday every month
at 5:30pm at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum
Pooler, Georgia
www.mighty8thbirthplace.org

351st Bomb Group

June 14-17, 2012
Holiday Inn Cincinnati Airport
Erlanger, Kentucky

492nd Bomb Group

August 22-26, 2012
Holiday Inn Bayside
San Diego, California
Contact: Fran Gramberg
708-670-8084
7025 West Bruns Road
Monee, IL 60449
fgramberg@msn.com

379th Bomb Group

August 22-26, 2012
San Diego, CA
Crowne Plaza San Diego

398th Bomb Group

29th Annual Reunion
September 5-8, 2012
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Double Tree Suites
Contact: Sharon Krause
734-416-5993
tink73146@gmail.com

452nd Bomb Group

Sept. 6-9, 2012
Riverside, CA.
Marriott Hotel
Contact: Cally Boatwright, 1-800-452-9099
carolyncallyboat@hotmail.com

309th Fighter Squadron

31st Fighter Group
Alexandria VA

September 12 - 16, 2012

All 31st FG Vets welcome
Contact: Dalton Smith
384 Pine Lane
Haworth NJ 07641
291 244 5854
daltonsmith@optonline.net
The 31st flying Spitfires was the first US fighter group operational over Europe in WW II. The 309th made the first kill during the Dieppe Raid. The group went into North Africa, Sicily, and Italy on D-Day and after being re-equipped with P-51's was the highest scoring fighter group in the Mediterranean Theater.

Battle of the Bulge Veterans

September 26-30, 2012.
New Orleans, LA
Contact: Doris Davis
650-654-0101
doris@battleofthebulge.org
<http://www.battleofthebulge.org/>

388th Bomb Group

Savannah, Georgia
August 29-Sept. 1
Embassy Suites, Pooler GA
Contact: Jennifer Wammack
928-210-1392
reunions@388thbg.org

95th Bomb Group Stateside

August 29-September 3, 2012
(Labor Day Weekend)
Hyatt Regency Cleveland at the Arcade
Contact: Nancy Freemantle
707-442-8624

486th & 487th Bomb Group

Sept, 26-30, 2012
Baltimore, MD
BWI Airport Marriott
Contact: Joyce Glorioso
443-686-0964
cruisnggram@comcast.net

384th Bomb Group

Oct. 18-21, 2012
San Antonio, TX
Hyatt Regency Riverwalk
Contact: Carol Alfter
937-306-2142
falfter@att.net

306th Bomb Group

October 25-28 2012
Savannah, Georgia
Marriott Savannah Riverfront
See Reunions tab at 306bg.org
Contact: Barbara Neal
435-655-1500
secretary@306bg.org

93rd Bomb Group

October 18-21, 2012
Seattle WA
Embassy Suites Seattle-Tacoma Int'l Airport
Contact: Jim Root (616) 218-0787
jamesdavidroot@aol.com
Website: www.93bg.com

490th Bomb Group

31st Annual Reunion
October 18-22, 2012
Omaha, Nebraska
Please make check payable to 490th Bomb Group and mail with registration form to: Jean Stoiberg, 490th BG
2698 Conejo Canyon Court #22
Thousand Oaks, CA 91362
(818-425-5936)
whywine2me@gmail.com

**8th AIR FORCE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ANNUAL REUNION
CROWNE PLAZA
RIVERWALK SAN
ANTONIO, TEXAS
OCTOBER 3 - 7, 2012**

How About It?

MY SHIELD

Think for a moment about your life. Consider your nationality, your race, your gender, where you were born, how and where you grew up, your name, who your mama and daddy were, your siblings. In the choice of all these, you were totally uninvolved. You have carried every one of these unique traits throughout your life. Once in awhile a person decides he doesn't like the 'odd-ball' name his parents gave him and he will get a lawyer to go through the legal process to get it changed. Once in awhile, an individual doesn't like his gender, he would like to be changed from 'being a him to becoming a her' and goes through very expensive and painful gender-changing surgery. I do not care to discuss the 'wisdom' or 'stupidity' of this but rather, let's consider how they actually affect our lives. What about you? Do you like yourself? What circumstances made you what you are? How have you adapted? What challenges you?

Many things about your life were not under your control. You do, however, have many things that you do control and they have created the real you. On your own volition you have chosen where you live, what vocation you follow, selecting a wife or husband, have a family, and so forth. Of the countless individuals in the civilized world, each one is driven by an inner motivation. Your response is what makes your life specifically interesting and challenging. How you reflect your loyalties and love reveals the real unique you.

In enemy occupied territory during WWII, a husband-and-wife team living in Paris participated in the French Resistance Movement. They were a part of a clandestine operation that harbored American airmen who had been shot down. Monsieur Nelle, was a patriot but very eccentric.

Each evening he would put on his be-medaled World War I uniform and sing 'La Marseillaise' (the French national anthem) at the top of his prodigious lungs. The man was expressing his true loyalties. This seemed to be strange behavior for one who was housing two escaped American airmen in his home. One would think that he should be quiet and not attract attention to himself. He obviously was reflecting his loyalty to his country. The risk of being arrested was real but he sang anyway. When caught up in the midst of victory, behavior often exceeds common civility.

What victories and liberties have we received? How do we express them? Do we sing the La Marseillaise or shout with joy when we win? People everywhere receive daily blessings from the Almighty. Are we aware of them? When we recognize them, do we have hearts to be thankful and express gratitude to God for them? Abram, the Biblical character who has been called the 'Father of all Nations' received a covenant in the form of a vision from God the Father who said, "**Do not be afraid Abram I am your Shield, your very great reward.**" (Genesis 1:15 NIV). When I think about a shield, I conjure up the image of a medieval warrior wearing a suit of armor including a helmet, a sword in his right hand and a shield fastened to his left arm. The shield is not the warring element in his attire, it is for protection. The defensive part is his sword. The warrior knows a battle is inevitable and is always prepared. When battle comes, he can protect himself from the sword or spear of his enemy with his shield.

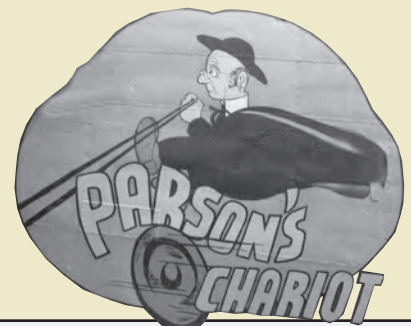
As airmen flew their aircraft into enemy territory, they knew battle was inevitable. Guns and bombs were the warring elements but flak suits and armored plating were used as the shield. Let us think for a moment about God being our shield. Life is



Earl Wassom

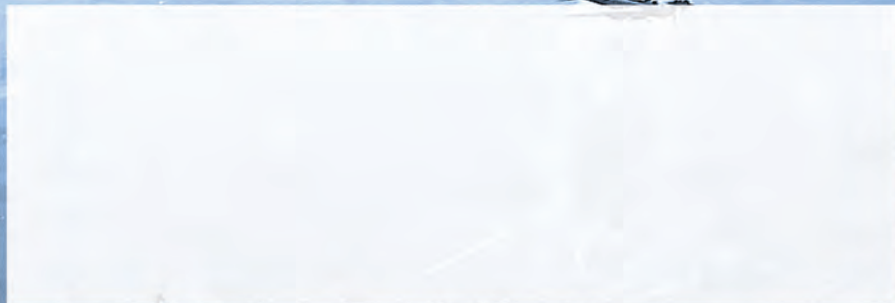
filled with battles, they are inevitable, they are real, we need a shield. For the attacks that will come, financial woes, bad health, loneliness, despair and many other battles, we are in need of the shield offered by our Heavenly Father. How do we receive this shield? By recognizing God as the Sovereign King who is the final authority in all of life's conflicts. In Abram's and each of our responses and fears, God promises a great treasure, the protective shield over our lives and our eternity. Let us always look to Him for his protection and direction in our times of alarm and anxiety. The Psalmist describes the total trust in the shield when he declares, "**He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust.**" (Psalms 91:1-2 NIV).

**Earl Wassom, 466th BG
Chaplain, 8th AFHS**





8th AF News
The Eighth Air Force Historical Society
P.O. Box 956, Pooler, GA 31322



Happy 4th of July!!

