

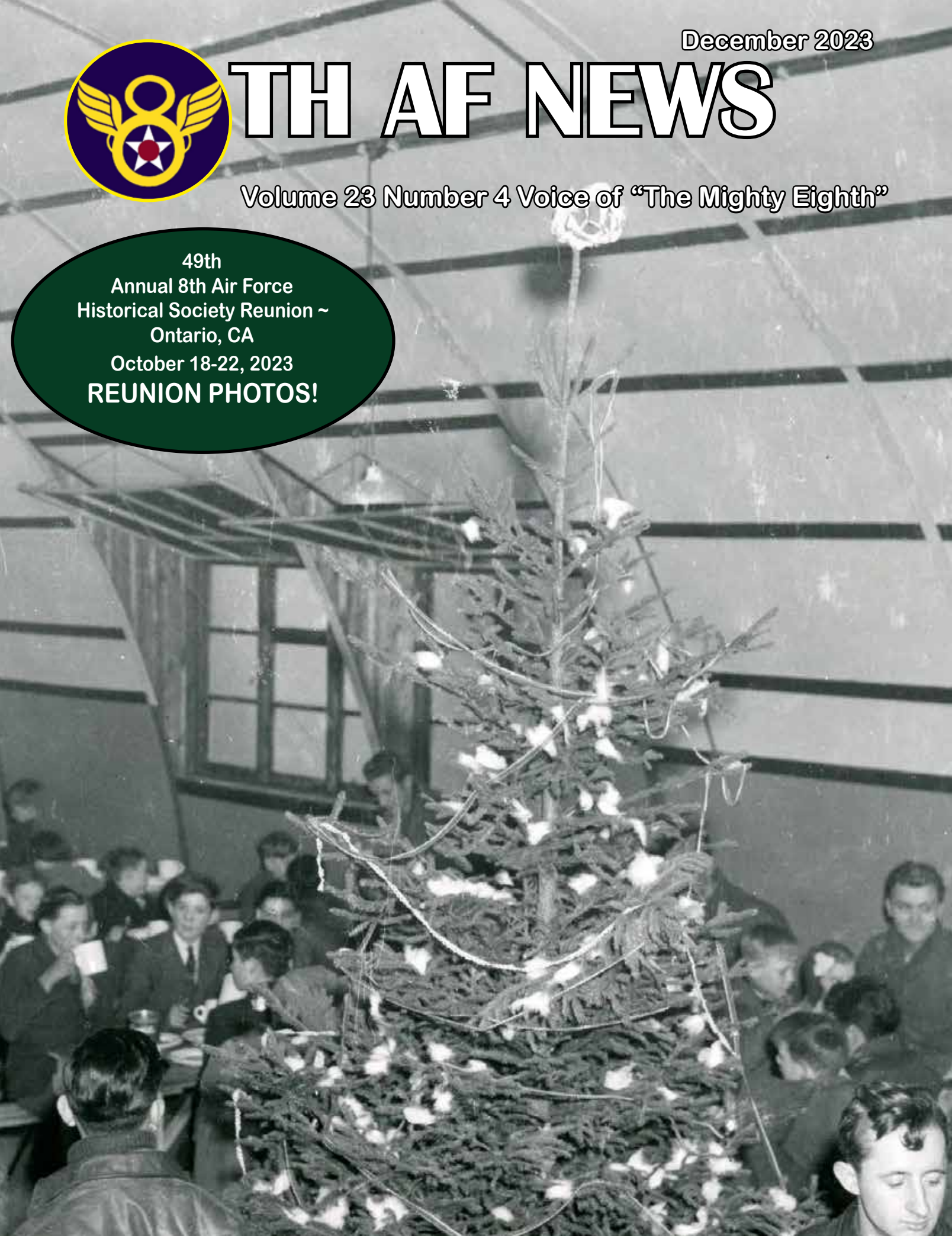
December 2023



TH AF NEWS

Volume 23 Number 4 Voice of "The Mighty Eighth"

49th
Annual 8th Air Force
Historical Society Reunion ~
Ontario, CA
October 18-22, 2023
REUNION PHOTOS!





8th AF News

Voice of "The Mighty Eighth"

December 2023

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Cover: "The Christmas tree adds a festive note to the party given for British children by men of the 401st Bomb Group at an 8th Air Force Base in England. December 25th, 1943."

Photo 342-FH-3A-14449-65542AC, courtesy of NARA.

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THE 8TH A F NEWS

The Eighth Air Force News is dedicated to the memory of Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, founder of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society in 1975, and Editor of the "News" for sixteen years. It is published quarterly and is the official news magazine of the Society, a 501(c)3 not for profit corporation. EIN: 59-1757631
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**68 Kimberlys Way
Jasper, GA 30143-4769**

EDITOR'S NOTES

I met Dorothy Smith a dozen or so years ago during my first 8th AFHS Annual Reunion. But I never called her Dorothy—she was Dottie. And from the moment I saw her smile and twinkling eyes, I knew she was extraordinary. One-of-a-kind.

To say Dottie never met a stranger would be a gross understatement. She truly didn't. She married a WWII 8th Air Force veteran after the death of her first husband. John Smith had served in the 493rd BG as a tail gunner and Dottie fit right in with the 493rd BG Association and the Society. She was what we used to call the "Sunshine Lady" of the group: the person responsible for remembering folks' birthdays, anniversaries, sending 'get well' and/or sympathy cards—and the occasional "we've missed you" card! And nearly all of those cards were accompanied by a personal phone call from Dottie.

I don't think Dottie ever missed sending me a birthday or Christmas card these past 12 years. And I so loved hearing from her on the phone. Sadly, the later years took much of her hearing, so phone calls proved to be challenging for her. Hearing from Dottie ALWAYS made me feel



so special...so blessed.

Sadly, Dottie passed away just weeks ago on Veterans Day. I discovered she was born on Flag Day (June 14). She was not only an incredible human



being, but she also loved this country and served in the way she knew best: supporting our veterans and preserving their legacies.

Thank you for your enduring love and friendship, Dottie. I miss you...

Lots of great reunion photos in this issue! Be sure and take a look. Don't forget to "Save-the-Date" for our 50th Annual Reunion in New Orleans, 2024!!!

Wishing you all peace, joy, and love, during the holidays and always,

Deb

The photo above of Dottie and I was taken in St. Louis, MO, during the 2016 Annual Reunion. Dottie was honored with the plaque and a huge standing ovation from everyone in the Society--many of whom Dottie knew personally.



***Please JOIN or RENEW with the
Eighth Air Force Historical Society TODAY!!!***



First Name: _____ Middle Initial: _____ Last Name: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State/County: _____

Zip/Postal Code: _____ Country: _____ Email: _____

Phone: _____ 8th Affiliation/Interest [optional]: _____

Membership Annual Dues: \$60 or £50 *outside US*

Includes digital copy of 8th A F News ONLY~ *Hard copies are \$25 US or £20 outside US (annually)*

Payment: Check /Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date: _____ Amount: _____

Visa, MasterCard, or American Express ONLY--A \$2.00 processing fee will be added to all credit card purchases!

PayPal: ManagingDirector@8thAFHS.org

By renewing or requesting membership in the 8th Air Force Historical Society, I hereby grant permission for the Society to hold and maintain my information as contained herein, indefinitely, with the stipulation that my information not be shared nor be made public to any other entity without my expressed written permission.

US Residents PLEASE mail to:
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JOIN/RENEW ONLINE: www.8thAFHS.org

PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING

Paul W Tibbets IV
President



Greetings Society Members! Thanks to everyone who joined us in Ontario for our 49th annual 8th Air Force Historical Society Reunion in October. It was a blast! Of the 225 people who attended, approximately 50 were veterans, including 6 from World War II. The tours were fantastic, allowing us to see some unique and historic pieces of aviation and interesting sites of Southern California.

A huge shout out to Lt Cols Nicholas “Wolf” Anderson and Shane “Axel” Praiswater of the 31st Test and Evaluation Squadron at Edwards AFB, CA, who joined us Saturday night as our Gala speakers. They brought four Airmen with them, representing the maintenance and engineering sides of the test world, who all engaged with our membership and educated us on the new B-21 Raider stealth bomber. Awesome!

At the General Membership meeting, we elected a new Board Member, Clare Vanderbeek, who brings new ideas and energy to our team. Welcome Clare! Many thanks to Mr. Scott Loehr, President and CEO of the National Museum of the Mighty Eighth Air Force, for his dynamic presentation on the future plans for the Museum. We welcome Scott and look forward to our continued partnership! We also discussed the strong financial health of our Society after the changes we made last year...thanks to everyone for your support.

It is an honor to continue to serve as your

President! At our Board Meeting following the elections, we made a few tweaks to our five Focus Areas for the next year. In no particular order:

- Strengthen 8 AFHS relationship with current 8 AFHS bombardment, fighter and reconnaissance groups/organizations and post-WWII 8th Air Force organizations
- Expand 8 AFHS presence on social media
- Expand 8 AFHS relationship with the National Museum of the Mighty Eighth Air Force
- Expand and diversify 8 AFHS sources of revenue
- Strengthen relationship with the post-WWII generations

We look forward to reporting back to you on these areas.

Wishing everyone a joyous and relaxing holiday season, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

*****New Orleans September 25-29, 2024*****

Respectfully,

Paul

Paul Tibbets
President, 8 AFHS

TREASURER'S LEDGER

Anne Marek Treasurer

Greetings everyone –

I'm including in this issue of AF News the financial position of the Society for the period ending October 31, 2023. The Profit and Loss Statement and the Statement of Financial Position are printed here. I speak with our account executive, Gavin Natelli, regularly and he advises that our investment portfolio has an appropriate balance of equities and mutual funds, recommending no changes at this time. Our stocks include Amazon, Apple, Boeing, Gen. Motors and Kraft Foods. Some of our mutual funds are tech oriented which have done well over the years.

As 2023 draws to a close, I'd like to present an overall picture of our investment portfolio. When I became Treasurer in 2018, I moved our account from Morgan Stanley to Oppenheimer with a total value of \$147K. Since then, funds deposited into the account were returned grants of \$23K from the 493rd Bomb Group and \$60K from Mid-Atlantic Air Museum

for a total value of \$230K. In 2022, we transferred \$72K into our checking account to cover major Society expenses. At the end of the year the value of the account was \$135K showing a loss of \$45K. At the end of the third quarter of 2023, the account value was \$166K up approximately 30% due to strong performances by Apple and Amazon.

In order to stabilize and strengthen the Society's resources, the membership was asked and approved a dues increase beginning in 2023. In addition, the Board created the Keep 'em Flying Giving Campaign which to date has brought in \$12K. As a result of that and our growing investments, the Society's financial position is sound with a total balance of \$27K in our Savings and Checking accounts which are used to fund operating, magazine and reunion expenses. We will begin billing for 2024 annual dues and the annual contribution to the Keep 'em Flying Giving Campaign this December.

If any of you have any questions regarding our financial position, please do not hesitate to contact me. My contact information can be found on page 2.



Anne

Anne A. Marek, Treasurer, 8thAFHS

Profit and Loss January - October, 2023

	Total
Income	
4000 Income/Miscellaneous	
4001 Amazon Smile	136.28
4010 Member Dues Annual	35,726.21
4012 Magazine Subscription	8,705.00
4015 Keep 'em Flying	12,000.00
4019 Member Contributions/Donations	13,402.60
Total 4000 Income/Miscellaneous	\$ 69,970.09
4050 Investment Income	
4058 Portfolio Dividends & Interest	845.89
4059 Realized Gain/(Loss) on Invest	12,612.75
4060 Unrealized Gain/(Loss) on Invest	17,114.76
4061 Investment Management Fees	0.00
Total 4050 Investment Income	\$ 30,573.40
Bank Adjustment BoA	0.01
Total Income	\$ 100,543.50
Gross Profit	\$ 100,543.50
Expenses	
5100 National Administration Expense	
5104 Awards, Gifts & Grants	238.84
5108 Web Site Expense	3,184.80
5111 Corporation Charges	70.00
5121 8AF History Projects	197.73
Total 5100 National Administration Expense	\$ 3,691.37
5200 Magazine Expenses	
5210 Printing Expenses	6,930.37
5220 Postage Expenses	3,670.92
5240 Layout/Design	185.35
Total 5200 Magazine Expenses	\$ 10,786.64
5300 National Office Expenses	
5303 Telephone/DSL	624.59
5304 Supplies	1,436.99
5305 Abila Software/ Computer Exps	1,940.23
5306 Accounting Support	493.10
5307 Office Rent	1,000.00
5308 Insurance	301.00
5312 FICA-8AFHS portion	3,208.85
5313 Payroll/ Office Management	44,054.12
5315 Postage & Shipping	804.90
5316 Bank Charges/ Returned checks	43.83
5323 Merchant Account Usage Fees	2,418.17
5326 Payroll processing fees	500.00
Total 5300 National Office Expenses	\$ 56,825.78
6690 Reconciliation Discrepancies	2,371.96
Total Expenses	\$ 73,675.75
Net Operating Income	\$ 26,867.75
Other Income	
6550 Annual Meeting Revenue	
6551 Event Registration	63,523.58
Total 6550 Annual Meeting Revenue	\$ 63,523.58
Total Other Income	\$ 63,523.58
Other Expenses	
7100 Annual Meeting Expenses	
7103 Hotel Expense/Catering	54,804.46
7104 Tours/Transportation	14,335.62
7106 Reimbursements	538.00
Total 7100 Annual Meeting Expenses	\$ 69,678.08
Total Other Expenses	\$ 69,678.08
Net Other Income	\$ 6,154.50
Net Income	\$ 20,713.25

Statement of Financial Position As of October 31, 2023

	Total
ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Bank Accounts	
1017 Oppenheimer & Co	165,872.64
1040 Bank of America Checking Acct.	11,789.52
1041 B of A Deposits in Transit	0.00
1042 Bank of America Savings Acct.	15,035.13
Total Bank Accounts	\$ 192,697.29
Accounts Receivable	
1100 Accounts Receivable	0.00
Total Accounts Receivable	\$ 0.00
Other Current Assets	
1200 Prepaid Expenses	0.00
1201 Undeposited Funds	0.00
Total Other Current Assets	\$ 0.00
Total Current Assets	\$ 192,697.29
TOTAL ASSETS	\$ 192,697.29
LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities	
Accounts Payable	
2000 Accounts Payable	0.00
Total Accounts Payable	\$ 0.00
Credit Cards	
Card Assets - Everywhere Card	0.00
Total Credit Cards	\$ 0.00
Other Current Liabilities	
2050 Payroll & Taxes Payable	-15,254.09
2051 Payroll payable	2,896.57
2052 FICA & withhold taxes payable	23,133.89
Total 2050 Payroll & Taxes Payable	\$ 10,776.37
2500 Accrued Expenses	177.03
Total Other Current Liabilities	\$ 10,953.40
Total Current Liabilities	\$ 10,953.40
Total Liabilities	\$ 10,953.40
Equity	
3100 Unrestricted Net Assets	0.00
3200 *Unrestricted Net Assets	161,030.64
Net Income	20,713.25
Total Equity	\$ 181,743.89
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	\$ 192,697.29



“Keep ‘em Flying” Giving Campaign* ****Updated!***



The Board of Directors of the 8th Air Force Historical Society is continuing its on-going Giving Campaign. Our mission is to keep our administrative functions operational. Historically they run on a \$12-15,000 yearly deficit which has been partially covered by member donations when they send in their annual membership dues. We need the Society to have a more defined and reliable source of income.

We can accomplish our mission by establishing a group of members who are committed to keeping the Society financially solvent. This investment is renewable annually. In this way, the Society will continue to preserve the legacy of our family members and loved ones who continually put their lives in danger and in some cases made the ultimate sacrifice. By doing so, you will provide critical financial support for the continuation of the Society. In addition you will be recognized on our website and on your Annual Reunion nametag. So please join our ***“Keep ‘em Flying”*** Giving Campaign by becoming a Member in 2024.

All participating Leaders will receive the premier benefits of their annual membership dues of \$60 being covered, and they will receive a hard copy of AF News which is a \$25 value. Below are the different levels of membership as a part of the ***“Keep ‘em Flying”*** Giving Campaign.

Level 1 – **Crew Chief Leader** with an annual donation of \$250 will receive both premier benefits.

Level 2 – **Flight Leader** with an annual donation of \$500 will receive both premier benefits plus the registration fee of \$45 to attend the Annual Reunion.

Level 3 – **Group Leader** with an annual donation of \$1,000 will receive both premier benefits plus the registration fee of \$45 to attend the Annual Reunion and your Rendezvous Dinner ticket.

Level 4 – **Wing Leader** with an annual donation of \$1,500 you will receive both premier benefits plus the registration fee of \$45 to attend the Annual Reunion, your Rendezvous Dinner ticket and your Gala Banquet ticket.

Your Board of Directors invites you to join with them ***today*** in participating in our ***“Keep ‘em Flying”*** Giving Campaign supporting our Society. Please use the form below to enroll or simply click the link:

<https://www.8thafhs.org/keep-em-flying-giving-campaign/>

(or copy and paste into your browser).

We thank you for your continued support and generosity.

“Keep ‘em Flying” Giving Campaign

First Name: _____ Middle Initial: _____ Last Name: _____

Street: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Zip code: _____ Email: _____

Level 1 – Crew Chief Leader at \$250 _____ Level 2 – Flight Leader at \$500 _____

Level 3 – Group Leader at \$1,000 _____ Level 4 – Wing Leader at \$1,500 _____

Please check which level you are choosing and mail with your check or credit card information to:

8th Air Force Historical Society, 68 Kimberlys Way, Jasper, GA 30143-4769.

Visa, MasterCard or American Express credit cards only.

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____ Amount \$ _____

By joining the 8th AFHS “Keep ‘em Flying” Giving Campaign and sending in this form, I hereby authorize the Society to process this application without my expressed written permission.

News from Across the Pond...



"I'd Like
to Find
the Guy
Who
Named
the
Coast
Guard..."
Part II

*Coast Guardsman statue standing sentinel at
the Wall of the Missing at Cambridge American
Cemetery. AMJ Brookes*

by Suzie Harrison

American Battle
Monuments Commission
Cambridge American Cemetery
and Memorial

The United States Coast Guard (USCG) has, since its inception, been prepared to work wherever it is needed and in whatever role, just as their motto states, *'Semper Paratus'* - always ready. A previous article (September 2023) explored the most obvious role of the Coast Guard, that at sea, and in particular the northern reaches of the Atlantic Ocean. However, the expertise of USCG in navigation, meteorology, and search and rescue, allowed for extension of their responsibilities, to incorporate duties in the icebound lands of the Arctic Circle.

LONG RANGE Navigation

The Coast Guard role of operating and maintaining navigation aids, made them an ideal choice to develop a "...reliable all-weather...direction finding system to aid ship and aircraft navigation." Using work done by the British on Radar as a starting point, in conjunction with other Allied Powers, USCG Lt. Cdr. Lawrence M. Harding was charged with "the development of an accurate triangulation method for precisely determining ship and aircraft location." The system, called **LORAN**, facilitated the over-horizon extension of visual search-

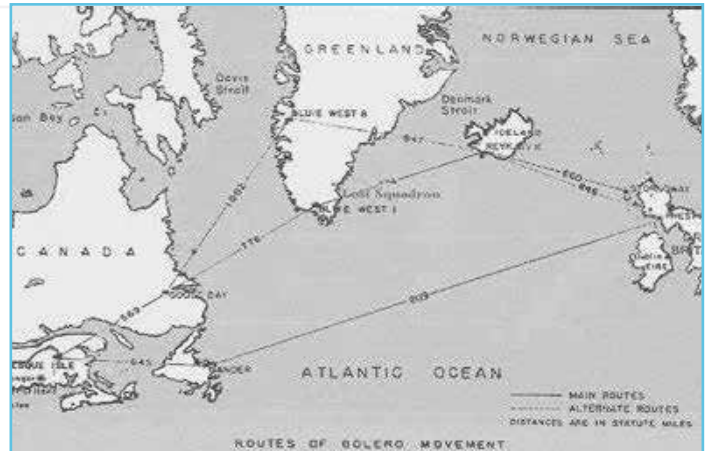
News from Across the Pond...

es, exceeding radar range by 50-100 miles. Using pulse transmission, measurements over time can be made between an emitting master-station, and slave-stations, providing a 'fix' when intercepted by air or surface craft. The first successful station on Greenland, built at Frederiksdal, was handed over to USCG on July 6, 1943.



Bluie West One or Narsarssuak AB, Greenland – 1942. The nickname of 'Bluie' for the air bases, came about from the descriptive color of the Greenland ice, as seen in the crevasses. USAAF

It came as a shock to pilots of B-17 and B-24 bombers - who had only really had a few months training - that after leaving behind the benign conditions in California and Arizona, they would be expected to fly their plane to Prestwick, Scotland via the stepping-stones of Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland – the 'Snowball Route'. At Narsarssuak Air Base, known as Bluie West One (BW1), conditions were treacherous. First, you had to find it in ever-changing weather, with no way out of the fjord if a pilot got it wrong! With experience and the use of LORAN, single-leg, 2,000-mile trips became possible, however that did not mean to say that it was easy.



The 'Snowball Routes'. www.cgaviationhistory.org

Search and Rescue



B-17 and crew from the 'Lost Squadron.' USAAF

Many aircraft did crash on Greenland, offering aircrews an unpredictable chance of being rescued. In the summer of 1942, a squadron composed of two B-17 Flying Fortress bombers and six P-38 Lightning fighters were flying from Greenland to Iceland, when they encountered an unavoidable storm. Attempting to turn back to the west-coast's Bluie West Eight (BW8), they became lost. With fuel running out they decide to make forced landings on the Greenland icecap. The American aircrews of the 'Lost Squadron' all survived, in part due to the relatively benign summer conditions. With radio operators picking up their distress calls, supplies were dropped to them, and they were rescued a week later by dogsled teams. After trekking 17 miles to the coast, they boarded *USCGC Northland* to recuperate.

However, when a Douglas C-53 cargo plane crashed onto the icecap on Nov. 5, 1942, a litany of disasters attended the ensuing rescue attempts.

News from Across the Pond...

The Coastguardsmen and the Glaciologist

One of eighteen American flights on that day, Cpt. Homer McDowell's five-man crew took to the skies in a cargo-carrying C-53 *Skytrooper*, enroute from Reykjavik to BW1. For unknown reasons the C-53 crash-landed on the Greenland icecap, close to Koge Bay. With minor injuries the crew survived and used the intact radio to transmit calls for help. A huge search operation began. Even with over forty aircraft joining the hunt, there was no sign of the *Skytrooper* or McDowell's crew. With only a small battery, McDowell's radio transmissions grew steadily weaker. They were trapped in winter's ever-worsening conditions.

Enter Dr. Max H. Demorest, brilliant young Glaciologist and Fellow of the Geological Society of America, who had spent a winter with Prof. William S. Carlson, establishing a meteorological station on Greenland. Demorest's ground-breaking work on glaciers, "...proved that glacier motion is primarily of the nature of plastic flowage.", for which he was recognized by his peers to great accolade. After Pearl Harbor, now Colonel Carlson, persuaded Demorest to volunteer for the US Army Air Forces, and a posting to Greenland, to which he was eminently suited.

1Lt Demorest was commanding officer of both Beach Head and Ice Cap Stations in the Koge Bay area. Using his intimate knowledge of the terrain, he set off with Sgt Donald Tetley, to where he suspected the C-53 lay. They saw lights/flares, but the weather closed-in, and their motor-sleds constantly broke down, so they returned to Beach Head. Meanwhile the window for any rescue of McDowell's crew was closing, with biting temperatures, no food, and fail-



RM1C Benjamin A Bottoms. USCG



Lt John A Pritchard, Jr. USCG



1st Lt Max H Demorst. John Simon, Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

ing radio batteries. Soon there were no more messages...

Also, on Nov. 5, fresh from the production line, B-17F 42-5088 was taking the 'Snowball Route' to join the 8AF in Britain. At that point, under Air Ferry Command, she was diverted, with her temporary six-man crew and their passenger Pvt Clarence Wedel, to the search for the *Skytrooper*. With no sightings, on Nov. 9, two more men joined as extra eyes, TSgt. Alfred Best and SSgt. Lloyd Puryear, friends on their day-off! They were soon 'flying in milk' cloud conditions where pilot Armand Monteverde had difficulty orienting himself. He decided to dip the wing to initiate a very gentle turn. He couldn't! His wing immediately hit the icecap and the result was inevitable.

Once they had recovered from the shock, the crew started to assess their surroundings. Communication was lost as the B-17's radio transmitter was badly damaged. The icecap was covered in seemingly bottomless crevasses. They knew that the fissures were crossed by fragile ice-bridges, the dangers of which became evident when co-pilot Spencer disappeared down one. With ingenuity the crew rescued him, but there were no more ice-walks. Using their Boy Scout training and a short survival manual, Monteverde and Spencer set about looking after the men by making shelters, rationing food, and treating their injuries and the effects of frostbite. They stumbled across the B-17's hand-cranked emergency transmitter and sent streams of SOS messages.

Eight days after their crash they were located, and thus began regular, weather dependent supply drops. Communication was re-established when, digging around in the radio supplies, they also found intact valves which eventually enabled radio operator, Cpl. Loren Howarth, to jury-rig the radio. But how to achieve a rescue?

News from Across the Pond...

Photo right: Six members of the B-17 crew that went down in Greenland in 1942. Back row, left to right: Navigator William O'Hara; pilot Armand Monteverde; co-pilot Harry Spencer. Front row, left to right: Assistant engineer Alexander Tucciarone; radioman Loren Howarth; and Engineer Paul Spina. Courtesy of Peter Tucciarone

This was the sort of mission at which USCG was so adept. Lt. Cdr. Frank Pollard weighed up the dangers to *USCGC Northland* and her crew, as she steamed through dangerous pack-ice. However, the duty of the Coast Guardsmen onboard was to rescue those on the ice. The cutter was also responding to the plight of the three-man crew of a Royal Canadian Air Force A-20, which had likewise crashed in the area on Nov. 10. The *Northland's* Grumman Duck flying boat had been fruitlessly searching for the Canadian crew.

There were now 17 downed airmen needing saving.



The Canadians were more than used to the intense cold, and put their training to good use, but even so, decided to commit the cardinal sin of rescue operations by leaving the relative safety of their downed aircraft, to hike to the coast. Meanwhile, the *Northland* had to leave or become ice-bound, and possibly crushed. The cutter was almost over the horizon when the chief gunner's mate spotted a light. The

aircrew had torn their parkas into strips to make a signal-fire. *Northland* returned, and Pollard planned that a small team in a motorboat would land, and the rescuers scale the glacier cliff-face to rescue the three Canadians. The frustrated man who volunteered to lead this successful mission was the pilot of the 'Duck', Lt. John A. Pritchard.



News from Across the Pond...



News from Across the Pond...



Taken from *Arctic Ordeal* by C B Wall--'Lost in the Arctic'



Above: Pritchard (far right); Canadian crew – pilot Goodlet (front left), radioman Weaver (to Goodlet's left in borrowed coat), and navigator Nash (behind in the parka); Ensign Fuller (top) spent 5 months marooned at Beach Head Station, searching for the crews of the C-53 and B-17. USCG

It was at this point that US military planners realized how truly vital the USCG was to Greenland search and rescue efforts. USCG Rear Admiral "Iceberg" Smith, messaged Pollard, the cutter's commander, "Well done, Suggest *Northland* proceed ... for search of Baker Seventeen [B-17] and ... Cast Five Three [C-53]."

Legendary Norwegian airman Col. Bernt Balchen, a dual US citizen, and commander at BW8, found the B-17 on Nov. 24, and began to coordinate supply drops, and rescue methods, using his extensive arctic knowhow. Balchen flew over Beach Head and dropped a message to

Demorest, describing the location of the B-17, so that he could try another motor sled rescue. Max set out with his sergeant, Don Tetley, and another Norwegian, Johan Johansen. Approaching the B-17 from the north they hoped to avoid the worst of the crevasse field, then lead the aircrew out to safety, and transfer them to *Northland*. Unfortunately, conditions proved too challenging for Johansen's dogsled team which had to turn back.

Pritchard pitched a persuasive plan to Lt. Cdr. Pollard. He would land the *Duck* on the icecap, collect the B-17 fliers in groups – sickest first - and carry them back to *Northland* in the *Duck's* cargo space. Pritchard and his radioman, Benjamin Bottoms started off.

Meanwhile overhead, Balchen radioed the B-17 to say that Demorest's team was close; he also told Pritchard the best place to land. Lt. Pritchard became the first man to make a wheels-down landing on the icecap, and take off. It was too difficult to move the most injured and so weakened engineer PVT. Alexander Tucciarone and SSgt. Lloyd Puryear stumbled and were half-carried to the aircraft, then lifted into the compartment under the *Duck's* cockpit. Eventually, Pritchard broke free from the clinging ice and flew back to the *Northland*, where the two B-17 crewmen were cared for. Pritchard and Bottoms could only fly during the short arctic daylight hours, so planned to return early the next day.

The remaining, seven freezing crew members of the B-17 fired flares to guide the motor sled men, who fired back showing they were very close. But Demorest and Tetley were brought to a halt by a huge crevasse field. They switched to skis and arrived at the crashed B-17, and tended to the crew's medical ailments, including a broken arm and gangrenous feet. The rescuers skied back

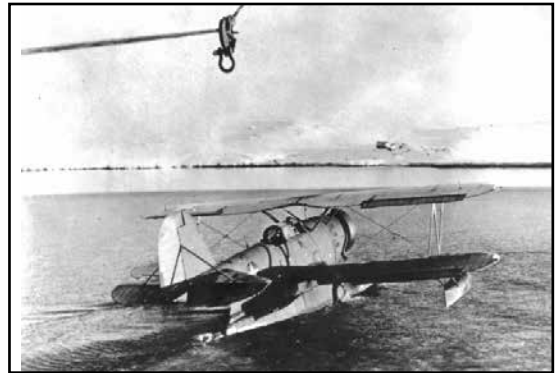
News from Across the Pond...



Above: The Grumman Duck on the USCGC *Northland*.
www.kadiak.org

Middle: Lt John A Pritchard, Jr inspects the Grumman Duck prior to the crane-lift from *Northland* to the sea. USCG

Above right: As Pritchard and Benjamin left *Northland* for the return to the B-17, coastguardsmen line the deck to wish them well. USCG



Howarth gone, the remaining crew would be unable to work the radio for help, but Don was able to take over this vital communication role for a while.

Meantime, luck was running out for Pritchard, Bottoms and Howarth. The weather closed-in rapidly and Pritchard found himself 'flying in milk'. He rapidly became disoriented. He called the *Northland* for magnetic orientation (MO) to strike a return course, "MOs, MOs – quick." It was to be the last thing that the cutter's radio operator heard from the doomed *Duck*. The Coast Guard aviators and their passenger were now officially Missing.

By December 1942, winter had the lost men in its icy grasp. A week after leaving the *Northland*, the crashed *Duck* was spotted, but there were no signs of life. Max Demorest had fallen down a bottomless crevasse. There were, however, still twelve men believed to be alive on Greenland's icecap.

A month later the search for the C-53 crew was called off.

Over the winter of 1942/43 plans were made to rescue the remaining crew of the B-17, who again had no working radio. Tetley had tried to sled out the worst injured but could not make it. Worse still, the B-17's original passenger, Clarence Wedel, valued for his mechanical ingenuity, and sledding with Tetley's four-man group, like Max, failed to negotiate an ice-bridge, vanishing into death's icy maw. Momentarily defeated, Tetley ended up building a second camp six miles from the B-17. Nothing worked. At every turn the weather stymied efforts and the inhospitable nature of the environment could not be overcome. The men hunkered down for the duration. In this they were assisted by one man and his flight crew, a B-17 pilot, Cpt. Kenneth "Pappy" Turner, positioned at the unfinished Bluie East Two base. This crew would not give up and flew supply missions all winter-long, dropping messages and even a morse alphabet to enable the men still at the B-17 crash-site to keep in contact using

to their sleds before their vehicles were buried by snow, to snatch some sleep.

Next morning Pritchard and Bottoms realized that the weather was deteriorating, but Pritchard was confident enough to fly. Radioman Loren Howarth had contacted the *Northland* from the B-17, relaying that they had clear weather. Some of the B-17 crew prepared a celebratory hot breakfast. Meanwhile, Co-pilot Harry Spencer was watching as the motor sleds returned. One hundred yards out, Demorest started to swing a wide circle, but even though this was a well-trodden path, he must have found a crevasse. The ice bridge spanning it was too weak and Max and his sleds just disappeared! Tetley and the crew raced to try to save him but to no avail. Max Demorest's Greenland mentor, who knew him well, had, a couple of years earlier, made a percipient comment...

Howarth volunteered to hike swiftly to the Duck's

**"I hoped
that Max's ignorance of fear
would be chastened.
If not, Nature in winter Greenland is a mother
that devours her children."**

landing site, to get help. By this time, Pritchard had made a successful wheels-up landing on the sea-plane's floats. They decided to take Howarth onboard and set off back to the *Northland* to gather a larger search party, for Demorest's rescue. Motor sled driver Don Tetley was now marooned with the B-17 crew. With radioman

News from Across the Pond...

the emergency transmitter.

By the time all of the men were finally rescued it was April 1943. They walked, stumbled, sledged, and flew off the icecap, as Greenland released her freezing grip, after 148 days. Without the tenacity of the US Coast Guard and US Army and Army Air Forces, this story might have had a very different ending. Many of those involved in the multiple rescue missions were rightly recognized for their efforts.

The Coast Guard service, has a wry, unofficial motto ... **"You have to go out, but you don't have to come back."**

The names of the men who died and whose stories are told here, can be found inscribed on the Wall of the Missing at Cambridge American Cemetery. A total of 201 Coast Guardsmen are listed as Missing in Action; a further 15 are buried in the Field of Honor. On the East Coast Memorial, in Battery Park, New York, the names of another 339 Coast Guardsmen are listed as missing. The American Battle Monuments Commission respects them all. Their sacrifice is not forgotten.

Below: members of the 501st Combat Support Wing and its Mission Partners during November 11, 2023 Veterans Day. (U.S. Air Force photo by Tech. Sgt. Chrissy Best)



Remembering Honor, Heritage, and Sacrifice

B-24 Liberator Keepsake

On Behalf of the

392nd Bomb Group Memorial Association

This ornament is the perfect year-round gift for any B-24 enthusiast! Small enough (3¾" wide x 2" high) to easily mail to relatives or friends, yet large enough to be immediately recognized as a Liberator. One (or more) will look great on your bookshelves or wherever you display your Bomb Group keepsakes. ***They're not just for Christmas!***

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MASTERS OF THE AIR



**The 9-part series event premieres January 26, 2024,
with episodes 1&2
and the series will air weekly ONLY on Apple TV+**

From Steven Spielberg, Tom Hanks, and Gary Goetzman - the producers of *Band of Brothers* and *The Pacific*. During World War II, airmen risk their lives with the 100th Bomb Group, a brotherhood forged by courage, loss, and triumph.

Based on Donald L. Miller's book of the same name, and scripted by John Orloff, "Masters of the Air" follows the men of the 100th Bomb Group (the "Bloody Hundredth") as they conduct perilous bombing raids over Nazi Germany and grapple with the frigid conditions, lack of oxygen, and sheer terror of combat conducted at 25,000 feet in the air. Portraying the psychological and emotional price paid by these young men as they helped destroy the horror of Hitler's Third Reich, is at the heart of "Masters of the Air." Some were shot down and captured; some were wounded or killed. And some were lucky enough to make it home. Regardless of

individual fate, a toll was exacted on them all.

The series features a stellar cast led by Academy Award nominee Austin Butler, Callum Turner, Anthony Boyle and Nate Mann, who are joined by Raff Law, Academy Award nominee Barry Keoghan, Josiah Cross, Branden Cook and Ncuti Gatwa.

Hailing from Apple Studios, "Masters of the Air" is executive produced by Steven Spielberg through Amblin Television, and Tom Hanks and Gary Goetzman for Playtone. Amblin Television's Darryl Frank and Justin Falvey co-executive produce alongside Playtone's Steven Sharesian. In addition to writing, Orloff co-executive produces. Graham Yost also serves as co-executive producer. Anna Boden, Ryan Fleck, Cary Joji Fukunaga, Dee Rees and Tim Van Patten serve as directors.

Official trailer link:

<https://youtu.be/2RWohylGm3c>

ALWAYS MAKING 49th ANNUAL OCTOBER 1 ONTARIO



Honoring ALL v
Pictured above are c

WWII Veterans in t
Henry Cervan
Clarence Kooi 486th BG
Denny Thompson 487th BG
and Laurence S

NG MEMORIES **AL REUNION** **18-22, 2023** **RIO, CA**

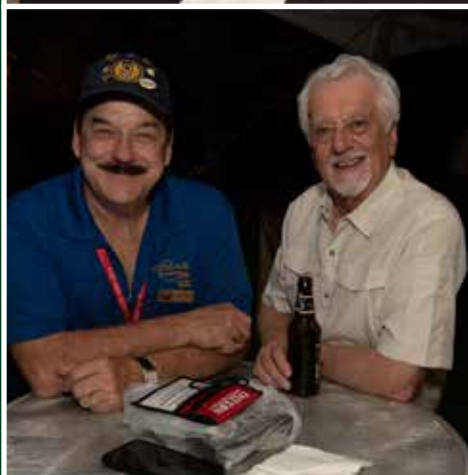


who serve(d)...
our proud veterans.

the front row, L-R:
ates 100th BG,
, Don O'Reilly 305th BG,
G, Leland Spencer 93rd BG,
Stevens 95th BG.













Flying with Hell's Angels!

*Reflections of Carl DuBose, pilot
303rd BG/427th BS*

I suppose we should have had a premonition of the excitement to come from flying combat by an event which occurred to us at the end of Phase Training at Pyote AFB, Texas. Our last flight was a “maximum effort” cross country from Pyote to North Texas, then down to Victoria, my home today, and back to Pyote. Our planes were fueled so that we had to stay on course or run out of gasoline. We were doing well until we neared the base and were notified that a dust storm would prevent us from landing there and we were to proceed to Hobbs, Carswell, or Roswell, New Mexico. Hobbs was closest, but we couldn’t see any light, so I elected to proceed

to Lubbock, Texas to the AFB there. The gas tanks were dry, and I had the crew standing by to bail out. We called Lubbock to have them turn on the lights and managed to land before we lost power. About a week later they allowed us to come home; rumors had it that a number of the aircraft were lost or ditched in the lake near Carswell AFB. Media in those days didn’t report tragedies.

The excitement continued a few days later when we left Kearney, Nebraska with a brand-new B-17, “Flying Fortress” which I was to fly to Europe. The route would be Kearney to Bangor, Maine then to Newfoundland and across the Atlantic to Northern Ireland. The

weather people told us that a cold front sitting over Iowa had holes in it and we could get through. It was a black night, and I could see no holes but picked a place with the least lightning. Once inside of what must have been a tornado or a severe thunderstorm, mother nature took complete control of our beautiful plane. We were thrown up, down, and sideways with the controls completely useless. After the thing finally threw us out, we proceeded on with our trip to Bangor.

In Newfoundland they briefed us to fly at 15,000 feet at night so the navigator could do celestial navigation. We were to expect one small cold front which turned out to be a

full blown one. The rubber boots could not keep the ice off our wings, and we lost our pitot tube and the air speed indicator connected to it. I decided to descend using the artificial horizon and keep the power setting so that we wouldn't stall. At about 1,000 feet the ice melted, and we broke out at 500 feet.

The fun and excitement wasn't over, though, because upon our arrival at Nutt's Corner, Ireland, the airfield was experiencing a severe rainstorm. We came in on the old radio beam and almost hit the runway before we saw it. At the time I thought, this flying business is going to be a bit more exciting than I had bargained for.

Many of the articles, letters, and books published relate some of the tough times members of the group experienced in combat. But there were good times, too, and I would like to relate some of these. Those of us who flew missions after D-Day in 1944 (*I started my tour on July 5*) did not experience the massive fighter attacks of earlier missions. Although we were hit on occasion (Wiesbaden, where we lost the low squadron and our ball turret got one fighter) our major concern was flak, which was quite deadly at times. We counted over 150 holes in our plane once and came home with an 88mm hole in the right wing which went completely through without exploding. Had it lodged in there and the timer exploded it later, I would not be writing this. I came home with a coffee can full of flak picked up from the floor of the B-17. We also experienced German fighters flying out of gun range and firing rockets through the formation, though ineffectively. The sight of a German rocket ship buzzing by a P-51 had us wondering if the enemy's technology was surpassing ours.

But this is about the fun times and the humor that was there, too.

My first experience of this sort came as we were taken out for a practice formation flight soon after arrival at Molesworth. The new crews were assigned to the low elements of the group, of course, and taken for a ride over the North Sea. I suppose one of the tactics taken to assure we "kept it tight" was to fly very low over the waves. Although I was too busy watching the wing of the airplane I was flying on, the spray on the windshield told me there was very little, if any, clearance below; the ball turret gunner, Bob Kidd, swore the waves were hitting his turret.

Then there were times the group leader would take us through a thick deck of dark clouds in formation. Vertigo is your worst enemy here, and it got to me a couple of times and I had to ask the co-pilot to take it until I could convince myself we were not flying upside down. Formation flying in thick, dark clouds is exciting, to say the least.

One of the sweetest times would occur when, after a difficult mission, we would fly in formation right on top of a thick deck of white, fluffy clouds. You get a feeling of exhilaration and speed at this time and 150 mph feels like several hundred. When we finally dove through, we never knew whether we would land in fog or rain. There was no landing system then, just some young ladies with radios placed ten miles apart to tell you which heading to take. I never could break through their Limey brogue to determine what they were saying.

We had excitement, unrelated to combat, that was humorous at times in spite of danger. Once in returning home over the North Sea and as the group was letting down on the way back to Molesworth, I started to "clear" my engines at a very low altitude. There was no power in the engines which I thought were idling. There was little time to lose,

but fortunately we were in gliding distance to an emergency strip on the English coast. As we went through the landing check list as we coasted dead stick about 100 feet above the sand, I called for "automatic rich" and immediately No. 1 began to purr. The light came on in my head as we buzzed the strip with all four engines at full power. The co-pilot had failed to feel the little click which tells you the mixture is in "automatic lean" and had accidentally turned the engines off.

Munich (we went there twice in succession) was always a minimum effort insofar as gasoline consumption was concerned. It also involved a temptation—Switzerland. I had to listen to at least a half-dozen good natured reasons why we should divert to the small neutral nation, but we continued over the Alps back to Molesworth. Then the real fun began. We lost power on one engine due to lack of fuel and I requested permission to land on the short runway. They had to tow us in—out of gas. After it was all over, I realized that, at times these missions would be exciting all the way in.

Soon after arrival, since we were a new crew, I was assigned a tired old clunker F-model, with the old-style superchargers. At altitude over Holland, I realized that we could not control the engines—the slightest adjustment. An admonition from the group leader for me to get in closer convinced me to abort—something I didn't want to do and never did again. After a beautiful landing with full gas and bomb load, the CO came out to the plane and admonished me for endangering the base by landing with a full bomb load. He was right, of course, but my momentary pride in the perfect landing was smashed.

We had one of the best bombardiers in the group, Paul Sandhagen, who had a top record in phase training and was targeted for lead. We

took a “G” ship (radar) up for some practice bombing. On return, the co-pilot wanted to practice a landing, which I agreed to. As we were taxiing, I looked over to our right wing and realized that we would not clear an English worker’s bus parked almost on the strip. Both of us hit the brakes at the same instant. Since the plane was very nose heavy from all the special equipment, it stood on its nose and smashed some very valuable equipment. It was my first and last experience of standing a Fortress on its nose with brakes. In the conference which ensued, I opened my mouth to say something, but you can imagine how far that would have gotten me. So, back to the “Tail End Charley.”

We flew on 15 consecutive days. The weather was good, and the Eighth AF was getting after it. There were times when I was dog-tired, but I always looked forward to the excitement of the next mission.

I never knew what Col Lyle, Capt Sheets, or Col Stevens thought of me, but I knew that I was a good pilot, could fly good formation, and reacted well in emergencies. When I was in error, I expected and usually received an admonition, but there was one occasion when I feared the worst, but not a word was said. About noon on an overcast day, we were called out of the tea shop, airmen’s barracks, and club, to fly a mission. I do not recall a briefing but was handed a sheet of paper which showed me leading a flight of six planes joining up with the neighboring 379th Bomb Group. I suppose the navigator and bombardier knew where we were going, but I didn’t. It was hard to assemble a full crew and the ground crew

was busy loading fuel, bombs, and ammo, but we made the start engines flare by a few minutes. After climbing through a thick cloud deck, I began to circle, but was unable to locate the lead plane. We circled in ever-widening circles, but still no other planes or flares except our little group of six. I made a “command decision,” we would proceed to the coast with our attached flight of planes and catch up with the rest of the formation, who surely must be ahead at this time. At the French coast, no one was in sight. Another decision, I must do something to get these people credit for a mission, so I requested bombardier Sandhagen to pick out a target. At this time, he notified me that he had no bomb-

enemy fighters in the air when a jug blew on No. 1 engine. We could not feather soon enough, consequently we were stuck with a blazing engine with a windmilling prop which was throwing pieces of metal at me. The co-pilot felt we should leave the ship, but I decided to wait out the fire and try to limp on home. After the fire blew out, the prop continued to whirl which slowed us down, making it difficult to maintain altitude. I decided against trying to throw off the prop since it might damage the plane and I was right next to it. At 15,000 feet I asked Paul to find a target—we were going to get credit for this one. After bombing something, probably insignificant, we began the long perilous journey home alone below

15,000 feet and traveling slow. Suddenly, in what seemed to be open country, the entire sky turned black, and the plane began to lurch from near misses. I had never seen flak so accurate and intense. You can’t do much evasive action with a large airplane like the Fortress, but we turned it almost straight up on its wing and turned.

Unbelievably, we flew into the clear. We felt relieved when, after landing and slowing down on the runway the errant propeller sped across the runway ahead of us. At de-briefing there was only one admonition to the crew and that was because when I asked the crew to lighten the load so that we would have fuel to get home they threw out everything, including their A-2 jackets.

There were some relaxing times and entertainment on the station. One group party that I can remember—the parachutes hanging from the ceiling of the hangar, the band, the open bar along with the imported



sight. Remembering phase training, he said he could bomb “off his big toe” if we descended below 15,000 feet. We did and he clobbered the place, which was a German airfield in Northern France. At this time, I was informed by the tail gunner, Barney Watson, that the entire 8th Air Force was behind us. The debriefing was the shortest ever after a mission and no one said anything. You might say that this was the one time I led the Mighty Eighth on a mission!

Events seemed perilous at times, but after it was all over, they became humorous. We approached the I.P. over Leipzig one clear day with the

females all combined to make for a wonderful time. The total population on Molesworth Station increased for a time—several days. By far the best party ever was the one on me at the crew tent after our 35th. Our crew chief, Jimmy Stewart, had more wonderful food, including more meat and kegs of beer than I had seen anywhere in England. Jimmy and his crew were top notch, and I always knew “Jigger Rooche” was ready to fly. This wonderful gentleman had been in Molesworth long enough to know the ropes and could get whatever we needed.

I still remember the weekend passes to London and Leeds. While experimenting with the wonderful acoustic of St. Paul’s Cathedral Dome in London, we looked out the window and saw a “Buzz-Bomb” flying directly at us at our height. It exploded a few blocks away. It never occurred to us to be afraid.

There was talk about this time of doing away with the “flak leaves,” but we convinced the flight surgeon that we were indeed “flak happy” and sorely needed the rest. A wonderful week in Scotland resulted in a rejuvenated crew.

Some of the happiest times for us occurred when we would ride our bicycles through the English countryside. Each small village we rode through seemed to be more interesting than the last. Of course, we were hoping to “discover” some English girls, but always had to settle for some warm beer at a quaint pub and maybe eat some fish and chips.

I flew my 35th mission on October 26, 1944, an eight-hour haul to Munster, Germany. Although Don Kollmar, radio operator, was the only

crew member to fly all thirty-five with me, all the rest only missed one or two. Those who finished the day before and were “sweating us out” were Lou Droll, co-pilot; Leo Laverty, navigator; and Barney Watson, tail gunner. Bob Kidd, ball-turret; Danny Balint, waist gunner; and Jesse Jones, engineer, flew with us to Munster but had one or two to go. Paul Sandhagen, who was selected to fly lead bombardier, and had spent some time in Paris soon after we took over the city, was blown out of the nose of an aircraft soon after we left for home. He was several years older than the rest of us



and was a wonderful friend as well as a top-notch bombardier. He is now buried in Europe.

We had sober moments when other crews we knew failed to come home, especially when the staff cleared out the officer’s quarters next to ours one night after a mission. Especially traumatic was the time we witnessed the pilot and co-pilot of an adjoining plane trying desperately to escape a burning cockpit through the side windows. The trauma of

these and other events will be with us always, but there were times when we actually enjoyed our tour with the 303rd.

Epilog: Carl L. DuBose, Jr. was born on 7 August 1922 in Gonzales, Texas. Was a college student prior to his enlistment. Entered USAAF Aviation Cadet on 5 March 1943 at the Santa Ana Army Air Base, CA. Had primary flight training at Phoenix, AZ, Basic at Gardner, CA and Advanced at Douglas Army Air Field, AZ. Graduated with Class 43-K. B-17 transition training was at Roswell, NM and crew phase training at Pyote, TX.

Obtained a new B-17 at Kearney, NE and flew it to Nutt's Corner, Ireland via Bangor, ME and Newfoundland arriving on D-Day 6 June 1944. Was assigned to the 427th BS at Molesworth on 27 June 1944. 1st mission on 5 July 1944 (#196). Completed his last and 35 mission (#263) on 26 October 1944.

Returned to the United States and completed B-29 phase training at Tucson, AZ. The war ended before his B-29 crew could enter combat against Japan. Served in the United States. He entered the Air Force reserves following WWII and retired as a Lt Colonel in 1966 after 20 years USAAF and USAF service. Formal retirement was on his 60th birthday 7 August 1982.

Following WWII he was married to Angele DuBose and was a teacher and administrator in Public Schools and college. On 6 June 1987 and 30 September 1989 was elected to serve as the 303rd BGA Secretary and was President from 27 May 1991 to 21 September 1992

Elected to the following 303rd BGA positions: 6 June 1987 to 27 May 1991 - Secretary; 27 May to 21 September 1992 - President. Carl passed away on 2 May 2016. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, ETO Ribbon with three bronze stars, Victory Medal, and EAME Medal.

Photos: p 22--(Back L-R) 1LT Carl L DuBose, Jr. (P), 1LT Paul Sandhagen (B-KIA), 1LT Leo Laverty (N), 2LT Louis Droll (CP) (Front L-R) T/Sgt Jesse Jones (E), S/Sgt Donald Kollmar (R), S/Sgt Robert Kidd (BT), S/Sgt Daniel Balint, Jr. (WG), S/ Sgt Byron Watson (TG), Dog- "ETOE" p 24--DuBose crew with addition of unidentified ground crew personnel

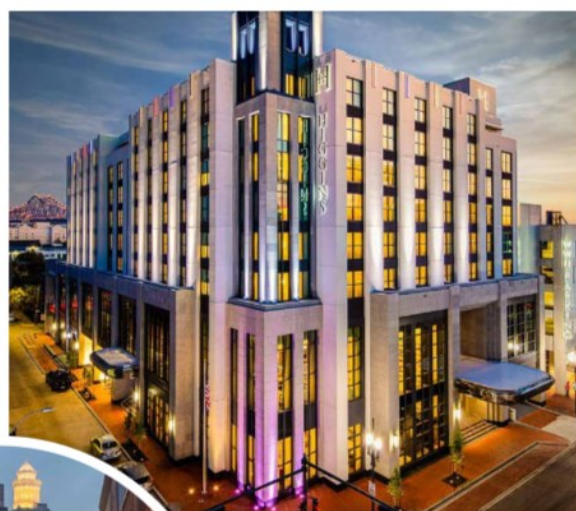
Photo: this page--Carl with wife, Angele



50th Annual 8th Air Force Historical Society Reunion

NEW ORLEANS

September 25-29, 2024
Higgins Hotel, the official hotel of
The National WWII Museum



Join us September 25-29, 2024
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Using your IRA for Charitable Donations

Kevin Wilson, Secretary BOD
Charles Walker, Attorney at Law

If you are retired and over 70½ years, you can help the Historical Society by making a tax-free donation directly from your IRA. You can make a Qualified Charitable Distribution (QCD), a win-win strategy with your tax-free gift for the Society and potential tax reduction if you are at the age where you must take Required Minimum Distributions from your IRA account.

The 2023 standard deduction for a single person over the age of 65 is \$15,700.00, and for a married couple where both are over the age of 65 is \$30,700.00. Since many older taxpayers no longer have mortgage interest to deduct and the deduction for state and federal taxes is capped at \$10,000.00, there is no benefit in itemizing for charitable deductions.

You must make the Qualified Charitable Distribution (QCD) directly from your IRA account. The maximum exclusion for each year is \$100,000.00 for direct transfers from your IRA. Consult with your tax advisor and IRA Custodian to ensure you qualify for the QCD. They can advise how to make a direct transfer of funds to the Eighth Air Force Historical Society, a qualified 501(c)(3) charity. Your

QCD donation is excluded from taxable income and can be counted toward your Required Minimum Distribution. You are not required to itemize your tax deductions if you donate via the QCD.

You can learn more about donations via Qualified Charitable Distributions on Fidelity.com and Schwab.com websites with search term “QCD”. If you wish the charitable QCD donation to be applied for the current tax year, be sure to donate before your required minimum distribution deadline, e.g., December 31.

Charitable giving and associated tax implications can be complicated. Consultation with your tax advisor/financial advisor is recommended. You cannot qualify your charitable donation as a QCD if you have the IRA funds initially distributed to you and then donate to the Society. You must have the funds directly transferred from your IRA to the Society.

The Society will acknowledge the receipt of the QCD donation for charitable contribution purposes. For most IRAs, the QCD donation is reported as a normal distribution on IRS form 1099-R. Since the donation is already excluded from

income, you do not claim it as a charitable tax deduction on your tax return. It is suggested that you notify the Society when making a QCD donation.

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society has implemented a major fundraising campaign with the ***Keep’Em Flying Campaign***. Suggested donation levels begin at \$250 and range upward (see the campaign form on p.6 or online). You can participate in the fundraising with your charitable QCD donation if you are already getting required RMD distributions from your IRA distributions. You can also donate via the QCD process from your IRA if you are over age 70 ½ even before you are required to make Required Minimum Distributions.

Information provided here is general information for our members only. You should consult with your tax advisor to determine how and if the QCD donation applies to your individual situation and how to complete your tax return with the QCD exclusion. For those already giving charitable donations, the QCD route may be a great way to both support the Society and gain some added tax benefit.

Carlson, Donald Albert, 99, passed



away peacefully at his home in Denver, Colorado on Saturday, September 16, 2023. Don was born on June 6, 1924, in Erie,

Pennsylvania to the late Paul and Lottie Carlson where he grew up with his older brother Homan and younger brother Porter.

Between the ages of 6-8, he posed as a child model for Eugene Iverd who was an American illustrator, painter, and art teacher at Academy High School in Erie. Iverd was nationally known for the covers he painted for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall's*, *Ladies Home Journal* and *The American Magazine*. Other commercial work of Iverd's included advertisements for Campbell's Soup, Wrigley's Gum, Monarch Foods, Winchester Western Company, and Iodent Toothpaste. Several of Don's portraits were featured as advertisements and as the cover of *The American Magazine* in April 1932. He had a love of railroads and airplanes and began to make model airplanes starting at the age of 11. Unbeknownst to him, he would become a pilot at the age of 20. During his teenage years, he worked as an usher at the local movie theater and sold magazines to several downtown businesses.

Don graduated with high honors from Academy High School in Erie and was awarded a partial scholarship at Pitt University. However, he chose to attend Penn State College. Don enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1942 and was called to active duty in 1944. He proudly served his country in WW II as a

second lieutenant in the US Army Air Corps serving with the 466th BG (Crew #698 in the 786th Bomb Squadron). At just 20 years old he flew several types of aircraft during his training (PT-23, PT-19, BT-13, BT-15, and AT-10 military aircraft). He spent 2 months in ETO (European Theater of Operations) with a Heavy Bombardment Group. He did not fly any combat missions; however, he participated in "Trolley" missions and "Operation Home Run" (flying a B-24 back home to the states) after the war ended. Upon returning to the US, he flew routine missions in B-24's giving instruction to co-pilots. He was honorably discharged in December 1945. Don continued to keep in touch with his crew members and their spouses, taking time to travel to visit them wherever they lived across the US.

After being discharged he returned to Penn State College and graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Civil Engineering in January 1949. He was a member of Delta Chi Fraternity. During the college semesters he worked in a sorority kitchen and dining area. He worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad during his college summers in the Erie area. He was then recruited by and worked for them full time in Pittsburgh following his college graduation overseeing the Pittsburgh steel mill tracks. The railroad had told him at the time of his hire that he would get a raise after 6 months. They didn't uphold their promise, so he resigned. It was important to him that people remain true to their word. This value of commitment and integrity was demonstrated throughout his life and work history. He then went to work for H.H. Robertson (a major

industrial and commercial building products company) in Pittsburgh. He was transferred to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Bethlehem, PA, and the family moved to Denver when he accepted the position as Regional Manager in 1963. In 1973 he started his own business (Don Carlson & Associates) as a successful independent manufacturing material contractor and retired in 1986. Don met his wife, Margaret Anderson (also from Erie, PA), in 1947 on a double date. She was there on a date with his friend, but she and Don were married on September 17, 1949. Margaret passed away in 2011. They had 4 children (Janet, David, Karen, and Judy).

Don and Margaret loved to travel. They traveled to Egypt, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and twice to Israel, where they were baptized in the Jordan River in 1975. Closer to home they traveled by car to most of the 50 states, often visiting friends and family along the way as well as museums and historical sites. Don stopped at *every* historical marker on the side of the highway (much to the dismay of his children). He loved history and took a particular interest in visiting remote ghost towns and abandoned forts with his family. Don loved driving so much that his license plate read, "**Loves a Long Drive**"! His love for the railroad was life-long. He visited as many train museums and WW II air museums as possible. He participated in an Honor Flight to Washington, D.C., as a proud WWII veteran.

Don was involved in establishing several Presbyterian churches in Pennsylvania and Colorado. He also served as an elder and deacon

in most of those churches. Having a nearly photographic memory, Don could replay exact details of conversations, places he traveled to, museums he visited, as if he was watching a motion picture of the events. People were astounded. For the last 18 years, he resided at Harvard Square (a retirement & senior living community) in Denver. He was active on the resident council, serving first on the food committee, then as Chairman of the Board for 2 years. He participated in a variety of activities including bingo, pinocle, watercolor art classes, blackjack, bridge, sports talks, brain games, outings to Colorado Rockies games, the occasional happy hour, and he was the resident pro Wii golfer. He cherished his special friendships with staff and residents and was well respected and dearly loved by many. Our family especially acknowledges his best friend and last love, Pauline. Thank you for loving our dad and being the joy in his life. Don was an avid Colorado sports fan, including the Broncos, Avalanche and Rockies however his loyalty always remained with the Penn State football team. He was recently asked what the secret to living a long life was - his response; "always eat a good breakfast"! In fact, breakfast was his last meal on earth before heading to his heavenly home.

Don is survived by his children; Janet Drummond (Jim), David Carlson (Marie) and Judy Conn (Bill); his grandchildren Aime Breeden (Rob), Anna Long (Scott), Mary Blevins (Duane), Jonathan Carlson, Jared Conn (fiancé Valerie and daughter Sylvi), Betsy Wagner (Brady and daughter Addison) and great grandchildren Kyle Breeden

(Hannah), Ryan Breeden (Kendra), Alyssa Breeden, Emily Long, Evan Long, Hannah Long, Ben Long, Bella Blevins, Jack Blevins as well as many dearly loved nieces and nephews along with their families. He was preceded in death by his wife Margaret; brothers (and sister-in-law's) Paul Homan Carlson (Mitzi) and Porter Carlson (Harriet); daughter Karen Bishop, son-in-law Bill Bishop, son-in-law Dennis Hoffman and grandson Matthew Hoffman.

In addition, our family would like to thank the staff and residents at Harvard Square. For the last 18 years you've been Dad's home. Home is a place where memories are made, where you are surrounded by the humblest of belongings that make you smile, where you begin each day, and where you rest your head each night, but most importantly your home is where your heart is and where your loved ones come together to celebrate the wins, losses, and life's special milestones.

Gardeski, Chester "Chet" Ernest,



99, of Milwaukee, WI, entered Eternal Life on October 11, 2023. Chet was born in Hibbing, Minnesota, on December 5, 1923, to Bruno and Frances Gardeski. He was the fourth of 5 brothers: Frank, Hubert, Edward, and Richard. His brothers and eldest son, Peter, have all preceded him in death. Chet graduated from Boy's Technical School in Milwaukee, WI, and went on to the University of Wisconsin to further his education in Journalism and Business

Administration. He also attended numerous government and industry short-term schools and training programs.

As an adult, Chet played softball on the St. Anthony of Padua Parish baseball team, where he earned the nickname, "*Chet the Jet*". He continued to play softball on various teams including volleyball, into his mid-80s.

On January 3, 1951, Chet married Vera Vespalec; they had been married for over 72 years. They had four children together: Peter, Mark, Gail, and Margaret (Margie).

In 1943, Chet entered WWII, enlisting in the U.S Army Air Corps. Promoted to Tech Sergeant, he served as an aircraft mechanic and flight engineer on B-17 Bombers until 1946. After the war he was involved in flying B-17s to map Europe and Africa, and once survived a midair collision. From 1947 to 1951 he served in the Wisconsin Air National Guard and then, from 1951-1952, during the Korean War era, he served in the U.S. Air Force as a senior aircraft maintenance chief in the States.

Chet served in a variety of positions as a U.S. Government Procurement Representative at the A.C. Spark Plug Division of General Motors where he was, among other things, a Quality Control Representative in the production of missile guidance systems including the Apollo programs. In 1969, Chet transferred to U.S. Army Recruiting Command where he was Chief Advertising and Sales Promotion Public Information Officer, U.S. Civil Service until he retired in 1980.

Chet often entertained people with his excellent story telling abilities and made them laugh telling hilarious jokes with perfect timing and

inflection. For many years, Chet was a popular speaker at the EAA Fly-In in Oshkosh WI. He lectured at various High Schools, giving students a chance to hear about the war firsthand. Chet was an active member of the 8th Air Force Historical Society and the Wauwatosa VFW 1465.

In retirement Chet and Vera enjoyed travel, community service and time with his family. He was a regular volunteer with the Pius XI Fathers Club. Chet was a true outdoorsman, a skilled marksman, and an avid fisherman. He enjoyed hunting with friends, as well as with his sons, Pete, and Mark.

Chet and Vera were active members of both St Vincent Pallotti Parish and the Basilica of St. Josaphat Catholic Churches, where Chet often lectured. At Easter time he would dress as Moses and dramatically recite Moses' testimony of God's deliverance found in the Book of Exodus. His reenactment was in demand at both churches and schools.

Chet is survived by his beloved wife, Vera of Wauwatosa, WI, his son Mark of Rimrock, AZ, his daughter Gail Dee Kochen of Brookfield, WI (Robert), and daughter Margaret Paur of Richfield, WI (Thomas Riegert). He is also survived by his grandson Kevin Dee of Brookfield, WI (Christine) along with great grandsons, Connor, and Kaden. In addition, he is survived by his in-laws, Anthony (Tony) Vespalec, Margaret (Peggy) and Jack Michl, as well as numerous nieces and nephews. The following link is a short video of Chet talking briefly about his wartime experiences.

[Pay It Forward This Memorial Day - Verlo Mattress - YouTube](#)

Kersten, Kurt Gustave "Gus", 99, passed away August 15, 2023. Kurt was born in Highland Park, MI in 1923 to Gustave and Elsa (Schneider) Kersten. Kurt's



father, a skilled machinist, immigrated to Detroit to find employment in the new automobile industry. The family eventually settled in Flat Rock, MI where Kurt's father worked at Ford Motor Company. In 1943, Kurt answered the call to military service. Kurt volunteered for the Army Air Corps and was assigned to the 446th BG in Bungay, England. He served as a navigator.

In 1947, Kurt married his high school sweetheart, Lenore Kott. Kurt and Lenore raised four children.

Kurt earned a BA degree from Michigan State University and a law degree from the Detroit College of Law. Kurt practiced law in Flat Rock, MI for 33 years from 1953-1986.

In 1986 Kurt was elected to serve as a district judge in 33rd District Court, Woodhaven, MI. After retirement Kurt served as a mediator in Wayne Circuit and District Courts, and as a substitute judge in many area courts.

Kurt was actively involved in the downriver Michigan community. He was active in Kiwanis, the VFW, the American Legion, and the Flat Rock Elks. He was also a member of the American, Michigan and Downriver Bar Associations. An avid golfer, Kurt was a member of the Grosse Isle Golf and Country Club for over thirty years. Kurt was especially proud of his service with

the Downriver Michigan Veterans Honor Guard.

Kurt is survived by his 4 children: Claudia Williamson (Mike), Barbara Campbell (Skip), James Kersten (Tracey), Beth Mans (Nick) and 7 grandchildren, 6 great grandchildren, and many loving friends and extended family.

While it is truly our honor and privilege to print death notices here, please understand we are NOT automatically notified upon the death of our veterans or other members.

Please forward all TAPS to:

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912-748-8884*

or mail to:

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***Please submit ALL articles, etc. at least 45 days PRIOR to the date of the next issue of the 8th AF News to reserve space; content must be received 30 days prior to publishing date!**

***Remember: submission does NOT guarantee publication.**

***Due to size constraints of the magazine, I am very limited in publishing unsolicited material, however, I will review for consideration.**

***Please submit materials via email [preferred].**

***Written text MUST be TYPED and sent as a WORD.doc, with hi-res photos attached in jpg format.**

***NEVER send originals--they may not be returned.**

***If you have any questions, do not hesitate to contact me. I appreciate your help immensely. DDK**

A MOMENT IN TIME

LEGENDS OVER THE YALU

Can I Still Do This?

Part 2

JM Pittman, Next Gen 466th BG

It was June of 1951. Scattered clouds broke up a brilliant blue sky over K-14. Located near Seoul it was barely 200 miles from the Chinese border. During WWII the Japanese used the airfield to fly men and material into Korea. After months of ferocious ground battles between Allied and Communist forces, the airfield was once again in American hands.

Standing sentry behind the front gate, a tall telephone pole marshalled wires that snaked from pole to pole across the length and breadth of the airfield. Sentries checked paperwork and inspected vehicles as Korean women walked along the narrow dirt road just outside the base. A perimeter fence kept ragged starving children from scavenging for food.

Quonset huts, tents, and makeshift storage areas dotted the landscape. Near the flight line, Sabres were parked in revetments surrounded by sandbag barriers. Behind them, makeshift hangers, open on one side and fearfully vulnerable to the Korean weather, housed F-86s in various states of repair. Above the hanger hung a sign, "UPON OUR WORK DEPENDS MENS LIVES."

The sound of jet engines filled the air as Sabres pulled out from their revetments and headed for the runway. With pre-flight checks complete, Colonel Glenn Eagleston pulled his F-86 Sabre onto the active. Today he would be showing the ropes to a new wingman. A veteran of the Fearsome Skies over Nazi Germany he had 18 ½ victories to his credit. Pushing the throttle full forward the Sabre began its takeoff roll. On his right wing, Colonel Gabby Gabreski held his position as they lifted off, retracted the gear, and began the climb to 30,000 feet.

Leaving K-14 behind, the two veterans of the bloody skies over Nazi Germany headed for 'MIG ALLEY'.

Crossing the coastline near Sinuiju, Col Gabreski

took in the sight of Eagleston's Sabre. Black and white stripes ringed its fuselage and wings. A red-dish-brown band surrounded the nose. Gabreski began to wonder if he could still do this. *"I was thirty years old now, and my eyesight might not be as sharp as it was in Europe. Had my reflexes slowed? Would I still have that old fire in my belly that*

made me want to climb right up their tails before opening fire?"

Over the next several weeks Gabreski was in the air constantly. It wasn't long before the American ace had his first encounter with the Migs. *"The horizontal stabilizer was mounted way up near top of the fin, which made it easy for us to identify a Mig from ahead or behind."* Flying in groups of six, they fought in pairs of two, each pair of two protecting the others in the flight. Their 23mm and 37mm cannons packed a punch that was not to be taken lightly.

Adorned with North Korean or Chinese markings, many of the Migs were flown by legendary Soviet pilots. Recruited from across the Soviet Union, many had impressive resumes flying against the Luftwaffe in World War II. The first unit to arrive was Colonel Ivan Kozhedub's 324th IAD. After touring the bomb damage inflicted by Allied air strikes, he and his pilots were eager to tangle with the Americans.

The first encounters between the two WWII





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Allies revealed the new Soviet fighter was far superior to UN aircraft. Vintage piston driven aircraft, which only a few years before had dominated the skies, were easy kills for the Migs. Attacking from above and from multiple directions, the Mig's drivers would pounce on their adversaries, hit them with canon fire, then dart back across Yalu River to airbases just beyond the reach of Allied Fighters. Gabreski remembered, "... It was a hell of a way for an air force to have to fight a war. Every man in the room would have given a month's pay to be allowed to chase those MIGs back to their bases at Antung"

After a month in the skies over Korea, Gabby was getting the hang of things. Mission after mission, however, the nimble MIGs evaded his gun-sight. On July 8th the tables turned. Leading four Sabres to provide area top cover, Gabby circled as the F-80s below him pounded ground targets around the North Korean capital. "We cruised into the area at 15,000 feet, and I really enjoyed watching some fighter-bombers below us hitting some railroad marshalling yards. I felt like I was back over Germany for a moment." As quickly as it came, the

daydream was gone.

Scanning the horizon Gabreski noticed several F-80s being bounced by enemy fighters. With his wingman in tow, the two Sabres dove on the unsus-



pecting MIGS. Suddenly a single MIG broke from the fight. Gabby followed him and moved in for the kill. "I held my fire as the MIG's tailpipe grew larger in my windshield. I was only about 300 yards behind the MIG when I

pulled the trigger. The six .50s barked beside me in the Sabre's fuselage and wing. ...The MIG began



to trail flames from its fuselage, and I could see pieces of it breaking away in the slipstream."

Gabby pulled the Sabre around for another pass. His G-suit squeezed hard to keep the blood from rushing to his feet as a second burst from his .50s tore into the MIG. Flames

engulfed the plane as it rolled over, inverted, and hit the ground. There it was. The answer to his question. "The spirit was still willing to get in close and make the kill."

J M Pittman