

OHIO AIR FORCE - OL' WAR HORSE THUNDERBIRD WANDERING DUCHESS
 SKY GODDESS ROUNDTRIP TICKET PICCADILLY QUEEN MARY ELLEN
 HONKY TONK SAL SALLY B RAUNCHY WOLF CHOWHOUND YANK BLUE CHAMPAGNE DRAGON LADY
 HESITATIN' HUSSY HAYBAG ANNIE MISS AMERICA STARS AND STRIPES WINNIE THE POOH
 BIG GAS BIRD LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY LEADING LADY DORSAL QUEEN WAR WEARY
 STAR DUST SLO JO LI'L AUDREY LONESOME POLECAT ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 SKY CHIEF  **HARD**  **LIFE**  MARY PAT
 MR. LUCKY GIZMO ROGER THE DODGER SACK TIME JUNIOR OL' DOODLE BUG
 MADAME SHOO SHOO PAT PENDING POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY IMPATIENT VIRGIN RAGGED BUT RIGHT
 ROUNDTRIP JACK SHACK BUNNY HOMESICK ANGEL HALF AND HALF SLEEPYTIME GAL RUBY'S RAIDERS SWINGING DOOR
 SPIRIT OF CHICAGO MY GAL SAL LATEST RUMOR MAIDEN AMERICA LULU BELLE SLY FOX
 SOUTHERN BELLE BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN MISSION BELLE SLICK CHICK
 RAGGEDY ANNE OL' RUM DUM FOOLISH VIRGIN

**NEWSLETTER FOR THE
 385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION**

COMBAT UNITS

HQ. SQUADRON
 548th BOMB SQ.
 549th BOMB SQ.
 550th BOMB SQ.
 551st BOMB SQ.

VOL. XV NO. 4

Editor: Ed Stern
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SUPPORT UNITS

424th AIR SVS. GP.
 877th CHEM. CO. (AO)
 DET. 155, 18th AWS
 31st STATION COMPLEMENT SQUADRON

APRIL 1988

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Earl L. Cole
 Box 289
 Barboursville, KY 40906

VICE PRESIDENT

Samuel E. Lyke
 4992 SE Princeton Dr.
 Bartlesville, OK 74003

A. L. Benefield Jr.
 601 Choctow Ave.
 Ozark, AL 36360

Mary Lyke
 4992 SE Princeton Dr.
 Bartlesville, OK 74003

SECRETARY

George S. Hruska
 7442 Ontario St.
 Omaha, NE 68124

TREASURER

John F. Pattenger
 Box 117
 Laurel, FL 34272-0117

EDITOR, BGMA NEWSLETTER

Ed Stern
 P.O. Box 2187
 Fargo, ND 58108

8th AF HISTORICAL UNIT CONTACT

Gerry Donnelly
 10770 SW 46th
 Miami, FL 33165

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Prez Sez:

Concerning "The Mighty Eighth Reunion Group Tour of Great and Ireland 1988", it is certainly the time to get your application in for a reservation for the upcoming tour of Great Britain and Ireland.

It will be good being with the group again in England and Ireland and visiting the places that Al Chealander has planned. Please contact Al. His address and phone number is:

Allan B. Chealander
 10491 Barbara Anne Street
 Cypress, CA 90630
 (714) 761-1682

See the latest on the tour inside.

Sincerely,

Earl L. Cole
 Colonel, USAF, RET
 President, 385th BGMA

Did you miss out on the January Newsletter?

Editor's Alibi---

Our mailing permit requires each piece to be exactly the same. For the January Newsletter, we enclosed a brochure describing the Reunion to England, and we ended up short 60 or so of the brochures. As a result, we had to delete that many names from the mailing of the letter. What to do? We ended up skipping members whose address labels indicated that their dues were unpaid for 1987 and 1988.

If you missed your copy, send a 39¢ stamp and we'll send you one promptly.

"WAR BRIDES"**"Our First Home"**
by Ida Mann

Sol and I got married when he returned from England on recuperation leave for 30 days.

What a way to recuperate, getting married the first week he was home.

After his 30 days were over, he was stationed in Deming, New Mexico. As a new bride I followed him. After a 52 hour train ride in a rickety old train, I arrived to my first home.

It was an abandoned housing project that consisted of three rooms with concrete floors. Our kitchen had a wood and coal burning stove which we had to fire if we wanted hot water for a shower - no bathtub.

Of course, there was no furniture, so we set out and found a second hand furniture store. We bought a brass bed complete with spring and mattress that Sol had to tie together with rope so it wouldn't fall apart. Also, we purchased two Mexican wicker chairs and a card table. All this for \$35.00. The furniture man threw in a wooden orange crate for free.

No such things as bed linen to purchase during the war so we wrote home and received one bed sheet, a blanket, 2 pillows and my little old radio. We were in business. We had our first home.

This was our home for three months until Sol was discharged from the service and we headed for our real home in Omaha, Nebraska.

"How I Met John"
by Elizabeth A. Ford

My first date with John C. was on a Saturday - we had both managed to get weekend leave together. As I was leaving the house, my mother asked me to drop by and wish her niece's son, a young naval rating, good luck on his marriage that was to take place that morning. This meant I would have to stay for a drink, chit-chat with other guests and so forth. I was already running late and all this was going to make me even later.

I finally did break away from the reception and headed for the nearest tube station (underground trains). No luxury of a car to take you to your destination - in this case, my destiny! Well, I managed to catch a train (after another wait) and I was on my way - late, but getting there. Or so I thought. No luck. An air raid warning sounded as my train reached the "Bank" station (Mansion House and Threadneedle Street area). When this happened all trains were stopped and the flood gates under the Thames River were closed. This meant coming out of the station and trying to find some transport to the

place Jack and I had agreed to meet. I used plenty of "Shanks pony" (walking) in order to get there, although to this day I can't remember how I reached Hyde Park corner.

All I could think was this was one date that had fizzled out. Here I had splurged money on a fine new hat and I was all dressed up like a "dog's dinner". Now it seemed I had no where to go! As I said, I did reach Hyde Park corner eventually - believe it or not (my surname was Ripley, after all) - and what, to my amazement, did I see, but my dear John C. still waiting - at least an hour after our original meeting time. After many apologies, explaining the how and why I was so late, I asked him why he had waited so long. He just said he had nothing else to do! The blighter! And here I thought it was my fatal fascination!

We had many dates (leaves permitting) after that, until he proposed to me in a tube station. When I told my mother, she said, "You can't marry hime, he's a foreigner!" Oh, me.

I mentioned, in the beginning of this letter, that you were a factor in our lives, Ed - Thank you, "Dad" for giving us permission to marry - the best years of my life. I'll miss and love that yankee until the day I die.

Letters To The Editor:

Dear Ed:

Attention, Truman Smith: In the August '87 issue of the Newsletter, you mentioned my name in connection with a previous letter I had written, and asked if I were the same person that you had known from the Pasadena Playhouse back in 1951. No, buddy, I'm not, but we did meet about that same time in another setting. Let me brief you on my background, and I bet it'll ring some bells.

After a stint at U.S.C., I conned my way into the Chouinard Art Institute for industrial design courses. Then I bounced around at different night schools, studying creative writing. About that time, I became convinced that I was cut out to be a career mixed-up kid, so I naturally gravitated to the nearest sanctuary, which was a TV studio in Hollywood. It was a madhouse, called XTTV. And that was where we met, Truman. You were a director and I was a stage manager.

Those were the hectic days of live TV, and as you probably remember, Murphy's Law was always at hand during the ten or eleven daily shows and commercials through which we sweated and cursed. Lots of production people either became drunks or suffered breakdowns. I nearly succumbed to both traps, but survived.

You may recall dropping by my place to review a book manuscript I had been writing, and offered encouragement. And now I must inform you that my book turned out to be a great, up-flop. But I've since vindicated myself with a couple of minor awards for shorties. It's been fun. If you like, I'll be glad to send you copies of both.

Letters to the Editor con't.

Back in the 549th at Great Ashfield, I think you were rounding out your tour while I was still browning out on mine. We didn't know each other then, and I often marvel at the coincidence of two or three former squadron mates working at the same place several years later, and by sheer accident, discovering the fact. (What a perfect excuse for an impromptu beer party!)

We're planning a trip to the midwest next year, and would like to drop by for fond hellos on our way - after thirty-eight years! (Might even detour to Fargo with our little RV for some belated handshaking with our Editor. How about it, Ed?)

Best wishes to you Truman, and to your family.

Sincerely,

Mike Pappas
663 Beach Drive, Needles, CA 92363

Dear Editor:

On page 11 of the November newsletter I read, "These are the pictures of the 'War Weary' which collided with a B-24, 'Honkey Tonk Sal', No. 423335, March 1945." I am puzzled by this since Serafin's crew of which I was a member during my 35 missions flew "Honkey Tonk Sal" on most of our missions. I particularly liked to fly in (Bombardier) because it had a nice thick piece of iron plate on the floor which stopped alot of flak.

All our missions were flown during 1944 - the last in August. I would like to clear up this mystery about the B-24 Honkey Tonk was a B-17. How did it end up?

We also flew in "Mississippi Miss" maybe someone from the 548th can comment on that plane.

Hoping to make Fargo - Nice job with the newsletter, enjoy getting it.

Sending a few pictures from around the old tar-paper barracks - maybe some of the guys can recognize themselves. Also have Serafin's crew if you want to use it. (Serafin is deceased. I hear from Pritchard the Nav.,



Coal Yard, Gt. Ashfield, Eng.



"The Body Beautiful",
Wm Carter

have not heard from other crew members except the Ball turret (Chuck Infusino) and that was years ago.

Regards,

Dorn Jordan
5821 Buckingham Rd., Ft. My., FL 33905



Ozzie Bottari, His pilot and
co-pilot outside barracks.



Food line - England



Carter, Hughes, Fusco



Left to Right (groom) Pritchard,
Thrustt, Serafin, Jordan,
on rest leave in Southport, England.

Dear Ed:

I recently had the opportunity to read the 385th Bomb Group History and found it very nostalgic reliving those exciting times.

I was quite surprised when I came upon the portion of the book describing the mission to Zwichau, Germany in which the unit was recognized with a Presidential Citation. I guess I was unaware of this award until now because shortly after that mission I was shot down and interned in Switzerland causing me to lose touch with the group.

I was the lead pilot on that mission with Col. Vandevanter, the command pilot, and remember the mission well. It probably was one of the most memorable of the 26 missions I completed and I want to share some of the happenings on that flight that were not mentioned in the history.

We were flying a Pathfinder ship that led that mission. I made it a habit that prior to each mission that we were to

Letters to the Editor con't.

lead, I would study previous mission intelligence reports to try and learn lessons from those experiences. One of the items I reviewed indicated that a bomber could upset a pursuit curve attack by an enemy fighter if mild evasive action was used. I wondered why we couldn't do this on our missions even though there was a large formation of aircraft behind us which, of course, we wanted to keep intact. I developed this procedure on several practice formation flights and determined that the formation could easily follow the slight deviations. On this particular mission, as the history book relates, we were attacked by hordes of enemy fighters flying a loose formation and making pursuit curve attacks. I observed them attacking the lower groups in the formation and saw them destroy six B-17's in one pass. (It was a terrible sight to see all those B-17's going down at one time.) They then reformed and proceeded to attack our group at which time I decided to use this new tactic which was really quite simple. Random altitude changes fifty feet up or down and random course changes of 2° to 3° in either direction were made using the auto pilot. These flight deviations were sufficient to frustrate the fighters and they left us after the one pass to attack other groups. We lost one aircraft to these attackers compared to massive losses experienced by the other groups.

I remember Col. Vandevanter, when he observed the flight deviations, telling me to steady the aircraft and my signaling to him with my hand that matters were under control. He was unaware of the evasive action tactics I was using and when I explained them to him after we returned home, he was really astonished at how easily we fouled up the Nazis. It is hard to say how many aircraft we might have lost without using evasive action, but I am sure we would have lost many more as the other groups did.

After the fighter attacks ceased, we continued on to our target which was a repair factory on an airfield. My bombardier was 1st Lt. James Goings who scored a direct hit on the factory. The concussion from the exploding bombs also destroyed a number of six-engine glider type German aircraft which were parked near the repair factory. My radar operator for the Pathfinder equipment was 1st Lt. Robert Craig. He and Jim Goings developed tactics to hit semi-visual targets using both the radar and Norden bomb sight. These same techniques are used today in the U.S. Air Force on our modern jet bombers.

The history book described the Pathfinder aircraft as not being a huge success but, rather, the opposite. This was probably true with the first generation aircraft and crews. Later the bomb groups realized it was better to send the very best crews for this duty because they would come back from training and be the lead crews. This changed selection criteria in crew assignments resulted in the later Pathfinder crews becoming more professional and effective. They were able to accurately bomb many targets in adverse weather that normally equipped aircraft were incapable of doing.

I have enclosed a picture of my crew and aircraft for publication in the newsletter.

Lastly, I attended the Dayton reunion, my first, and though I didn't recognize many of the people — there were no strangers. My wife, Harriet, and I had a great time. Everyone was warm and friendly and it just made for a wonderful get together.

Sincerely,

Norman I. Radin, 548th Bomb Squadron
10812 Larkmeade Lane, Potomac, MD 20854



CAPT. N. I. RADIN'S CREW - 548th BOMB SQDN.
Standing Left to Right: 1st Lt. James Goings, Bombardier; 1st Lt. William Crawford, Co-pilot; Capt. Norman Radin, Pilot; 1st Lt. Robert Craig, Radar Navigator; 1st Lt. Garnett Tunstall, Navigator. Kneeling Left to Right: Sgt. Piekarski, Waist Gunner; Sgt. Skurka, Radio Operator; Sgt. Holtz, Tail Gunner.

Treasurer's Report

	12/31/86	12/31/87
Balance Sheet		
Assets:		
CD's	21,000.00	12,000.00
Checking Acct	8,036.55	8,787.95
Group History Inventory		1,440.00
Total Assets	<u>29,036.55</u>	<u>22,227.95</u>
Liabilities:		
None		
Profit & Loss Statement		
Income:		
Dues & Donations (1)	5,761.00	6,916.41
Life Memberships	1,000.00	2,100.00
Checking Account Interest	298.00	380.93
CD Interest	1,714.84	1,139.27
Reunion Surplus	0.00	6,939.92
Group History Profit	0.00	1,019.20
Total Income	<u>8,774.74</u>	<u>18,495.73</u>
Expenses:		
Newsletters	4,114.63	6,271.98
Officer's Expense	0.00	633.41
Great Ashfield Church (2)	1,400.00	1,364.44
Arlington Memorial	972.00	0.00
Church Trust Fund (1)	0.00	17,502.00
B17 Sally B	0.00	972.50
Total Expenses	<u>57,503</u>	<u>26,744.33</u>
Net Gain (Loss)	2,288.11	(8,248.00)

Notes:

- (1) includes \$500 donation by Jumper family for trust fund in 1987
- (2) Life membership fund interest earned during 1986.

Respectfully submitted

John F. Pettenger, Treas.

LIFE MEMBERS

- 173- John Stevens
- 174 - Gene P. Hackney
- 175 ■ Mrs. Gene Hackney
- 176 - Robert H. Weixler

Dear Ed:

I am sending copies of a couple interesting epistles you may want to print for everyone to see. They both are to all of us of the 385th I am glad to say.

The one from the chief took some doing. Note the date. It wasn't quite what I had in mind as I had asked for at least a phone call to all of us at Dayton, the least being option to him and Nancy showing up in Air Force One. Yes I asked. But this big league pitching is tough.

The one from the senator you may have already seen.

The main reason for the four month foot dragging by the White House was that they had trouble authenticating the confirmation on our twelve fighters. Air Force History at Bolling says they have record of only the claim and no confirmation.

AFH told me the same thing last summer but added they had no history for the whole 4th Combat Wing for any or all of October! The only thing they had for the Munster Mission was an extract of our mission report, probably written by our PR Earl Mazo I would imagine.

I dunno but maybe this little tidbit would be worth looking into (by the BGMA). Needless to say, the WH got the confirmation from other places, they didn't say where.

Respectfully, I am

Tom Helman
718 Sherman Street, Medford, OR 97504

This is verbatim extract of mission report for the 385th BG on the Munster Mission of 10 October 1943.

10 October

Captain Hamilton and Captain Klohe led our Group to Munster in Germany today. It was as rough a mission as we've ever been on — heavy flak and fierce fighter attacks by all types of German planes for over two hours. Our boys are claiming a large number of enemy planes destroyed, and from the condition of their planes and the ammunition expended, their claims seem justified. One crew, Lt. Richey's is claiming 12 fighters destroyed in a running battle when they were alone with the Nazis. They know they got more than 12, but they were too busy to make a record of their other "kills".

Lt. Pettenger's and Lt. Whitlow failed to return, but ten 'chutes were seen to open from each ship.

These letters, one from Pres. Reagan, one from Sen. Glenn arrived too late to be read at the Dayton Reunion. Tom Hellman sent them on. Nice to receive!

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 20, 1987

To the Officers and Men of OHIO AIR FORCE:

I was pleased to learn of your recent reunion in Dayton. Your B-17 Flying Fortress destroyed the most enemy fighter planes of any bomber in a single raid in World War II, and though each of you went his separate way after the war, your experiences in defense of freedom forged a bond of brotherhood that time and distance cannot break.

Some, 45 years ago America began to answer Hitler's aggression in Europe with aerial bombardments on a scale military experts had previously thought impossible. To all the men who took part in that tremendous effort, our Nation owes a debt that can never be repaid — from those who labored day and night to keep the big Liberators and Fortresses in the air to those who flew them into the teeth of the enemy. Among these heroes, a few deserve special thanks. In the cold, bright skies over Munster, the crew of OHIO AIR FORCE forged a record that stands as a shining example of the courage and determination only free men can muster. You proved yourselves professionals in the finest sense of the word. Though many years have passed, America remembers and is grateful.

I take a moment with you in memory of your valiant companions who can answer roll call no longer.

God bless you, and God bless America.

BAM HUNN, GEORGIA, CHAIRMAN

J. JAMES EDDY, NEBRASKA	JOHN W. BRADMAN, ILLINOIS
CARL LEVIN, MICHIGAN	STEVEN THUNDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA
EDWARD W. BISHOP, MASSACHUSETTS	CONORAN J. HUGHES, NEW HAMPSHIRE
JOE BINGHAM, NEW MEXICO	WILLIAM S. CONER, MARYLAND
ALAN J. BROWN, KANSAS	DAVE CLAFFE, INDIANA
JOHN GLENN, OHIO	PETE WILSON, CALIFORNIA
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ARNOLD I. PUNAR, STAFF DIRECTOR
CARL W. SMITH, STAFF DIRECTOR FOR THE MEMORIAL

Tanited States Ornate
COMMITTEE ON ARMED SERVICES
WASHINGTON, DC 20510 8050

July 22, 1987

385th Bomb Group Memorial Association
c/o Dayton Marriott Hotel
1414 S. Patterson Boulevard
Dayton, Ohio 45409

To the 385th Bomb Group Memorial Association:

My heartfelt greetings to all of you members of the 385th Bomb Group Memorial Association and your families who are attending this reunion.

I know and understand the special feelings that reunions such as these can bring out for each person. As a veteran of World War II as well as the Korean War, I value the strong ties and memories that I have carried with me through the years and know that each of you has done likewise.

A special aspect of this gathering will be the first ever reunion of the John Richey combat crew. To their great credit, the words of affection and support that I have received in recognition of the Richey crew are the highest praise that one can offer.

These next few days will be very special to you, and I would like to add my best wishes to all of the participants. The joy and excitement you will share in reminiscing with old friends and life long buddies will be something long treasured.

Best regards.

Sincerely

John Glenn
United States Senator

Letters to the Editor con't.

Dear Ed:

Hope to see you in England in August — and you know we're looking forward to Fargo in '89!

Enclosed are two prints of what remained of the aircraft we were flying on 11 December 1943. This 'plane was Mary Ellen III, we took it as a replacement since ours (Pat Pending) was involved in a collision on the taxi strip just before take-off. Col Van came out to the accident, checked with each member of the crew by name regarding their physical condition, then suddenly said "This isn't a G-D— volunteer war your fighting, get in another plane and go!"



So, on our way to Emden, we were "shot down" over Holland — this was the 21st for Forrest Poore, pilot and Linn Stuckenbruck, navigator. The rest of us were on our 20th. The tough ones from September on were past us, and we didn't have visions of sugar plums dancing in our heads — just a completed tour by Christmas.

The original photographs were taken or given to a farmer on whose land our plane crashed. He had the photos' since he was forced to billet German troops in his house. Doris and I met the farmer and Klaas Niemeijer, (the young Hollander) who sent the photographs, when we went to the Continent during our first return to Great Ashfield. Klaas and I correspond regularly and we met once again while I was in Northern Europe. I might add that if any of our people are interested in any aspect of the Air war over the Netherlands or Germany, Klaas has a wealth of information.

Since we had three bombardiers as officers of association while I was president (Cole, Hruska, and Nicholls) I've included the poem - The Last of The Bombardiers.

Best Regards,

Bill
743 Lake Avenue, Woodbury Heights, NJ

THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

On a lonely road through a cold black night
A miserable beggar trudges into sight.
And the people whisper over their beers
There goes the last of the Bombardiers.

"What was a bomber-dier?" we reply,
For men turn silent and women sigh,
As the death-like silence fills the place
With the gaunt gray ghost of a long lost race.

It's have to explain the catch of breath
As they seem to sense the approach of death.
Furtive glances from ceiling to floor
Till some one or something opened the door.

The bravest of hearts turn cold with fear
The thing in the door was the Bombardier!
His hands were bony, and his hair was thin
His back was curved like an old bent pin.

His eyes were two empty rings of black
And he vaguely mumbled, "Shack, Shack, Shack."
This ancient relic of the Second World War
Crept 'cross the room and slouched at the bar.

No one spoke, but they watched in the glass
As the beggar produced a Bombsight Pass,
And, with hollow tones from a sunken chest
Demanded a drink and only the best.

The glass to his lips they heard him say
"The bomb bays open - bombs away"
Then speaking a word-he sneaked through the door
And the last of the Bombardiers was seen no more.

People still wonder at the beggars last word
'twas the strangest phrase they ever heard;
But all through the years that phrase has stuck
When they say "Bombardier", they add --"Hard Luck".

Dear John,
Treas. 385th BG
Laurel, FL

Great Warbirds Display - 31st August 1987

I don't know how to thank you for your very generous donation towards the upkeep of Sally B. It is really so very much appreciated.

I can assure you that the money will go to the vital spares that we need for the aircraft and should you be back in the UK you can see for yourself that your generous contribution has helped to keep the Sally B. flying.

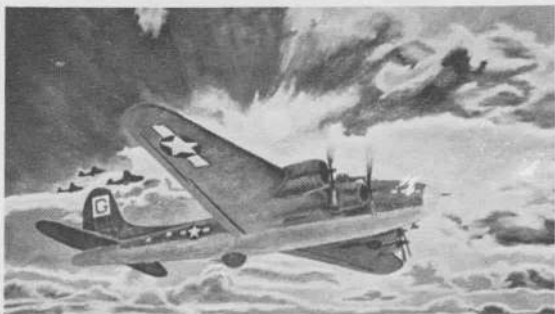
Please kindly convey our thanks to everyone involved and, under separate cover, I have sent you the latest information on the aircraft, just to keep you informed on the situation in and around Sally B. family.
Kindest regards,

Elly Sallingboe
BI7 Preservation LTD
P.O. Box 34, Horley, Surrey RH6 9RQ

Letters to the Editor con't

Dear Ed:

I'm enclosing a photo that I thought might be of some use to you. I received it in the mail the other day from Russ Hulse, who made his first reunion in Dayton. Russ was the armourer on Mr. Smith, Chet Doron's and my airplane. The picture is a snap of a painting of Mr. Smith done by Russ' wife Sarah. She seems to be quite and artist.



I noticed a question from John Pettinger in the last Newsletter concerning information on Nate Ungar. John had seen Nate's grave at Cambridge, identified as 385th, and couldn't recall who he was. Nate was the navigator on R.C. Smith's crew of Liberty Bell. Other crew members were Chuck Stevens, bombardier; Paul Lindsay, co-pilot; and L. Lonsway, tailgunner, The Liberty Bell caught fire over England returning from a mission due to flares exploding in the cockpit. Nate and Steve were killed bailing out with the wrong chute combination. This happened in the early fall of 43 before the group had too many missions and may account for why John couldn't remember Nate. It was about the same time that he himself was shot down. Chet and I shared a hut with Smitty's crew in the 549th. Lonsway attends all the reunions. Smitty and Lindsay attended the Colorado Springs reunion. Steve's younger brother, who was quite young at the time of Steve's death also attended that reunion, seeking information concerning Steve. Both Nate and Steve were a great couple of guys.



Nate Ungar

We're planning on making the England trip. Hope the Stern's are. The trip will serve double duty for us as I have a bunch of relations in the north of London. If not England, see you in Fargo.

Regards,

Sid Colthorpe
316 Woodside Dr, Hampton, Virginia 23669

Another New Heading For Our Newsletter

A few of you noticed the new heading on the January Newsletter, if you didn't, you WILL notice this one!

Bob Cribb of Spartanburg, SC sent it, and it looks like a great idea—we needed a name for the Newsletter, and Hard Life seems just right. He also suggested that we should add the 31st Station Complement Squadron to our list of support units.

Thanks Bob! Anymore suggestions from any of you out there will be welcome.

Dear Mr. McLachlan,

Ian Hawkins has passed your name to me as being an expert in the 385BG, particularly interested in nose art. I have also developed a keen interest in nose art with a particular concentration on the artists involved, sources of reference and name origins of aircraft in the USAAFs across the world during WWII. My research has revealed a number of artists who worked in, and for, the 385BG at Great Ashfield and I wonder if you can throw any Sight on any of them, or have information on any other artists.

The most well-known is Anne Heywood, who I hope to make contact with shortly. I know she worked on 'Dragon Lady', 'Laiden Maiden', 'Mr. Lucky', 'Powerful Katrina (I & II)' 'Vibrant Virgin', and 'Back to the Sack'. Do you know any others she was responsible for?

Two other names I have are Corporal Ploss (Ruby's Raiders) and Corporal Lavin (Rum Dum), but I am not sure if they were actually 385BG men or from some other outfit — or if they did other examples. Also 'Hustlin' Hussy' was a Dick Wingert cartoon — do you know if the artwork was actually painted by him (a la Bruce Bairnsfather) or just copied — and if so by whom?

Studying nose art from photos in books is, as I am sure you know, very limiting even with the very best reproduction. I am anxious to study original prints wherever possible, and keen to get copies of prints showing artists at work. Ian Hawkins generously loaned me his material to copy and take prints from and I wonder if it is possible for me to purchase copies of any examples of nose art you may have. I, of course, understand if you are reluctant to do this but would be grateful none-the-less for any help you could offer. Perhaps you know of sources of such material, either here or in the States, which I might contact.

Finally, I have two aircraft names on file which are incomplete because the photo cropping has lost part of the artwork — perhaps your knowledge of the 385BG could identify them. One is "...AL QUEEN" AND THE OTHER "... SELLE".

Many thanks, I look forward to hearing from you.

Ray Bowden
50 Argyle Road, Ealing, London W13 8AA

With the renewed interest in "Nose Art", we thought it's time for a rerun. The following story, written by Rally Dennis, was published in our June 1976 Newsletter.

Incidentally, Rally & wife live in Peterborough, NH, where they have a very interesting museum of Early Games. Stop & visit them!



"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" That was an issue in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet". An so the names that graced the fuselage of the B-17's of the 385th Bomb Group still live on in the memory of those who flew and maintained those graceful workhorses of vengeance during World War II. Some of those memories are locked away because of the sorrows connected with them, but the other day your Editor came across a small booklet and it contained an introduction and some pictures of a few of the more famous B-17's of the 385th BG. It had been written long ago - 2 October 44 - to be exact, by a then young Public Relations Officer, Captain Wilbur "Rally" Dennis. He was intrigued by the outright affection shown by the crewmen, both air and ground, for what seemed to him just a well constructed machine. Only one other copy is known to exist, but this story deserves to be remembered by every man who served in the 385th.

"THESE ARE THE NAMES"

The names and cartoons splashed on the noses of the B-17 Flying Fortresses are bold, saucy, swaggering, impish and almost always humorous. Painted in eye-catching chromos that make up in point what they lack in subtlety, the names and cartoons are expressive of more than the desire to give the plane a more easily remembered tag than its serial number. And choosing a name is not entirely up to the men who fly the ship.

The ground crew has a hand in the christening process as well. For the plane is something more than just a lifeless machine to the men who have so much to do with these craft. To both the air and ground crew, the plane that is "theirs" has intense significance. They can feel a life and spirit in that graceful ship. The crews who fly the plane depend on it for their lives at critical moments, and when the ship responds to the heavy demands the pilot is sometimes forced to make on it in order to evade the enemy, the crew develops a warm affection for the ship that "came through" when the "cards were down". To the ground



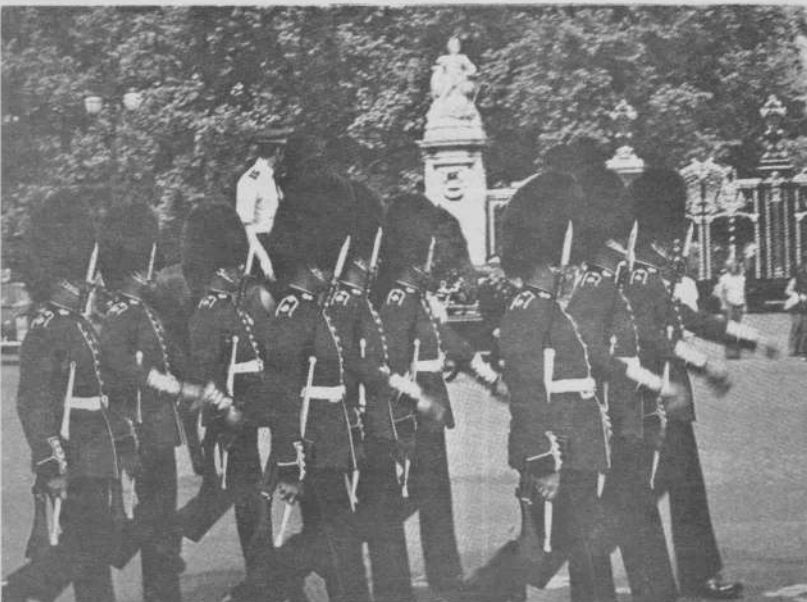
crew who lavish so much care and attention on the ship; checking, repairing, improving every minute inch of her great structure, the ship takes on the spirit of a child to which they are the doting parent. Members of ground crews have frequently expressed the somewhat incredible sentiment that their ship is "different" than any other on the field. They swear they could look at fifty bombers in a line and pick their own ship out. This despite the fact that every B-17 is mass-produced and is alike in every respect. The comment of a pilot on the destruction of a ship in which he flew his tour of operations is illustrative of the regard in which an airman holds the ship that has carried him through. The pilot had flown "PICCADILLY QUEEN" on twenty-five missions over Germany. After

1988 ENGLISH REUNION TOUR

Aug. 16th -Sept. 6th



Changing of the Guard, London



One of the most stately attractions in London is Buckingham Palace. It is the Official Residence of the Queen. The daily changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace is perhaps the most popular event for most visitors to London. Another popular ceremony is the changing of the H.G. This colorful ceremony takes place daily at Horse Guards on Whitehall Road (just south of Trafalga Square). Both ceremonies should be musts for visitors to see. Other ceremonials at the Palace take place on various dates during the year.

Everyone traveling to England should have a camera and plenty of film for there is much to capture for later viewing and reminiscing. One can put together a never to be forgotten picture album of the visit of the 385th to the British Isles in 1988.

trip to London from Los Angeles for \$549 plus \$13 tax on a British Airways 747. But there is plenty of time ahead to make reservations and prices do fluctuate. One should be ready to make firm reservations in June and not later than early July.

A GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH HISTORY

Those who participate in the 1988 Reunion Tour of the 385th will visit places where much of England's history was made. Conducted by our couriers, we will see Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, Dover Castle and Windsor Castle. The Architecture of each of these unique structures is something to marvel at for they were built many centuries ago and stand today just as sturdy as they were intended.



Guard at Buckingham Palace



London's famous timepiece-Big Ben.

The recorded history of Westminster Abbey begins in the 10th century but evidence from a document of that time points to the foundation of a monastery there in the 6th century. Many English Kings and Queens are buried in the Abbey. Even poets Spenser, Dryden, Tennyson, and Chaucer and also Sir Isaac Newton are buried there.

St. Paul's Cathedral dates back to 604 A.D.. The first Cathedral was destroyed by fire - a peril which through the centuries beset all five churches. The last one was burned down in the great fire of London in 1666. The one that stands today was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who is buried there along with Lord Nelson and The Duke of Wellington.

Canterbury Cathedral is the Mother Church of England. It is the cradle of English Christianity. It had its beginnings in the 6th century. One might recall Chaucer's Canterbury Tales which relates the murder of Archbishop Thomas Becket, an act ordered by King Henry II. Henry IV is the only King buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

Windsor Castle was built by William the Conqueror in the 11th century to complete a ring of castles and fortresses around London. It stands on a man-made hill overlooking the River Thames and the town of Eton, across the river. Runnymede, where the Magna Carta was signed, is some two miles away. During World War II, Windsor became the fortress home of the Royal Family as its immensely thick walls provided a safe retreat from the bombings of London. Our tour will take us through the grounds and the State Apartments. During the Queen's annual residence at Windsor, usually during the month of April, the Apartments are closed to the public.

Dover Castle, above the white cliffs of Dover, is one of the oldest and most important in the United Kingdom. The earthworks were first dug and scraped to make an Iron Age fortress in the first century A.D.. The Romans placed a lighthouse within it. During perilous times, English Royalty would use Dover Castle as their safe haven and would stay there until it was safe to return to London. The Castle never fell. The base thickness of its walls is 25 feet and its architecture was so well planned that every wall and every corner was under surveillance of its defenders. Being on a steep hill, attackers would have great difficulty climbing up to it, especially when under fire of its defenders.

REUNION NOTES

Those who are planning the Reunion Tour in the United Kingdom in August are reminded that Passports will be required. However, there will be no Visa requirement. It takes about 6 weeks to get a passport through the mail, so be sure to allow plenty of lead time. Those who have passports should check the expiration dates to be sure they will be current for the 1988 reunion.

No special immunizations are required for entry in the UK.

By now, our members should have a brochure on the Reunion in England. If someone has not received one yet, contact Al Chealander without delay.

SIGN UP'S FOR THE REUNION IN ENGLAND as of March 8, 1988

Albrecht, Harold 6 Florence
 Bash, Geraldine 6 Grandson Robert III
 Bember, John 6 Jean
 Chealander, Al 8 Geneva
 Collins, Donald 6 Patricia
 Gaul, Kay
 Hair, Tom 8 Norma
 Hart, Carter 8 Mozelle
 Herron, Vivian
 Jones, Henry 8 Martha
 Lane, Milton 8 Ivy
 Matthews, Dyton 8 Katherine
 Salvador, George 8 Alice
 Schulte, Walter 8 Norma
 Siefert, Martin 8 Dorothy
 Tulare, Willis 8 Doris
 Tunstall, Garnett 8 Helen
 Walls, Frank 8 Winifred
 Whitlow, Dick 8 Duffy

ENGLISH REUNION TOUR UPDA TE

Several of our members have inquired about a shortened reunion tour in August since they or their spouses are still working or have other commitments and therefore cannot get away for the full 22 day tour. Some others want to participate in only the London and East Anglia portions of the tour for other reasons. After discussing this with David Wade, he has agreed to provide an extra coach for those who desire a shortened tour. Here are the details. The shortened tour will follow the same itinerary as the 22 day tour from Day 1, August 16th through Day 8, August 23rd. On Day 9, August 29th, the coach carrying the shortened tour people will return them to their London Hotel or the airport, at which time their tour will terminate. The cost for the short tour will be \$698 per person, based on the same exchange rate of \$1.60 per English Pound as for the long tour. Those who are interested in the short tour only, should immediately send their reservation forms and \$200 deposits to Al Chealander. Only one coach will be committed to the short tour so it will be filled in the sequence that the reservations are received. First come, first served.

Rowley Miles, the gentleman farmer who owns the land occupied by the airfield at Great Ashfield, has graciously suggested that we spend more time in Great Ashfield. David Wade and I agree it is a good suggestion. So, on Day 7, we will leave Ipswich at 09:00 and arrive at Great Ashfield at 09:55. After some reminiscent wandering around the old airfield, picture taking, and visitations with local villagers, we will depart for Bury St. Edmunds around 12:00. After lunch in Bury, we will resume the regular itinerary and proceed to the American Cemetery at Maddingly.

The reunion brochure failed to mention that the last night surprise dinner party on Day 21 is included in the tour price. David Wade won't tell me where it will be, but if it is one-half as good as the last night dinner party he put on for us in 1980, it will have to be an outstanding event. Members are reminded that guests are welcome on this tour. Bring as many as want to come. It will be a great vacation trip at a very low cost. Don't delay. Get those reservations and deposits in the mail now. The final payment should be mailed to Al Chealander not later than May 1st as he must transfer all funds to David Wade LTD by the May 16th due date. Hopefully, the value of the British Pound will decrease some more in the next few months to keep our costs down.

Since the tour price per person is based on double occupancy, every effort will be made to pair those who plan to come alone with someone else traveling alone. So, if any individual member, wife, widow or guest desires to come alone on this tour, please get the reservation form in to Al Chealander right away, with a note that you desire to share Hotel accommodations with another person. Al will get back to you with names of others traveling alone for a match up.

REUNION INFORM A TION

Some who are planning to attend the English reunion will be taking other side trips as well. Al and Ginny Chealander will head for Bergen, Norway, after the reunion tour to take an eleven day Norwegian Coastal Voyage. This trip crosses the Arctic Circle and reaches the northern-most city on the Continent of Europe,

Hammerfest. Back to Bergen, then to London for a day or two of shopping before heading back to Los Angeles. Frank and Winn Walls plan to travel to Southampton on the QE2. They will dock on August 16th and will join the rest of us at the Grafton Hotel on August 17th to tell how it is to travel on a luxury liner. Others, whose plans aren't complete yet, mentioned side trips to the Continent. When people travel as far as Europe for a vacation, it makes good economic sense to see as much as possible in that part of the world before coming home. Such opportunities do not present themselves as frequent as we'd like in our lifetimes. If anyone is interested in the Norwegian Coastal Voyage or a reasonable 10 day trip to Helsinki from London, with return to Felixstowe on a Finnish cargo vessel, please write Al Chealander for further information.

As we learned at Great Ashfield during the war, England has two seasons - Winter and August. The climate should be relatively pleasant and mild during our reunion tour, but it does get cool enough for sweaters in the evenings. Since it has been known to rain in the United Kingdom in August and September, handy little folding type umbrellas should be tucked away somewhere in one's luggage. The men should bring along a coat and tie and the ladies a cocktail dress or equivalent for our evening dinner festivities and the memorial church service at Great Ashfield. On the subject of foreign currency exchange, the best rates are obtained at the large banks. The worst rates are at restaurants, many hotels, stores and money changers. It is cheapest to use a Visa or Master Charge card to get a cash advance at any bank to get as much currency as needed. No fee is charged at that bank and you get a better rate of exchange than for travellers checks or greenbacks. The only fee is what is charged by your bank when you pay the billing on the card. It is minimal. For instance, my bank charges only \$1 for each cash advance that I get on my Visa card in a foreign country, regardless of the amount of foreign currency I receive. The next best rate is for travellers checks and the worst rate is for greenbacks. One can obtain a \$20 Tip Pack in English currency from his own Stateside bank before departing the U.S.. Since the bank has to order it, it is best to give it at least a month's lead time before you plan to pick it up. There are banking facilities at Gatwick and Heathrow Airports which are open all the time, but their rates are sometimes a bit higher than their London branches. The U.S. Customs Service allows each U.S. citizen to bring as much as \$900 in purchases back to the U.S. free of duty taxes. It would be wise to remember this when contemplating the purchase of Cashmere sweaters. Bone China or Waterford Crystal. If mailed from overseas, duty will undoubtedly be charged for such purchases. Best to check out the rates with the U.S. Customs people before departing the U.S.

Who wants to play golf at St. Andrews or Turnberry, or both places? If anyone is interested, drop a line to Al Chealander right away so he can make the arrangements. Clubs can be rented at both places. Green fees are about 18 Pounds at each course.

Since each of us will be making our own flight arrangements to England and return, it is time to start looking for the airlines with the most reasonable fares. The fares vary quite considerably among the various airline companies. The airlines that fly to London from the U.S. are American, Continental, Northwest, Pan Am, TWA, British Airways, and British Caledonia, to name the leading ones. They each have gateway cities in the U.S. from which you can depart for London. Each airline has its own type of discount fare, such as APEX, Economy, Coach, Excursion, etc., but one must shop around to find the most reasonable for August. For example, it is possible right now to book a round



The Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, Scotland, is the world's most famous course.

Golfing Your Way Through Scotland

By WILLIAM SHIRLEY

ST. ANDREWS, Scotland—A summer rain blowing in from the North Sea across St. Andrews Bay had turned this famous old gray town even more gray and sent tourists scurrying into the Woolen Mill for shelter.

Seven American golfers were preparing to tee off on the Old Course.

< Despite the weather that soon would get worse, they set off under their colorful umbrellas, elated at their chance to play the course.

∴ What the heck, I thought, if you are going to play St. Andrews, what better way to conjure up the ghosts of Tom Morris, Harry Vardon and Bobby Jones than to play it an wind and rain.

•i St. Andrews—the name stirs visions of fairways shrouded in mist, dreaded rough of heather and gorse, pot bunkers so deep that you need a ladder to get in and out of them, and greens so large that a football team could play on some of them.

* It is the most famous golf course in the world. Not the best, mind you, but the best known.

• The opening scene of "Chariots of Fire" was shot here. When the runners in the film left the beach and headed for town, they crossed the first fairway and ran past the clubhouse.

It seems that the dream of all serious golfers is to play St. Andrews and, judging from the heavy traffic on the Old Course on this day, most of them are having a go at it. Tee times are hard to get, unless you area single. If you show

up on, say, a Monday or a Tuesday without one, you are likely to be told to come back Thursday.

But there is an easy way to beat this problem. Take a golf tour. Dozens of packages are available.

I recently played some of Scotland's most famous courses on a tour organized by the USC Alumni Assn, and run by Sundance Travel of Newport Beach. It's the way to go if you want your tee times and caddies reserved, and transportation for you and your clubs to and from the courses.

But some courses are not easy to find.

We played six courses in nine days, our itinerary taking us first to St. Andrews, then across to the West Coast of Scotland to Turnberry and finally to Gleneagles.

Our large motor coach took us through gorgeous rolling countryside past lochs, bens and castles, and to Edinburgh one day for sightseeing.

Non-golfers in our group of 14 browsed through castles and shops while we played the Old Course, Carnoustie, Ailsa (Turnberry), Old Prestwick and the King's and Queen's courses at Glerieagles.

Ailsa, on a former bomber base on the Firth of Clyde, was the site of the 1986 British Open, won by Greg Norman. Ben Hogan became known to Scots as the "Wee Ice Mon" after he won the British Open at Carnoustie.

Old Prestwick was dropped from the British Open schedule long ago and, although it has some unusual and terrifying holes, it is forgetta-

ble. Your time could be better spent playing either St. Andrews or Carnoustie twice.

Carnoustie, reached easily from St. Andrews, is perhaps the quintessential Scottish course: Caddies there still rhapsodize over some of Hogan's shots.

The first thing you notice about most Scottish links is that they look like our run-down municipal courses. They make such American favorites as Cypress Point, Pebble Beach, Pinehurst, Riviera and Augusta National look like royal gardens.

The Scottish terrain was shaped by nature and is virtually treeless. There are no man-made lakes with plastic or concrete bottoms, no fairways smoothed or shaped by bulldozers.

Holes at the seaside courses are on land claimed from the sea and left to the whims of nature. Some fairways, notably at St. Andrews, undulate so severely that you can get seasick staring down them.

The sides of some pot bunkers are so steep that they have to be sodded. Shots cannot always be struck forward, either from the bunkers or the gorse. A wise player soon learns to hit sideways or backward to return the ball to the fairway.

Most U.S. golfers today aren't accustomed to playing with caddies. On Scottish courses they are as necessary as a driver or wedge. Without one you might not finish your round, because you will either run out of daylight or golf balls. Or both. Caddies can find your errant shots in the gorse as easily as a bird dog can find a quail.

Blind shots are common on Scottish courses, and unless you are familiar with the territory, you may get lost without a caddy. A good one is a bargain at a fee of \$15 to \$20 U.S. Lost balls can cost you more than that.

Electric carts are not allowed on courses here, and not even hand trolleys are permitted on the championship links. Good caddies are getting scarce here, too, so it is important to reserve one.

At St. Andrews the best address for golfers is the Old Course Hotel on the 17th fairway, the infamous "road hole," where shots over the green must be played from the paved road.

At the hotel your clubs are stored in the pro shop—in a sauna, in fact, if they are wet—and golfers are delivered to the first tee in a van.

The restaurant and many of the rooms offer fine views of the 2nd and 17th holes and the North Sea.

The luxurious Turnberry Hotel is a splendid old Edwardian-era building atop a hill overlooking two golf courses and the Firth of Clyde. An elongated white wooden structure with a red roof, it reminds you of San Diego's Hotel Del Coronado without all the turrets.

From its paneled public rooms and elegant dining room, one has a splendid view of the sea. Turnberry is also the place to stay if Old Prestwick is on your schedule.

Gleneagles, the perfect stop to end your tour, is one of the world's best hotels—and one of the finest golf resorts. It has four courses of varying lengths and difficulty on its 610 acres in the lovely, rolling countryside of Perthshire, an hour's drive from Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Flowers, trees and shrubs abound on the spacious grounds surrounding the 53-year-old gray stone building.

One of the courses, King's, was the site of the 1987 Scottish Open. Nicklaus has played it frequently.

Double rooms in the five-star hotel cost from \$160 to \$210 U.S., and a large suite costs about \$315. Rates include a 15% value added tax.

For guests traveling on their own, a full Scottish breakfast costs \$13.50, lunch \$25 and dinner \$33. Our other hotels, including the Park Lane in London, charged similar rates.

My 14-day tour, "In Quest of the Classics," cost \$3,700 per golfer, an average of \$264 a day.

The price included round-trip air fare from Los Angeles to Edinburgh via London, 12 nights in four luxury-class hotels, full English and Scottish breakfasts, 10 dinners, cocktail parties every night, all transportation by private motor coach and all greens fees. Non-golfers in the group paid \$3,490.

If you think golf is a humbling game when played on simple, well-groomed U.S. courses, you will have even more respect for the game once you have played here. It's a sporting experience you won't soon forget.

his tour was completed another crew took the ship over, and one day, in a wild air battle over Frankfurt, the QUEEN went down. A German fighter plane, its pilot obviously dead from Fortress machine gun slugs, had rammed into the venerable bomber and the two aircraft crashed to earth. When the p-ilot who had flown the QUEEN on so many missions heard this, tears came to his eyes and between gritted teeth he spoke a fitting epitaph for the gallant ship, "Ramming was the only way the bastards could bring the QUEEN down". When "HESITATIN'



HUSSY" went down, the crew chief who had serviced the ship as though it were some product of his own being, simply refused to believe that "his" ship had been shot out of the sky. Returning flyers told how they had seen it go down in flames. Reports from headquarters definitely established that the ship had been destroyed. Two hours after the entire mission had landed on base there was no doubt in the minds of the authorities concerned, that "HESITATIN' HUSSY" had fought its last air battle. Ten hours later, the crew chief squinted his eyes into the murky night skies for the last time and finally gave up hope for the HUSSY's return. When men feel that strongly about anything, the name by which the attachment is known has a very significant and profound meaning to them. Though the names are, for the most part, saucy and flippant, they express a depth of emotion and feeling that is hard to comprehend unless men are heard talking about "their" ship; and then, only by the intonations of affection, gratitude and pride can the meaning of what each name means be felt. Every ship name pictured in this collec-

tion has a story and significance to the men who flew or serviced the ship. Not all of them make good telling and so they are not related. But like moments in a man's life that have a wealth of memory for him alone and is of but indifferent interest to others, so too, do these ships pictured herein represent a treasury of personal memories to the men who flew and serviced them. But do not pass over these uni-dimemsional pictures too lightly - they represent the inner stuff of gallant men!

"Rally" also had a collection of aircraft names, to which the Editor has added a few. If any reader can not find his aircraft's name in this list, please send it in on a post card. The serial number of the aircraft and the crew chief's name is also being sought to complete our collection. Our Group had approximately 254 aircraft assigned overseas. This list is about 190 names. Some aircraft were never named and were known by their last three serial numbers, such as "897". Here is the listing. You name the squadron and the rest of the info and mail it in.



Achtung	Aimless Wanderer
Albatross	Aimless Wonder
Alexander's Ragtime Band	

B

Betty Boom	Beautiful Gal
Ben-J	Blue Champagne
Beelzebub	Barbara B
Bli tz Buggy	Bel 1 e of the Blue

L (Con'td)

Letty Jane
Lady Lyle

M

Mary Ellen
Mary Pat
Mission Belle
Mary Ellen II
Mr. Smith
My Gal Sal
Man O'War
Mary Ellen III
Maiden USA
Mr. Lucky
Moon's Morons
Miss Alamo City
Mickie
Mai rzy•Doats
Mickie II
Mississippi Miss
Miss D-Day

N

Nan B.
Night Mare

O

Old Shillelagh
Old Shillelagh II
Ohio Air Force
Offspring
Over the Hump
Oswald the Volunteer

P

Piccadilly Queen
Pregnant Portia
Pat Pending
Pi scosa
Piccadilly Queen
(Modified Virgin)
Powers Girl
Pride of the Yankees
Pin Up Girl
Pistol Totin' Babe
Powerful Katrinka
Purple Shaft
Potergei st
Possible Straight

Q



R

Raunchy Wolf
Roundtrip Jack
Roundtrip Ticket
Roundtrip Ticket II
Roundtrip Ticket III
Raggedy Ann
Rum Dum
Ragged But Right
Remember US
Reluctant Lady
Righteous Wrath
Ruby's Raiders
Rio Tinto

S

Sly Fox
Souise Family
Shack Bunny (Dark)
Shack Bunny (Blond)
Slo-Jo
Sack Time
Stars & Stripes
Stars & strips -
2nd Edition
Sleepytime Gal
Sleepytime Gal II
Sleepytime Gal III
Souise Family II
Souise Family III
Spare Parts
Suzanne
Spirit of Chicago
Souise Family IV
Superstition
Sunday Punch
Stormy Angel
Southern Belle
Stork
Satan's Mate
Second Front
Slick Chick
Stork Club
Skirtin' Trouble
Shy Godaess
Shy Dotty
Sky Chief

T

This is It
The Wildcat
Thunderoi rd
Thoroughbred
Tung Hoi
Texas Bluebonnet

J. (Con'td)

Letty Jane
Lady Lyle

M

Mary Ellen
Mary Pat
Mission Belle
Mary Ellen II
Mr. Smith
My Gal Sal
Man O'War
Mary Ellen III
Maiden USA
Mr. Lucky
Moon's Morons
Miss Alamo City
Mi cki e
Mai rzy•Doats
M i c k i e II
Mississippi Miss
Miss D-Day

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Shy Godaess
Shy Dotty
Sky Chief

T

This is It
The Wildcat
ThunderD i rd
Thoroughbred
Tung Hoi
Texas Bluebonnet

U

V

- Vibrant Virgin
- Virgie, Queen of Hearts
- Vat 69
- Virginian

W

- Weiders Wildcast
- Wild Hair
- Winnie The Pooh
- War Cry
- White Heat
- Worry Bird
- Wells Cargo
- West Virginian

Y

- Yank

Z

- Zoot



THE VIRGIN WAS RAPPED (FLAK)



THE ENGLISH INFLUENCE



YOUR CHOICE - BLONDE OR BRUNETTE



"MISS D-DAY"

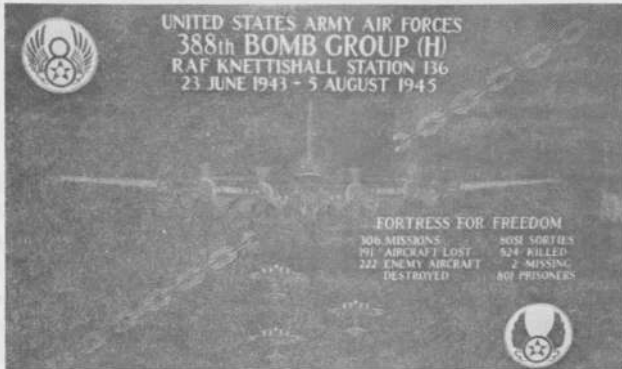
CREDITS

Among the artists remembered by the Editor are Cpls Jim Lavin and Ploss, Sgt Sidney Ostrow and Annie Hayward, the young Englishwoman who was an Assistant at the Red Cross Club. A great many flight jackets also were proof of their craft. Sid and Annie's murals graced the walls of clubs and Niessen huts which were our quarters.

Letters to the Editor con't

Dear Ed:

Just wanted to say thank you for all the 385th newsletters. I look forward to receiving them regularly now, and find them most interesting. I am hoping to meet up with the reunion group at Gt. Ashfield in August.



I am enclosing this picture I took, of a beautiful memorial stone. I came upon it this summer, on a drive around the countryside, its about 800 KM from Gt. Ashfield, sorry my camera isn't a really good one, but I was really taken with the B-17.

I wish you all a HappyChristmas and a Very Good '88, see you then,

Kathleen Sapey

Hi Ed:

Just sending this to help with the newsletter.

Our plane "Poltergiest" No. 059 went down the very next mission after we finished our tour.



"Poltergiest" - noisy ghost
550th Sqd- March 1944

Front Row: Left to Right: Bob James - Co-pilot, Fred Heiser • Pilot, John Hills - Navigator. Second Row, Left to Right: Tony Ardzinski - Tail, Carlyle Hanson -Eng., Julius King • Waist, Schulthies - Waist, Doc Dougherty - Radio, Geo Salvador - Ball.

Would like to know who flew it - what happened - any survivors - Anyone know?

Hey Ed, See ya in Fargo.

Have a gooood day,

Carlyle Hanson
1720A Lakeview Blvd, Mt. Vernon, WA 98273

Dear George,

I want to tell you how much Ola and I enjoyed the reunion. Everything was far and above our wildest expectations. It is hard to believe that over 500 people can be together for 3 days and 3 nights, with so many parties going on, and be so compatible. We saw so many old friends and met so many new ones.

George, I am enclosing the crew picture that we discussed after the meeting Monday morning. I hope you can use it. We were the Oscar Hientz Crew and flew the "Wandering Dutchess". The I.D.'s are on the back of the picture. Also, I would like to know how I can get the book of the History of the 385th. Thanks to all of you who gave us such a wonderful weekend.

Regards,

"Stuby", Karl Stubenazy
736 Independence Ave.. Trenton, ND 08610



Left to right, Back Row, Standing: 2nd Lt. Elliot B. Young, Co-pilot; 1st Lt. Oscar B. Hientz, Pilot; 2nd Lt. Fred IV. Dunton, Navigator; F/O Willard M. Hagman, Bombardier. Front Row: Sgt. Anthony G. Erbacci, Waist Gunner; S/Sgt. Horace L. Twyman, Top Turret; S/Sgt. Bernard H. Smyth, Radio; Sgt. Harold K. Fredricksen, Tail; Sgt. Karl E. Stubenazy, Ball Turret.



John M. Search, Feb. 1988
Frank P. Grimes, Feb. 1988

Hi Ed,

I missed attending the 11th Reunion at Dayton, Ohio in July but hope to attend the 12th and possibly the overseas trip in 1988 to Great Ashfield London, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

I'm enclosing several news articles from the Oregonian of possible interest and copy of Ruralite with an article on Sig. Unander in Cornelius, Oregon who tracks down B-17 history and writes "Pieces of a Dream" - pages 4 & 5.

Would it be possible to send a current membership roster? The last one I have is of Oct, 1984. Also current address of Thom Horrian and copy of 11th reunion happenings, etc. if published.

Thank you,

George Sutherland
P.O. Box 531, Terrebonne, OR 97760



Pieces of a Dream by Lono Waiwaiole

Sig Unander discovered in the second grade that he had been born about 30 years too late.

He made that discovery while devouring a book about the Battle of Britain, an experience which triggered his life-long fascination with aviation history in general, and World War II aviation in particular.

Sig was not the first person to launch his imagination on gleaming wings. More than two million Americans served in the army and navy during World War II, many of them lured by the same magic Sig found as a second-grader—the giddy intoxication of cruising the highways of eagles.

But a kinship with America's aerial warriors only increased Sig's frustration with being born seven years after their war ended. Fortunately, he was born and raised near Portland, Oregon, in the heart of *Ruralite* country, an ideal place to do the next best thing.

"My goal is to preserve as much of their history as possible," Sig says. "What they did has never been matched. We fought the greatest air war in history with an all-volunteer air force, trained and equipped almost overnight.

"The numbers are staggering. We went from 150,000 men at the beginning of the war to almost 2,300,000 by the time it was over, and we built more than

300,000 planes during the war. The fact that we could approach either of those numbers is one of the biggest reasons we won the war."

But preserving this rich heritage is not an easy task. In the first place, both the fliers and their aircraft disappeared even faster than they had been created.

"The pilots were very young," Sig says. "Their average age was under 20, and very few of them had ever flown before. They had a job to do, they did it,



Sig Unander in 1940s-era flying gear.

and then they went home. Probably most of them never flew again."

This rapid dispersal makes tough work of tracking down the air warriors and hearing their stories, but that job is a piece of cake compared to finding the planes they flew. The military scrapped 90% of its aircraft at war's end. Many models were wiped out entirely, which infuriates preservationists like Sig.

"It was almost criminal. Just to give you an example of the scope of the thing, let me throw a couple more numbers at you. At the end of the war, we had 12,241 B-17 bombers—the famous Flying Fortresses. Today there are only 12 in flyable condition. We had 19,256 B-24 Liberators, and now we're down to only two!

"Most of these aircraft were sold to scrappers for less than the value of the gas in their wing tanks. Many of the planes that came off the assembly lines at the end of the war were flown straight from the manufacturer to the boneyard. Planes waiting for the smelter were lined wingtip to wingtip, as far as the eye could see."

As a result, the only way to increase the number of historic aircraft is to locate places where these planes crashed during the war, and pick up the pieces. This is called aircraft archeology, and the Pacific northwest is one of the best places in the world to pursue it.

"Due the the fear of Japanese attack

Opposite, some of 12,000 B-17s come off the assembly line (courtesy Boeing Aerospace). Right, the "Sentimental Journey," one of 12 B-17s still flying, owned by the Confederate Air Force.

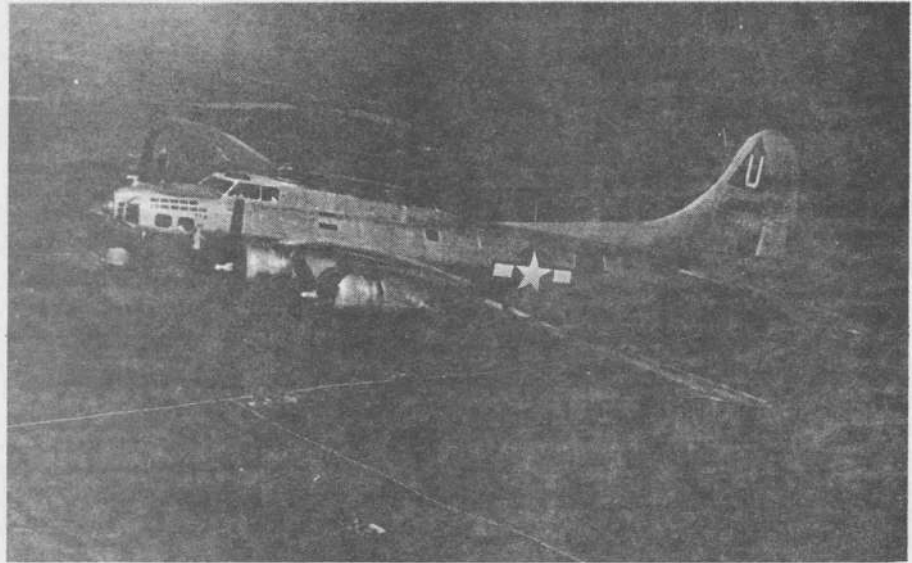
after the bombing of Pearl Harbor," Sig explains, "the entire west coast was a heavy area of activity for military aviation. Virtually every airfield in the northwest became a military airfield during the war."

Two of the biggest bases were in Walla Walla, Washington and Pendleton, Oregon. They were both near the Blue Mountains, with the result that many planes made unscheduled stops on the slopes of the Blues. But the same thing happened everywhere from Idaho to the Oregon and Washington coasts, from Canada to the deserts of Nevada.

"What you had were mostly pilots still in training, and some very hazardous weather," Sig says. "That combination produced hundreds of aviation mishaps all over the northwest. And many of the lost planes went down without a trace—in the state of Washington alone, there are still 35 aircraft reported missing which have never been found officially."

Nothing fires Sig up faster than thinking of the crash sites out there, just waiting to be discovered. He has been to six sites so far—in the Blue Mountains of both Washington and Oregon, western Wyoming, northern Nevada and the Oregon coast south of Tillamook—and has looked unsuccessfully for many more.

"I really enjoy the hunt. There is nothing more exciting than researching



old accident reports and newspaper accounts to identify a possible crash site, confirming that site through additional research, locating the site on a map, then finding the site on the ground and finally putting your hand on a wreck.

"We live in a kind of a humdrum world full of paperwork, insurance policies, trying to get a good job—there doesn't seem to be much high adventure anymore. Pursuing this has been very exciting to me.

"Sometimes it's a major achievement just getting to a crash site. It might mean traveling by horseback and cutting your way through thickets with an axe, and the closer you get, the faster your pulse."

Sig is not alone in this pursuit. He belongs to the American Aviation Historical Society, the International Group for Historic Aircraft Recovery

and the Confederate Air Force, which maintains the largest collection of operational WWII aircraft in the world.

His own collection is a long way from realizing his fondest dream—the restoration of his very own "war bird." But he'll be happy if he can help get the recognition he thinks they deserve for the people who lost their lives fighting the war in the skies above the northwest.

"As far as I have been able to determine, the site I visited south of Tillamook is the only crash site in the northwest where a commemorative marker exists. The others are totally anonymous, and the people who died there are truly unknown soldiers and unsung heroes. We know that many of them exhibited the same kind of courage and heroism that our fliers showed over Europe or the Pacific—such as going down with their craft to save the lives of others—and I'd like to see them recognized for it."

Sig hopes to write a book detailing every crash site in the northwest and telling the story of what happened there, but first he'll have to find those sites. He says the best sources of information are older residents of the areas in which the planes went down, and veterans who were either crash survivors or knew the victims.

Anyone who would like to help should write to Sig Unander at 846 South Ginger Street, Cornelius, Oregon 97113, or call (503) 648-9461.



The engines of a wrecked bomber lie in the Nevada desert.

Anyone want to tackle a good project? Read the suggestion in Truman's first paragraph. Don't expect your Editor to volunteer!

Dear Ed/

Reference June '87 Newsletter, Buell Martin's letter, requesting you to print a list of the Groups missions and dates. While such a list is in the History, I agree it would make good copy for the Newsletter — in an expanded, or more detailed, format; even with a map of the course lines. However, if one mission for each issue —& Well, none of us will last that long. Even so, such a collection should make some interesting reading. Therefore, is it somehow possible that such a compilation could be made? 297 missions would make quite a volume at only one page per mission. This is only the tip of the iceberg, since some missions could not be detailed in so few pages. Thus, the pieces of the puzzle are not likely to be assembled into a whole. And of course, anyone would be correct in assuming that the whole of our history will forever remain more than the sum total of all of its parts.

Yes, Buell, (in answer to your question) I do recall that the 22 June Paris trip featured a display of Red Flak, and I would appreciate someone explaining the purpose of RedFlak. I had believed it to be a signal from the ground guns to the enemy fighters that they would soon stop firing in order for the fighters to make their attack, but my information is most likely in error. The only fighter that turned into us was a P-51 coming in at 6 o'clock as we headed west onto the bomb run (to bomb the Standard Oil refinery, as I recall), when my tailgunner asked if he was to fire on the Mustang. My reply was "If he's pointed at us, shoot the sonnovabitch down!", because any qualified fighter pilot had only one reason for pointing at another plane.

This was not the Tour de France we made in which we returned after dark. My notes indicate that mission to be 14 June to Florrennes-Juzaine, lead by Castle, Tesla and Herron. The purpose was to cut rail lines that supplied the Germans who were fighting back the invasion. It was not a single target, but targets of opportunity. Since most everything appeared to have already been bombed, the opportunity of locating a suitable target developed into the Tour of "one lost place to another". We finally lined up on some bridge and dropped and (I was told) we missed. However, (I believe it was Capt. Cerron who told me) "We sure decived 'em because the explosions had to have loosened the bridges cassons enough that the bridge looked like it had never been touched. But when they run a train accross it, it's going to crumble."

How else could you justify a 6 hr. 15 min. journey that brought us back after dark to JU-88 "Bandits in the area. Pick up a two-seven-zero heading. Turn your lights off and shofot at anything with lights on."

Herby Hill called from the tail, 'I've got some lights closing in at 6 o'clock". "Shoot the sonnovabitch down!" I said (again — as always) and went into a left turn. An RAF pilot, in some Pub, had once told me "Should you ever encounter Jerry on your tail at night, it's best to enter a turn, then un-coordinate. Since all pilots are trained to fly coordinated, he'll lose you-and most likely not find you again-should you uncoordinate your flying." So it was that I kicked bottom rudder in the turn with everything I had, lost our pursuer and almost everthing else. Carmen, Right Waist, accused me of breaking his nose-again, maintaining that I was more of a threat to his safety than the enemy. Moon Baughman and I managed to get our ship under control at less than a thousand feed. But nobody shot us down.

Truman Smith

385th BGM A

ED STERN, EDITOR
P.O. Box 2187
 Fargo, ND 58108

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Joseph B. Koscinski
2514 Sunset Dr.
Beloit, WI 53511