

NEWSLETTER OF THE
385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION



COMBAT UNITS

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

VOL. XIII. NO. 4

Editor: Ed Stern
 Printed by Interstate Printing
 Fargo, North Dakota

SUPPORT UNITS

424th AIR SVS. GP.
 877th CHEM. CO. (AO)
 DET. 166, 18th AWS
 STATION COMPLEMENT SQ.

AUGUST 1996

THOUGHTS OF THE PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT

Robert A. Valliere
 18 Whiting Farm Rd.
 Branford, CT 06405-3223
 203-488-1622

1ST VICE PRESIDENT

Arch Benner
 1760 Dale Douglas Dr.
 El Paso, TX 79936-4605

2ND VICE PRESIDENT

Michael R. Gallagher
 45 Hopewell Trall
 Chagrin Falls, Oh 44022

Nancy Valliere

18 Whiting Farm Rd.
 Branford, CT 06405-3223
 203-488-1622

SECRETARY

George Hruska
 7442 Ontario St.
 Omaha, NE 68124
 402-397-1934

TREASURER

John Pettenger
 Box 117
 Laurel, FL 34272-0117
 941-488-7569

As we get older we get slower -- I guess. The response to the England trip has been slow. This might be the last time to gather the Group to go to the base and surrounds.

John & Betty Mathews, Richard & Mary Jane Molzhan, James & Millard Bond, William & Mary Todd, Oliver & Jeff Anderson, Jim & Dorothy Thompson, William & Doris Nichols, Leslie, Mavis & Patricia Thompson, Arthur & Mary Driscoll, Denver & Noriko Canaday, Howard & Vivian Richardson, Clarence Fauber, John & Ruth Pettenger, Mike & Sharon Kindya, Bob Valliere

I urge you to make a decision NOW so that we can have a group representation at Great Ashfield—perhaps the last "hurrah". So if at all possible, join in and send your registration to John Pettenger, NOW.

Also, I would ask that the widows please enroll in the program, so that there can be a group in which the women will become more active in the Association.

You have a good odea about LM and \$100 for 10 years sounds fine. More on this later.

Regards,
 Bob

CHAPLAIN

Rev. James H. Vance
 15929 SE 46 Way
 Bellevue, WA 98006-3240
 295-746-8484

EDITOR, HARDLIFE HERALD

Ed Stern
 P.O. Box 2187
 Fargo, ND 58108
 701-237-0500

FAX# 701-235-6724

8th AF HISTORICAL UNIT CONTACT

Jerry Donnelly
 10770 SW 46th
 Miami, FL 33165

HONORARY MEMBERS

M/Sgt John Mckay, Jr. USAF

PAST PRESIDENTS

Ruel G. Welkert
 Frank B. Walls
 Vincent W. Masters
 *John C. Ford
 James H. Emmons
 *Paul Schultz
 Forrest V. Poore
 William A. Nicholls
 Earle L. Cole
 Sam Lyke
 Sid Colthorpe
 Robert C. Smith

Deceased

CHAPLAIN JIM'S THOUGHTS **Obituari**

Hello All.

I just received my June copy of the HLH and the Scottish Rite Journal (Masonic) of which I belong. I thought I would express what was in both of these periodicals by "nostalgia" but the dictionary definition says "nostalgia" means "homesickness". And that is not what I felt; it was "remembrance."

The HLH is full of remembrances of World War II and what happened to all of us 50 some years ago, and the Scottish Rite Journal is full of what has happened to "Old Glory" (the flag) down through the ages. We should not forget either of these happenings. Our patriotism is more than mere flag waving. We spent years preparing our country for the future of our children. Now let's keep in touch with the power that can keep us and our country going the right direction.

I have mentioned it before so it is no big deal that I help Geri vacuum the house. This morning the vacuum tank was running and I had the hose in my hand pushing it back and forth. But I realized it was not picking up anything. In looking at the "tank" I could see that the hose had come disconnected. The tank was connected to the wall plug and it was running but since the hose was not connected to the "tank" nothing was happening.

All right this is the point I thought about. If we don't keep connected to the source of all "life" then our patriotism, responsibility, future of our country and our children is going to be gone.

God is the source of all life but unless we keep connected through our church, synagogue or cathedral we will lose any influence for good. Keep connected - get connected and God Bless.

Sincerely,
Jim V.



Joe Harvey	May 1996
Jerry Bielli	June 1996
Charles Incerra	March 1995
Gene Elkins	Feb. 1994

Gentleman;

My name is Larry Cobado 1 am one of Three grandsons of Jerry Bielli. 1 am writing to let you know my grandfather passed away on Wednesday June 5, 1996 at 4:30PM.

My grandfather was diagnosed as having a brain tumor. After only four days he was released from the hospital and appeared to be recovering well. After he was pronounced well enough to proceed with chemotherapy the treatments started. He never finished the treatments.

My grandfather is survived by my mother Jeraldine(Harry) Cobado, Myself(Marie) and my two brothers Jerry and Terry, and his dear friend Mickey.
Please take a moment at your next reunion to remember my grandfather. He was a great man and we all miss him.

Sincerely,
Larry Cobado

Mickey's Address My Mother's Address
Mickey Struwe Jeraldine Cobado
166 Delray Ave. 4849 California Rd.
West Seneca, N.Y Orchard Park, N.Y.

14224

14127

Lt. Col. Ronald Lehman

RIVERSIDE — Graveside services for Lt. Col. Ronald Frank Lehman, U.S. Air Force retired, will be held Friday at 2 p.m. at Tulocay Cemetery, 411 Coombsville Road. Lt. Col. Lehman died on Saturday of a heart attack in Riverside. A memorial service was held there on Wednesday.

Lt. Col. Lehman was born in 1923 in Upland. His boyhood years were in Riverside, but he moved north with his parents, Owen and Grace Lehman, in his junior year and graduated from Napa High School. Ron Lehman was an outstanding tennis player in school and also developed an early interest in aviation.

He went to work at Mare Island until he was old enough to join the Army Air Corps. During World War II, he flew 35 combat missions in B-17s with the 385th Bomb Group. At one time, he was the youngest first pilot/aircraft commander in the Eighth Air Force and his plane had the fewest aborted missions. Although his plane was often damaged and was shot down once, crash landing near Ghent, Belgium, all of his crew members survived the war and remained close over the years.

In 1945, he married Margaret Suhr of Napa whose brother David had been in pilot training with him.

After World War II, Lehman attended Napa Junior College and the University of Southern California, and was briefly in business until recalled to the U.S. Air Force to fly B-29s in combat over Korea. His 26 years in the Air Force included the Vietnam era and the beginning of the space age. He retired at Vandenberg Air Force Base in 1968.

He had traveled all over the United States and in many foreign countries, and his love of flying never left him. Recently, he visited the Air Museum at Castle Air Force Base to see one of the last remaining B-36 bombers, one of the largest aircraft ever built. Lt. Col. Lehman had himself flown the B-36 and over a dozen other aircraft types on display there. During his years in aviation, Lt. Col. Lehman earned his Command Pilot's Wings and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Bronze Star, the Air Medal and five Oak Leaf Clusters, the Air Force Commendation Medal, Distinguished Unit Citations, and numerous campaign and service ribbons.

Lt. Col. Lehman is survived by his wife of 50 years, Margaret; a daughter, Janice L. Huck of Corona; two sons, Jon F. Lehman of Corona and U.S. Ambassador Ronald F. Lehman II of Palo Alto; four grandchildren; a sister, Mary Dean of Fremont; and a brother, Robert Lehman of Alamo.

Arrangements under the direction of Richard Pierce Funeral Service. No visitation is planned at the mortuary.

Lefferts L. Mabie, Jr.

Lefferts Lammont Mabie, Jr., Died Wednesday, March 20, 1996.
He was 70.

Lefferts Mabie was born in Bronxville, New York, on May 5, 1925, to Lefferts Mabie, Sr., and Margarete Cronjaeger Mabie. He graduated from Lakeland High School in 1941. He served in the 8th Air Force in World War II as a B-17 pilot and flew 25 missions over Europe. He graduated from the University of Florida, College of Law with a LLB degree (now designated as Juris Doctor) in 1948. He served as County Judge in Hardee County, Florida, before moving to Penscola in 1965. He practiced law in Penscola with J.B. Hopkins and later joined the law firm of Levin, Middlebrooks, Mabie, Thomas, Mayes & Mitchell, P.A. in 1967 where he became a senior partner.

Lefferts Mabie served as president of the circuit bar association of the Tenth Judicial Circuit in central Florida and the First Judicial Circuit in northwest Florida. He held all offices of Academy of Florida Trial Lawyers, and served as its president in 1972. He also served as a director of the American Board of Trial Advocates and a member of the Executive Committee of the Trial Lawyers Section of The Florida Bar, having been active in the Academy of Florida Trial Lawyers since inception. Mabie had recently been named a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Florida College of Law and was appointed by the Governor of Florida to the Judicial Nominations Commission for the Supreme Court of Florida.

Lefferts Mabie was listed in the publication "The Best Lawyers in America" and was honored with the "Lifetime Achievement Award" by the Academy of Florida Trial Lawyers in 1992. He was a regular lecturer before the Academy of Florida Trial Lawyers, The Florida Bar, the American Board of Trial Advocates and the American Bar Association in the field of trial practice and insurance bad faith litigation. He tried cases in 34 different counties in Florida and numerous other states.

He is survived by his wife of fifty years, Marianne Munson Smith Mabie, and two children, Margarete Mabie Shows and Lefferts L. Mabie, III, and one granddaughter, Charlotte Wakeley Shows, all of Gulf Breeze, Florida. He is also survived by one brother, J. Ralph Mabie, Esq., of North Palm Beach, Florida.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We stumbled onto a long-forgotten letter that we sent home after VE Day when censorship was taken off. It's long and maybe uninteresting to some of you, but it tells a lot about what happened from June 1943 when we got onto the Queen Elizabeth through the two years at Great Ashfield (which I refer to as Elmswell).

I have no memory of writing it-do know lots of boring evenings when I had time. If you think it's too long, just imagine there were 3 pages before these which told about a pass to Torquay. Anyway, we're reprinting this exactly as it was sent to my wife. Since she had been with me at Ephrata, Spokane, and Great Falls, she knew a number of the fellows (who I refer to in this letter).

All of you will remember some of the things mentioned-experiences of a paddlefoot-it was fun to find the letter and read it after all these years.

"Incidentally, plans are undergoing some changes as far as we are concerned, and we'll be lucky if I'm home by Christmas. Before it looked like a pretty fair bet. Now, it'll be lucky."

Had a tragedy on the Base tonite- one of the fellows who'd finished his missions and was working in operations had a German pistol he was monkeying around with. Shot himself in the stomach and died. We have quite a few German weapons, swords, flags, and other souvenirs around.

Good news on censorship-ain't no more. We don't have to censor em's mail, and we can tell almost anything in our own letters, so here goes some of the things I haven't told you before. I'll forget lots of things that I wanted to tell you about, naturally, but I'll ramble along and probably hit most.

First, as to location, you must know by now we're at Elmswell in Suffolk-18 miles from Ipswich. It's a little town, about 1000 people, in the middle of England's most rural district. The people are very countryfied, the horses are the best in the world, and the crops are very good. You can easily find us on a decent map-but then England is so small I never could see much reason for you to be especially interested. But whenever you read in the papers "Enemy aircraft were active over East Anglia last night" that means us. East Anglia seemed to be where they were always active over.

Now as to the trip over. We left NY June 30-rather we got on the boat June 30 and pulled out July 1 early. Quite a sight, seeing the skyline disappear and realizing that we were on our way. We were lucky-rode on the Queen Elizabeth-85,000 tons of ship-England's newest, best, fastest. It was completed after the war (in NY to keep from being bombed) and was partly finished for civilian use before it was converted. They had put beds and barracks everywhere-I think I probably told you we had 12 in our cabin-made for 2. And the 2nd Lts. had 18 in the same size. Just barely room for an aisle. The Em were in worse shape. They slept in shifts-in the halls, holds, storage rooms, everywhere. Half would have the beds one day, half the next. Those that didn't have the beds lay around on the deck

or in the aisles. Was something to smell, I'll tell you. The whole ship was air-conditioned, tho, except for the storage rooms. They had about 150 in a storage room. Something over 15,000 on the ship-civilian trade would have been maybe 2500 at the most. We ate two meals a day-very good meals-and had the rest of the time pretty much to ourselves. Did a lot of sleeping, of course, and a lot of just gazing thru the porthole at the rough seas. The boat was so big that we hardly knew we were at sea except when we would veer sharply. That meant either that they were just veering or that they thought they might except a sub. We were lucky-came over about the time the subs were being licked. But it was a damned welcome sight after being at sea for a few days to find the planes from Europe flying over us as escort. We had escape drills quite often and got our first taste of what to expect when they test fired the guns. Sounded like the whole ship was exploding. Was a pleasant trip, tho-fun to stand out in front with the wind blowing about 50 miles an hour and great breakers almost coming up to the deck of the tremendous ship. Never saw anything so big-we went by some smaller ships that looked like toys. I read in the paper the other day that the Queen Mary had veered sharply one night and run over a cruiser-which is pretty good sized naval vessel-and just crushed it completely. Easy to understand.

We landed up by Glasgow-pulled in about midnite of the 6th of July. It was still very light. Saw all kinds of Naval vessels there-but they all looked like toys along side us. We got off the boat about noon on the 7th, got on trains, went over thru Edinburgh and then down to Elmswell. I told you all about that trip. Anyway, that was some boat, and you and I will ride it again someday on our way back. Only next time it'll be us two in the cabin. With that nice bathtub and all the trimmings just to ourselves.

Things were pretty rough that summer and fall. Jerry was over almost every night on the way to Ipswich. We used to stand out on the airraid shelters and watch the flak guns at Ipswich. The planes droned over and we'd have our air raid warnings and we'd all pile out to watch the show. But after awhile it got boring and whenever we had a raid warning, we'd just turn out the lights and sit. Lots of nights I'd type in the dark. Sort of a game. And whenever I heard anything interesting, I'd get out and watch. Numerous funny things happened-once Wagner, McWilliams and a couple of others were standing on a raid shelter watching and a plane was droning overhead. Witherspoon started to whistle like a bomb falling and somebody hollered watch out. Wagner jumped into the shelter and found about a foot of water in it. Twas the night of a party and he has on his good pants. Most of us never took the stuff seriously enough-we'd never seen what a few bombs could do. Instead of being properly afraid or careful, we just got to see the fun. Never had anything serious here-heard bombs crash around and about within perhaps 20 miles-but once we got it. Twas about two weeks before Dday and our planes were all loaded up for a raid. Twas just turning dawn and there were lights all over the line where they were working on the planes. I was asleep-naturally-when a plane came over our barracks low as hell, I heard it dimly, but naturally rolled over and went on sleeping.

(Con't on page 4)

This bastard turns on his landing lights as tho he were an RAF man coming in to land. He circles the field once and comes around again and damn if he doesn't drop 7 bombs on us - killing not a soul, but burning up one brand new plane and scaring the hell out of a lot of fellows down there waiting to take off. If he'd dropped one bomb about 75 feet differently, he'd have hit the briefing room filled with about 400 flyers plus Col Van and all the Operations and S2 boys. One of his bombs hit in our big hangar and the plane it hit was loaded with ammo, all of which started popping. Our fire chief pulled another plane out of the hangar in spite of all the exploding ammo, getting soliders medal for it. And where was I all this time? Looking out my window while still lying on my bed. I watched her smoke and listened to her bum and went back to sleep. But it was exciting anyway and we were damn lucky not to lose anyone. And then there was the plane that exploded while getting ready for takeoff—full bombs and full gas load. Wham she goes, shaking our whole barracks and knocking something onto my radio breaking the tumon knob (remember when I asked for a new switch for my radio). The first wham finds Tipp out in the airraid shelter with his helmet on. The second Wham—which nearly knocked the barracks over—got me out of bed, got my slippers on, and got me to look. All I saw was a tremendous column of smoke and a great red ball of fire about 100 feet in the air. One fire-fighter was killed in that. The next morning when I went to work, I found a big hole in the roof over my desk, the roof on the desk, all the glass was out, and all my nice charts dirtied up—that was when I was Stat officer. It made a mighty big hole in the ground. We had another one blow up, too—with the same results. Also, we had a B24 come in to land and go crashing head over heels into a lot of trees. And once just recently, a limey truck was going across the perimeter when a plane was coming in. The plane took the top of the truck off, the top of the two limey's heads, and went on about business as tho nothing happened. The pilot wanted to paint two teacups on his plane to signify two limey's, but they wouldn't let him. I shouldn't talk like that, honey- I don't really mean it. Just sort of grimly humorous.

Jerry didn't come over very much after March 44 until close to Dday. Then he tried to screw up our plans, and there was plenty of activity again. The worst was the day after Dday. Our boys flew 3 missions that day, and the last one was coming in at 11 at night- just getting dark. Right before our fellows were due, a formation of 24s came over, lit up like Xmas with all their landing lights. A minute later, a plane came over and we said "Look at the Mosquito". It was light up in the sky and we could see all the silhouettes—such spelling—but up in the sky, the ground seemed dark. So a minute or so after this "Mosquito" goes by, we hear the old guns go and pretty soon boom and a big flash of light about 2 miles away. The 24s kept right on going in their pattern and the "Mosquito" which turned out to be JU88 kept right with them. Boom-Boom-Boom goes 3 more of them—24s, 1 mean. That Jerry no doubt got an Iron Cross. Anyway there were all kinds of them swarming around, and our boys had to stay up for 2 extra hours till they were all chased away. Was just like the 4th of July—tracers and flack and machine guns going all over.

We saw another exciting time when Jerry tangled over us back in Nov 43. All we could see was the bullets and a few glimpses of shadows. Finally one of them got the other and he started to bum and then a big ball of fire started to fall. She crashed a few miles away and we all cheered thinking the limey must have won. But he didn't. He did bail out, tho.

But best of all was the battle of the buzz bomb, at which we had an uncomfortably close front seat. At first, we saw very few, since they were going from the French and Dutch coast over London. We'd only get an occasional stray. But after we got the French coast, they started firing them from planes over the north sea, and they decided that the closest way over Elmswell. Once in awhile they aimed at Ipswich, too.

But pretty soon they started flying them over us towards London- and they did it at 8 o'clock almost every night. We'd hear them drone along -some high, some low-some near-some far. The closest happened once while I was writing you a letter- and you could no doubt tell that something happened as the letter got a little jerky after it came. We'd had about 3 of them, and I decided to go out and watch as they seemed very close. They make a terrific roar—a rough hammering that shakes everything and is unmistakable. I went out after hearing 2 or 3 and stood in front of the orderly room. Pretty soon I hear another one-coming closer, too. I look around and see an orange light coming up our driveway. I stand there with my mouth open looking. She comes at me 50 feet off the ground at 300 miles an hour. Woosh and she's past me while I stand there fascinated watching to see if it'll clear the trees. I'll still swear that it didn't—that it went between the trees instead of clearing them. But anyway, that one went no more than 50 feet above me and no more than 75 feet in front of me. I even felt the wind and the blast as she went by. Quite a site. Different than being buzzed by a plane. Because when it's a plane, you know there's a pilot there who will pull up because he doesn't want to kill himself. But this old buzz bomb didn't have a pilot, and if it had decided to cut out right then, old pop would have been a goner. It went right over McDonald's house, too, and they thought it was coming right in the window. Hit about 3 miles away on a slight rise in the ground. We had numerous others, but I wasn't around at the right time to see them. But that baby was really a close one. And it renewed my resolution not to go to London as long as they fell. Remember I didn't go from March to November? In March they had some big bombing raids. We were restricted for a couple of months, and then came the buzz bombs. They really gave London hell too.

We didn't have many rockets around here- there was no warning on them, of course, and all we'd hear would be a loud crump and then sort of a rumble. That was an eery feeling in London. Never know when one would hit right where you were, they would bomb all over-I heard 10 or 12 last time I was there. Had no control what so ever over them, of course, and they always seemed to hit either in a wooded area where they did no harm or else in a block of flats where a lot of people lived. A couple hit in the business district now and then—two

(con't on next page)

hit within a block of the Grosvenor House, but that was the next week. Nobody can know what those people of London had to put up with, tho- the nervous strain alone was too much for the average person, it would seem to me. And still they just went about their jobs and lived their lives and just figured it'd happen to someone else but not to them. They're not at all admirable in many ways, but their courage certainly is.

Can tell you a little about personalities, too. Gilder was lost on his way over-never heard from him. Poor guy-he really wanted to fight Nazis because he didn't like their ideas. And he never got a chance. Col. Piper got trfd to fighters and was shot down, but he turned up a PW and is home now. John Dewey was lost in a ditching on the way back from Africa. They were shot up over France, ditched in the channel, and John got out of the plane all right but was drowned. Piper was along on that one, too. Incidentally, they were returning from the shuttle run to Africa when they bombed Regensburg and flew on to Africa.

It was a rough deal all the way around-lost some on the way down and some more on the way back, and a lot crashed on landing down there. Our Division got its Presidential Citation for that. And I tried to go on the mission-the only one I ever tried to get on. I knew the records would be all screwed up if they didn't take one of us administrative officers along. I was on duty that night so I asked to go. Col McDonald turned me down. Good old Col. Mac. Never knew what a friend he was.

Editor's note: Thanks to the 486th Newsletter for these interesting Stastics.

World War II Veterans

- 38.8% (332,000) of the US Servicemen were volunteers
- 61.2% (11,535,000) were draftees. Of the 17,955,000 men examined for induction, 38.5% were rejected as physically unfit.
- Average duration of service — 33 months
- Overseas service - 73%, with an average of 16.2 months abroad.
- Combat survivability - Out of 1,000, 8.6 were killed in action. 3 died from natural causes, and 17.7 received nonmortal wounds.
- Non-combat jobs - 38.8% of the enlisted personnel had rear echelon assignments, technical support, or manual labor.
- Average base pay - Enlisted men \$71.33 per month, Officers \$203.50 per month.



Editor's note: From the 401st BM Newsletter

A B-17 (Tall) Tail Tale

(Ijoin BAD 2 Assn News)
(From 43rd BG Newsletter)
(Ijoin George White in NJ)

The B-17 bomber of WWII was in a class of its own. as anyone who ever flew one will tell you. Disgruntled B-24 crews invariably grumble about the popularity and the "good press" that the B-17 always seemed to have. The following tale, however, would seem to prove the merits of the wonderful things written and said about the grand old "I iving Fortress."

A B-17 received a direct hit in the bomb bay over the target, causing it to break into pieces. The wings, fuselage, and engines spiraled down separately, and the tail fluttered like a maple leaf toward the ground. The tail gunner, seeing that the rest of the airplane was gone, tried to bail out. but couldn't because of the mangled wreckage blocking him in.

Like the typical tail gunner, he devilled to make the best of the situation. and strapped himself back into his seat, he reached overhead and grabbed a rudder cable, and then reached down and pulled on the cables that controlled the elevator. The controls checked out OK. so he turned the tail around and proceeded to steer a course back to England. All went well, and as he approached the coast he radioed the tower: "Tower, this is B-17 tail gunner. The rest of my plane was shot away and I need clearance to make an emergency landing straight in on runway 27."

The tower responded. "Roger. B-17 tail gunner, give me a call on five mile lialial."

When he was five miles out. the tail gunner radioed again: "Tower, this is tail gunner, five miles out on final approach. Am I cleared to land?"

The tower operator answered frantically. "Negative. B-17 tail gunner! Do not land. Pull up and go around. There is a B-24 in the traffic pattern with one engine shut down!"

BULLETIN BOARD

The Second Schweinfurt Memorial Assn, will be celebrating the Anniversary of "Black Thursday" at a Reunion in Las Vegas, October 13-17, 1996. Write to Louis L. Brown, 20215 Village Green Dr, Lakewood, Ca 90715 for all the information.

CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE NEWS

The CAF and the American Airpower Heritage Museum at Midland Airport, Texas will present the naval theme for their annual homecoming airshow on Sept. 28-29 1996. They'll have the skies filled with vintage WW II aircraft, including Corsairs, Curtiss SB2C, a B-29, A6M2 Japanese Zero, HE 111 German Bomber, Junkers JU 52, F6 Hellcat and A-26 Invader- plus all four branches' modern airplanes. Sounds interesting, to say the least.

B-17 CLOCK

Member Art Boyle ordered a B-17G Alarm Clock that he reports is quite a dock-complete with sound, rotating props, lights flashing-the works. If you want information, write the Sportsman Guide, 411 farwell Ave- Box 239, St. Paul, MN 55075.

The 8th Air Force Historical Society will hold its 22nd Annual Reunion at Orlando, FL, October 1 -6, 1996. For information, write 8th AFHS, Box 7215, St. Paul, MN 55107.

MIGHTY 8 AF "WALL OF VALOR"

A memorial stone with your name can be installed at Savannah on the "Wall of Valor" for a \$ 100 donation. Write Mighty 8AF Wall of Valor, Box 1992, Savannah GA 31402-1992 for more information.

SHOULD WE HAVE A WIDOW'S GROUP???

Only a few responses to our form asking if we should. Drop Bob Valliere a line if you'd like to be included and we'll send you another form asking for details.

LOST HISTORY

The "Lost History" story and picture on the back of the June Hardlife Herald makes us wonder-did any of you have the job of flying B-17s to Kingman back when they were being stored out on the desert? If so, let's here about it.

PLEASE DON'T BLAME THE EDITOR!

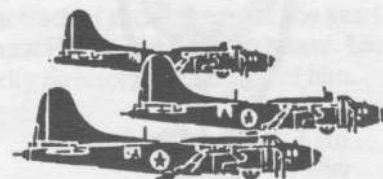
We do our best to publicize whatever we're asked to do- an upcoming reunion, an offer of a B-17 memento, the newly printed Group History, the plaque possibility at the AF Academy-whatever seems of interest. We DO NOT check them out, nor do we get paid for publicizing any of the offerings. We'll keep doing it-but please treat this as a "disclaimer". One exception-when we start publicizing the 1997 Reunion in Tucson. We'll accept blame (or credit) for that!!

ONE BRIDGE TOO FAR

One of the TV Channels had that movie on a few nights ago- reminded us of that September Sunday in 1944 when we stood and watched gliders going over for several hours on their way to that ill-fated operation. They said we lost more men on that fiasco than on D Day-since they said it, we imagine it's true. It's a good book to read if you haven't done so. Montgomery vs. Eisenhower vs. Patton-oh yes, and vs. Hilter too.

DUES NOTICE

97 of our members are more than 2 years behind in dues - - another 96 haven't paid '96 dues. Please get current - - our treasury need help!



Editor's note: Individual bronze 17 "table top sculpture" available. Contact R. Henderson, 49501 Hgway 50W, Canon City, CO 81212 for complete information.

OUR FINAL MISSION

B-17, P-38, P-40, P-47, B-24, B-25, B-26 AND F4U
Monumental Bronze Memorials at the United States Air
Force Academy and Elsewhere

Colorado Springs, CO-Funds are being solicited that allow men and women throughout the world to honor the B-17 Flying Fortress. A monumental bronze replica of the famous aircraft will join four other Warbirds already in place in the distinguished "Study Hall" Sculpture Garden at the USAF Academy. Those planes already in place include the P-38, P-40, P-47, and P-51. Project manager and administrator of the B-17 Memorial Fund Maurice Thomas, who was also a B-17 pilot and past president of the 305th B.G.(H) Memorial Association, announced that the plane will be unveiled in the Spring of 1997. It is his desire to eventually have all the main WWII aircraft represented in the "Garden", which lies within the USAF Academy Cadet Honor Court. Other projects on the drawing board include monumental bronze replicas of the B-24, B-25, B-26, ANF F4U Corsair. These other planned projects will materialize once the proper bomb group, fighter group, or other interested association commitments and support have been secured. Past projects have been completed for groups like the P-38 National Association, who just unveiled their second monumental bronze of the infamous P-38 Lightning at the March Air Field Museum in Riverside California, Jack Mullan, President Elect of the P-38 group has already started a push for a third monumental bronze P-38 which will be placed at Wright/Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. To inquire on sponsorship information, call 1-800-305-1738.

The creator of the Sculptor Garden, Robert Henderson, has been feverishly busy over the past decade constructing replicas of planes from the WWII era. "It is an honor to recreate these magnificent aircraft while representing the men and women who designed, maintained, and flew them. They dominated the sky during their collective primes", Henderson said. "Thanks to the sacrifices that were made by them and others during WWII, I have the privilege of doing what I love to do."



Stuart Wong/Gazette Telegraph



Robert Hondoroon, left, and Maurice Thomae are shown Monday with a model of the B-17 sculpture they propose for the Air Force Academy.

B-17 fans want bomber displayed

Men work to put
model at academy

By **Erin Emery**
Gazette Telegraph

Maurice Thomas loved flying the machine, the B-17 bomber, because one way or another it always brought him home.

During World War II, he flew 33 missions — eight more than the usual. Now he's on his 34th one involving the B-17: The Final Mission.

That's what he and dozens of other bomber enthusiasts call their effort to place a bronze model of the B-17 bomber near Mitchell Hall at the Air Force Academy.

"It was one of the most stable aircraft in the air," said Thomas, a retired colonel who served 32 years in the military. "It would take a lot of battle damage and still come home."

Last summer, sculptor Robert Henderson of Canon City started crafting a one-sixth-scale model of the B-17, which will have a 17-foot wingspan.

Editor's note: Here's a nice paper written for a school class by Carl Larsen's (550th) grand-daughter.

MY GRANDFATHER WAS A BOMBARDIER

I interviewed Carl Larsen, my grandfather, because he was in the Army Air Force in World War II. He flew in a B-17 aircraft as a nose gunner and bombardier (a person who drops bombs). He was in the war for about 3 1/2 years. He went in basic training at Brooks Field in San Antonio, Texas for about 3 weeks. They trained his mind as well as his body and sent him to active duty.

Air Force men were required to do 25 missions, but while my grandfather was in the war his crew was either shot down or captured before they reached the requirement. A crewmember of his original group was killed when his plane exploded at the end of the runway. He was only one of the many in his group who were killed while flying missions over Germany. Later, after he left active duty, some crewmen were able to meet this 25 mission requirement.

My grandfather's plane was shot down on their 12th mission. He was shot down on March 16, 1944 on his way to bomb Augsburg, Germany. A German plane came out of the glare of the sun and raked their plane with fire from a 20mm cannon. There were 11 crewmen on board. He was injured by shrapnel in his foot. The ball turret gunner was seriously injured. The turret was able to bring the plane down in neutral territory near Baar, Switzerland. It crashed into Lake Zug after the crewmen parachuted out. The navigator was killed when his chute failed to open in time.

They were interned in Adelboten, Switzerland. He was not actually in prison but could not leave the town. He was in that town for about 9 months. The only way you could leave was to escape. He and about 15% of the 2 to 3 thousand allied prisoners did escape. They had to pay off the guards to allow them to escape, and the French helped them reach allied territory just over the border in France. They walked to an American Army controlled base from there they were flown to their base in England. He was stationed 50 miles north of London near Ipswich. When you were shot down in neutral territory, you were not suppose to fly combat missions again, so he was returned to the states.

He went to a hotel in Florida for 3 months, so he could rehabilitate from the gruesome war and be debriefed prior to being released. After that he went to Chicago where he met my grandmother.

By Britania Green

May 26, 1992

From the 401st Bomb Group Newsletter

8th Air Force Bomb Groups England-World War II

			A/C	LOSSES
BOMB GROUP STATION AIRCRAFT MISSIONS				
34th	Mendelsham	B17	170	34
44th	Shipdlam	B23	343	153
91st	Bassingbourn	B17	340	197
92nd	Podington	B17	308	154
93rd	Hardwick	B-24	396	100
94th	Bury St. Edmonds	B-17	324	153
95th	Horham	B-17	320	157
96th	Snetterton Heath	B-17	321	180
100th	Thorpe Abbots	B-17	306	177
303rd	Molesworth	B-17	364	168
305th	Chelveston	B-17	337	154
306th	Thurleigh	B-17	342	171
351st	Polebrook	B-17	311	124
379th	Kimbolton	B-17	330	141
381st	Ridgewell	B-17	296	131
384th	Grafton Undewood	B-17	314	159
385th	Great Ashfield	B-17	296	129
388th	Knettishall	B-17	306	142
389th	Hethel	B-17	321	116
390th	Framlingham	B-17	300	144
392nd	Wendling	B-24	285	127
398th	Nuthampstead	B-17	195	58
401st	Deenthrope	B-17	256	95
445th	Tibham	B-24	285	95
446th	Bungay	B-24	273	58
447th	Rattlesden	B-17	257	97
448th	Seething	B-24	262	101
452nd	DeophamGreen	B-17	250	110
453rd	Old Bookenham	B-24	259	58
457th	Glatton	B-17	237	83
458th	Horsham St. Faith	B-24	240	47
466th	Attlebridge	B-24	232	47
467th	Rackheath	B-24	212	29
486th	Sudbury	B-17	188	33
487th	Lavenham	B-17	185	48
489th	Halesworth	B-24	106	29
490th	Eye	B-17	158	40
491st	Metfield	B-24	187	47
492nd	North Pickenham	B-24	64	12
493rd	Debach	B-17	158	41

Additional Losses Incurred By 8th In Other Than "Combat"

The above tabulation represents a record of planes lost only on "combat" missions, primarily on the continent. Not taken into account are such losses as crashes in England when returning a raid, losses in training, ferry flights, etc.

When "all causes" are counted, the 8th Air Force aircraft losses look like this—

B-17'S- 4,754.

B-24'S - 2,112.

P-47'S- 1,043.

P-38'S-451.

P-51'S-2,201.

In addition to these better known aircraft, the 8th also incurred losses in a variety of light and medium bombers, plus aircraft
(Con't on Next Page)

engaged in weather observation, troop carrier, radio counter-measure, training operations, etc.

A total of 12,731 B-17 Flying Fortresses were built. About 42 still exist, with only a dozen or so still flying.

Including the Aluminum Overcast, owned by the EAA of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, carrying the colors of the 398th Bomb Group.

8 AF HERITAGE MUSEUM NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

SAVANNAH, GA. - The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum, built to honor the more than one million men and women who have served in the Eighth Air Force since it was created in Savannah in 1942, is now open to the public from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. seven days a week.

The Museum opened its doors on May 13, 1996, with more than 4,000 Eighth Air Force veterans and families from the 38 states and three foreign countries present for the occasion.

Featuring a 100,000 volume capacity library, huge archives, memorial gardens, an art gallery, meeting and study rooms, a gift shop and a snack bar as well as a huge exhibit area, the 90,000 square foot Museum is located at the intersection of Interstate 95 and U.S. Highway (Exit 18) in the town of Pooler, GA.

The most popular and moving exhibit in the Museum's early days open has been the Mission Experience Theater. Museum visitors get a mission briefing in a Nissan hut constructed from an original World War II hut brought over from England. Then the visitors move into the Mission Experience Theater inside the Control Tower where they "fly" a lifelike World War II mission recreated through the use of film, sound, and huge screens.

8AFHM

Editor's note: Bob Valuers report from Savannah

The 8th Air force now has a permanent facility devoted entirely to the history of the 8th Air Force. 90,000 sq. ft. at a cost of \$ 12 million. In addition to several "opening ceremonies", including the ribbon cutting, and speeches by Chairman "Buck" Shuler, LT. Gen. Retd., Gen. Lew Lyle, President, many dignitaries and other supporters, the crowd listened to the Air Force Band playing the songs of Glen Miller. Steve Miller, Glens son was present and had an exhibit of his father's memento's, which included his original trombone. A gallery of original paintings was of great interest, showing mostly B-17s in action. The mock up of the quarters in a POW camp was very realistic, according to the POW's comments who had been to real camp. With the placement of numerous assorted screens, lights, and realistic sounds, one was awakened a 4 AM and went through the various stages of breakfast, briefing, and boarding the plane. One actually felt he was in the combat film and because of it's authenticity, it was visited several times by many people.

All veterans and guests were visibly touched by the fly-over of the B-17 and a P-51. Construction has begun on the Memorial Gardens, which will consist of plaques and markers of Bomb Groups, Fighter Groups, State Chapters of the 8th AFHS, and individual markers to be placed on the Wall of Valor.(See form

in this HH). These gardens are on the outside and at the rear of the building. It will include a Chapel. The Museum will be open 7 days, 10 am to 6 pm. It is off 1-95 at exit 18, and is visible from the 1-95.



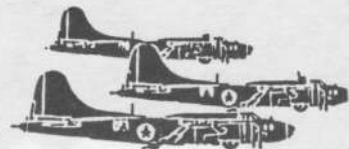
Gen. Shuler and Bob Valliere



Bob Valliere with Steve Miller



(l-r) Hal Schrotter, Bob Valliere, and Jerry Donnelly standing in front of the 385th bomb group plate on the wall in the rotunda.



Dear Ed,

Enclosed are some photographs I took during this year's Memorial Service at Cambridge American Cemetery on May 19th. It was a quieter affair than on the past two occasions when we had the President and Premier (1994) and Vice-President (1995) but there were still quite a number of veterans including your own Eldred Harrington who I met after the ceremony. Had I known he was there I would have stepped down and given him the honour of laying the wreath. It was also kind of the United States Ambassador, William J Crowe, Jr. to thank the British for their, "living care" and staunchness in a crisis. He said our two countries still, "march in locked step"-words which I felt echoed by those in the crowd as he reminded us that Freedom is not necessarily free. The headstones and names on the Wall Of The Missing are powerful if mute reminders of that. Sue, the children and I also visited the graves of several 385th airmen to pay personal respects and share a few moments silence with them.



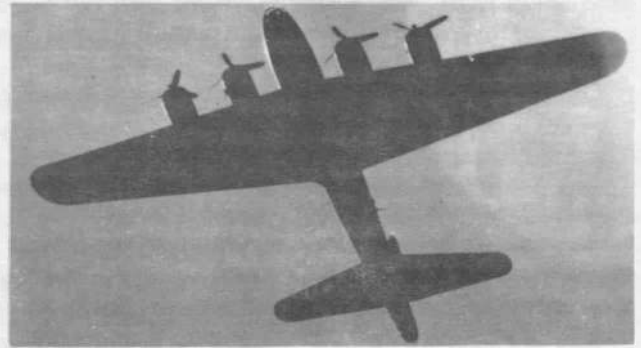
Rowan, in flying jacket, with Jake and Maddie reminds us that there's another generation to inherit the legacy of freedom earned by the men of the 385th.



The wreath with the 385th insignia as centre-piece. Colours this year were chosen by Sue: pink roses and green to represent the uniforms worn by the USAAF.



One of the helicopters bringing Ambassador Crowe and his party.



The B-17, "Sally-B" symbolizes so many of her sisters and, more important than the machines, she salutes the fallen airmen who rest forever in the soil beneath her wings.



"To the Glory of God and in Memory of Those Who Died For Their Country". The last airworthy B-17 in England departs after her first pass.



"Sally-B" heads home 'neath a lowering sky while the wind's gathering strength stiffens the stars and stripes in proud tribute at the end of the ceremony.

Dear Mr. Kuppers,
 First I'd like to thank you for your help. Two weeks ago I got a letter from Mr. Hannum who was a crewmember of the "Shoo Shoo Baby"—B-17 which crashed near Jena on October 7, 1944. With today's letter I'd like to ask for your help again. On January 29, 1944 a B-17 of No. 385 BG, 549 BSqn, Serial: 42-30251, was crashed by a German fighter over Kaiserslautern. The B-17 came down in the outskirts of Kaiserslautern. Six crewmembers were killed and first buried on the Kaiserslautern cemetery.

Four crewmembers

2nd Lt. Charles MARKWELL-Bombardier-0-685131

(Con't on Next Page)

2nd Lt. Eldon ROHS- Navigator - 0-808147

2nd Lt. Earl FOLLENSBEE- 0682843

T/Sgt Arthur KARNOWSKI - 16125654

were taken prisoner. I'd like to get in contact with them. I have planned to publish a story in our local newspaper. During my research in this case I located an American 250-lbs-GP-Bomb not too far from the crash site, (see picture)



April 1996

Ed,

I have written these people in German to see if they recovered any pieces of the plane. I contacted Rohs, Follensbee and Karnowski. Rohs was not interested, as I assume it brings back bad memories, which is understandable.

Sincerley,

Ed Krueppers, Jr. Dir of Info.

Editor's Note: Ed Krueppers of 8th AF Histroical Society was told that a briefcase from the airplane was found (52 years later). We hope to get more on this in the future - - and we hope to hear from Earl and Art, too.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

705 Mendocina CT #12
Florissant, MO 63031-6093
Thursday, May 23, 1996

Dear Ed,

Here is a polaroid of Ray Baer's Grave/Headstone on the Jefferson Barracks Veterans Administration National Cemetery with the flowers I placed on it yesterday.

Allen Holtman



Editor's note:

Martin Bridges(MOE)

697-4928

955 Greenwood Dr. Apt 2

Hendersonville, NC 28791

Dear Ed,

June 22, 1996

It was nice talking to you by phone the other day-1 will try to tell you all I can remember about the article I sent you from the Colorado Springs Newspaper-as I said my son in the Air Force stationed at Colorado Springs saw this article and sent it to me-

As I told you, I lost my right leg about a year ago-1 may be the only one legged man in the 385th. If there are others I would like to hear from them and maybe we could start a 385th one legged soccer team.

We are having the 548th engineering mini reunion this year at Pigeon Force Tenn- that's the home of Dolly Parton- of we see her 1 hope none of those old guys have a heart attack.

We will be saddened this year because 2 of our group have passed away- Jerry Bielli and John Alcock-both good friends and fine men-they will be missed.

I was a crew chief with the 548th from Spokane Washington to the end- Jim Vance was the line chief- we were good friends and still are, except I don't get to see him much.

Regards,

Moe Bridges

Former M/Sgt 548 Bomb Sqdn

Hall Farm
Gt. Ashfield
Bury St. Edmunds
Suffolk
1P313HF

Dear Bob,

My thanks for your letter and the plan for your Sept, visit here-we are all very much looking forward to your arrival-consider yourself and your wife and four or five friends booked for Sunday lunch in our home.

Some of my family feel it would be fun to also arrange an evening "do" at The Lodge (our old home)- we use it for parties and it would be heart-warming to have Americans with us again-as we did during the war! The friendships made then are precious and are reaching the 3rd generation.

We have plans for a visit to U.S.A at the beginning of Sept, but for only 2 1/2 weeks.

Sincerely,

Beatie

9 May 1996

Edward Bice
117 Surrey Ln
Universal City, TX 78148

Dear George,

Just received my copy of April 96 HLH. Although very few of the support personnel are listed as members of the 385th BGMA, 1 still enjoy reading it and I am proud of the Group.

I joined the Group at Spokane in Feb. '43 and was assigned to Gp Hqs in S4. Major Davenport was the chief, Capt Monfort was head of Inspection and Capt. Arnold Levine was Engineering Officer. 1 was NCOIC of Gp Engineering. I stayed with the Group until it left England. I stayed behind (1 married in Nov. 44) and helped turn the base back to RAF.

The only members of the HQ staff I have been in contact with since then are T/Sgt Winthrop S Duty who worked for Major Davenport, Marvin D. Unruch who worked for Capt. Monfort and Ray Lapine who was Hq 1 st Sgt.

Duty came back to States and became a medical doctor and I have lost track of him. Ray Lapine was a member of the Assn and lives in Spokane. Unruch is member and spends his winter in Tx and lives in Michigan. He stopped by 2 weeks ago on his way back to Mi. We had a great visit with he and his wife.

The main reason for this note is to send you a copy of the program of the 200th Mission celebration. I have an original copy and wondered if the Ass. would like these historical records.

Sincerely,
E.M. Bice

P.S. Unruch and I hope to make Tucson Reunion.

PROGRAM

Afternoon:

Carnival - Food - Fun 1300-2000
Glen Miller's Band 1500-1700
Guest Stars through arrangements with
Mr. James Dyrenforth of B.B.C.
Beatrice Lillie
Paula Green
Marylin Williams and Hugh French

*****a

Lt. Col. Ben Lyon, Master of Ceremonies
Movies: "Destination Toyko" with Carey Grant and John Garfield- continues 1300-2200

•«*****
Evening:

Enlisted Men's Dance - Hangar No. 1 2000
with music by Glen Miller
Officer's Dance - Gymnasium - 2000
with Music by The Flying Yanks

May 7, 1996
Carson City, NV

Ian McLachlan, Aviation Historian
10 All Saints Green
Worlingham Beedes
Suffolk NR 34 7RR England

Aloha Ian,

As you know, I brought to you the official report on the May 12, 1944 mission to Zwichau, Germany. There was not any mention of any survivors on the Worster crew, so the April 1996 issue of the Hardlife Herald page #10, letter from Ian to Mr. Robert W. Pellman was a complete surprise to me. It was also quite a story his wife Margaret told of his being blown out of the plane after being rammed and living to tell about it. Trying to open the chute on the way down etc. was some story and I'm sure very true even though it was story he told his wife later.

Just to fill the story in from my view point, this is what I saw from my position in the ball turret of "WELLS CARGO" ser.#42-31778. We were flying in C flight, second echelon #3 position while the Worster crew was flying just to our right in the #2 position, same echelon, as you can see on sheet #12 I sent you. As the report indicates, and I can verify it, things were hot and heavy that day during the fighter attack as you can well imagine. All the fighter passes I observed came into the 385th formation from 10 o'clock to 2 o'clock level, high and low, but most were somewhere around 12 o'clock, but mixed slightly high to slightly low. This type of passes gave all forward firing guns a target be it chin turret, cheek guns, upper local turret & my position ball turret. Even the waist gunners got some firing in as the ME-109's and FW-190's passed by the formation, or in some cases close by the individual aircraft. The sky was full of smoke, tracer bullets, 50 cal. shell casings, 20mm bullets and shell casings from attacking fighters, parachutes from both B-17's and German fighter pilots bailing out, falling aircraft and aircraft pieces and parts as well at times as flack right in the midst of all this. In most cases claims by the gunners, it was difficult to determine just who dealt the final hit on the German attackers, so in our case on Wells Cargo, we were very sure we did get 2 kills, several damage or possibles, but when we finally got back to Great Ashfield and safely in the ground, we talked it over and decided to just be thankful to be home once again and as it was so confusing and uncertain who did what when, just let it go at that. I'm sure, and so was our bombardier, that I hit a ME-109 in the canopy and wing root, and he went down in flames, also a very distinct possible on another German fighter. Our upper local turret gunner also cut a fighter in two coming in a bit high. Anyway enough of that and on to the Worster crew.

The German ME-109 that rammed them came in from about 11 o'clock a little low and myself and several other B-17's were firing on him. He rose slightly as he closed in firing his 20mm cannon but did not turn either down or up as he approached the formation closer and rammed the Worster crew's

(con't on next page)

aircraft in the left wing and both exploded. Sgt. Robert W. Pellman was the toggleier that day according to the Worster crew loading list, so he would have been in the forward part of the nose when the German fighter rammed his aircraft. He obviously had his parachute on at that time, and possibly the plexiglass nose section went out with Robert resulting from the explosion. I would say from the wife's story that he was wearing a chest pac chute as he otherwise would not of been able to see some of the white silk coming out of his pac.

After the ramming, I turned my turret aft to see if anyone survived, but no chutes were visible at that time. As Robert was having trouble getting the chute open for quite some time, it would stand to reason I couldn't detect any chute or for that matter bodies from the plane. All I saw was a huge ball of black smoke, aircraft parts and pieces falling from the sky, probably both German and the B-17. As we were still under heavy attack, my attention was back forward to meet the next wave or group of oncoming attackers, so never looked back or down after that.

As an un-educated guess, I would venture to say the pilot of the ME-109 was dead or at least badly wounded and therefore didn't or couldn't pull his aircraft away from the B-17 formation after his pass, so the collision of the two. Only speculation on my part. Don't feel lan, regardless of stories about this from other missions or groups that they thought the German fighter pilots rammed bomber on purpose. I don't think this ever happened, but who really knows.

I know this, the Worster crew were friends and were in the 548th BS and when we arrived back at Great Ashfield and discussed the ramming and loss of all crew, as we rightfully thought, we were just sick and very down in the dumps so to speak. It was shocking to just see their B-17 flying along side ours one second, then one big flash and they were all gone. Hard for a person to realize it could happen so quick and so final.

Maybe, just maybe that's why our crew didnt claim any fighter shot down that mission, as we would always be fearful that we might have had a hand in shooting the MEI 09 pilot and have caused the ramming??? We were not in any way trying to cover up anything we might have done, as many other planes were all firing at every German plane that came within gunsights so who really knows. Just a thought that crossed my mind for sure.

Thank you again for your most wonderful book 8th AF Bomber Stories and the kind words you wrote in the front.

Take care and Aloha nui loa from the Silver State.

Jerry H. Ramaker
Ball Gunner
385th BG (H)
548th BS

Mr. Ed Stem
PO BOX 2187
Fargo, ND 58108

Dear Mr. Stem:

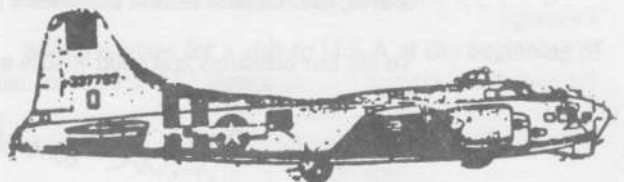
Mr. Stewart asked me write to you to thank you for your kind letter and invitation to attend the Mighty Eighth Reunion in November, 1997 in Tucson, Arizona.

Regretfully, Mr. Stewart is not in good health and will be unable to attend.

Mr. Stewart is grateful to you for thinking of him and he sends you his best wishes.

Sincerely,
Sharon Margulies-Palmer
Administrative Assistant
to James Stewart

Editor's note: We had asked Jimmy Stewart if he could make our Tucson Reunion in November of 1997 to "Chew the fat" a little. Hope his health improves,



13 Dixton Close
Monmouth
NP5 3 HE
9th. June 1996

Dear Ed.,

Greetings to you and Jane, also to our many friends in the 385th.. This year, 1996, I think, marks a great landmark in the history of the 385th. BGMA, for it was 20 years ago this September that the first re-union in Great Ashfield took place. It seems strange that until that September the 385th. to most Great Ashfield people meant little or nothing, just the remains of an old airfield and, to those who attended Church, the great bronze memorial in the churchyard and the commemorative altar, flag and memorial book in the north aisle. Some older residents had friends who wrote or visited, but to many the Americans were just part of village history. At Fox Farm, Wetherden, where we lived, we were surrounded by the old airfield, our top field was next to the perimeter track and, in front, there were old huts and buildings of the Officers' Mess and other quarters. All were inhabited by German Prisoners of War and their guards when we arrived there in 1946, and later, by the R.A.F. who had the task of disposing of mountains of old wartime bombs.

Rumours began to spread in the village that the Americans were coming, but the first concrete news was when the Rector asked me, as Churchwarden, to show him and David Wade tire remains of the old airfield. From then on we became involved with our old friend John Ford whose enterprise and energy involved the National Press, television and radio, also the N.B.C. who were all very much in evidence on the day.

Early on that September Sunday morning we all gathered at the Church, Lucy inside to organise the seating, while I waited at the door. The long awaited coaches arrived and I greeted the 180 Members and wives as they streamred into the Church for the Memorial Service. The new flag was dedicated and a generous cheque of \$500 presented by Vincent Masters, the President, for Church funds. There was a Civic Reception and lunch in Ipswich before the whole party returned to Great Ashfield to visit the remains of the airfield, for group photos and tea arranged by Angela Miles and her many friends. So, sadly, ended a memorable day as the sun set on the departing coaches for the hotels in Ipswich and Felixstowe.

That, however, was not the end for us as we went to Bury St. Edmunds the following morning and again met many people we had seen the day before, notably Charles and Peggy Smith. We suggested a 'guided tour' of that ancient city, but when we mentioned lunch Peggy, with her boundless enthusiasm, replied that she would rather spend time exploring that historic city. So some apples 'on the hoof had to suffice. We were returning the 8th. Airforce memorial kneeler, borrowed from the Cathedral for the occasion, and Peggy insisted on carrying it and presenting it to the Verger, Mr. Marsh, who explained much about the interior of that ancient building. Sadly the time for departure came, and we all gathered to see our new-found friends joining the coaches for Cambridge. That, however, was not the end of it all, for bonds had been forged which led to many firm friendships, and a lasting union between Great Ashfield and the 385th.. Sadly some of the friends we grew to know so well are no longer with us, notably in our case, John Ford and Charles Smith, who were some of those who hosted us so kindly and generously when we visited America in 1979.

So, Ed, the time passes; we all grow older, almost 90 for us now. We celebrated our 60th. Wedding Anniversary on April 7th., another landmark on the way. We have, however, still many friend in the 385th., some have visited us here in Monmouth, and many still send cards at Christmas time and, of course, the Hardlife Herald still comes through our letter box every few months.

To all, our blessings and good wishes and hopes for the future.

John and Lucy Edmes

Dear Mr. McLachlan,

I have just returned from visiting my mother, Rosalie Slosberg. She gave me your letter (dated 11 March '96) for response. I regret to inform you that my father, Leon Slosberg, died on 20 November '94. To the best of my knowledge, he was the "last" of the "Moonglow's" crew.

In re: Your request - my father spoke of many men from his crew as well as others. He never, however, mentioned Mr. Balding. I spent quite a bit of time going through my father's scrapbooks, photos ("Somewhere" in England) etc. and found 0.1 most sincerely wish I had "something" to offer Jeff beyond my regards and belated sympathy concerning his father's death.

Although my father's accounts and stories of his life in England and 32 missions shall remain with me forever, I do not think it appropriate you receive them second hand. Especially as he grew older, I tried numerous times to convince him to either record or put to paper these "recollections." He simply would not believe/accept the fact that he was (as I termed it) "Living History", and now, of course, it is too late.....

There were some aspects of this "period" in his life about which he did not speak. His body from several inches above waist to below his buttocks was horrifically scarred—he easily set off airport metal detectors. He was classified 100% service connected disabled by the V.A. I know the wounds were incurred on 17 Oct. '44 over Cologne. I've always wondered about the circumstances and hospitalizations, but.....

It was not until after his death, that I found the medals. Amongst others, were The Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Three Oak Leaf Clusters. My father was always a hero to me but knowing the significance of these medals confirms that he was one in actuality. Please, if your microfilm reveals the reasons, dates, etc. for these honors, it would mean much to me to know. Thank you in advance for the possible assist.

My most treasured possession is his A-2 jacket. The Wolf patch is in grand condition. The art work is fading and cracking. I've met some swell guys while wearing it—everyone from ground crew to pilots to one of my father's loved and respected Tuskegee Airmen.

I am interested to know about your preservation of photos, info, etc.

On behalf of my father, thank you for your efforts to keep the truth about him and so many others alive. I GREATLY fear the U.S. may yet "Apologize" to Germany for the bombings and of course, there's The "Enola Gay".....

Yours,

Sherry Slosberg
485 Cheney Ave. #4
Oakland, Ca. 94610

Dear Ed,

I am an ex-member of the 490th Bomb Group, 85th Bomb Squadron-radio operator-gunner on the Lt. Marvin Orleans crew: - Also a Hardlife Herald receiver. Due to my sending a donation way back in the 1970's, when I was looking for ex-members of my group. I enjoy your edition.

Enclosed is a xerox copy of a photo which was printed in your June 1996, page 18 edition: "Flak over Mersburg, Germany". Well this photo was taken on November 30th, 1944. My crew wasn't on that mission, but we were there 5 days earlier - November 25th - and I vividly remember all that flak. I've talked about how thick it was and a home-town buddy walked thru there with the Infantry and he told of all the gun emplacement in that area.

Would you, if possible, send me a copy of the actual photo. Maybe Mr. Clayton Lund has the original. I would just like to see the Flak more clearly than shown in the Hardlife edition. Now, it might not be possible, but I was just asking.

Really enjoyed the "It's Grim Hardship All the Way in the Big Bombers. Page 23, 1996 June Edition. Brought back old memories. If any cost is involved in this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

James Everhart
2 First Street
Inman, SC 29349-1718

EDITOR'S NOTE: Wesent Jim our copy of the flack—if any of you have a better one, maybe you could write him.

Dear Ed,

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote last Jan. to send to Lt. Ryan's brother. At the time I wondered if the letter was suitable to send to Lt. Ryan's brother.

The OLD history book does not show/ 9-August-1944 as a recall, nor does it show that we were lost that day. How does the new history show that day? (I know this is a perpetual gripe of mine).

Bob Silver was also recalled from Furth in March '45. Did the 385th EVER get to Furth?

Thank you for all your work as Editor for many years.

Buell Martin
3 Picket, La.
Unionville, Conn
06085-1412

Dear Mr. Ryan;

I will tell what I remember of McDonald's crew:

They were a very "together" crew. The officers would come to our hut and the entire crew would shoot dice until half the crew had all the cash, they would then loan all the money back and start over the next time. They think they went on pass together.

They called themselves the lucky a- crew because:

1. When a JU-88 bombed the base one early A.M. the hardstand they were on was straddled by bombs.
2. On the afternoon Paris mission-June 22,1944 (I remember well, the strange red flak stove in one of my ammo boxes) we returned in the dark, McDonald's tail gunner flashing G on the aldis lamp, a J.U.88-night intruder pilot says "thank you very much" and shoots them up. They make it to an A-20 base and bum up their brakes. They return to 385th the next day by truck.
3. July 11 started a series of Munich missions. These were about 10 hour trips. We got up at 11:00 P.M., Midnight breakfast, (that 1 usually skipped) -1:00 A.M. briefing, 2:30 A.M. takeoff. On the night of July 10, Lt. McDonald was involved in some kind of misunderstanding at the officers club and was a guest of the provost marshal.

McDonald's crew were once again speaking of their good fortune, missing the long haul to Munich. July 12 we go to Munich again, so does McDonald's crew.

There is a 10/10 undercast at Munich. I am still with Fred Borns' crew, and he is discussing, or cussing the way the formation was being flown with co-pilot Lowe. There is lots of jinking about, and as the tail position readily feels negative and positive Gs there was the impression of stop and go traffic in the tail.

Suddenly there is a clattering as if flying through tin cans. Shredded metal, hatch/doors, and an empty chute are in our prop wash. Captain White and Lt. McDonald had collided ahead of us.

I was good friends with McDonald's tail gunner, his bunk was next to mine. His wife had recently sent him their wedding portrait, it was next to his bunk. I think we were the only married guys in the hut. He had bought a windup record player, and great records. (Bunny Berigan, Barney Bigard, Lena Hom). I was to inherit these if he went down.

With the cut to nine men I went to fellow Conn, resident Sterling Bristol's crew. On my fourth trip with Lt. Bristol we were shot down by flak on a recall from Furth (August 9, 1944).

I was with the inaugural group of P.O.W.s taking up residence at a new camp for air crew at St. Wendel.

Then in September we took a freight to Pomerania and Stalag Luft-4. Soon after arriving at Luft-4 I saw Tiyeh in the compound. He said "Boms crew is down" I said, "No Bristol".

Sgt. Tiyeh then told me what he knew about the collision.

Sgt. Tiyeh, (in the waist) was about to call McDonald and warn him that White's ship was very close when Whites' ship cut the tail off McDonald's plane very near to where Tiyeh was standing. He did not jump, he fell out. His chest pack was clipped on to his harness by one ring so he was OK. Tiyeh was the only survivor of both crews.

I had not realized until THIS moment, I only knew McDonald's crew 39 days. It's as if time was compressed. I remember your brother as happy and friendly with Air Force panache. He could have been cast as a pilot in an Air Force movie.

Sincerely,

Buell Martin
2 Pickett lane
Unionville, Conn.
06085-1412

Dear Mr. Stern,

I am writing in reference to the picture of "The Fickle Finger". My husband the Lt. Herbert Hamilton was instrumental in naming her. He flew her to England in June of 43 and flew his first mission in her until he was made Squadron Commander of the 551st. I am glad she had a long career.

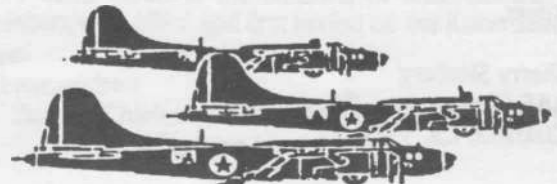
We were back in England from 1949 until 1952 and visited Great Ashfield, also spent two and a half years in Bagdad, Iraq.

Herb's last Tour of Duty was at Lincoln AFB in Nebraska. While there we visited Kearny which I am sure the "old timers" will remember.

I lost Herb several years ago and am now living in California and look forward to the Hardlife Heard.

Sincerely,
Jean Hamilton

Mrs. H.O. Hamilton
1132 Oakmont Drive #1
Walunt Creek, CA, 94595



M. John Pettenger
Box 117 Laurel
FL 34272-0117

Dear Sir,

As our association is searching about all events about second world war, and especially about the air war in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, I write to you Sir, to get some help in a tragedy which happened the 12th of July 1944 between two villages (PERLE and WOLWELANCE) in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. On that day, two B17 crashed together in a mid air collision between these villages. The two planes were from the 385BG, 550 and 551 BS. Only one crew member survived this horrible accident. His name is Larry Atieyeh Sgt number 3286011. He was arrested by the Nazis near the village but he was safe. Now Sir, the local authorities was to erect a monument about these heroes from above which gave their lives for our liberty Sir. In 1998 is planned the inauguration of the monument. Planned is a plate with all the names of the crew members of these two planes. As I am now searching over two years for a contact person of this Bomber Group, Sir I hope to get some more information about this tragedy. Your address Sir, was forwarded to me by M. Harry Godbrecht from the 303BG. Perhaps Sir you have some pictures about these crews or airplanes. Perhaps M. Larry Atieyeh is still alive, and I can contact him. We took already contact with the American air base from Spangdahlem to get an American music military group for the inauguration. Planned is also to invite veterans from the 385 BG which took part at that mission. As we have many pieces of these aircraft, a little exhibition is also planned. If you have any more information Sir, please let us know that. We will take all costs for eventual copies or pictures concerning these aircraft.

Waiting for an answer Sir, I already thank you for helping us in this case. Thank you for liberating us!

Yours Sincerely,

Editor's note: Anyone who can help find Larry Atieyeh or anything about him please contact these people. It's a nice memorial! Also let's get some remembrances of the mission. Pictures and all together for them.

150th mission -Munich. We went back again the next day.

Lesile P. Paulson
PO BOX 16573
Portland, OR 97216-0573

Hi Ed,

In the April 96 - 385 HLH page 19, article written by the English Historian.

It is possible that is the plane that blew up on Capt. DeWolf and myself. DeWolf was driving.

We were assigned fire guard that night and had a old English fire truck, RH drive, no cab, date and month unknown to me, name of plane I did not see.

It was about midnite as we rolled up diagonally to the left wing tip. I saw the front half of the plane. No one was visible.

smoke and beautiful colors, with debris flying high. Last thing recalled by me was flying thru the air. From then on everything is a blank, my first picture after is standing by the orderly room, reading the duty roster. How I got there I do not know today.

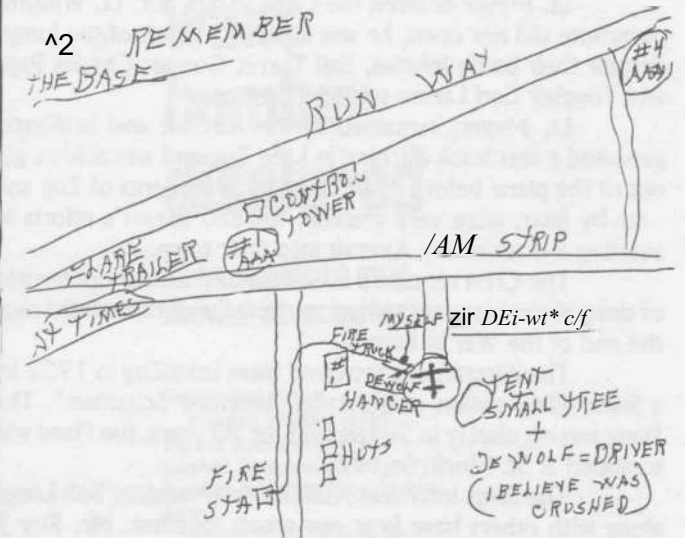
Capt. Lewis of S-2 came over and asked me where I was at the time of detonation? I was on the left side of the truck, my time at the plane was short.

I never got to see the results of excepting the damage to the hanger. "It was said the tail wheel assembly landed on a hut." DeWolf may be at Cambridge cemetery.

I hope you can make head and tails of this.

THANK YOU
Les Paulson
1-503-254-8558
box 16573
Portland, OR 97216

(The base was never bombed to my knowledge during my time)



Sometimes fragments of letters got through from home mostly block lines made by the censor. Never kill that's where we got a good copy of the news for our news sheet, about ball scores and movies. But it is remarkable how much Tom Krieger learns of just reading between the lines even block lines filling most of the space between "Dear Tom" and "Devotedly Yours".

Mr. Ed Stem
P.O. BOX 2187
Fargo, ND 58108

July 5, 1996

Dear Ed:

The June 1996 issue of "Hard Life Herald", carried a letter from Bob Wills, recalling the date of March 16, 1944 as a date he would long remember (Augusburg, Germany Mission).

This date will also remain very vivid in my memory, I was a Crew member on the Plane, just ahead of Bob Wills Aircraft, as one of the Media Commentator's by-line, goes - - Now for the rest of the Story.

Tommy Vance, our regular Pilot was grounded, along with Robert Dewey(Bombardier) - Robert E. Brown (Waist Gunner) Bob Meyer was our Pilot, John Wells was our Radio Operator and Carl J. Larsen was our Toggleir.

We lost our Nose, Ball Turret and #4 engine as a result of fighter attack, fell out of formation and headed to Switzerland. Swiss fighter Aircraft picked us up at the Swiss border, but due to battle damage we were unable to continue to Dubendorf Airport.

Lt. Meyer ordered the Crew to bail out, Lt. Williams parachute did not open, he was killed as a result of the jump, despite their battle injuries, Ball Turret Gunner Charles Page and Toggleir Carl Larsen survived the jump.

Lt. Meyer, remained in the Aircraft and brilliantly executed a text book ditching in Lake Zug and was able to get out of the plane before it sank. The local residents of Zug and Baar, were very grateful, for Bob Meyer's efforts in averting a crash of the Aircraft into their town.

The Crew remained in Switzerland for various lengths of time, several escaped, others remained until repatriated near the end of the War in Europe.

The Aircraft was retrieved from Lake Zug in 1952 by a Swiss filling station owner called "Bomber Schaffner". The Plane was on display in Switzerland for 20 years, the Plane was scrapped at St. Moritz in 1972.

The Swiss Internees Association (President Bob Long) along with others have kept our group together. Mr. Roy J. Thomas who was a student of Bob Meyer in the Public School system, has made a great contribution in his book, "Haven, Heaven and Hell", which lists all of the Airmen Interned in Switzerland during WW II. Roy obtained parts from our old Plane when it was scrapped for the living crew members.

A group of some 20 plus Internees, led by President Bob Long, will be returning for a visit to Switzerland on August 5, 1996, to meet with some of the local residents, who were on hand when we bailed out over their town, 52 years ago.

The day we bailed out over the Swiss towns, was also exciting for the local populous, in this group was a young boy nine years old named Bruce Baur. Young Bruce later immigrated to California, became an Aircraft Mechanic for United Airlines, has since retired.

Bruce too has always remembered the bailout over his home town, has personally met with all the living members of the Crew. Bruce is leaving for Switzerland shortly to visit with his Swiss relatives and finalize our Party, to be given by the towns of Zug and Baar, for their two returning Prodigal sons,

Charles Page and Jerry Legg. Several old timers will also be in attendance, who were there on March 16, 1944.

Unfortunately time has taken its toll, Bob Meyer is unable to travel due to poor health, Carl Larsen will not be making the trip, Elbert Mitchell remains unaccounted for, the balance of our Crew are deceased.

I along with Charles Page, would like to contact members of Lt. Tommy Vance's crew, who did not make that trip of March 16, 1944.

I really enjoy receiving the "Hard Life Herald" and it is truly a small world, when contact the past, through this Publication. I would greatly appreciate contact by any of our old 385th BGMA.

I am not into computers, but can be contacted at the address and telephone number below.

With Best Regards,
Jarrell (Jerry) Legg

Jarrell F. Legg
1364 So. 300 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115-1502
Telephone(801) 483-1800



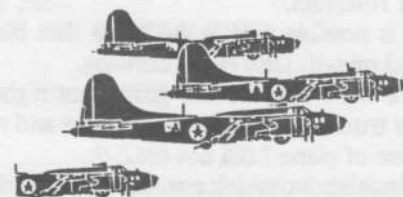
TOMMY VANCE'S CREW

Front (left to right)

TG Jerry Legg, RO Louis B. Leining, WG Robert E. Brown,
WG Elbert E. Mitchell, Eng, John (NMI) Miller

Rear (left to right)

Bomb. Robert W. Dewey, Nav. Robert L. Williams, Pilot
William T. Vance, Co. Pilot Boyd J. Henshaw, BTG Charles
W. Page.



Dear Ed,

I've not been in touch because I've been working hard to finalize my book THE WRONG STUFF. As we know, SELLING is the most important part of the process. So now with the writing finished, my attention is focused on sales, while the publisher works toward the printing.

Southern Heritage Press, publisher of our History, is my publisher. They've never done this type of book and are, therefore, very enthusiastic and have been most cooperative. The present guess is that we'll start to market in September.

While I've not been able to get endorsements, since nobody has yet read it, I do have requests for when THE WRONG STUFF will be available: Ambassador Bill Crowe, London; Charlton Heston, co-chairman, American Air Museum in England; International Combat Camera Assoc., with members who served in the ETO... So that's my British connection. I've even made a bid for a blessing from the Pope with the attached POST SCRIPTUM from THE WRONG STUFF, although I doubt I'll ever hear back from him.

Not yet able to read THE WRONG STUFF, in which Ernest "Moon" Baumann is featured, it's important to know that Moon was, like many in the 8th Air Force, a "party animal" over half-century ago. I was his co-pilot. And as I related at the reunion in Tulsa a few years ago, with Moon present, he had gotten pretty well tanked up at the club one night, returning to our billet wearing an RAF Wing Commander's cap. Moon hit the sack and was out of it when Colonel Van and the bare headed Wing Commander came in to retrieve his cap.

Eventually Moon started talking in his sleep. He had a nightmare. The plane was on fire. Standing up in bed, Moon ordered, "Smitty, save the crew!" Clutching his pillow to his chest like a parachute, he bailed out of bed! The consequence was that he hurt himself, was grounded, and I became First Pilot.

(Excerpt from the book THE WRONG STUFF)

POST SCRIPTUM

Just as THE WRONG STUFF was going to press I received a large photograph and a blessing from Pope Albert the IVth.

No. the photograph and blessing were from my mentor in flying the B-17 during the war 52 years ago, Earnest "Moon" Baumann.

"Moon", the rounder, when I knew him back then, became an actor and in 1996 he was playing the part of the Pope in a theater in San Antonio, Texas, so he sent me his picture in costume.

Considering his lack of restraint and the contrast of his character with any religious figure, I was really surprised by the idea of "Moon" as a Pope.

But then, when Moon and I were flying combat in the skies of Europe in 1944, there was a guy, 24 years old, the same as Moon, who was fighting with the Polish resistance down below us. His name was Karol Wojtyla. He was a poet. And like Moon would turn out to be, he was an actor.

Well, Karol's life also took a change. He became a Roman Catholic priest in 1946. By 1967, Wojtyla became the Cardinal of Krakow Poland. And within eleven years, he changed his name when he became Pope John Paul II.

S^ner^go^photogr^TOoor^nh^Top?^

question came to mind: was Pope John Paul II anything like Moon was 52 years ago when they were both free spirited youths?

Since I couldn't very easily ask him, I asked Margot, my wife, "Do you suppose that the Pope could have been anything like Moon was fifty-two years ago?"

Margot smiled her reply, saying, "If he hadn't been like Moon and the rest of you would-be rogues, why else would he always be wearing that self-contained Mona Lisa smile of his?"



THE WRONG STUFF should be available from Southern Heritage Press, 1-800-282-2823 in September.

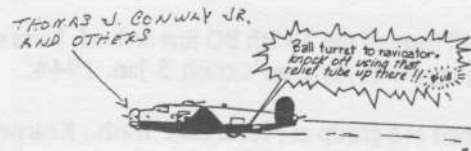
Thanks again Ed,
Truman J. Smith
Lt. Colonel, US Air Force, Retired
5000 E. Prospect
Ponca City, OK 74604

Aloha Ed,

Hope this finds you well and happy. I received two answers to my request in the HH-April issue page 15 re: Ball gunners problem with the bombardier and navigator using the forward relief tube without first notifying the ball gunner so he could turn the turret aft as to avoid the liquid hitting the lookout window on the turret. Where it would immediately freeze preventing the gunner from using his sight in the turret.

John W. Cookston called me and said this had happened to him twice. John was a B.T.O. in the 549th B.S. after the first time he informed the bombardier to knock off using the tube without notifying him first. After the second time it happened the bombardier call to John in the ball turret saying "I Forgot John". The Eugene J. Vaadi crew, Eugene being the pilot, had Thomas J Conway Jr. as a navigator and Jino O. Difonzo as ball turret operator, all in the 550th B.S.-navigator Tom Conway in fact did use the relief tube without informing Jino in the ball and whether the yellow liquid was English Bitters or what, it did in fact freeze on Jino's turret sight window preventing Jino from using it. I'm sure it happened to many other ball gunners so the enclosed cartoon is for all ball gunners caught in the yellow stream situation. My, what we had to put up with to win the war, including being peed on eh!?

All Take Care
Jerry H. Ramaker



Yes - / hS M O T A
3_17 - Bur X
ZIZji' DRAW TrST
2f-rC\bstJ O&. IT
X'OU.LL> rt-k'JZ. CSTJ

lxluo O.^tro/J-Z-O
Jotim' wJ Books < ON
X!X!2> OTHSIS

July 7, 1996

695 AIA North #139
 Ponte Verde Beach
 Florida 32082

Dear Ed,

Recently visited the 8th AF Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, and noticed there was no B-17. They had a P-51, ME-109 and a Komet Jerry rocket fighter. But no Fort. The Fort was the 8th AF. Sooner or later, they're going to get one so why not make a bid to have our Box G insignia in the tail by launching a search for a surviving Fortress and perhaps starting a donation drive to find, buy and restore one?

I spotted a beautiful aluminum Fortress mounted on a platform outside a restaurant while driving north from Bakersfield, California toward Fresno on Highway 99 several years ago. Near Visalia, I believe. Anybody out in the 385th BGMA would know anything about this old bird? Or any other old B-17 we might line up for this Museum that will stand as a memorial long after we're gone?

Let's do something for it. The memorial at Great Ashfield is fine but few Americans will ever see it.

Edwin "Johnny" Johnson

Editor's note: Seems that we remember something about this already being "in the works" by another Group that beat us to the punch. Who knows?

Dear Ed,

In late July or early August of 1943 I had a photographer fly with me on a mission during which he passed out in the radio room several times from the lack of oxygen. I was radio-gunner and recall he'd never flown combat before, had a badly fitted oxygen mask and apparently no training or briefing about high altitude flying. He ignored my advised to wrap a scarf or towel around his neck to protect against the frigid slipstream blast in the radio room. Result: he was badly frost-bitten and was awarded the Purple Heart.

I believe he was a regular member of the 38 5th's photo section and had volunteered to fly the raid. In spite of passing out, he did manage to take his pictures. So he earned his medal. Anybody out there know who he was?

Edwin "Johnny" Johnson

May 2, 1996

Mr. Ian McLahlan,
 Dear Sir,

The April issue of the 385th BG just arrived. I was surprised to find the report of my crew's crash 5 Jan. 1944.

We trained as a group at Moses Lake Wash., Kearney Neb, and went over on the Queen Mary. My bunch was the top one 5 tiers up in the swimming pool. Needless to say, trips to the bathroom were very few after bedtime!

I had caught a very bad cold up at the "Wash" and could not

shake it! My crew had a break up, the Bombardier and Navigator were made part of a lead crew. So, as I was in the/hospital there was only 7 of our original bunch. They went first to southern France on the first mission (came to the hospital that night all hopped up).

Next day someone came into my ward with the news that they had crashed up just of the runway. Only one man survived, that being the tail gunner, Burnell T. Hamilton of Miami Fla. He was badly injured and was in a Station General Hospital near Nottingham. I see by the report that my pilot, Bill Morris survived I feel this must be a mistake. It lists him, Lt. Zebarth, Sgt. Stevens and Sgt. Stuebgen, the others I did not know. I did go up to the hospital every 2 day pass to see my best friend "Barney."

I was fortunate to get on a very good group of men when I started flying again. As you no doubt know, ones memory is one of the first things to go. All the names I remember of the new crew was Enroth Nav. King Bomb Lay Humphrey and Frank Chance. All wonderful guys. Saw where Sgt. Humphrey died. His obit was in the newsletter one time.

They were flying "Mr. Lucky", the plane Joe Jones rode the tail down safely. Met him in Spokane 2 years ago. I finished up with 31 missions with no serious problems. Was going to try for more until my last one. When one took potluck, you never knew what kind of group you would draw.

I drew a dandy so said thats all. Was sent to the 486th BG was running the gunnery school. Training 24 crews in 17th learning combat. Came back to the States in time for Thanksgiving. Finished up at Laredo A.F.B.

If you know anything about Capt. Morris, I would love to know it. Yes, his promotion was waiting only he never came back.

Best Wishes to you & yours

Arnold M. Miller
 713 Fawn Trail S.E.
 Albuquerque, NM

87123

I note that you have this plane as "The Stars and Stripes." Unless our plane was replaced it was the "Pistol Packin' Mama" and I feel sure that Barney (our tail gunner) who was the only survivor would have mentioned it. I know the word on the base was that ice on the wings caused the crash. Barney told me several times that they spent a lot of time cleaning the wings. I was sent to Miami when I got Stateside. Was there almost 4 weeks. Saw Barney almost daily as he was home from the hospital on leave. Was in Miami over Christmas & New Years. Somehow we lost track of each other over the years. At one time we lived in central Florida and drove to Miami. Looked in the phone book and city directory but no sign of him.

Thanking you again, I am
 Arnold M. Miller

385TH REUNION - EAST ANGLIA 1942 - 1996

385TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP REUNION ASSOCIATION VISIT TO ENGLAND 1996

Here is the basic itinerary for the trip to England in September. Longer periods will be spent in the Great Ashfield area in line with comments received after previous trips to England. If you want to stay longer, David can arrange any option you desire. The price is \$ 1336 tentatively, and does not include air fare from USA to London.

Basic information on the itinerary is on the reverse side. But changes make it even better have been made. 26 signed up so far-LAST CALL- get in on a lively 2 weeks!

Accommodation

The tour price is based on using first class hotels throughout and on utilising twin bedded rooms all with private bathroom, color TV, phone etc... A few single rooms are available at a supplementary charge.

Travel Insurance

It is strongly recommended that you take out travel insurance to cover you against cancellation from the tour through illness, loss or damage to baggage, loss of money or personal effects (ie jewellery, camera etc not necessarily covered as "baggage") and medical expenses. this cover will be available at any Travel Agent or from your Insurance Broker.

Passport/Visa/Health

AUS Passport is essential for entering the UK although no Visas are required for US citizens. No inoculations or vaccinations are required by US residents visiting the UK.

385TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP REUNION ASSOCIATION VISIT TO ENGLAND - SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 5, 1996

Mr/J Mrs^Miss	First Name	Surname	Mark "X" if smoker

ADDRESS OF LEAD NAME TO WHICH ALL CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE SENT		Mark "X" for Room Requirements		Delete as applicable
_____		Twin-Bedded with Private Bathroom		
_____		Single-Bedded with Private Bathroom		

Telephone No:				
Home:				
Office:				

If you wish our Tour Operators to quote for additional services i.e. longer stay etc, please provide full details here and a written quotation will be sent to you.

Reservation Form

Complete this form and send it together with your deposits to:-

John Pettinger
Box 117
Laurel
 cl. Alri nt <7

I enclose remittance of:

_____ Deposits @ \$200 per person totalling \$ _____

and I agree on behalf of all the above named persons to accept the Conditions of Booking overleaf.

Day 1: Tuesday 24th September

Depart from the U.S.A, for the overnight flight to London

Day 2: Wednesday 25th September

Arrive Heathrow/Gatwick. Transfer into central London and the Marlborough Hotel. Afternoon at leisure. Evening Welcome Reception and Dinner.

Day 3: Thursday 26th September

Full day at leisure. Tour members may choose between a city sightseeing tour, a visit to the Imperial War Museum or a visit to the R.A.F. Museum at Hendon. Evening free.

Day 4: Friday 27th September

Morning drive to The Bull Hotel in Long Melford. Afternoon free. Dinner at the hotel.

Day 5: Saturday 28th September

Full day visit to Great Ashfield including a buffet lunch. Evening slide show by the F.O.T.E. after dinner.

Day 6: Sunday 29th September

Morning Harvest Festival Service at Great Ashfield Church followed by lunch with the villagers. Afternoon free to explore the area in jeeps and other military vehicles. Dinner at the hotel.

Day 7: Monday 30th September

Full day free in Long Melford. Optional visit to the pretty villages of Cavendish, Kersey and Long Melford.

Day 8: Tuesday 1st October

Full day visit to Norwich calling in at an Airfield Museum (Ian McL to arrange). Afternoon tour of Norwich visiting the castle, the cathedral, the market and other places of interest.

Day 9: Wednesday 2nd October

Depart Long Melford for a morning's visit to Bury St. Edmunds before continuing to Cambridge and Holiday Inn. Evening visit to "The Eagle " pub.

Day 10: Thursday 3rd October

Morning visit to the Madingley Cemetery for a short Service of Remembrance before continuing to the Air Museum at Duxford. Evening get-together with F.O.T.E. members in the hotel.

Day 11 & 12: Friday & Saturday 4th & 5th October

At leisure, farewell dinner, return to Heathrow/Gatwick for return home.

**Tour price includes: Accommodations at 1 st Class Hotels based on sharing twin bedroom. Full buffet breakfast each day. Deluxe coach transportation. Welcome & Farewell receptions, lunches & dinners most days.

NOT INCLUDED:

Flights between the USA and London, drinks, meals (other than those specified), travel insurance, any optional excursions eg a theatre visit, and any personal expenses such as laundry, phone calls etc.

FLIGHTS:

Call John Pettenger for more information- 941-488-7569.



THE UNSUNG HEROES

Groundcrews of Today Carry the Torch for the Meehs of Yesteryear

Nuts, bolts, hoses, rivets, sweat and grease. These are — and always have been — the basic elements that make up the world of the airplane mechanic.



During World War II...

While the pilots have traditionally received all of the accolades, the medals and the glory, it always has been the people on the ground who have made it all possible. In fact, pilots have always put their lives in the hands of their groundcrews. Something as simple as a broken screw can result in a pilot being forced to ditch his plane behind enemy lines ... or worse.

Without the tireless efforts of groundcrews, the decisive air war waged over Nazi-occupied Europe would have been futile.

Today at Duxford, you can see the legacy of the groundcrews of yore being honored by the mechanics who put in the untold hours needed to maintain the airworthy status of history's greatest warbirds. The "mechs" of today at Duxford consist of a team of highly skilled engineers and an even bigger "army" of volunteers. It is one of the most unique characteristics of the site of The American Air Museum. Founding Members are able to

visit the various hangars and truly experience the mechanics' critical work. The crews are always happy to speak with visitors, explaining exactly what they do and, if you are lucky, share some amazing stories.

The workload has changed little in the last 50 years with only one significant difference - no bombs or guns are required. During the winter months, the aircraft are hangared, inspected and repaired. Aircraft are routinely



... Today at Duxford Airfield

dis-assembled in order for parts to be checked and refurbished. Following careful re-assembly, the aircraft are checked-out again before the over-critical test flight.

People don't always realize that groundcrews risked their lives daily as they worked on these incredibly powerful — and often volatile — machines. Whether it was loading fuel, bombs, or gunners' ammunition, these unsung heroes put their lives on the line for the safety of their pilots and crew, and for the security of our country and the freedoms we enjoy today.

The American Air Museum will always pay tribute to these brave young men and it is in their honor that we re-print "The Unsung Mechs," a poem graciously submitted by Founding Member Lee Fleming Reese of San Diego, California.

'The Unsung Mechs' by Lee Fleming Reese

*There are garlands for flyers in Europe,
For aces and victors in war.
And for Lindbergh who flew the Atlantic,
Touched down onto France's west shore;
For Byrd who flew over the North Pole,
For Corrigan's strange "wrong way" trek,
But where are the towering markers
To the faithful and capable mechs?
For a plane is as good as its weak spot,
Each pilot is risking his neck
If the plane isn't properly cared for
By the faithful and capable mechs.*

385TH BGMA

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

FORWARD & ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID

Fargo, North Dakota
Permit No. 1761

