

OHIO AIR FORCE GOLDEN GOOSE THUNDERBIRD WANDERING DUCHESS CURLY'S KIDS
 SKY GODDESS OL' WAR HORSE PICCADILLY QUEEN BLUE CHAMPAGNE MARY ELLEN
 SALLY B ROUNDTRIP TICKET CHOWHOUND YANK GELDING WINNIE THE POOH
 HONKY TONK SAL RAUNCHY WOLF MISS AMERICA STARS AND STRIPES QUEEN WAR WEARY
 HESITATIN' HUSSY "HAYBAG" ANNIE PREGNANT PORTIA DORSAL QUEEN ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 BIG GAS BIRD LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY LEADING LADY HARES BREATH
 STAR DUST ANGELS SISTER LONESOME POLECAT MARY PAT
 SKY CHIEF SLO JO ALES VICTORIA SLY FOX
 MR. LUCKY PERRY'S PIRATES TARGET FOR TONIGHT MR. SMITH
 MADAME SHOO SHOO GIZMO SACK TIME SHACK N LADY
 PAT PENDING ROGER THE DODGER JUNIOR OL' DOODLE BUG
 POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY IMPATIENT VIRGIN RAGGED BUT RIGHT SWEET CHARIOT
 ROUNDTRIP JACK HOMESICK ANGEL HALF AND HALF SLEEPYTIME GAL RUBY'S RAIDERS SWINGING DOOR
 SHACK BUNNY MY GAL SAL LATEST RUMOR MAIDEN AMERICA MISSISSIPPI MISS
 SPIRIT OF CHICAGO BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN MISSION BELLE LULU BELLE
 SOUTHERN BELLE RAGGEDY ANNE OL' RUM DUM FOOLISH VIRGIN

HARD LIFE



HERALD



NEWSLETTER OF THE
385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION



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 548th BOMB SQ.
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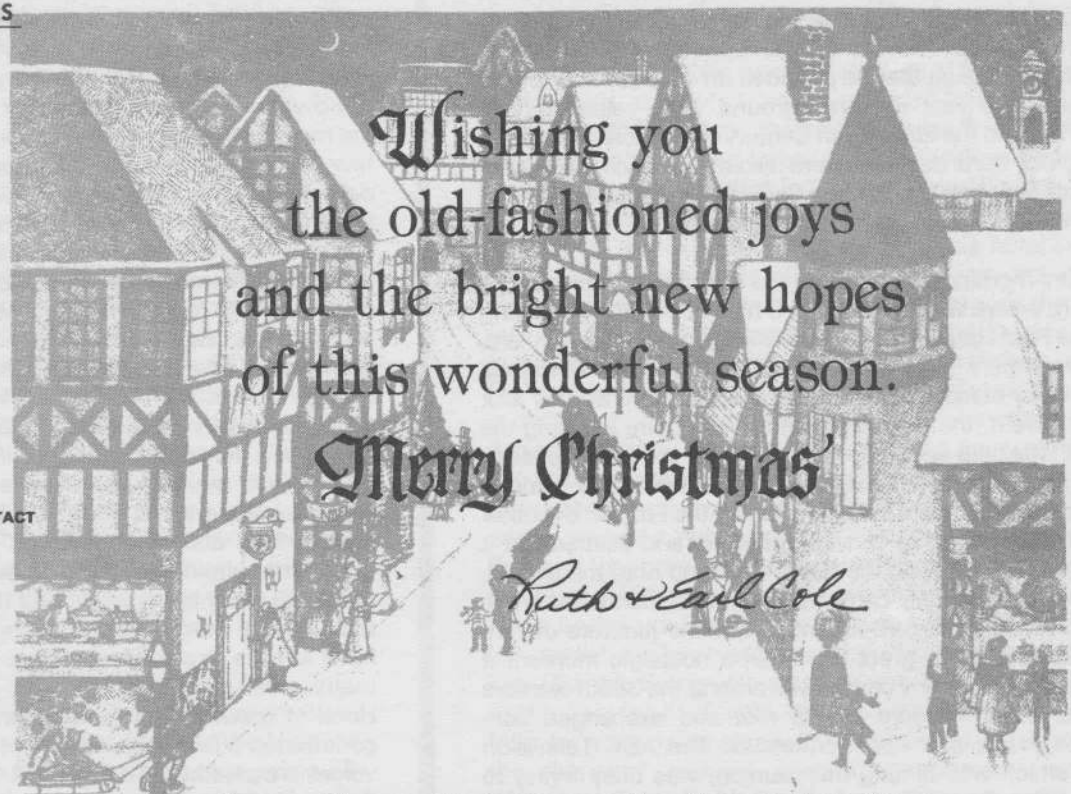
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Wishing you
 the old-fashioned joys
 and the bright new hopes
 of this wonderful season.

Merry Christmas

Ruth + Earl Cole

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
 From your Editor, Ed and Jane

12th Reunion — 46th Anniversary
Fargo, ND — Aug. 24 - 27, 1989

Report On The 1988 Reunion

by Al Chealander

The 385th reunion tour of the United Kingdom was a great success, one to be remembered by all who participated. We started out with 97 hardy souls and assembled at the Grafton Hotel in London on our day of arrival, August 17th. At 6:15, we boarded the coaches for the drive to the surprise location for the Welcome Reception, namely the British Cabinet WW II War Rooms, which are a part of the Imperial War Museum. The Cabinet War Rooms are located very close to Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and St. James' Park. These War Rooms comprise the most important surviving part of the underground emergency accommodations which were provided to protect Winston Churchill, the War Cabinet and the Chiefs of Staff of Britain's armed forces against air attacks during the second world war. We sipped a delightful wine as we toured the 21 historic rooms of this amazing complex. Those who were unable to make this reunion should make a note to visit the Cabinet War Rooms on their next trip to London.

The second day in London, we were taken on a guided sightseeing tour of London's most famous landmarks, including Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the River Thames and the Tower of London. Since the Queen was away visiting Balmoral Castle, the flag was not flying over the Palace, there was no changing of the guard ceremony. However, we did see the Horse Guards ride down the street fronting Buckingham Palace to a side entrance to the Palace grounds. Our afternoon was free but 26 of us took afternoon tea at the historic Stafford Hotel on St. James' Place. The General Manager of the hotel was so delighted to see us that he provided an escorted tour of the extensive 300 year old underground wine cellars. Wines dating back to the Eighteenth Century were stored there. On Friday, our third day, we were taken by coach to Canterbury for a visit to the famous Cathedral in the morning and to the White Cliffs of Dover in the afternoon.

Saturday morning, we boarded the coaches for our jaunt to Ipswich, where we had lunch in a nice Pub before checking into the Post House Hotel. Then it was on to Great Ashfield. The excitement grew as the coaches drove into Elmswell. The railway station came into view on our left, and as luck would have it, the crossing barrier was down, awaiting the train. It was time enough for some to get off the coaches to take pictures of the railway station platform they remembered so well. The old Pub, now called the Fox, on the other side of the tracks, has been spruced up and painted but it still looks the same. As the buses drove up onto the airfield, the familiar three trees came into view and then we saw the large crowd of villagers assembled at the juncture of runways 25 and 31 to greet us. What a nostalgic moment it was! There were many damp eyes among the 385th warriors and the older villagers as we met and exchanged handshakes, hugs, and warm embraces. The ABC Television Crew, which was filming this reunion, was busy trying to capture the flavor of this occasion. Rowley and Angela Miles, who own the farm on which the airfield is located, were there to welcome us, as were Ian McLachlan and Ian Hawkins. A light rain started to fall but it didn't dampen the enthusiasm and excitement of this afternoon. The villagers were out in force, the old, the young, and the children. The

Friends of the Eighth (FOTE) had some restored U.S. wartime jeeps, weapons carriers, a six-by-six, and even an ambulance, available to drive us around the airfield. Ed Grabowski and several others tried their hands driving these authentically restored vehicles around the base. In the evening, we were taken to a large barn on a farm adjoining the airfield for a buffet barbecue dinner which the villagers had prepared. The food was outstanding and plentiful. A bar at one end of the barn took care of the thirsty. The friendliness and hospitality of these wonderful people was just overwhelming. After much reminiscing, picture taking and pleasant good nights, we boarded the buses to return to our hotel at 9 p.m.

On Sunday, we left the Post House at 9 for the drive to the 390th Bomb Group Memorial Air Museum at Parham for a look at many exhibits, quite a few from the 385th, before heading back to Great Ashfield for another visit to the airfield. Again it started to rain and continued off and on for the rest of the day. Once again, the FOTE members had their wartime vehicles available to transport us to the far corners of the old air base. Much of the airfield is wooded and it has become the Game Preserve for Rowley Miles. Pheasants were everywhere. Rowley promised good shooting for those who might wish to come back in November for a hunt. At noon, the good people from the local farms and villages provided us with an excellent buffet lunch, complete with wine. It was held in one of the large farm machinery buildings on the end of runway 31. The wine was smooth, the food was great and the warm hospitality of our British friends heartfelt. It was so good to be back with these folks again, even if for such a short visit. The intermittent rain and low ceilings prevented a fly-by of some WWII aircraft. However, later on in the afternoon, a lone P-40 appeared out of nowhere and made some low high speed passes down the main runway. A number of the local people drove quite a few of us to their homes for tea and visits. At 3:30, we departed the airfield for the All Saints Church where a remembrance service was conducted by the Vicar, Dr. G. Pattison. The church was packed for this very moving service. There were very few dry eyes in our group when it ended. Our ABC crew filmed this service. We said our good-bys to our wonderful English friends in front of the church as we boarded the coaches to return to our Ipswich hotel to change clothes for the Grand Dinner Dance at the Orwell Moat House in Felixstowe. The large dining room was beautifully decorated and the wine flowed like water. The dinner was superb, the service was excellent and the speeches were short. The Big Little Band played a lot of Glenn Miller and other favorites of WWII times. A lot of good jitterbuggin' was goin' on out on the dance floor. The old tigers really came to life and their wives were right with them. It was a time to be young again. The last coach to the hotel left the Orwell Moat House just before midnight. The merry revelers sang all the way back to the Post House Hotel in Ipswich. Ron and Albert, our two couriers, each contributed a few solos. It isn't often that so many melodic voices are assembled on one bus. As the coach pulled up to the hotel to let us off, the serenading was going full tilt, undoubtedly to wake up our sleeping comrades who left the dance earlier on the first bus. It seemed like the evening didn't want to end.

The next day, Monday, was Day 7 on our tour. After a full English breakfast, we checked out of the hotel and were soon headed south through the Suffolk countryside, so aptly depicted in the paintings of Gainsborough and Constable, to Lavenham, the old wool town. A brief walk around the town, some shopping and a visit to the old bar in the Swan Hotel where the names and signatures of many officers and airmen who were in the 487th Bomb Group, are displayed on the wall. They have been well preserved over the years. We couldn't leave without hoisting a few pints. Then it was on to Bury St. Edmunds for lunch and a tour of the Abbey.

On the way to the American Cemetery at Cambridge, we took a special side trip to RAF Lakenheath, which is occupied by the U.S. Air Force, for a special close-up tour and briefing on the SR-71 (Blackbird) by one of its pilots. It is an awesome airplane and is built primarily of titanium. In answer to our questions, the pilot smiled and said it would fly at altitudes in excess of 80,000 feet and at speeds in excess of Mach 3. At Maddingly, where the American Cemetery is located, just on the edge of Cambridge, we paid our respects to our 385th comrades buried there by laying a special 385th wreath at the memorial and saying silent prayers. The weather was good for a change so we spent some time walking around the neat rows of graves and the Wall of the Missing, looking for the names of those we knew. The Cemetery Superintendent had marked the graves of our fallen comrades from the 385th with two small flags, one American - one British, so that we could easily find them. While our visit was brief, it was deeply moving. The 30 some acres of land on which the Cemetery is sited, was donated to the United States by the University of Cambridge and is the only land owned by the United States in England. We checked into our Cambridge hotel, the Post House, in the late afternoon.

The next morning, we were driven into the center of Cambridge and dropped off for a guided walking tour of the famous Cambridge University. In the afternoon, we were taken to the Duxford Aerodrome and British Air Museum. The only flyable B-17 in Britain, the Sally B, was parked on the grass just off the ramp. Inside one of the large hangars was a special exhibit dedicated to the Eighth Air Force and another B-17 in which we were granted special permission to prowl around. It was quite a sight to watch some try to climb up in from the front hatch. A few actually accomplished it. The Ball Turret was a popular place as former gunners crawled in. The cockpit, nose section, radio room, waist and tail positions all had 385th visitors. Many pictures were taken and some missions were reflighted while the 385th warriors were once again aboard their favorite airplane. Our ever-present ABC television crew was on hand to record all this.

On Wednesday, Day 9, the 29 short tour participants were taken back to their London airport for return to the U.S. At the same time, those of us taking the long tour, some 68 strong, headed north to York on two coaches. After lunch, we were taken on a guided walking tour of the City wall and the beautiful Yorkminster Cathedral. York, founded in the 12th Century, was once the second city in England after London. The rain which had abated since Great Ashfield,

caught up with us on the way to Edinburgh the next morning. We stopped for lunch at Alnwick and continued on to Bamburgh Castle where we spent an hour exploring this magnificent fortress. Passing by the Holy Island, we arrived in Edinburgh late in the afternoon and checked into the Caledonian Hotel, purportedly one of the finest in the world. Edinburgh was lively as it was festival time. The next day, we took two excellent tours, one through Holyrood Palace in the morning and the Edinburgh Castle in the afternoon. In the evening we attended the famous Edinburgh Military Tattoo at the Castle. Fortunately, the rain held off until this great show was over. At 9 the next morning we continued north, across the Firth of Forth Bridge, through Perth, and along the Tay River to Pitlochry, where we were conducted on an excellent tour through the Blair Atholl Whiskey Distillery, which makes Bell's Scotch. Each of us were given little bottles of malt whiskey. After lunch in Pitlochry, we were off to Aviemore, which is a popular winter resort with ski slopes, indoor heated pools, spa baths, and excellent streams and forests nearby for fishing and hunting. We saw some spectacular scenery as we drove north to Inverness and then south through many forests and lochs (lakes). We were told Salmon and Trout fishing is excellent in this area. We arrived at Turnberry Hotel in the late afternoon. This beautiful hotel overlooks the Ailsa Golf Course, where the British Open was held in 1986 and is to be held again in 1993. The course runs along the coast of the Irish Sea. Garenett Tunstall, Al Audette and Al Chealander played the golf course the next morning but got rained out on the 14th hole. Tough course but fun. Checking out of the hotel at 1 p.m., we reached the ferry terminal at Stranraer for our 214 hour voyage across the Irish Sea to Larne, Ireland. We drove right through Belfast without stopping (no one wanted to) to Dublin for a two night stay. Dublin was crowded, alive and festive. After our guided tour of Trinity University and St. Patrick's Cathedral (this one was Protestant) it was time for some afternoon shopping. Our ladies did quite well as things were less expensive here than in England. Day 16 came and we continued south, stopping at Limerick on the Shannon River for lunch in an Irish Pub. When we got to our hotel in Cork it was raining once again. The next morning, the weather cleared some as we drove to Waterford to visit the Crystal factory. The glass-making activity from the furnace, to the glassblowers, the shapers, the cutters, the etchers, and the finishers, was fascinating to watch. Since the entire process is done by hand, it is no small wonder that it is so beautiful and so expensive. It was a real treat to see many of the most exquisite crystal pieces in the world displayed in the showrooms. Leaving Waterford, we were driven to Blarney where we had a Pub lunch and toured the Blarney Castle. Some of the more adventurous in our group actually kissed the Blarney Stone, no small feat as one must be upside down backwards, looking at the ground fifty feet below, to accomplish it. They were issued certificates of achievement. The Blarney Stone is located at the very top of Blarney Castle. Leaving the Castle, we walked to the nearby Woolen Mills for a shopping spree. Free Irish whiskey helped whet the shoppers' appetite. Very fine cashmeres, woolens, Waterford Crystal, china and silverware were to be had at very reasonable prices. Needless to say, many in our group loaded up and most had their purchases mailed home. We left the Metropole Hotel in Cork at 5:30 the next morning in order to catch the 8 o'clock ferry at Rosslare for the 314 hour

crossing to Fishguard, Wales. Wales was lush and green. Very little traffic was encountered on our way to Bath. Bath, an old city, was one of the most beautiful we had visited so far. Our walking tour through the center of town was made very interesting by our excellent guide who really knew the history of this quaint and clean city. The Roman baths are still there, spewing hot water just as they did 9 centuries ago. Just about all agreed that they would like to return to Bath someday.

Day 20 saw us on the Motorway to Farnborough to take in the International Air Show. The weather was nice for a change, high clouds and generally sunny. There were many fine exhibits that occupied the morning. In the afternoon, we were treated to an outstanding flying display as the world's best and latest fighter planes performed. The star of the show was a Russian MIG-29. Its pilot did things that none of the other performers did. Training planes, transports, helicopters and airliners were put through their paces also. After the show, we climbed back aboard the coaches and returned to the Grafton Hotel in London. Day 21 was a day of leisure for some last-minute shopping and sight-seeing. About half the group joined the excursion to Windsor Castle, Runnymede, and Eton. At the Castle, they saw the changing of the guard and toured the interior. A number of the wives who stayed in London took the underground to Harrods for some shopping. Others visited the Tower of London to see the Crown Jewels.

That evening, David Wade boarded us on the coaches and took us to our last night surprise dinner at the Cockney Club. He wouldn't tell us where we were going until we got there. This turned out to be a fun evening as we were greeted with wine and songs. Soon, we all joined in the singing and had more wine. After a lot of picture taking, more wine and more singing, we proceeded into the dining room for dinner and more wine. There was a large circular stage on one side of the dining room and after dinner we pushed our chairs back and enjoyed a very good musical stage show, while sipping more of that good wine. It was a happy group that crawled on the buses at midnight to return to the hotel.

On Day 22, Tuesday, September 6th, it was a final round of goodbyes as our happy travelers boarded their two coaches, one for Heathrow and one for Gatwick, to catch their homeward flights to the US.

I think all of us will agree that this was an outstanding reunion tour in just about every respect. Oh sure, a couple of the hotels didn't quite have their act together as a few of us encountered the inconvenience of an occasional small room, the lack of hot water, or an unmade room, but by and large the hotels were first class, the service was very good and the food was excellent and plentiful. The guided tours and attractions were simply great. The scenery encountered was varied, interesting and mostly beautiful. I'm sure all that rain kept everything green and fresh. The people we met were very friendly and helpful, and they all spoke English! David Framer took video pictures with his camcorder and ABC covered the first 7 days of the tour. ABC will show our reunion later this year, perhaps in December. It will be a one hour show on the ABC series "WWII Remembrance" or

"Remembering WWII". The time and dates will be announced as they become known. We will show the ABC video tape at the Fargo Reunion. David Framer will also show his tape there. Just about everyone had a camera, so there will be many snapshots available for later viewing. It was interesting to note that the majority of our people on this tour were making their first visit to Great Ashfield since the end of WWII.

1989 Dues Now DUE

Send your \$8 check to Treas. John Pettenger, Box 117, Laurel, FL 34272. If you want to make it easier for John, become a Life Member for \$100 and he won't have to record your payment every year — giving him more time on the golf course. Life memberships are used to perpetuate the memorial at All Saints Church in Great Ashfield, Suffolk County, England.

Retirement Option

Looking for a moderately priced retirement area? Our old training Base at Glasgow, Montana (549th trained there) is developing 1200 quality homes out of the newest Air Force (but Deactivated) Base built in the USA. They're among the best homes the AF built, with hardwood floors, brick fronts, full basements, attached garages. Country Club atmosphere. If interested write to St. Marie Retired Military Community, PO Box 4042, St. Marie, MT 59231. Phone 406-524-3333. Their brochure sounds terrific.

Editor's Phone Number

Not that anyone gives a damn what our phone number is, but we feel guilty when someone calls our home and we're at the office, so you get stuck for two calls. Our home number is 701-237-9999. The office is 701-235-7593. We're usually at the store till about 3 pm, then home or out doing whatever there is to do in Fargo at night.

RV Travelers

Do you want to park in the Motel parking lot, or would you like us to reserve you a space in our World Class Lindenwood Park, which is 4 miles away just off the Interstate.

Its along the river, beautifully wooded, complete facilities for any activity. The 1987 fee was \$7 per day. Better note your preference on your registration blank.

Letters to Gerry Donnelly our 8th A.F. contact man.

Dear Mr. Donnelly,

I was in the 385th Bomb Group Flying Devil Sqd in 1944 & 1945. I have been trying for years to contact members of my crew. I am a member of the Confederate Air Force in Harlingen, TX and was given your name and address by them for some possible assistance. Below is a list of our crew members:

Name & Orig. Add.	Ser. #	Desig.	MOS
Byron D. Allen, Captain Harvey, Ill	0672012	Pilot	1091
Evert Lundstrom, 1st Lt. Montclair, NJ	0929356	CP	1091
Gilbert Goldberg, Ust Lt Philadelphia, PA	02009056	Nav.	1034
Wilmer John, 1st Lt. Athol, PA	0780382	Bomb	1035
Robert Garner, T/Sgt Muldrow, OK	39272636	Fit. Eng.	740
Samuel Graham T/Sgt Springfield, OH	13062986	Radio	757
Virgil Fallon, S/Sgt Glendive, Mont.	39619559	Btg	612
Edward Seville, S/Sgt Shelby, CA	39137386	T.G.	612
Harry Keyer, Sgt Louisville, KY	15364204	WG	611

Thanks for any help.

Robert A Garner
986 Bluebonnet, Harlingen, TX 78550

Dear Sir,

I received your address via the 8th AFHS and would like to ask for your help in tracing any members of a former 385th crew.

During the last ten years or so I have been researching aircraft that crashed in the area where I lived during WWII. In doing so, I have located about 124 different planes of both the Luftwaffe and the Allies.

My aim is to fully investigate these crashes and get the stories of these men on paper. In the area where I live (close to the American Military Cemetery of Margraten) people take a special interest in these stories, for this part of Holland was the first part that was liberated and the only part that was liberated by American units.

To complete one of these stories of which I already have the MACR, I would like to get into contact with any surviving crewmembers who returned to the USA after the war. Seven of the men mentioned on the enclosed slip were successful evaders!!!!

B-17G from 548th BS/ 385th BG with SN 42-31295 which crashed on 04.02, 1944 in a village called Munsterbilzen, close to Maastricht in the very south of the Netherlands.

CREW:

1st Lt Billy N Horstman from Pueblo
2nd Lt William Kosseff from Brooklyn
21 nd Lt Vernon L Kisinger
S/Sgt John P Hanson from Brooklyn
T/Sgt Alexander S Swider from West Virginia
S/SGT Otto V Roskey from Texas
S/SGT Paul W Millner from Austin
S/Sgt Earl Flaherty from Sterling
S/Sgt James V Gilliam from Hopkinsville

Looking forward to hearing from you and thanking in advance.

Sincerely,

Ron Putz
P. Schunckstr. 1320
6418 VP Heerlen, The Netherlands

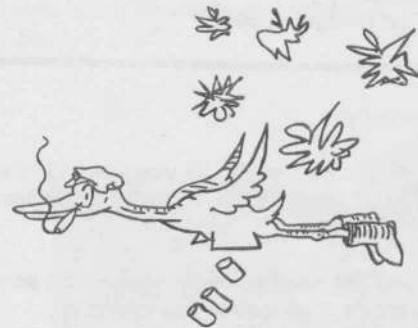
Dear Mr. Donnelly,

For the past twenty years I have been attempting to research, collect, repaint and just learn and save the art work done on aircraft in WWII.

I have just signed a contract to do a history of Nose Art with the Aviation Writer, Mr. Jeffrey L. Ethell, of Virginia.

I want to give full credit to the Nose Art artist in WWII and have contacted a number in the past years.

Miss Anne Heywood was the unofficial artist for the 3rd Air Division of the 8th Air Force in England. Anne painted a B-17, "Golden Goose", which flew in the 385th Bomb Group, 551st Bomb Sqdn.



After his 13th mission, Francis Ralph Fuller, had his photo taken with Miss Heywood. After the war. Miss Heywood sent the sketch of the Golden Goose in a letter to Mr. Fuller.

I am seeking any info., crew, serial, photo, etc. on the B-17 called the "Golden Goose".

I am also interested in any story of crew members that met Miss Heywood and other nose art she painted.

Clarence Simonsen
Box 78 Acme, Alberta, Canada TOM 0A0

Letters to Gerry Donnelly con't.

Dear Mr. Donnelly,

My name is Bob Skophammer and although I served in the old air corps (1945-46) I was never sent overseas, therefore, I am not a member of the 385th Association. However, I have a brother, Jim, who is, which brings me to the point of this letter.

I am into plastic scale modeling, (have been since I was a kid) only these days most of us just don't slap a plastic kit together out of the box. Now I do "fine scale" modeling, which some of your members may be familiar with. This means cramming as much detail as you can into a model to make it look as much like the real thing as you can. Details like accurate cockpits, engines, wheel wells, also accurate painting and weathering.

One of the projects I want to take on is an accurate model of the B-17 my brother Jim flew waist on back in 1944. However, pinning down a particular airplane is somewhat difficult. After some conversations with Jim (who lives in San Francisco) and reading over 3 of the 385th newsletters, we seem to have come down to two possibilities. One is "Big Gas Bird" and the other is "Old War Horse". I am in a little luck here because these are both "G" models and that is the only model I can find in 1/48" scale. So I guess where I need some help is in running down the following information. (1) I need the tail numbers and fuselage letter identification, (2) were these planes painted or natural metal?.

From the photos of nose art I have seen, they would appear to be painted olive drab. I particularly need the numbers. So if anyone out there has an old photo or remembers anything additional about either of these planes, it would be **greatly** appreciated.

So there you have it — I'll be watching my mail box. Thanks for listening.

Bob Skophammer
427 O. St., Fort Dodge, IA 50501

Dear Mr. Donnelly

My name is Glenn Mittler. I'm 38 years old. I live and teach school in Elyria, Ohio. Elyria is about 25 miles west of Cleveland.

I'm hoping you can be of some help regarding some research I am at work on. Please allow me to explain.

Although I am not of the era, I am an admirer and historian of the late bandleader, Major Glenn Miller. My interest is not of recent origin having heard Miller's recordings as a boy in our home. Currently I am compiling an appreciation of the Miller saga.

Research indicates Miller and his A.A.F. band performed for close to 15,000 personnel of the 385th B.G. at Elmswell, near Stowmarket on Oct. 1, 1944.

I'm wondering if you might remember this concert and also

might have taken some snapshots or have some photographs of the Miller band? If not, perhaps you might know someone who has, such as special services personnel, etc. I'm respectfully wondering if I could borrow any pictures you or others you might know for a period of 2-3 weeks for the purposes of acquiring copy-prints. Although I've been researching Miller's 8th A.F. whereabouts for over 10 years now, this is my first letter to the 385th. I shall take **extreme** care of any snapshots and promptly return them. Perhaps you can include my request in your unit newsletter. Thank you for your consideration in helping a younger historian. I too am an associate member of the 8th A.F.H.S. Looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Respectfully,

Glenn Mittler
42614 Grandview Dr., Elyria, Ohio 44035

Editor's note: It was probably about 3,000 at The Glenn Miller Concert.

Dear Ed:

Here are the pictures taken on the reunion tour. I have written the information on the backs. You may not be able to use them all however. Please keep them and perhaps you could set up a display board with them at the Fargo reunion. If you wish to do this, I will send you many more for that purpose. We could also request pictures from those on the tour as just about everyone had a camera. It would make a fine exhibit.

As I mentioned before, we will have the ABC tape of our reunion to show at Fargo and David Framer will show his video tape as well. In addition, Ronald C. Nolan, a life member from Canby, Oregon, also took motion pictures of our reunion as he did in the 1976 reunion in England. He might be persuaded to show them in Fargo.

Ed, I believe just about all of us who were in England will be at the Fargo reunion, if we keep our good health. Just about everyone I talked to said they would be in Fargo if the Lord is willing and the creek doesn't overflow its banks. Reid Lowe said the same thing and I'm sure he would be there if he could. He was quite a guy. I have never seen such enthusiasm and interest in any reunion as I saw in the English reunion. What a live group we had.

I am glad you are putting the addresses after the names of those who write letters to the Newsletter. Several of our English and FOTE friends had asked that we do that as they wish to correspond with a number of our letter writers. The more we write about our English friends, the better. They love us and are such loyal supporters and enthusiasts. They wined and dined us and took us into their homes. The 385th is a big thing in their lives and we should respect that and give them their due. And they should be encouraged to write letters to our Newsletter.

Best regards,

Al Chealander
10491 Barbara Anne St., Cypress, CA 90630



Reunion with villagers at Great Ashfield on Aug. 20, 1988. ABC crew is busy filming this scene on the runway of the airfield.



Left to Right: Dorothy De Berg, John DeBer, Dr. Don Hunter, Bev Hunter, Walter Schulte, Norma Schulte & Unidentified English lady.



Left - Pat Howard; Center - Clint Cransdale of Elmswell; Right - Ed Grabowski. Picture taken at Barbecue dinner at Great Ashfield on Sat. Aug. 20, 1988



A walk through St. James' Park on Aug. 18, 1988. Harry Monfort is the finger pointer in the foreground. The lady finger pointer behind him is our guide for this walking tour. Anne Shalinsky in red slacks & Milt Shalinsky right behind her.



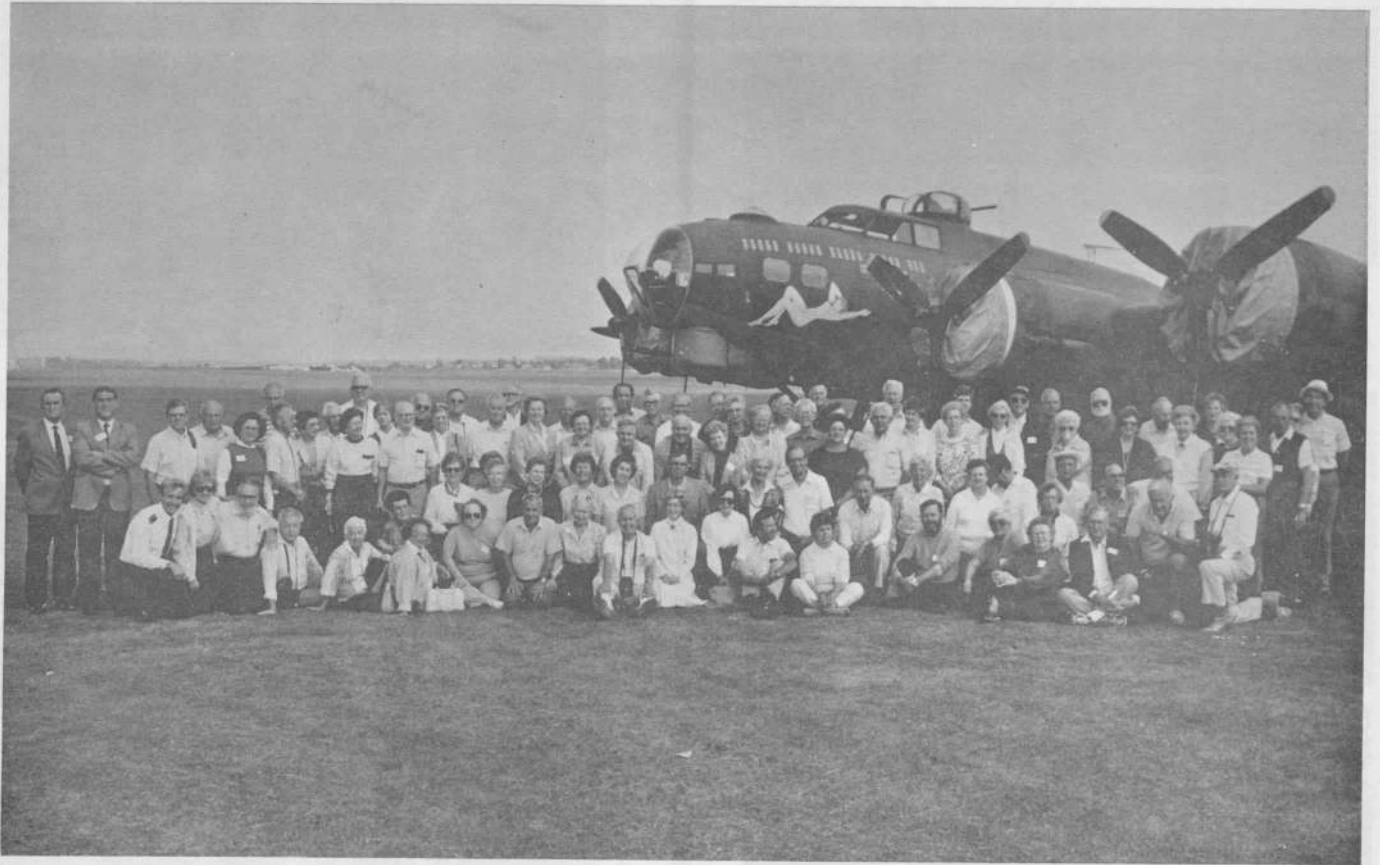
Left to Right: Ted Carlson, Edna Carlson, Doris Tulare, Willis Tulare. Standing - Ian & Julie McLachlan



Foreground - Al & Ginny Cheaiander. Background - Partially behind post - Dick Whitlow, Right of post - Joe Gorchak, Duffy Whitlow, and Pat Gorchak. Picture taken at last night surprise party in London's famous Cockney Club. Sept. 5, 1988.



Cameraman Mike Tabori and soundman, Scott, filming our reunion with English villagers on the runway at old AAF Station 155. This is the ABC crew that televised our reunion. Taken on Aug. 20, 1988.





Dear Ed,

There are tears in my eyes as I write this because I've just received news of the death of a dear friend, Reid Lowe.

Reid's kindness and hospitality are well remembered by my family and I. Following the 1985 reunion, we visited Florida where Reid proved instrumental in arranging for me to borrow and copy photographs belonging to the family of a former 385th photographer. Without Reid's help, these might have been lost to 385th archives, and in addition, Reid welcomed us into his home, both as a place to stay and somewhere I could work to copy this important collection of pictures. During our stay, Reid took us to dinner and arranged for a birthday cake for my son, Rowan, who was 4 that day. Even though he can't recall the details, Rowan remembers that special birthday and both my children have been upset by today's sad news.



Shortly before his death, Reid had written and enclosed a picture taken during the 1988 visit to England. He stood with Julie and me, his arms on our shoulders. That picture will be treasured by this family as a reminder of a tall, gentle American who served both our nations and whose friendship spanned not only the intervening years but crossed three generations as well. God Bless you, Reid.

Ian McLachlan

DEATHS

Miami Herald 9-27-88

Reid Lowe, 66, funeral home founder

By LOURDES FERNANDEZ
Herald Staff Writer

Reid Lowe, who made the final arrangements for the dead, believed in living life to the fullest.

"He believed in not worrying about tomorrow, because you have today," his daughter, Judy Ann Lowe, said.

Mr. Lowe, founder of two Dade funeral homes, died Saturday in Miami Lakes of a sudden heart attack. He was 66.

A tall, heavyset man, he spoke softly and never raised his voice to get his point across. Earlier this year, he went on a diet, walking five to 10 miles a day and dropped more

than 100 pounds from his 300-plus frame.

He had outside interests — piloting planes and traveling — but mostly he liked to work and attend professional meetings.

His work was his life, his daughter said. Although he retired a few months ago, Mr. Lowe visited the Lowe-Hanks Funeral Home in Hialeah three or four times a day and called in daily. He recently attended a funeral director's convention in Palm Beach.

"Reid was very proud of his profession," said partner Jack Hanks. "He wanted it to be a top profession."

Mr. Lowe left his hometown, Asheville, N.C., at the age of 18. He came to Miami, where uncle Kenneth Bess owned a funeral home, and worked there for a year. In 1942, he entered the Army Air Corps. Flying was his second passion, after his work.

After serving as a combat pilot, he attended Gupton-Jones College of Mortuary Science in Nashville, graduating cum laude.

He returned to Miami and in 1958 opened the Reid Lowe Funeral Home on Northwest 36th Street. In 1962, he founded Lowe-Hanks Funeral Home with Jack Hanks. His first funeral home closed in 1980.

He was appointed to the Florida Medical Examiner's Commission in 1971 and had served on it since then. He was a founding director of Senior Centers of Dade County and president of the Florida Funeral Directors Association during the 1960s. He was also active in the Alapattah Lion's Club and Hialeah-Miami Springs Chamber of Commerce.

In addition to his daughter, Mr. Lowe is survived by his wife Helen, son Steven, daughter Susan Helen Auerhoff, brother Oscar, sister Ramonah Burkhalter and a grandson.

Services were held at Lowe-Hanks Funeral Home.

Dear Ed:

On August 30, 1988, Lois Oates called to inform me that her husband, Roger, had died at 2:00 am that morning. Roger was the navigator of our crew, a beloved friend, and the author of a letter appearing in the August 1988 issue of the **BGMA NEWSLETTER**.

Motivated by his letter, I had intended to write Roger and describe a landing on August 13, 1988, at the Ardmore Airport, Oklahoma, where our crew, in the summer of 1944, had its B-17 training for overseas duty. I was flying from Colorado Springs to New Orleans in an A-36 Bonanza, and Ardmore was a good midpoint for refueling. The letter was to be a happy one, recalling old times and pointing out that

the changes at Ardmore made the field impossible to recognize as the base we once knew. That latter, of course, will never be written.

Lois' call prompted me to review the Journal which I kept during the war, for I knew I had written my impressions of Roger at one point in time. Long forgotten, this is what I found:

"November 6, 1944. . .

Lt. Roger Oates, our navigator, is a native of Wichita Falls, Texas, and one of the finest fellows I know. I have complete confidence in his ability which has been impressed on me on many occasions in flight and is clearly evidenced by

Obituaries con't.

his grades in ground school. At Ardmore he received the highest grade given in our class in celestial navigation. He has a quiet, unassuming way and a certain sincerity about him that is compelling. These characteristics, coupled with a fine sense of humor, attract people to him. Everyone who knows him, regards him with respect and friendship.

His great liking for gambling, and poker in particular, has endeared him to the crew. Of all the officers, he is regarded most affectionately by the crew members. He is conscientious in his work, energetic in play, and completely relaxes at leisure time. He takes many jibes about his home state, but his ability to laugh at himself always sees him through. His romantic life is more settled than the rest of us, being engaged to a girl back home. Never, since I have known him, has he been unfaithful. This is a refreshing rarity among Army men.

From what I have written, it should not be difficult to deduce that he and I are quite close. I find myself having more in common with him than with other members of our crew. He is the prime reason that I regard my checking out as first pilot with some reluctance, however distant in the future that may be. He has said on occasion that if this ever occurs he will request a transfer. To me, this is the highest compliment he could pay me.

After that was, if it is at all possible, I should like to continue our friendship."

Roger went on to lead crew training with the balance of the crew and I, the co-pilot, finished my tour of missions as the pilot of another crew. He did not request a transfer, nor did I expect it; and our friendship, as hoped, continued through the years. Indeed, my wife and I visited Lois and Roger in Texas during our honeymoon in 1948, and sustained our friendship by writing often and meeting on infrequent occasions. Last January, Syl Lieberthal (our bombardier) and his wife, together with the Oateses and Bob Silver, enjoyed a reunion at our place in Naples, Florida.

Roger's grades in celestial navigation should come as a surprise to no one. He seems to have been guided in his moral life by a polar star and in his personal judgments by invisible lines of latitude and longitude that kept him on a true course. Most assuredly, the stars will guide him to his deserved reward and to a gentle landing.

Very truly yours,

Michael R. Gallagher
Sixth Floor • Bulkley Building • 1501 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Frank Fischer Jr. — Jan. 1988
Abe Jacobson — April 1988
E. M. McMillen — Aug. 1988
Vincent J. Faix — 1988
Ed Faroe — Nov. 1988

Mw/Uis /V/iss.

CAPE COD TIMES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1988

Edward E. Faroe

68; flew bombing missions, president of N.J. corporations

KISSIMMEE, Fla. - Edward E. Faroe, 68, retired president of several construction-related corporations in New Jersey, died Wednesday at Cape Cod Hospital, Hyannis, after a brief illness.

He was the husband of Edyth (Johnson) Faroe of Kissimmee, Fla.

Born in Springfield, N.Y., Mr. Faroe was a 1949 graduate of Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.

During World War II, Mr. Faroe served as a captain in air operations for the Army Air Corps. He was a B-17 bomber pilot in the 385th Bomb

Group and flew 30 missions over Germany. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster.

After college, Mr. Faroe worked as a builder for American Homes of Worcester.

Later returning to Princeton, N.J., he founded and was president of several corporations including Queenston Builders, Carnegie Realty and Carnegie Building. He retired to East Hampton, N.Y., and Kissimmee, Fla., in 1975

In addition to his wife, survivors include a daughter, Lori Olsen of Yarmouthport; two sons, Jed J. of Waterford, Conn., and Charles E. Faroe of Ankara, Turkey; a sister, Edith McDermott of Jackson, N.J.; and seven grandchildren.

PX Offerings

ITEM	QTY	PRICE	MD	LG	XL	XXL	COLOR	DESIGN #
Mens T Shirt		\$6.50					Multiple	
Golfshirt		\$10.00					Multiple	
Sweatshirt		\$9.00					White Lt Blue Gray	
Jacket w/group or sq patch Choice of insignia on back		\$23.00					Red White 1font Lt Blue Tan base	
Ladies T-Shirt		\$6.75					Multiple	
Golfshirt		\$9.50					Multiple	
Niteshirt		\$7.50					Red Lt Blue	
Childs T-Shirt		\$5.50					Multiple	
« Sweatshirt		\$6.50					Lt Blue	

All shirt prices include one design only. B 17, group, or sqi Add \$2.00 for each ext. design. Note: Circle 1st 4 2nd choice colors as applicable.

ITEM	QTY	PRICE	Design#
Adjustable Capst		\$5.00	APRONS BBQ w/one print
385th. Bomb Insignia		\$3.00	Golf Towels Bowling Towels
B29,B26,B25,B2U,B17G,A26,A20. (CIRCLE CHOICE)		\$5.00	Coffee Cups Thermal Las Vegas A.A.F. Gunnery School
8th A.F. 385th Bm.Gp.Great Ashfiel Las Vegas A.A.F.Gunnery School Thunderbirds USAF		\$5.50	548th Bm.Sq* 549th Bm.Sq. 550th Bm.Sq. 551st Bm.Sq.
Patches«		\$4.50	Buckles Bronze 817 ETO 8th Air Force 42-45 15th Air Force Bronze S.ARM.Y COMBAT MEDIC RED FLAG USAF 4Color
3th Air Force WWII Design		\$3.00	Design
Las Vegas A.A.F.Gunnery School 385th Bomb Gp.Great Ashfield Eng. 548th Sq. 385th Bm.Gp. - F49th Sq.385th Bm.Gp. " 550th Sq.385th Bm.Gp. " 551th Sq.385th Bm.Gp. " 452nd Bomb Gp.Doeplham Green Eng. 728th,729th,730th,731st.Bm.Sq.		\$5.50	Design
Glass Framed Insignias •		\$5.50	Design
Unframed Insignias		\$2.00	Design

REUNION BOOKS 7th, 8th or 10th editions \$3.00 ea

THE LETTER author Frederick H. Thlenburg. Hard cover novel. A story of a B-17 crew based at Great Ashfield, how they lived and fought. \$5-95

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH GOURMET COOKBOOK Paper cover. Authors Laverne and Shirley Rohrbach. Contains 333 recipes of the Pennsylvania Dutch (German) origin. \$5-00

NAPKINS OR SCARVES colorstblue, white, green, red, rose, pink \$2.50
*Napkins or Scarves are printed with the 385th BM ur insignia in one corner.

Add \$2.00 To total order fOR shipping and handling.

PLEASE GIVE A STREET ADDRESS NO BOX NO7IF POSSIBLE WE SHIP BY UPS.

NOTE« Send Long SASE for Complete WWII Price Listing. A Portion Of The Proceeds GO To Support The Bomb Group

This letter from Bill Nicholls points out our interest in the following articles.

The newspaper article about the Army Air Force was published in the McGuire Air Base — "Airtides" in July 1988. It may settle the discussion we had at one meeting in Dayton last year. I recall suggesting that the two men involved step outside to finish their debate.

The photocopy of the Philadelphia Inquirer story is self-explanatory, the exception is that most of the men present were with the 15th Air Force and shot down over Munich, July 1944.

Poore, Stuckenbruck and Nicholls went down December 1943, flying with the greatest group in any Army Air Force.

Ed — see you in Fargo in 1989.

Best regards.

Bill Nicholls
743 Lake Avenue, Woodbury Hts., NJ

4-B Sunday, Aug. 28, 1988 The Philadelphia Inquirer, b



Attending their first reunion since liberation from a German prison camp were, from left, (top row) Mel Brown, Mel Thompson, Art Fagan; (middle) Lou Beckman, Harry Morrell, Hank Bruser; (bottom) Earl Cox, John McGill and Bill Nicholls.

Former POWs rekindle memories of survival in Germany's Stalag 1

By Rich Henson
Inquirer Staff Writer

It was bad luck that brought them together. Then, for 43 years, it was life's calling that kept them apart.

But nine of the 20 former prisoners of war who called Stalag 1, North Compound, Block 2, Room 5, their home from the winter of 1943 until the spring of 1945 gathered yesterday at the Holiday Inn in King of Prussia for the first time since World War II to ask where all the years had gone, to share memorabilia and to swap stories that are old but never stale.

"Too many of us have been scattered for too long in too many different directions," said Earl Cox of Tullia, Texas, who helped organize the reunion along with Dorothy Gernert Vandegrift of Kine of Prussia. Vandegrift's first husband, Fred Gernert, was a prisoner with the others. He died in 1968. She came in his place.

"Out of the 20, we know three have (lived and nine are here," Cox said. "We weren't able to locate the rest."

The men are all former pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners with the U.S. Army Air Corps. Most of them found their way to the German prison camp in Barth, near the Baltic Sea, after being shot down during bombing raids over Munich.

"I want it known that I wasn't shot down," said John McGill of Connecti-

Former pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners, they sought out one another to recall experiences as prisoners 43 years ago.

cut, a former pilot. Instead, McGill said, his B-17 lost each of its four engines to oil pressure problems, one after the other.

"Those things aren't gliders," McGill said. "I pointed it at the side of a mountain, put it on auto-pilot and bailed out." McGill said he spent three days on the ground before being captured by German soldiers and taken to Stalag 1.

Cox, a bombardier, didn't last that long after his plane broke up and he was forced to parachute. "I landed smack in the middle of a German air force rest camp," he said. "Those guys were real happy to see me."

William Nicholls of Woodbury Heights, N.J., recalled trying to escape one night, only to be captured near the front gate and sentenced to 10 days in solitary confinement. It was during those 10 days that Nicholls heard about the D-Day invasion by Allied forces. "After that, I

never thought about escaping again," he said. "I knew the war would be over, soon."

Considering that they were at war, the men said, they were treated well by their German captors. Being officers, they did not have to perform hard manual labor. They joked about the bad coffee and snickered over being able to conceal a radio within the camp that picked up BBC broadcasts.

"We got better information about the war than the Germans did," said Henry Bruser of Baton Rouge, La. Bruser said he was especially glad this weekend to see Cox, whom he credits with paving his life.

Bruser said that because he is 6-foot-5, the harness straps of the parachute he was initially issued were too short to go around his legs. Cox, he said, personally took him to a supply hut to get a harness that fit. The next morning, the plane carrying Bruser and Cox was shot down.

"I would have fallen right through the harness without the leg straps," Bruser said.

The group planned to stay at the Holiday Inn through today, and each promised not to wait another 43 years for their next reunion.

"Most of us are retired and in our late 60s," said Cox. "If we're going to get together again, we better do it soon!"



Army Air Force fights frightening air warfare

by Marty Brazil
Company of Military Historians

With the War Powers Act of 1941, the Army Air Force became a separate service in all but name.

Between 1939 and 1945, the country's newest armed force experienced enormous growth. In July of 1939 there were fewer than 4,000 people on duty. At the end of World War II total strength was more than 2.25 million men and women.

American infantrymen of World War II were envious of the privileges accorded to the flying service - good pay, good food, clean beds, liberal passes, even the way they were allowed to shape and batter their caps.

It was true that Army Air Force people enjoyed a lifestyle not shared by the common foot soldier, but theirs was not an easy war.

Although the men fighting on the ground didn't give it much thought, air combat may be the most frightening warfare of all. In the air, man is outside his natural element. He travels through this arena uneasily at best.

Pilots must keep their aircraft moving and under control at all times. If their plane is hit, they can't pull over, park it and make

repairs. In the air, there is no place to run or hide. In time, some ground troops came to realize that "you can't dig a foxhole in the sky."

The bombers of World War II were armed for their own defense. At that time, American B-17 and B-24 bombers were the best-armed aircraft in existence, but even they were vulnerable to attack. Machine guns could not stop all the enemy fighters and were useless against flak.

On every raid some bombers suffered battle damage. On nearly every raid some were lost. When a bomber exploded in mid-air or fell in pieces, 10 to 12 men exploded or fell with it.

In the Schweinfurt, Germany, raid, 291 bombers went out. Sixty did not come back.

Thirteen B-17s of the 100th Bomb Group attacked Munster, Germany, Oct. 10, 1943. Twelve were shot down. The lone survivor, "Rosie's Riveters," limped home with two engines shot out.

In 1943 and 1944, the average life of an 8th Air Force bomber and crew was 15 missions. These odds moved a navigator to tell his pilot, "Skipper, mathematically there just ain't any way we're gonna live through this thing."

Air crew service was strictly voluntary. A man could request transfer to easy duty at any time.

However, few did. When asked, most of those who stuck it out said they did so out of sense of duty or obligation. "To get the job done," was the way one put it.

Another motivator was pride, in themselves and in their units. "I was a devout coward," said one pilot, "but pride makes you get in that airplane, pride makes you stay there and keep going - when what you really want to do is to turn back while you can.

"They had a tradition in the Air Force that no sortie ever turned back from a target," he added. "So, hell, you didn't dare turn back."

In the air war over Europe, German fighters and anti-aircraft gun crews were not the only enemies the Army Air Force crews faced. Some died in high-altitude raids when their oxygen lines froze, or from frostbite.

Ground crews were not immune to the dangers of aerial warfare either. The crash landings of damaged bombers and fighters were as dangerous to the firefighters as to the men on the aircraft. More dangerous still was the crash on take-off of a heavily loaded bomber.

The infantry may have guaranteed the ultimate victory in World War II, but the Army Air Force delivered many decisive blows against both Germans and Japa-

Fighters and bombers in Europe and the Pacific perfected ground attack operations that made enemy movement in daylight impossible, and precision daylight strikes that crippled factories and buildings.

Air raids on oil fields, synthetic oil plants, munitions and weapons factories immobilized Germany's mechanized forces. Seizing control of the skies over Europe from the Luftwaffe paved the way for the Allied invasions of Sicily, Italy and France.

It was the Doolittle raid on Tokyo that prompted the Japanese fleet to sail to its defeat at Midway. American P-38s were responsible for the death of Admiral Yamamoto, the mastermind of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. And it was two missions by B-29s, each carrying a single bomb, that brought Japan to its knees.

When the first American aircraft and crews arrived in beleaguered England early in the war, Maj. Gen. Carl Spaatz spoke of all in the Army Air Force when he said, "We won't do much talking until we've done more fighting. We hope when we leave you'll be glad we came."

For more than 40 years, the free world has been glad they came. AFNS.

Reunion Bulletins

Several questions were asked by early registrants.

"Guests" should be considered those in addition to a member and his wife (sons, daughters, others who might be interested). Fee for husband and wife is \$60 each.

Flight to the BI Base, in case we have to go up instead of the B-1 being in Fargo, will go to early registrants plus their guests up to limit of capacity of the plane.

Anyone want to volunteer to help man the Hospitality Room? Maybe we should just hire a bar-tender and let everyone circulate as they please?

If you have an original A-2 or B-6 Flight jacket that you'd be willing to sell for a WW2 display at the Reunion (and beyond), write John Grindahl, 1837 16th St. So., Fargo, ND 58103.

Darwin Mushrush reports that delivery on the 551st patches he offered will be delayed until about December 15. He had a large response to his generous offer.

12th Reunion Reservations as of Nov. 25.

Mario and Odessa Colantino
 Ed and Jane Stern
 Sam and Mary Lyke
 John and Dorothy DeBerg
 Jerome B. Harmon, Jr.
 Tom C. Harrison
 Gerald H. and Jane Ramaker
 Elmer and Jean Snow
 R. E. & Fran Bennett
 George B and Marie Menkoff
 Allan B. and Ginny Chealander
 Ruel G and Mary Weikert
 Verne D. and Lavon Philips
 Pat- Gloria and Jerry Howard
 George and Geneva Hruska
 Sid and Lee Colthorpe
 Joseph and Patricia Gorchak
 O.V. & Doris J Lancaster and
 daughterthe Dowens
 Gene and Elaine Silberberg
 James T. and Jennie Ford
 Drue and Pam Gillis
 John and Margaret Connolly
 George and Mary Hunter and son Chris
 Dyton and Katherine Matthews
 Richard and Leota Vrska
 George and Alice Salvador
 Donald and Shirley Klosterman
 Arkey Huber
 Robert Douglas
 Gordon and Natalie Cook
 Leo and Ann LaCosse
 Earl and Ruth Cole
 Ed and Beverly McElroy

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Editor,

I can't believe I'm doing this. I spent 33 years trying to forget the war and here I am writing about it.

In 1977 some of my crew started calling and insisting that we all try to get together at the Vegas Reunion. We had stayed in contact thru Christmas cards, and eight of us made it. Needless to say, the flood gates of memories were opened and our wives couldn't understand their men turned boys again; a very emotional experience and now we try to make all of them.

I'm writing to expand on Wayne Montgomery's letter in the August issue concerning the "Homesick Angel". When we became operational as a crew, we were assigned a new B-17G and I called her "Homesick Angel" for a very good reason. When her wheels left the ground you could feel the desire to get up and go. She was easy to handle and a dream to fly with, (like any good woman).

After we became a lead crew and didn't fly on every mission, she was loaned out to another crew and was ditched in the Zuider Zee, per G. Flynn of the "Ragged but Right" crew in the April '85 Newsletter. Her replacement, another new B-17G, gave birth to the "Angel's Sister" in which we completed our tour.

And yes, E.E. Martin was our crew chief and like so many showering accolades on their crew chiefs, we add ours to Ernie and his ground crew and Ernie is still with us at the Reunions. I am enclosing a couple of pictures showing the nose art on my two angels, and yes my crew is on the one.

I like the idea of an anthology and am already putting my trip down memory lane on paper.

Really enjoy the newsletter — Keep it up; Take Care.

Bob Milligan
 5327 Muskopf Rd., Fairfield, OH 45014



Standing from left to right: Milligan, pilot; Cooper, co-pilot; Sutter, bomb.; Rembert, nav.. Kneeling from left to right: Abrahamson, TG; Pettit, R; Curtis, E-tt; Troudt, BT; Durrant, WG; PanfUe, WG.

Letters to the Editor con't

Dear Mr. Stern,

Thank you for keeping my name on the newsletter list. I enjoy them so much knowing Ray helped make some of the history. Naming the airplanes have been a big issue so I decided to send a bit of information. Ray's mother Violet has written. She is living in Luverne, MN, alone in her apartment — is 95 years old.

Best wishes,

Bernice Cragoe
1133 W. 12th St., Bemidji, MN 56601

Here's what Ray Cragoe's mother reports:

After Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, he at once enlisted and January 6, 1942 sister Edna and Winn came in and we said good-bye to him at the train. He finally was assigned to the 8th Air Force - 385th squadron near London first as co-pilot then soon as pilot. While at training at Coffeerville, Kansas and again at Ardmore, Oklahoma, I went there - rented a room and worked as waitress in good places. Ray would come and bring his flying buddies and introduce them to his mom and soon I was Ma to about half the U.S. Air Force. When they were ready for duty they were grouped ready to leave for England, at Grand Island, Nebraska, so I insisted and paid all the expenses for Edna to go with me to see him. went on the train-got a room at the Yancy Hotel not far from air base and bus every little while. I called sister Iva and they came right over too. Those four boys, Lt. Pat Howard-pilot, Lt. Cragoe-co-pilot, Lt. Charles Stonsifer-bombadier, and Lt. Phillip Bombser-navigator stuck to all of us like burrs. We never had a moment alone with Ray, but they were such nice lads and no one of hardly any of the boys we seen had any family with them, so these four had many an envious-wistful look.

Before leaving, Iva said do you know of any place we could have a home-cooked dinner together - I'll cook one for tomorrow. Well we will **make** a place if we have to the boys said. So Edna and I went home with Iva and next a.m. two to three chickens fried-pies-whipped potatoes-some vegetable and salad were made. When we got to the gate, the boys were there and had found a large room and long tables and that delicious dinner was soon disappearing until the buttons were most ready to pop off those uniforms. They could hardly find words to thank Iva enough and their appreciation for it. They were flying to New York early the next .am. then board the Queen Mary to sail away to London. O yes; someone propose I name the plane (B-17) they would use. I was stumped, then I knew Pat Howard was the only married one and had a little son. I asked his name, it was Jerry so I suggested How about Jerry Boy? All agreed and Pat was quite proud I think. We all had such a wonderful good time together that even when that awful dreaded last moment came and they had to report back to base and everyone had been hugged and kissed (even uncle Henry) I know there were many tears in all our hearts, I do not believe one was shed **then**. That night on the train coming home, there was a group of lads in uniform near us. They began to sing and soon we and all the other passengers were singing and talking with them.

1942-43 War Days:

These were very anxious days for all of us, most every family had sons-brothers and other relatives and sweethearts to worry about. Ray's group had not been together long until Pat Howards was put in another group and Ray was put in his place as pilot. They had several hair raising close calls and were hit twice, losing one motor and other damage; got over the English Channel in dense fog, losing power then all at once Ray saw a break in the fog and headed for it and landed safely on a runway for lighter planes so broke it up a bit but besides being a bit shook up mentally and physically the boys were unhurt. Bullets and flak came into the B-17, I still have part of Ray's parachute with the holes in it made by jagged pieces of the metal used in the flak and which **all but** reached his body. He made his required thirty missions over Germany and was sent back to rest and relax in Florida and at home too. As he always said he got thru' it all without a scratch but had the Hell scared out of him all the time and any of those who said they were not scared were liars or a moron. Just one lad got his arm broken trying to open the bomb-bay door to get out after they hit that runway.

After he had his "vacation" R and R he flew all over the United States, during the polio epidemic he took iron lungs-doctors-nurses-medicates where needed most as well as many other "errands" so he was in actual war and reserve service thirteen years and has received medals and credits of various kinds for his total of thirty years in government service, the last was in Bemidji, Minnesota where he was Supervisor of the Federal building and where he received his retirement at age 64 years. This was a twenty plus year old large four floor building containing post office and all state government offices and many employees with their complaints, equipment breaking down and hard to get replaced so he was very happy to retire.

Dear Ed,

First of all, my thanks for sending me the newsletters, I do enjoy reading them.

I also want to say, how much I enjoyed the 385th reunion at Gt. Ashfield. I wasn't able to join in all the celebrations, but met some smashing folks and made some friends.

I wondered if you would print this letter for me in your newsletter. I was over at Gt. Ahsfield two weeks ago, and was talking to Mrs. Frank King, she was very disappointed at not being able to meet the gentleman who, she was told, was at the reunion service that helped to dig her husband out from under the B-17 that overshot the runway and landed on top of her husband Frank King.

Would the gentleman (name unknown) contact me, and I will forward the letter on.

My best wishes to all members of th 385th reunion group, nice meeting you all.

Kathleen Sapey
6 Ashwell Road, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk IP33 3LU

Letters to the Editor con't

Dear Ed,

I attended the 14th annual reunion of the 8th A.F. Historical Society held in Des Moines, Iowa from October 12 to 16, 1988. Even though the groups were quartered in five different hotels it didn't seem to make any difference because of excellent shuttle service provided by busses and the citizens of Des Moines. What a good job they did - both night and day. Exhibitions of memorabilia by the various members and state organizations included a bombsight, an operating front turret, model airplanes of WWII vintage, various clothing, and many incidental items.

The Gala Reunion Banquet took place at the Convention Center with about 1900 people served. This occasion was used to salute the aerial gunners. A special plaque was presented to Joe Frank Jones of the 385th BGMA. "Outstanding Gunners Award - Bravery - Skill; In Honor of All the Aerial Gunners of the Mighty Eight Air Force in Recognition of Their Contribution to the Victory in the Air War over Europe. Presented to Joe Frank Jones Jr. 15 October 1988 - Des Moines, Iowa."

Mr. Jones was singled out to represent all the aerial gunners. I think we all know the story of what happened on March 1945. A mid-air collision and the props from the other plane cut the tail section away - with Jones in it. He rode it down and found himself in the hospital with no bones broken but with ruptured blood vessels and a cut tongue (which they sewed back on). This is a brief description - but how long does it take for a tail section to come down 13,500 feet? One Lucky Guy.

Twelve members and spouses from the 385th BGMA attended. For many it was their first 8th AF Reunion and from reports all were pleased.

A memorial service honoring all 8th Air Force men and women, living and dead, was very impressive. Each bomb group represented placed a flower and a salute to the flag.

The City of Des Moines was proud to be the host city for the reunion and if this is any indication of what a small town can do, we have much to look forward to from Fargo, ND.

Respectfully,

George S. Hruska

Here is the list of 385th members that attended the Des Moines reunion.

George and Geneva Hruska
 Robert W. and Coralie Wilson
 Ernest and Ruth Traudt
 Frank M. and Joyce Sutter
 Robert M. and Wanna McGhee
 Vincnet J. and Bobbie Meyer
 Charles H. and Connie Coughlin
 Robert L. and Esther Am
 Wayne G. and Eunice Zeigler
 Jesse R. and Marion Brown
 Russell J. and Doris Cotts
 Joe Frank Jones Sr.

Dear Ed:

Some time back you printed a L2Ed from a pilot that said he had devised a form of individual evasive action that was quite interesting. I have about half a piece on disc right now featuring the real pilot daddy of what was dubbed "jinking", one Bill Gregg along with Jerry Mudge and John Richey, all of the 549th.

Also, here's a tidbit I found while looking through my combat logbook (diary). On October 1, 1943, the radio call sign for Sta 155 was changed from Workbox to Hardlife (now wouldn't Hardway be better?) and the 549th was from Cockpit to Walpole.

We of the Ohio Air Force (43-0737 S) would call the tower with "Hello Hardlife, this is Walpole S Sugar" et cetera. How's this, "Hello Fargo Tower, this is Hardway Ed Stern", also et cetera.

Thank you Ed. I too am looking forward to Fargo. (My mother was born in Hope -- 1896). And I like the idea of Spokane (I was born there!) and Bob Smith in 90.

With kindness

Tom Helman
 718 Sherman Street, Medford, Oregon 97504

Dear Ian:

I can't say I am of much help in putting names to the subjects of those four Ruel Weikert pictures you asked for in the August 1988 Hardlife issue. But there are there the names of two old friends of mine that interest me very much, one whom I would like to know of both his whereabouts and his welfare.

One of them was Gray's co-pilot, James Friend, who you show as KIA over Regensburg on 25 February 1944.

And the other was John Lapczynski, listed as co-pilot to McIlveen, who went down the day before, 24 February 1944, somewhere over the Baltic on the way home from Rostock.

Although it has been a long time, 44 years that is, I will bet my friend Friend, we called him Jimmy, is shown in the front row second from the right in picture No. 1.

But in picture No. 4, I don't find John, or I think I don't the reason being, I'm sure because he was not Mac's regular co-pilot, only unfortunately (for him) on loan from Bob Taylor's crew. I have never learned his fate.

Ian, there is a story to tell about these two special men that not only includes myself but another special guy named Ed Kregulec. Ed was Bob Smith's co-pilot and was killed 13 November 1943 after bailing out over England from a cockpit fire, unable to open his chute because both his hands had burnt off to the wrist. He was buried at Cambridge.

Letters to the Editor con't.

There were probably two things that tied us four together. One was that we became friends back in stateside training days. And the other was, horrors of horrors, we were all bedamned as lowly co-pilots, the curse of being all of what some people thought unnecessary, perhaps bound by that old adage of misery likes company.

Ed and John and I were first together at preflight school at Kelly Field. And John and I had the same Primary School flight instructor at Coleman, Texas. We even soloed the same day. The three of us, after graduation from twin engine advance school then ended up at Spokane for B-17s fodder for sure for what we felt in our bones was an adventure without a future.

It was there we met Jimmy, or at least I did, where else but at the officer's club where this neat little Irishman tried to swamp his unhappiness at being pulled out of P-38s only to, as he put it, float an old river barge from the dummy seat. That was Jimmy. He would have been one helluva fighter pilot.

As for me, in what was to be my very good fortune, I was assigned to the John Richey crew, later called the Ohio Air Force, joining them as they were about to start the third and final training stage before departing for the United Kingdom. And in but a few quick months out of flying school, to combat.

It didn't take long. The barracks math experts had it all figured out. The odds for success, meaning what's the chances, were not good. So what?

Men don't live by bread alone. This was the age of the fox-hole conversion. Go to sleep saying your prayers? Oh my. It was stay awake to say your prayers. Who could sleep?

My dear mother it was that kept me in ample supply of Bible verses. Most precious they were. They became my crutch.

Most appropriate I thought was from the 91st Psalm which says that the Lord is my FORTRESS, in Him will I trust. And that I shall not be afraid of the ARROW that flieth by day; nor for the destruction that wasteth at NOONDAY. For He shall give His ANGELS Charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

I dunno, but it had to be one of those angels that took me in hand early in the morning of 29 November 1943, just sixteen days after Ed died.

It was while dressing at my bedside for the day's mission and I had just strapped on my 45 in its shoulder holster, right alongside my heart. Again, I dunno, it had to be that angel, saying, put the gun back Tom you're not going down today. If there's a rather long story on this gun totin' bit. The Geneva Convention said an armed parachutist is an invader and can be treated as such. And we were under orders not to carry.) But some of the German people paid this no heed and we had reports of our unarmed on occasion suffering leaks all over their body from those pricking pitchforks.)

Strangely, I thought it so, it was just noonday, high in the cold skies over Bremen, that I found it pays to heed an angel. For precisely when my left arm was extended to the throttles while I took my turn at the wheel, it was whammo. And a Folke Wulfe 190 had delivered a cannon shot that detonated on my left side parachute harness ring, twisting that case hardened thing into a pretzel, then passing on through exactly where the 45 would have been. You think I don't Praise the Lord?

It was six weeks before I flew again. That was a long time to do a lot of thinking I didn't want to do. The Bremen mission had been my eleventh, and I fell behind the others, meaning John and Jim, for sure. But how far would be only a guess. They must have been very close to obtaining their twenty five, because the 24th February Rostock mission, the day John was downed, was my 21 st.

That was a long long ride to Rostock. We logged 9 hours 40 minutes, a lot of that at altitude. All that time on oxygen and no food meant dried out mouth and throat and the drained and undone feel of wrestling an ox. There were scads of 110s and 210s and JU 88s, all lobbing those domned rockets.

And John? I couldn't see them as they flew on top the undercast way below but some of our eagle eyed crew did. I did hear John, I'm sure it was John, tell everybody g'bye. And I thought, darn, too bad he can't turn that thing around and head for home, his old homeland, which was Lithuania, maybe 300 miles east.

The next day was not better, a ten hour run to Regensburg. Flak was miserable, and it was from a direct hit that got the Gray airplane, flying in the low squadron I think. We too lost an engine to the stuff.

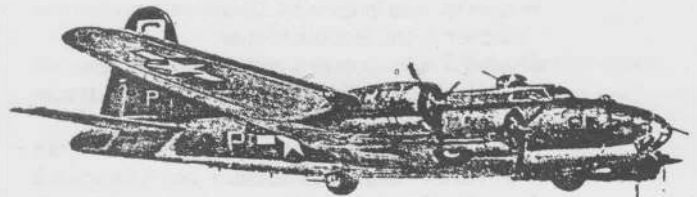
Only from a glimpse from above as we flew the high squadron did I witness what made me suddenly feel had a stomachache of the heart. No one could Jive through that. As you report, the nose broke off, it seemed like right at the wing root, and from the front part probably right at the turret whooshed this tremendous blast of red and orange and blue maybe even yellow. It if hadn't been so ghastly it could have been beautiful.

Does this tale (no pun) have an end? I suppose so, for this is probably it, right here. For Ed and Jim, for sure. And possibly for both John and me.

But I'd like to know what happened to John, wouldn't you? And then we'd have "The rest of the story".

With personal regards.

Tom Helman
718 Sherman St., Medford, OR 97504



Letters to the Editor con't.

Dear Ed:

Got a real kick out of the August newsletter as usual. Particularly the part about the control tower log.

The answers to your questions on the bottom of page 16, probably can be found on Page 17. Sponberg and I were playing golf together according to schedule shown there.

Actually, if you read a little closer, I only closed runway 13/31 for repairs, not the whole field.

I've been retired for ten years now and haven't flown a lick since I retired from the line. Still play golf at least three times a week both here in Irving from Oct. to May and in Estes Park, Colo, in the summer and still enjoy it.

Hope some of these days to make another reunion. Keep up the good work and tell everyone hello for me.

Best regards,

H. T. Witherspoon, Jr.
507 W. Norgate Dr., Irving, TX 75062

P.S. Everyone in the 385th were the only people that ever called me "Spoon".

Dear Bill & Doris:

Received your letter of Oct. 25, 1988. Nice to hear from you and we hope that both of you are in good health as we are.

We haven't headed South yet, but will leave about Jan. 12, 1989 and return April 4, 1989.

We read the brochure on Philadelphia and think it would be a great place for our 1991 Reunion, especially if you are the Host. Present it to the membership at the Reunion in Fargo and convince the membership to vote for Philadelphia.

I'm pushing Spokane, WA for 1993. Bob Smith, one of the original pilots, lives there and would be glad to host the Reunion. The 385th was organized in Spokane in 1943, so it would be nice to have our 50th anniversary in Spokane.

Sincerely,

Ruel G. Weikert
6306 Green Leaves Rd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46220

Dear Ed,

My wife, daughter, and I just returned from a three week tour of England and Scotland.

We had a super time at Great Ashfield. My daughter, Linda, had her chance to perform in the Parish Church before a large receptive audience. The work permit which deterred her chance last year was corrected and it was certainly a memorable happening.

The 548th and 385th have many wonderful friends still in that area as I'm certain you'll find out when you return. Stephen and Patricia Miles are outstanding examples of hands across the water. Their willingness to port us all over the area was wonderful.

Mrs. Kathleen Sapoy who you have corresponded with was at the concert my daughter played as she should have been since she was influential in starting the arrangements. The news people were there,, with camera and questions and even a tape was made which I understand should be available soon. There were many people who came up to us relating incidences that happened in those war years at Ashfield. The appreciation, admiration, and affection stili shows forth.

I honestly wasn't ready for this gracious consideration.

Our trip had many highlights as my daughter also performed in Lincoln Cathedral, St. Brides Cathedral, Bath Art Museum among 24 Gainsboroughs, Folkland Palace, St. Martins within Ludgate, Kendal Art Museum, Traquair Horse, and St. Machar's Cathedral in Aberdeen. She was a very fine diplomat of another generation of Americans. Have a super trip.

As every.

Norm Madsen
4490 Tumberlake, Stow, OH 44224



GEORGE A. SINNER
GOVERNOR

State of North Dakota
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA 58505
(701) 224-2200



October 26, 1988

Mr. Ed Stern
Straus
102 Broadway
Fargo, North Dakota 58108

Dear Eddie,

Thank you for your kind invitation to the Bomb Group Reunion. I would love to be there.


I was in a B17 not long ago, and it was an exciting experience. It was totally restored with all the guns in place and the ammunition ready for action. It wasn't hard to imagine being in the middle of a fight over Europe with fighter planes swirling around. It brought back the awesomeness of war.

At any rate, we are going to try to commit to that Friday night schedule. Rita will be in touch with you to give you the details. All of that, of course, is contingent upon my getting re-elected and the other contingencies of the future.

It was wonderful being with you the other night. I truly enjoyed the program. I have always had a high regard for Warner. He has been a long-time friend.

I hope things are going well for you. We'll see you soon.

Sincerely,


George A. Sinner
Governor

GAS :lk

cc: Rita Moore

Thanks for all of your support!

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Ed:

Forgot to send you this clipping of Don Noe.

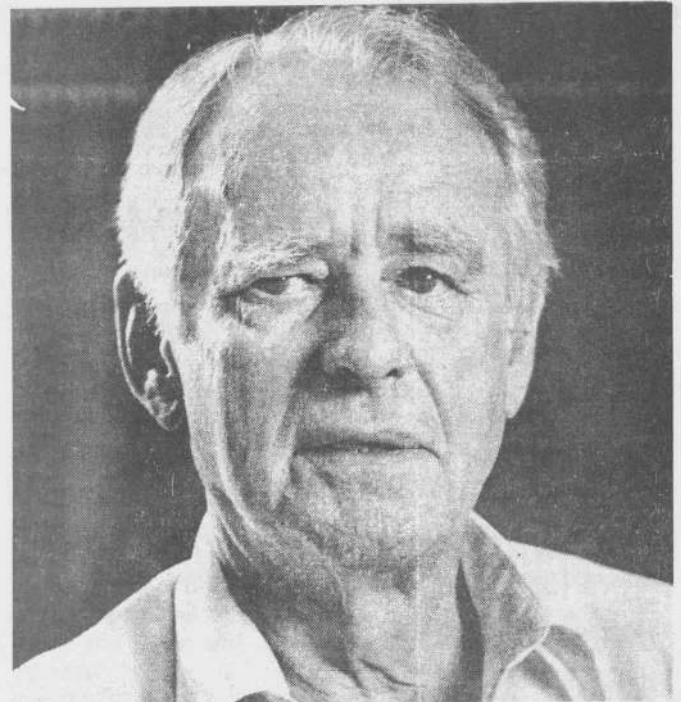
The L.A. Times reporter, Perry Riddle had called me before we left for England to inquire if any of our people going to the reunion were from the San Fernando Valley. Don Noe is from Sylmar, in the valley so I gave his name and number. Don had a great time at the reunion and was wine and dined by some people in Thelnetnam, where his plane crashed after he bailed out of it. He even found some pieces of the plane in the yard of the house it hit.

I think the enclosed article would make good reading for the newsletter. Perhaps we can get Don to write of his reunion experiences because he certainly had a good time.

As ever.

All 0491 Barbara Anne, Cypress, CA 90630

From the Los Angeles Times, Aug. 16, 1988. (Don didn't send this to us — your Editor's daughter spotted it.)



Reflections

Photo and Interview by PERRY C. RIDDLE

"If it's so peaceful, why is there a war on?"

During World War II, when Donald Noe was 21 years old, he was a bomber pilot with a 10-man crew, flying missions over Europe. He leaves today for a reunion in England where he will trade memories with his former comrades. Noe, 65, and his wife, Loretta, live in Sylmar.

I had never been off the ground in my life up to the time I went to primary flight training. I had the desire, but coming out of the tail end of the Depression time in Illinois, who ever had the \$2.50 in their pocket to take that barnstorming ride? I sure as hell didn't.

Lindbergh flew the Atlantic in 1927, and if you were 5 or 6 years old at the time, this just boggled your mind. It captured your imagination. Everybody wanted to be a Lindbergh.

I enlisted in July of 1942.1 soloed after 414 hours of flight time. That was probably the best landing I ever made, my very first one. I didn't bounce it

When I first arrived in Hobbs, N.M., for four-engine training, the instructors took us to the flight line at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was almost dark. We walked out and saw those B-17s, and I thought, "Oh my God, what have I done? How does anybody ever get these big monsters off the ground?" I quickly learned that the B-17 was actually very easy to fly.

We got assigned to the 385th

Bombardment Group at Great Ashfield in England in June of '44.

On my first mission, I flew the right-hand seat as co-pilot. We were crossing the channel, and I looked down, and I saw the coastline of France, beautiful country. It was almost like being on a sightseeing bus and taking the tour, only you're looking at the country four miles down.

A few bursts of flak came up. At that point you had no fear of it. I was sitting there watching this P-47 fighter off to our left, then all I saw was a big black cloud. He wasn't there any more. Apparently he had been hit by a burst of flak. He just disappeared. That's the moment at which you realize that 30 seconds from now you may not even be here.

I guess the thought crossed my mind, that it was so peaceful, how come we're so vulnerable? And if it's so peaceful, why is there a war on? And what the hell is war? Never having been shot at, I didn't know. I damn soon found out.

The worst one we ever got into was a mission to Berlin. It was in August of '44. Berlin had something like 1,000 guns, 88s and some 105s.

We got hit. One shell burst just below our right waist window in the back, and blew the whole window and the gun right out. The waist gunner was hit by shrapnel. Another burst wounded the ball turret gunner. Another one severed

all the control cables for the rudder and for the elevator controls. It was hell to pay for a minute or two.

We managed to get control of the plane and maintain a semblance of level flight. All four engines would pull the nose up above horizon a little bit until it gave you a feeling of stalling, then you back off the power and let the nose drop back down, and you just play the throttle, pull the nose up, let it drop down. We were 450 miles from our area. It took all the co-pilot and I could put out to stay with it.

When we arrived back, the unit was in such condition it was impossible put it on the ground. The tower instructed us to circle the field and to drop the crew. None of us had bailed out prior to that time frame. But you're going to do whatever you have to do in order to survive. All nine of the crew survived.

Then the co-pilot and myself were instructed to take the aircraft back out toward the coast before we bailed out. When we came down, two American enlisted men from the bomb supply dump close by put me in their Jeep and hauled me back to their place to stay overnight.

The most welcome thing they did was to get me out of my gear, and then they handed me a water glass full of Old Grand Dad. Once I had consumed that glass of Old Grand Dad, I knew no fear and no pain. And they put me to bed immediately.

Letters to the Editor co n't.

Dear Mr. Stern,

I've been in the process of trying to assist my father in locating the crew members of the B-17 he flew with during the Second World War. I was referred to you by Mr. Allan Chealander who wrote me a wonderfully interesting and informative letter.

He suggested that I write you and perhaps you could publish it in your newsletter. My father flew with Capt. Clarence Moates on a B-17 named "Hit Parade". They were a part of the 385th Bomb Group 549th squadron. The location of six of the crew members is known. The best information available indicates the co-pilot continued flying as a fighter pilot and was killed in action.

I don't know for sure what information you need to work with. Please write back if this is not sufficient.

Thanks for you help,

Douglas R. Dymund
Box 84, Mt. Aetna, PA 19544

Good morning Ed,

Just finished a letter to a new member from Canton, Ohio. His name is Bob Warden. Strange how he found out about the group. He was in Akron Ohio to some sort of Air show, and he spotted one of the 385th golf shirts on a fellow, so he went over and introduced himself to Red Miller. They got to talking, neither knowing the other. Red started to ask questions. He told him that there are several members in the area. He asked him if he knew me. He said hell yes, we spent New Years eve together in 46. So he sent a post card to my Pueblo address, (which the forwarding had expired) but the mail lady put it in a postal envelope, and sent it to my old address in Calif. My sis put on another stamp and sent it to me here.

He had his phone number on it, so I called him. He told me about Red being in bad shape. Has the same thing the Greek tycoon, Jackie's husband, had. He wrote a long letter to me and I just got around to answering it this morning.

Arkey has been busy shrinking his order blanks and PX list, that is the reason he hasn't sent it before. He was sick this last week end so he didn't get anything done. Summer flu.

Here is something that I have had for many years, and I thought that you could use it as a fill in. Whatever. Bad copy job but you can read it.

You are doing a hell of a good job on the Hard Life. Keep it up.

Sincerely,

Bob Douglas
2120 Bassler St., No. Las Vegas, NV 89030

Dear Ed:

My name is Robert G. Turner. I was a pilot during WWII and assigned to the 385th Bomb Group, 550th Sqdn.

I read my first BGMA letter (June issue -1 think) recently and noted a request for information as to the name of the bombardier on Turners crew that went down July 13,1944.

George Weisegerber was our initial bombardier. George completed twenty-five missions with our crew, then opted for a thirty day home leave, then another tour.

I think Weisgerbers replacement was a Lt. Dewey or Denny.

On our thirty-second mission (Munich) we were forced to land in Switzerland. After a three month visit my co-pilot (Daniels) and I escaped and returned to the 385th.

After the war, I was contacted twice - about a year apart - by a military search team seeking information about Lt. Dewey. I advised that the last time I saw him he was safe and content in Switzerland. However, if he had attempted escape from Switzerland and crossed the French boundary at the wrong location, the Germans could have intercepted him.

Have a good one,

Bob Turner

P.S. The party requesting the info is
Neil Hurfhrees Jr.
Bombers Inc., MI

Dear Ed:

In the lower left corner of page five in the August 1988 newsletter, you printed a picture of a B-17 that had an argument with a concrete wall. This vulnerable old girl was "Shack Bunny". The incident occured 13 February, 1944 at a Spitfire Base south of London. I recall the date because it was my 23rd birthday.

We had returned from a no-ball mission just inside Northern France, it was my second mission for the day, late afternoon. We had sustained considerable battle damage - no hydraulics, no brakes, short runway. Just prior to contact the pilot raised the nose. The airplane stopped but Fred Berliner, the bombardier and I, the navigator kept going.

We both spent considerable time in different hospitals. I have lost track of Fred, and I would appreciate any information on him you might have.

The purpose of this letter is to ask you if I might borrow the actual photo from which this picture was taken. I know you are busy but it would mean a great deal to me. Thanks for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Rex M. Cantrell
P.O. Box 87, Dunsmuir, CA 96025

Letters to the Editor con't.

Dear Mr. McLachlen,

As a small boy, I often went into the woods near my home, together with a friend of mine, to dig for parts of an aircraft that crashed there during the Second World War. From older people we heard all what happened that day: Sunday, October 10th, 1943.

Several years later while revisiting this crash location together with that friend, we decided to try tracing all information on this particular case. During many years we were very active and this resulted in 1984 in the publishing of a book on "Holten 1940-1945". The crash of that plane on October 10th, 1943, that turned out having been a B-17, in fact is one of many items.

Having finished the book doesn't mean for me that I am not longer interested in this history! There are several items I still want to do some research on. In some aspects this is also the case with the Flying Fortress that crashed here in Holten.

During my researches, I discovered that this was a B-17G (modified F) Flying Fortress of 385th BG, 549BS. It's serial number was #42-3539 and the letters painted on it: Square G; XA-P. The pilot was 2nd Lt. William B. Whitlow. With him I was in touch and he kindly provided me with very interesting information. We also came in touch with Mr. Shaneyfelt, who was the engineer. Of several others of the crew we retraced current addresses but much to our regret we never received any answer. The complete crew consisted that day of:

- William B. Whitlow, pilot, escaped
- Jim F. Burch, co-pilot, escaped
- William D. Fazenbaker, navigator, POW
- Lloyd A. Stanford, bombardier, escaped
- Willis G. Shaneyfeld, TT-gunner/eng, POW
- John T. Ashcraft, R/O, escaped
- Thomas M. Ennis, BT-gunner, KIA
- Howard E. Walker, RW-gunner, KIA
- Clarence W. Schaumburg, LW-gunner, POW
- Richard L. Richards, T-gunner, POW

In my efforts to trace a good photograph of the B-17G #42-3539; XA-P, I was not successful. Mr. Whitlow was not able to help me with a copy. Then I tried it by contacting Mr. Pettenger, who went down with his plane at the same date. Mr. Pettenger neither was able to help me but advised me to write you.

Dear Mr. McLachlen, I should like to ask if you please can mention me possibilities to trace a photograph of the plane mentioned above. The plane is in fact a part of our local history.

Also, I should like to come in touch with Mr. Ashcraft and also Mr. Schaumburg. I have a photograph of the crew but Mr. Schaumburg is not on it, as he was a replacement of another gunner (S/Sgt H.G. Gilbert). Therefore, I should like so much to come in touch with him, but maybe you know of a picture of another crew on which Mr. Schaumburg is shown.

I hope you understand and appreciate my interest and I should like so much to receive an answer from you. Is the 385th BG especially the topic you are interested in?

Sincerely,

Martin J.G. Hols
Boschkampsstraat 21
7451 BG Holten, Netherlands

Dear Martin,

Many thanks for your letter of May 17th.

Although I have several hundred 385th pictures, I'm sorry to say 42-3539 doesn't appear. I've just gone through both my pictures and my negatives but had no luck.

Tracking down Mr. Schaumburg has also drawn a blank. Sadly, many of the crew pictures I've collected don't give any names at all so I end up with groups of anonymous young men. Whenever I get the chance, I show the pictures to veterans and gather some names that way.

I do understand and appreciate your interest - it's frustrating not being able to help. My interest in the 385th started 24 years ago in much the same way as yours. Some friends and I found pieces of a B-17 later identified as 42-31370 of the 385th. The story of my research work will appear in a book due out next year but, despite many years of trying, I've never found a picture of 42-31370 so I know how you feel.

Since finding 42-31370, I've been involved in research/recovery work on numerous other aircraft so, while the 385th is of particular interest. I'm also keen on aviation archaeology in general.

Wish I could have been of more use.

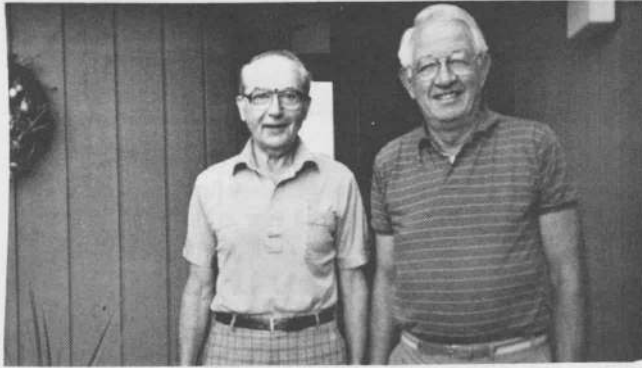
Yours sincerely,

Ian McLachlan
"Tasdale"
1 Joy Avenue, Newton Flotman,
Norwith, Norfolk NR15 1 RD



The control tower at Parham (the 390th BG Memorial Museum)

Letters to the Editor co n't.



Jim Emmons and your editor during Jim's visit to Fargo in July 1988. (Ed was standing on the first step, Jim was down on the sidewalk.)

Dear Mr. Stern,

Your chickens have all returned to their respective roosts after their visit to Gt. Ashfield and other places in the UK.

Both of us would like to thank them all for allowing us to share the two days they spent here, very nostalgic all round, but we managed to squeeze a laugh and a joke in now and again.

To put you in the picture as far as we are concerned, my wife worked in the Anglo American Red Cross Club in Stowmarket serving up coffee and doughnuts to your group.

I was in the R.A.F. Regiment stationed at Rattlesden where at that time, our C.O. was your Major Fargo, (I was a ground gunner.) I was also stationed at Grafton Underwood with the U.S. Air Force. Those are just two of the airfields out of 32 that I was stationed during my five years in the R.A.F.

Since we wrote to Mr. John Pettinger some two-three years ago regarding the "Vibrant Virgin" we have received your newsletter and very pleased to have it, more so my wife as she knew more US airmen with her Red Cross job.

We mentioned this to the visitors of the 385th but no one seemed to recognize her even though she still retains her good looks. Some men even said she was too young to remember the war and it certainly made my day when a lady said that I wasn't old enough to be in the R.A.F. (I will be 66 next week). I took a snap of me in uniform to show this lady. But its like my wife says, "where have all the young guys gone".

I was hoping that some of your airmen would have been from Rattlesden so that I may have been able to get a photo of the official handing over the Base at Rattlesden to the U.S. Airforce, but having had a word with Mr. Chealander, he confirmed that there were no men from Rattlesden.

However, I spoke to Ian Hawkins and he gave me the address of an Ex USA Air Gunner who lives at Rattlesden Village and having visited him, I think the photo concerned if there ever was one may come.

We met and spoke to quite alot of people at Ashfield and we have a very pleasant surprise when Mr. and Mrs. Tom and Norma Hair sent us 25 copies of the snaps they took during their visit to Suffolk and to quote them "As a lasting memory" we were very pleased to receive them and wrote and told them so and if you print this letter, we would just like to say Another BIG Thanks to Tom and Norma. Incidents, they took time out to write us when Tom had troubles with the hurricane.

At this point, we would like to say that if any Ex USAF couples visit this area again, we would be pleased to have them visit us and have a cup of tea, UGH! OK then coffee. We could take them to see their old base or and Parham Museum.

My wife was dissapointed that she didn't meet DOC because the last time she met him, he administered first aid treatment to her arm at an officers dance she attended.

She had cut her arm while jitterbugging and her partner called on Doc and he got a bottle of whisky and poured over the wound. Mind you I don't think the bottle was full, what a waste. My wife has the scar to prove it.

It wasn't until the coaches left the church at Ashfield that we were told who Doc was, sorry Doc but hope your health is good, maybe we will meet at another reunion when we might see the sunshine.

Sincerely yours,

Les and Peggy Gordon
39 Combs Lane, Stowmarket, Suffolk IP14 2DD, England

Hello Ed,

Thank you for the handfull of previous copies of the group newspaper. I sure enjoyed reading them. My wife Mary went through a lot of them too. I didn't know that the "01' Rum Dum" was a famous B-17.1 just remember that the ball turret was a little on the small side for my 185 lbs. and 6 ft., but after I had seen a few B-17's break apart and the ball fall free, I even found room for my parachute inside. I cut the strings on one shoulder strap and hooked it to the chute, and put it by my left leg. Then I could pop off the door hook on the other snap and kick out. I am happy to report I never had to try it. I did bail out here in the states. I was flying tail gunner on a night bombing mission over Neb. We had an engine fire. Once was enough. Thats how I ended up on Pokorny's Crew, when we hit the ground, only three of us were still walking. They put us on other crews and shipped us overseas.

Please put the \$2.00 in your stamp money so you can send the paper to some new member. Thanks again for the papers. Will be looking forward to the next issue. God willing. I'll see you in August at the reunion in Fargo.

Sincerely,

George J. Hunter
RR 3 Box 243, Sauk Centre, MN 56378

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Ed,

We write to wish your members a Happy Christmas and say that this has been a memorable year. Firstly this summer Linda Madsen the daughter of one of your members, gave a very enjoyable concert in the church. Linda is a very talented artist and the money raised from the concert was given to church funds. We were very grateful to Linda for fitting Great Ashfield into her very hectic concert tour of England. It was also very good to be able to show her parents the base.

This event was followed by the Reunion weekend which we all enjoyed very much. The weekend of activities seemed to go so quickly and we were sorry the weather was so miserable, as far as we know it was the first time that the Stars and Stripes had flown on the airfield since the base closed. During the weekend, we had some inquiries as to what past donations from the group had been spent on, we were very pleased to be able to point out the Church Tower which had been repaired at enormous cost to which you had helped greatly. I can assure you that the interest from the Trust fund will be put to good use as there are always repairs that need attention. At the time of writing the vestrey roof has a serious leak.

After the Reunion weekend, we were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Dentan McCreay again group members. They very generously sent us some money to be spent on flowers for the Memorial Chapel on Remembrance Service on Sunday, Nov. 13th when names were read from your memorial book. I must say the flowers around the altar were beautiful, they were red, white and blue. A large poppy wreath was also laid on the Memorial outside the church.

We look forward to meeting visitors to the base again next year.

Yours sincerely,

Stephen and Petrna Miles
The Limes, Great Ashfield
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk IP31 3HA, England

Ed:

You ran my letter in the August 1988 issue of the Hard Life Herald about our B-17, the "Mississippi Miss". Enclosed is a copy of a letter I received recently from a crew member that flew in this aircraft from Feb. 1945, completing 27 missions and then returning the "Mississippi Miss" to the U.S. after the war was over. It was great news to find out what happened to this B-17. We flew this aircraft beginning in May 1944 and completing our 35 missions in August 1944. Just shows you what a fine aircraft she was and what a great ground crew she had to keep her in such great shape. I plan to attend the 1989 Reunion in Fargo.

Many thanks:

Howard Richardson
4624 Kelton Drive, Jackson, Mississippi 39211

Dear Howard,

Looking thru my Aug. issue of Hard Life, I came on your letter to Ed on "Mississippi Miss". It was very interesting to me as I flew in her as ball turret gunner.

We may have been the crew that followed you. Our crew, as replacement arrived Ashfield Jan. 45. Flew first mission Feb. 45 and completed 27 missions until war ended. Never any problems. Never had to abort, some flak damage, a couple of injurie but always made it back.

We flew the "Miss" home after the war. We left Ashfield late June 45 to Iceland where we were fogged in for 3 days. Then thru Greenland and on to Bradley Field Conn. Left the "Miss" there and were told it would be flown to Kingman Ariz. and I'm sure it was later scraped there. Our pilot's name was James T. Johnston from Oklahoma City.

I have never attended a reunion but hope to make Fargo 89.

I visited Great Ashfield, the church and London a few years back and had a great time.

Yours truly,

Lowell "Gus" Hartje
Rt. 2 Box 54, Oakland, IA 51560

Dear Ed,

Enclosed snapshot of 1st Lt. Bill Hiatt's crew. We were attached to the 548th Bomb Squadron and flew our 25 missions during the later part of year 1944 and early year of 1945.



Standing in the back row left to right: 1st Lt. Bill Hiatt - pilot; 2nd Lt. Bob Rhine co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Charles Hallquist - navigator; 2nd Lt. Peter Fundyga bombardier. Kneeling left to right: T/Sgt. Gilbert Soderberg, engineer top turret gunner; T/Sgt. Ken Sherrill, radio operator; S/Sgt. John Hetzel ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Stan Alencewicz - waist gunner and S/Sgt. Bill Barnes - tail gunner.

The where abouts of Pete Fundyga and Gil Soderberg is unknown. Bill Barnes passed away a few years ago. The rest of us keep in touch with each other, in fact in 1986 after 40 years, we had a reunion. We met in Oshkosh, Wise, during the experimental air show in Aug. of that year. Ken Sherrill

Letters to the Editor co n't.

could not make it, he had harvest time on his farm in Oklahoma. We had a wonderful time rehashing old stories. In fact, whenever I go down to St. Petersburg, Fla. I visit my pilot Bill Hiatt. He lives a few miles away.

With warmest best wishes,

Stanley Alencewicz.
455 Driver Ave., Bricktown, NJ 08723

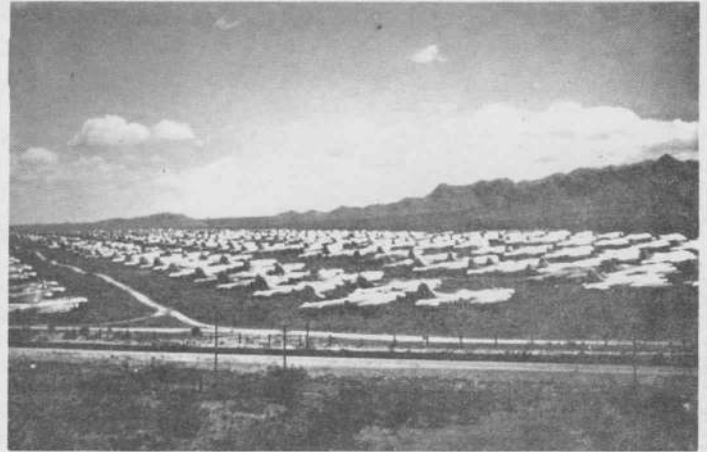
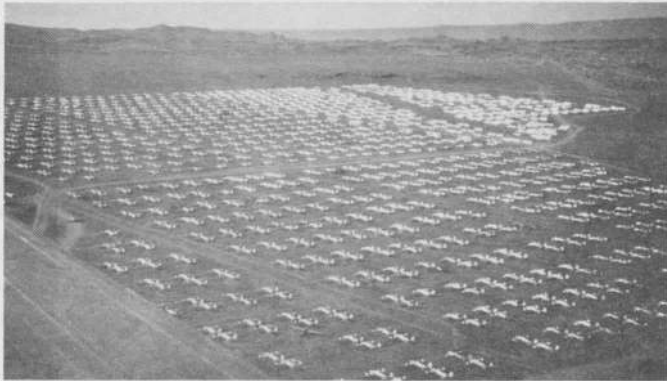
Dear Ed,

Thank you very much for sending me the June issue of the 385th Bomb Group Memorial Association newsletter. Sorry but I don't know the tail letter. Hope someone will contact me.

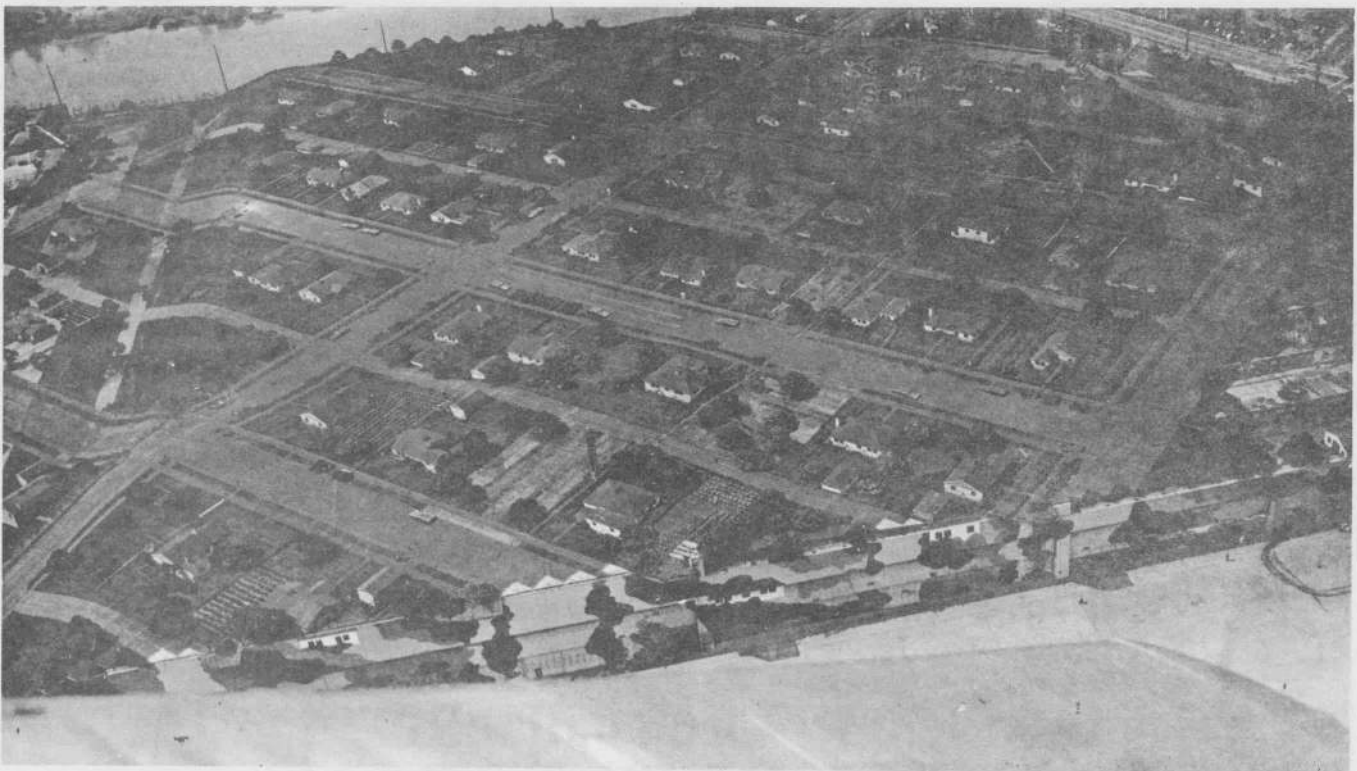
Thanks again,

Janse Johnny
(Belgium)

2 great shots of the "Boneyard" in Arizona — a long time ago. What a crying shame we weren't more interested in our history!



*The German's weren't the only ones good at camouflage.
The Boeing plant would have been hard to spot from 1000
feet, much less 30,000!*



ROOF OF BOEING PLANT CAMOUFLAGED AS CITY STREETS

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Ed,

I graduated from Bombardier school at Victorville, Calif, (class of 43-15) and was appointed a flight officer on 23 Oct. 1943. After assignments at Salt Lake City, Utah, Dalhart, Texas, and Kearney, Nev. we flew a B-17 to England arriving at the 385th Bomb Gp - 550th Squadron in March 1944. On our 5th mission near Augsburg, Germany on 13 April 1944 we were hit real hard by flak and made a forced landing in Switzerland. We were interned first at Adelbodeu and then Davos. 2 March 1945 I returned to the States after release from internment.



Back Row (L. to RJ: Donald G. Jorgensen - pilot; Donald C. Seller - co-pilot; Lester Kravitz - Nav.; Harold F. Burby - Bombardier. Front Row (L. to RJ: Benedict F. Janczak, John M. Fox, John M. Rosema, Dale C. Ellington, Roger W. Hutchinson. Missing: Richard D. Burtie

I have not been in touch with any of my crew nor with other internees since the war. Would certainly enjoy hearing from some one.

Sincerely,

Hal Burby
801 Church Rd, Sterling, VA22170

To all 385th B.G.M.A. Members

Many Thanks for sending me the BGMA News Letters.

Reg. Pannell
122 Dunmow Road, Bishops Stortford, Herts, CM23 5HH
England

□ □ □ □ LIFE MEMBERS □ □ □ □

- 182 — Robert L. Arn
- 183 — Ashley R. Bean
- 184 — Gene W. Silberberg
- 185 — Jerry N. Howard (son of Pat Howard)
- 186 — Lowell E. Cooper

385th BGMA

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