


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 RAUNCHY WOLF CHOWHOUND YANK GELDING WINNIE THE POOH  
 HONKY TONK SAL "HAYBAG" ANNIE MISS AMERICA STARS AND STRIPES DORSAL QUEEN WAR WEARY  
 HESITATIN' HUSSY LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY PREGNANT PORTIA ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND  
 BIG GAS BIRD ANGELS SISTER LI'L AUDREY LEADING LADY LONESOME POLECAT HARES BREATH  
 STAR DUST **HARD LIFE**  **HERALD** MARY PAT  
 SKY CHIEF MR. LUCKY PERRY'S PIRATES SLO JO TARGET FOR TONIGHT SHACK N LADY  
 MADAME SHOO SHOO GIZMO SACK TIME JUNIOR OL' DOODLE BUG  
 PAT PENDING POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY ROGER THE DODGER 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 LULU BELLE MISSISSIPPI MISS  
 SPIRIT OF CHICAGO BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN MISSION BELLE SLICK CHICK  
 SOUTHERN BELLE RAGGEDY ANNE OL' RUM DUM FOOLISH VIRGIN

NEWSLETTER OF THE

**385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION**



**COMBAT UNITS**

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

**VOL. XVI, NO. 1**

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

**SUPPORT UNITS**

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

**FEBRUARY 1989**

**ASSOCIATION OFFICERS**

- PRESIDENT**  
 Earl L. Cole  
 Box 289  
 Barboursville, KY 40906
- VICE PRESIDENT**  
 Samuel E. Lyke  
 4992 SE Princeton Dr.  
 Bartlesville, OK 74006
- A. L. Benefield Jr.  
 601 Choctow Ave.  
 Ozark, AL 36360
- Mary Lyke  
 4992 SE Princeton Dr.  
 Bartlesville, OK 74003
- SECRETARY**  
 George S. Hruska  
 7442 Ontario St.  
 Omaha, NE 68124
- TREASURER**  
 John F. Pettenger  
 Box 117  
 Laurel, FL 34272-0117
- EDITOR, BGMA NEWSLETTER**  
 Ed Stern  
 P.O. Box 2187  
 Fargo, ND 58108
- 8th AF HISTORICAL UNIT CONTACT**  
 Gerry Donnelly  
 10770 SW 46th  
 Miami, FL 33165
- HONORARY MEMBERS**  
 Gen. James Doolittle  
 Gen. Curtis LeMay  
 Gen. E. P. Partridge  
 L/Gen. Ira C. Eaker  
 B/Gen. Elliott Vandevanter, Jr.  
 Col. George Y. Jumper  
 Ronald C. Nolan  
 M/Sgt. John McKay, Jr. USAF
- PAST PRESIDENTS**  
 Ruel G. Weikart  
 Frank B. Walls  
 Vincent W. Masters  
 John C. Ford  
 James H. Emmons  
 Paul Schulz  
 Forrest V. Poore  
 William A. Nicholls

**Prez Sez:**



Earl & Ruth Cole visit to Fargo to learn why Reunion is scheduled for Aug. instead of Feb.

Ruth and I spent an incredible two days in Fargo with Jane and Ed Stern while we checked out the plan for the Reunion in Fargo.

First -- the weather. It wasn't cold -- Ed said. And the 31 inches of white stuff on the ground was a 60 year record. The streets are cleared and you have no trouble getting around -- and they loaned us the kind of warm clothes that you'd naturally wear. So it was a great visit -- Fargo in February is really a blast.

And what a Reunion the Committee has lined up. We checked out everything on the list - went to look at Bonanzaville, an authentic turn-of-the-century city that you history buffs will never want to leave. The Hjemkomst Museum - brand new, housing a Viking ship built by hand and actually sailed from Duluth to New York over the Atlantic to Norway in 1982. So many interesting displays! A million square foot shopping center one block from Hq!

And what do you do in Fargo at night? We only saw one spot - the Holiday Inn Headquarters Motel. The liveliest, most jumping place you can imagine - two lounges full of gamblers, dancers, jammed with people of all ages. Some 400 people at a Bingo Parlor playing up to 12 cards a person, trying to win \$5,000 Jackpots! If Ed would have told me, I wouldn't have believed it. You night owls will never go to bed! We're going to be glad to get to San Francisco to visit our daughter and rest up. All I can say is - get your reservation in. This will be a REUNION!!!!

P.S. The facilities at both Motels are super - and surprisingly inexpensive.

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

## Reunion Bulletins

If you're coming to the Reunion in an RV, you have two possibilities for parking. The Holiday Inn parking lot is available, with electric hook-ups at no charge.

Also, The Fargo Park District has a "World Class" campground that is just 4 miles away, a straight run that takes about 10 minutes. They offer running water, showers, electric hook-ups, a beautiful wooded area next to the Red River. Nightly charge is \$7 and they will hold up to 25 spots for us. There are playgrounds for kids, horseshoe pitching, softball, anything your family could want. They ask for one night's deposit in advance.

If you want to reserve a spot, they'll start accepting reservations April 1. You may as well send requests direct to Ed Stern.

---

## Another great report on the English Reunion

Dear Ed:

Erma and I are thankful that we attended the 88 reunion. It was a happy affair — a smooth operation for which we owe the Clealanders a big hand. It reflected ingenuity, planning, patience and work on their part.

I missed you. You would have been astonished, as I was, about the three tree episode. So I'll tell you about it somewhere in what will probably turn out to be a rambling discourse about most anything.

Reunion or pilgrimage, there is a difference. Not like a high school reunion with a nostalgia motive or attempt to revive the fun one remembers. A reunion of war veterans can't have that motive; I don't think any of us would say our life at Great Ashfield was a fun affair. No, our get together had the pilgrimage drive, a spiritual need that had to be answered.

After all, us old guys are now retired senior citizens. We have arrived at the stage where each can look back and know at least ninety percent of his life has been lived.. We have enjoyed the fruit of the victory paid for by the lives of so many. By experience we can understand the measure of a full life time. Each one, most of us have in partnership with a woman, raised families and have had, I dare say, better than average success in careers enabling us to afford a reunion of this sort. In gratitude for these blessings, we make pilgrimages to Great Ashfield to honor our fallen with the understanding compassion due them.

They are not statistical members ie. so many lost. To us they were our peers with faces — each an airman who had a sweetheart or a wife back home waiting for his return. Had

our roles in the war gamble been reversed; I am sure they would be working pilgrimages for us. They would have joined our British brothers, as we did, at the All Saints Church to sing to the PROMISE.

As we proceeded from Ipswich on our pilgrimage toward Great Ashfield, the excitement mounted with the recognition of landmarks. Our pulses made a quantum jump when the coaches arrived at Elmswell then hit the ceiling when just as that familiar village was left behind, it seemed, we all exclaimed at once "That is the spot!!" Where the sign once proclaimed, "You are entering Great Ashfield Air-drome — House of Van's Valiants". Then a shocked silence as every one strained to recognize, in the expanse of wheat fields dotted with tree growths, some remembered feature our eyes and feet knew during our war time sojourn there. Slowly the coaches glided around wheat fields which our guide said was once the runways. Then around a woods and abruptly we rolled over a crumbling runway to stop in front of a grain storage or perhaps a machine shed built since we departed in 1945.

Along the runway beside the building, the flags, Old Glory and the British (aloft on staffs, standing side by side) waved to us. We quickly spilled on to the cement and excitement was all about us as we and our British hosts greeted one another. Their welcome was so gracious and -warm and there were snacks and beverages spread and introductions and lively conversation all talking at once about what was once Great Ashfield and remembrances about people who once we knew in that community.

They had hung a large map of the base on the wall to aid us in our recall. Back and forth we consulted between the map and the outside view trying to place ourselves in the old base. In this I sensed a growing frustration so completely had the plow obliterated the war time activity turning it into fields of wheat and sugar beets. Then some one shouted! There are the three trees! I

Everyone together looked in the direction he pointed. They rushed out on the runway and bunched around him all talking excitedly about the three trees — three tall green populars in the distance. At last there was a landmark most everyone seemed to remember. Those three trees uniquely marked the only spot on this earth that could be Great Ashfield. They had survived, perhaps, even from WWI. There they stood in the center, as recalled, of the runway complex. Forty some years ago, they had silently watched us come to fight and depart and then to watch the scars of war fade as the soil was reclaimed in peace to yield a bounty of food.

The old grey and balding 385th combat warriors were happy beyond belief. They moved about in excitement chattering like the young guys in O.D. who once they were. After every mission their eyes sought out those three trees which to them was a sure beacon to guide them home. The sight of them now made it real. The war was not just a bad dream. Those three trees were old friends and proof that the war was real and this was truly the site of Great Ashfield where they now stood.

A strange phenomena spontaneously happened like the biologist describes meiosis (cell growth), they abruptly sorted themselves into the four squadrons, and in each squadron they locked arms and with their eyes toward the three trees, they sang to the blue yonder and the other songs that came to mind for times when in their cups.

That rite weeded me out. After all, I was a headquarters earth bound character who had no reason for remembering those trees. I was by the time of these guys, too old for blood, songs and glory. In fact old enough to have been the father of some of them. So I moved out into the semi-circle of on lookers.

The wives watched in amazed amusement. Their thoughts, also probably, reverted to the war days and each recalled her young war animal in O.D. — the guy they captured, tamed and civilized and made the father of their babies.

We loaded into the coaches and moved closer to the three green veterans, and from the talk about me, I came to understand why those particular three populars meant so much to the ones who flew our B-17's into battle. The sight of the three trees after every 8 or 10 hour trips through hell must have always been a thrill and comforting welcome — saying that another mission was completed. Especially after the 25th or 30th or 35th mission when they knew they were the lucky ones going home. Only those who have survived the baptismal of war could know the trauma of that moment.

The three silent sentinels are living memorials to that portion of our lives spent there, and it was our good fortune to have it revealed that there is still one last enduring landmark at Great Ashfield — at least one recognized by the 385th combat crews.

Should any 385th member henceforth make a pilgrimage to Great Ashfield; he should, by all means, be sure to look up to the three trees. They have a magic that radiates the vigor of youth. This writer saw it happen. The sight of them makes old tired 385th combat veterans feel young again. So please, my British brothers, plow up the last trace of us, if you must, but spare the three trees.

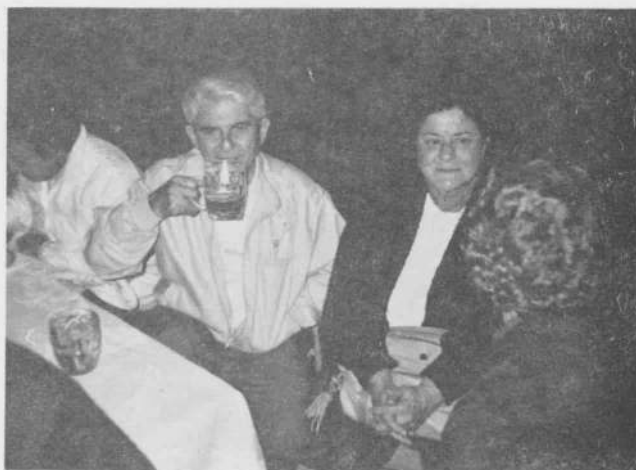
From Great Ashfield, after the All Saints Church remembrances, we went to Madingley on a calm sunny day to visit the American cemetery. This was a solemn matter. Al placed a wreath at the flags pedestal. Then we scattered in small groups, mostly in twos, and slowly moved among the crosses to stop at places marked by little American and British flags which the cemetery staff had placed for us to mark the 385th names. We slowly walked along the Wall of the Missing to stop before the aviator statue to scan his list for the names we knew. We finally reached the memorial edifice where the artist, the historian and the theologian joined in a mighty effort to explain the who, what and why of the WWII conflict. Lost in thought, there we remembered so much. It was then early evening and we went to Cambridge to our hotel. Our 1988 pilgrimage was over.

Sincerely,

Harry Monfort



Left to Right: Rose Frammer, Harry Monfort, Irma Monfort, Alice Salvador and George Salvador at afternoon tea in the Stafford Hotel, London, on Aug. 18, 1988.



Lou Massari with beer mug and wife Mary on his left. Picture taken at Barbecue dinner at Great Ashfield, Aug. 20, 1988



Duxford, Aug. 23, 1988





We laid this wreath at the Memorial at Madingly Cemetery in Cambridge, Aug. 22, 1988



Josephine and Al Corriveau and Lee and Sid Colthorpe on runway at Great Ashfield, Aug. 20, 1988



Earl Cole, Ruth Cole and David Framer on runway at Great Ashfield, Aug. 20, 1988



Looking up Regent St. at Piccadilly Circus. 1988

### English Reunion — WW2 VCR Available

Ron Nolan, who was on both the 1976 and the 1988 English Reunions, has completed a most interesting and nostalgic VCR that is available to our members.

It covers the Great Ashfield visits showing all of the old scenes, many shots of our members, Anne Hayward, Bury St. Edmunds, 1944 movies from Sudbury, combat scenes, forming up, peeling off after mission, trains to London along with many scenes of London and the British countryside, Stratford, Cambridge, the American cemetery — even a Spitfire buzzing the old field.

For your copy, send \$31.95 to John Pettenger, Box 117, Laurel, FL 34272. Our Treasury gets 10% on each sale.

### Notice

This first issue of 1989 is marked "Vol. 16, No. 1". You can keep track of whether you miss an issue by checking the number. We printed 6 issues in 1988, and will probably do about the same in 1989. Don't expect one every month! Just keep sending those great letters.

### Attention All Pilots

Class 43-E Association — any of you who graduated from Moore AFB, Mission, TX in Class 43E — please get in touch with Len Borre, 1620 Spencer Ave, Wilmette, IL 60091. They have accounted for 1,000 of the 2,085 Pilots who graduated in that Class. He saw our notice in the American Legion Magazine and hoped I'd be an Ed Stern who graduated with them. (I admitted that I flew a desk for the 550th all during the War). They are having their 46th Reunion in Orlando in November 1989.



Dear Ed,

I just learned that my ex B.T. Gunner, Joseph Robert (Shorty) Ault died on Sunday, Nov. 27, 1988. In civilian life, he was known as Robert-or Bob. We were all very fond of him and its easy to understand why he was so popular and well liked in his community of Marshall, Missouri.

Bob was the most badly wounded crew member on our mission to Berlin on May 8, 1944, when we were forced to leave the formation right after 'Bombs-Away' and fight our way back to the R.A.F. Base at Manston where we made an emergency landing and got medical attention. Bob lost an eye and a leg and suffered from his wounds until he died. Fortunately, he got one of the FW-190's before it could completely destroy us.

He is survived by his wife May, his son James and his wife Lisa and his grandchild Mackensie. He'll be missed.

Frederick H. Ihlenburg  
4 Preakness Court, Lake Oswego, OR 97034

Dear Ed:

I am reporting the passing of the right waist gunner and assistant flight engineer of the OHIO AIR FORCE, Maurice Simpson.

Simp, as we called him, lived in Tallahassee, Florida, and died of cancer on September 13, 1988.

He was credited with one fighter shot down, getting it on the October 10, 1943 Munster mission, the day the OHIO AIR FORCE crew shot down twelve of their total of twenty-one.

I am looking forward to Fargo and hoping to be there. Don't suppose you could arrange a checkout in the BI ? Or at least a quick fly around the patch?

Happy Holidays, with best regards,

Rom Helman  
718 Sherman Street, Medford, Oregon 97504

- Russell Jameson — Jan. 1989
- Lowell Cooper — Jan. 1989
- Glen J. Gisin — Dec. 1988
- Maurice Simpson — Sept. 1988
- Robert Ault — Nov. 1988
- Roger Oates — Aug. 1988
- James Bigham — Feb. 1988

## Bomber Command's Newsletter had this letter from John Pettenger on their front page.

### LOYAL ALLY

Life member John Pettenger of Florida, USA writes "We have in the States people who make a good living at being 'Monday Morning Quarterbacks'. Although not playing in the Sunday game these so called 'experts' know all the answers as to why either team won or lost.

There are in Britain many 'Monday Morning Quarterbacks' who make a living at, and enjoy, bashing Bomber Command. They consider themselves 'experts' on Bomber Command during WW2. How many of these misinformed people were in London during the bombing; lived in the underground stations; helped pull the wounded and the dead from the bombed buildings; spent any time in concentration camps or POW camps; lost any loved ones during the war; or had to send their children to the country for protection?

Finally, those who fault the dropping of the Atom bomb on Japan never mention the hundreds of thousands who would have died if Japan had been invaded.

Gentlemen, hang in there and keep up the excellent work. I am not an 'expert' but I was there".



Col. John Thrift and Capt. Dick Wilson of the 550th with Rum Dum's crew. They all look happy.

### k □ □ □ LIFE MEMBERS □ □ □ □

- 187 — Clifford N. Woodley
- 188 — William L. Hausman
- 189 — Harry W. Livingston

# METRO

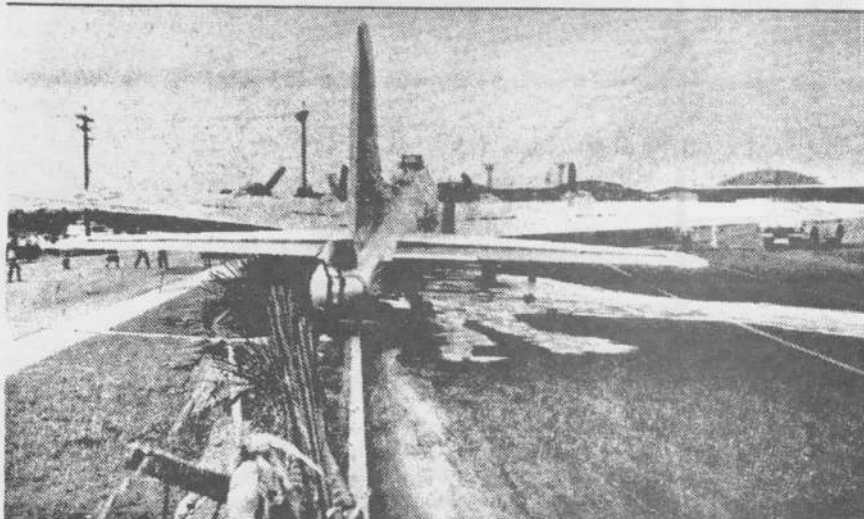
L.A. TIMES 11-11-88

## Don't Fence Me In



BORIS YARO / Los Angeles Times

World War II bomber, with image of Betty Grable on fuselage, came to rest against fence at Burbank Airport.



**E**ight people on a B-17 bomber escaped serious injury Thursday when the rare World War II vintage plane lost its brakes after landing at Burbank Airport and crashed into a fence and trash dumpster.

Authorities said the restored four-engine bomber called "Sentimental Journey" had landed safely at 12:37 p.m., but when the brakes failed pilot Dick Churchill was forced to turn sharply to the right.

The B-17, which had flown to Burbank from Mesa, Ariz., to be part of a weekend air show, struck the airport's crash fence and a trash dumpster, which gashed the underside of the plane and jammed against its bomb bay doors.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Recently we came across an old, battered picture of my crew. We had a negative made and enlargements (enclosed is one).

This picture was my crew who are:

Standing Left to Right: Don R. Williams, Pilot (me); Warren Larsen, navigator; William Garverick Jr., bombardier; John Rea, co-pilot.

Front Row - Left to Right: Darrell L. Clark, radio; Artie Owen, tail; John M. Hirschler, ball; Walter J. Rewnicki, gunner; Muriel G. Stewart, top; John Paybody, gunner (not shown)



We made all 35 missions with two Purple Hearts. We returned 10 times with 3 engines, once with 2 engines: but we never got a DFC.

Our plane was "L'il Audry" most of the time. We were in the 551 st flying from that famous field with the three trees in the middle of the field — the only way I could ever find our field.

Many of the crew are now deceased but we have lost contact with all but one now days, so if any are still kicking, give me a letter.

Thanks,

Don R. Williams  
5675 NW 137, Portland, Oregon 97229-2325

P.S. When we flew over to England in 1944, our average age was 18/2 years — I didn't know any younger crew at that time.

Dear Ed:

Even though I was in the 385th only long enough to fly my tour in a little more than three months, I remember my summer in Great Ashfield with clarity every time your

newsletter arrives. In the last issue someone mentioned the three trees, and your newsletter made me remember that if someone ever cut one down, none of us would have found our way home.

It made me remember the bomb door that had to be hand-cranked shut on "The Dutchess", the name on the nose of our airplane, painted by George Platt, our top turret gunner, after a friend he met in London. It made me remember those middle-of-the-night climbs to assemble on top at 15,000 feet. I remember our Jack & Heinz artificial horizon being so cock-eyed that we caged it and flew needle-ball-air-speed. It made me remember straggling home alone on our last mission with a feathered number three and a bomb door locked open.

My ball-turret operator. Jack Surritt, came by, and he and I wondered if any 385th crew completed a combat tour faster than we did — thirty-five missions between June 7, 1944, and September 12. Twice we flew three missions in three days, eight times missions on successive days. Thirty-five missions — without an abort — in what I think was thirteen weeks. We averaged a mission every three days. Anyone do it faster?

Sometimes a replacement pilot would be assigned to fly his first mission as copilot, and Bill Leverett, our regular copilot, fell behind. He got his own crew and then, later in September, really fell behind, shot down over Berlin with the twelve other 385th B-17s.

Most of my crew finished with me: Jack Strom was tail-gunner, Ed Sloane ran the radio, Earl Reinken and Harold Muentener were waist gunners, Al Spallone and John Erbes were navigator and bombardier.

Homer Groening  
2705 SW Patton Ct., Portland, OR 97201

Aloha Ed:

I recently received from Ruel G. Weikert a list of old WWII addresses. It numbers 176 names and addresses. Now these are old locations, but may help in trying to locate a lost soul for some of our members. If anyone has the address of a 385th person that is not a member of our organization, and therefore would not be on our printed roster, and they would send that persons name and address to me, I will be more than happy to answer any and all requests for names and addresses that the members could send to me along with the ones Ruel was so kind to make up and send to me. Time is running out gentlemen, so if you have someone who is not a member of the 385h BGMA, please send me his address, and I will add it to my list.

On that subject of old names and addresses, somewhere, someone should have the roster with the names and addresses of 385th men who were sent information about the group history that was to be printed. I wrote to the editor,



*Letters to the Editor con't*

Col. Leonard. He had passed away and his wife was kind enough to answer and inform me of his passing and that she did not know of any such list. This list would help.

I have received my confirmation for my hotel room in Fargo in '89 and sent Sam my registration money. I'll see everyone in Fargo, I hope. I'm going to send a BLITZ of post cards to all of my 385th friends next spring urging them to attend the reunion. Might spark some of them into coming. Why don't all of you who plan to attend do this, and we could have the largest reunion ever. Ed Stern might have to put us up at the county fair grounds if we all showed up.

Take care, stay as healthy as you can and above all "HAVE FUN".

Aloha Nui Loa from Hawaii nei,

Jerry H. Ramaker  
76-6176 Lehua Rd., Kailua Kona, Hawaii 96740

*Editor's Note: The cattle barns will be full, Jerry — but the pig stalls will be available for our overflow. No advance reservations required.*

Dear Ed:

In the last issue of the Newsletter, you asked for identification of two of the three officers in a picture on page 11.



Waiting in line for mail. Left one is Willard Hag man. Who are the other two?

I would bet a few shillings that the good looking fellow on the right is my pilot. First Lt. B.O. Bush, 548th Bomb Squadron.

Our crew flew missions from June 1944 through late October, with some of us finishing in early November 1944. Bush (as he preferred to be called), was from Houston, TX and was an 'old man', flying his tour at the age of 26 or 27. Our plane was the "Texas Bluebonnet" and the number on the tail ended in 060 (366060?).

If I remember correctly, a new crew flying their first mission together uses "060" and was shot down in the devastating mission to Berlin or Brandenburg, when we lost eleven or twelve planes on October 11 th or 12th, 1944 (or right around those dates). The only two members of our crew that I am in contact with are Earl Malchow, co-pilot, Peoria, IL and Orrin Curl, engineer, Los Angeles, CA. Warren Story, our navigator, flew as a fill-in for another crew on that same raid to Berlin or Brandenburg and was shot down and ended up as a POW. Bombadier Jewel Van Dewater lives in Colum-ber, OH.

I have no knowledge as to the whereabouts of the rest of our crew: Hal Levy, Ed Roe, John Grumbach, Jim Signorelli, and Bush.

Hope this letter is interesting to you and congratulations on the fine job you do on the Newsletter.

Cordially,

John R. Cunin  
PO Box 6925, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

Dear Ed:

Sorry I can't make it for the reunion in Fargo — please give all the boys my best.

I believe #1 was a co-pilot in the 549th and #2 was my roommate in the 549th "Buck" Phillips (Head of Communications).

Kindest Regards,

Henry McMicking





Dear Mr. Simonsen;

I read with interest your letter to Mr. Gerry Donnelly, the 8th A.F. contact man with the 385th Bomb Group.

Anne Heywood painted our B-17, the "Golden Goose" probably in April 1944. I was the navigator on this aircraft and the one who suggested the name. The entire crew thought it an appropriate name. The aircraft "Golden Goose" was so named because the goose is a strong large graceful bird that flies high and in formation. The golden goose in the fairy tale book laid golden eggs, but our "Golden Goose" laid high explosive eggs as presents for Nazi Germany.

I do not have the serial number of this aircraft, but, I can give you the crew members of the original crew and I have enclosed a reprint of a snapshot of the "Golden Goose". Mr. John DeBerg of Watertown, South Dakota, graciously mailed me the snapshot and I had a negative made from it. Mr. DeBerg was a crew chief with the 385th. I have also sent copies of this print to Mr. Francis R. Fuller of New Hampshire, Mr. Charles Flynn of New York, Mr. Ian McLachlan of England and Mrs. Gerry Bash of California.

Our crew flew their 25th mission in the "Golden Goose" on June 21, 1944. We then returned to the United States. I do not know what happened to the "Golden Goose", but, Mr. DeBerg informed me that it was not one of the ships that existed with the 385th at the end of the war in Europe.



The original crew of the "Golden Goose" was as follows:

1st Lt. Robert W. Bash - Pilot; 2nd Lt. Clarence E. Gittins - Co-pilot; 1st Lt. Willis E. Tulare - Navigator; 1st Lt. Roddy L. Barry, Jr. - Bombardier; S/Sgt. Norman D. Pahl - Flight Engineer; S/Sgt. Francis R. Fuller - Radio Operator; Sgt. Charles Flynn - Tailgunner; Sgt. Edwin Dallas - Waist Gunner; Sgt. Robert A. Collins - Ball Turret; Sgt. Lawrence W. Jones - Waist Gunner.

Lt. Gittins was killed sometime in July, 1944, over Munich, Germany. The remainder of the crew survived the war. Robert Bash died Oct. 13, 1987, in California. Francis "Reg" Fuller, Robert Collins, Charles Flynn and I correspond. The whereabouts of the remaining 4 crew members is unknown.

If I can add anything further, I'll get back to you. Our crew had a lot of faith in the "Golden Goose". We never had to abort a mission because of mechanical problems and many a mission we came back with numerous flak holes in her.

I will be spending Jan., Feb. & Mar. in Florida, however, my first-class mail will be forwarded to me in the event you write.

I'm sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Ed Stern, the editor of our 385th BGMA Newsletter.

Sincerely yours,

Willis Tulare  
Rt. 4, Box 32, Winona, MN 55987

Dear Mr. Stern:

Thanks for keeping me on your mailing list so that I could see my account of "War Cry's" last 2 missions in print. It was a nice experience and I hope some of your readers found it interesting.

You are doing a great job with the "Hard Life Herald".

Was surprised to learn from your post card that you are 3 years older than I am. I was 27 when I was shot down. My crew called me "Pappy" and tried to convince me that I was long in the tooth for flight duty on a B One Seven.

Sincerely,

Ed. Lane - 548th  
1201 Glenwood Ave., Syracuse, NY 13207

