

# HARDLIFE HERALD

Newsletter of the 385th Bombardment Group  
Association



548th



549th

550th



551st



1942 - 1945 Great Ashfield - Suffolk, England Station 155 - The Mighty Eighth

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42-97643 - "Katie's Revenge" Landing Accident

# HARDLIFE HERALD

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**Front Cover Photo:** Courtesy of Lin Weikert  
**Back Photo Submission:** Ian McLachlan

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## Requests from the Net

Looking for pictures of:

Eckhardt Crew - 549th BS

Learning Crew

B-17 42-31773

B-17 42-97307 "Flak Shak"

B-17 42-31370 "Sleepytime Girl II"

B-17 42-37963 "Sleepytime Gal"

Also seeking information on Crew Chiefs  
and which B-17s they were assigned to.

Please email or mail information to  
Charles Lundsberg and Ian McLachlan  
their information can be found to the left  
under Officers and Directors.

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Another year has come and gone and we are embarked on still another "new" year. I am struck by the way we tend to greet each new year with optimism even though we cannot know what it will bring. How will 2013 unfold? Who can say? And still we look forward to it more with enthusiasm than with trepidation. I think the advent of a new year brings out the best in most of us - makes us view the proverbial glass as half-full rather than-half empty. Whether this is a universal trait, or a uniquely American expression of our National spirit, I like it. It makes me feel good about the future, in spite of the problems we all face, and makes me want to share this optimism and wish you all a Happy and Healthy New Year!

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

First off, I'd like to wish you all a very happy and healthy 2013. Next, I'd like to tout our Facebook page that we recently established online. Consider it a temporary digital stomping ground for the 385th BGA until an official site is to be had. If you are interested, go to [www.facebook.com/385thBGA](http://www.facebook.com/385thBGA) and simply click on the "Like" button under the larger picture on the right side and you should be notified of any updates.

In what little time this page has been up, we've received quite a following of fans and members alike as well as new photos and information about crews. For those of you uninterested in establishing a Facebook account or who don't care for the internet, no worries! I plan on cross-publishing some of these pictures in this and future issues. To the left of this page I will post any questions or requests from the internet side of things in case any readers have information.

Pictures are worth a thousand words, so I shall let the Facebook submissions speak for themselves. Some have small descriptions printed on them, but many people in the photos remain anonymous. I more than welcome any feedback or information you may have on any of them. At any rate, I hope you will enjoy the pictures as they may be new images to some and familiar memories to others. You might even see people and planes you personally know.

I'd like to acknowledge and give credit to Lin Weikert, Ted Souza, Jon Michael Cavitt, Jay Hodshon, Doug Price, Joe Burdick, Paul Huling, Greg Draper, Doug Ripberger, and Jac Engels for either sending pictures and information or posting on the new Facebook site. You will see some of their contributions in the following pages. Please keep the stories and pictures coming in!

# MR. LUCKY

© IAN MCLACHLAN

A piece of artwork by Anne Haywood depicting "Mr Lucky" had long adorned the multi-missioned B-17G, serial 42-38035, from the 550th Bomb Squadron. The name proved apt on 1st March 1945 for nineteen-year-old Sgt Joe Jones, tail gunner on 1/Lt Charles J Armbruster's crew. Now, nearing the end of the war, this was Group mission 260 to marshalling yards in Ulm. For Joe, it was his 22nd sortie and looked set to be a milk run as thirty-eight 385th B-17's climbed steadily away from England then over Belgium, hidden by ten-tenths cloud. Joe was happier riding in the tail and had won the slot that morning when a good-natured dispute between he and another gunner, Sgt Arthur W Harold, was settled when Chuck Armbruster told them to flip a coin. As it spun, Joe called "heads" and won - Wendy Harold now squeezed himself into the cramped confines of the ball turret. At 13,500 feet they were scudding amidst cloud columns and, as the bombers made a shallow right turn, Joe was fascinated by the brilliance of alternating sunlight and shadows as their silhouettes danced across the cloud-scape below. Nothing about the sparkling iridescence seemed malevolent but the turmoil of air contorting within seemingly innocent clouds premised a disaster.

"Mr Lucky" was flying No.3 position in the Lead Squadron and, opposite him was 1/Lt Louis Winter who later recalled, " I was flying the right wing of the lead ship opposite Armbruster that day. We were in an SOP (Standard Operational Procedure) climb at about 14,000 feet. The leader made a shallow turn to the right then levelled his wings. A matter of seconds later Armbruster's ship pulled up abruptly and collided with Rusecky who was flying above and close in trail. The following is my diagnosis of the accident: Armbruster's ship did not correct soon enough when the leader levelled his turn to the right. He kept closing on the leader, then when he was about to hit the leader, recognized his mistake and instead of correcting to the left, he hauled back on the stick...." Others in the for-

mation that day felt that, as Armbruster's B-17 clipped through the peak of another cloud, it possibly hit a shaft of turbulence causing it to surge upwards. Armbruster had over 700 hours of piloting experience but the air can be a treacherous, unforgiving environment and a moment's lapse in concentration could prove fatal. During basic training in October 1942, he had been partly responsible for a mishap when his BT-15 collided with another student's aircraft as they were landing. Fortunately, both pilots escaped uninjured although Armbruster's ship suffered damage to its landing gear and flaps. The incident in 1945 would prove much worse. When the B-17's emerged from the cloud-cap, aghast eyewitnesses were powerless to prevent what happened. "Mr Lucky", perhaps



**Mr Lucky with 21 mission symbols as indicated by the bombs and credit for one fighter shown by the swastika just below the first bomb symbol.**

bouncing on a column of turbulence, surged abruptly upwards into the path of the number four, high element lead ship (43-38273) piloted by 1/Lt Alexander Rusecky, also of the 550th. Rusecky had no time for avoiding action and Armbruster, with co-pilot, 2/Lt Robert W Davis, had lost control of "Mr Lucky". Chewing into "Mr Lucky", the propellers on Rusecky's port side cut the B-17 in half at the radio room while numbers 3 and 4 propellers on "Mr Lucky" slashed through the nose and cockpit of Rusecky's aircraft. T/Sgt Neill G Duell was manning the top-turret of Lt Eugene Vaadi's Fortress and later recalled, "We were just behind... when they collided. We sustained considerable damage flying through parts of the exploded planes. Due to the alertness of our two pilots who peeled us off straight down in a dive and then pulled us out... we survived this one. We had lost a lot of skin from the radio room back and oxygen lines ruptured. We got the leaks stopped and had the tail gunner and ball gunner's positions both out, both gunners having to go on walk around bottles but Vaadi said the ship still flew OK so we elected to climb back up and join the tail end of the bomber stream and finish the mission.... We knew both crews from the ships that went down...A good friend of mine named Clabaugh was flying toggler, having been a sole



Chuck Armbruster, pilot of Mr Lucky,

survivor of another crew and had been through so many close ones they were going to finish his tour a mission or two early. I was surprised to hear his name called that morning." Pilot, 1/Lt Joy H Dunlap, stated, "At about 14,000 feet we encountered a layer of middle clouds. I was flying in the lead Squadron, low section #6. As we climbed I was in and out of the peaks of the clouds so pulled off to the left of the formation and climbed individually until breaking out. I picked up the formation to my right and a few seconds later saw the two ships collide. No. 3 plane of the lead pulled up sharply in front of number four high element lead. The left engines of number four cut into the fuselage of No. 3 at about the radio room. Number four tried to pull up but No. 3 fell off to the left hitting the

number four plane on the left wing. Number four left wing broke off just outside #1 engine and number four started to spin to the left and dropped into the overcast. No. 3 plane broke up and dropped into the overcast. Lt. Davis who was flying as co-pilot in No. 3 plane had flown with me the previous day. His formation was well forward but very unsteady in lateral position. He had a tendency to over correct and sometimes to pull up abruptly. It is my opinion that being bothered by the overcast he might have pulled up to get out of the clouds. I seemed to observe one parachute open just after the two ships collided and then catch on some wreckage and collapse." Watching from his navigator's position on another B-17, 1/Lt William Varnedoe was stunned, "I thought I saw the radio man blown out into space without a chute and then I saw the front end of "Mr Lucky" slowly tilt to the left, and I could distinctly see Chuck Armbruster looking over his left shoulder, trying to see what had happened. The airplane then went into a sudden spin and disappeared into the clouds. The crash, the flying debris and metal flying back into the slipstream - it was one of the most eerie moments of my life. Two of our aircraft shattering each other, metal tearing itself to pieces and here, in the nose section of our B-17, it seemed to be in

total silence. The drone of our own engines suppressed all outside noise." Concentrating on the front of "Mr Lucky" Bill Varnedoe had not seen Rusecky's disintegrating aircraft vanish into cloud rapidly followed by the torn-off tail section from "Mr Lucky" tumbling earthwards.

Inside that severed tail, Joe had no idea that the entire front of his aircraft had vanished but guessed something catastrophic had befallen them. Their regular co-pilot, 1/Lt Howard A Muchow had been ill and was replaced by 2/Lt Robert W Davis. He heard Chuck yell sharply at the substitute to "PULL OVER - we don't want that guy's wing in our lap". To Joe it suddenly, "Felt like being hit with a sledge hammer" and he was thrown violently around his cramped compartment. Looking up through the Perspex, he was aghast to see at very close quarters, the bomb-bay section of another B-17. The feeling in his ears told him he was falling but, oblivious of the true situation, he tried desperately to raise his pilot on the r/t. "Tail to pilot, tail to pilot?" Nothing. Losing the courtesy of discipline, Joe finally hollered, "Damn it Chuck, answer me!" Then he realised with absolute horror there was not even the sound of engines! Like a living nightmare, Joe felt himself falling, falling, falling - not straight down but feathering back and forth

with increasing speed. Grabbing his chest-pack parachute, Joe made for his emergency exit. Pulling the release achieved nothing so, grasping an overhead strut for balance and leverage, he kicked hard but the hatch stubbornly refused to open and a further kick only overbalanced him into a tangle of ammunition belts. Now really scared, Joe realised he was trapped! Sickening gyrations and the terrifying falling sensation told Joe, now in utter panic, that he

had little time. Abandoning efforts to release the hatch, he struggled forwards for the main entrance only to find his path blocked by linked ammunition and other debris. His mind hit overdrive. Remembering recent experiments using parachutes to slow down an aircraft upon landing, Joe thought he could adapt the technique to slow his descent. Crawling aft to his seat, he released his parachute and tried stuffing folds through one of the shattered windows but this



Henri Ryjkeboker and his family pose with the shorn-off tail section from Mr Lucky.

clearly would not work - the parachute had no chance of deployment in time. Giving up, he resigned himself to die and braced himself against some armour plating. Calmer now, he felt an overwhelming sadness for his mother who would soon receive the dreaded telegram - she had wanted him to enlist in the Navy. There was nothing else he could do. Steadying himself within the now-spiralling tail section with the wind howling through the torn-off fuselage, he managed to light what he felt would be his last cigarette. Inhaling deeply, he quietly awaited the end and his own inclusion in the war's grim statistics.

On the foggy Belgian landscape near the town of Slijpe, Gilbert Deschepper was cycling to work along a country lane when he heard the collision and the dreadful sound of an aircraft crashing nearby. Pedalling through the mist in the general direction, Gilbert came upon the torn-off tail unit surrounded by spectators afraid to go too close for fear it might explode or catch fire. Undeterred, Gilbert's inspection of the tattered remains revealed a body, bent double and pinned inside. Feeling for signs of life, Gilbert's heart surged with hope. Miraculously, the young airman, bleeding badly, was still alive and it seems as if the falling-leaf motion of the severed tail section had

impacted at the lowest and slowest point in its trajectory. Urging others, including farmer Henri Ryjkeboer and his five daughters, to help, Gilbert tore at the wreckage - the airman inside was unconscious but seemed otherwise uninjured apart from lacerations around his ear and a cut tongue. Unable to bring Joe round, his rescuers carried him to the nearby Ryjkeboer home while Gilbert hurriedly cycled six miles to the home of a local doctor, a pro-German who needed some forceful persuasion to accompany Gilbert to the wreckage. Following preliminary treatment, Gilbert then confiscated the local bus and took Joe to a British Field Hospital in Ostend where it was found the American was suffering from internal bleeding; had almost severed his own tongue and had a broken vertebra in his neck. Gilbert could do no more - it was now in the hands of the Lord.

The Report of Aircraft Accident erroneously described Joe as having, "successfully used parachute but extent or nature of injuries is unknown". Three days later, Joe regained consciousness - he could remember nothing between his last cigarette and waking up in hospital - his injuries were expertly treated apart from, he discovered years later, hairline fractures to his teeth! Joe was soon introduced to Gilbert Deschepper whose daily visits

began a life-long friendship. He was the only survivor from, "Mr Lucky" - the eight others all perished when the B-17 exploded on the Kamiel Glorie farm some 900 metres away from the tail section. Tragically, all but one of the Rusecky crew died and the survivor, Sgt Stanley J Lejowski, was so emotionally distraught, he was later invalided home. The care given to Joe ensured his recovery and he was back at Great Ashfield attending a Red Cross dance six weeks later. Joe's experience was published in the Ripley "Believe Or Not" series and this "Mr Lucky" dedicated his life to the service of his Nation until he lost a long battle with cancer on January 13th, 1994.



**Joe Jones - the cigarette he's contemplating represents what he thought was going to be his last.**

## 110W ONE CREW BECAME KNOWN AS THE RAUNCHY RAIDERS

BY RAY MCCOOL

Over the years I've had the opportunity to meet several members of my brother's B-17 crew. They were assigned to the 548th Squadron of the 385th BG. Puzzled over how they adopted the name "Raunchy Raiders" this is what they told me: one time while being inspected, the Group Adjutant, not at all impressed with the rather informal dress code that the fellows were using, remarked that this was the raunchiest dress appearance that he had ever witnessed. The fellows thereafter decided that henceforth they would call themselves the "Raunchy Raiders". The crew flew 28 combat missions late in 1944 and into 1945. Years later, at a reunion of the crew in Chicago, one of the guys designed a baseball cap inscribed with the logo "Raunchy Raiders". I have one of those caps. Although the last of the crew, Co-Pilot Gib Munro, died in 2011 it was a privilege to meet them during their last years. Of special interest to me because I am a member of the American Legion is the legacy of Bob Reeve, Flight Engineer. Bob was elected Mayor of Thief River Falls and

with his active interest in the Legion, was elected State Commander of the Minnesota American Legion in 1985.

Gib Munro told me the story of the mission in which my brother took a flak hit in the head.. Gib was able to bring the B-17 back to base with crew intact. Years later Gib sent me a piece of the shrapnel that penetrated their cockpit. I treasure that as but one memento from a crew of the Greatest Generation.

### **"The Raunchy Raiders" (McCool Crew)**

**Top Row (L-R): Bob Lamphere - BTG**

**Dick Kober - Tail Gunner**

**Chuck Every - CTG**

**Bob Reeve - Waist Gunner**

**Bottom Row (L-R): Johnny Grace - TTG**

**Gib Munro - Co-Pilot**

**Ralph McCool - Pilot**

**Jim Frydenlund - Navigator/Bombardier**

**Fred Maracich - Radio Operator**





## **BERLIN MISSION - GROUP MISSION #138 -21 JUNE, 1941**

**BY IIIJGII ANDREW - 551ST SOUARDON**

As another anniversary of D-Day, June 6th 1944, rolls around I look back on many missions, but one always stands out in my memory. I flew my first mission on D-D plus one, June 7th 1944. My crew was bitterly disappointed when we did not get to fly the mission on D-Day but we made up for it by flying lots of them in a short time. Just two weeks after flying our first mission we were scheduled to fly our seventh mission. Target Berlin! This was most heavily defended target in all of Germany! We were briefed that Berlin was protected by 600 anti-aircraft batteries. That's the kind of information that left a lump in your throat!

We were flying in the number three spot, right off our leader's left wing. We were being led that day by our 26-year-old Base Commander, Colonel VanDevanter. That's right only 26 years old! He was a 1940 West Point graduate who became a pilot. On December 7th 1941 he was stationed in the Philippines when the Japanese attacked. After the first attack, only three B-17s were able to take off and drop bombs on the Japanese fleet. This had to be the first bombing mission in WW-II. Colonel Van was one of those plane commanders. All three of the B-17 pilots were Lieutenants at that time. All three survived the war and attained the rank of General during their military careers.

Colonel Van was leading the Bomb Group on this mission. At that time he only flew on the toughest missions, earning the respect of the whole Bomb Group. So there we were positioned off his left wing where I, as copilot in my plane, had a perfect view of him in the lead plane and could watch him closely as we flew in tight formation. As we approached our target and started our bomb run we were hit by the flak from those 600 anti-aircraft batteries. At this point I saw the number two engine on Colonel Van's plane explode into flames and smoke. Colonel Van looked out at that engine, hit the fire extinguisher switch, feathered the propeller and increased the power to his three remaining engines in order to maintain air speed. There are only about three bomb-sights throughout the 36 plane bomb group. The lead bombardier requires the lead plane to fly at a pre-determined speed. The other pilots set their speed to stay in formation with the lead plane. The bombardiers in other planes follow the lead of the bombardier in the lead plane as to when to drop. Any deviation in the speed affects the accuracy of the entire bomb run. The deputy Bomb Group leader also has a bombardier with an onboard bombsite but at this point in the bomb run it would have been impossible to trade positions with Colonel Van. So we flew on through that intense flak barrage at a steady 150 MPH until we hit our target and turned for home. At that time Colonel Van pulled out of formation and changed positions with the number two plane.

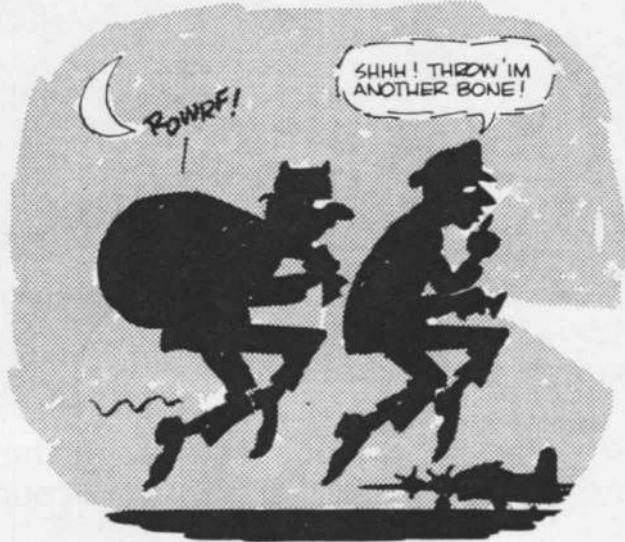
Colonel Van was one cool cookie. He went back to the States, was assigned to the Strategic Air Command and made Brigadier General at age 38. The youngest BG in the Air Force!

**JUST ANOTHER. ROUTINE DAY AT THE OFFICE**

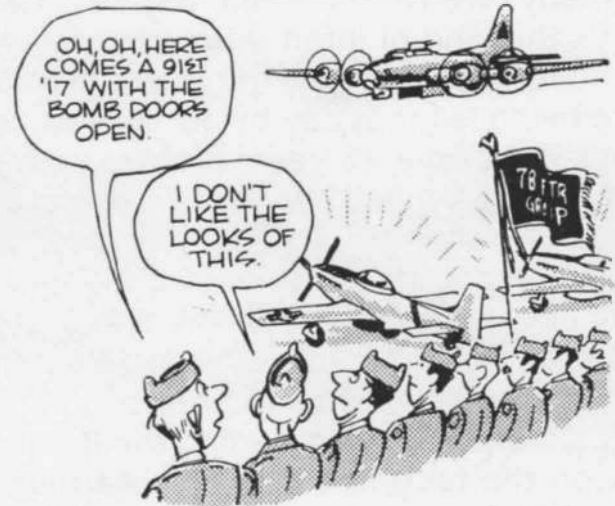
# "There I was..." The cartoons of Bob Stevens

Rivalry between bomber and fighter pilots is legend. A particularly spirited rivalry existed between the 78th Ftr. Gp., based at Duxford, Station 357, and the 91st Bomb Gp. (H), based at Bassingbourn, Station 121, in Jolly Old...

IT ALL STARTED WHEN "REPUNE" CANINE- MASCOT OF THE 91st WAS SPIRITTCP AWAY CORING A JOINT PAJ?TY



THE WAX? ENDEP( WITH'REPUNE'S-TILL MIA) •anit THE AIT? R9CCE GOT BACK TO SPIT <HuC POL IS LI PARADES —



THE 91ST WAITER WITH BATED BREATH TO SEE WHAT FORM RETALIATION WOULD TAKE. THE NEXT DAY A LONE 'SI DROPPED A WREATH AT BASSINGBOURN.



## FEATURED PIN-UP ARTIST

Alfred Leslie Buell (1910-1996) was an American painter of pin-up art. He was born in Hiawatha, Kansas in 1910, and grew up in Cushing, Oklahoma. He attended some classes at the Art Institute of Chicago, which, in concert with a trip to New York City, decided him on a career in art.

In 1935, Buell and his wife moved to Chicago, Illinois, where he joined the Stevens/Hall/Biondi Studio. By 1940, he had opened his own studio. During this period, he did a number of pin-ups for the Gerlach-Barklow calendar company. Buell also did work for several other calendar companies in the early 1940s.

During World War II, Buell was rejected by the draft, so he spent the war painting a variety of popular and patriotic pin-ups for Brown & Bigelow. After the war was over, he began contributing to Esquire's Gallery of Glamour.

Buell returned to Brown & Bigelow in the late 1950s. He continued to paint glamour and pin-ups until about 1965, when he retired from commercial art. He remained active until he was injured in an accident in 1993, after which he remained in a nursing home until his death in 1996.

Information from [wikipedia.org](http://wikipedia.org)

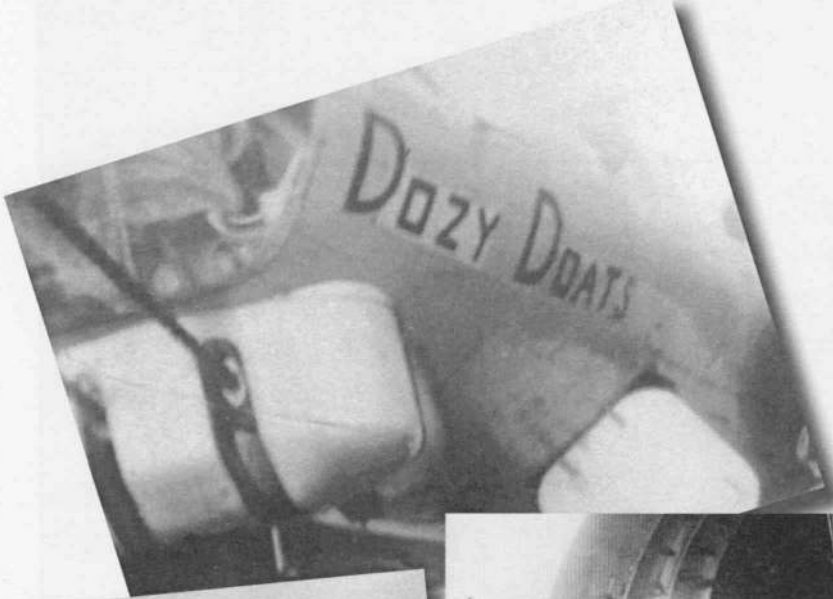


Artist Al Buell in his Palm Island studio on Siesta Key near Sarasota, Florida.

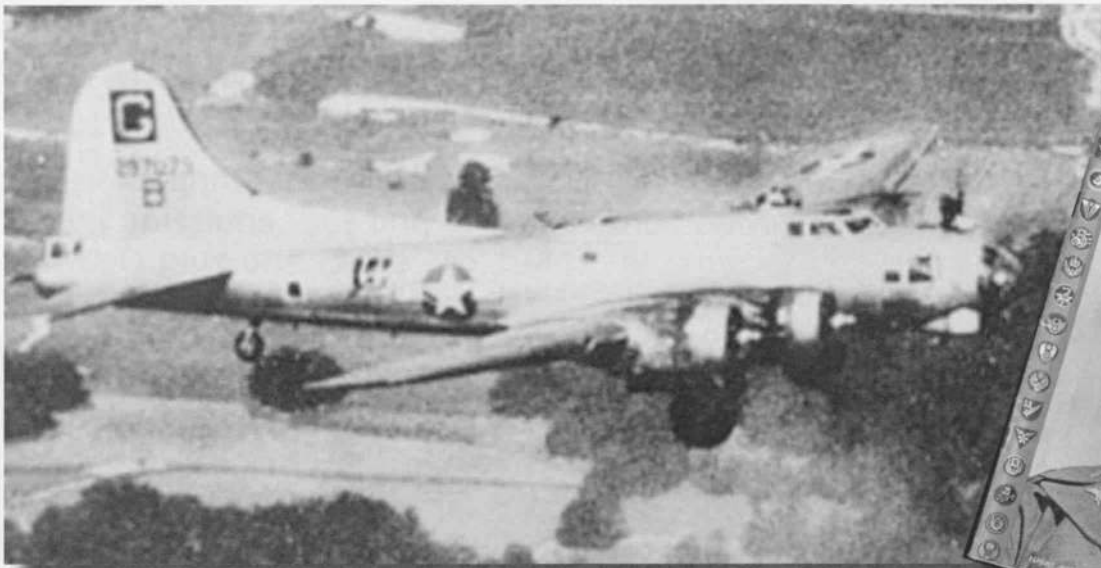


## SOUZA SUBMISSIONS

Ted Souza was the Tail Gunner with Supplee Crew  
and the original crew assigned to 42-97079 "Dozy Doats"



Top Left: Dozy Doats - 42-97079, Top Right: Ted Souza - May 1944  
Center Left: Jacob Mason, Center: John Bovee and Claud Lyons (on ground)  
Bottom Left: Ben Littlejohn, Bottom Right: Ted Souza



Ted was manning his guns when this photograph was taken on 25 June, 1944 Mission #142. The picture appeared in the October 1944 issue of Air Force. (right)



SUPPLEE CREW with "DOZY DOATS" 42-97079

Back Row (L-R): Ben Littlejohn - Radio Operator, Claud Lyons - Waist Gunner, Warren Tomlinson - Navigator, Paul Rudloff - Co-Pilot, Jacob Mason - Engineer, Ted Souza - Tail Gunner, John Bovee - Waiste Gunner

Front Row (L-R): George Karl - Bombardier, Herman W. Supplee, III - Pilot, Clifford Harvey - Ball Turret Gunner

# FACEBOOK FRIENDS

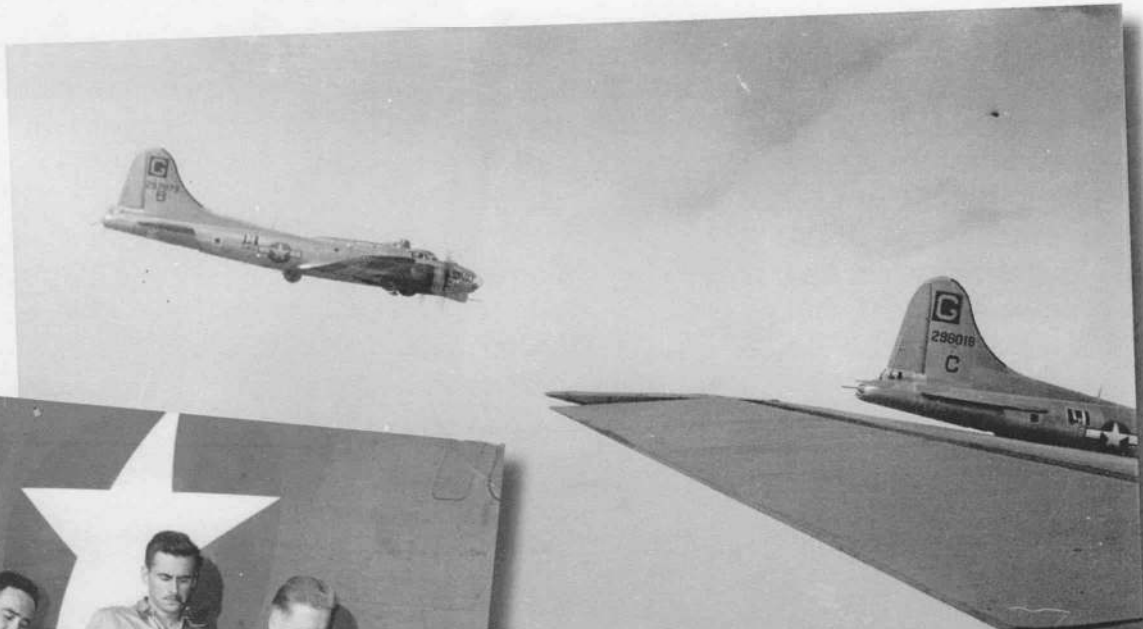
pictures submitted online



(C. PR - 48-1-385) (19-9-43) (INSIDE AUTOMOBILE SHOP - CHASSIS S...



(PR - 95-5-385) (3-11-43) (CAPT. H. O. HAMILTON IN B-17 COCKPIT)







(60-4-3-385)(5-12-43) (LT. H.B. STOKES - ORDNANCE OFFICER)



(SAV-94A-801-4) (29 JULY 44)(577-T-25500)(MERSEBURG, GER)



(1-PR-90-4-385)(76-10-43) (BAKING ROLLS - OFFICERS MESS)



GPR-21-6-385 (19-8-43) (INTERROGATION OF CREW)



rayfrlt I'VifCel MOaRF - PURPLE HEART



# LETTERS

Enclosed are two pictures I took at Arlington National Cemetery In Washington, D.C. It is quite a story.

I was honored to be on a Stars and Stripes Honor Flight that flies World War II Veterans to Washington, D.C. to view the World War II Memorial. While I was there, I took a walk thru the Cemetery and a short distance from where I walked, I unexpectedly came across (pics enclosed) the 385th Bomb Group War Memorial. It was a total surprise to me and made it a very happy part of my trip. It was the only Memorial of that kind in the area I visited.

I was stationed at Great Ashfield in England (Station 155) from July 1943 thru July 1945. I was a Sergeant with the 1249 MP Company. I've Always felt honored to be a part of the 385th Bomb Group.

I've enjoyed receiving the Hard Life Herald News Letter for many years.

Sincerely,  
William Wiltz  
MrBuick [1985@AOL.com](mailto:1985@AOL.com)



# LETTERS

Esky (42-37959) was shot down on 23 March, 1944, on a raid to Brunswick, Germany. It was on the bombing run, north of Brunswick, when it was strafed by UFFZ. Heinrich Weber, of 5/JG1 - his first "victory" (based on the location of Weber's victory), and according to MACRS 3317, another plane also strafed it (but Weber was given credit). I still haven't been able to determine if the bombs were dropped before it crashed near Oerrel, Germany, north of the target. The 385th lost 3 B-17's that day.

-Joe Burdick via [Facebook.com/385thBGA](https://www.facebook.com/385thBGA)



**"ESKY" - 42-37959 - on the Regensburg Raid, 26 Feb 1944**

I'm not sure what crew this is, perhaps some of you will recognize them. My father [Walter L. Huling] is the last one on the back row. My father once told me that photographers would come by every once in a while and gather men up for a group photo. Then again they would sometimes pull crewmen to fly missions on different aircraft.

Paul Huling via [Facebook.com/385thBGA](https://www.facebook.com/385thBGA)



My father-in-law, TSgt. Jesse A. Raynor, was in the 548th squadron of the 385th at Great Ashfield from approx. Aug. 1944-May 1945. Jesse flew 34 missions and received the Air Medal and four Oak Leaf Clusters. He entered the AAF in June 1941 and received his Gunnery Wings in May 1944 in Las Vegas. Jesse served part of his tour as engineer on the "Mississippi Miss" (A/C #42-102679).

If anyone has any information about Jesse it would be greatly appreciated.

-Greg Draper via [Facebook.com/385thBGA](https://www.facebook.com/385thBGA)



Dear Reader,

I am the author of the book "Not Home for Christmas" that describes the 34 heavy bomber crews of the Mighty Eighth who did not return to their bases in England after their mission of Sunday, November 26, 1944.

I am now researching a second book covering the mission of Saturday, April 29, 1944. Target Berlin.

The 385th BG lost seven bombers that day:

# 42-31773, Pilot Charles L. Johnston, MACR 4456, 2 KIA, 8 POW

# 42-97559, Pilot Robert E. Barney, MACR 4459, 1 KIA, 9 POW

# 42-107045, Pilot Len Sexton, MACR 4460, 10 POW

# 42-97078, Pilot William F. Henry, MACR 4457, 2 KIA, 8 POW

# 42-97226, Pilot Richard L. Huntington, MACR 4458, 2 KIA, 8 POW

# 42-31133, Pilot Hector J. Garza, MACR 4453, 10 POW

# 42-31174, Pilot Francis J. Hart, MACR 4454, 1 KIA, 9 POW

To save space I do not list all crew members.

I would very much like to get in contact with crew members and or family of crew members. I am looking for their personal stories I can incorporate in my book. Your help will be highly appreciated.

John Meurs

meurs ,j ohn@bluewin. ch



**BEFORE YOU RECYCLE THIS NEWSLETTER...**

**Please consider donating it to your local School, VFW, or American Legion.**

**HARDLIFE HERALD**

Newsletter of the 385th Bombardment Group Association



San Antonio Reunion - October 2012

**FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES PLEASE CONTACT:**

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Previous issue pictured at left

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## 385th BGA

Chuck Smith, Treasurer

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U.S.A.

Address Service Requested



A Snowy Scene with 42-37668 "Leading Lady"

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