


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 YANK GELDING WINNIE THE POOH DRAGON LADY
 HONKY TONK SAL RAUNCHY WOLF CHOWHOUND STARS AND STRIPES DORSAL QUEEN WAR WEARY
 HESITATIN' HUSSY "HAYBAG" ANNIE MISS AMERICA PREGNANT PORTIA ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 BIG GAS BIRD LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY LEADING LADY LONESOME POLECAT HARES BREATH
 STAR DUST ANGELS SISTER LI'L AUDREY MARY PAT
HARD LIFE  **HERALD** SLY FOX
 MR. LUCKY PERRY'S PIRATES SLO JO TARGET FOR TONIGHT MR. SMITH
 MADAME SHOO SHOO GIZMO SACK TIME SHACK N LADY
 PAT PENDING ROGER THE DODGER IMPATIENT VIRGIN OL' DOODLE BUG
 ROUNDTRIP JACK POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY RAGGED BUT RIGHT SWEET CHARIOT
 SHACK BUNNY HOMESICK ANGEL HALF AND HALF SLEEPYTIME GAL RUBY'S RAIDERS MISSISSIPPI MISS
 SPIRIT OF CHICAGO MY GAL SAL LATEST RUMOR MAIDEN AMERICA LULU BELLE
 SOUTHERN BELLE BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN MISSION BELLE SLICK CHICK
 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.

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Prez Sez:

This issue of Hardlife Herald contains a complete listing of all the B-17's assigned to our Group from start to finish.

The list, a combination of the work of Ian McLachlan and Paul Andrews, represents a tremendous lot of research, and we thank each of them for their efforts.

Let's each of us study the list, rack our feeble brains, and come up with any additions or changes that we can remember. Send them to Ed for listing in the next Hardlife for adding to the listing.

See you at the Reunion! Come and renew old contacts, enjoy the trip, add to the success of another great Reunion.

Earl Cole

Social Security Number Required for Missile Silo Visit!

We must submit a list containing name and Social Security number for all who wish to visit a Missile Silo during the Reunion. They need the list by July 15. If you're planning on this, please send your Social Security Number to Sam Lyke immediately.

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

Dear Ed,

Reading the August 1988 Newsletter, I noted the interest being shown in names of aircraft that served with the 385th. This has prompted me to release a project that I've been working on for many years which attempts to list all the aircraft that served with the Group and link serial numbers to names. John Ford, Stewart Evans and I commenced this list but it is a task that takes forever and I'm the only one left doing it so, if you published what I've got, some of the gaps may get filled. At the last count, there were 307 serial numbers with only 107 names, although, of course, many aircraft carried neither name nor nose-art.

As you can see, I've given the fate of the aircraft where known. Some ships survived several crews and, as I've always said, the history of the 385th was made by the men who flew, serviced or supported the aircraft. However, the B-17 bonded the Group inasmuch as all men were slaves to those big bombers, love 'em or hate 'em, so each provides a key which unlocks much 385th history. Publish a picture of a B-17 and the response provides more information so, with this list, I've enclosed a few more pictures.

I hope this list will draw forth corrections, additions, comments and anecdotes about some of the aircraft and the part they played in the history of the 385th.

Best wishes,

Ian McLachlan

We have also received a similar list of planes from Paul M. Andrews, Project Co-ordinator for the 8th AF Memorial Museum Foundation to work up a historical data base.

The list he sent jibes in most cases with the one that Ian worked on. Your editor has gone over the Andrew's list and has attempted to pencil in the additions to help complete Ian's list.

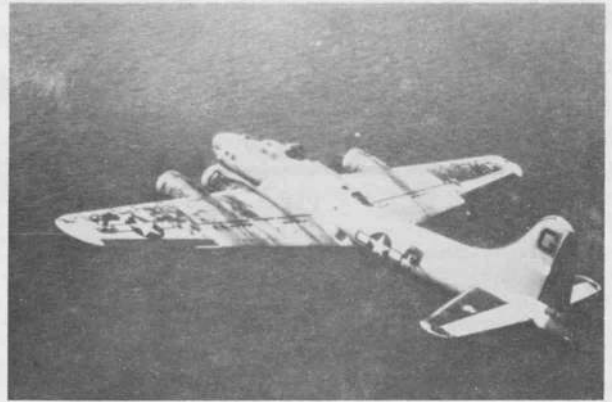
If any of you can add to the information that follows, please send it to Paul and Ian to help them complete their lists. If your information sounds interesting for the Hardlife Herald, please send it to us, too.

Paul Andrews

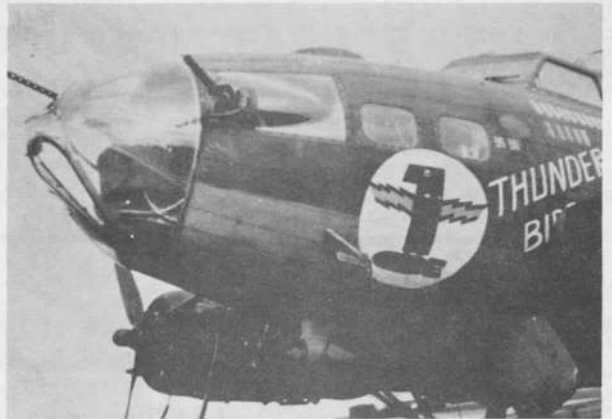
Box 4506, Woodbridge, VA 22194



"Skychief". 42-39912. Sal 16-7-44. C / L in woods, Capel St. Andrew. Lt. Courcelle.



42-38049. A very worn B-17. Crew (s) and fate unknown.



"Thunderbird" Crew (s) and serial unknown.



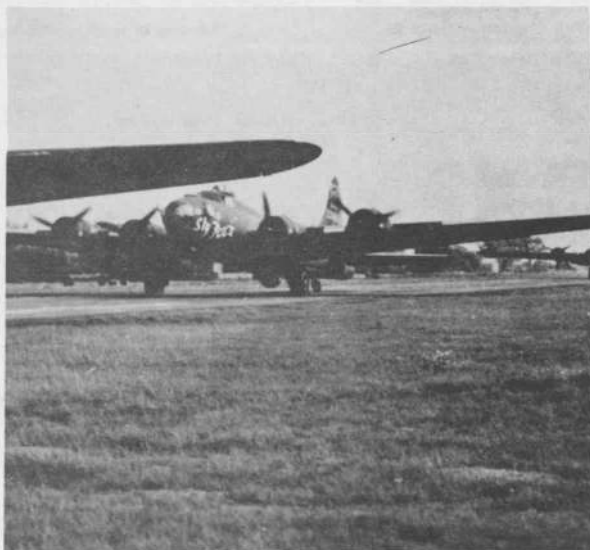
230822 "The Dorsal Queen" MIA 25-2-44. Lt. D.A. Gray. This was second "Dorsal Queen" and may earlier have been named "Foolish Virgin".



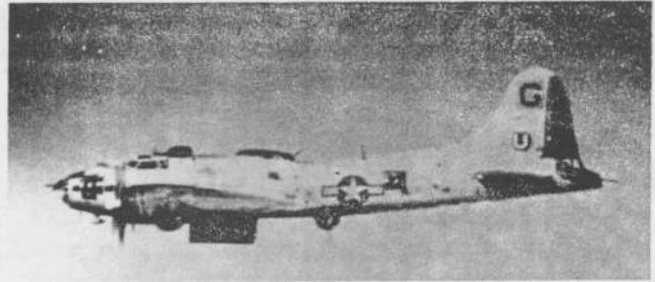
42-5911 Salvaged 3-9-43. Damaged beyond repair?



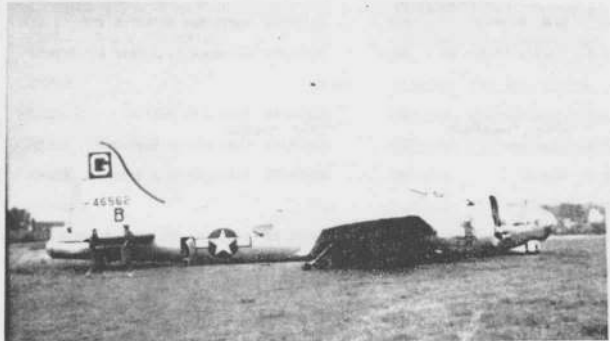
42-5897 "Roundtrip Jack". Gold tooth in jackass's mouth was added for John Ford who lost one of his front teeth in a fight just before coming overseas. This original ship survived the war and was salvaged in May 1945.



"Sly Fox II". Serial begins '23' but full identity unknown.



42-3356 "Mayfly" Anyone know whose ship this was and what happened to her?



44-6562 crash landing by Lt. O. Quick 30 Oct. '44. Not known to have a name.

KEY

Each entry details what is known about those aircraft assigned. From left to right is the serial number as it appears on the vertical stabilizer, the squadron assignment, individual letter code, date aircraft no longer assigned, ultimate fate, aircraft personal name. All dates are day, month, year.

The following codes will be used throughout the data base.

- | | |
|------|---|
| AD | Air Division |
| AF | Army Air Force |
| AFSC | Air Force Service Command |
| BAD | Base Air Depot |
| BG | Bombardment Group |
| BS | Bombardment Squadron |
| DIT | Ditched |
| DS | Detached Service |
| FG | Fighter Group |
| FS | Fighter Squadron |
| FW | Fighter Wing |
| INT | Interned |
| LOC | Landed on the Continent |
| MACR | Missing Air Crew Report |
| MIA | Missing in Action |
| MRU | Mobile Repair Unit |
| PRG | Photo Reconnaissance Group |
| RAF | Royal Air Force |
| SAD | Strategic Air Depot |
| SAL | Salvaged |
| TRN | T ransferred |
| ZOI | Zone of the Interior (U.S.) |
| ‡ | Aircraft assigned at the end of the war |

How an Ordnance Section Operated

by George Menkoff, DDS
550th Ordnance

USAAF ORDNANCE-WWII Station 155 (square G)

The daylight bombing concept for the 550th Squadron had its beginning at Geiger Field, WA. There our Air Crews were taught rendezvousing, formation flying, bombing, command in the air, navigation, radio-operation, gunnery, etc. At the same time, the Ordnance sections and other ground crews were also practicing their jobs and learning to make their contribution fit in. In short, the two groups were learning to work as a team, and this teamwork would eventually spell the end of Hitler's Germany. This cooperation had to begin with the high ranking officers of 8th AF command and filter all through the ranks to each squadron, department, unit, and each individual in order to achieve success. Everyone depended on the skill and help of someone else.

As a member of the 550th Ordnance, I would like to reiterate the part that Ordnance played in this game of military chess that eventually won the victory and preserved freedom for our posterity one more time.

My primary job classification was weapons mechanic (MOS 405, specializing in the 50 Cal, the 20mm cannon, the 37mm cannon, and all the hand and shoulder weapons), but I loaded as many bombs as Catone, Charkins, Lemieux, Masiulis, Meins, or any of the guys. The closeness in which we lived and worked has produced lifetime friendships and I am sure this is true in all sections and crews of the 385th. My wife and I have visited the homes of many of our Ordnancemen and some have visited us.

When the 385th was on Alert, the order would be disseminated through channels to our 550th Orderly Room and the CQ would wake up TSgt Robert Arnold, who in turn would wake us up gently; we appreciated that. Then soon we would be on transportation to our large Ordnance tent on the Perimeter. Time: 12:30 AM (0030 hrs.). Of course this was happening, not only in our four squadrons, but all over East Anglia.

On arrival at our Ordnance area we would brew our black coffee and await the Bomb load (and type of fuze) to come down from Bomber command and Wing. When the load was finally telephoned to us we were divided into crews of 3 or 4 men and each assigned Bomb trucks and planes to load. From there the trucks with their trailers would be driven to the camouflaged bomb dump.

If you could have been able to go the revetment as a spectator, you would have been a witness to the efficiency of your Ordnance men as they rolled the demolition bombs across the dunnage, up the ramp and onto the trailer. In just a few minutes enough bombs were on the trailer to load a B-17. A crew would have to load at least two planes, so later the crew would return for another load.

Now those bomb trailers just fit between the lowered bomb bay doors with only about 8 inches to spare on each side, so we became excellent trailer backers. (My son still has me do most of his horse-trailer backing.)

To emphasize the teamwork involved, upon arrival at the plane, the Armorers were already there, installing any last minute machine guns (with proper head-space set), loading ammo, and checking the operation of the bomb racks. The Ordnance crew would fin the bomb, lock the shackle and arming wire to the bomb lugs, and place the sling under the bomb attached to two cables. After the Armorers had cranked the bomb to its position, two Ordnance men, now standing high in the bomb bay, would latch the bomb (actually the shackle) into its place on the bomb rack. The loading would proceed from top to bottom on all four racks. The Bomb Rack was an intricate operating mechanism, and at the time the Bombardier 'dropped' the bombs, the bomb rack would release the bombs, starting at the bottom, in rapid fire succession.

Following loading, another Ordnance crew would arrive, screw in the Nose and Tail fuzes, and place the arming wire through the arming veins. These were small free-turning fans located at the end of the fuze. This vein **must** be held by the arming wire to keep it from accidentally unwinding and rendering the bomb 'armed' while still in the bomb bay. There is also a cotter-pin holding the vein and, if my memory serves me, this pin is removed by the Bombardier while the plane is airborne. If those pins weren't removed by someone, then the bombs would have been duds!

Then all that is left is for the Pilot to fly straight and level in good formation, the Navigator to find the target, and for the bombardier to knock out the steel factory. If by chance they returned without dropping the bombs, and this happened occasionally, we would just return to the plane and do all these things in reverse. We know those missions were rough, and we salute all of our air crews for their courage and determination.

As you know, our demolition bombs came in several sizes, from 100 lbs. to the 2000 lb. Blockbuster, however, the 500 pounder was the most popular. Also available were the anti-personnel fragmentation bomb clusters as well as the Phosphorus fire bombs. Another was the Napalm bomb, a container or jelly bomb that would be filled with a highly flammable, jelly-like substance.

Talk about confusion! Can you visualize bomb trucks and trailers from all four squadrons accumulated in one area where large tanks of Napalm had been brought in, and in addition a couple hundred personnel milling around not really knowing what to do? I guess our one idea was to get up to one of those tanks, fill our empty bombs and load our planes. It would have been easier if we could have been able to see better, because all this was done in pitch darkness with very few spotlights around. I suppose those running the operation had everything under control, because we eventually did get the planes loaded. That was the only mission I can recall using the Napalm Bomb. I would like to know if any of the crews remember carrying the Napalm fire bomb and how effective they were.

Nope! Not finished yet, as we still haven't dealt with the Bomb Fuzes. They were about 214 inches in diameter and 10 inches long, and at the end of each fuze was the aforementioned arming vein that unscrewed and fell off as the bomb descended toward the target. Then and only then, was the bomb armed and able to detonate. The fuzes came in different types for different jobs. Most would detonate on impact, others would detonate above ground (fire bombs and some anti-personnel bombs), and still others would be time-delay fuzes to allow for penetration before exploding. One type of Booby-trap fuze I can remember wouldn't detonate at all until the Germans tried to unscrew the fuze, and another would allow the Bomb to lie around for hours, then explode.

Well, this is about as good a rendition of aviation Ordnance as I can recall. I think everything is essentially accurate, but some mistakes could be included as its been over 40 years. Who knows, we may have removed the cotter-pin from the fuzes while we were standing on the trailer, or maybe we had to remove it in order to insert the arming wire. Probably other errors.

While it's hot, I hope some of the other 385th Ordnance men will submit articles—possibly go into more detail about the detonation of our fuzes, using diagrams, if necessary, or cover any other subject they would like. Maybe an Armorer could detail their job and cover the shackle and bomb rack operation.

I would like to hear from some of the other 385th Ordnance men and maybe we can get enough names together to have a meeting at Fargo.

By the way, has anyone heard from or know the whereabouts of Benny Parker? He was our youngest Ordnance man.

Editor's Note These are the kind of stories that give the Hardlife Herald a real lift. How about more like it from some of you other specialists?



550th Ordnance



George Menkoff



England 1944



Bob Arnold preparing to load bombs



550th Ordnance loading crew



550th Bomb Ordnance



Left Dana Robbins & George Menkoff



Dana, Chips and one of our bomb trucks taken in the bomb revetment. Dana Robbins - now deceased, had a heart attack just after loading a truck with furniture preparing to move from Salt Lake City, Utah.



Joseph Tocco — March 1989
John A. Johnson — May 1989

John A. Johnson, retired colonel

Funeral services for John A. Johnson, 69, a retired Air Force colonel, will begin at 1 p.m. today at University Presbyterian Church, 4540 15th Ave. N.E. Graveside memorial services will follow at 3:30 p.m. at Evergreen-Washelli.

Mr. Johnson, who died April 29, was the first Washingtonian elected to a national office with the Reserve Officers Association of the United States.

He was elected first vice president of the Reserve Officers Association in 1968. He also served on the association's national executive committee and was a past president of the Washington Reserve Officers Association.

Born in Seattle, Mr. Johnson graduated from Roosevelt High School and the University of Washington. He was a B-17 pilot during World War II, flew 30 missions over Germany and was awarded the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

In 1950 when he operated a Seattle delicatessen, Mr. Johnson was called back into the Air Force for the Korean War and served as an assistant flight operations officer at Haneda Air Base in Japan. He retired from the service in 1974. He also was president of the Johnson Investment Co.

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Ed:

I was TDY to the "Mickey" Sqdn at Bury St. Edmonds with Hank Koenig's crew from July 44 to Sept. 44 flying lead missions. John Johnson came over from 385th in August 44 to replace Hank. John was a great, fearless A.C. and we were very successful on all our lead missions. I don't recall which Sqdn. John was in while at Great Ashfield. Me (bomb.) and Bill Dery (nav.) left the crew in Sept. (We were given choice of flying 3 more missions to complete our tour of 30 or go home for a month and return to 385th for 2nd tour.) "Ham" Hamilton made all sorts of promises to us but he was gone when we returned to Great Ashfield on Jan. 1, 1945.

I didn't see Johnny Johnson again until Boeing party in Seattle in 1985. He showed up at our mini-reunion (385th) at the Holiday Inn. He had known nothing about 385th reunions and had never seen our newsletter. He im-

Letters to the Editor co n't.

mediately became a member of 385th Mem. Assoc, and said he would consider going to L.A. reunion in 1985. Neither of us made it to L.A. He was supposed to come to our reunion here in Dayton but was in ill-health and now he's gone. I'm going to try to get his wife, Millie, to become a member of 385th BGMA. I was successful in that regard with Ed Herron's wife, Vivian, who has since become an active member (trip to England with 385th group). I flew first 3 missions with Ed and we ditched in English Channel. Ed went on to become Opr. Officer with 551st and one hell of a command pilot. Unfortunately he was flying as command pilot with Batty's crew on that ill-fated mission to Berlin in (I think Oct. 44) when we lost 11 of 12 to German fighters.

Dear Ed,

Was in England for 6 days. Not much left at old base. Could not get oriented. Went down today to St. Wendel site of my first P.O.W. camp, same story, likewise at Kusel 15 miles from St. Wendel where we went down. It **is** true, you can't go back. But i **HAD** to try. We return to England Sat. Home May 15.

Buell Martin
Harwich, Mass.

Dear Ed,

I think very little has been written about my job classification - weapons mechanic - so I will try to shed a little light on it.

In the 550th Ordnance there were five of us as I recall; Charkins, Martel, Masiello, Masiulis, and myself, Menkoff. If I have left one out I apologize, and please let me know.

Our training, after Basic, began at the Oldsmobile school of armament in Lansing, Michigan where we studied the 50 caliber machine gun, the 37mm cannon and the 20mm cannon. Not only could we name all the parts but could disassemble and reassemble all of them in minute detail, and of course, field strip the weapons blind folded.

Next, after a weeks KP at Salt Lake, we were sent to Fort George Wright at Spokane, Washington where we covered the hand and shoulder weapons in the same detail. From there to Geiger Field, on to Cut Bank, Montana and to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, our P.O.E.

What did we do after arriving at Station 155? Primarily load and fuze bombs with the rest of the Ordnance personnel, but occasionally would clean and check the squadron's small arms as well as repair a few 50 caliber machine guns.

As many of you may remember, and I am sure our crews do, our Forts were experiencing losses from 12 o'clock high attacks, so 20 mm cannons were being mounted in the noses of some of the B-17s. I really don't know how effective

these larger weapons were in discouraging frontal attacks, but maybe some of the flight crew members could let us know.

I wasn't in on any 20 mm installation, and cannot remember which of our planes were so equipped, but I did repair one in the field that was being test-fired for a General. I don't remember who he was, but being a typical soldier, I quickly responded when Lt. David Endler said: "Menkoff, fix this gun."

I never saw a 37 mm cannon on any of our B-17's.

George Menkoff, D.D.S.
550th Ordnance
5505 South Peoria, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74105

Editor's Note: See George's story of the 550th Ordnance section detailing the efforts put forth by a Squadron Ordnance section.

Dear Ed,

I've started to transcribe a couple of tapes that Jr. made with me in November of 1988. Covers some of his experience in Switzerland and some at Great ashfield. I've got 36 double spaced pages and am only half done. He landed #42-31335 where the link trainer enlisted man was killed in the tail in March 1945. Do you know the whereabouts of chuck Shaw? He's not listed as a member. I'm wondering if he is still alive.

Thanks for you help. Keep up to good work. Take care,

Roy J. Thomas
W6722 Hwy. 11, Monroe, WI 53566

Aloha Ed,

Where could I obtain a copy of the two unit citations:
August 17, 1943 - REGENSBURG (all 4BW groups)
May 12, 1944-ZWICKAU (385thonly)

If anyone knows where the citations could be found, I would appreciate the information.

See everyone in Fargo, and until then, 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

Letters to the Editor con't

Dear Ed,

My crew and I were assigned to the 548th Sqdn on 28 May 1944. P-Fain H. Pool; CP-Walter V. Beauchamp; B-Carl M. Grundler; N-Robert R. Davis; RO-Ernest J. Sing; E-Hershel L. Fouts; G-Theodore H. Barrows; RG-Robert T. McDonough; LG-John K. Watts; TG-Roy T. Rossey. Enclosed is a picture of our crew which was taken at Great Ashfield in 1944. I flew my first mission as co-pilot with an experienced crew on 5 June 1944, and then flew two missions on D-Day, 6 June, a very memorable day for all of us. I finished my tour of 35 missions on Nov. 16 and found out the next day from my Sqdn CO, Maj. Tom Kenny, that I had been promoted to Capt. He pinned my new bars on me at the Officers Club and rang the bell over the bar to announce it. The drinks were on me that night and it cost more than my pay raise, but I didn't mind because I had two things to celebrate - finishing my tour and getting promoted. I stayed in the Group for about a month flying training missions as an instructor pilot with the new replacement crews.

I have such fond memories of the people I knew, flew with and worked with, and was helped by, during my tour. Some of the people I remember so vividly are still on the roster; such as Leo LaCasse, Frank Walls, Jim Emmons, Septime Richard, Frank Bexfield, Roy Buck and Fred Borns. I hope I get to see them all at the reunion in Fargo this August. Of course I remember Colonels Van Devanter and Jumper very, well, as well as many others.

On 1 July 44, I went on temporary duty of about six weeks to a top secret mission/project code-named "Aproditite". My job involved flying a modified war-weary B-17 which was loaded with over 20,000 obs. of Torpex; taking off and setting it up on auto-pilot which was then controlled by radio signals from a "mother ship", putting it in a dive near the east coast and then bailing out by parachute. I flew the first mission of the project on 4 Aug. 44 and bailed out close to Woodbridge. The aircraft was then flown and controlled by radio signals from the mother ship and dived into a missile site at Watten, France. A book was published in 1970 (after the project was declassified) which gives the minute details about the project and people involved. The book is titled "APHRODITE, DESPERATE MISSION", and was written by Jack Olsen. President Kennedy's brother, Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. was killed several days after my mission before he could bail out. Lt. John Fisher, the pilot who took off five minutes after I did, was killed in attempting to bail out, and Lt. Richard "Lindy" Lindahl was dead when he reached the ground. Lt. Foster Falkenstine from the 385th Group was one of the mother ship pilots.

There were other very memorable missions during my tour which I remember so vividly! On 13 Aug. I got to fly with Col. Van as he directed the bombing of ground support targets by our group and wing south of the invasion and captured area. On Sept. 181 got to fly five colonels front 3rd Bomb Div and a group of photographers on a mission ob-

serving the Holland invasion from about 500 ft. above the C-47's and gliders landing in the invasion area. Of course, I also remember those missions when I came back on three engines from Berlin, Paris, and Brux and was sweating out being a straggler.

I guess I had better save the rest of my war stories for the reunion at Fargo. Co-pilot Walt Beauchamp, Bombardier Carl Grundler, and I will be there and already have our reservations confirmed. It will be the first time that I have seen Grundler in 45 years, and I'm sure that applies to a lot of others whom I look forward to seeing. See you there!!

Fain H. Pool, Lt. Col., Ret. USAF
5601 117th St. SW, Tacoma, WA 98499



1/Lt. Fain H. Pool & Crew, 548th Sqdn - 385th Bm Gp (H)
4th Combat Wg. 3rd Bomb Div., 8th AF, ETO
Left to Rt. Rear: N-Davis, P-Pook, B-Grundler, CP-Beauchamp. Front L to R: RO-Sing, LG-McDonough, RG-Watts, TG-Rossey, E-Fouts. Station 155, Great Ashfield, Airdrome, England 1944

Dear Ed,

I've just received my 385th newsletter, which I enjoyed reading. I found the groups reunion back to Gt. Ashfield last year particularly of interest.

For some time now, I've been wondering if any of your readers remember the "Covell Arms" public house (which was within walking distance of the old base at Gt. Ashfield)?

I would be very pleased to hear from anyone who remembers the pub and would also be interested in receiving old photographs of it as a pub, as I believe it is now a private house.

Yours sincerely,

Mandy Lockerton
Twites Corner, Gt. Saxham
NR, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England

Letters to the Editor:

To Mr. Ed Stern,

I am writing to you again on various items one of which applies to the gals not the fellas. Before I go any further, I would like to say thank you for printing our letter, the result of which has had us another two letters from Al & Babs Audette and John Northruf and his wife, another couple I would like to mention are Harry & Irma Monfort and I do hope that Irma found the missing strap from her umbrella.

Enclosed is a new cutting of Ian Hawkins which is self-explanatory.

My part-time work in a van takes me to various ex-bases in Suffolk and I find it hard to think of the noise that used to be on them specially my old base up the road aways at Rattlesden. My wife and I go out walking a lot and we visited the Memorial at Rattlesden and if you stand or sit and be quiet apart from the birds singing you can imagine the noise of the Forts revving up prior to take off and then the scores of them in the sky off on a mission and its hard to explain to the younger people what is looked like to see so many planes in the sky at once, but talking about younger people, we are finding that there are more of them taking an interest in our local American history.

Now the new for the Ladies who were GI brides some months ago, I had a visit from the late Hy Gromberg's wife who was a GI bride, Connie, and I told her that it was possible that she was entitled to a pension from this country but unfortunately after making inquiries on her behalf from the Pension people, the information they wanted to know was too much for Connie so she didn't take it any futher but if you young girls who were working and paid a full stamp on your employment card from 1938 to 1948 or there abouts, you may be entitled to some money from the Government. But you **must** have paid a full stamp. It's worth while speculating a stamp because the various government debts are often writing in the papers that they have so many thousands of money unclaimed. The address to write to is: DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & SOCIAL SECURITY, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE NE98 1YZ, ENGLAND. They will want to know where you worked, your FULL MAIDEN NAME, names of the people & address of where you worked and it would be a big help if you have your NATIONAL INS NUMBER. That is the number which was in you old identity card. You remember them. For those who may think I won't get anything after all this time, I have just been awarded a pension for loss of hearing in the war, this took me a year to win, but I have got it after all. So much for the girls.

I wonder how many visitors to Gt. Ahsfield were right or wrong — what plane came over the airfield, have you had any word about this. I have heard it said it was a Spitfire but from one of the photos from Tom & Norma Hain collection it was identified as a KittyHawk by the staff at Parham museum or as you would know it as a PHO.

I would like to ask if anyone out there has anything they would like to send back to the 8th second home in England for Parham Museum. Anything at all would be very grateful

but do not go mad on anything big because of postage. (That's why I have been informed not to ask for any spare BI 7 engines.)

Every Good Wish to you all and have a nice time at Fargo.

Sincerely Yours,

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

P.S. I note that your address is Fargo, is that so that you and your good lady can get your bikes out to attend the reunion. Cutting down on expense.

Editors Note: Everyone has to live somewhere, Les!

Thursday, February 23, 1989



Ian Hawkins gets to grips with his new computer.

Ian's computer gift

A WHEELCHAIR-bound Suffolk writer who is compiling a book about brain operations has been given a £5,000 word processor.

Ian Hawkins, of Birch Avenue, Bacton, near Stowmarket, also writes about the USAF exploits during the 1935-45 war and was recommended for the computer by an American war-time bomber pilot.

Ian has only the use of his left hand after being attacked with a hammer in 1976 in Saudi Arabia and undergoing extensive neurosurgery.

American multi-international company National Cash Registers gave the equipment after hearing of his situation from one of its former

presidents, an ex-B17 bomber pilot.

Now Ian hopes to begin sorting out memories from his own experiences and those of about 25 other former brain surgery patients.

He underwent three brain operations and 12 operations on his legs and feet.

An appeal to all those people he met in his two years in hospital has provided him with more than enough harrowing material with which to write what he says will be a campaigning and hard hitting book.

It will detail the exhaustive Fights for injury compensation, describe post-operation trauma and look at the general treatment and provision for disabled people in Britain.



The 390th Control Tower, still standing — look familiar? They must have all looked alike.

Hello Ed,

This morning we are having Fargo weather - ice and snow, really makes our deliveries all messed up.

You can print anything I write you.

Main reason for this note is my Vol. XVI, No. 1 was double on some pages & missing others, please send me a good one-thanks.

I wrote a letter to Maurice Ritter who was a buddy of mine overseas and he answered already.

It was just great to learn all he has done since 45. Part that really warmed my heart was he remembered I had a son born while overseas and he remembered since Dec. of 43 my sons name - "Mike", who was 19 months old 1st time I saw him.

Tell Wm Nicholls who lives in my childhood town (24 yrs) to find out who **stole WW2** Bronze plaque. Some way to honor us? Sell the metal.

Regards,

Lou Meyer
Ottsville, PA

Dear Ed,

I thought I would get this to you before I leave for my annual trip to England. I always go over to attend the R.A.F. - Reunion of Manna, the English Lancaster boys who dropped food in Holland. This year it's being held in Cambridge and I will place a wreath at the flagstaff plinth in remembrance of the 385th men who are at Madingley. There is going to be a military ceremony on Sunday, April 30, with TV coverage for the reunion. The reunion is at the hotel of course, but the ceremony is at the cemetery.

Regarding that book about the good missions in April/May 1945. All English ones are out of stock and they (the English & Dutch) are still not able to find a suitable reprint figure. In the meantime, I do have 5 copies which I had flown over awhile ago. They cost \$14.50 each, includes regular postage. These 5 are signed copies by the author Hars Onderwater. If you print this info, being optimistic, and I get say 25 requests, I will have to return 20 of them. So that may not be the answer. I am thinking that they should call me if they want the book, then I can tell them right away if there's one available or not. Saves them the trouble of making out the check, mailing it, my returning it.

My phone number is office 203-468-9300 to 5 p.m. — home 203-488-1622. Will return from England May 9.

I have written John Ellis as I do expect to drop in to see him and Lucy. We will be staying a few days with some RAF friends in Wales and that is near Monmouth. John and Lucy stayed with us in New York, when they came to the reunion in Kansas some years ago. I visited them in their other house near Great Ashfield but haven't been to see them since they moved to Monsouth, although we do write. My best to Jane.

Sincerely,

Bob Valliere

Note — Bob has 5 signed copies of the Food mission books available, as per this letter. Call him to get one.

Dear Ed:

Thank you for sending us a copy of your April 1989 Newsletter. We sincerely appreciate the writeup which describes a little of our 390th Memorial Museum.

For clarification and for information - approximately 1700 former members of the 390th Bombardment Group contributed over \$300,000 for the construction and quippage of our 390th Museum and the Joseph A. Moller Library. We are a tenant on the grounds of the Pima Air Museum. Another private foundation assures the perpetuity of the facility. Everything is paid for and future additions to the hangar, which we currently have in schedule for later this year, will only be undertaken when we have sufficient funds in hand.

In event you can get some of your people interested in a reunion in the Tucson area, we certainly would welcome them to the 390th Memorial Museum.

Best regards,

Robert W. Waltz
P.O. Box 15087, Tucson, Ariz. 85708-0087

Letters to the Editor con't.

Dear Ed,

My wife and I survived the Great Ashfield reunion and UK tour last August and had a great time. It was superbly planned and executed, and with exception of a few "glitches", went along as smooth as our new IH35 in the Austin area. Our hats are off to Al Chealander and the others that did the planning. We were so saddened by the sudden illness and death of Al and Jerry Miller, another old friend.

We are already making our plans for the Fargo reunion - would not miss it! Our reservations are in for the full 3 days, and also, we are bringing our son, Jerry Howard, who is now a life member of the 385th BGMA. Jerry was a little boy of 3 years when we arrived in England in fall of 1943 and was the subject of the name for our plane, when we finally were assigned a permanent one. After flying numerous other airplanes, "Mission Belle" (7 missions), "Picadilly Queen" (2 or 3 missions), "Blue Champaigne" (3 missions), "Round Trip Ticket III" (2 or 3 mission), "Fickle Finger of Fate" (2 or 3), and "Sky Chief" 1 2 missions), we flew a brand new airplane with a tail number of "507" which later on was assigned to my crew and we named "Jerry-Boy". For some reason that I can't recall, we could never get any nose-art done on our brand new bird. Even though it is not among the names depicted on the cover of "Hard Life Herald" it is, never the less, registered with the 385th BGMA in some past issue of the newsletter. I would be interested to know the final end to that gallant old bird, as it took us through the gauntlet time and again for the remainder of our tour. Ray Cragoe was my co-pilot and Phil Bomser my Nav.

Looking forward to the reunion and once again seeing the great state of North Dakota.

All the best,

Pat Howard

Editors Note: Jerry-Boy is listed in this issue's compilation of our planes.

Letters from Ian McLachlan

Dear Ian:

Sorry it took so long for us to write and send you the enclosed pictures, but we had to get our house ready to sell (it didn't sell yet), and complete the purchase of a new one and all the other things one does when one moves. However, when one gets older, it takes longer. It's been 19 years since our last move, so you can guess the rest. Plus we are both savers.

You told me that you had a picture of "Rum Dum" after she crashed on her last flight heading home. I would appreciate, if possible, for you to send me a copy.

One of the pictures is of Alan, the ambulance driver who was so kind to take us around Great Ashfield airbase. Please see that he gets it.

We really enjoyed our trip to England and hope to be able to return some day soon.

Our best to your wife, and your lovely children.

Sincerely,

David and Rose Framer
1308 Prince Albert Drive,
St. Louis, MO 63146

Dear Dave and Rose,

Thanks for the pictures - I've sent the one to Alan via Keith Thomas of the Norfolk Military Vehicle Club who provided the WWII transport for the England trip.

Enclosed is a picture of Rum Dum for you. This shows her demise at Honington after the war. I don't think she was heading home at the time - quite what she was doing I don't



End of "Rum Dum" 30 May 1945.

know but she may have had undercarriage troubles and been diverted to Honington where the 1st SAD were based. It sometimes happened that a ship with faulty gear would be bellied in at Honington, where they had better repair facilities, rather than crash land on her home field. By the time 'Rum Dum' bellied in, there would have been little thought about repairing an old B-17, no matter how heroic her war record. She was salvaged on 30th May, 1945. Your 'Rum Dum' jacket is at least a tangible link with the old girl and all she represented. You and your family should be proud of it - please take care of it - it's a piece of American history.

Best wishes,

Ian

Dear John,

Spotted you letter in the February 'Hardlife'.

Taking the last three digits of your ship as '060, I believe the full serial was 42-48060 and, as you say, she was lost on that devastating, Berlin raid but the date was 6th October, 1944. Enclosed is a write-up of that infamous raid which appeared in the July '84 Newsletter.

I'm grateful for one contribution you've made to my records and that's the name 'Texas Bluebonnet'. The Missing Aircrew Report for 43-48060 says the aircraft had no nickname. I've pencilled in 'Texas Bluebonnet' but would be grateful if you could advise whether you feel it's right to take 43-38060 as 'Texas Bluebonnet'. How did you give your Fortress her name?

Best wishes,

Ian McLachlan

Dear Willis,

I was delighted to receive yours of December 18th and really appreciate the picture and history of "The Golden Goose". Movement orders are also welcome because they often help me trace crew members.

You mentioned Clarence Gittins being killed in a mid-air collision over Munich during July '44. I can help a bit on that, it was July 12th and he was co-pilot on the Richard B. White crew. Their ship seems to have been caught in prop wash and nosed up into Robert L. McDonald's B-17. White's ship broke in two while McDonald's took damage in the waist section and was last seen falling out of control into the undercast. Nine chutes were counted but as far as I can tell, only waist gunner, Larry Atiyeh survived from McDonald's B-17 and tail gunner Robert McPherson from the White crew.

I like how you named the 'Goose' - can you remember her tail number? If I get a serial number, I can usually trace what happened to a B-17 but without that, it's very difficult.

Will look forward to hearing from you again.

Best wishes,

Ian McLachlan

Dear Ian:

I guess you know you pushed me into some quick and serious research when you corrected me on my information on Ed Krengulec My combat log (the daily "slightly sub

rosa" dairy I kept during those dark days) didn't show anything (I thought) on the date he was killed nor the crew he flew with. I was operating only on a creaking 45 year memory (mine).

It was an assumption on my part that Ed was with Bob Smith when he. Smith and crew, bailed out (I think) while marshaling over England. The 13 November date was also an assumption. All this from remembering that Smith was in the hospital in a leg cast when I got there on November 29th the day I was hit over Bremen.

It was not unusual for a copilot to be handed around, like the girls in a house of wayward women, so think it not strange I had no idea Ed was on the Ruby crew, not until someone told me so a day or two later, a fact I failed to note from the log when I wrote you last.

From excerpts from my log that awful week, you can see there was neither time nor energy for concern with but one's own (and crew's) survival, notwithstanding that I usually wrote each night just as I dragged into bed.

Here is six days of log:

20 Feb. 44, Sunday. Up at 0330, briefed 0415 to Totow - 75 miles northeast of Berlin. Logged 10 hr 15 min. What a ride. I am beat! We went in from the Baltic and back the same. They threw the usual bunch of junk at us. We flew No. 4 low squad behind Gregg. Lost Ruby this morning, he caught on fire after takeoff. No. 19 for me. (post note made Tuesday the 22nd: Ed Krengulec was Ruby copilot.)

21 Feb. 44, Monday. Up at 0500, briefed to Diepzhold, airfield north of Osnabruck. Fighter support better, but not to hurt their damned ground guns. Lost Binks. And Hutch and Pease cracked up. Let down was too fast and somebody didn't get their cockpit windows open and they iced up I bet. Form 1: 6hr. 10 min. No. 20 for me. Gregg and Graszky (his nav) finished. Big 25. Altitude burst Gregg's hip pocket scotch flask, soaking his shorts et cetera. He figured on celebrating on the ride home, but with frozen high balls? So far no voice change.

22 Feb. 44, Tuesday. UP at 0400.1 flew tail gun - Major Kenig, Richey, Grabowski, Obrien leading A Group to Schweinfurt but scrubbed mid channel. Form 1: 5 hr 05 min. Drats, tail gun's nice. What a view.

23 Feb. 44, Wednesday. Up at 0300. Schweinfurt again but scrubbed at alert time after an hour time setback. Somebody's playing games. Weather aint that bad.

24 Feb. 44, Thursday. Another 0300. To Totow again, flying lead of low low group. Hit hard by TE's 210 110 and 88s. Lost MacIveen and Terrace. Johnnie Lap (Lapczynski) was with Mac. We flew Bailey's 977 for 9 hr 40 min. Moats flew no 4 in low. Descognets, Watzke and Winnerman finished today - Lucky Bastards! No. 21 for me. Hope Lap's okay.

25 Feb. 44, Friday. Up at 0400, flew 10 hr 05 min. high, squadron lead to Regensburg. Fighter support good, but no

effect (none!) on flak. Lost Gray and David of the 551 st over the target direct hit (Jimmy Friend was with Gray). We took flak hit over Abbeville on way out and feathered no 2, landing at 447th BG when we got screwed in the dark. Hardlife cleared us to land but we were on the wrong final, wrong field. We took truck home. No. 22 for me and 24 for Richey. This is the shits: Ed got it on Sunday and J. Lap was lost on Thursday and Jimmy dead on Friday. And I've got three to go.

You asked if I was with Richey on the wild ride to Munster and if so could I tell some of it. The answer is yes twice, and that was but one out of 22 others I flew with him and the best B-17 crew ever. And for me to leave this love for another was unthinkable.

I am enclosing a photoed copy of the Ohio Air Force Reunion booklet which I put together for the Dayton Reunion in 1987. It should help fill in with a few gut wrenches for your file. You may keep it.

I wish I could help identify the Swope crew. I remember the name Swope just as I remember names like Ruby and Yoder and lots of others, having recognized them from the formation assignments on the big board at briefing so many, many times.

We lived somewhat cloistered in our own quarters you might say, fraternizing mostly with the other pilots and navigators and bombardiers, of the four crews in our quarters and other squadron members, leaving there only when necessary; like for the mess hall and the ablutory and the flight line and operations, and briefing and debriefing and critiques and ground school and practice missions. And combat.

Occasionally there was a nocturnal visit to the Officers Club to lift a few, but not often. Richey and I saved ourselves for the sweet young things called English girls of London town who we so fondly attended there on our not infrequent three day passes. With spare shorts and lots of cigarettes in our musette bag and trench coat attired to thwart the famous fog, we rode the rails south about once a month for duty at our Strand Palace headquarters. All with the help of some mild and bitters and a bit of scotch.

The picture you sent of that good looking 23 year-old American bomber pilot pointing at some swastikas painted on the side of a B-17 named Ohio Air Force is indeed John Richey. He's in Class A Uniform there and all grins as they had just pinned the DFC on him for the Munster job. Handsome ain't he? (And still is today.)

You will note there are fourteen (count) swastikas painted on the airplane, which is two more than the twelve of Munster, and seven short of the total twentyone for which this great bunch was credited.

Also, not you see no whit of bosom, butt, nor leg art on the skin of our sweetheart, dear young virgin OAF; to our sorrow.

But there was good reason for both "shortcomings". First, there was no art, simply because we had no one to paint same; and no pretty young thing for a model either. That's reason enough.

And the swastikas, alas, were a pain in the bucket, at best, and possible bad news at worst, i was unhappy because they were improperly placed (they were inverted so that the arms did not turn clockwise as they should) and for some reason they were planted under MY window (copilot), making me possible target for some eagle eyed nazi gunner.

And this was the worst part, on anything extra painted on, swastikas, girlies, or names. Lord Haw Haw claimed the fancy paint jobs gave the Abbeville Kids an easy go at finding the hot dogs. And the old buffoon liked to menace the G-Boys (we were the G-Boys of Great Ashfield) with all that rot.

This didn't fall on deaf ears you might say, and we talked about painting our baby clean. However, we never got around to that, but never added another thing either.

We came by the name Ohio Air Force simply because we couldn't think of another and PR Officer, Earl Mazo, was promoting an "Air Force" from every state. There was a Michigan Air Force I can remember for one, and of course Richey is a native of OH-Ten, hence the Ohio Air Force.

But air crews at Great Ashfield were not known nor called by any other name than the pilot's, although each crew did have a number. Names such as Gregg, Mudge, Richey, Vandiver, Whitlow, Moats, in our barracks alone. Richey was not known at Great Ashfield as a hero, or for notches on his gun, nor the fame of his ship, but recognized just a real nice guy, a journeyman pilot, hanging on and hoping to finish his tour all in one piece, just like the rest of us.

And not every time did any particular crew fly their own airplane. On the October 10th Munster mission, our plane 42-0737, was grounded from flak damage from the mission to Marienburg the day before. So on that record day to Munster we flew another plane, 42-5963. I think it's name was Slo Jo.

I know there were many other times our baby (737) was laid up with battle damage, so that we flew another crew's airplane. We didn't mind, especially if we'd get a newer one than our's, one with electronic supercharger controls, a vast improvement over the old hydraulic controls we had; and an oil reservoir to give us prop feathering oil when an engine suddenly went gunnysack.

Funny thing, of all the raw excitement of combat, of having the butt hung out to dry, deep-in-the-heart-of so many times, of being shot at both air to air and ground to air, what stands out in memory more, parts of which I'll never forget, is the utter challenge (not the right word) of the absolutely stinking weather of that 1943-44 winter.

Confounding to the basic state of the weather though, to me, was the even drastic effect that so very, very many petroleum burning engines, in the air and on the ground, had not on just the weather, but even on the climate.

Burn a gallon of gas and produce about 40% of that in water, a bucket of carbon dioxide and a load of cooked nitrogen. It is that water, seeded by the CO2 and condensed and frozen into the form of ice crystals, that makes contrails.

I saw and was aprt of, on several occasions, an air armada climb into clear skies, only to build by contrail nearly solid cloud all the way up. It was eery indeed to peer down a twenty thousand foot canyon where the trails were not.

Simply said, isn't weather the effect of temperature and humidity upon the atmosphere? And wind, caused by pressure change, caused by temperature change?

Think on how this affected an overloaded and under-powered B-17, running the gamut of a mild temperature but wild humidity, to the ultra dry and extremely cold sub-statosphere, both extreme ends of a lousy climate.

Jerry was a formidable opponent indeed, but he wasn't nearly the threat that a soaking wet airplane encountered as she climbed into an environment that froze her controls, her guns, electric motors, propellor hubs (one thing worse than a runaway prop: two runaway props or more), and engine and flight instruments prone to tell lies, etc. And last but not least, the popsicle men who flew her.

Call the cockpit crew great, and salute the hot shot squirrel hunters of every crew, but my hat's off, with a throat lump, to those poor guys of the backroom. Who knows the chill factor by an open hatch of a 150 mph minus 70 degree tornado that would ground the green hornet. Back there it was numb dumb and too damned cold to care, but my heroes.

How about this? Fog so thick that more than one time we had to start engines to raise the ceiling enough to taxi. And then a takeoff into a wild white nothing, and a grinding spiral of three minute legs bored upwards for twenty thousand feet, so awfully alone but reminded there are so many, many others as the old girl more than once bounces through a wake made by a phantom, unseen, unheard, that has crossed the trail dead ahead and too damned close.

A constant change of the prop pitch, meant to keep warm oil in the prop hubs, results in the sounds of a flak attack as prop ice, whipped off by the pitch change, slams loudly against the fuselage.

And everybody pinches hard a hemorrhoid, when and if, any one of our trusty Wrights so much as hints a fart. What if, you say, (this makes the belly crawl). Escape? Turn around? Back down? Crazy!

Think that's rough? Try formation instruments. For this, you need much punch in your baby milk. You suck it in. And you suck it up.

A formation of any size, confronting cloud of any kind, has no choice but none. You suck it in, and you suck it up, and you bore right through, to grips with the darndest case of vertigo you cannot imagine. Escape? To where? Get close, close to your leader and never let him go.

What to do upon the return to the Isle, and only radar can find the nest? There is no choice. You suck it in, close to your mother, while G-radio leads the big leader down the runway at 600 feet. And when you turn, you peel to the left, holding at a single needle width, and descending at 300 feet per for two minutes (hack), and there you are, at the threshold, and on your own. So suck it up, and set it down. El Salute!

Tom Helman

□ □ □ LIFE MEMBERS □ □ □

192 — Shirley C. Tedford
(Sister of Lt. Curtis KIA with Hutchinson's crew)

193 — Vivian S. Herron

U.S. Crewmen Speak in Awe Of Giant Battle

FOU gilt (Whole Damned Came In 'in Bunches'
Ullfwa^Jey ijOITIC & y Co. 1, Brig. Gen. Robert F. Travis, of
Ynf Other's Soup N'wme William R. Calhoun, of Birmingham, Ala.

... said: "The fighters started to attack in formation in the Fort Eight Ball, a U.S. 4th S.O.L. of Birmingham, Ala. ... Our first attack was, from four leading generals to tail-end Charles- yesterday told their stories of what happened, and came in at us in bunches, FW190s, -the next from 30 FW190s. malts and Yanks alike described Then 12, and then they just kept greatest dogfight of the war. Of the vast air battle which sprawled across hundreds of miles of German sky from all angles without acfiss some Fortress and Liberator crews could, even rolling over. They seemed to let speak only in awed terms such as "they just a jittle when we started our bomb- wble damned Luftwaffe," or "they hever Jig run stopped coming," or "planes were going; - "There was a period of three minutes ddown everywhere you looked." ... from the time the fighters first started. "Yet at the same time, other crews who make their attack until they left us, caise. feack to base unscathed, and un- wle they were adiem'fMf... sighted by the Nazi interceptors described ... But an hour-long attack b& about 75 a comparatively quiet tour through thick German fighters was reports ... by this crew I cloud as they searched for Atgets o of the Fortress Belle of the Ba ... y you. "We I opportunity in almost fantasy contrast Thought the whole Luftwaffe ... : was. after to the bitter combats over central Ger- us they said.

"Testimony WW Germans used If ... Those Messerschmitt pilots were p'dv<< they had in an effort to bring crazy," one ... They e ... rs was given by many pressed theb = to 'hin 25yari^ ... exploded that distance from the tail ... of a Fortress.

I 'the Nijzis had three of everything^n- the "Another one, coming down from sky, including old Stuka dive-bombers above, was nailed by the top-turret and even a twin-engined job that nCoked gunner, who held, his fire until the last like a transport." I moment, in Spite' of the warnings from ... However, little opposition was reported the other members of the crew over the by Sgt. Loy Humphreys, of Van', Tex., intercom. ... Then the FW190s—so many of them so good," he said, "that only two enemy that I could not count ttiem^—came out of; fighters could get near enough 40 seen. i.e. haze at;us. The MEs^,broke off at and they stayed well out of t^i range of -st; but came back later and, with the our guns. A pillar of smokj^came out, 190s, began hitting at us from every side, of the overcast after 'bombs away. I f hey used no tracers, but the, 20 mm. shells w're bursting all round like tiny tars.v

Aerial view of our field courtesy Harry Monfort.

Note the 3 shadows in center of field thrown by the 3 trees that guided our flyers home so often.



We've asked them to hold more rooms in both places for us. Get your reservations in soon to be sure of space.

**12th Reunion of 385th BGMA
Fargo, ND
Aug. 24,25,26,27,1989**

Send Reservation Fee To:

SAM LYKE
4992 SE Princeton Dr.
Bartlesville, OK 74003

Reservation Fee \$60x _____ = \$ _____

ENCLOSE CHECK PAYABLE TO 385th BGMA

Reservation Fee Includes: Friday Sitdown Dinner
Saturday Continental Breakfast and
Evening Dinner Dance
Sunday Scandinavian Smorgasbord Breakfast
All Convention Functions Except — Golf Tourney
(green fees) & Stock Car Races

Name/Spouses Name _____

Address _____ Squadron # _____

_____ Zip: _____

Guests* Name _____

Arrival Time/Date _____ Departure _____

*Guest charge for meals only.

Friday dinner \$12.50 Saturday Dinner Dance \$15.00

\$ Sunday Breakfast \$7.50 _____

Send Hotel Reservations Direct to:

**Holiday Inn
Headquarters Hotel**

1-29 -13th Ave. So., Fargo, ND 58103
\$\$55 Single or Double

Free RV Parking but no hook-ups at Holiday Inn. If you need hook-ups, let Ed Stern know for reservation at Fair Grounds close-by.

Select Inn

Reservations taken after March 1 st
1028 38th St. So., Fargo, ND 58103
1-800541-1000

\$26.90 Single Queen
\$28.90 Double

**12th Reunion of 385th BGMA
Aug. 24,25,26,27,1989**

Hotel Reservation Request

Name _____ # in party.

Address _____ For arrival on.

Bed preference (King, Queen, Double)

Rate: + 7% tax

Saturday, Oct. 16, 1943

at **Schweinfurt**
Huge Bearing Plant
At Least 50% Gone;
'Like Ploesti'-Arnold
Crews Were Told Success Might Cut War
By 6 Months; Loss of 60 Forts
Is Called 'No Setback'

* * *

For a year and a half, S/Sgt. C. J. Beeman, of Gary, Ind., taught aerial gunnery at schools back in the States. Then he volunteered for combat duty to see if what he was teaching brought down enemy aircraft. Once overseas, Beeman was assigned to the bombardment group commanded by Lt. Col. Elliott Vandevanter Jr., of Washington, and took up a place at the right waist gun of the Fortress Souse Family. At the field Beeman met

■ n.: ■ former students of his gunnery classes T/Sgt. Michael J. Siwek, of Hamf-amck, Mich., top turret gunner in the B17 Ohio Air Force, and S/Sgt. Morris B. Simpson, of Cameron, Mo., waist gunner in the same ship. In his first eight missions Beeman was credited with three enemy aircraft destroyed—a Ju88 and a FW190 at Regensburg, and an A/c109 at Stuttgart. He figures that it's results that count—and that his teaching's all right.

Gum Extricates a Yank
From a Sticky Situation

AN EIGHTH BOMBER STATION, Nov. 1—The crew of the B17 named Charlene, The 'Barna \ Queen bailing out over England after the Fort was damaged in a raid on Germany, were met by rural minutemen armed with shotguns and pitchforks, who were taking no chances on the identity of the parachutists.

All were recognized as Americans except S/Sgt. Corney Lett, a radio operator from Kenova, W. Va., who was confronted by a wary Englishman with a shotgun. Lett's American accent didn't do the trick, and he had no papers to prove his identity.

Finally he reached in his pocket! and pulled out a package of gum. "That did it," Lett says, "Only an American would carry gum," the Englishman told me, and dropped the shotgun."

Fort S & S Gets
3 Nazi Fighters

The Stars and Stripes, Flying Fortress named for this newspaper, shot down three German interceptors on its seventh mission Thursday when Eighth Air Force bombers blasted Schweinfurt, Germany, it was announced officially yesterday.

The crew of the Fort, christened in a raid over Germany only 12 days ago, claimed two Me 109s and a FW190. S/Sgts. Eddie Barrett, of Brooklyn, tail gunner, Daniel J. Sullivan of New York, waist gunner, and James H. Harbison, of Hillsboro, Tex., radio gunner, were credited with one plane each.

1/Lt. Clarence S. McIlveen, of Portland, Ore., piloted the Fort, which flew in the last element of the lowest squadron in the raid—known as the "Purple Heart Corner" because of exposure to flak and enemy fighters.

The Fortress Yank, namesake of the weekend magazine distributed with The Stars and Stripes, was christened on the raid, with S/Sgt. Walter Peters, of the gazette's staff, as one of the gunners. Piloted by Capt. Ivon Klohe, of Monterey, Cal., Yank- also claimed three Nazi fighters.

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