


OHIO AIR FORCE GOLDEN GOOSE THUNDERBIRD WANDERING DUCHESS CURLY'S KIDS
 SKY GODDESS ROUNDTRIP TICKET PICCADILLY QUEEN BLUE CHAMPAGNE MARY ELLEN
 SALLY B RAUNCHY WOLF CHOWHOUND YANK GELDING WINNIE THE POOH
 HONKY TONK SAL "HAYBAG" ANNIE MISS AMERICA STARS AND STRIPES QUEEN WAR WEARY
 HESITATIN' HUSSY LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY PREGNANT PORTIA DORSAL 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 SLY FOX
 MR. LUCKY PERRY'S PIRATES SLO JO TARGET FOR TONIGHT SHACK N LADY
 MADAME SHOO SHOO GIZMO RAGGED BUT RIGHT OL' DOODLE BUG
 PAT PENDING POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY IMPATIENT VIRGIN SWEET CHARIOT
 ROUNDTRIP JACK HOMESICK ANGEL LATEST RUMOR MAIDEN AMERICA SWINGING DOOR
 SHACK BUNNY MY GAL SAL BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN RUBBY'S RAIDERS MISSISSIPPI MISS
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 HELLS BELLS MARY ELLEN III THE JOKER AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' MARY ELLEN II
 PRINCESS VAL IN LIKE FLYNN FICKLE FINGER OF ?



**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:

Hi Gang:

By the time you read these words of wisdom (?) some of us will be in England. Wish we all could have made the trip. On the seventeenth of May the group will be at the Cambridge American Cemetery at Madingly, to lay a wreath and pay respects to our fallen comrades. Even though not all the 385th BGMA will be there, remember this date and take a few moments that day to think and pray for our old friends. John Pettenger tells me that over 100 have confirmed the trip, plus a few more that we know are making separate trips or who now live in England.

Charlie Smith, Chairman of our Reunion Selection Committee site, is starting to put his committee to work. I'm sure he could use some site selections. Know in the past, members have suggested Savannah, Tampa, Miami, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Omaha. O.K. guys, lets do a little politicking for your area and drop Charlie a line.

Regards,

Sid

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**50th Anniversary Reunion--Spokane, WA
 August 25-29 1993**

CHAPLAIN JIM SEZ:

Dear Ed,

I am writing this now, when as a Christian, I am getting ready to celebrate Easter. This time of year brings the understanding of hope and how much it means in our daily lives. The newness of each day, regardless of our religious knowledge, does bring renewed hope an joy for life.

It is recorded that Job said, "If you set your heart aright, you will stretch out your hands toward him." - - - "And your life will be brighter than the noonday; its darkness will be like the morning, and you will have confidence, because there is hope."

Some people today cannot see beyond the political pessimism, the news reports of murders, rapes and robbery. Nor can we not be aware of the homelessness and unemployment. But as one politician, Henry Stimson, said years ago, "The only deadly sins I know is cynicism." One of our leading preachers, the Rev. Dale Turner, reported that in his new paper column and added his own thoughts, "Cynicism, which has a difficulty for every solution, is intellectual treason. It is contemptuous distrust."

Arthur Ashe, the first black man to win one of tennis's Grand Slam tournaments said on T.V. today that even though he has the HIV virus he might live 5 to 10 years longer so he is going to help others plan for the future because there is hope.

"May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit you may abound in hope."
Romans 15:13

Love,

Jim

NEW MEMBERS

- Russell Hill
- Roland Harper
- Jerry Wilson
- James Bromley
- Calvin Linenmeyer
- C.S. Deutschman
- Gardine Rodgers
- Donald J. Kabitzke

★ ★ ★ ★ **LIFE MEMBERS** ★ ★ ★ ★

Gardiner Rodgers

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Loy Humphrey	1990
Ray Williams	July 1991
Louis L. Leonard	April 1992
Horace L. (Mac) McKee	April 1992
Clovis McWilliams	May 1992

■ **Totton James Anderson; USC Political Scholar**

Totton James Anderson, 83, professor emeritus of political science at USC and a well-known scholar in the field of California government and politics. Anderson served as chairman of the political science department for six years and as dean of the division of social sciences and communication in USC's College of Letters, Arts and Sciences for two years. He was named to the state Constitutional Revision Commission in 1964 and served to 1973. Earlier, he had been a founding member of the Southern California Political Science Assn. After retiring in 1975, he became a political consultant and was instrumental in founding USC's Emeriti Center. In La Jolla on Tuesday.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We found something of interest to our Group while making a visit to Ellis Island in April.

Before embarking on the Ferry, we found a group of stone columns that memorialized the service men of World War 2 who were lost in the North Atlantic. Listed under Army Air Forces lost were the names of our crew that was lost on the way over in July, 1943—Dick Gilder's crew. I didn't remember all the names, and I didn't know others to look for, but I had known Dick Gilder quite well when he trained at Ephrata. It brought back some more memories of good friends who were lost.

And, incidently, the trip to the restored Ellis Island should be a "must see" when you get to New York. It's an easy subway ride from Midtown Manhattan. Among other things, I learned when my father came to America (1903), he was one of 980,000 immigrants to arrive that year!

NOTICE

"Berlin Airlift Veterans Assoc. convention will be held in the St. Anthony Hotel, San Antonio, TX, 27 Sep 92 thru 30 Sep 92. For further information contact Bill Bross, BAVA, P.O. Box 612, South Vienna OH 45369."

1942



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EDITOR'S NOTE:

We're just back from the trip to England. Just in time to add the following stories to the June Hardlife. It is reprinted from the East Anglian Times of Monday, May 18th. While the stories aren't necessarily about the 385th-except for the one about the dedication of the stained glass window at "our" Church, they catch such a complete flavor of the era that we

served, we know you'll find the stories interesting. Incidentally, they're printed without permission, which we're sure would have been granted.

We'll have complete coverage of the trip in the next issue of Hardlife Herald.

War veterans gather for dedication

Nostalgic return to base for U.S. fliers

AMERICAN war veteran George Salvador returned to his old Suffolk base at the weekend and met a comrade he last saw being shot down over Germany almost 50 years ago.

Mr Salvador was among more than 100 members of the 385th Bombardment Group Reunion Association revisiting their wartime base at Great Ashfield, near Bury St Edmunds.

They arrived in the village on Saturday where they joined local residents for a service of dedication of the 385th memorial window at All Saints Church.

The window, which was designed and made by Surinda and Rowland Warboys, was dedicated during a service conducted by the Right Reverend John



Joy Brice by the memorial stained glass window dedicated by the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich on Saturday at Great Ashfield Church

Dennis, Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich.

It is one of a host of events and reunions being held to commemorate the 50th anniversary of America entering the Second World War.

The 385th Bombardment Group was first based at Great Ashfield in June 1943 and left two years later. During that time they lost 400 airmen and 160 aircraft.

It was on one of the many missions flown from the base that Mr Salvador saw a plane piloted by fellow airman Paul Van Boven get shot down. "I thought he was dead," said Mr Salvador. "But he was a prisoner of war and now I have met him again."

The visit to Great Ashfield was a time of nostalgia for the veterans.

Geoffrey Steward, a local teenager during the war, said the village had welcomed the Americans. "When they lost planes we were very upset. We used to count them out in the morning and count them back at night," he said.

Mr Ian McLachlan, the group's British historian, said the visit was the first time many veterans had returned to Great Ashfield since the war.

The idea of having a stained glass window in memory of fallen colleagues came about after the group decided to fund a replacement window for the church.

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Glad to welcome the boys back here again

ONE who is glad to welcome the veterans back on the 50th anniversary of their arrival is Joan Millyard, of 29 Elmhurst Drive, Ipswich, who was in the Women's Land Army and living in a hostel near the airfield at Flixton in 1942.

"While working in the surrounding fields we watched the

runways being built," she says. "It was a Liberator base, so they were for ever flying over our heads, or when there were early-morning missions flying over the hostel before we were out of bed. We used to sing 'Off they go out into the wide blue yonder'.

"We knew lots of those guys, they really were wonderful. They treated us with the utmost respect, and invited us to parties on the camp. Our hostel being one of the

most isolated in that part of the Suffolk-Norfolk borders, that made it easier to cope with those long days of hard work, harvesting, sugar beet pulling, etc.

"They were after all 'boys' away from home, helping with the war effort. I remember one of those time we were taken by truck to the US base at Parham, where we saw and danced to Glenn Miller and his orchestra, saw the

Fortresses, and had a glorious time on their Thanksgiving Day.

"Strawberries and ice cream in November? Who would have thought it possible in those days of rationing!

"Never run the Americans down she adds. "There are good and bad in all nationalities. Some of the girls did marry the boys they met and went to the USA to live very happy lives; I do keep in touch with some."

Night fighters followed bombers home from raids

ON one occasion the American bombers were attacked by German intruders as they approached their own stations, and some were shot down, as 82-year-old *Mr A Simmonds*, of Church Road, Elmsswell, recalls.

"One morning when the Yanks came home in the early hours they put all their landing lights on as usual," he says. "But some German fighters had followed them home and shot several of the American bombers down. To see all the planes going round with their lights on was like a circus.

"The Yanks used to go into our pubs and throw their money around. In one pub near Eye there was an old boy they called Dafty. The Yanks would offer him a penny and a shilling, and he'd always take the penny. This caused great amusement among the Yanks; they'd shout 'Hey, landlord, get this man another pint' — this would happen several times each evening.

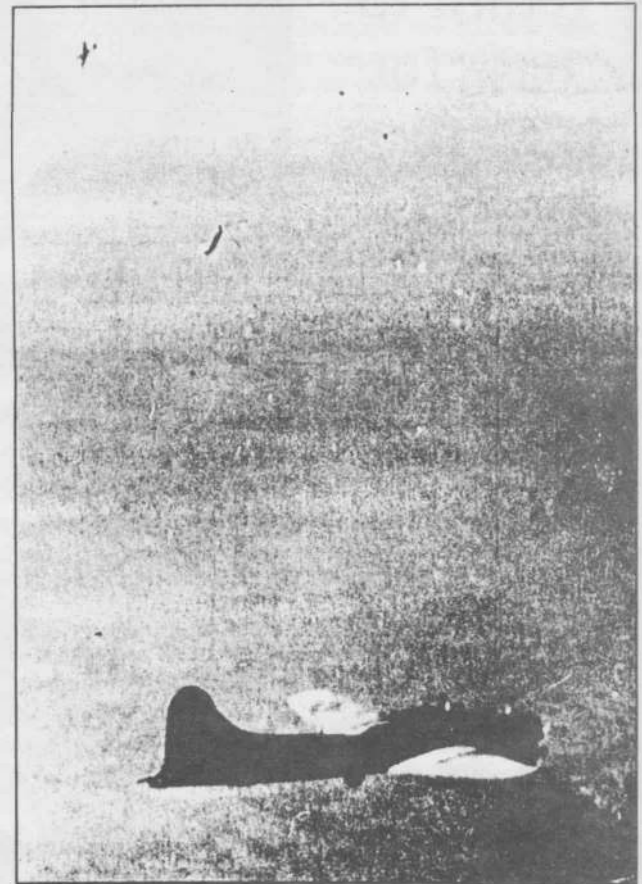
Luxury of that special floating soap

IT was not only gum and candies that Americans were able to contribute to East Anglian households in wartime. *Mrs. P.J. Day*, of Knodishall, remembers that

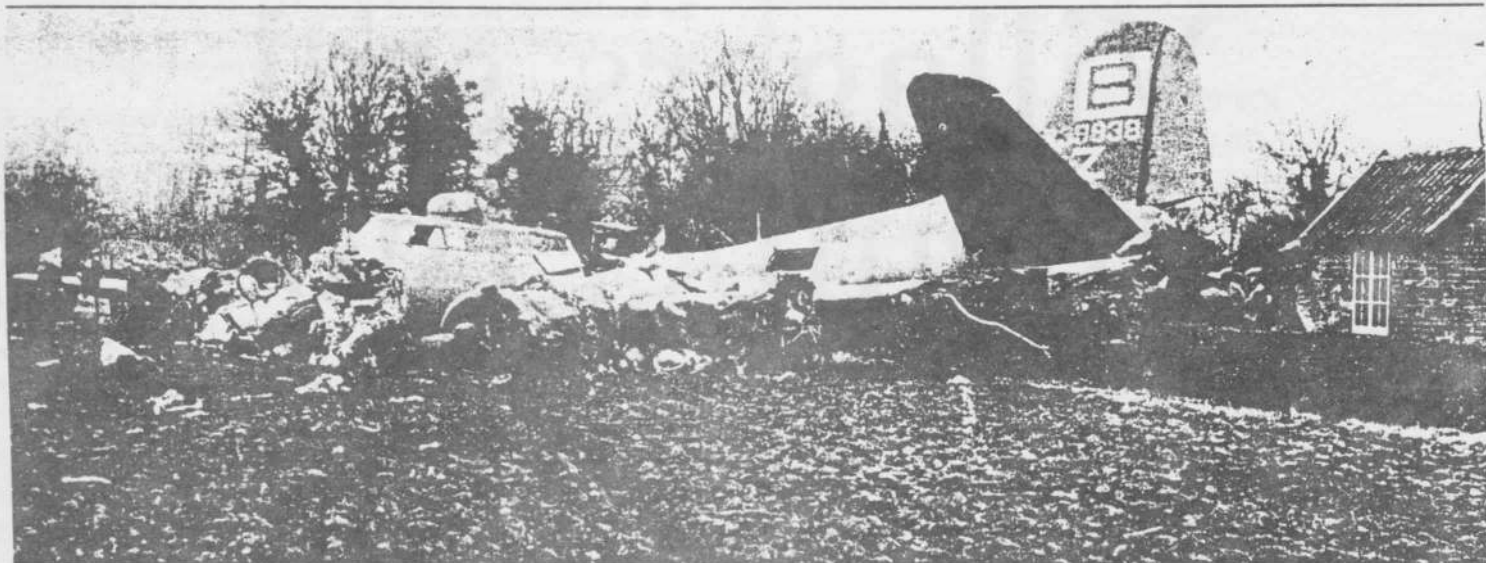
as a girl of 12 with a baby brother she was not allowed to waste soap by blowing bubbles.

"We had to economise on the soap (in the tin tub then)," she remembers.

"The Americans gave us soap. I'll never forget it as it floated on my small brother's bath and he always wanted 'the floating soap', a real luxury for my family."



A 95th Bomb Group B-17 Flying Fortress under attack by two Luftwaffe FW190 fighters over Germany in October, 1943

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This battle-damaged B-17F crashed at Wilby, near Stradbroke in Suffolk, on January 7, 1944, on its return from a raid on Ludwigshaven in Germany

German propaganda failed

Mr S A Pepper, of Lushington Road, Manningtree, writes that when he was stationed at RAF Wattisham 50 years ago he was well able to see the effect of the invasion of East Anglia by American servicemen.

"It is indeed common knowledge that their charm and to some extent their well-stocked PX stores soon endeared them to the female population," he says. "They were the answer to the prayers of most of the single girls,

and of quite a number of the married ones as well!

"I wonder if people realise that their immense influence on the area was to be used much later in another theatre of war with very evil intent by the enemy. During the Italian campaign thousands of us were on the Anzio beachhead, overlooked by the enemy on three sides and with the sea behind us.

"The Americans were not performing well at Cassino and the promised link up and breakthrough was not going to be the easy task that most people hoped for.

"A far cry from the Yanks in

East Anglia, you might think, but the German propaganda machine saw a great chance to exploit any animosity that might exist between the Allies. We had already been subjected to a shower of leaflets mixed in with HEs, in which we were informed of the death and destruction of British cities' by the great German air force, and of the folly of grasping in friendship the hand of Russia, stained with the blood of Finland.

"Now for the final coup: leaflets lavishly illustrated with a picture of an English girl (a serviceman's wife?) sitting on the bed with nothing save a smile on

her face, and the American sergeant starting to dress. The caption was "While you are away", and the text said that "Lend-Lease" was extending to include our women. Other leaflets showed the couple on the bed, with the caption 'You Americans are sooo different!'

"Fortunately the leaflets did not drive a wedge between the Allied forces; in fact they almost became part of the currency. Most of them were tattered and torn, but the Americans were keen to acquire them and in fact paid good money to buy them from our lads."

Running the gauntlet of the GIs

IN those wartime years Ipswich was the goal of many American servicemen at a weekend. Mrs Margaret Roche, of St. Andrews Road, Felixstowe, recalls how off-duty GIs sat around on the Cornhill and on every possible seating place, rows of them on the railings outside Lloyds Bank.

"They leaned against walls and sat on their haunches, chewing and watching the world go by," she says. "Groups of them travelled round the town in taxis, amazing the local population, for whom taxis were strictly for

weddings and funerals and were seldom used at any other time.

"I worked in the middle of Ipswich, coming in daily from Felixstowe by the Blue Coach bus, and with my companions had to run the gauntlet in Lloyds Avenue, where scores of GIs would be leaning against the cinema walls or squatting by the windows of Footmans store. 'Gee, you're pretty!' or 'My, look at them lovely little legs!' were among the usual remarks.

"In the evenings trucks would arrive at Electric House from

American bases, and American servicemen would pull aboard any women or girls who could be persuaded to travel to a dance at the base. They were, of course, returned to Ipswich by the same transport at the end of the evening.

"Rumours abounded that Clark Gable, who had joined the American Army Air Force, was stationed at Martlesham Heath and had actually been seen. Drove of girls cycled out to the airfield and hung around the perimeter in the hope of catching a

giiinpbc ui him, but the rumour turned out to be unfounded.

"The Yanks represented glamour in a dreary wartime world. They gave the children gum to chew, they proffered candy and American cigarettes to the girls, and that most desirable commodity, nylon stockings, of which we had then heard only faint rumours.

"They wrought havoc in some British families, and they were in their turn badly exploited by some of the more unscrupulous local people. On the whole, though, we remember them with affection."

1942 "  1992

Villagers still remember those 'Yanks'

David Green visits the village of Horham, home to 4,000 U.S. airmen in 1943. Pictures by Keith Mindham

*"We were terribly upset when we heard that someone we knew had been shot down" ***

THERE may be cracks in the former runways but memories of the "Yanks" who came to Horham Airfield during the Second World War are still strong.

During the next few months villagers at Horham and neighbouring Stradbroke and Redlingfield will be playing host to various parties of veterans of the 95th Bomb Group which spent more than two years in the "wilds" of Suffolk.

For many local residents, youngsters at the time, the era was memorable for not only the tragedy of lost lives among the crews which failed to return and fears about enemy raids.

It was also a period of excitement, where the heightened tension of wartime was relieved by dances and other social events involving airmen and locals.

Helen Roe is now 86 years old and remembers her daughter going out with a heavy horse to help level down the farm fields ready for the runway construction gangs to start work.

Mrs Roe, whose home backs onto the former airfield perimeter, said, "We were terribly upset when we heard that someone we knew had been shot down. You just had to live with it.

"But everyone except some of the young village men got on really well with the airmen and we had some really wonderful times." She said some of the local girls married Americans and went back with them at the end of the war. Airmen organised parties for local children, sometimes with the special treat of ice cream made by a machine brought over from the U.S.

The 30 dollars-a-week airmen were often targets of ambushes from youngsters begging for chewing gum and spent their money freely in the village pub, the Green Dragon, and also at The Swan at Worlingworth and The Grapes at Hoxne. To celebrate the 200th raid from Horham, Glenn Miller came to Horham with his orchestra to perform in one of the hangers and Mrs Roe still has her ticket. It is in a box of memorabilia including snapshot photographs. One photograph is of an aircraft she regards almost as her own. It was the one which always returned to the dispersal point near the end of her garden. Mrs Roe still keeps in touch

with a former pilot, Robert Patterson who was himself shot down over Germany but survived to tell the tale. Evidence of the American occupation of Horham can still be seen. Beside the perimeter tracks, now used only by farm vehicles for access to the fields, are tumble-down Nissen huts and a former accommodation building has been given a new life as a village hall for neighbouring Denham.

The former control tower has been demolished but the old base hospital can still be seen, now used for storage and for mushroom growing.

There were between 3,000 and 4,000 airmen based at Horham and the airfield was used to launch attacks during the "black week" in October 1943 when thousands of Allied lives were lost in the most brutal air battles in the war. During this time the 95th Bomber Group was deployed to target the German town of Munster and many airmen never returned.

Aircraft from Horham were also the first to bomb Berlin, completing 20 raids. The story of the 95th, in combat and at home in Horham, has been

researched by a local girl, 14-year-old Julie Cooper, of Lodge Farm, Horham. It tells of the long roundabout route, interrupted by training exercises, undertaken by airmen from the group's "home" near Washington to the remote village in north Suffolk. One airmen, Joseph Florian, of the intelligence section, wrote after his arrival, "It provided me with an opportunity to view the earth's pattern from the air — a green patchwork quilt of fields and dense, wooded areas." Julie's research also reveals the heavy loss, in terms of lives and aircraft suffered by the 95th.

More than 150 aircraft went down and 1,455 men were listed as missing, 125 of which died.

The 95th dropped 19,000 tonnes of bombs on enemy targets and gunners were officially responsible for destroying 468 enemy aircraft and damaging another 352.

Former members of the 95th have visited Horham in recent years, hardly recognisable as the fun-loving airmen of half a century ago. Julie said, "They seemed to be ordinary elderly people who had saved for their retirement holiday and who

were just looking for memories. "They merged together with the local people in the village shop and just wanted to talk about the past." The 95th Bomb Group Association in the U.S. has contributed to the restoration of the Horham Church bells, the oldest set of eight in the world.

Landmark

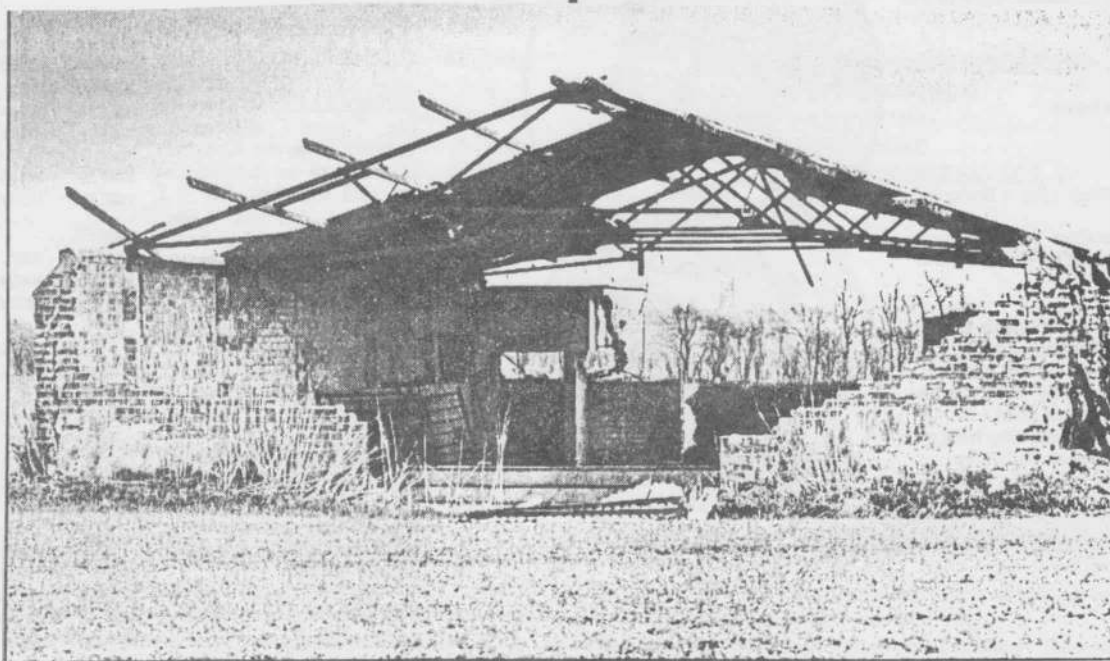
Julie's father, Mr Brian Cooper, who farms part of the old airfield, is the proud owner of part of a gun turret from one of the bombers which formerly ploughed the skies over Horham. "They used Stradbroke Church tower as the landmark when they returned to the airfield," he said.

The church, which still displays the Stars and Stripes flag which was a farewell gift from the bomb group in 1945, was the setting for a recent concert by musicians from Framlingham College to raise money for the hospitality fund set up for the Americans' visit. Tunes included *In The Mood* which revived memories of Glenn Miller's concert in the Horham hanger nearly half a century ago.

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Brian Cooper on part of the remaining Horham runway, framed by part of an aircraft gun turret



One of the many derelict buildings scattered around the former Horham airfield.

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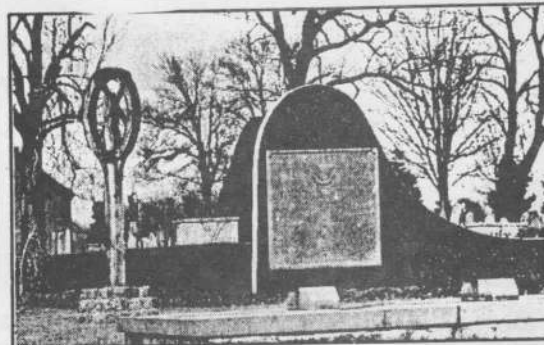
The songs

THE songs the GIs sang and danced to 50 years ago will still echo in their minds.

Music was vital to victory, second to none as a morale-booster and it was a prime time for good numbers. So good were they that many of the hits of the 1940s remain in the mainstream of popular music today. Here is a selection of wartime songs :

Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive
Amor
Besame Mucho
Corin' in on a Wing and a Prayer
Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief
Don't Get Around Much Any More
Don't Fence Me In
Dream (when you're feeling blue)
I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night
I Had the Craziest Dream
I'll Be Seeing You
I should Care
I'll Get By
I Can't Begin to Tell You
Mairzy Doats
Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby
I'll Close My Eyes
I'm beginning to See the Light
Lili Marlene
Long Ago and Far Away
My Heart Tells Me
Roll Me Over
San Fernando Valley
Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night of the Week
Sentimental Journey
Shoo Shoo Baby
Swinging on a Star
Taking a Chance on Love
Tico Tico
Till Then
The Trolley Song
You Keep Coming Back Like a Song
You'll Never Know
You Always Hurt the One You Love
You Came Along From Out of Nowhere
Yours
White Cliffs of Dover

Among the top names singing the songs were (from the top) Anne Shelton, Hoagy Carmichael, Lena Horne, Bing Crosby and Vera Lynn. It is interesting to recall that Lili Marlene, one of the really big hits of the war, was as popular with the Germans as it was with the Allies.



Top — the 95th BG memorial in Horham village.
Above — a building on the airfield

Friendly rivalry between forces

GENERALLY in spite of the great differences between them the American and British servicemen got on well together. Mr F T Nunn, of Barretts Lane, Needham Market, remembers being at home on leave from the RAF when the 1,000-bomber raids were at their height and enjoying a pint in the Swan in Needham Market High Street. Also in the pub were other RAF "bods" and Yanks.

"One Yank said 'You RAF bods dare not go there in daylight', and the reply was 'If they sent you out at night you'd only lose your bloody selves'."

"What a laugh we all had, all said and received in good spirits."

"A few of the Americans had cars. I lived at Wickham Skeith during the war, and one came through there in a big Cadillac as old Dick, our local roadman, was busy mowing the verge with a scythe. Yank stopped and asked the way to Stowmarket.

"Dick says, 'Go to next corner at Finningham and turn left, that'll take ye right there. But I say, bor, thass a rare car yar got there'. Yank says, 'That's not a car, my man, that's an automobile. But say, what's that thing you're swinging about there?'

"Dick say, 'Well, bor, thass an autocutgrass, but the beggar out.'

"Some of the locals did a roaring trade selling Yanks old cycles — anything with two wheels they charged exorbitant prices for. When Yanks were due to go home the locals said, now we can get some cheap bikes.

"But Yanks were too smart for our boys, they heaped them on the runway and drove a bulldozer over them a few times."

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Drenched young Yanks were determined

MEMORIES of another Essex base come from Mrs Elizabeth Rowe, of Hall Road, Great Bromley, whose father farmed Hawkwoods Farm, Gosfield, at the time an American engineering battalion arrived to build Gosfield air base.

"With their arrival the rain came — incessant rain," she recalls. "The young troops were under canvas, permanently drenched, nearly up to their eyes in mud, and their gigantic machinery became bogged down. Those operating the machines became

dejected and homesick, and their attitude of 'being here to win the war for us' was less detectable.

"However, because of the desperate need to complete the airfield, like true soldiers they plodded on, and little by little the runways materialised.

"To get home I had to negotiate the maze, and pedalling along one moonlight night I plunged into levelled

deep clay. I thought it was cement.

"Being a strong 20-year-old I hauled

my cycle out, wheels solid, and dragged it the last half-mile, arriving home plastered with clay and well and truly camouflaged. The poor guard on duty was so apologetic.

"Yes, it was strange to have to have a 'pass' to get to the home I'd lived in

since birth — however, as weeks went by I was not looked on as a spy!

"Very quickly order arose out of chaos. Soon we had an operational fighter base on our doorstep, and nearby at Wethersfield a Flying Fortress base. I can still remember 'checking' those planes, and sometimes feeling so sad when they didn't 'tally' as they returned.

'The lads of the USAAF were really quite something'

Always ready to help out

MANY people, like Mrs Rowe (see letter above), remember the sadness when aircraft failed to return. Many of the bombers were shot down over Germany, others crashed after limping back to Britain, their crews sometimes dying within sight of the runway that meant safety. Mr Hugh Wrampling, of Edinburgh Gardens, Braintree, remembers one crew that was more fortunate.

"In the summer of 1943 I was stationed at Sheringham for infantry training, and day by day saw the start and finish of 1,000-bomber raids. Our billet was an empty house, but the opposite side of the road still had civilians

in residence.

"One day the Liberators and Fortresses set out as usual, and that evening several came back badly mauled by the German defences," Mr Wrampling recalls. "In particular one B-17, with several holes in the wings and a shattered tail, crept over with only two of its four engines working, until one of these also packed up.

"Full marks to the pilot, who managed to turn the plane sufficiently to bring it down on the shore just in the sea. But from this near-tragedy came humour.

"How or why the apparently uninjured crew came to be there I will never know, but they went

to a bungalow opposite our billet for what must have been a 'wash and brush up' and a change of clothing, because eventually they all emerged wearing civilian clothing.

"Imagine the tall, the short and the thin all wearing the same size clothes (and inevitably some were puffing away at large cigars).

"The atmosphere was very relaxed, and everyone seemed to be enjoying this all-too-short break from the realities of war.

"Whatever we might have thought and said in those dark days, there is really no doubt that the lads of the USAAF were really quite something."

THE Americans were always ready to come to the aid of Britons with a problem.

June Whitear, of Ivy Farmhouse, Coggeshall, remembers an incident during the construction of the airfield at Borham.

"My parents, my sister and myself used to cycle from Felstead to Boreham to spend Christmas with my mother's parents," she says.

"This particular Christmas my father had had to return home early, and by the time my mother, my sister and I followed it had snowed and thawed, and there was mud up to the axles of our cycle.

"The Americans soon saw our plight and took action, carrying our cycles and my sister to the other end.

"At 11 I considered myself too old to be carried, preferring slosh and mud up to my knees!"

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Captain Ellis Scripture (group navigator) briefing navigators at Horham in September, 1945

No fairytale end for her romance

ONE girl who did not marry her sweetheart and settle in the USA is *Elizabeth Davy*, of Princes Green, Halesworth, who met a young American flier at a dance in September, 1942.

"As I walked across the dance hall floor I was aware of a tall, slim, dark-haired American standing in the corner.

"He asked me to dance, and as we danced I noticed that he was wearing the silver wings of a flier

over his left top pocket.

"We danced every dance and, when we said goodnight, arranged to meet again the following Saturday. We fell in love, and during the week he wrote me the most wonderful letters.

"His base was about four miles from where I lived, and each day as the Fortresses circled above my house I would count them so that on their return I could tell how many were missing. I would have anxious moments before at last hearing their familiar drone overhead as they made their way

back to base.

"Many were riddled with bullet holes and flying very low. Others were listing to one side with one or more engines gone, trying hard to get back to base. Some crashed in the surrounding fields.

"How delighted I was to see him safe and well on a Saturday. He got through all his missions without a scratch. He was one of the lucky ones. He would often say, 'Gee, I'm the luckiest guy alive!'

"For three years this brave young master sergeant and I lived.

loved, laughed and cried. When the war ended we met in a little lane near his base to say goodbye. He was flying back to the States next day.

"We both shed tears, and he vowed he would always love me, and that one day he would return, saying that the green fields of England would always welcome him back with a promise. He removed his silver wings from his jacket and pinned them to my dress, and promised to send me a letter to let me know that he had arrived home safely.

Con't on Page 11

1942



1992



The crew of the B-17G *I'll Be Around* on their return to base at Horham in Suffolk after leading the first US daylight bombing raid of Berlin on March 4, 1944. In the picture are Command Pilot Major 'Grif Mumford (right) and Lead Pilot Captain A P Brown (second from right)

Con't from Page 10

Crazy ride in a pony and trap

SOMEONE who remembers the candy and goodies the American servicemen gave away is *Mr S C Wood*, of Berechurch Road, Colchester, who as a boy of 12 lived with his family in Stebbing, where his parents ran the Unity cafe, used by many Americans.

"One day an American asked my father if he could borrow our pony and trap. His brother was due to arrive at Saling airfield and he thought it would be fun to meet him from the plane in a pony and trap. My father agreed, as long as I accompanied him.

"We arrived at the airfield only to be stopped by the sentry on duty, who told us in no uncertain terms that

'we weren't taking that thing on the airfield'. Cross words were exchanged, and then to my surprise the airman gave

the pony a quick slap and we were off on to the field, with the sentry shouting after us.

"At the control tower the

airman trotted the pony and trap up and down to shouts of delight from the other servicemen, who threw candy and chewing gum into the back of the trap.

"Eventually he met his brother, and off they went together, leaving me to return on my own. I was terrified, as the planes were coming down on the runway by the side of me.

"When I arrived at the gate the sentry told me he would have shot the airman if I hadn't been in the trap, the floor of which, by this time, was literally covered with candy and goodies.

"My mates were delighted, as my visit kept us supplied with sweets for about a month!"

Too much candy to carry

Another who remembers the Yanks and their candy is Mrs Maureen Rutherford, of St. Mary's Avenue, Haughley, who was six or seven when the Americans arrived at Ellough aerodrome, just outside her home town of Beccles.

"The event I remember most is when I ended up being driven home in a jeep because I'd been given so much candy I couldn't carry it all," she recalls. "When my father found it I got a hiding, but as I was so young I can now understand his anxiety.

"Looking back, I realise how those Americans must have missed their wives and kids. They always made a fuss of our local children."

"Over the years he had made no secret of the fact that he was engaged to a girl back home, so I expected our parting to be final. Weeks went by, but no letter came. I waited anxiously each day, but all in vain.

"There were rumours that Flying Fortresses taking Americans back home had run into fog over the sea and crashed. Did he go down? Did he write a letter to me which somehow got lost? Or did he go home and forget me after all? I shall never know.

"It's almost 50 years now, but I still dream vividly about him. I have loved since, but there has never been a love like I felt for this handsome young American for three years.

"The best years of my life — years that I wouldn't have missed for anything."

1942 1992 We do not forget.

David Henshall recalls the East Anglia of his childhood — and how the visitors fitted in

“There were few who didn't welcome the Yanks, who didn't feel a marvellous sense of relief that Britain was no longer alone”

THE East Anglia that welcomed the Americans in 1942 was vastly different to the England of today. The world was at war and few days or nights passed without at least the distant rumble of guns or the thud of bombs dropping somewhere. On land, at sea and in the air men from the region were fighting with weapons of ever-increasing technical complexity. But the homes many of them left behind were a good deal less sophisticated. Less than a third of the houses in the village of Pulham Market on the Norfolk-Suffolk border where I then lived as a boy had electricity and just a handful enjoyed the luxury of a flush toilet. Oil lamps — the best of them the “Tilly” vapourised paraffin type — lit the country cottages and, during the hours of darkness, men with huge horse-drawn “night carts” carried away the human waste.

Offence

That darkness was as deep as man could make it. The

country had been “blacked out” since 1939. It was an offence to show a glimmer of light because even the flash of a match might be seen by the German planes that crossed our skies and could bring bombs in its wake.

The tiniest hamlet had its air raid warden who pounced like lightning on the smallest crack in the curtains. “Put that bloody light out,” he’d scream, adding “Please, sir,” if it was somebody of superior station. Car headlights were masked, sharply angling two small slits of light at the road.

At first, coming from brightly-lit America and its broad highways, the Yankee fliers had a hell of a time on our narrow roads, and especially on the little lanes leading to their out-of-the-way airfields. Jeeps and trucks were for ever being pulled out of ditches. But soon, on bicycles and invariably without lights, they were hurtling round the countryside as though guided by radar. They were great mixers and they carried with them a whiff of the wild west, a touch of tough New York glamour and the heady romance of Hollywood

Wealthy

Smart and, by our standards, wealthy, many of them looked as though they had stepped out of a movie. For the girls in particular, it was the Saturday night dream factory come true. Living, according to popular legend, on giant steaks and ice cream, the young Americans were genuinely concerned by the rations of the average British family, a few ounces of meat, butter and sugar a week. But, bolstered by what we would now call “real” bread and home-grown vegetables, at the end of the war the nation was fitter than it had ever been before. Lean, but fit. Led by the farmers, the country dug for victory in a big way, every spare inch of land given over to the production of food. The beloved bowling green at my grandfather’s pub, The Falcon, disappeared under a sea of potatoes and beans; and, occasionally fertilised by overflowing “bumbies,” produced cabbages too big for a small boy to carry.

Children

The men of the United States Army Air Force, as it was then called, moved quickly into the community, helping with local projects, always brilliant with the kids. Their Christmas parties were a wonderland previously unimagined by village youngsters and the Yanks’ natural flair for barter was soon part of the local economy. Rusty, brakeless bikes changed hands for a couple of cartons of Camels and free beer for a week; women who took in American washing were sometimes paid with huge tins containing a whole chicken or a ham big enough to feed the family for a month. The Black Market thrived, as it always does in time of war, this one an interesting extension Of US Lease Lend. There were, for us, puzzles caused by racial segregation, leading to the establishment of “black” and “white” pubs in our towns, and clashes with locals or British servicemen, usually involving women,

but this was an unreal world in which death was never far away, nerves often at snapping point and passions ran wild with incredible ease.

There were few, however, who didn’t welcome the Yanks, who didn’t feel a marvellous sense of relief that Britain was no longer alone. We knew that with Clark Gable, James Stewart and all those other lively young men flying missions from our local bases, we would turn the corner and win much sooner.

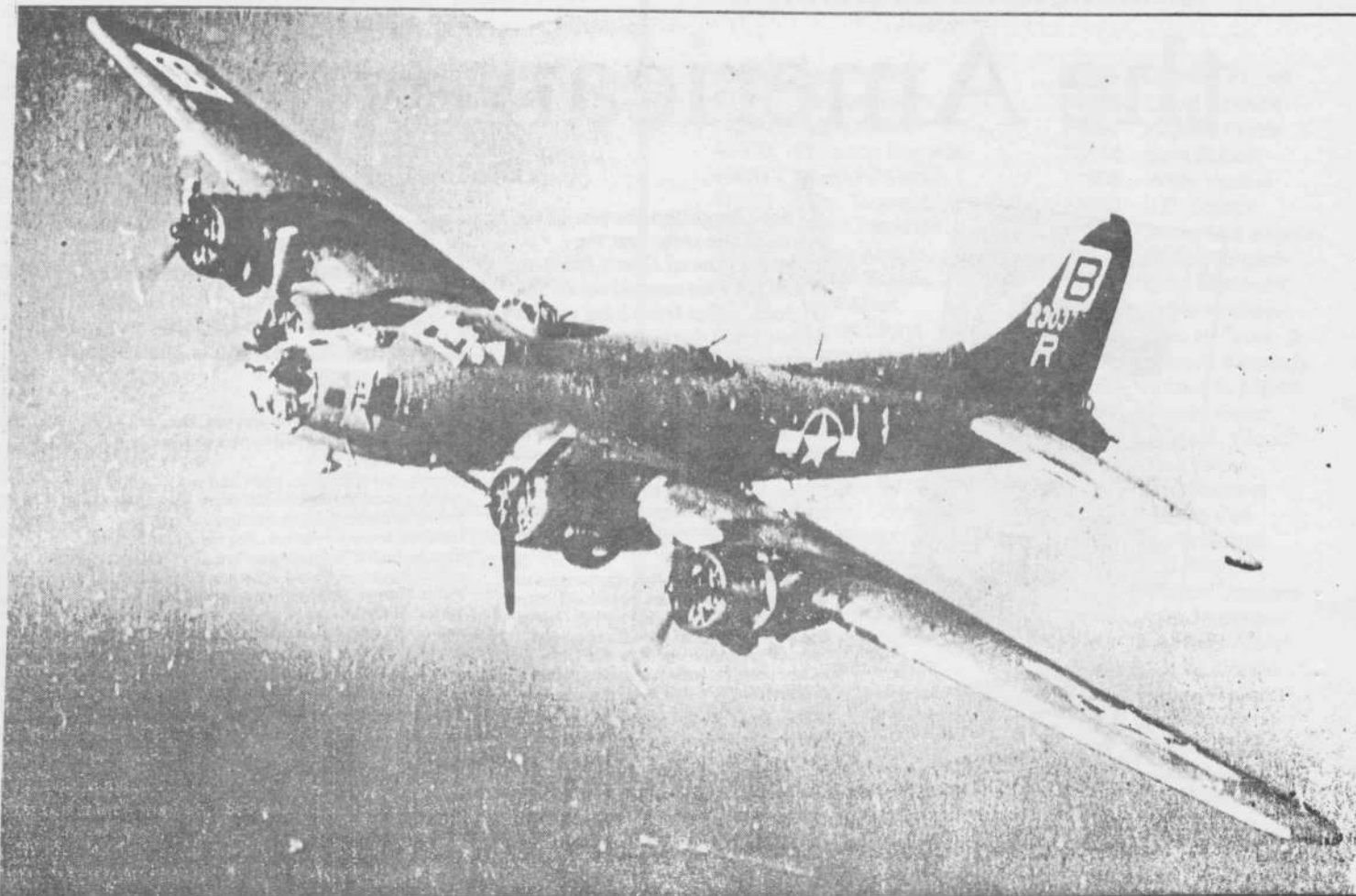
As the war went on this feeling of relief turned to admiration and pride in their achievements and a deep sense of sadness over their heavy losses.

Nobody who ever heard the throaty roar of the Flying Fortresses and Liberators flying out to battle or watched them limping back, shot full of holes and hardly able to stay aloft, will ever forget the brave men, many of them still in their teens, who became part of the Suffolk, Essex and Norfolk scene 50 years ago.

We salute them and welcome them back to the fields from which they flew. The green, beautiful countryside is not much changed by the passing of half a century. But it is peaceful because of the courageous part they played.

We do not forget.

1942  1992



“Rodger the Lodger”, in trouble with an engine on fire off the Danish coast. The plane was returning from a raid on Marienburg, Germany, on October 9, 1943. Moments later the bomber exploded and crashed in the North Sea. There were no survivors from the ten-man crew

Mystery of those small, dark babies

Mrs Marion Leeson, of Holbrook, was a girl of ten or so when the American bases were being built. “My parents farmed at Shrubbery Farm, Charsfield, and their friends the Diments had their farm at Debach commandeered for the building of the airfield there,” she says.

“I remember sitting at the end of the brick wall at Shrubbery Farm watching the men arrive. The first men were mainly black. A big fat black cook came to buy chickens from Mother. It must have been late summer because the birds were out on a field following harvest. He wanted small birds for frying, much to Mother’s amazement as we had only had fattened birds for roasting or out-of-lay old hens for stewing.

“When the white Americans came I recall again sitting on the wall and being given chewing gum and sweets. The

sweets, too, are the principal memory of when two Americans joined us for Christmas Day, 1943 or 44 (one of them was called Joe, he was later killed in action). It was a happy day, and they enjoyed their Christmas with us.

“The base had a Christmas party for the local children. Each child was given a present. I was so upset, being tall for my age and awkward, and having to look after a toddler, I was passed over by Father Christmas in favour of the pretty ones.

“Each time the planes left for a raid we heard them fly over sounding strong and powerful. We counted them back, many limping home with damaged engines.

“I cannot remember when the Americans went back, but there were several small dark babies left behind. As children we did not have the social reasons for this explained to us.”

Chicken has lucky escape

CHICKENS also feature in a letter from *Mr S J Elliott*, of Mannings Farm House, Groton. “One evening I was feeding my fowls at about six o’clock in the evening when the Forts had just come back from a raid on Germany.

“They had just flown over when one of my hens jumped up in the air about a yard and fell down. By the side of the hen was a live cartridge case and bullet. I have still got it.”

Tuneful reminder of the American exiles



Potter power — what did the visiting US forces think of these messages to the British at war?

I have forgotten the rest of the words of the song, but the poignant tune of *Don't fence me in* will forever remind me of the G1 Joes, exiles from a far country, whom I met during my year of wartime service with the USAAF at the 121st Station Hospital near Braintree.

It was a sprawling complex of Nissen huts situated off the London road just outside the town. There, beneath the Stars and Stripes, a small joint British and American medical research project was to be carried out alongside the routine work of the hospital.

Our work involved carrying out tests to determine the nitrogen intake and output of a few selected patients with infective hepatitis, a form of jaundice that was causing a lot of concern at that time. Some of our patients were American, a few were members of the British forces.

In charge of the lab was Captain David Fingerman. Lieutenant Brann, a dreamy-eyed young doctor, was second-in-command, and the routine work of the laboratory was carried out by a team of army-trained lab technicians.

Extrovert

I can still see them all. Sergeant Lavery, an irrepressible extrovert, had once been a cowboy. He would tramp into the lab balancing on one hand a tray of blood samples fresh from the wards, singing — or humming under his breath, depending on whether the Captain was around — "She'll be comin' round the mount'n when she comes, boom, boom!" Sergeant Bixby had been a shoe salesman; Corporal Frank Hutter, made in the mould of Fred Flintstone, was a former millhand; and the handsome Homer Dill, who blushed so easily, had been a mortician in civilian life. Then there were Sergeant Carlson, Corporal Sanford, Corporal Johnson and Corporal Smith. The youngest and newest member of the outfit was PFC Stanley Durland, a good-

EADT reader Mary Scrimgeour recalls her days as a technician at a USAAF station hospital

natured college boy who was mercilessly teased by the others and known to all as "Doodlebug".

Wendy, my colleague, and I had our midday meal in the officers' mess. To a young Britisher used to wartime rationing the food was a revelation. For the first time in my life I tasted sauerkraut, coleslaw, tuna fish and other un-British things such as sweet and sour pork; and there was the luxury of tinned grapefruit and pineapple. Good quality meat was flown over from the States. Occasionally the Red Cross van called, and we were treated to coffee and doughnuts in the lab. Just before nine o'clock on the Tuesday morning of my second week at the hospital, having presented my pass to the sentry at the gate and parked my bicycle behind Reception, I donned my white overall and walked into the lab. Something was up — the main work area was deserted, microscopes unattended, trays of specimens neglected on the benches, and all hands were grouped around the radio in the Captain's office at the end of the lab. Usually it emitted a background of monotonous jazz, but now there came forth the crackling sounds of a non-stop news service. It was June 6, 1944, and the D-day landings were taking place. As the morning wore on there was a sort of grim exhilaration in the air. We had been aware that the invasion was imminent and that troops were at the ready.

We soon felt the effects of the invasion. Trainloads of casualties arrived by night and were ferried up from the station by a fleet of ambulances. On July 17, when 300 patients arrived from France, I well remember seeing the tail-end coaches, dark green and grimy, of a stationary hospital train as I cycled back into the Braintree across the railway bridge. By August 10,

the 121st had expanded from 400 beds to more than 1,000.

But eventually the hospital emptied. It closed officially at midnight on May 26, 1945, two weeks after VE day.

I wrote in my diary: *Said goodbye to the 121st. Station Hospital and biked all the way home. What next?*

For the first time in my life I tasted sauerkraut, coleslaw, tuna fish and other un-British things.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following 4 stories are from the original mimeographed reports prepared for Col. Van in 1944. They were sent to us, along with a number of others, by Bert Varady. We'll keep running them in future Har-dlife's.

STATION LIFE

Station Life for the month of January was much the same as in preceeding months. Activities are, for the most part, standardized by now. Each night of the week brings a feature similar to the night in the week preceeding.

Dances, films, wrestling, gymnasium activities, bible classes, bingo games, ping pong and pool provided the men whatever entertainment such games allow.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SUPPLY PROBLEMS

A great many items needed by the American Air Force are obtained through the British. This is known as Reverse Lend-Lease or Reciprocal Aid.

In requisitioning these items a form specifically made for this purpose is used. It's title is United States-British Form 1. This is submitted to the Royal Equipment Liason Officer in duplicate. After the appropriate action has been taken and entered on requisition, one copy is returned to Air Corps Supply, where it is kept in suspense file until completed.

Some of the items received through this source of supply are paint, hydraulic fluids, light lubricating oils and sheet metal.

The three items used daily and of paramount importance are obtained through this procedure. They are breathing Oxygen, Aviation Gasoline, and Aviation Lubricating Oil. During the month of January this station used 6,372,000 litres of breathing oxygen, 5,800 gallons of Aircraft Engine Lubricating Oil, and 588,250 gallons of Aviation Gasoline. This gallonage is computed in Imperial Gallons.

MONTHLY BOMBING SUMMARY

There were nine (9) missions during the month of January 1944. Five (5) Pathfinder Missions, 2 Visual Bombing Missions, 1 Mission to a Noball target where overcast prevented dropping bombs, and 1 Mission (Frankfurt) which was recalled before reaching the target.

On the two Visual Bombing Missions the bombing results were exceptionally good.

5 January 1944 the target was Bordeaux, France. Lt. Robert O'Brien (548th Squadron) the lead bombardier. Bombing results - 46% within 1,000 ft and 91 % within 2000 ft of the aiming point.

14 January 1944 Squadron Bombing was done on the Noball target (Belmesail). The results of the Lead and Low Squadrons were very good while the High Squadron hit to the right of the target area for a gross error. On this the High

Squadron Lead aborted at the I.P. and the Deputy Lead took the Lead Position. Bombing results - Lead Squadron, Capt. L.A. Dentoni (551 st Sq) Low Squadron, Lt. George Brown (549th Sq) Lead Bombardier, 100% within 1,000 ft. of the aiming point.

21 January 1944 a Squadron Bombing attack was made on a Noball target but after several runs over the target all squadrons returned to base without bombing due to clouds over the target area.

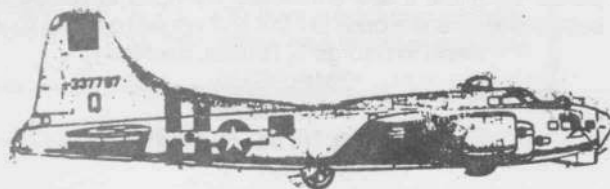
A comprehensive Defense Program for the Station was inaugurated this month and several practice alerts were held. Personnel, both defense and general took pre-assigned posts all over the field during the simulated attacks. All personnel on the station fired a familiarization course with weapons. After everyone had fired range, weapons and ammunition were distributed to all members of this group. Officers and men are now armed while on the base. Four air cooled /cal. .50 machine guns were mounted on Jeeps, three set up in gun pits to replace water-cooled guns sent to another station and four heavy barreled air cooled cal. .50 M-2 guns set up for ground defense.

During the month of May bombing results were not up to the usual high standards of this Group. On targets where accuracy was below average the most common explanation by lead bombardiers was poor visibility due to smoke and clouds. Once again this month the problem of premature bomb release came up and steps were taken to meet the difficulty. Procedure and results will be found recorded in the Group Bombardier's section of this volume, as well as the efforts being made by that section to produce more lead bombardier's through intensive training.

The large increase in combat personnel during May presented an indoctrination problem to the Engineering section. It became mandatory to revise and expand the engineering lecture so that all crew members would receive the most benefit. To do this the lectures were broken into three parts: (1) Know your Plant, (2) Engine Operation Procedure and (3) Technical Problems. A detailed list of maintenance problems is to be found in the engineering section's monthly report.

Armament installed the new type Limit Switch mechanism under the catwalk in the bomb bay of the B-17 this month. This device seems to be the answer to the constantly re-occurring malfunctions of the bomb bay doors.

All in all the month was routine. The work which has gone into the preparations of over one hundred missions has taught the men their jobs and given them the intimate knowledge of the equipment with which they work as necessary for smooth and efficient operations.



REVIEW OF THE MONTH

This group's one hundredth mission was flown on the twenty-ninth of April. The milestone was celebrated by a party at which the commanding officer and ranking members of his staff commended the work of the men who had made the flying of these attacks on the enemy possible. Major General Curtis E. LeMay, Commanding, 3rd Bombardment division wrote a letter of commendations to Colonel Elliot Vandevanter, Jr. which recapitulated some of the operational highlights in our operational history. The letter is to be found in the supporting document section of this volume.

On the twenty-third of May this station experienced its first enemy attack. A Junkers 88 flew low over the base. His line of flight was apparently a lucky stroke and while passing over us, he was able to observe the installations on the ground. Recognizing the lay-out as an aerodrome, he returned and made a bomb run across our perimeter, dropping a total of seven five hundred pound bombs. Six of these fell on the turf between runways and perimeters; one however, struck the #1 Hangar, setting a B-17 on fire and damaging another. Complete details of the attack and resultant damage are to be found in the Base Fire Marshall's monthly historical report.

In recent weeks an unusual amount of lead crews have completed their tours of operations, leaving a shortage of crews able to carry lead assignments. This circumstance posed a problem for the training department. Solution was found in the immediate initiation of a school for lead crews. Training was intensive and covered all phases of the lead crew's duties. A full report on the school, its functions and schedules will be found in the Training Section's report for this month.

The Field Buncher Beacon was moved to Boxted this month, a fighter base three miles north of Colchester. The change was made necessary by traffic pattern difficulties from an unusually heavy concentration of air bases in this area. This change has proven most successful in practice and has increased the range of the Buncher.

A change in the system of routing reports of the administrative inspections has been made. In the future the weekly report made to the Commanding Officer will be composed of reports which have been endorsed by the office in charge of the activity inspected and will contain remarks made by the Ground Executive.

MEMORIAL WINDOW

The memorial Window at All Saints Church in Great Ashfield Suffolk County, England has been installed and is scheduled for dedication when the England Reunion Group gets there. If you would like a color picture of this window please send me a self addressed stamped envelope (#10 business size, and a buck (\$1.00) and we will get one to you.

Send to George S. Hruska, Secretary,
384th BGMA
7442 Ontario St.,
Omaha, NE 68124-3563



The first week in February the 1991 Tulsa Reunion Committee met with your secretary to rehash and de-brief the most successful Tulsa reunion. We met at the home of George and Marie Menkoff after a nice lunch at a local restaurant. In attendance were Walter & Norma Beauchamp, Manley & Roselee Cottongim, Gerry and Sue Gentis, George and Gen Hruska, Same and Mary Lyke, Dyton and Katherine Matthews, and George and Marie Menkoff. Part of the crew is pictured above. Resolved - the Reunion Committee did a good job.

You should have received your copy of the Reunion Book by now and those of you who are sharp may have noticed that two squadron pictures got switched. On page 5 you should make a note that the top picture is the 551st Squadron and the bottom picture is the 550th Squadron.

If you should see any other corrections that need to be made, please let me know.

George S. Hruska,
Secretary



John Pettenger, Valentine's Day present.
And he didn't grow that big belly in POW camp.



Marie & George Menkoff

NOTICE

On page 6 of the February 1992 Newsletter there is a copy of a letter which I encouraged all the membership to pass on to their local newspapers. I have heard from two people who sent it in and received a copy of the item as placed in the Chieftan of Pueblo, Colorado from Wes Brown. Thanks, Wes. If you haven't submitted to your local Daper yet-this is a reminder that you should do it now. It will be appreciated-especially by the person who comes to the realization that our organization exists and will come to join us. Please take the time to do this and don't forget to send me a copy after it gets printed. Thanks much.

George S. Hruska
Secretary



Geneva & George Hruska



Mary & Sam Lyke



NOTICE

Listed below are members we haven't heard from for several years who are getting the HardLife Herald. IF YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO GET IT, please send a card to Ed

Stern, Box 2187, Fargo, ND 58108. Also, if you have any information about anyone on this list, please send it along. If they're in your zip code, you might give them a call.

06106	A.R. Johnson	18848	Thomas Fairchild	43506	Jack Bryre	66605	Leonard Parnell
10960	Leo Donahue	19006	Eugene Schell	43749	George Booth	66743	Lloyd Bennett
02062	James King	19073	John Hovey	45230	Frank Huber	69357	Eugene Curtiss
02703	Ed Leach	19085	Lawrence Wickter	45308	Emerson Branson	70114	Sam Buccer
03743	Norman Monroe	19123	David Biernacki	46807	Manford Martin	70658	Willis Walker
03867	John McKay	20015	Earl Mazo	47025	Wm. Turner	72450	J.D. Slatton
04009	Arthur Blomberg	20317	Frank Bartnicki	48083	Bertin Marshall	72949	Jesse McLaughlin
06118	Robert Reed	21788	Kathy Wartz	39039	Arthur Knapp	74030	Dennis English
06840	John Zairsho	24008	Stephen Harlow	49286	Harold Schulz	73143	Leon Stefanoff
07095	David Bushkin	27846	G.C. Ange	49306	John Mast	76114	Tsivis Andrews
08081	Paul Linn	28734	C.J. Mitten	49401	Robert Elkins	76710	Geo. H. Crow, Jr.
08753	Joseph Purpuri	28806	Cameron C. Osborne	49423	Marinus Docktor	78213	John A. Kennedy
11051	James Kennedy	29204	H. Edward Brown	51105	Leon Slosberg	78550	Robert A. Marne
11554	Bernard Mirotznik	30062	Roger D. Palmer	52302	Gordon Slead	78731	Donald Franz
12027	Dave Dynan	31405	Tom Pullen	53209	J.H. Kastenholz	79924	Jesse H. Wood
12063	Morris Hertzman	31410	Geo. Bartell	53575	Earl Frye	80120	Jack Kirby
12306	Larry Foss	31707	Nelson Beecroft	54301	Thomas Betow	80517	Neal Rosener
12758	Bernard Harvey	32056	David Maxwell	54956	Donald Coyle	83318	Wayne Call
13045	Richard Whiting	32233	James Frydenlund	55372	H.L. Brady	85009	Merle Relyes
13323	Vincent Corleto	32808	Joseph Capek	55407	Lyonel Campbell	88345	N.G. Munro
14219	James Hoffman	32927	Charles East	56301	Arnold Kampa	90016	Morton Cousens
14221	Samuel Kaiser	33181	Louis Winter	56301	Eldon Rohs	90740	John Pedersen
15131	Ross Gillingham	36606	C.W. Lloyd	59330	Leon Beddow	91791	Seymore Albert
15218	Nicholas Smith, Jr.	37743	Donald Waldorp	60009	Howard Busch	92084	Lloyd Lamotte
15642	Albert Shepherd	37919	Kemp Cookward	60559	John Hetzel, Jr.	92111	Russell Reiland
15650	Richard Schullheis	37919	M.D. Coopwood	60643	Wm. G. Nelson, Sr.	92131	G.E. Browning
15680	Roger Gerheim	38134	Flem Williams	61024	Rex Patrick	93644	Richard Burtle
17225	Robert Victor	39204	Charles Robinson	61103	Wm. Chain	97222	Vincent Figini
17316	Eugene Elgin	40243	Harold Money	62301	Marvin Wolverton	98177	Allen Ostrem
17331	Wm. Murphy	41116	Corbett Fugate	62918	Edmund Aken	99301	John Mullen
18634	Len Prushinski	43224	Hank North	65714	Delmar Whitney		

385th BGMA APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Please Print

LAST NAME, First, MI.

Spouse's Name

Street or P.O. Box #

()
Telephone Number

City, State, & Zip Code

Squadron or Support Unit

The annual dues are Ten Dollars (\$10.00)
Life-time memberships are one payment of \$100.00
Make Check out to "385th BGMA" and mail to:
John F. Pettenger, Treas.
Box 11 7
Laurel, FL 34272-0117

POW Capture Data
Date
Place
Stalag Unit

Life-time memberships are used to perpetuate the memorial at All Saints Church in Great Ashfield, Suffolk County, England.

FROM 8AF CAPITAL REGION NEWSLETTER

MAN BILKS WORLD WAR II VETS OF WAR MEMORABILIA**SENTENCED TO 16 MONTHS IN PRISON**

Postal Inspector, L. S. Crawford, Jr., and U.S. Attorney J. William Roberts, announced the sentencing of a husband and wife who conspired in a scheme to defraud veterans. Randall W. Sutherland and his wife, Elaine, defrauded these vets of money, personal items, original war documents, pictures, and other memorabilia. Sutherland misrepresented himself as an author, publisher, and medical doctor, writing books about various military campaigns in WWII. Sutherland spent the money he received from the nonexistent books. When veterans sent their memorabilia to Sutherland through the U.S. Mail, he in turn mailed and sold the memorabilia to various collectors across the country. Meanwhile, Sutherland continued to assure the victims that their items would be used in book and safely returned to them.

Sutherland and his wife initially contacted veteran groups for the purposes of obtaining their mailing lists. They then directly solicited veterans or their widows through the U.S. Mail. The initial complaint filed with the Postal Inspection Service came from a retired letter carrier in California who mailed money for the book, which he never received. Knowing that Postal Inspectors investigate mail fraud, he filed a complaint with the Postal Inspection Service in the summer of 1989.

Over 100 veterans were defrauded by Sutherland and his wife for a known dollar loss of approximately \$10,000. Most of the loss in this case involved original photos, letters, diaries, and written accounts of WWII, which have no set monetary value, but are invaluable to those who own them. U.S. Postal Inspectors have retrieved most of the items from the collectors they were sold to, and these items are being returned to the victims.

Sentencing guidelines called for a 10 to 16 month prison sentence. The plea called for the government to recommend the low end of the sentence. U. S. District Judge Richard Mills, a General in the Army Reserve, referred to Sutherland as *"a leech, a parasite, and a blood sucker who stole the most treasured memories of ordinary people who defended this country and the freedom and liberties Sutherland now enjoys but manipulates."* Judge Mills rejected the recommendation of the government and pleas of the defense for leniency, and he sentenced Sutherland to 16 months imprisonment, \$6,040 restitution, and 3 years supervised probation upon release from prison. Judge Mills ordered the sentence to begin forthwith, and Sutherland was remanded to the custody of the U.S. Marshals.

Sutherland's wife, Elaine Sutherland, was sentenced to 5 years probation, restitution of \$1510.00, and two months home confinement.



Phil Johnson/Worid-Herak

Writer Gets a Thrill by Checking Out SAC

Thriller author Robert Ludlum, who features the facility Thursday. Ludlum is pictured here with Col. to the SAC Museum, Ludlum autographed books Strategic Air Command headquarters in his latest William G. Manire, 55th Wing commander, in front Ludlum has scheduled Other book-signings and i book, "The Road ©mtdfe," got his first look at the of a B-17 bomber. After a tour of die base and a visit luncheon speech during his two-day visit to the area

SECOND SCHWEINFURT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Did you fly on Mission 115, October 14, 1943 over Schweinfurt, Germany, commonly called "Black Thursday"? If so, you are eligible to join the Second Schweinfurt Memorial Association. In fact they are looking for you. The only casualty suffered by the 385th Bomb Group was Robert S. Vandivers' navigator - Phil Vockerath¹. That should leave about 359 eligible to join this organization which was founded in 1975 to perpetuate the memory of those aircrewman who participated in this mission. This was the 28th mission of our group.

Colonel Vandiver notes that he is the only member of the 385th Bomb Group who is listed on the membership roster of the association and wants to let everyone know that there is such a unique group in existence and would like every eligible member of the 305th BGMA to contact the following for further details :

Bud Klint, Secretary
Second Schweinfurt Memorial Assn.
5728 Walla Ave.,
Ft. Worth TX 76133



AVIATION CADET . ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Robert C. White, 54 Seton Trail, Ormond Beach, FL 32176
Harry C. Bradshaw, RFD 1, Newmarket, NH 03857

The Aviation Cadet Alumni Association, now in its sixth year of operation, has passed the 20,000 member mark and is shooting for 25,000 by late summer. The non-profit; no-dues, no-fee effort was initiated by retired officers Harry Bradshaw and Bob White for the sole purpose of providing former pilot cadets the current addresses of flight school classmates. Operational expenses are provided by the two with the help of occasional contributions.

Former pilot cadets are eligible for membership by submitting their flight class, primary, basic and advance schools to either Harry Bradshaw, RFD 1, Newmarket, NH 03857 or Bob White, 54 Seton Trail, Ormond Beach, FL 32176. Both maintain identical information on their personal computers. Those desiring a printout of their classmates are requested to include postage.

Letters to Ian

Dear Ian,

Many thanks for your letter of October 21st. I very nearly sent the mission list with my previous letter! I am now enclosing 2nd Lt. Felker's mission list as it appears in the little book of poems. I've copied it word-for-word, but must explain that two or three "targets" may be misspelled as his writing is really small. You'll notice that he's also added some comments after some of the missions. Mission No. 17 is interesting, as he says "luftwaffe got Andy" - don't know if this means anything to you? Perhaps "Andy" was on his crew? Hope you can maybe find something from this anyway.

I guess you know that Vic Masten died a few weeks ago? He had a brain tumor.

Well, let me know if any patches, etc. turn up, Ian. I've added 2 more this year to my collection, a 362nd Fighter Squadron patch from the 357th FG and an 854th Bomb Squadron patch from the 491 st B.G.

All the best,

Wayne Shearsmith
27 Coniston Road
Kettering
Northants
NN16,8UL
England

Dear Wayne,

Thanks for your letter of 25th October.

The mission list gave dates from which I was able to tract the date that Maurice Felker was assigned to the 385th so we've had some joy.

Felker assigned to 548th Squadron 20th July 1944.

Crew NN27 (FD333AJ/16212AJ-23/23)

2nd Lt. - Laurence M. Brown 0-818580 (P)
2nd Lt. - Donald J. Andreas 0-823222 (CP)
2nd Lt. - Maurice Felker p-710246 (N)
2nd Lt. - Robert M. Edsell 0-765635 (B)

S/Sgt - 757 William J. Zawyrucha 32426131
S/Sgt - 748 Stanley D. Owen 18215925
Sqf-611 Kenneth J. Laffoon 36763514
Sgt - 748 Leslie J. Rodgers 39041106
Sgt - 611 Allen E Ross 35771675
Sgt - 612 Carl F. Zielinski 36750068

I'll copy this to Hardlife Herald with a request for information and photographs of Brown's crew, perhaps someone will respond.

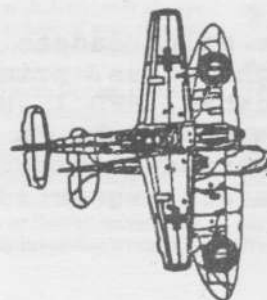
Enclosed is a flyer for "Eighth Air Force Bomber Stories" in care you're interested.

Yours sincerely,

Ian McLachlan
1 Joy Avenue,
Newton Flotman,
Norwich,
Norfolk,
NR151RD

2nd Lt. Maurice Felker 385th Missions

1. Paris - 2nd Aug. 1944
2. Berlin - 6 Aug. 1944
3. Caen - 8th Aug. 1944 (Ground Support)
4. Nurnberg - 9th Aug. 1944 (Recall)
5. St. Etienne -13th Aug. 1944 (Ground Support)
6. St. Dizier -18th Aug. 1944 (Ground Support, Airfield)
7. Brux - 24th Aug. 1944
8. Bremen - 30th Aug. 1944
9. Brest - 3rd Sept. 1944 (Gun Emplacements)
10. Brest - 4th Sept. 1944
11. Stuttgart, 13th Sept. 1944
12. Rotterdam -17th Sept. 1944
13. Bremen - 26th Sept. 1944
14. Ludwigshaven - 27th Sept. 1944
15. Hurzberg - 3rd Oct. 1944
16. Munster - 5th Oct. 1944
17. Berlin - 6th Oct. 1944 (Luftwaffe got Andy)
- 18 Mainz - 9th Oct. 1944.
- 19 Cologne -14th Oct 1944
- 20 Cologne -17th Oct. 1944
- 21 Kassel-18th Oct. 1944
- 22 Munster - 22nd Oct. 1944
- 23 Merseberg - 30th Oct. 1944 (Recall)
- 24 Merseberg - 2nd Nov. 1944 (Intense flac for 12 mins.
Oil plant, 280 guns, P.F.F.)
- 25 Ludhigshaven - 5th Nov. 1944 (Heavy flac, oxygen bottle
blew up un navigators chair P.F.F.)
- 26 Duisberg - 6th Nov. 1944 (Light Flak)
- 27 Langerwehe - 16th Nov. 1944 (ground support,
AACHEN)
- 28 Giessen - 21 st Nov. 1944 (headed for mersebers)
- 29 Mersberg - 25th Nov. 1944 (Landed in Brussels,
lack of gas.)
- 30 Mersberg - (Hot at target, came home alone)
- 31 Mainz (Milk Run)
- 32 Gros Osthien. (No Flak)
- 33 Ground support near Metz (milk run).
- 34.
- 35.



Letters to the Editor:

Mr. Sid Colthorpe
President
385th Bomb Group
318 Woodside Drive
Hampton, VA 23669

RE: Memor Book from Reunion, June, 1991.

I have recently received a brochure and request to re-order pictures from the 1991 Reunion. I am so glad to have received it, as it opens up an opportunity for me to express my disappointment in the quality of the pictures from the last couple of Reunions.

This last Reunion, June, 1991, the group pictures were taken with color film. Each person paid \$12.00 for a Memory Book, sight unseen. When the book came out, much later than expected, the group pictures were grainy and it was not possible to recognize all the people in the group. There were at least two groups on which the script wrongly identified them. Indeed some of the couples were incorrectly identified.

I feel that "Reunions, Inc." should send out corrected pages to rectify their errors and the grainy group pictures should be reprinted with a better quality of black and white, and the groups correctly identified.

Since our next reunion is a milestone in the history of the 385th Bomb Group, I suggest precautions should be taken to obtain better pictures. Proofs should be submitted to a "Memory Book Committee" and they should take special care to see that couples are correctly identified and that group pictures are clear and also correctly identified before mailing.

Those attending the Reunion that fail to get pictures taken on the day designated should be given 30 days to get their pictures into the hands of the photographer.

There is no reason for everyone to feel that they must submit to being cheated by poor quality and sloppy workmanship.

At the Reunion in Colorado Springs the pictures were in color. The quality was excellent, and they were sent out in good order and in a timely fashion. I hope that we can look forward to that same good quality of pictures at our 50th Reunion in Spokane, Washington.

Sincerely,

Herman W. Heckel
1427 Highland Villa Dr.
Pittsburgh, PA 15234

Dear Mr. Lyke:

"Ano Ai Kealoha!" (Greetings and Aloha!) from sunny and cool Hawaii! We just got back from a two weeks stay in London, England and had the most wonderful time there. We met an ex-Air Force soldier and his wife. We were going to Great Ashfield and he to Bury Saint Edmunds City and talk old times in England and told us he was in the 8th U.S. Army Air Force, first with the 385th Bombardment Group and later to 8th U.S. Army Headquarters in High Wycombe. I told him I was Japanese-American ancestry..when Japan bomb Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, I was already in the 11th Bombardment Group as a mechanic, but on that day the Japanese bombs were accurate with 75% of the planes destroyed and the 7th U.S. Army Air Force forced me to resign because we don't trust you and was given the "4-F's" status on December 15, 1941 and my parents were rounded just like cattles to the Sand Islands (near Honolulu) and stayed for two months and on March 21, 1942, the United States government quietly posted the first in an ominous series of "Civilian Exclusion Order" under number #9066 signed by Pres. Roosevelt under which 120,000 American or Japanese ancestry and "aliens" to be sent to America's "concentrations camps" in Hawaii and on the mainland. My Darents were sent to California's High Sierra-Nevada "Manzanar" Concentrations Camps with barb wire enclosed the machine gun towers..in spite of this I volunteered for the U.S. Army Air Force as soon they found-out we were "true" American citizens to 7th U.S. Army Air Force Headquarters at Hickam Field in Honolulu, Hawaii and told them I really mad about Japan and who sent my parents to America's "concentration camps" on the mainland U.S.A, and sent me to Aerial Gunnery School at Kingman City in Arizona and graduated with qualified for Expert in Gunnery training and was awarded the "Wing of an Aerial Gunnery", I joined 12 others to Salt Lake City for our crew assignments. Tail Gunners position on a B-17 or B-24 planes and from the 227th Headquarters Combat Crew Training School at Sioux City Army Air Base in Sioux City in Iowa, We had "hitch-hike" from Kearney in Nebraska, picking B-17-G to Belfast, Ireland, then went by boat to England for our assigned to the 385th Bombardment as a "replacement" tail gunner. I still recall our trip to Great Ashfield, or Eye, Honington or Mendlesham just once in London...until a "chicken colonel" came to see me and he talks Japanese very well..I was worried as I didn't do anythings expect being a Japanese-American??? And found out they were looking all Japanese-Americans who can speak and write the Japanese language and passed. He was from Office of Strategic Service (O.S.S.) from Fort Snelling in Minnesota. He was able to gather 12-Japanese-Americans while he was here, and "hitch-hike" with C-47 plane to Dover, Delaware then to Minneapolis, Minnesota to enrolled at Fort Shelling and Camp Savage for U.S. Intelligence Service School. After graduation in Camp Savage, I joined the Japanese-Americans soldiers and was sent to Officer Candidate School in Fort Benning in Georgia and returned to Camp Savage with the rank of Second Lieutenant and was put in charge of 12-Japanese Americans and was sent to the South Pacific. The main criteria to be in the Military Intelligence Service was fluency in the Japanese language and that is what made our role so secret..we scoured captured documents, letters, diaries or anything that could give the Allied Forces an indication of the enemy's strength and intent. In other situations, we interrogated captured Japanese soldiers..we go in the "front lines" with our por-

table PA Systems to tell the Japanese soldiers to surrender, etc. Although assigned to what was ostensibly a "covert intelligence unit"...we got more than my share of "front line action"...our unit was sent to Burma where our unit made daring parachute jumps behind the Japanese Army lines in order to train, arm and mobilize Chinese "guerilla" troops, among other duties. After the war, we were sent to Tokyo, to the Japanese criminals "war crimes trials" that lasted until early 1948.

This tour in England was very "nostalgia" for me as I was with the 8th U.S. Army Air Force and your 385th Bomb Group...we were in Great Ashfield City. We saw your 385th Memorial plaque in the church yards. Very Nice.

I'm retired but my wife is still working for Cove Marketing, Inc. The produces of LUAU and booking agent of talents for the Hilton Hawaiian Village Hotel (Tropics Surf Club Showroom now featuring CHARO..the "one hot tamale".)

May GOD richly bless you as you continue to serve HIM!

Mahakoonui loa & Aloha!
George and Joyce Iwamoto
8th Army Air Force & 6339th Unit
1105 "D" Rycroft Street
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814
U.S.A.

Dear John:

I would like to become associated with the 385th BGMA as an Associate Member. My \$10.00 check is enclosed with my application.

My interest comes from my early civilian experience working on B-17's at McClellan Field, Sacramento, Calif, in 1942. Later, with the 8th Air Force, in England, France & Belgium I mechanic'd many B-17's at various locations as one of a crew of Mobile Reclamation & Repair guys. I took numerous photographs in this time and one of them is the 385th B-17 "Rum Dum". It was taken either at Ghent, Belgium or Lille, France. Not really sure of the location, but it had to be in the winter of the "Battle of the Bulge" as there is snow on the ground. Number three engine is feathered and one Bomb Bay Door is lying on the ground covered with a light coat of snow. The aircraft is on jacks for I am guessing that it had made a forced landing with battle damage.

I just read Gene Silberbergs article in 8th AF News, Feb. 92 issue and was surprised to learn the interesting story of Forrest Keen's remarkable record of 106 missions without an abort. I am sorry that it is now impossible for me to meet this man. This airplane must have had a great ground crew as well as the air crewmen who flew it.

I would appreciate it greatly if any of the others, who were involved with "Rum Dum", having any more information about it would contact me.

Following our roving travels about England, France, Belgium & Holland I was returned to England and assigned to the 306th BG, 367th BF at Thurleigh. Our aircraft were a part of

the "Casey Jones" photo-mapping project that followed the end of the war. My assignment in the 367th was a "Squadron Technical Inspector" and resulted in a lot of Engineer/Observer flight time in those big beautiful birds. It was an experience I will never forget & it was my good fortune to be flying after the flack, ME-109's & FW-190's. ME-262's were all gone. It did give me a deep sense of appreciation for the air crew's "Sitting Duck" syndrome during combat missions. We all owe those guys a lot!

Thanks for the opportunity to become associated with the 385th BGMA.

Roland P. Harper
21995 Rodeo Ct.
Colfax, CA 95713
(916) 637-5141

Dear Ed,

Just read Hard Life Herald. About the information on Kentucky Wimer from myself, our tail gunner.

You know we very seldom hear from the mechanics that work on the ships. I would sure like to hear from the ones that worked on Kentucky Winner in Ghent, Belgium, 9/27/44 and let me know what was really wrong or what they found out, to bring it back to 385th.

For instance, we flew "Rum Dum" on Oct. 22, 1944 to Munster, Germany. It was over 7 hr mission. Engines ran beautifully. A few hrs from the base & #2 engine just up and quit (#2 engines bad luck). We did everything possible to start it, but to no avail.

Back in the hard stand I stayed with the ground crew to find out what was wrong. Right away we tear into the fuel lines. As I was looking up and separating one line, it comes apart & I get a face full of 120 aromatic fuel. Luckily, I closed my eyes in time & didn't get too much in the eyes. But I felt like a fool as the mechanics looked at me. Oh Well, what we found in one fuel line was ice blocking the passage to the Carburator. You would think it would have melted.

It was "Rum Dum's" 88th mission. So I hope if any of the mechanics that worked on Kentucky Winner to let me know please.

Dan Geyer
17151 Tulsa St.
Granada Hills, CA91344



Dear Ed,

Its been a while since I've written you. Perhaps you'll remember me as the former student of "Junior" Meyer who was a member of the 550th. As you'll see I've been busy putting together the enclosed book and thought that you might like a copy for the archives, especially since seven 385th crews ended up in Switzerland. The 550th squadron has the dubious honor of having the most crews (five) of any squadron that had planes ending up in Switzerland. In addition, you can see that I dedicated the book to Bob and his wife.

Please keep the book with my compliments. If there are any additions or corrections that I need to make, please let me know.

Perhaps you might find the book worthy of mentioning in the newsletter. The cost is \$18.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling (\$4.00 for priority mail) and is available from me at the address below.

I continue to read the newsletter from cover to cover. Keep up the good work.

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me.

Hoping that you had a restful and enjoyable vacation and that all is well with you, I wish you the best for the remainder of 1992.

Roy J. Thomas
 Historical Researcher
 USAAF in WWII
 W-6722 Highway 11
 Monroe, Wisconsin 53566
 Telephone: (608) 325-2527

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above refers to a huge piece of research done by Roy Thomas. It researches information as printed below on the 166 planes that landed in Switzerland

Plane Number 15

Type: B-17G
 Group: 385
 AF: 8th
 Crew: 10
 MACR #: 3246
 Serial #: 42-38160
 Squadron: 550
 Date: 16 Mar 1944
 Loss: FIGHTER
 Swiss Hours: 31.40

Nickname: LONESOME POLECAT*
 Base: GREAT ASHFIELD
 Mission: AUGSBURG
 Ditched: ZUGERSEE
 Disposition: CONSIDERED SCRAP**

Pilot:	1st Lt. ROBERT W. MEYER	0-672843	1
Copilot:	2nd Lt. BOYD J. HENSHAW	0-751997	1
Navigator:	2nd Lt. ROBERT L. WILLIAMS	0-744117	KIA 3
Bombardier:	T/Sgt. CARL J. LARSEN	18153997	1
Engineer:	S/Sgt. JOHN (nmi) MILLER, JR.	35316055	2
Radio:	T/Sgt. JOHN E. WELLS	14050266	0
Ball Turret:	S/Sgt. CHARLES W. PAGE	13065911	1
Right Waist:	S/Sgt. LOUIS B. LIENING	35623073	1
Left Waist:	S/Sgt. ELBERT E. MITCHELL	39406115	0
Tail Gunner:	S/Sgt. JARRELL F. LEGG	15116104	1

Other: Aircraft lost nose, ball turret and #4 engine as a result of fighter attack. Nine crew members bailed out. Lt. William's chute failed to open. Lt. Meyer brilliantly executed a textbook ditching and was able to get out of the plane before it sank. The Swiss rowed out and rescued him.

•This plane was retrieved from Lake Zug in 1952 by a Swiss businessman later called "Bomber Schaffner". He probably placed the name on the plane after it was repaired. **The plane was on display in Switzerland for 20 years. It was scrapped at St. Moritz in 1972.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Does anyone besides your Editor relate to this?



"Well, the children are grown up, married, divorced, and remarried. I guess our job is done."



Dear Editor Ed:

I am a recent member of the 385th Memorial Assn, and I find the "Hard Life Herald" bringing back memories which I had long ago thought I had forgotten.

I was originally a member of K.K. Dittmer's crew but was WIA and upon recovery I was assigned to N.W. Rosner's crew, but, also flew with several other crews as an extra replacement Bomb, or Nav. as was needed until I completed 35 missions.

I note on page 24 of April 1992 edition I am listed as Nav. on Rosewer's crew. Evidently we aborted this mission due to mechanical troubles.

On page 17 of this edition, the photo of the damaged helmet is the one I was wearing on the bomb run over Politz, Poland on 11 April 1944.

This mission was a very long one and I was lucky to have been wearing the "Flak" helmet and to have survived the injury, (11 % hrs).

Of course we all have stories of narrow escapes which usually bore anyone who did not participate in them.

I uncovered my "Lucky Bastard's" certificate signed by a few members in our Hut. I also have several photos of crew's and individuals.

Of note are several photos of farewell ceremonies for Col. Vandevanter which I had completely forgotten about.

Thanks for the memories,

Floyd A Schumaker
Rt2, Box 1685
Me Allen TX 78504
512-686-0690

Dear Mr. Stern,

Currently I am endeavoring to write an article relating to aerial activities over the county of Essex on the 21 st January 1945.

In this regard I wondered if you would kindly publish a request in the "Hard Life Herald" for any of the former members of the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association who could loan me photographs to copy and return of a B-17G "Slick Chick" of the 385th. BG to contact me.

The aircraft "Slick Chick" was B17G 42-102431 and it's navigator Jack Baugh, who I had the pleasure of meeting last year, landed by parachute near my home on that January morning in 1945.

As a matter of interest although I lived in Gosfield during the war, I was born in the village of Stanton in Suffolk, only a short distance from Great Ashfield.

Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours sincerely,

Ian C. MacTaggart
Craig-y-llyn,
Braintree Road,
Gosfield,
Halstead,
Essex
C09 1 PR

Tel: 0787 473658 (evenings)

Dear Mr. Stern,

Please let me introduce myself - I am Joy Brice (Nee Hawes). I have through a Computer System at our local Library - at last tracked down a book written by Ian Hawkins - The Munster Raid - Bloody skies over Germany. Many coincidences too long to relate, I have written to Ian Hawkins, who replied by return post. He suggested I write to you.

My Story

My family lived in Great Ashfield. I was baptized in Great Ashfield Church, went to school and Sunday school there. Left at the age of about 20. Went back for my wedding - lived in Somersd. I was about 10 years old when the war started.

When help was needed to build Great Ashfield areodrome, my mother worked there, digging ditches, mixing cement. After months of that, the powers that be decided that was too hard for a woman, so cleared sites, etc, ready for buildings, etc.

When base was finished and airmen arrived, my mother worked for American Red Cross helping with food, etc.

My Parents then went to live at the Thurlow Arms Great Ashfield. Nothing like Public Houses of today. My mother, of course, retired from American Red Cross and helped run the Thurlow Arms. We of course met hundreds of airmen. My Father let it be known any serviceman was welcome, in uniform. He didn't have to drink, just for the social occasion, of talking to people, play darts, etc. This offer was taken up by many servicemen, bringing their guitars - singing, etc.

I had 2 brothers in 1949-45 war, one on Arctic Convoys, etc in the Navy. My other brother in the Army British Intelligence, both in the thick of war. It was always known I had to treat servicemen as I would wish my brothers to be treated, where ever they were.

Joe was like one of our family. He shared times with us, in our sitting room as well as the bars, collected eggs, feed the animals, talked many times on his own with my father. These were called Joe's times - and I was not allowed to intrude.

I have made all arrangements in advance for any emergency that can arise - so that I can travel to Suffolk late Friday evening. May 15th, 1992, and attend the service of

dedication - Stained Glass Window in American Chapel, Great Ashfield, in memory of American who lost their life in 1939-45 War.

We haven't booked a hotel in Suffolk yet (My husband will go with me), but there is plenty of time to make a booking, no idea where we will stay yet.

My father's name was Conn Hawes, my mother's name was Eva, known to airman as MA OR MOM. My mother was known to local 'boys' as Mother. Why, I have no idea. A very strict lady, but both my parents were loved by all who met them.

I do appreciate your help, no idea what records you can send, but Thank You in advance.

Yours very sincerely,

Joy Brice
 Elsar
 22 Pallance Road
 Northwood
 Cowes
 Isle of Wight
 England
 PO318LN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an "update" from Joy given to us in England at the Reunion. She was able to identify "Joe" and now offers this additional information.

Anyone who has information, please write her.

Sgt. Joe Sturdivant 33128590
 548 Squadron 385th B. Group Great Ashfield
 Waist Gunner - "Half N Half"

Joe wounded on raid 13th Sept. 1944 Sindefinger. Died - Parachute didn't open. Plane down at Kentford Suffolk. Tech Sgt. George Barnett-1st mission.

Joe came from Virginia.

The above is the only information I have. I would like to trace details of Joe. Photographs and relatives, crew members, etc. any information will be greatly appreciated.

Please, can YOU help?

1939-1945, I was a child & teenager. I lived in Grt. Ashfield. My mother worked for American Red Cross, she left when we went to live at Thurlow Arms. Parent's names - Conn and Eva Hawes.

I help nurse my mother - 24 hours a day care. She is 92 years old. Has many memories - which she shares with us, of The Boys (her words).

Please, can you help me?

Mrs. Joy Brice
 Elsar
 22 Pallance Road
 Northwood
 Cowes
 Isle of Wight PO318LN
 England

On behalf of all children and teenagers in Grt. Ashfield 1943-1945. To ALL Airmen - I say THANK YOU. To us it speaks volumes. The impace you made on our village, people, and THE WAR.

Best wishes for a super trip.

Yours Sincerely,

Joy Brice
 (Nee Hawes)



Dear Ed,

In your issue of Feb. '92, Page 8, a letter from Ron McInnis, tailgunner on Jerry Steils crew, to Ian, indicated his ships name as "Miss Fortune". I'm wondering if that was the same ship we flew in with Homer Groening as our pilot.

We flew our 1st mission on June 7, 1944 and our last mission on Sept. 12, 1944. (35 in all).

Enclosed is a picture of my old flight jacket with the name "Miss Fortune" and some faded bombs painted on.

My records also indicate the flight on the French SPL's that Jack Surritt stated (on page 19) were as follows:

1. June 25th Take off 0435 Landing 1255 on oxygen 4/2 Hr.
2. July 14th take off 0415 landing 1315 on oxygen 5 hrs.
3. Aug. 1st take off 1000 landing 1910 on oxygen 4 hrs.

Sincerely,
 Fred Sloane
 PO Box 230
 Stow, NY 14785

Dear Ed,

My name is Jim Barrett. I was referred to you by another member of the 385th, Mr. John Messbauer from Plainview, NY.

I am writing in regard to my uncle, S/Sgt Edward A. Barrett of Brooklyn, NY, Tailgunner.

I wrote to John Messbauer after finding his name. Bomb Group and Squadron number in the Confederate Air Force Log book this last summer at McArthur airport on Long Island. I came because of the shows main attraction, the B-17G "Texas Raiders". Until this time I had merely 2nd hand information on the whereabouts of my Uncle Eddie. My Aunt Florence would tell me the plane was shot down over Germany and they saw 3 chutes but that's all anyone knew. They waited 2 years and gave his parents the Purple Heart for him. But Aunt Florence said they never recovered the plane. So the story went and nobody could find out because of enemy territory.

When the iron curtain fell, however, Eddie's little sister Florence, whom he wrote many letters to from England, has asked me to join her in trying to come to a resolution as to where our hero's destiny led him. In particularly I am looking for a man who flew in mission #67 to Rostock, who may have seen the plane get hit and the chutes go out and the navigational readings at that time. I hope that's not too big an order but it's the least I can try to do.

Eddie was with the 550th from his letters.

Messbauer says the Pilot Lt. Clearence S. McIlveen is listed as buried in the Netherlands cemetery near Mookstricht, Holland. According to the list of 385th missions flown #67 Rostock, did they find the plane? Did they find other crew members?

Messbauer also says that my uncle is listed on the wall of the missing in Cambridge, England. Does that mean he was never found?

Was Rostock bombed more than one time? Would local people in the area remember only one bombing? The other Pilot was John A. Terrace, was any of his crew captured or survived? Would local people remember only a few parachutes?

Please excuse me for all the questions but there is no one I know of who could answer but a few.

Eddie must have sent his Aunt Belle the enclosed Stars and Stripes newspaper clipping after the Schweinfurt Raid. They were credited so he must have been proud of being with his brothers.

The mentioned gunner Sullivan's parents would come and sit with my grandparents during '44 B '45 waiting for word, but nothing. Was Sullivan ever found?

The pictures are Aunt Belle B Eddie, on his last leave, and the only picture of the ship and crew I have. Eddie has his new mittens on (3rd from left). My uncle Eddie and I would

be honored if your association would keep this picture of the lost "Stars B Stripes" crew.

If you know of anyone or thing that can help me find the end of the story, please write.

Sincerely,

Jim Barrett
Southampton Painting Company
PO Box 524
Southampton, NY 11968
516-324-3174



Eddie Barrett



Stars B Stripes Crew



Eddie Barrett of "Stars & Stripes" Crew
Lost on Mission to Rostock, Feb. 24, 1944.



Dear Ed,

To mark the 50th anniversary of American Forces being stationed in England I have decided to try and trace relatives I have in the U.S.A.

My mother and family lived on the perimeter of Gt. Ashfield airfield and my father was stationed there.

Briefly my fathers name was Sgt. David Edward Rooney, was at Gt Ashfield from June 1943 - March 1945 and a gunner on a B-17. He was born in Chelmsford Mass, and lived there until he joined the army.

My mother and I travelled to the States in 1946 but returned 7 months later when things didn't work out.

When my mother died last year some letters came into my possession and I can see that she corresponded with someone up until 1968. I shall of course try these addresses but was wondering if you could supply me with the address of the records office in Washington.

I am going to try and attend the reunion at Gt Ashfield this month with the slight hope that someone may have known my father.

I have also been in touch with Ian Lachlan and he suggests I send him some photos which I am doing.

Hoping you can be of some assistance.

Yours Sincerely,

David Rooney
The Heath,
Woolpit,
Bury St. Edmunds,
Suffolk. IP30 9RN.
England

Dear Ed,

Once again a couple of days ago the February Hard Life Herald arrived through my letter box, as always I was most pleased to receive it, and am taking this opportunity to thank you and the officers for continuing to send it. It means a lot to us English friends to have this contact with you all, and reviving memories of times we have met.

We are looking forward to the visit of the 385th. to England, and hope the trip goes real well for you all. My wife Pat and I hope to be among the welcoming party at Great Ashfield on May 16th and 17th, and attending the Service at the church with you.

You may be interested to hear that the Hard Life Herald does not stay in my hands - our son lives in Oslo, Norway, and is a member of the Scandinavian Historic Flight. When I have read it I pass it on to him and he shows it to his Norwegian friends. They are all most interested in World War Two aircraft, and operate an A.26 Invader, P.51 Mustang, T.28 Trojan, and an A.T.6. They give displays in a number of European countries, and usually come over here twice a year to North Weald and Duxford.

Here's to good weather in May!

Yours Sincerely,

Reg Hammond
75, Bromeswell Road
Ipswich, Suffolk, IP43AU.

Dear Ed,

I read a letter written by E.R. Johnson on page 11, Feb. 1992. I was one of the victims of the barracks thieves when our crew was shot down June 12th, 1944 (Lt. L.E. Jackson's crew). I have been mad about the lack of security when crews were shot down. We lost a lot of personal belongings (pictures, money, personal belongings and etc.) that can never be replaced. I feel the same as E.R. Johnson when he called the 2 men human rats and vultures. Was anything ever done to them? I was mad as hell after all our crew went thru over there. If it wasn't for our pilot and his courage, I doubt if we would be here today.

We picked up a new B-17 in Georgia. Flew to Mitchel Field in New York, Labrador, Iceland to Ireland in April 1944 (about). One of our landing wheels wouldn't come down no matter what we tried. We were told to drop our ball turret in a lake outside of Belfast and come in on our belly. Jackson made a perfect landing! On our first mission as a CFew we flew to Berlin, got in trouble, lost 2 engines, and landed in the channel (ditched). Good landing as we all got out alive! June 12th, a mild run, we lost an engine, feathered it, got hit before target, caught on fire and had to bail out. Jackson stayed with the plane until we all got out. Caught in French village and became a POW for about 11 months.

When we bailed out we had a replacement for this mission, a Lt. Gerald Schafer who was our navigator. His parachute opened but his shroud lines were twisted and he went down and got killed. He was on his last mission. The Germans showed us his body. His parents came to see me after the war. It was very sad because they lost another son June 6th, D-Day. I read the newsletter everytime I get it but it doesn't mean much because we weren't with you very long before we got shot down. We didn't have time to meet anyone (only went on 8 missions). Guess that's why we don't go to the meetings. Well, I got a lot a steam out and I'm glad.

Sincerely,

Armando Marsilii

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since I was Exec. Officer of the 550th when this unfortunate incident occurred (I don't remember hearing anything about it, although I may have), it's worth explaining what I remember about our procedure for picking up MIA belongings.

All GI issue belongings were turned back to Supply for reissue-clothes, equipment, etc. Everything else was gathered up, packed, and shipped home. This included anything that looked personal, clothes that may have been purchased, pictures, watches, tools, money-anything that wasn't "GI". We tried to be careful to get everything. Our First Sergeant picked up the Enlisted Men's belongings, I picked up the Officers'. We did not go into the barracks until the surviving crews returned to help identify the missing men's beds (there were 16 officer beds and 32 enlisted beds in each barracks, as I remember).

In many cases, arrangements had been made beforehand with buddies-"You take this and that if I go down". We didn't question these arrangements, and we felt comfortable if we found that belongings had been traded around. We all had a good deal of trust in each other, which was justified by the fact that we never had any claims of losses by theft, although the potential was substantial, giving the close living quarters.

The other 3 Squadrons probably did things the same, although I can't speak for them. One of the things we 4 Execs should have done and didn't was to have gotten together to talk over our mutual operations. We operated pretty separately now that I think of it-we could have helped each other a good deal by sharing ideas. Maybe each of us had our own little secrets-who had a reserve stash of coal, who knew a method for getting stains off urinals, who figured out a better way of censoring mail, etc.

At our Reunions over the years, I've had one or two fellows comment that they were glad to find something of theirs had been sent home. The most memorable one was from one of the Officers who had just come into the Squadron, was shot down after 2 or 3 missions by the German jets that hit in early '45. As he floated down in his chute, he said he wondered who got the winnings from his poker luck (it was either \$400 or 400 pounds-I don't remember which). He had stashed it in the sleeve of a GI shirt, and I had felt the lump when I picked it up to return it to the Supply Room. It was mighty pleasant to have him single me out and hear the nice things he said! Since he was on a brand new crew, he didn't know anyone except his crew, and he had figured "easy come, easy go".

I hope that the Johnson and Marsilii experience was a "one of a kind".

EDITOR'S NOTE: More Croix de Guerre information.

Dear Ed,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I received from the Defense Attache Office at the Embassy of the United States of America in Paris, France. I had written to Congressman Dean Gallo's constituent representative on January 23, 1992 regarding the lack of a reply to my request to the American Embassy in Paris. This answer I am sure is a result of the efforts of Dean Gallo and his constituent representative, Molly Newell Singlering.

Perhaps now we will get an answer to our request to petition the French Government for the award of the Croix de Guerre to the 385th Bomb Group. I will keep you advised of any further developments.

Sincerely,

Elmer Snow
139 Runnymede Rd
West Caldwell, NJ 07006

Dear Ed,

With Bob Lopiano, our tail gunner, I want to thank you for putting "Belle of the Blue" on the newsletter masthead. I was the ROG on crew 7 of the 548th., Wm. Swope, pilot, Billy Ruby, Co-pilot.

We flew the Belle overseas and I believe that all of my 25 missions but two were on our ship.

We kept her in good shape. Joe McLavish, our engineer, and our ground crew chief, Rene Bazinet, managed to have her red-lined when we weren't scheduled for a mission. Between July-December, 1943, I don't believe any other crew got to fly her, except perhaps on a practice mission.

Incidentally, have you ever run into anyone at the reunions who has a copy of the orders sending the 385th overseas. Maybe someone like Frank Wall might have kept them.

All the original crews are listed. I carried a set around with me when I got back to the states. They were lost when I made my last change of station from Lockbourne AFB, Columbus, Ohio, to Granada AFB, Mississippi.

That transfer was a shock, as you can imagine. From a real country club of a base in Ohio to the pits in piney northern Mississippi. Granada, about 60 miles south of Memphis, Tenn., had been a training base that was closed. Senator Bilbo got it reopened, so there would be some jobs in the area.

I was only there briefly, as I went to Kennedy General Hospital at Memphis to try to get discharged. (I did when the points went down to 85.)

The ATC was flying in A-26s which had barely seen combat in France to be "pickled" at Granada.

The A-26s had been taken away from their crews so suddenly that there was loot stashed all over the planes, lugers, leica cameras, etc.

MPs met each plane that was flown in from Savannah, Georgia. Of course, the MPs then got the loot, not the ground crews.

Cliff Bergere, the 500-mile Indy driver, was an engineering officer at Granada. He had a Cord with a Miller racing engine in it and used to chase the planes down the runway.

There was not much for a beat-up radio-gunner to do, so they put me to work assembling tech orders. The Air Force required each base to have a full set of every tech order in existence, of course, box after box of them.

We were up in a loft in a hanger with 95° heat and 100% humidity. No wonder I wound up in the hospital.

Amazing, how easy it is to recount these events that happened almost 50 years ago.

See you in Spokane in '93.

John A Richardson
1517 Capitol WayS. 605
Olympia, WA 98501

Dear Ed,

In the last issue of Hard Life Herald Vol. XIX, No. 2, Page 17, a photo appeared at the bottom right hand corner of this page.

In the picture the officer in the cab of the ambulance is unidentified, as indicated by the "?" mark.

He was Captain Ray Williams, Flight Surgeon of 551st. He was a great guy and friend. We enjoyed many bull sessions.

After joining the 385th Memorial Association, I found his address (he was a member) and corresponded with him. We relived old experiences by letter, but we never got to visit each other.

Last July, 1991, I received a letter from his wife (widow) that Ray had died from dementia resulting from stroke(s).

For any of his friends who would like to write her, here is her address:

Mrs. C. Ray Williams
No. 6 Riviera Circle
Little Rock, Arkansas 72205

Ray was a fine doctor, good soldier, and valued friend. I wish that I had visited him before his death. What a bull session we could have enjoyed!

Sincerely,

Frank B. Crawford, M.D.
Broadway Professional Bldg.
2421 Broadway
Paducah, Kentucky 42001

Dear Ed,

I just became aware of the 385th BGMA. I was a gunner in the 551 st in 1944-45.

Do you have a directory or newsletters so that I might locate my old crew members reunions?

Thanks,

Russ Hill
1316 Holman
Leavenworth, KS 66048

EDITOR'S NOTE: Any of Russ' crew, please get in touch with him. We had no roster to send to him.

Dear Ed,

Every so often I go back through some of the issues of Hard Life Herald. In the May, 1991 issue I rediscovered several things of interest to me. On page eight I found that the 385th was formed at Geiger Field in Feb. 1943.

I started as a gunner there with Lt. Shankle as my pilot. This makes me believe that I am one of the original members of the 385th. Later on Leo LaCasse replaced Lt. Shankle. I believe that our original crew consisted of Shankle, Heuser (?), Zorn, Roth, Tex Blansit, John Lucy (?), E. Cavanaugh (?), Ralph Baxter, Bill Sweeney and myself.

We picked up A/C 230250 from the factory and flew it to England. It became the "Yank" and our crew appeared in the "Yank" magazine. On page 24 it is listed as having hit a truck. I question this because, on an early mission, we received a 20 MM in a gas tank, left the formation and headed home. If my memory serves me correctly, arriving in England, we could not get our gear down and crash landed at an English Air Base.

It may have been restored but I called Leo Lacasse and he did not think so. I know that it was not restored prior to my completing my missions.

Our second ship was named "Lady Ann" after Le Lacasse's wife. I believe that this went down late with Heuser, Roth, Blansit and Lucy on it.

On page 6 I remember when Leo LaCasse was replaced by I believe a Capt. Klohe. I met him later and a Maj. at Davis Monthan in Tuscon, Ariz. I believe he was flying a NR C-97 at that time.

Because of scheduling by our operations I was able to complete my 25 before some of the others.

How can I obtain a list of the 25 missions that I actually participated in? Also would appreciate any one that can put me in touch with Earl Cavanaugh.

Really enjoy receiving the Hard Life Herald. If things go well, I expect to be there at the 50th reunion.

Sincerely,

Charles Hill Jr.

Some may remember me as the gunner who lost a finger in the radio room foot locker over Great Falls, Montana in April '43.

Dear Ed;

Met Cas Deutschman, a former member of the 385th who was personally acquainted with "Honky Tonk Sal", at our 50th anniversary of the founding of the 8th Air Force here in Savannah on 1-28-42, when we celebrated the last week in Jan. '92. He is also looking for a picture of "Honky Tonk Sal" if anyone can help him out.

C.S. Deutschman
205 Pazdur Blvd. W.
Romy, NY 13440

My thanks,

Joe Jones

385th BGMA

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