

BACK TO THE SACK
OHIO AIR FORCE
SKY GODDESS
HONEY TONE SAL
HESITATEIN' HUSSY
GROUND HOG
BIG GAS BIRD
STAR DUST
LIBERTY BELLE
ANGELS SISTER
GREMLIN BUGGY II
HIT PARADE JR
ROUNDTRIP TICKET
RAUNCHY WOLF
"HAYBAG" ANNIE
LITTLE AUDREY
HUSTLIN' HUSSY
LEADING LADY
OLD SHILLEAGH I

THE BLACKJACKER
THUNDERBIRD
GOLDEN GOOSE
WAR HORSE
HEAVENLY BODY
CROWBOUND
MISS AMERICA
PREGNANT PORTIA
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
LONESOME POLKCAT

OFF SPRING
WANDERING DUCHESS
MARY ELLEN
DRAGON LADY
WINNIE THE POOBIE
MARY PRY
SUGAR JO

CURLY'S KIDS
BLUR CHAMPAGNE
YANK
GELDING
STARS AND STRIPES
DORSAL QUEEN
EARES BREATHE
SLY FOX

MR. SMITH
SUGAR JO

THEOROBRED

HARD LIFE

SKY CHIEF
PERRY'S PIRATES
GIZMO
MADAME SBOO SBOO
PAT PENDING
POSSIBLE STRAGGET
HOMESICK ANGEL
LATEST RUMOR
MAIDEN AMERICA
MISSION BELLE
OL' RUM DUM

MR. LUCKY
BARBARA B
SHACK HUNNY
SOUTHERN BELLE
HELLS BELLS
PIN UP GIRL

SLO JO
ROGER THE DODGER
MICKY
HALF AND HALF
SLEEPTIME GIRL
MICKY II
SLEEPTIME GAL
FOOLISH VIRGIN
RAGGED BUT RIGHT

OLD SHILLEAGH II
SWEET CHARLOT
MISSISSIPPI MISS
SATAN'S MA'N
SLICK CHECK
KITTY'S REVENGE

THE JOKER
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'
MARY ELLEN II

HERALD

KENTUCKY WINNER
PISTOL PACKIN MAMA
TARGET FOR TONIGHT
JUNIOR
OL' DOODLE BUG
RAGGED BUT RIGHT
SWINGING DOOR

RELUCTANT LADY
RUBY'S RAIDERS
LULU BELLE

CRASH WAGON III
IMPATIENT VIRGIN

BELLE OF THE BLUE

ALICE VICTORIA

NEWSLETTER OF THE

385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION



COMBAT UNITS

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

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**17th Biennial Reunion
385th Bomb Group
Memorial Association**

**Savannah, Georgia
April 11-15, 1999**

was a great success

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PAST PRESIDENTS *DECEASED
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*Frank B. Walls
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*James E. Emmons
*Paul Schulz
Forrest V. Poore
William A. Nicholls
*Earl L. Cole
Sam Lyke
Sid Colthorpe
Robert C. Smith
Bob Valliere

Chaplain Sez

Hello from Washington (the state)!!

The reunion at Savannah, GA is past and the time there and now is going by fast and there is nothing we can do about it. Right?!

I have always prided myself on my equilibrium. Standing on my head, balancing on one leg and driving straight. But as time passes I find my equilibrium is not what it used to be. Now when I take off my trousers I need to lean on the wall or something to take off one leg at a time or lose my balance. I know that the time is coming when I will need to depend on others to help me balance many things. As time marches on so does our dependence on others. It is part of being human.

But if we keep in mind the words of the author of the book of Hebrews we will find strength to face each new development in our lives. It reads in Hebrews 13:5 & 6 as follows:

"Don't fall in love with money. Be satisfied with what you have. The Lord has promised that he will not leave us or desert us. That should make you feel like saying, 'The Lord helps me! Why should I be afraid of what people can do to me?'"

Peace and tranquility to you all

Love

Jim Vance

REUNION NOTES

BY Ed Stern

Dedication of our 385th Memorial at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum was the highlight of the Reunion held April 11-15 in Savannah. Secretary George Hruska and his son "Young" George took over as hosts after the sudden death of Joe Jones, who had proposed Savannah as the site of our 17th Reunion.

Our Memorial, an imposing structure of polished black granite in a very unusual design which featured our 3 trees in green on the front of the memorial, seemed very outstanding to all of the more than 300 members who attended the dedication. Chaplain Jim Vance gave a stirring eulogy to our lost comrades, including the 49 who have died since our last reunion.

The Wednesday evening banquet, with BG Victor E Renuart as speaker, was a memorable occasion. General

Renuart, Commanding Officer of the 347 Wing at Moody Air Force Base, commands over 5200 military and 800 civilians. He reminded us that we were the age and generation of his charges grandparents, and we should be very proud of the great young people now serving in the Air Force. His Command is actively involved in the present troubles in Kosovo and Serbia. Incidentally, 17 1/2% of his personnel are women.

British visitors Roy and Di Barker assured us that our three trees and the Great Ashfield Church will survive in perpetuity, supported by a \$65,000 Trust Fund which they supervise. The roof was recently replaced at a cost of \$15,000.

Our appreciation to President Mike Gallagher for his leadership was expressed with a standing ovation. The Hruskas were again thanked for the planning and execution of another smooth-running reunion. Sam & Mary Lyke's efforts in handling finances and registration were acknowledged.

At the business meeting, officers were elected as follows: Tom Newton, Pres; Leo LaCasse, 1st VP; Marvin Tipp, 2nd VP; Maurice Nysether, 3rd P; Bill Varnedoe, 4th VP; George Hruska, Sec. Emeritus; Jerry Mudge, Sec; Vern Philips, Treas; and Darla Newton, Ass't to President. Financial reports were presented, and a balance in the treasury of \$6,843.81 as of April 10th was shown.

The Executive Committee was authorized to consider Albuquerque and Houston as possible sites for the 2001 Reunion. A trip to England was discussed as a possibility, and it was pointed out that it is not too soon to think about the 2003 reunion location.

Dues were increased to \$20.00 per year with Life Members being encouraged to continue paying dues if able. A resolution concerning our dissolution was discussed and will be reprinted in this issue.

A goodly number of "first-time" attenders were at Savannah. A special highlight was hearing from the 19 former POWs who gave short summaries of their experiences. Did any of the rest of you notice that a couple of those POWs went down in August 1943? That's a LONG time as a POW.

Roger Feller, who organized and set up our Memorial in Perle, and Any Ryan, whose brother died in the mid-air collision over Perle, attended the reunion and told us what we will find when we visit there. A number of our members have already been there.

And we should again thank the high school honor guard and bagpipers who added a good deal of color to our meeting.

BULLETIN BOARD

NOTICE OF DUES INCREASE

By overwhelming vote of the members present at the Savannah Biennial Reunion, membership dues have been increased from \$15.00 to \$20.00 effective as of next dues payment.

Recognizing that this could not be applied to Life Members who have paid \$100.00 and are freed of annual dues payments, the Life Members present at the meeting nevertheless expressed a desire either (1) to pay another \$100.00 to continue annual dues exemption or (2) to pay the increased dues annually. This is purely voluntary, but a number of \$100.00 payments have already been made

The dues increase and the voluntary Life Member payments will put the 385th BGMA back on a sound financial footing.

FUTURE ISSUES OF HARDLIFE HERALD

We keep adding to our store of material for future newsletters. Keep sending it — makes the job of editor easy — mostly now a matter of deciding what to hold for the next issues. The way it's coming, we might go to more than 6 issues a year unless Treasurer Vern objects.

NEXT REUNION SITE

Houston and Albuquerque were nominated for the 2001 Reunion, with a "show of hands" indicating Houston was favored. It was decided that the Executive Board should decide later. And it was pointed out that it wasn't too early to start thinking about the 2003 Reunion.

NEW ROSTER

An updated list of members is in the works and will be coming out in the next few months.

I'M SORRY

Chaplain Jim reports that he left Richard A Knight's name off the list read at the Memorial Service, and apologizes for the omission.

DON'T MISS IT!!!

You who went to the Savannah Reunion may have already received "Midnight in the Garden of Good & Evil" about Savannah and its people. A good read.

MEMORY BOOK & VIDEO

Both a memory book and a videotape of the Savannah Reunion are available.

If you want the Videotape (2 hours of the reunion plus interviews with members, call Raines Video Productions at 1-800-654-8277. Price is \$29.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling, with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

For the memory book, call 1-334-653-7486 or write Reunion Services, Box 759, Theodore, AL 36590-0759. Price is \$20.00.

REUNION PICTURES

We've received a wonderful bunch of pictures from you who were at the Reunion, and they'll be run in this and future Hardlife Heralds. We apologize for the number of pictures with your editor — just be happy we didn't run all that we received.

IT'S A FACT

The 8th Air Force flight crews had a higher percentage of casualties than any branch of the service during WWII. There were 340,000 persons in the 8th Air Force, of whom 135,000 were combat crewmen. Of this 135,000, more than 26,000 were killed and 28,000 became P.O.W.'s....a loss ratio of 40%.

457TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

The 457th Bomb Group Association was formed by Homer Briggs and Ken Rurode in Arkansas in 1971. The association exists today and is active with hundreds of members. The most recent reunion was held in Oct. 1997 in Savannah, GA and was attended by 421 persons.

Any veteran crewmember of the 457th desiring to join the Association or anyone who wishes to join as an associate member should contact: The 457th Bomb Group Association, 811 NW "B" Street, Bentonville, AR 72712. Attn: Homer Briggs.

ARTICLE XI OF THE BYLAWS**Dissolution**

Section 1: Dissolution of the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association shall be accomplished in accordance with the following Procedure.

(a) Notice of the proposed dissolution shall be given to the members of the Executive Board in writing, and shall be published for the Association's membership in the Hardlife Herald, in each case no less than sixty (60) days prior to the meeting at which the proposal is to be considered.

(b) Dissolution must be approved by a majority of the Executive Board.

© Dissolution must be approved by two-thirds of the paid-up members present and voting at the biennial reunion meeting at which the proposal is considered.

Section 2: Upon approval of the dissolution of the Association, the Executive Board shall, after paying or making provisions for the payment of all the liabilities of the Association, dispose of the remaining assets of the Association by giving said assets to any organization operated exclusively for charitable, educational, religious or scientific purposes under the provisions of the United States of America Internal Revenue Law or Regulations with particular consideration being given to the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Endowment Trust Fund of Suffolk, England, The Friends of the Eighth (FOTE) of England, The Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, and The American Air Museum in Britain.

Section 3: As its final act, the Executive Board shall report to the membership in writing.

(a) Advising of the Association's dissolution,

(b) making an accounting of the winding up of the Association's affairs, and

© announcing the identity of the donees of the Association's assets and the amount received by each.

ARTICLE XII**Certification of Adoption**

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association, properly noticed and duly convened, in Naples, Florida on March 8, 1996 the foregoing Amended Bylaws were adopted for the governance of the association.

Robert A. Valliere, President
George Hruska, Secretary

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The 385th members that attended the Groups 17th biennial reunion in Savannah enjoyed a memorable occasion. The hotel, its facilities and staff were first rate. The hospitality room with its wide expanse of windows overlooking the river was a favorite place to congregate, renew old acquaintances, hanger fly and the home of the \$1.00 drink. The Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum is outstanding, a must for former 8th Air Force personnel. The dedication of our memorial monument was tastefully done. The monument is beautiful. It is one that will instill pride in the 385th.

The reunion was a difficult fete with no local host. Thanks to a great group of officers and members such as President Mike Gallagher who worked tirelessly for the last two years. Like so many of our Past Presidents, Mike was an excellent leader, keeping us focused on the alligator and not on the swamp. Also, thanks to George Hruska & son George Jr, Sam Lyke and his registration crew, Chaplain Jim Vance, Hardlife Herald Editor Ed Stern, Monument Chairman bob Valliere, Treasurer Vern Philips, the \$1.00's did add up, and last but certainly not least, Marian Gallagher for the talent show at the women's breakfast, it was the talk of the reunion. So much laughter occurred that the men holding their business meeting in the next room could hardly conduct their meeting. It has been a pleasure working with these fine people the last two years. I was honored to be elected your President. The traditions of the 385th are important to me.

After all the years since 1945, the 385th is an organization that we all can be proud of having a part in. Often the dust clouds of present problems obscure the memories of the past. However, the Hardlife Herald and the reunions help to refresh our recollections. Let's keep the memories alive.

Now on to our plans. Hopefully, in the next issue of the Hardlife Herald we will have more detail about the 385th's forthcoming tour to England, Normandy, France and Luxembourg. We are tentatively considering having it next year (2000) during the month of June. If you are interested in such a tour I would appreciate a card from you.

Our next regular reunion will be in 2001. We presently have a proposal from Houston and one from Albuquerque we are considering. As soon as the decision is reached we will have it in the Hardlife Herald.

Wishing you all my best,

Tom Helman
President, 385th BGMA

PROFILES

OF OUR NEW PRESIDENT

I have had people ask em about my background and involvement with the 385th. With that in mind I suggested to our good Hardlife Herald Editor Ed Stern that a profile column of our officers may be of interest to our members, he agreed. Therefore I am asking all the officers to prepare a profile and mail it to Ed. As President, I will lead off. So here goes.

I have lived in the great State of Oregon all my life except while in service. Immediately upon graduation from high school in June of 1943, I joined the Army Air Corp, cadet program to become a hot shot fighter pilot. I survived Shepard Field Texas, CTD at Montana State University. Went to Santa Ana, CA for preflight where my whole class was phased out.

I arrived at the 385th on February 13, 1945 as a flight engineer and top turret gunner with the Lt. Harold A. Kay crew and was assigned to the 549th Squadron. Our first combat mission was March 10, 1945 to Soest. My ninth and last regular combat mission was March 30, 1945 to Hamburg. During the first part of April, 1945, the pilot Harold A. Kay, the copilot, the radio operator and myself received lead crew training Finishing it in time to fly lead on several of the food drop missions to Holland. My first food drop mission was May 1, 1945 to Rotterdam with another crew. I do not know who's crew it was, maybe one of you can tell me. Lt. Col. John Thrift was aboard flying as command pilot. My second food drop was May 2, to Hilversum-utrecht with Major Frank Walls flying as command pilot with my crew. It was on that mission our group was fired upon by German forces and it counted as combat mission.

After the war I used the GI bill to attend Linfield College where I met and married my college sweetheart, Darla. We both graduated earning our degrees. We have two daughters and three grandchildren. For the next 35 years I worked in the Savings & Loan business, serving 22 years as President and CEO of a multi-office S & L Association with branches in and serving four western Oregon counties. During that time I served as State President of the Oregon Savings & Loan League.

I have been involved with civic and hobby activities, serving on Dallas City Council for 16 years, President of Dallas Rotary with 28 years of perfect attendance. I got my pilots license shortly after the war and have been flying ever since. I am single & multi-engine rated, and have my own airplane, a Piper Cherokee. I served as State President of the Oregon Pilots Association. I am currently an officer in Civil Air

Air Patrol, and our county sheriff aero-squadron. I am an antique and collector car buff. I have a number of old cars including Nash, Packard, but mainly Studebaker. Of course I have to be loyal to Studebaker because they build many of the Wright Cyclone engines that took such a beating but still got us home on our beloved B-17s.

We, the survivors of the "Greatest Generation" have a lot to be thankful for.

Tom Helman



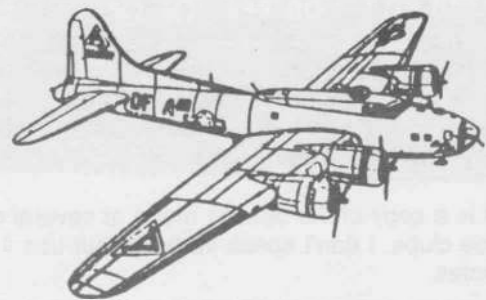
548th Engineering Department Mini-Reunion
Pooler, GA - September 8-11, 1998

8th Air Force Museum

Front L to R: Martin Girson, Martin Bridger, Sid Carney, Dale Leggett, Charles Huber.

Back L to R: Herbert Granger, Forbes Tenbrook, David Beam, Wayne Detwiler, Jake Maddox, Sam Lucke.

Missing from photo - Herman Seiderer



EDITOR'S NOTE: Myron sent a great navigation map evidently used for a food drop mission, but we couldn't reproduce it - left it at the Savannah Reunion and it disappeared.

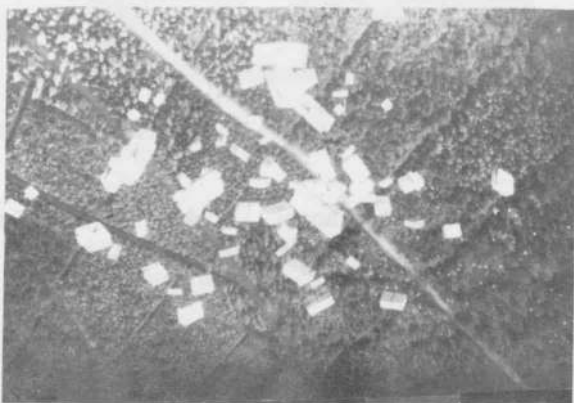
Dear Ed,

Don't know who put this map together, if you unfold, it's a "puzzle" to refold into a compact form. As you can see this was originally used by Gen. Gerhart, (93rd Wing Commander), probably as he led either the Third Division or Wing; part of his mission is somewhere among the folds. Why I used this as navigator on the camera ship during the food drop is beyond me; possibly because it is extremely accurate and perfect for low level navigation.

Hope you can put this to use somewhere, some place, along with the photos. Appears we scattered a lot of Pillsbury on the runways; also working at Wing I fell heir to low level bomb strike result photos taken by re-con fights; let me know if you want any for the archives.

Keep in touch, your interest is most rewarding.

Myron Loyet
10254 Parkinson Ave
Whittier, CA 90605
562-941-1892



Many moon ago my wife and I attended two 385th Reunion trips to Great Ashfield, one of which was coordinated by Al Chelander. On a visit with you I indicated a planned narrative of a Mid-Air collision for my grandchildren and would send you a copy—well that time has finally materialized.

Attached is a copy of the speech made at several of our local service clubs. I don't speak verbatim but use it more or less as notes.

Some bio information you may be interested in - inducted into the army on February 28, 1942 and after a year as a battalion clerk, became an Army Air Corps Cadet.. Assigned to Santa Ana Air Base, California for preflight, primary flight



And basic flight training in California. Was reclassified as a navigator but first graduated as an aerial gunner at Las Vegas Air Base in Nevada. Graduated and was commissioned a navigator from Ellington Field at Houston Texas, assigned to a B-17 crew McDill Field, Tampa, Florida then sent to England as replacement crew with the 385th Bomb Group, 550th Squadron, Great Ashfield on June 1944 and began combat in July 1944.

SURVIVING A MIDAIR COLLISION OVER GERMANY

There is always an apprehensive feeling when this presentation is given because relating a personal experience has the earmarks of self gratification. This all came about when our Lions Club was without a speaker and a fill in was needed;

the response and reaction, especially from the 30-40 year olds, was rewarding in that their interests in "Ancient History" was unbelievably high; as a result of the "grapevine" there have been several presentations with more scheduled.

Since surviving a mid air took all of about 20 seconds, I have brought a bit of show and tell memorabilia.

Again to fill in more than 20 seconds of the topic I would like to create a word picture, sort of a composite, of a bombing mission with the 8th Air Force over Germany.

Our crew was a squadron and group lead so a charge of quarters would wake all the lead navigators and bombardiers about 4:30 am, which was an hour earlier than the remainder of the 10 man crews.

England is a beautiful country but not at 4:30 in the morning. A truck picked the two of us up 15 minutes later for breakfast. We were a small number (Lead Navigators & Bombardiers) so breakfast was excellent with fresh eggs and all the trimmings. Target study was around 5:30. This was the reason for the early wake-up for it was absolutely essential that all check points to the target were memorized to avoid look alike camouflaged targets and smoke pot coverage.

All crew members, including lead, then had regular briefing around 6:30, then off to dress in flight gear around 7:99, (heated suit, flying suit, May West and Parachute harness). Trucks took us to the aircraft for start engines around 7:45, taxi to the end of the runway around 8:00 for take-off. (If you would like a real thrill, sit in the nose of a loaded bomber and wait for lift-off at the end of the runway or 95 MPH whichever comes first). Group assembly, 36 to 38 planes, coming up individually through fog and clouds took a lot of time. About 9:45 it was coast out; now in group formation, (36-38 planes), at 10,000 ft altitude in your position in the bomber stream, now it's over the channel gaining bombing altitude of 26,000 feet.

About here in the composite mission things began to be different. This was our 23rd mission on the 21st of November, 1944. A marshaling yard at Wetzlar, which is north of Frankfurt. Gunners began complaining the low echelon lead, his first time in that position, was underneath and too close. We were all on a first name basis and the intercom rattled many times, Cliff, (Cliff Foss, pilot) pull up, pull up, he's too close.

The first hint of disaster was the bombardier rushing past and, like where's he going, and was probably on the escape hatch door on impact. There was a moment of darkness, the fortress seemed to hesitate, then shuddered and shook like a dog shedding water, the plexiglass nose and side windows shattered with an immediate jet stream blast of 55 degrees below zero coming through the nose section and out the escape hatch, causing all the accumulated dirt, maps and any loose equipment to whirlwind and disappear out the hatch.

My first impression and reaction was, we're going down and all I need to do is get one hook of my chest chute on the harness and if this .ship blows I'll be okay, then began

unplugging my heated suit, throat mike and oxygen, ready to Bail—fortunately the last item to unplug was the headset, when the pilot called for salvo the bombs and give me a heading home. I hit the salvo switch and said, take 270 degrees which was due west to somewhere in England. After the salvo, with the lighter load, the plane was pulled out of the dive and now there was no need to bail. We are heading home. I hooked up to my walk-around oxygen bottle to get out of the "wind tunnel" and immediately the bottle went out the escape hatch. The bombardier wasn't going to need his oxygen so hooked up to his to make another attempt, only to lose that bottle along with the heated gloves. Each time I tried to get out of the wreckage through the cat walk door, I was drawn and pushed toward the open escape hatch. Finally the co-pilot came off the flight deck and caught me coming through the cat walk door and pulled me up to the flight deck.

The pilot went to the waist and I flew pilot seat (I had pilot training in primary & basic) and had the first glimpse of the damage - two port side engines were feathered with badly bent props that had cut our low echelon leader to bits. The front end of the nose section gone and the bombardier and engineer no longer aboard.

It's difficult to put this all in proper sequence, but most of my story happened in just a few minutes. A letter through the Red Cross by the bombardier, now a P.O.W. indicated some unhappiness that the salvoed bombs fell around him, one scraping his side. Good thing he had not popped his chute and the bombs were unarmed. I looked at the co-pilot and could tell he wasn't going to be much help, so was happy I had some pilot training. An explanation is in order regarding the co-pilot. He had been a first pilot and on one of his early missions had to go back to base and get a replacement gunner, for some unknown reason they went in wheels up. That was the end of that mission. A few weeks later, was shot up badly and ditched in the channel - operations felt he was "snake bit". Made him a co-pilot and assigned him to our crew. Squadron buddies said they wouldn't fly with him but my reply was - he always comes back alive. Operations declared his missions complete after this and he was sent back to the states.

Anyone can fly an airplane once airborne so we were chugging merrily along except for one thing - going over the Ruhr Valley, where their big steel foundries were located. Flak began to hit us and immediate evasive action was taken, up and down, right and left bank. When we noticed no change in the air speed indicator, the low lead had knocked off our pitot tube and had been really flying by the seat of our pants, in trying to save altitude with only two engines, could have easily stalled the big bird.

The reason our pilot went to the waist was an intercom call to help get the ball turret gunner out of his jammed turret. The impact had spun the ball, knocking off all his power, oxygen and intercom. We had dropped from 26,000 feet to about 20,000 feet. Another intercom call came to drop to about 15,000 feet so the gunner could live. When the turret was manually cranked around and the gunner was pulled out

Out, he had a cigarette dangling from his lips and in a dazed state said, "I thought all you S.O.B.'s had bailed out and I was having one last cigarette.

You may wonder how collisions like this happened. Most occurred over England during assembly. There is a map of all the air bases in England, many within 5 to 7 miles of each other with traffic patterns nearly overlapping. You have to remember here were 20-21 year olds flying 4 engines through cloud cover on instruments.

Over Germany it was an absolute necessity to fly tight formation. German fighter formations could be seen 1000 yards out cruising along our bomber stream looking for a loose formation or stragglers. This was our low lead's first mission in this position. In his attempt to fly tight, he was under us more than at our tail position. He apparently miscalculated his high vertical stabilizer and our protruding ball turret. On impact it created a flip upward into our props which must have killed all in the forward section of the low lead aircraft instantly—apparently three had bailed successfully and became P.O.W.s.

Everything loose was tossed overboard to lighten the load and we reached the English Channel with altitude to spare. The pilot came forward now and took over. Not knowing if the hydraulic system would keep our wheels down, crash landing positions were taken and again with God as our co-pilot, two engines out, both on the left side, no air speed indicator, a great landing on our home base was made with no further problems on this mission. We didn't fly again for three weeks to calm rattled nerves. The next mission was nervous time and the 18 year old gunners needed their 26 year old "dad" (me), to keep them off the intercom.



Although this ship managed to get home after a mid-air collision, the Bombardier and Engineer bailed out before the pilot rescinded his bail out order



Ed Tofslie-Engineer, Gail Anderson-Tail, James Shover-Bombardier, Bill Sanders-Ball Turret gunner, Cliff Foss-Pilot, Ted Otto-Radio, Allen Hubbard-Co-Pilot, John Sittorech-Waist Gunner, Myron Loyet-Navigator, George Shulman-Waist gunner.



B/G FRED CASTLE AND THE CREW OF "TREBLE FOUR"

After many long hours, of literally "touching all his bases", to refine the strategies of air, midnight finds the new Brigadier approaching his "operations room" and passing through it's door where he was soon to learn of the mighty undertaking that the morning held in store.

He quickly asked questions, on weather, targets, leaders, and position.. The answers told him what he needed to know about the scope of this most important mission.

Eighth Air Force Mission number 760, a "Maximum Effort" was the order! Now came the planning to get this greatest ever airborne fleet, across the German border.

He hesitated for just a second, for his duty was to him quite clear.

He did not give a single thought that the cost of this his duty, to him would be so dear.

He turned and replaced the assigned air leader, not an easy thing to do.

With the words "Sorry 'Mac' this is what they pay me for, and you must lead group two".

At that moment he joined with nine other crew men that he may have never seen.

For the other nine lay in their warm bunks, and four were in their final dream.

The dawn came soon, foggy, cold and freezing, weather conditions were in despair, But the mission was still "on" and a hundred score of aircraft must surely take the air.

Frederick Walker Castle, not a leader to plan and order what others must do, Chose to sit up front in the right hand seat, and lead the great fleet through.

His 4th combat bomb wing would lead the Mighty 8th, over 2000 bombers strong, He hoped and he prayed to help make right, the "Breakthrough" that had gone all wrong.

The "Battle of the Bulge" relief is the purpose of this awesome mission, Now the chosen gallant aircrews are to fly and fight with all they have, And do their damndest to put the German air fields out of operational condition.

Castle chose this day, his 30th mission, to fly at the head of the 487th, from Lavenham, It's base, all squadrons prepared to meet the challenge and lead the mighty race.

These men look not so different, at least no one could tell, But the name that they had been given is, "The Gentlemen From Hell."

He flew a giant silver B-17 bomber, that had no glamorous name, On this her seventh and last mission she was destined to go down in flame.

On her huge tail fin were inscriber three numbers, 4-4-4, Hence she was known as, and just called the ""Treble Four."

Crew Chief Ackerman salutes as with a touch of throttle she starts to taxi away

Certain in the knowledge his crew has finely honed their "Baby."

And that loving care and attention to detail, have always held full sway.

They trust she will carry all safely and return, Tho' many hours later from the flight.

Their long vigil now begins, as they have performed their duty in dark hours past, and into mornings light.

At 0900 hours she races along the runway and rises slowly up into the dismal sky,

To rendezvous with planes from many other groups,

These many hundred planes to provide much needed support for our beleaguered troops.

This marvelous plane, a B-17 "Pathfinder" type as she was known,

Flew always at the formation's front, when ever she was flown.

She was the most perfect ship that man could devise and make,

And for this special reason, and for this special sake, the "Lead Crew" she would take.

This "Lead Crew", each member chosen, in excellence exceeded, Would lead all into the battle where they were sorely needed.

If you were near Liege, Belgium on the 24th of December in '44,

You would have heard the sound of many engines, the like of which were never heard before.

High up in the western sky, that cold Christmas Eve day, Just south of Liege, the great air armada proceeded grimly on into the coming fray,

Below, weary, battle worn soldiers looked skyward, they hoped for relief was on the way.

Onward they flew, with searching eyes and grim determination.

They forged ahead towards "Babenhausen", their ultimate destination.

Suddenly! Number one's oil pressure is dropping! All counter measures seem to fail,
Black smoke leaves this engine with a thick and deadly telling trail.

A decision must be made and Castle gives the order, three scant hours into the mission,
He signals the deputy leader to take over, as he reluctantly gives up the number one position.

To come so far, to come so close, frustration and apprehension is the mood now of the crew.
Each man silently struggles with his thoughts of what he may be called upon to do.

Enemy fighters, ME-109's, soon find the great crippled bird lagging low and behind,
With blazing guns they swarm in on their hapless prey, an easy target now to find,
To administer the 'Coup de Grace' is the thing that fills their mind.

The crew fights back, some wounded, the situation seems hopeless, the odds are not so good,
Increasing damage and billowing flames spell out disaster, as they always would.

A deadly hail of bullets rake and pierce the now mortally wounded bird, she's cut to shreds,
A further tough decision must be made with obvious thoughts, and feelings now of dread.

Bail out! Bail out! The order must be given, as Castle sits firmly and struggles for control
The formation watches helplessly, for they know their duty, and continue on to their goal.

It's true, up here there are no fox holes, no snow and frozen mud, there is no place to hide,
It seems you have signed up as volunteers, and so except, this wild and crazy rule.

The Bomb Bay retains it's deadly cargo, Castle orders 'No bombs must fall',
Below, our own relief troops struggle towards 'The Bulge',
He will not put these soldiers in harms way, 'Cause we desperately need them all'.

With pounding hearts those still able grit their teeth and leap into the unfriendly sky,
Where they see fierce German fighters that appear to fire on them as go whizzing by.

Just stop and think of co-pilot Lt. Rowe, a trained and able pilot,
Doomed while in his chute by an unlikely twist of fate.
From the cockpit to the tail gun position, for he had replaced a crew mate.

Castle holds her steady and heads for open space, it doesn't seem so far away,
But now more 109's are boring in, all heading 'Treble Fours' way,
It seems the grim reaper is not to be denied on this Christmas Eve Day.

Their comrades watch in horror! These are men they just sat with and listened to the "Brief"
But they know they must fly on, tight together, but with a sense of loss and grief.

Castle orders Lt. Harriman to jump, but his chute cannot be found,
How can this be, how could this happen, it seems that fate will send him down.

Two men now left aboard what has become this doomed and flaming coffin,
Castle the air leader, and Harriman his pilot, then comes the final 20mm volley,
A wing shears off, the ship is in a spin, the Gods of War the victors, over man's heroic folly.

Two men that had just met and were fated to sit side by side,
Are destined now to also share, this final fiery plunge, and deadly slide.

They lie now forever with a host of gallant men, beneath the hallowed ground of 'Henri Chapel',
Under white crosses row upon grim row where eight thousand of our heroes dwell.

What were their separate thoughts when they awoke this day,
Each knew the part they had been given, to bring this viscious, daring enemy to bay.

When they arose this morning could they foresee this tragic end,
Could they predict, could they imagine, or possible comprehend?

Did they perhaps give thought, that in the coming short hours of strife,
That they would go down together and sacrifice their life?

Norman Valentine
4th Wing

THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE OF THE 385TH BGMA

What is our reason for existing as an Organization?

1. This is the medium that keeps us in touch with our old friends.
2. We share a rich tradition; it would be good to keep sharing it as long as we can.
3. WWII was the high point, the most important and dramatic time in our lives. We want to keep these memories alive.

It is time for the 385th to look ahead, and re-define our goals.

We face the danger of extinction as a cohesive group of people.

1. The age of our original members:
 - (a) We are losing members to death and to nursing homes.
 - (b) We see more wheel-chairs and walkers among our members.
 - © There are more scrambled brains that there were 10 years ago, and there will be more in the future years.
2. Each of us is close to a few old friends or crew members, but as we lose them, there are fewer close ties to keep drawing us to these reunions.
3. It is become harder for us to travel long distances.
4. As with all organizations, we are approaching a point of declining membership, declining interest in our reunions, and declining ability to function as an organization.
5. We are different than many other groups of old men. We shared in the greatest effort in all of the history of man. If we had lost our war, the world would have been different for the next 1000 years.

BUT WE DIDN'T LOSE IT - and we should continue to celebrate the fact that we won it, as long as the last man still lives.

HOW WE CAN RE-VITALIZE OUR 385TH BGMA?

1. Mount a maximum effort for younger new members. We must encourage sons, daughters, grandkids, to join the group: to attend the reunions and to share the traditions.
2. We should adopt Dan Riva's policy that he emphasized in his squadron meetings, of having each man stand up and recount his most memorable WWII experience, and his part in it. This way, we get to know each other better, and we are reminded of the parts that others played in the

most memorable event in the history of Human Beings. These others are not strangers, they are the men who worked and fought alongside of us. They were, and are, our Buddies.

3. Ed Stern has done a magnificent job for many years of keeping us together, and of telling our stories and experiences in the Hardlife Herald. But Ed, like all of us, is human and finite. We can only count on him to do this for another 10 or 15 years, then he too will grow tired, and say to us "I need help - I have carried the torch as long and as far as I am able."

What to do then???

We count on our new blood, our younger members, to carry the torch of our memories and exploits. We hope and pray that a younger person, of a younger generation will come forward and say "it's a big job, but I am willing to try."

This is the way a Nation regenerates itself, and this is the future of the 385th.

In addition to getting new members, and to continue telling our remarkable stories to each other and to the new younger members, it is time to establish a repository for individuals to contribute their memorabilia. We have contributed to memorials and museums in different parts of the US and Europe. It is now time to collect the photos, the insignias, the uniforms, and the memories of the 385th in one place. I suggest that a committee be formed to study this problem, and that this committee make their recommendations to the group at the next reunion.

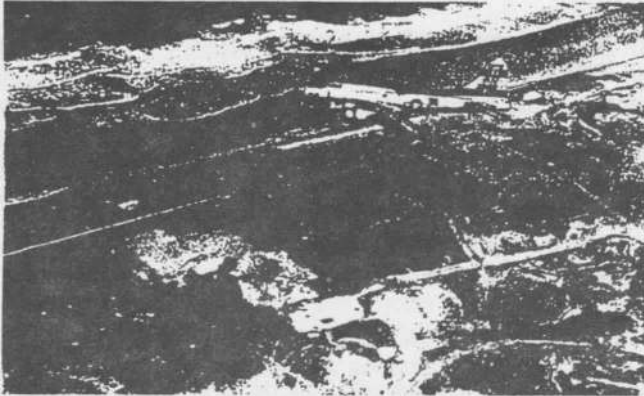
The Museum of Flight and the Museum of Science and Industry, both in Seattle, might be interested in a collection such as described above. I am sure that there are museums in every major city in the U.S. that would listen to such a proposal.

In addition, it might be appropriate to design a new insignia for the re-form 385th BGMA or to use the old original, and to make these available as pins, caps, t-shirts, etc. If thousands of people are wearing shirts and caps that say, "Nike", "Adidas" and other brand names, why not mount a campaign to identify with your own heritage, something that your grandfather was a part of!

Betty & Marvin Tipp
155 142nd Place N.E.
Bellevue, Washington 98007

OPERATION CHOWHOUND - MAY 1-8. 1945

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE



Near The Hague at the German coastal defenses
photo by William Duane

After suffering through a bleak winter of 1944-45, the inhabitants of western Netherlands were on the brink of starvation. The German army still occupied the territory and denied access to food supplies from the East. Following pleas from Queen Wilhelmina to President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, General Dwight Eisenhower was ordered to arrange for relief of the starving Dutch people. The Royal Air Force and the 8th Air Force were instructed to carry out missions of mercy to help save the Dutch. During the first week of May, 1945 ten Bomb Groups along with the 3rd Scouting Force of the Mighty Eighth flew 2189 sorties, dropping 4,155.6 tons of food at nine drops zones in the Netherlands. RAF Lancaster bombers had flown in, on what they termed "Operation Manna", the night before. The B-17 bombers had been reconstructed to carry canned "C" rations in 50 -lb cases. Other similar food supplies were included as the missions continued. Through the Red Cross a truce had been arranged with the German defenses for the purpose of the food drops. At low altitudes the 8th airmen could see the exuberance of the Dutch civilians and were able to read the THANKS YANKS message spelled out in tulip fields. German troops on the ground observed but offered no resistance.

Bill Duane, bombardier with the 388th BG, wrote in his war diary: "It looked as if today would be a good opportunity to get in one last mission with the group, even if it was not to be credited to the crews as a combat mission. We were to drop food rations to the Dutch. The code name was 'Chowhound', a name usually attributed to a hungry GI. With the Hague to our left, I

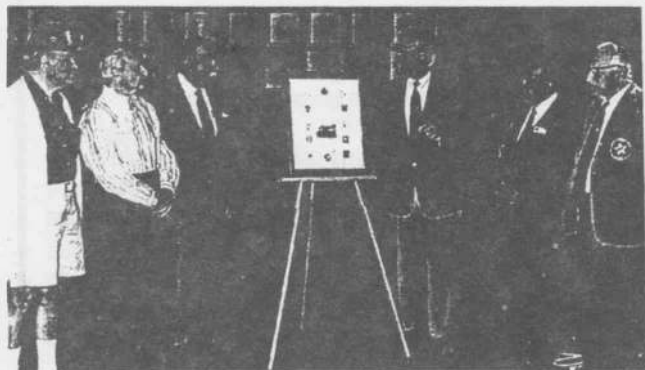


B-17's of the 385th BG have their gear down and bomb bay doors open to reduce speed at a food drop near Utrecht.

took some pictures of 'Rations Away'. They tumbled down in clusters like leaves from a tree. From our low altitude, I could see them hitting the ground, some burying deep in the soft, wet soil, others into the waters of the irrigation ditches. The bulk, however, landed on a racetrack outside The Hague. The "Man} Thanks Boys" spelled out on the ground by the Dutch was a touch of gratitude I will never forget. It left more than a few of us misty-eyed."

Bill Ridder of Clayton, California says that he remembers well, as a 14 year-old child in the Netherlands, looking up to the sky to witness a scene not repeated in human history. "For eight days, from the belly of bombers, flour, sugar, bread, potatoes. Spam, chocolate, and cigarettes scattered over Holland's landscape. The first thing we got was mustard! Canned meat followed."

Bob Cooperman, USA Chairman of the International Manna/Chowhound Brotherhood recently traveled with a contingent of other 8th Air Force veterans to the Heritage Museum in Savannah. In a very special ceremony in the Rotunda, they presented a beautifully decorated proclamation of appreciation from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, along with a generous check from the Brotherhood, to the museum to help tell and preserve the story of Operation Chowhound. The Food and Freedom Foundation carries on the legacy of the 8th Air Force Operation Chowhound food drops by actively organizing food supplies to starving people in wartorn countries throughout the world.



Bob Cooperman with other Eighth veterans in the Rotunda

Editor's comment: The events of the week of Operation Chowhound became well known throughout the Eighth Command. The food drops were acts of mercy which stood out in stark contrast to the horrors of air combat and bombing missions. The "food from heaven" missions offered an early glimpse of what a world at peace would hold for the airmen of the Eighth Air Force after three years of hardships and uncertainty: a most appropriate theme to reflect upon at this time of Christmas and Hannukah and this Holiday celebration fifty-three years later.

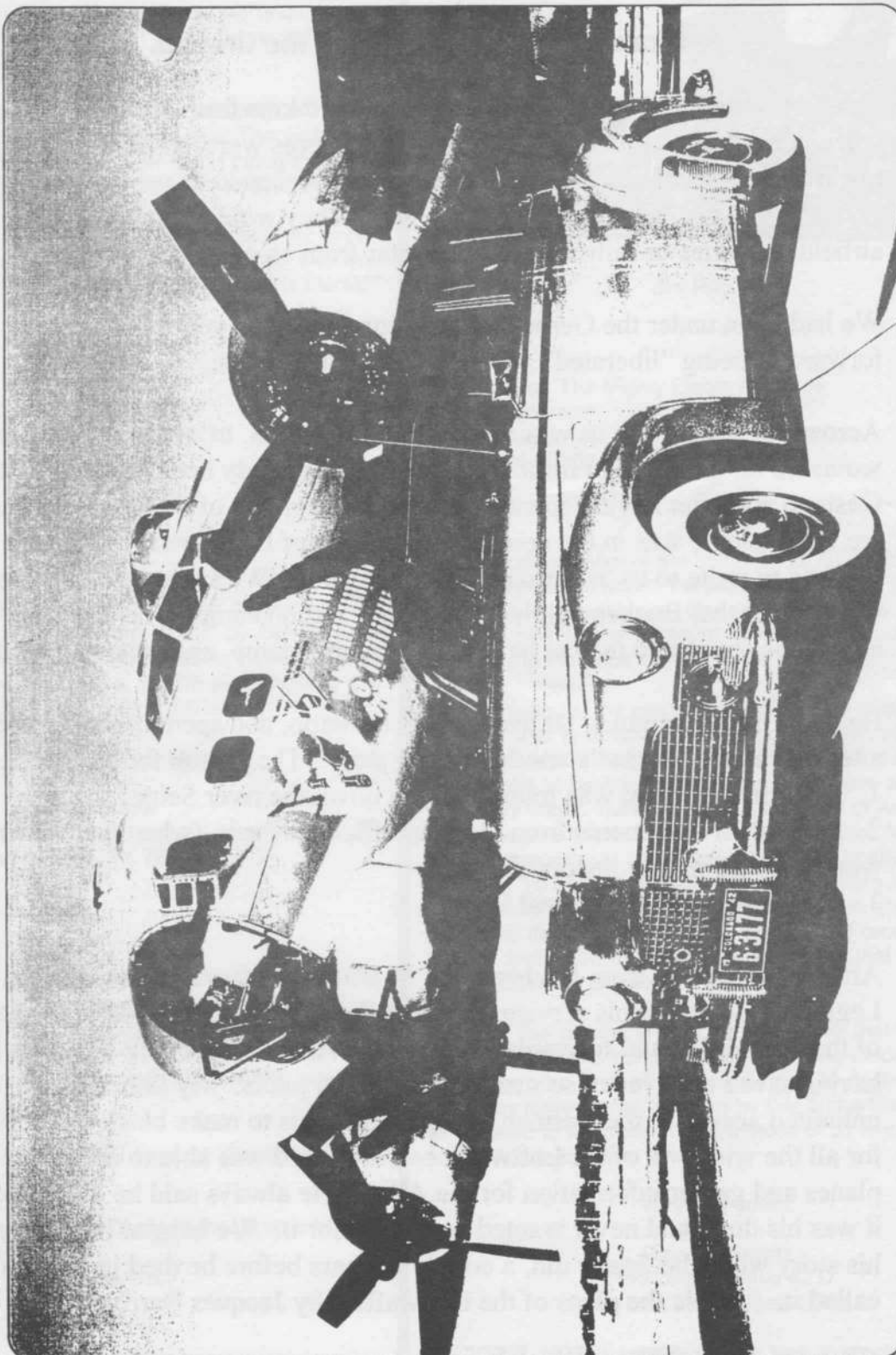
BOMB GROUPS OF OPERATION CHOWHOUND
34th BG, 95th BG, 96th BG, 100th BG, 385th BG,
388th BG, 390th BG, 452nd BG, 490th BG, 493rd BG
3rd Scouting Force

A Studebaker ad from the forties

TURNING WHEELS



March 1999 Vol. 31, No. 3



EDITOR'S NOTE: How about this - from someone who was 14 years old when we bombed them.

France, 1944, a View from the Ground.

I was 14, living in the town of Chatou, about 10 kms from Paris, France, when during one of our frequent air raids, our eyes were, as usual, riveted toward the sky and our excitement reached a crescendo as we saw the Flying Fortresses in the distance heading our way. They would bomb Villacoublay airfield, factories or railway centers not far from us.

We had been under the German occupation for 4 long years and looked forward to being "liberated" from the occupying forces.

Across the street from us was a R & R home for S.S. troupes who had been wounded on the Russian front. My father had already been arrested by the Gestapo and after having spent 8 months in the prison of Fresnes near Paris, we were told he was in the concentration camp of Buchenwald where he was allowed to write to us in German, once in a while. We knew he was alive but had no idea that Buchenwald was an extermination camp. The Germans across the street told us that he was in a "work" camp, and was well treated.

He came home weighing 80 lbs, a living skeleton, and spent months in bed after his return, but that's another horror story. The reason for his arrest:

1. A German general was found floating down the river Seine.
2. Stealing of documents from German offices in Paris, (where my father worked as an interior decorator)
3. Treason against the "Great Reich".

After his liberation from Buchenwald, he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor for his services to the Allies. Because he stole "The plans of the Luftwaffe" and forwarded them to the Allies, they credit him with having saved the lives of so many of the Allied pilots. My father had unlimited access to the German occupied airfields to make black-out curtains for all the windows of the Luftwaffe barracks, and was able to count the planes and gather information for the Allies. He always said he did it because it was his duty, and never wanted any credit for it. We begged him to write his story which he finally did, a couple of years before he died in 1986 and called it: "I stole the plans of the Luftwaffe", by Jacques Barroux.

During an air raid, instead of seeking cover we would quickly run outside to our garden and look for the first planes to arrive, and it would not take long to

spot them with their long contrails behind them, before the German anti-aircraft all around us would begin their action against them. We watched in horror as one plane was hit one day, a wing broke off and slowly circled down to earth, while men jumped from their plane before it came crashing down to earth. Some airmen had their chutes deployed, some didn't. Our hearts just broke as we witnessed these sights. I am still haunted today by these scenes.

I remember seeing 2 bodies plunge to the ground without chutes opening up. I saw one airman coming down with his chute deployed, and watched in horror as the Germans machine-gunned him. His head tipped down all of a sudden, and we knew then he was gone. Another parachuted to safety in an island across the river Seine from us. He was so close, we could watch him wrap up his chute and hide it, about 150 yards from us, then disappear.

All of a sudden the Germans from across the street rang our door bell and wanted to borrow our boat, a small sailboat, to go to the island to find this crew member from one of the B-17s. We told them this was impossible for it was a sailboat and it would take a long time to get it ready and there were no oars for these boats. They left, disgusted, but could realize for themselves that these boats would not be of much use to them. Then they noticed our motor boat on blocks in our garden. We explained to them that the motor was not working and we had no gas anyway. The nearest bridge to enter the island was about 5 miles from our house and we found out later that the Germans had blocked it to prevent French people from going onto the island to try to rescue this airman. The Germans went in and never found him.

Late that night our door bell rang. Cautiously my mother opened the window. It was our town's assistant mayor. He knew my mother was American and wanted to know if she could come and speak to this airman. Knowing the Germans across the street watched all of our moves, and my mother being alone with her two girls, my sister and me, she offered money and food, but would not leave us alone at night, as tempted as she was to go see her first American soldier. (The French underground had crossed the river at night and found the pilot and brought him back in a row boat at the far end of the island and to the town hall, unbeknown to the Germans.)

How we would love to know who he was!? We were told he was sent back to England via Spain a few weeks later. He landed on the island of Chatou, about 10 kms. from Paris, directly in front of our house.

This is just one of thousands of similar stories, but these are unforgettable moments for anyone having lived through it.

A few months later, August 26, 1944, we heard loud rattling noises in the street. I ran outside to the gate to see what the commotion was about. It was German tanks retreating toward Germany; they were going home. (It was almost 3 months since D-day.) I opened our gate to take a better look and they immediately pointed their machine guns toward me. You never saw a 14 year old close a gate so fast!... The next day we found out that these same troops had just murdered 18 frenchmen, making them dig their graves, shooting them and pouring water into their grave to drown those who were not quite dead yet. There is a memorial to them at that spot in Chatou.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all crewmembers of our Air Forces who did for us the unthinkable: risk their lives and give their lives to liberate us from the Nazi oppression. It was not in vain.

Dorice Barroux Lindsey

P.S. I have lived in the United States since 1951. My mother died 4 years ago in 1995 at the age of 93, and my father, a frenchman, died in 1986.

Emails: doricelind@aol.com from September 22 to April 28, *or* dorice@telusplanet.net from April 28 to September 22.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a great book to read, as we said in a previous issue. And Truman Smith's "The Wrong Stuff" is a MUST READ too.

NOTICE

“And No Purple Heart”

By: Frank Reese Mays

Copyrighted 1998

This book is a story of *war* and *love*. It's taken from the notes, combat mission log and memory of the author as he recorded events of his experiences during WWII, starting with D-Day, 1944. You will meet *several young ladies* that came into his life and share the range of emotions of a teenager as he lived day to day in war-torn England. Fly with him as he performed his duties as a ball turret gunner in a B-17 Flying Fortress named the *War Horse*. Feel his joy, pain, and sorrow as he made, then lost buddies on combat missions over occupied France and Nazi Germany. Unlike other war stories, this unique narrative, with dialogue, will keep you turning pages as you wonder what possibly could happen next.

This book will be in bookstores no later than May 6, 1999

Reserved copies may be ordered by contacting the publisher;

**Briarwood Publishers, Inc.
150 West College Street
Rocky Mount, Virginia 24151 (804)489-4692**

Look for “And No Purple Heart” on website at briarwoodva.com now!

Or, by February 1, 1999 bookstores will have the order number;

ISBN-“And No Purple Heart”

1-892614-16-2

The First Edition of the book will be printed in Paperback

THE MUNSTER RAID: BEFORE AND AFTER By Ian Hawkins
(FURTHER UPDATING OF TEXT .AND PHOTOGRAPHS - 1998)

”Excellent... This is the way history should be told, without sentiment or distortion...
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"This remarkable work is gripping in its realism and shattering in some of its
revelations... A major contribution to the history of the war."
- EASTERN DAILY PRESS, NORWICH, ENGLAND

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

November 13, 1998

Dear Mr. Stern,

I telephoned you on August 24th of this year in regard to the painting by Rosemary Dinegar-Dery that was advertised in the February issue of the Hardlife Herald this year, which I ordered this past June.

After several phone calls to Rosemary, including a letter as to its whereabouts, I also had an attorney write to her, requesting she send the painting, inform me of its lateness or refund my check of \$125.00, which Rosemary cashed July 7th! To date, I have heard nothing and apparently have been "ripped off."

I thought whatever was advertised in the Hardlife Herald would be safe and reliable, but apparently that's not the case. Perhaps you should investigate people more thoroughly before you put their ads in your newsletter. I sincerely hope others haven't been taken advantage of by her as I have.

I wonder if her painting, which was to be donated to the 8th Air Force Museum in Savannah, GA was every received, or was that a falacy too?

I ordered this painting, in good faith, for my husband who served in WWII. What kind of person is this Rosemary Dinegar-Dery? Trust you will share my letter with the staff of the Hardlife Herald.

Sincerely,

Mrs Don Bupp
446 Memory Lane
Wooster, OH 44691

April 20, 1999

Mr. Ed Stern, Editor
Hardlife Herald

Dear Mr. Stern:

Hope all went well at the reunion last week! I'm sure you enjoyed being with old friends and sharing stories.

When you called from Phoenix on your holiday, you mentioned you were going to run my letter in the next Hardlife Herald, in regard to the painting I never received from Rosemary Dinegar-Dery. Again, I was surprised and disappointed **It was** not in there.

Perhaps you had your reasons. Please let my know if you have any new information. Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Don Bupp
446 Memory Lane
Wooster, OH 44691

Dear Mike,

This woman was ripped off by the daughter of one of our members. I've tried to contact him (the father) in Flagstaff, but his mail comes back and he doesn't answer or return phone calls.

She had a painting at a previous reunion, and I ran the story in a Hardlife Herald with word that the painting was available at \$125.00. She said she was giving the original to the 8th AF Museum, but she did not, as I found out when we were there.

I don't have any special recommendation. If it were submitted to the Executive Committee, I would vote to refund her \$125.00 out of our funds, as I feel responsible because of the HH story.

I can't believe that there was a dishonest member of our 385th Bomb Group! He must have been in your Squadron - we wouldn't have allowed him in the 550th.

Regards,
Ed Stern

Dear Mr. Pettenger:

Re: 385th Bombardment Group (H), Great Ashfield, Suffolk, England-WW2

I was given your name by Mr. Andy Height of the 8th Airforce Historical society, Cambridge, England in a hope that you will be able to help me.

I am a first year mature student at Anglia Polytechnic University in Cambridge, England and I am hoping to do my third year Dissertation on the above named group and their involvement in the Second World War from Great Ashfield village. I would be grateful for any information and contact addresses of ex-members of the group whose memories and experiences of that time in Great Ashfield would be most valuable to me in my research on the subject

I look forward to hearing from you in the near future.

Miss Catherine Buck
Hill Farm, Ashfield Road
Elmswell, Bury St Edmunds
Suffolk, IP30 9HL, England

Dear Ed,

I, too, thought the meeting was a good one. One of the highlights was seeing Dan Riva with his 47 year old bride. I spent about an hour with him learning all about his recent past - and it was quite a past!!!

We enjoyed seeing Savannah. Quite a beautiful "old" area. Nice that they keep his historic area so nice. The visit to the museum and the dedication was nicer than I thought it would be. Our memorial is truly a thing of beauty - and meaningful.

I have never been able to find out anything about my former dental assistant John Mohler from Canton, Ohio. Can you put a little "want ad" for information about him in the Herald?

Sincerely,

Milt Taubkin, DDS
3166 Cavendish Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90064-4743

Dear Mr. Ed Stern,

I am the widow of Ben Phelper. Will you please be kind enough to put "P.O.W. Diary from WWH" by Ben Phelper and "Kriegie Memorie Copes" in the Hardlife Herald? If anyone would like a copy, the price is \$25.95 plus shipping and handling of \$3.95 each. Shipping time 4-6 weeks

P.S. Thank You Very Much

Elena Phelper
4114 Creek Run
San Antonio, TX 78238

Hi Ed,

Some bad news - remember Jim Raymond? He was the short heavy set fellow. I think he was with the 550th or 551 st. On his way home, driving, he stopped in the Carolinas at a motel and restaurant. Got sick in the food place, taken to a hospital, where he passed away. We received the news on E-mail. Couldn't believe it.

Hope you and the Mrs. Are OK. I guess you should start getting good weather by this time.

Will keep in touch. My e-mail is Dashir724@aol.com in case you have time to write.

Dave Schwartz



Jim Raymond

The Director, The Mighty Eighth Air Force
Heritage Museum
PO Box 1992
Savannah, GA 31402

Dear Sir:

As a former member of the 385th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force, I had the honor to attend the past reunion of the group in Savannah a few weeks ago. One of the highlights of the affair was my visit to the museum which was wonderful until I came to the entrance corridor to the main area.

I was appalled at the greeting, seeing a floor to ceiling photograph of that terrorist assassin, Adolph Hitler, no less holding hands with children, the likes of which he murdered during his reign of destruction. He may have been an individual for history books, but no place in a museum of American Heroes. I believe it is a disgrace to all of us, then, now, and our future generation to come upon this monstrosity in this hall of honor. To compound it, to witness the entire corridor with paraphernalia of the Nazi horror rather than showcases of additional items from members of the Air Force, our great leaders and those of us who served during that frightful period in history, is an even greater disgrace.

I believe this display should be revised so that we may be proud to enter the domain of all of us who helped save the world from the likes of those who tried to destroy it. There are many more stories that can be told and artifacts that can be donated to the museum from those of us who were there and fortunate to return home.

Very truly yours,

David Schwartz
2185 Lemoine Ave #2 D
Fort Lee, New Jersey 07024

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hitler's picture was a shock to us too!! Sure made him look "human" didn't it?

Dear Mr. Loyet:

Or should I address you as "Frenchy"? Perhaps this nickname was reserved for members of your crew and I do not wish to exceed my authority on this subject!

Your letter in the March issue of Ed Stern's caught my attention... for I have had quite a relationship with people in the Netherlands as a result of the food missions. There is an organization dedicated to preserving the memories of those flights. It is called "The Food and Freedom Foundation" and I am quite certain that they would be thrilled to have the maps which you wrote about. So, if you have not already given them away, you might wish to send them to:

The Food & Freedom Foundation
c/o Maj. General Grans L. Cayaux
Sir Winston Churchillaan 651
2287 Al Ryswyk ZH
The Netherlands

There is a motto in The Netherlands with respect to the food missions: "We Shall Never Ever Forget!" And believe me, they have not forgotten! They have taught their children and their grandchildren about the flyers of the 8th A.F. and the Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force who brought not only life saving food but also hope for the future.

I, too, flew the food missions as I know did our new 385th BG President, Tom Newton. He even put my name in his diary of the flight.

So, that's all for now. Thanks for writing to Mr. Ed and for your interest in saving the maps. With every best wish.

Sincerely,

Bob Silver

Dear Ed.

By this time, you probably have received my letter about Jim Dacey. It was a huge shock to me! From my perspective, one of the truly great things about the reunion was/is that Jim Dacey could be there. It meant so much to him and he was extremely grateful to have been there...as was his son.

Sincerely,

Bob Silver

Dear Ed:

I never thought I'd be writing this kind of letter. Being part of the camaraderie at the Reunion of the 350th was a unique experience. I never believed so many wonderful, friendly people could be under the same roof, in the same place at the same time.

I attended the reunion with Jim Raymond. Frankly, I had brought two books with me, thinking that Jim would be busy and there would not be much for me to do. Nothing could have been further from the truth! There were friends I had not yet met. Jim and I had a marvelous time, both individually together

We left the Marriott Thursday, April 15, after a final farewell and the exchange of addresses and phone numbers, as well as promises to 'stay in touch' with people we felt we had known for years. We were travelling in Jim's car and decided to return to some of the places visited in Savannah on the Trolley Tour. We parked, walked around leisurely, and took many photographs.

It was our intention to follow the Carolina Coast north, and, if the weather held, drive along the Outer Banks. There was no rush to get home. We even stopped for fresh boiled peanuts!

At about 6:00 p.m., we arrived in Wilmington, NC, checked in at the Fairview Motel, and brought whatever luggage we needed to the room. Not long after that, we went to dinner. It was during dinner that Jim suffered a stroke and was rushed to Cape Fear Memorial Hospital, where he died on Sunday, April 18, 1999. His sons, Robert and Michael, and daughter, Donna, were at his bedside.

He was a wonderful man.

I am enclosing photographs taken at the reunions, as well as some taken at Great Ashfield, that you may want for your archives. You may use them any way you wish. I do not remember the names of everyone included in the photos, but I am sure you will know who they are.

Please do not hesitate to call on me if there is anything more I can do.

Sincerely (and sadly),

Marcia Silverman
575 Bridge Road, Unit 11-7
Northampton, MA 01062
Telephone: (413) 584-2278
E-mail: marshsil@javanet.com

EDITOR'S NOTE: Financial Statement as of April 10, 1999

385th Bomb Group Memorial Assoc.
BALANCE SHEET
April 10, 1999

(Unaudited)

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS:

CASH

United Heritage-mmkt ckg	4,202.64
United Heritage-Svg (Monument)	2,641.17
United-Cert Deposit 10/9/98	0.00

TOTAL ASSETS	6,843.81

	6,843.81
	=====

LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL

CAPITAL:

Retained Earnings		7,817.11
retained monument monies		0.00

Profit (loss) for period		(973.30)
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TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL		6,843.81

		6,843.81
		=====

385th Bomb Group Memorial Association

OPERATING STATEMENT

1998 April 1999

Income -dues	10,543.00	4,460.00
--------------	-----------	----------

Income-interest	477.64	44.53
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TOTAL INCOME	11,020.64	4,504.53
--------------	-----------	----------

Expenses- Newsletters	(11,089.59)	(3,938.54)
treasurer	(1175)	0.00
president	(303.90)	0.00
promotions	0.00	(125.90)
Perle display	(534.75)	(603.10)
AF Pins	(332.00)	0.00
Postage	(452.26)	0.00
Luxemburg	(270.16)	0.00
Chapel-8th	(5,000.00)	0.00
Monument	(242.42)	0.00
Reunion-Pryr	(1,591.42)	0.00

TOTAL EXPENSES	(19,828.25)	(4,667.54)
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NET LOSS	(8,807.61)	(163.01)
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EDITOR'S NOTE: Two letters from Deb Zink, Box 789, Williams, NY 14589

Dear 385th:

I would just like to say, thank you to Ed Stern, Leslie Jackson, DeWayne Bennet, and Bob Kelly for helping me find my dad's pilot of "Little America".

All of you that helped in this search are of the highest ranking people I know. And my dad and I are very grateful. We have found our pilot Jim Kelly. And we are all sad to know that he has just passed away. My dad and I are so sorry! We are also sorry we waited so long to find him. My dad has always talked about him. I feel Jim knows that - where he is now. And it makes him happy.

Dad did get a final story about "Little America" and the crew, and it settles his mind. Kind of an ending to his thoughts and questions.

I am happy I was able to write the 385th newsletter and get the response I have received. It's been a lot of joy to hear from all of you. And I can't thank you enough. You have all been so much help. We love you.

Deb Zink & Pete Yaskow

Dear Ed,

I would like to ask you to print one last word for me in your newsletter. I had two men, (whom read your newsletter). Send me information on dad's pilot, Jim Kelly. And thanks to you and these men we found our pilot! Unfortunately, just after I got him on the phone one night, he passed away. He told me he wasn't feeling well, so I didn't talk much. My dad and I felt so bad! We sure wish we had tried years ago to find him. And we don't even know what to say

Leslie Jackson and DeWayne Bennett both wrote me after with information. And DeWayne Bennett also supplied me with our pilot's cousin Bob Kelly. I called him and he was able to tell me about Jim Kelly and his missions with "Little America", that it WAS shot down and even that information was helpful to my dad. He at least has a closed door to his questions.

I just want to thank you so much, for my letter reaching out to these people and I can't tell you how nice it has been having the men write me concerned with my plight! Even tho we have never met, you and they are very special to my dad and myself.

Please, if you can, put the following letter in one of your newsletters for me.

Yours truly,
Deb Zink

Dear Ed,

Another successful reunion!!! I am so sorry that I was not able to be part of it, in person.

However, I understand that it was a very enjoyable reunion, and I know that those who visited the museum for the first time must have been very impressed.

Congratulations to Tom Newton, the elected President and his supporting officers, Leo LaCasse, Marvin Tipp, Paul Maurince, Bill Varnedoe and Jerry Mudge. George Hruska has been made secretary emeritus, in recognition for his devoted duty to the association for these many years.

Kudos to Mike Gallagher for a superb job as president.

Now that the 385th BGMA Monument is dedicated and in place, I must thank the committee, without whose input the final result would not have taken place. In addition to Mike Gallagher, who was in direct contact with the museum and the monument company regarding negotiations, thanks go to Tom Newton, George Hruska, John Pettenger, Bob Smith and Vern Philips.

And of the greatest gratitude, those who donated to the monument fund (not too late to add your name to the list, if you have not already donated).

Yours in comradeship

Robert A. Valliere

Dear Ed,

I first want to say what a great time we had at the Savannah Reunion. It was my first time back since Jan. 1945 when we left for England. Only three of our crew were able to attend plus our Navigators wife Joan. We were on Roland Myers crew and our plane was "Hot Chocolate", which we flew back to the states.

The reason for this letter is our Navigator Dick Knight died April 10, 1998. His name was not included at the Memorial Service in Savannah, Thursday, April 15, 1999. Dick's wife Joan was at that service.

To our crew Dick was the greatest Navigator in the 8th Air Force. I am sure other crews feel the same about their navigators. On our flight to England we ran into terrifically strong storms after leaving Gander, Newfoundland on our flight to Prestwick, Scotland. Fuel was the big problem after getting out of the storms. Dick hit Prestwick right on the head. Another time a mission on Good Friday, 1945 over Hamburg, we got hit bad. Number 3 engine out, on fire, unable to feather prop, knocked out of the formation and lost several thousand feet.

After our pilot Myers, copilot Courtney and Engineer, John Byrnes got things under control, I don't know how, Dick brought us back to Great Ashfield.

Sincerely,

Bill Gunther
4228 17th AveS
Minneapolis, MN 55407

Dear Ed:

I want to thank you for your telephone call of recent date and your concern regarding my present day health. Too, I want you and the others that attended the 17 Biennial Reunion in Savannah to know that I am well on the road to recovery. Thanks to a couple of good doctors, the prayers and attention of my wife, Geri, and the good fortune of the presence of the wife of one of our members who was well prepared for just such an event, having in her purse, aspirin and a nitroglycerin pill, both described by the doctors as essential for such emergencies and most helpful in the successful treatment of heart attacks. In the confusion of the moment we never learned the identity of this kind and helpful lady but perhaps through this letter she will know that we are grateful for her help and extend to her our heartfelt thanks. We would appreciate learning her identity so that we could personally thank her.

Jim Vance stopped by the hospital to lend encouragement and his visit was welcome, a friendly face and word can mean a lot.

Geri and I had looked forward to the Savannah Reunion since it was decided upon in 1997 and we enjoyed our visit to the Heritage Museum and the Wall of Valor and of course participating in the dedication of the 385th Memorial. We enjoyed touring the city, the River Boat Cruise and Dinner and just hanging out with the others in attendance.

Since we missed everything after the Wednesday morning breakfast, we will look to the Hard Life Herald to be filled in on what took place after that. And we will start planning on attending the next reunion when we learn where and when.

Ed, you do a wonderful job with the HLH and the 385th BGMA and it is appreciated.

Harry Martin
548th Squadron
5404 W Comanche Way
Spokane, WA 99208

Dear Ed,

I thought you might like this picture taken at the Reunion in Savannah.

Burt Gelbman
1706 Wedge Ct
Sun City Center, FL 33573

P.S. I tried to send this to you e-mail, but I do not think it went through.



Left: Pilot Garvin/Co-pilot Gelbman
Right: Waist Gunner Payne/Tail Zaputil

**EXCERPT FROM SPEECH TO 551ST SQDN
By Dan Riva, Original Co, 14 Apr 99,
Savannah GA**

"We cannot help thinking about our brave comrades who did not survive the war. I'm saddened as I wonder what these young boys could have become - political, military, social, industrial leaders, great scientists, the President of our country. But they never had a chance to grow up and live their dreams. They gave their lives, enabling US to live ours. However, as chaplain Jim Vance stated so eloquently yesterday during the memorial dedication ceremony, 'So long as WE live, they TOO shall live, for they are now part of us'."

THIS IS A COMPLETE LIST OF SAVANNAH ATTENDEES

Anderson, John & Elizabeth
Audette, Albert & Babs

Bailey, Robert & Marjorie
Bean, Garry & Nancy
Berthiaume, Gerry & Anne
Blake, Ross & Marty
Bond, James
Brown, Elvah
Brown, Jesse & Marion

Canaday, Denver & Noriko
Cerrone, Warren E
Clark, Bill & Geri
Cleary, Harold
Clew, Harry & Carol
Colthorpe, Sid & Lee
Conway, Thomas & Margaret
Cook, Gordon & Natalie
Coughlin, Charles & Concetta
Courtney, Roy & Sarah
Crawford, Lester & Dorothy

Dacey, James & Jean
Davis, John & Betty
DeGiacomo, Joe & Melba
Dennis, David
Dentinger, Stanley & cleone
Derer, Joseph & Doris
Detwiler, Wayne & Carol
Driscoll, Arthur & Mary
Dworshak, Henry & Dru

Elbert, Edward & Dot
Elder, James

Felt, George & Peggy
Fife, Bill & Mitzi
Fineman, Susan
Fuller, Francis, & Olive

Gagnon, Henry & Yvette
Gallagher, Michael & Marian
Gallan, Constance & R. Harrington
Garvin, Arch & Jean
Gaul, Norman & Katherine
Gentis, G.K. & Sue
Gesser, Jack
Gilbert, Harold & Norma
Gillis, Drue
Graham, Donald
Grundler, Carl & Mary
Gunther, William & Vera

Hackney, Gene
Hair, Thomas & Norma
Hake, Robert & Juanita
Harris, Sidney & Rita
Harrison, Tom
Heckel, Herman & Elizabeth
Helman, Tom & Ann
Hill, Charles
Hill, Russell & Judy
Huber, Charles & Irene
Hughes, James
Huff, Wm. Cloyce
Hunter, Don & Bev
Hyde, Robert

Inglis, Stephen

Johnson, Fred & Judith

Kelly, Thomas
Kesler, Harold
Kevan, Trevor
Kindya, Michael & Sharon
Knight, Joan

Leupold, Mat & Lillian
Lentz, George & Bernice
Lieberthal, Sylvan & Gloria
Livingston, Harry
Love Ben & Dorothy
Lubicic, Charles
Luckie, Sam & Nita
Lyke, Sam & Mary

Marince, Paul & Irene
Martin, Harry & Geri
Masters, Vince & Judy
Messbauer, John & Grace
Metcalf, Edward
Moebius, William & Jeanette
Molzhan, Richard & Mary
Montano, Arthur & Ann
Mudge, Jerome & Vera
Murphy, Rene

McAllister, Floyd & Dixie
McCauley, C.W. & Ruth
McCool, Ray & Mary
McElroy, Edward & Beverly
McKibbin, Frank

Nestler, Fred & Marion
Newton, Tom & Darla
Nicholls, William & Doris
Nysether, Maurice

Palin, Lyndal & Evelyn
Palmer, Roger & Donna
Payne, Jim & Frances
Perry, Edwin & Lois
Phillips, Verne & Lavon
Pokorny, Robert & Betty
Pool, Fain & Christina
Poore, Forrest & Grace Rice
Porter, Heyword & Lois
Poston, Fred

Raymond, James & Marcia Silven
Reichardt Leslie & Betty
Richardson, John
Richardson Howard & Vivian
Richey, John & Marillyn
Riva, Dan & Kimiko
Roberts, Standlee & Blanche
Roberts, John & Kitty
Rogers, Buck & Ginny
Rollins, Clark & Peggy
Roquette, Francis
Ryan, Andrew & elizabeth
Ryan, Paul

Salvador, George & Alice
Sanchez, Myron & Eleanor
Schrotter, Harold & Beatrice
Schults, Walter & Norma
Schwartz, David & Shirley
Siefert, Vernon
Smith, Lewis & Dee
Smith, Margaret & Chuck
Snider, Harvey & Rosalie
Spiegle, John
Stein, Robert & Gisela
Stern, Ed & Jane
Styler, Bill & Jane
Sweeney, John J.

Taubkin, Milton & Helen
Thompson, Jim & Dot
Todd, William & Mary
Tulare, Willis & Doris

Vaadi, Eugene
Vance, James & Geri
Varnedoe, W.VI. (Bill)
Vencill, Rolland & Arlene

Walls, Winifred & Clay
Weixler, Robert
Wiegand, Arthur & Lawrence
Wilson, Robert & Coralie
Winniford, Oscar

Zaputil, Steve
Zeigler, Wayne & Eunice

REGISTERED AT SAVANNAH SUNDAY & MONDAY

Sumney, Charlotte & M.D.
 Gillis, Pam
 Kriese, Ray & Carol
 Difonzo, Jino
 Giltz, Clarence
 Winniford, Billie
 Berthuaume, Guy
 Moll, Frank & Eddie Vize
 Weixler, Jean Lois
 Tipsword, James & Norma
 Brown, Phillip & Diana
 Elder, Kitty
 Silver, Bob & Doris
 Hogue, David & Cheryl
 Gelbman, Barton & Joyce
 Zwick, Joe & Phyllis
 Bond, Richard & Millard

Pangle, Larry & Jenny
 Mee, Bill & Ginny
 Cox, William & Marian
 Donnelly, Gerald & Ginny
 Wiegand, Robert
 Dickey, Bart & Ruth
 Melillo, Kelly
 Kesler, Robert
 Goetsch, Hal
 Denton, Edgar
 Varnedoe, Louise
 Hyde, Margaret
 Pickett, John & Joanne
 Sundusky, Milton
 Loftis, Jan
 Ryan, Fred & Mildred
 Mika, Leonard
 DeGiacomo, Joe & Melba

To: Ed Stern

From E.M. Craig
 840 N Island Dr. NW
 Atlanta, GA 30327

Several days ago I was going through some old files and saw several pieces of information which mentioned your name and I decided to write you and give you thanks for helping my family through a tough time. Sorry, I am 54 years late in doing so.

My crew was assigned to the 385th in Feb. 1945. I was co-pilot on Tipton's crew. My first mission was with another crew, however, our second mission was with the original crew except for the Bombardier. Our second mission was on March 2, 1945 and we were shot down at the I.P. We all were able to bail out and I landed about 100 feet from a prison camp and it took about 3 minutes to be captured.

Now the reason for writing you. You touched the lives of so many service men and also their families in a time of real need and I'm sure you probably didn't realize the comfort you gave them. My brother Capt. R.J. Craig made a trip to the 385th early in April 1945 to seek information about me. He wrote my family a lengthy report concerning information available at that time telling them how helpful you were and how much time you spent with him to obtain all the facts that were known at that time. I still have the note you sent him at his base telling him a member of our crew had returned to the base and told you that our crew had all bailed out.

You did this kind thing so often I'm sure you probably do not remember this one incident, but I assure you our family never forgot what you did

Many thanks even if it's 54 years in coming

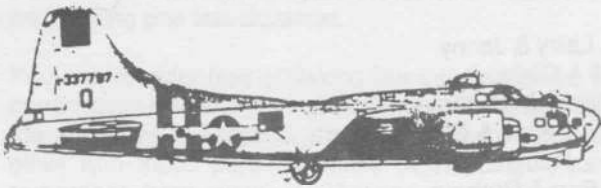
E.M. Craig

EDITOR'S NOTE: I don't remember—but it's nice to be reminded.

TO HONOR MY GRANDPA

These words are to honor my Grandpa's life as he gave so much to the world and meant the world to me. For he was the closest father image that I ever had and raised me like his own without any reservations. All of who I am today is because of your unconditional support and belief that helping your family was most important. As you were a man of few words but your dedication to your family showed your huge heart, you only saw the good in me and believed I would succeed. Because of this I did succeed, finished college and have a beautiful life. You never complained or condemned as your strong spiritedness saw you through the bad and good times in your life. Bottom line - your family always came first before your needs or wants. Grandpa, I will miss your presence and kindness. Your great-grandchildren Tyler & Blaine will know you in spirit and will be taught what you taught me- that acts of kindness is what really counts in life. My deep respect for you will never fade-only will it grow fonder with time. Rest in peace with no suffering as God will wholeheartedly take care of you as you have taken care of our family in so many ways. Forever you have a special place in my heart and our memories together will be with me always. Forever, I will honor you My Grandpa.

Your granddaughter Michelle



Dear Ed,

My sincere thanks to you for helping me in my attempt to be awarded the DFC-Beleatedly.

I just now have completed all (I hope) the materials necessary to do this. Will send it off Monday.

The last requirement was to have my Congressman, James Sensenbrenner, to initiate an inquiry on my behalf. This was completed the past week.

All in all, it was rather interesting including information from Rev. Yaszcz. If he follows thru on what he intends to do. Many records of the 385th should be brought to light. He sent me various data he uncovered. I could not use any of it, although I did find out some information on the reason we encountered so many enemy aircraft the day we were shot down.

Again, Many thanks for your help might see you in Savannah. My engineer lives there, and he has told me I should use his quarters as my motel.

Sincerely
Jerry Kirschke

Dear Ed,

The daughter of Winfrid John "Doc" Karls, Pat Harko, has written and asked me to notify the Hardlife Herald of the death of her mother, Agnes E. Karls, who was the widow of "Doc" Karls of our organization. "Doc" passed away on March, 25, 1994.

Theirs was an interesting story. Agnes was a U.S. Army nurse stationed in England during WWII. "Doc" was the co-pilot on the B-17, "This Is It". They met and fell in love over there and decided to get married. Because it was wartime and hard to get leave they had a hard time finding a time when they were both free from their duties. But it finally happened.

My husband, Elmer LeRoy Dickason, was the ball turret gunner on the same ao

on the same airplane and they were friends. Together they scrounged two white parachutes from which Agnes fashioned her wedding dress. Just since we got word of Agnes' death, Elmer was going thru some of his war momentos and found a piece of one of those parachutes. It was lovely white silk, and I'm sure must have made a lovely wedding gown for Agnes.

For many years, "Doc" and Elmer had lost track of one another. But, one day quite a number of years ago, Elmer got a phone call from Bill Eaken, another member of their crew, who had somehow tracked him down, and it wasn't long until he got another phone call and it was from "Doc".

Well, to make a long story short, we all got hooked up with the 385th and planned to attend the reunions and see each other again after all those years. The first one they planned to attend together was the one at Dayton, OH. Sadly, we got word that Bill Eaken had passed away a few months before the reunion. But, we did go to Convoy, OH and visit his widow on our way to the reunion. We also got to spend time with "Doc" and Agnes. After this we visited them in Alamogordo, NM and they visited us in Oregon and we developed a nice friendship. After "Doc" developed cancer we again visited them; then after he passed away we visited Agnes following another of the BGMA reunions and we wrote to each other several times a year and also spoke on the phone occasionally. We will miss them.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Elmer Dickason

P.S. Their daughter, Pat Harko, asked also if there is a Bomber Group historian, in case she found things to share with the group. Please let me know and I will forward the information.

201 Fred Taylor Rd
Siletz, OR 97380

Dear Ed,

Thank you Ed, very much for your kind words you had for my book *HARDWARE TO HARDLIFE...er*, or was it *HARDWARE IN EPHRATA*?

So strange you'd mention that place, our first duty overseas. Did you get your typewriter, inside one of those wooden huts? Did you ever get caught out by that gas spewing jeep sans your gas mask? Remember that (I think) six plane pile-up that began with a Fort hitting a truck load of airplane engines while crossing the live runway? I think three of them in formation were from Moses Lake overhead the wreck and came together as all hands gawked at the mess below. Remember? I'll never forget.

What was harder for me to forget was the pain in the belly to find on my arrival all those 17's afitting about. I was excepting P-38's. Shuks.

Tom Helman

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE REUNION PICTURES

MEMORIAL SERVICE



The Taubkins at the Dedication

THE WALL OF VALOR GOES ON AND ON



OUR DAD
STALAC III

CAPT ARNOLD SCHACKNOW
379 BG

379 BG

HARDSON
G MS MISS

CPL WALTER S. GAIDY
550 SQ 385 BG

FLIGHT ENG

ARNOLD
4 BG

SSGT ERV MUEHLHANS 1LT CARL C
524 SQ 3T9 BG J 524 50

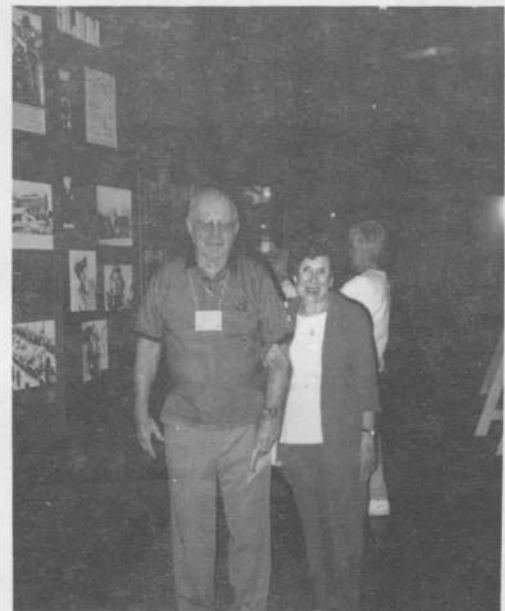
L PAI II / YNAM / SSGT ALFRED



Ralph Smith's memorabilia



Briefing in the Museum Theatre



Mr. & Mrs. Ed Elbert



Huff & Harrison at Savannah Museum Wall



Huff an Museum Wall in front of our plaques



President Mike Gallagher, Rolland Vencill and Ed Stern



Jim Raymond who died day after reunion



Our River Cruise Ship



Ed Stern, Geo Hrubka Jr., and Susan with Roger Feller



Bill Mee





Taubkins, Tom Harrison, Cloyce Huff, Warren Cerrone



Vince Masters



Ed Stern, Susan and friends



Roger Feller accepting plaque from President Mike



The Suspension Bridge

Jack Gesser & Frank McKibbin with Lewis Mundell, who was C.G. of Hq US STAF in England



Freighter going up Savannah River



Color Guard



General Mundell with Jack Gesser and Frank McKibbin



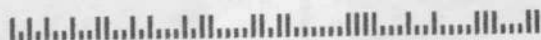
Carl & Mary Grundler, Christine & Fain Pool in front of historic Mercer House in Savannah, GA

385

TH BGMA

ED STERN
Po Box 9466
FARGO, ND 58106-9466

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STONE LAKE WI 54876-3010



\$6.81, T.J. & R.I.Y.sli
HA.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Donald E. Jones | December 1998 |
| Herman L. Lancaster | March 1999 |
| Leonard Swedlund | November 1998 |
| Don Robert Williams | April 1999 |
| James D. Raymond | April 1999 |
| Richard A. Knight | April 1998 |
| William A. Rosser | March 1999 |
| Robert A. Payne | May 1999 |
| James C. Dacey | April 1999 |

