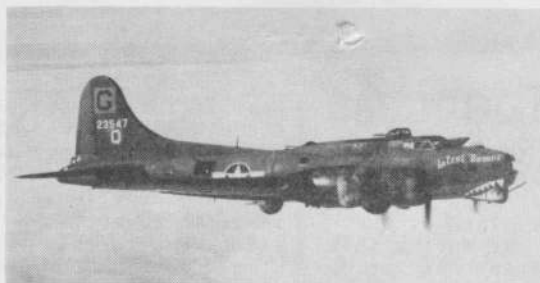


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"The Mighty Eighth Reunion Group"

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ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

PRESIDENT

JAMES H. EMMONS
1649 Via Tovita
San Lorenzo, CA 94580
(415) 278-0412

VICE PRESIDENTS

WARREN CERRONE
294 Linden Road
Birmingham, MI 48009
(313) 642-7584

WINIFRED WALLS
RD1
Reynoldsville, PA 15851
(814) 653-2984

REGISTERED ADDRESS

JOHN C. FORD, Editor
7204 Easy Street
Camp Springs, MD 20031
(301) 449-6382

SECRETARY

CHARLES EDELSTEIN
1719 W. Claremont Street
Phoenix, AZ 85015
(602) 242-8609

TREASURER

JOHN F. PETTENDER
117 Home Park Road
Venice, FL 33595
(813) 488-7569

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NEWSLETTER

Volume VIII, No. 5

15 May 1980

Editor: John C. Ford

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society

A recent letter from the 8th Air Force Historical Society and receipt of the latest "8th AF NEWS", the official newsletter, left me troubled. Why is it that so few of the 8th Air Force veterans are participating in the activities of this fine organization? There were approximately 300,000 men and women that were part of the 8th Air Force from the time of its activation in the USAAF. While there were many losses during and since the war, would it not be fair to assume that perhaps at least half are still around and kicking? Why have they not responded to a chance to meet and greet friends, not only from their own group or unit, but also their fellow mates in other groups and units? Perhaps many have not heard of the 8th AFHS, just as many of our former members do not know the 385th BGMA exists. That can be rectified by persistent search for members by those who participate in the present organizations. What really bothers me is how few of our active members in the 385th are enrolled with the 8th AFHS! Right here I will lay the monkey on my own back.

Several groups such as ours, have been organized since 1948 through the 1950's. Activity has been heavy in some, dropping off to very light in others. Some of us have newsletters, other have not. The Second Air Division has been a very active organization, but I would probably bet that few can top the 388th Bombardment Group for its size, participation and activity. Under the editorial hand of Ed Huntzinger, I would like to mention their Newsletter. And newsletters are what I am after in this write-up.

In the publication of this Newsletter, we have never seemed to have enough space for our needs, and most of the editors in the various groups have not devoted enough time to spreading the gospel about the 8th AFHS. I am one of the culprits. Let me correct that situation by reviewing a bit of the history of the 8th Air Force Historical Society.

In early 1974, a group of 8th AF veterans, guided by John Woolnough, gave a lot of thought to organizing such a society. These persons reasoned that many groups or units that had been active in the 8th Air Force, were at a loss as to where to begin organizing, or if they had thought about it, they may not have access to former members addresses, or personnel with the time to devote to the effort. They defined the original purpose of their organization as follows:

1. To encourage former 8th Air Force units to organize and meet regularly.
2. Provide a site where annually, groups and units could get together in good-fellowship and expand their horizons by swapping organizational ideas.
3. To publish a newsletter for publication of articles by members and a "Letters to the Editor" section, as well as outstanding photographs.
4. To conduct a membership drive that would also benefit individual units by providing a "lost souls" section that would channel newly located names and addresses back to the original group or unit.
5. To perpetuate the memory of the members of the 8th Air Force who made the final sacrifice, and to preserve, evaluate and authenticate the true history of the 8th Air Force's part in the annals of aerial warfare. Finally, to honor all personnel who served in this largest combat air force in the USAAF during WW II.

The first 8th AF NEWS was published in January 1975 as a one sheet edition. Today it is an outstanding newsletter of sixteen pages and growing. The first newsletter had several "do-it-yourself" hints, as well as a list of some unit contacts. Frank Wall was our first contact man, while I took over in May of that same year. The membership dues for that year were \$5.00.

In October of 1975, the first 8th AF Reunion was held at the Marco Polo Motel in Miami Beach, Florida, and 550 persons attended. A great start. At

(Cont'd on Page 2)

8th AFHS (CONT'D)

that reunion, plans were unfolded for the "Eighth Air Force Historical Society". Our group was in England, when the first 8th AFHS England Tour arrived there in 1976, and several of our members joined them at their arrival banquet at the Tara Hotel. It was during this visit to England that many 8th AF veterans had the opportunity to meet and quaff a few pints with some young Englishmen who had formed a then loosely organized research group called the "Friends of the Eighth" (FOTE). Notably present was Roger A. Freeman, proud Essex farmer and author of "THE MIGHTY EIGHTH" which had been published in 1971 and was one of the prime inspirations for FOTE. I am certain it was also responsible for priming the nostalgic juices of many groups and units on this side of the Big Pond.

The 1976 second 8th AFHS stateside reunion was held in Dayton, Ohio, in October. The guest speaker was Maj. Gen. John W. Houston, Chief of the Office of Air Force History. 816 persons attended this reunion and a great time was had by all. Don Hale and a few others from our group attended.

1977 saw another trip to England and beyond and the third stateside reunion was in St. Louis, MO, at the Stouffer Hotel. The guest speaker, Roger A. Freeman, arrived in the middle of a cloudburst and to this day thinks that was Yankee ingenuity trying to make him feel at home. More than a thousand persons filled the facilities to sit spellbound as Roger gave them a lucid and enjoyable Englishman's version of the "Yanks at War", as seen through the perimeter fence.

The fourth stateside reunion was held in Washington, D.C., in October 1978 and the Father of the Eighth, Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker was the guest speaker. Guests included Lt. Gen. James Doolittle as well as Lt. Gen. Leon Johnson and other Medal of Honor recipients. The huge ballroom of the Sheraton Park Hotel was bending at the seams as more than 1250 persons wined and dined. From Northern Ireland came the one and only Charles Gallagher, the original and only "benevolent dictator" of FOTE. Our paths had crossed in the air over the Atlantic Ocean as I flew to England. The trip to England followed the reunion. By now, trips to England had become an annual event.

Records were made to be broken and that is what occurred in 1979 at Phoenix, Arizona. The crowd exceeded 1300 persons. A B-17 aircraft was on exhibit during this reunion. The sixth stateside reunion is planned for 29 October to 2 November for this year and will be held in Orlando, Florida; site of Disneyland East. A large assembly of wartime aircraft will be on static display in Orlando. A large hotel will provide an amphitheater for the largest assembly yet held.

In 1977 the State of Florida chartered the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation (8AFMMF). The first project of the Foundation was to assist the Imperial War Museum in establishing the 8th Air Force Exhibit Duxford, England. Roger Freeman, on behalf of the Foundation, was the prime mover and idea man for the

exhibit, which will be dedicated in September when the 8th AFHS tour is there. Meanwhile, there are many other projects in the fire.

As was stated in the beginning of this article, I am urging all newsletter editors to devote more space in advertising the 8th AFHS. This newsletter, starting with this issue, will print an application blank for both our group and the 8th AFHS. Joining right now will bring you all the 1980 copies of 8th AF NEWS which are crammed with lots of information about what's going on around the many 8th AF groups and units, as well as great stories and letters. I would like to see 100 percent membership, but I would believe it a great honor if we can enroll at least 500 members in the 8th AFHS by the end of July 1980. Persons who did not serve in the 8th AF are eligible for an Associate membership. Why not splurge and enroll your sons and daughters?

This is a way to pass on a bit of your contribution to their American heritage! UNDERSTAND ONE ITEM! The 8th AFHS does not exercise any



8th AF NEWS

Journal of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society

COOMBE HOUSE WAS A FLAK FARM

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1

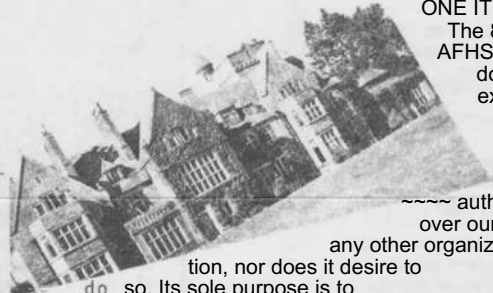
FEBRUARY 1971

FLAK HAPPY ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT by Ann Newdeck, ARC 27 January 1944
It's January in England, so flying is rare and welcome. A smells like bacon and eggs. A grapevine knew it too b it's up for breakfast - disguised in e-ns are



8th AF NEWS, edited by Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough (pictured above), 466th BG pilot, is published by Reunion Services Inc. for 8th AFHS Members four times a year (February, May, August and November). Membership years begin on the first day of January each year.

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tion, nor does it desire to do so. Its sole purpose is to assist units in locating lost members and to provide services not available to units too small to organize, and those persons whose group has not organized. One service provides facilities for mini-reunions - now called "Unit Rendezvous". Since the 385th BGMA holds a reunion every two years, why not a mini in the off year? We need a host for Orlando. Call me as soon as possible, for time is short. Members from the Southeast should be able to attend. The 8th AFHS, like ourselves, provides reunion site around the country, which

places them occasionally within a reasonable distance from many members homes. Aida Kaye is the 8th AFHS Secretary and has been the center of membership applications. Elmer and Jean Fessler have provided tremendous work as they head up the "Clearinghouse Section". We have received more than 100 addresses on "lost" members through their efforts. It's about time we take time out to honor and thank them for their work and many times, thankless tasks. It is proposed that we in the 385th make a maximum effort for 100 percent enrollment in the 8th Air Force Historical Society, and entitle it the "AIDA, JEAN AND ELMER MAXIMUM ENROLLMENT DRIVE". By your enrollment you will help me make amends for not doing more to advertise the merits of the Society and your membership and participation in its activities. JOIN RIGHT NOW! For \$6.00 per year you can do yourself a favor. And that's not easy. For information on the Sixth Reunion in Orlando, write to: Eighth Air Force Reunion, % Rambling Tours Inc., P.O. Box 1304, Hallandale, FL 33009. Turn to page 7 for your 385th and 8th AFHS Membership Application Forms. Your 385th dues are \$5.00 and 8th AFHS are \$6.00 per year. Are your 385th dues paid up to date? Get out the check book and pen. NOW! ■

IT'S JUST LIKE THAT!

John C. Ford ©

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the shower on 6 April 1980. While lathering up, I found a small lump under my right armpit. It was big enough to note, but not big enough to worry about. In eight days it doubled in size so I scurried off to the Malcolm Grow Medical Center on Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland. The first doctor to examine me was a very nice Korean lady. One look and she made out a consult sheet for me to see a Surgeon. The appointment was for the following day.

Since I have had arteriosclerotic heart disease, two myocardial infarctions, a blocked right carotid artery, medicine-induced lupus of the lungs and arthritis, over the past 14 years, one can imagine the gamut of medicine I have consumed. Matter of fact, my wife Betty has stated that when I die, she was not going to bury me. She was going to sell my body for the mineral rights! Because of these conditions, I spent the afternoon compiling one sentence statements of my medical history, with all dates and doctors included. The first statement read, "No drink, no smoke, no sex, no fun, no fooling!" There were fourteen entries, varying in length.

The next day I reported to the surgery office of a Dr. Vivian. She is a Captain in the USAF and certainly adds "class" to the uniform. I was still ogling her when I handed her the capsulated medical history, along with my records. She read the first line and laughed. She was a fine lady and I was at ease. Her full name was Dr. Gail M. Vivian.

Following her examination, she stated she would like to removed this lump as soon as possible and have it undergo biopsy. That was fine with me! She prescribed Dynapen, an antibiotic, to be taken four times daily. That fit right in to my daily schedule. She also scheduled and had me processed for entry to the Surgical Ward on the following Sunday. A word about the Malcom Grow Medical Center. It is named after a famous Air Force Surgeon, one of the original men to arrive in England with General Ira C. Eaker early in February, 1942. Shortly after his arrival, he began a series of experiments, in conjunction with the Wilkerson Sword research personnel, and produced the most beloved wearing apparel for combat crewmen - the flak vest. That vest covered the floor of more bombers; the upper torso of more combat airmen, and protected the family jewels of more airmen than any other piece of apparel known to that date - WW II. I always feel at home in Malcom Grow MC.

On Sunday, 20 April 1980, I entered the hospital and was welcomed with open arms and a freshly made bed. For the next two days there were a series of "gimme's" - blood, deep breaths, a look-see here and there, lung tests and heart tests. For the most part, I read the first book of "IMPACT" while the various doctors translated my medical synopsis into their own peculiar and unreadable language. The item generating the most conversation was the type of anesthesia that would be used. I opted for a local, to prevent complications of lungs and heart, and besides, I like to know what's happening to me!

They told me I was "On Call" for Tuesday morning and would probably be operated on about 0930 hour. That morning, two emergency operations set me back. They moved me to the Operating Section just as the lunch was being served. I was starving. Since I was taking a local, there was no need for the "Dream Team" to give me a shot. They parked me in the hallway of the Operating section long enough for me to figure out that each of the ceiling acoustical tiles measured 12" x 12", had 3 holes to the inch and 1296 holes to the tile. Who needs an abacus?

At 1525 hour, I was 5's ounces lighter, I had seen my little "space ship" and possessed a neat incision stitched from the inside out. My right arm was placed in a sling and I was sent directly back to the ward. The following day I was on my way home, with an appointment for the following Tuesday, to discuss the

biopsy report with Dr. Vivian. The incision healed.

My appointment was for 1315 and I arrived early. Dr. Vivian was still in the Operating Room and running late. By the time she arrived she had three other patients waiting. She spoke to me and said, "John, just give me about five minutes and I'll be ready for you". She then turned to her clerk and asked for a consult sheet. I knew at that minute that I had become a cancer statistic. That consult sheet meant she was making an appointment for me to meet another specialist. And that proved to be right!

She checked the wound and was satisfied. We sat down and she very openly told me the biopsy report concluded that I had lymphocytic lymphoma. My hard-of-hearing right ear thought she said "nympho", but I knew that was fun and not serious! Dr. Vivian then called another doctor and after speaking for short time, she hung up and told me I was to go to the office of a Dr. Voith, an Oncologist. When I left her office, I went looking for a dictionary to find the definition of an Oncologist. It turned out to be "one who specializes in tumors"

I called Betty, told her I had lymphoma, didn't know what it was and was on my way to find out. We chatted a few minutes, during which I told her I would be a little late. My ex-ambulance driver of WW II is a marvelous gal!

After sitting awhile in the hallway outside the Oncology Clinic, I heard a voice say "John Ford" and I looked up to see a lovely USAF Major. "I am Dr. Marjorie Voith", she said, "will you please follow me?" The thought ran through my mind that this was carrying "Women's Lib" just a little too far, but I smiled all the way to her office. Like Dr. Vivian, she turned out to be my kind of people. Straight-forward and sincere, with a good sense of humor!

The item that had been removed was a lymph node from the right axillar. The tests indicated that the lymphocytes were increasing in my blood; the indications were that it was a slow chronic type, not requiring radiology but probably chemotherapy. She explained how the lymph system acted as a filter; trapping infection. Then she outlined the numerous tests that I would have to take in the next few days, and finally, she said there was no reason I should not live out a normal life span. I burst out laughing and was asked why. I replied; "I have been trying to figure out what the normal life span is for a 68 year old kid". She stated she would pass on that one!

What followed were blood tests; nuclear medicine scans, bone marrow taps, (they are really a pain in the butt) performed by a pretty Captain nurse, ultrasonic test and finally, a CAT scan. All but the latter were performed at the MGMC, while I travelled to the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for the CAT scan. That test was performed on Monday, 12 May.

When it rains, it pours, is one trite statement that held true for me. When it came time for the Ultrasonic test, I wanted to watch the CRT, since I have had training in the use of ultrasonic. Since the CRT sits to the right of your ear while in a prone position for a stomach scan, I carried my wife's compact mirror with me so I could hold that in my left hand and read the monitor. Being used to view cameras, the reverse image posed no problem. Everything was rolling along on the lateral scans, but when he started the axial scan, a new angle came to the CRT. As the scan head crossed my stomach about 1% or 2 inches above the navel, strange blips appeared. At the same time the blip appeared, I could feel a small bubble-like roll internally. When the technician left the room to develop the film, he was gone for an extremely long time and when he returned, there was a Radiologist with him. They re-oiled the 1912 model Ford and made a few more axial scans, watching the monitor. I don't know what made me ask about an aneurysm, but I did and the Radiologist nodded affirmative. It was on the aorta!

No one talked about the aorta until after the CAT (Computed Axial Homography) scan. Arriving at Bethesda NMC, I was greeted with a cup of barium and a three hour delay. Once more, two emergencies, one from Andrews AFB, interrupted my scheduling.

(Cont'd Page 4)

JUST LIKE THAT (CONT'D)

Eventually they had me strip down and put on a hospital gown in the normal bassackward manner. Then it was time for ' lunch. The menu was a dye for the blood stream. I forewarned the young lady that I was a dirty old man with shifting veins. She smiled and said they posed no problem for her. She slid the needle into my right arm near the elbow; hooked up the dye, adjusted the drip and left. About a half hour later, a Navy nurse happened by and noticed I. had a tennis ball sized swelling on the right elbow. The needle had slipped out of the vein! That was when I understood why sliding veins were no problem for the technician. She probably never came back to her patients to find out if she had done the job right the first time.

They wheeled me into the room, hooked up another bottle on the left arm, and this time the doctor inserted the needle. He hit the filler-hole and the bottle was gone in no time at all. I was ready for the large, metal-like doughnut that filled the room. Inside the doughnut hole is a narrow slit in which axial rotating lenses scan the body in inch-like slices. The body was inserted into the hole on a cam-gearred shelf. Starting at just about the pelvic bone, I was ordered to take in a deep breath, blow it out and lie still. The lens rotated a complete cycle and I was told to breathe. The cam-gearred shelf moved my body inch or so and the maneuver was repeated. On tenth slice my hands were under my head and like my shoulders were out of their sockets, body was moved back down to the area where the aneurysm was discovered. They took six more slices and, because of the arthritis, the technicians had to move my arm sockets back to a normal position so I could get out of there.

My daughter Mary had driven me over to Bethesda, for it is virtually impossible to find a parking space. On the way back to Andrews AFB for a meeting with Dr. Voith, I had time to review the films that I was carrying back and the aneurysm was plainly marked. It was about 6 or 7 cm long.

Dr. Voith discussed this problem with me and called Dr. Gail Vivian for a surgical appointment for the following day. Dr. Voith then prescribed Chlorambucil for the chemotherapy and I am able to fit it into other medicine schedule. She also mentioned that effects were quite common in chemotherapy and she laughed when I said I was one-up on that, since I do not have a helluva lot of hair to fall out anyway. If it affects teeth, I'll be safe there too!

The following day, armed with the CAT scan film and my records, I went back to see Dr. Vivian. We had a long talk. She had conferred with another surgeon about the aneurysm and she laid the cards on the table. She stated that when she had removed the lymph node, my arteries and veins were almost reed-like. To operate, she stated she would probably first have to insert a heart pacer. And since a lot of my systems would have to be assisted, she gave me the odds at about 70 to 30 - against me. She personally advised against it unless it were an absolute emergency. Meanwhile, she is going to monitor the aneurysm on a quarterly basis and she has given me some diagnostic hints to aid in detecting an emergency. Although I agree with her in the face of the odds, after fourteen years of arteriosclerotic heart disease, twelve years of lupus of the lungs that has reduced breathing capacity by about 30 percent, arthritis that has been a lulu at times during the last twelve years; I have a strange feeling that I do not really know what an absolute emergency is!

Yesterday I had an idea! I called the florist and asked for a special vase of flowers to be sent to Dr. Vivian. I enclosed a note which reads: "In the light of our discussion of last Tuesday, I will accept your advice as regards the aneurysm operation. In thinking about your description of my arteries and veins as "reed-like", perhaps you can practice basket weaving while I wait for the emergency. Who knows, it might help if a hurried closure is necessary." (Signed) Jaww Cee. So far, I have not had a reply but I'm sure she will get a good kick out of it. Our service doctors get enough bad kicks these days - all undeserving.

This article was prompted by the response generated by friends and neighbors when they ask about the results of the biopsy. If all of the "Oh! My God's" and

"Jesus Christ's" were prayers instead of startled exclamations, I would probably have undergone a miraculous cure. People do not realize the many types of cancer that exist. If I was forced to make my choice, I would have picked out the one I am stuck with, since it is treatable and is a slow and progressive type.

My friends think I treat it too lightly and ask if I am not fearful. Certainly I am! But I believe that fear, properly controlled, is the armor of the survivor and I have lived a lot of yesterday's and hopefully intend to live a lot of tomorrow's - even pain filled ones. My fingernails are super strong from hanging on for a long time.

Will my life style change? Certainly! In any emergency, one is forced to switch routines to fit a new pattern. But it will probably be the aneurysm more than the cancer that will force me to change. One change that I do not relish is that must give up this job as Editor of the Newsletter and stop doing a lot of research for others, so that I can complete some for myself. As I sit in this room and look at the stacks of paper, it is common sense to know they must be moved so the walls can be painted and the room tidied up. And there has to be an orderly transfer of responsibilities for the 385th Bomb Group Memorial Association. I will continue to contribute to the group whenever it is possible.

I thought about the problems for a few days last week and then Betty and I went down to the Virginia farm of my daughter and son-in-law - Dee and John Lavelle. John and I laid a new parquet floor, sanded down a few walls for painting, and did a few other odd jobs that left me feeling good - and tired. John and I also took time out to attend Mass at a small Catholic parish in Orange, Virginia. At sermon time, the celebrant, Father Jansen, stated the church would be closed all this week while he went into the hospital for an operation. He asked for our prayers for a successful operation. When a doctor says a minor operation to anyone, it may be minor to the doctor, but it's very major to the patient! Suddenly it struck me how alone that priest must have felt. He had no assistant or the church would not have been closed. He is from Belgium and his family is there. He serves others, but who will serve him now? But then, he is working for the greatest Boss of them all - One whose knowledge of suffering supersedes all of ours and yet is full of love, compassion and understanding. No, perhaps Father Jansen is a living imitation of the Son and God and has an easy conversation when lonely.

I believe that life and death are a matter of faith. I believe in the Resurrection and life after death. I have lived life every day as best I could, accepting illness, sorrows and joys as the honing agent for a better life on earth. I am fortunate in both family and friends. We love and accept each other for what we are and not what others would like us to be. And now I have doctors in whom I have faith - one whose hands possess a God-given and trained skill to remove and replace, and another with the same skill and training to alleviate and treat pain, even when a cure is not within her grasp. I guess I am a kooky humorist with a lovely tumorist!

Only one thing puzzles me! Over the years I have fantasized that someday I would be a Lothario and women would fall into my arms. How comes I have now fallen into their hands? Believe me, I wouldn't have it any other way!"

WHATTA LIFE EVER AFTER!

A man and his wife believed in life after death. A short time after her death, her voice came to him in his sleep. "How is it?", he asked her. "Wonderful", she replied. "Every morning I awaken and have sex. After breakfast, sex again. Then I rest and have sex again and it's lunch time. After lunch I rest and then have sex again. I play around for awhile, have dinner and sex again. By then I am tired and go to bed". He replied, "Gosh, it must be great in Heaven!" "Heaven", she retorted, "Who said anything about heaven"? I'm out in Arizona and I'm a rabbit!"

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ROSTER

FoZZowZng ts a ttst of, newly located membens, hanges oi address, and lettens netunned uith the notations oi "fo Fon.:)an ding kddness" on "Unable to Veltven". If, you. live tn the anea whene those personnet ane listed unde, the "No Fon.uian.dtnng Oddness" column, u>ill you. trytng seanchng the telephone books on city dtn.eeton.tes ion. a neu) address. It ts suggested this page be xenoxed so that Ins ent changes and connections can be added to your Hasten Rosten:

NEWLY LOCATED MEMBERS:

- Aken, Edmund R.
Rt 1, Box 236
Valdosta, GA 31601
- Archer, Vance
409 Terry Place
Hermitage, TN 37076
- Ashley, Edmund R.
Rt 1, Box 408
Cartersville, IL 62918
- Byers, Warren C.
Route 28, Sayne Rd
Knoxville, TN 37920
- Campbel 1, Lionel
4445 14th Ave So.
Minneapolis, MN 55407
- Cotts, Russell J.
1849 Rainbow
W. DePere, WI 54115
- Davis, Charles
1420 N. Jameson Lane
Santa Barbara, CA 93108
- Davis, Doyle A.
225 Rover Rd
Los Alamos, NM 87544
- Elgin, Eugene
East Berlin, PA 17316
- Harris, Oliver Y. Jr
Bena, VA 23108
- Hoffman, James V.
18 Lake View Ave, WDLWN,
Buffalo, NY 14219
- Hyde, Robert C.
706 Knickerbocker St
Watertown, NY 13601
- Iverson, Vi ctor
1409 Los Vennos
Walnut Creek, CA 94598
- Jarvis, William
1788 Kimberly Drive
Sunnyvale, CA 94087
- Kelley, Ernest C
Route 3, Box 548
Greensboro, NC 27410
- Kokos, Mary Jane
5415 Allisonville Rd
Indianapolis, IN 46220
- Leahy, John
6501 Raptelis Drive
Burke, VA 22015
- Leazes, A J.
453 Mill Street
Worcester. MA 01602
- McElroy, Edward J.
5837 SW 1st Ave
Cape Coral, FL 33904
- McInnis, Ronald
2496 Minivet Court
Pleasanton, CA 94566
- Mi rotzni k , Dernard
2115 Hempstead Turnpike
East Meadow, NY 11554
- Musz, Joe
Main Street
Stockton, NJ 08559
- Nethercote, Richard
1026 Ashe Street
Davidsonville, MD 21035
- Palin, Lyndol H.
137 Lakewood Parkway
Burlington, VT 05401
- Pangle, Duane
639 Winslow Dr
Yuba City, CA 95991
- Patrissa, Salvatore
800 So. Ocean Blvd
Deerfield BCH, FL 33441
- Perry, Karl S.
2421 W. Highland St
Lakeland, FL 33801
- Provencio, Juan
420 East University
El Paso, TX 79912
- Reed, Gerald R.
1016 7th Street
Charleston, IL 61920
- Sill, Robert
3428 Brookdale Dr
Pittsburgh, PA 15241
- Stead, Gordon
1101 30th Street
Marion, IA 52302
- Stein, Dr. Robert A.
800 Scenic Hills Dr
Pensacola, FL 32504
- Stenrose, Arnold
5147 Timberwolf
El Paso, TX 79903
- Thompson, Mrs. Nugent J.
2303 So. Fawn Drive
Spokane, WA 99206
- Thoretz, Robert
1232 E. Stratfield Cir.
New Port Richey, FL 33552
- Victor, Robert
Rt 4, Box 282A
Greencastle, PA 17225

NEW ASSOCIATES

- Campo, Mrs. Margaret
50 No. Broad Stree
Penns Grove, NJ 08069
- Stadler, Ms Betty R.
9600 Brookside Lane
Boise, ID 83703
- Turnbul1, Ms. Edith
8501 SW 94th Ave
Miami, FL 33173
- Oldenkamp, Carl
1240 W. Edgemont Dr
San Bernardino, CA 92410
- Wright, R
3 Chestnut Vlose
Chaifont-St.Peter
Bucks, SL9 OAE, England
- NAME CORRECTION:
Feb 80 Issue, Page 6
- PoRkorny, Robert B. to
PoForny, Robert B.
- CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
- Baker, Henry
P.O. Box 6423
Santa Ana, CA 92706
- Callahan, Edward
Skytop Apts. #54
Route 28
Kingston, NY 12401
- Doron, Chester Jr
32900 Riverside Dr,Apt 69
Lake Elsenore, VA 92330
- Eppel , Drury
P.O. Box 1196
Alton, Il 62002
- Faroe, Edward F.
2445 Brookside Ave
Whisper Woods
Kissimmee, FL 32741
- Fleet, George
515 Colbarn Ct
Noblesville, IN 46060
- 1980 DUES ACCEPTABLE
- Rice, James M.
Drawer at
Katlua Kona, HI 96740
- Stokes, Henry B.
7233 Reynolds Station
Winston-Salem, NC 27109
- Watkins, Felton Jr.
103 Valley View Dr
Ozark, AL 36360
- RETURNED - NO FORWARDING
ADDRESS:
(Your assistance requested)
- Cohea, Howard
637 Montg NE, Apt 431
Albuquerque, NM 87110
- DeFrancisco, D. H.
633 Third Avenue
New York, NY 10017
- Dowling. W. L.
11 Green Street
Augusta, ME 04330
- Emerson, David
317 22nd Ave
Great Falls, MT 59404
- Powel1 , Norman
170 Groppe Terrace
New Haven, CT 06511
- Story, Warren G.
143 Norfolk Ave
Norfolk, NE 68701
- DECEASED MEMBERS:
- Cole, David J. 551st Sq
Portland, OR
30 January 1980
- Born 1895, David was the
oldest tail gunner in the
8th Air Force.
- Yarbourough, David E.
548th Sq Aircraft Maint.
Date unknown.
- David was assistant crew
chief on "Homesick Angel"
and "Fickled Finger".

GENERAL EAKER HONORED

A Congressional Gold Medal was presented to Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, USAF (Ret), honoring him for his tireless and immeasurable contributions to the development of aviation and the security of the United States. The presentation was made at the Pentagon by General Lew Allen Jr., Chief of Staff of the Air Force, on December 17, 1979.

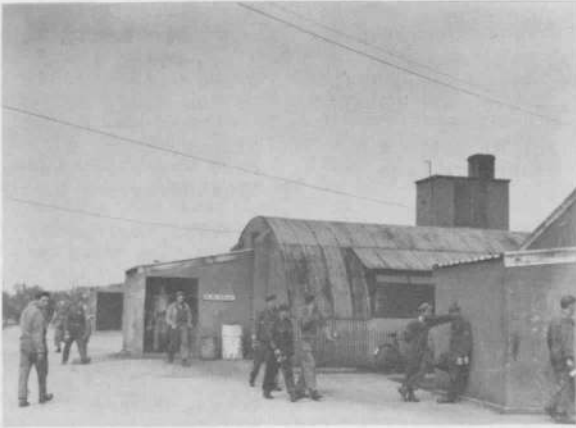
General Eaker is thus honored with other aviation pioneers such as the Wright brothers, Charles Lindberg (May 21 marks 53rd anniversary of trans-Atlantic flight), and Brig. General William A. Mitchell.

His writing on National Defense is one of the most highly respected columns written in this country and read around the world by world leaders.

Every 8th AFer's heart should be gladdened by this honor paid to the Father of The Eighth. ■

BIRTHDAY HOPE

Bob Hope will celebrate his 77th birthday on May 28. In his honor, the USO will honor him at the gala show he will present at the Air Force Academy on 28 May 1980. This grand old master of wit started entertaining troops in late 1939. He is beloved by all service persons. Contribute to the USO!"



1



5



2



6



3



7



4



8

See top - Next page

NAME THESE PHOTO'S?

Can you identify the photographs on the opposite page 6? Colonel George Y. Jumper was sorting through his photographs and came across them. Unable to identify them, he has sent them to me to copy and asked to have them reproduced in the Newsletter. Each photograph has been numbered. If you can identify them, please send your response to the Editor, who will then place the who, what, where, why, when and how on each photo and return them to the good Colonel. Stir up those memories.*



Clifford J. Peek Jr., Combat Photographer-Died Jan 80.

385th BGMA EUROPEAN TRIP

The 385th BGMA trip to England is ready to go. The first night in London will be spent at the elegant Russell Hotel in Russell Square, just two blocks from the British Museum. On the Underground it is four stops to Piccadilly Circus and four stops to Oxford Street. The last night in London will be spent at the Kensington Hilton.

The final adjusted fuel billing and dol1ar-to-pound conversion costs amounts to \$50.00 per person, making the final cost \$930.00 for the Land Package of 16 days. This is the finest bargain for European travel today.

The hotel in Felixstowe, Suffolk, England, will be the Orwell Moat House, while hotels in Cologne, Hamburg, Germany, and in Copenhagen, Denmark, are all first class and top notch.

There is still room for 12 more couples if notification is received before 20 June 1980. Check your November 1979 and February 1980 Newsletters for the full itinerary.

Call John C. Ford at (301)449-6382 for further information. ■

CORRECTION

In the "Bitz O' News" column, November 1979 Newsletter, page 6, it was incorrectly stated that Lt. T.M. Ennis injured a leg while bailing out of Lt. William B. Whitlow's B17, S/N 42-3539, on the Munster mission of 10 October 1943, had evaded capture, only to tragically drown while crossing the last river to freedom in Spain.

In a letter from William B. Whitlow, he stated that it was his co-pilot, Lt. Jim F. Burch who had been injured, evaded capture and drowned. Sgt T. M. Ennis died in Holland shortly after bailout. The editor regrets the mistake and sincerely hopes these men are remembered on Memorial Day.*

8th AFHS Membership Application Form (Please Print)

This form for new members only
Members renew by sending copy of label

(for office use only)

FIRST NAME _____ LAST NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

8 AF GROUP, DEPOT or HQ-----[_____] LOCATION _____
(assigned or attached to) J

I was not in the wartime 8th AF, please enroll me as an Associate _____

Send a copy of this form, along with one year's dues (\$6.00 for U. S., \$7.00 Foreign) to 8th AFHS, 495 NE 157th Ter, Miami, FL 33162. (AJED)



On the left are Application Forms for the 8th Air Force Historical Society. During the months of June and July, your Editor is requesting your participation in that worthy organization, in honor of Aida Kaye, Elmer and Jean Fessler, Secretary and Clearinghouse personnel of the 8th AFHS, who have worked long and hard to assure success of the venture. Let's get 100 percent membership. If you do not wish to cut the Newsletter, xerox a copy and mail as soon as possible. ■

385th BGMA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____ NICKNAME _____

ADDRESS _____ WIFE'S NAME _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DATES ASGD _____ DUTIES _____ SQDN _____

AIRCRAFT : A/C NO. & NAME _____

PILOT'S NAME _____

POW-DATE OF CAPTURE _____ LOCATION _____ INTERNED _____

DUES: O \$5.00 per year \$100.00 for Life membership Q \$ _____

for partial payment. \$ _____ for Donation.

Membership in the 385th BGMA has now exceeded 900 persons, with 27 Life Members. We are trying to hold down costs. Your paid up membership dues will assure continuing effort on the part of your officers to keep the organization viable and active. Use the Application Form on the left to locate and sign up former members of the 385th BG."

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT 385TH
BGMA REUNION AT SANDESTIN
REACH, FLORIDA, IN MAY 1981.
START PLANNING NOW!



MEMORIAL DAY 1980

In memory of fallen comrades and he who played. This photograph
 M/Sgt Charlton K. Blowing, (former 550th combat photographer and now
 deceased), was taken in the churchyard at Kt Saints, Great ksht,etd.

*This is the church i/i, attended "y 1976
 when we went to England with 385th
 C/M*

385 **TM B G R A**
 REGISTERED ADDRESS

John C. Ford, Editor
 7204 Easy Street
 Camp Springs, MD 20031

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
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