

Hardlife



Herald



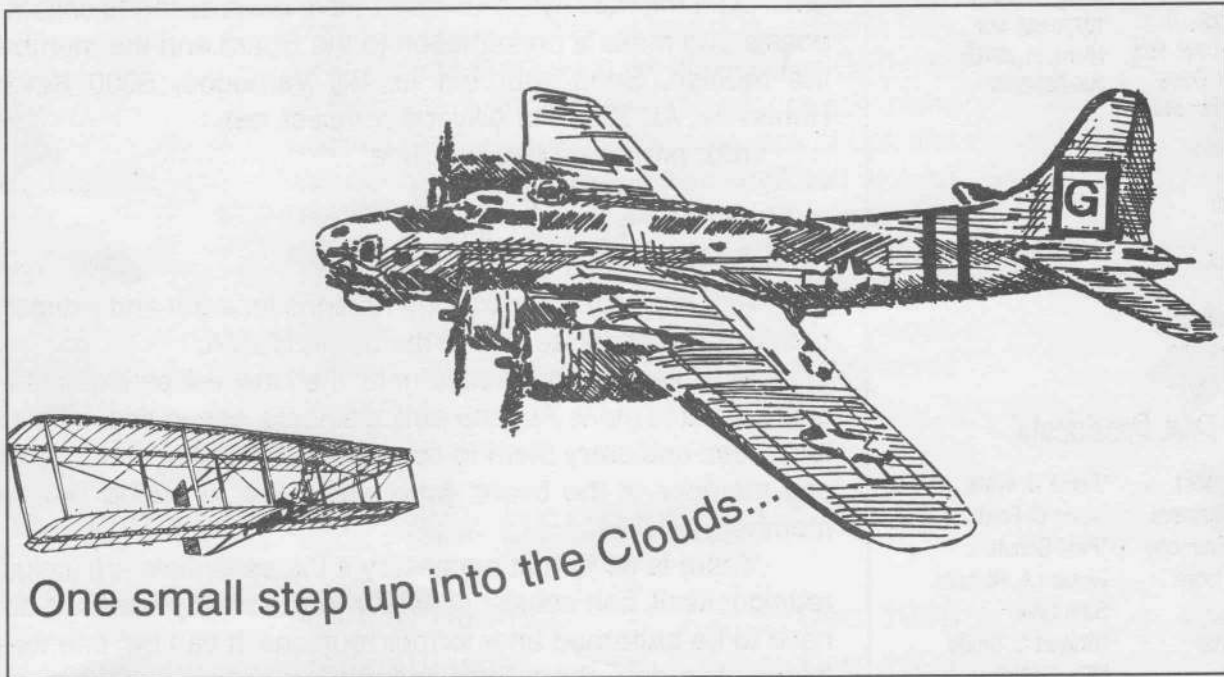
Newsletter of the
385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association

1942 - 1945 • Great Ashfield - Suffolk, England • Station 155

The Mighty Eighth

Vol. 20 Number 2

May, 2003



Feature Story

The Day Man First Flew

1903 - 2003, One Hundred Years of Powered Flight

385 REUNION • HAMPTON, VA • OCTOBER 22-27, 2003

Hardlife Herald

385th Bombardment Group (H)

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REUNION BIDS FOR 2005

I note there is some interest in having annual reunions. This reunion in VA On the 22 October is the time to make your bid for the next, even the next two, reunions. I have been asked to collect the proposals and make a presentation to the Board and the membership at the reunion. Send your bid to: Bill Varnedoe, 5000 Ketova Way, Huntsville, AL 35803 or billvar@comcast.net.

Your proposal MUST include:

- *Dates proposed,
- *Location, and
- *Host (name).

And possibly could include reasons for each and estimated cost, both to each attendee and to the 385th BGMA.

Most importantly, please note: the Host will be expected to be in charge and to make ALL the arrangements, schedules, hotel contacts, tours, etc. and carry them to completion. This should not be the job of any member of the board (who would like to attend like any other member.)

There is no format necessary if the essentials are included. The reunion, itself, can consist of whatever the Host pleases. It does NOT have to be patterned after former reunions. It can be: one week, two weeks, two day, short, long, many tours, none, speakers, presentations, or none of these but just bull sessions, etc. Leave time for a board meeting and a general membership meeting, otherwise its up to you. Be innovative!!

After I compile the bids, you will have a chance to make a brief pitch for your plan to the membership before a vote is taken.

-Bill Varnedoe, 1st VP

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Leo A. LaCasse, Col., USAF, Ret.

Max Effort Alert

The Group is alerted for a Maximum effort mission Oct. 22 thru 27. The Target is Hampton, Va. On the 22nd the Group will report personnel available to invade the local community for an extended period of five days of continuous intelligence gathering. Each day will be assigned a squadron logo password. Oct. 23, 548th (Tour #1) will prepare one flight of 6 A/C (Tour busses) loaded to capacity and hit the city of Hampton and set their sights upon the Air & Space Center. On Oct 23, the 549th (Tour #2) will prepare for a second mission with a flight of 6 A/C and set their sights on the Naval Ship the Spirit of Norfolk and photograph the Norfolk Harbor. Oct 24, the 550th (Tour #3) will assemble 6 A/C fully loaded and set their sights on Nauticus with a secondary target the Battleship Wisconsin and the Norfolk Naval Base. Upon return all crew members will report to the ready room (Hosptl Rm) for debriefing. On Oct. 25 the 551st (Tour #4) will assemble a flight of 6 A/C to a target in the Mariner's Museum. The usual debriefing will take place in the Ready Room. On Oct. 26th the Hq. Grp. (Tour #5) will prepare a Max effort with targets on Colonial Williamsburg and Jamestown.

On Monday Oct 27th a special mission coordinated by our 551st Ops Off Vince Master will depart on a one way mission to Washington, D.C. One A/C leav-

ing after lunch. At this time plans are to assassinate the leader of the Group and draw the flag down until 2005.

As you well know Chaplain Jim Vance will be resigning before our next meeting in Hampton. If any of you have sons or grandsons or daughters who have been ordained in the ministry and would like to be our Chaplain, please let me know so arrangements can be made

before our reunion in Oct.

Many of you know one of our associate member, Steve Inglis, the son of Rex Inglis a pilot from the 548th. Steve has written a book on the life of his father. It has taken him two years to write this story. He will have 50 copies available for sale at the next reunion. Lets make sure Steve does not return home with any books. Price not available at this writing.

Office of the City Council

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Mayor

Paige V. Washington, Jr.
Vice Mayor



Council:
Randy Gilliland
Ross A. Kearney, II
Joseph H. Spencer, II
Turner M. Spencer, Ed.D.
Rhet Tignor

December 11, 2002

Dear 385th Squadron Group Memorial Association,

On behalf of our community, it is my pleasure to extend an enthusiastic invitation to the 385th Squadron to come and experience Hampton, Virginia.

As America's oldest continuous English-speaking settlement, Hampton has been the site of many important meetings. To name a few, Hampton was the spot where the first English colonists befriended the Kecoughtan Indians, where three representatives of the Confederacy met with President Abraham Lincoln to attempt to negotiate a peace settlement, where the crews of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* clashed during the famous "Battle of the Ironclads," and where the Mercury astronauts gathered for their original space training. We are honored to add your military reunion to this prestigious list.

You may be assured that a warm welcome awaits you in Hampton. We look forward to hosting your attendees in our historic city in October of 2003.

Sincerely,

Mamie E. Locke, Ph.D.
Mayor

"Oldest Continuous English-Speaking Settlement in America - 1610"

22 Lincoln Street, Hampton, VA 23669-3591 (757) 727-6315

THE SOFT LIFE SIDE

by Marian Gallagher

We, the women of the 385th, have lived through historic times starting with childhood during the Great Depression. When I watch film clips of that era they do not evoke in me feelings of deprivation. My family was poor as was every one else, and like most children, I did not realize the severity which gripped our nation because I was just a kid, happy and not fearful.

World War II tore apart that innocent tranquility of my life and the lives of all of us. It was then that feelings of fear, anxiety, terror, heartache and loneliness became part of our daily lives. Our loved ones were called into the service of our

country to fight a war against two enemies on opposite sides of the globe. We could read about their bravery, their courage in battle in our daily newspapers, but it was only on the screens of our local theaters that we actually saw their images and the reality of war became inescapable.

By the time of the Korean and Viet Nam Wars we had televisions and those images were brought into our very homes. Through the lens of a TV camera we witnessed terrible tragedies as they were happening...the assassinations of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King, the Columbine shootings, and the terrorism of

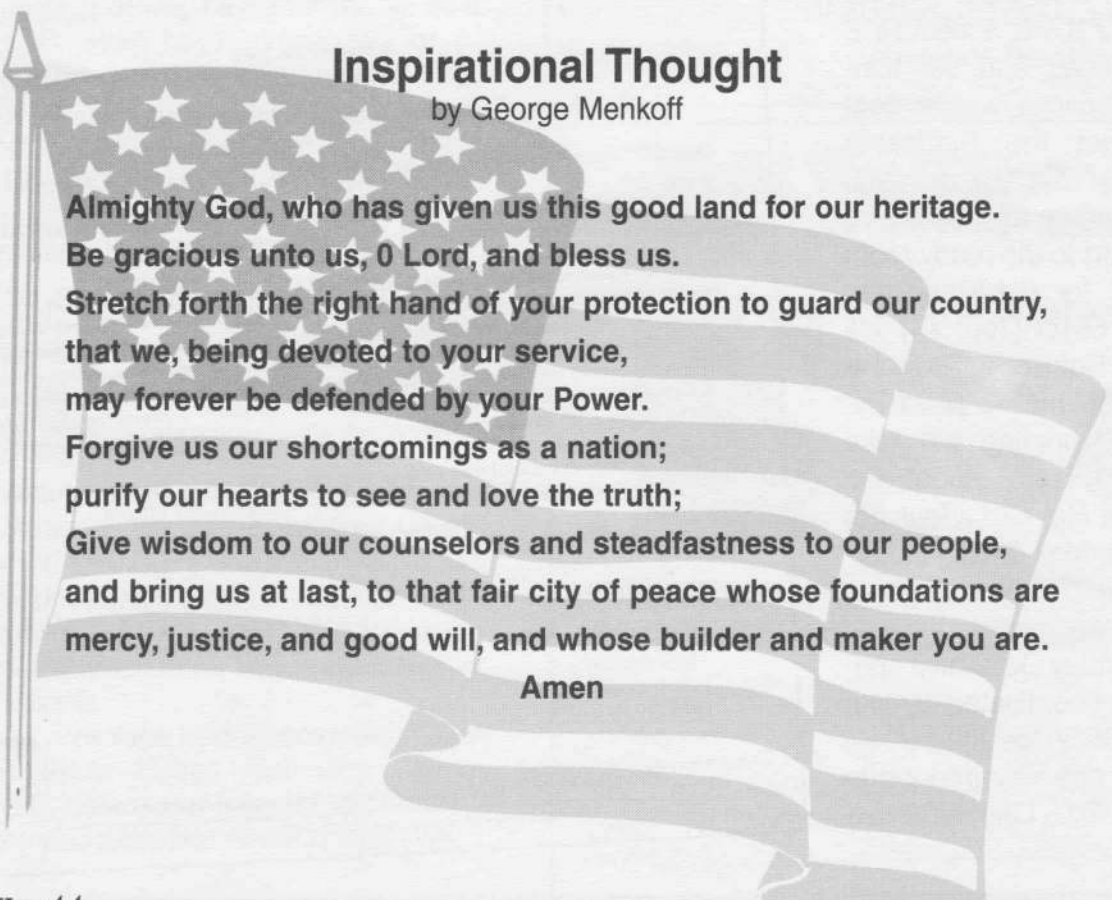
911. But through the same TV lens we saw for ourselves great triumphs ... VE and VJ Day, Neil Armstrong setting foot on the moon, and the collapse of the Berlin Wall.

In this year of 2003, in a period of less than two months, we watched yet another tragedy. On February 1, we followed the horror of the space ship Columbia as it disintegrated in the sky, falling and crashing to the ground. On April 9, we cheered in our hearts as we witnessed the statue of Saddam Hussein and all that it represented fall and crash to the ground.

God bless America! God bless us all!

Inspirational Thought

by George Menkoff



**Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage.
Be gracious unto us, O Lord, and bless us.
Stretch forth the right hand of your protection to guard our country,
that we, being devoted to your service,
may forever be defended by your Power.
Forgive us our shortcomings as a nation;
purify our hearts to see and love the truth;
Give wisdom to our counselors and steadfastness to our people,
and bring us at last, to that fair city of peace whose foundations are
mercy, justice, and good will, and whose builder and maker you are.**

Amen

December 17, 1903 - THE DAY MAN FIRST FLEW

When Thursday, December 17, 1903 dawned, who would have known it was to go down in history as a day when a great engineering feat would be accomplished. It was cold. Winds pushed 22 to 27 miles an hour from the north. Puddles of water were ice-covered. Orville and Wilbur Wright waited indoors, hoping the winds would diminish. But the gales continued their brisk presence, so at 10 o'clock in the morning the brothers decided to attempt a flight - fully realizing the difficulties and dangers of flying a relatively untried machine in so high a wind.

Indeed, the winds were almost too gusty to launch the machine, at all that day. But the brothers estimated that the added dangers while in flight would be compensated in part by the slower speed in landing that resulted from flying into stiff winds. As a safety precaution, they decided to fly as close to the ground as possible. They were superb flyers, courageous, but never foolhardy. In such strong gales, hills were not needed to launch the machine. The force of the persistent winds enabled the Wright's flying machine to take off on the short starting track, right from level ground.

By midmorning, a signal was displayed to notify the men at the Kill Devil Hills Life Saving Station that further trials were intended. The Wrights, took their machine out of the hanger and laid the 60-foot starting track on a smooth stretch of level ground in a south-to-north direction, less than 100 feet west of its hanger and more than 1,000 feet north of Kill Devil Hill. They chose this location because the ground had recently been covered with water and was so level that little preparation was necessary to lay the track. Both the starting track and the machine rest-

ing on the truck faced directly into the north wind. The restraining wire was attached from the truck to the south end of the track.

Before the brothers were quite ready to fly the machine, John T. Daniels, Willie S. Dough and Adam D. Etheridge, personnel from the Kill Devil Hills Life Saving Station, arrived to see the trials. With them came William C. Brinkley of Manteo, and John T. Moore, a boy from Nags Head.

The right to the first trial belonged to Orville. Wilbur had used his turn in the unsuccessful attempt on December 14th. Orville put his camera on a tripod before climbing aboard the machine, and told Daniels to press the button when the machine had risen directly in front of the camera. After running the engine and propellers for a few minutes, the take-off attempt was ready to commence. At 10:35 a.m., Orville lay prone on the lower wing, his hips resting in the cradle that operated the control mechanisms. He released the restraining wire and the machine started down the 60-foot track, traveling slowly into the headwind at only 7 or 8 m.p.h. - so slow that Wilbur was able to run alongside holding the right wing to balance the machine on the track. After a run of 40 feet on the track, the machine took off. As the airplane rose about 2 feet above ground, Daniels snapped the famous photograph of the conquest of the air. The plane then climbed 10 additional feet into the sky, while Orville struggled with the controlling mechanisms to keep it from rising too high in the irregular, gusty winds.

Orville sought to fly a level flight course, even though buffeted by the strong headwind. However, he found that when turning the rud-

der up or down, the plane turned too far either way and flew an erratic up-and-down course - first quickly rising about 10 feet, then suddenly darting a bit too close to the ground for comfort. The first successful flight ended with a sudden dart to the ground after having flown 120 feet from the take-off point and staying airborne a total of 12 seconds time, traveling at a groundspeed of 6.8 m.p.h. and at an airspeed of 30 m.p.h. In the words of Orville Wright, "This flight lasted only 12 seconds, but it was nevertheless the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in full flight, had sailed forward without reduction of speed, and had finally landed at a point as high as that from which it started."

Orville found that the new, almost untried, controlling mechanisms operated more powerfully than the previous controls he had used in gliders. He also learned that the front rudder was balanced too near the center. Because of its tendency to turn itself when started, the Powered machines front rudder turned more than was necessary.

The airplane was slightly damaged on its first landing, so quick repairs were made. With the help of the onlookers, the machine was brought back to the track and prepared for a second flight that same day. Wilbur took his turn at 11:20 a.m., flying nearly 175 feet in about 12 seconds. He also flew an up-and-down course, similar to the first flight, while operating the unfamiliar controls. The speed over the ground during the second flight was slightly faster than that of the first flight because the winds had begun to diminish by mid-day. After a more successful landing than Wilbur's, Orville helped carry the airplane

back to the starting track to prepare it for a third flight.

At 11:40 a.m., Orville made the third flight, successfully managing a steadier course than that of the two previous flights. All was going nicely when a blast of wind from the side suddenly lifted the airplane higher by nearly 15 feet, turning it sidewise in an alarming manner. With the plane flying sidewise, Orville warped the wingtips to recover lateral balance, and pointed the plane down to land as quickly as possible. The new lateral control was more effective than he had expected. The plane not only leveled off, but the wing that had been high dropped more than he had intended. It struck the ground shortly before the plane landed. The third flight was about 200 feet in about 15 seconds.

Wilbur started on the fourth flight at noon. He flew the first few hundred feet on an up-and-down course similar to the first two flights, but after flying 300 feet from the take-off point, managed to bring the airplane under control. The plane flew a fairly even course for 500 feet more, with little undulation disturbing its level flight. While in flight about 800 feet from the take-off point, the airplane commenced pitching again - as it had for Orville - and, in one of its darts downward, struck the ground. The fourth flight measured 852 feet over the ground; the time in the air was 59 seconds.

The four successful flights made on December 17 were short because the Wrights, not desiring to fly a new machine at much height in strong winds, sometimes found it impossible to correct the up-and-down motion of the airplane before it struck the ground.

Wilbur remarked: "Those who understand the real significance of the conditions under which we worked will be surprised rather at the length than the shortness of the

flights, made with an unfamiliar machine after less than one minute's practice. The machine possesses greater capacity of being controlled than any of our former machines."

The airplane was carried back to camp and set it up just a few feet west of its hangar. While the Wrights, and onlookers were excitedly discussing the flights, a sudden gust of wind struck the plane, sending it tumbling over and over several times and damaging it badly. The airplane could not be repaired in time for any more flights that year; indeed, it was never flown again. Daniels gained the dubious honor of becoming the first airplane casualty in history, when he was slightly scratched and bruised while caught inside the machine between the wings in an attempt to stop the plane as it rolled over. Subsequent events were vivid in Daniels' of his "first - and God help me - my last flight." In his words: "I found myself caught in them wires and the machine blowing across the beach heading for the ocean, landing first on one end and then on the other, rolling over and over, and me getting more tangled up in it all the time. I tell you, I was plumb scared. When the thing did stop for half a second I nearly broke up every wire and upright getting out of it."

Orville made a simple, matter-of-fact entry in his diary. "After dinner we went to Kitty Hawk to send off telegram to M.W. While there we called on Capt. and Mrs. Hobbs, Dr. Cogswell and the station men." Toward evening that day Bishop Milton Wright (M.W. from Orville's diary entry) in Dayton received this telegram from his sons: "Success four flights Thursday morning all against twenty-one mile wind started from level with engine power alone average speed through air thirty-one miles longest 57 seconds inform press home Christmas.

Orevelle, Wright." In the transmission of the telegram, 57 seconds was incorrectly given for the 59-second record flight, and Orville's name was misspelled. The Norfolk telegraph operator leaked the news to a local paper, the *Virginian-Pilot*. The resulting story produced a series of false reports as to the length and duration of the December 17th flights. Practically none of the information contained in the telegram was used, except that the Wrights had flown.

The Bishop provided the press with this biographical note: "Wilbur is 36, Orville 32, and they are as inseparable as twins. For several years they have read up on aeronautics as a physician would read his books, and they have studied, discussed, and experimented together. Natural workmen, they have invented, constructed, and operated their gliders, and finally their 'Wright Flyer,' jointly, all at their own personal expense. About equal credit is due each,"

The world took little note of the Wrights' tremendous achievement and years passed before its full significance was realized. After reading the Wrights' telegram, the Associated Press representative in Dayton remarked, "Fifty-seven seconds', hey? If it had been fifty-seven minutes then it might have been a news item."

Three years after the first flight, an editorial appeared in the December 15, 1906, issue of the *Scientific American*, which included the following revelation that recognition of the significance of December 17, 1903, was only just beginning: "In all the history of invention, there is probably no parallel to the unostentatious manner in which the Wright brothers of Dayton, Ohio ushered into the world their epoch-making invention of the first successful aeroplane flying-machine."

Air Stories [385BG] "Off The Record (17)"

By Frank Fl. Mays, Author of "And No Purple Heart"

The formation of B-17s, from the 385th Bomb Group, were well into German airspace leaving a long trail of condensation clouds behind them. Small flak batteries along the way threw-up bursts of shrapnel, but the mission route had been well planned to avoid them. Most of the shell bursts were at least a quarter-mile off to the sides of the of 35 bombers.

The drone of the four engines sent a ever changing Oration through the entire fuselage. The ball turret gunner was an experienced airplane engineer, and he could read the vibrations which told him all was well with the bombers engines. He looked at the exhaust coming from each engine supercharger noting the clear blue 12-inch lame was indicating a lean mixture of gas was being consumed. There were the normal minor streaks of oil slipping back under the wings from small leaks in piping joints created by the vibrations. All was well under the belly of the bomber.

Looking ahead along the path the formation would fly, the ball turret gunner saw streaks of smoking beginning to appear on the ground below. He knew they were smoke generators and somebody down there didn't want them to see what was on the ground. In minutes a large area was completely covered by smoke and the formation was still more than five minutes away.

At that moment the tail gunner yelled over the intercom, "Bandits coming in from 6 o'clock level."

The ball turret swirled toward the rear of the bomber and saw three ME-109S coming out of

the condensation trails - closing fast. The tail gunner opened fire and one fighter made the mistake trying to get out of the tracer bullet paths by peeling off and dropping slightly as he headed toward 9 o'clock. The two ball turret guns came into action when the fighter filled the gun sight radicals. The ME-109 continued to turn, trailing black smoke, leaving the fight, probably headed for home.

The other two Bandits passed high over the bomber firing as they went through the formation. The entire fuselage rattled as the waist gunners opened fire. They got only a short burst of gun fire off before having to stop in order not to hit a higher bomber in the group.

As the ball turret gunner watched a ME-109 spiraled down having been hit by higher gunners. Just for the hell of it, the ball turret guns fired several volleys into the Wing fighter as it continued the downward fall to earth. Pieces of the airplane fell away from the main body of the fighter and no parachute was seen leaving the plane. The third German fighter must have escaped as the pilot said, "All clear of Bandits."

Suddenly the bomber bounced as black puff of bursting shells appeared directly under the wings sending hot shards of metal into the wings and an engine. The No. 1 propeller rotated to a standstill as the pilot cut the engine and feathered the prop as oil smoke coming from under the cowling billowed and stopped. A small stream of gas strewed back from a hole in the No. 1 wing gas tank.

"Hole in No.1 gas tank," said the ball gunner.

"Max - Transfer gas from No. 1 to No. 2 tank," came the order from the pilot speaking to the top turret gunner.

Black puffs of smoke continued to appear around the bomber making a sound - "Whump" "Whump", and steel shards rattling through the bomber skin.

"Bomb bay door open," came the voice of the bombardier.

"Roger- They are open," said the ball gunner.

"Bombs away," said the bombardier, "Doors closing."

"All 10 bombs clear," said the ball gunner as he counted the bombs fall from the bomb bay.

Through the ever increasing cloud of black smoke about the bomber, from bursting flak, the ball gunner could see flashes of light as bombs exploded beneath the ground smoke cover Mingling with white smoke from the German's smoke generators - huge plumes of dirty gray smoke turned eerie black/gray and rose as fires erupted in the target area. More after-explosions occurred as the oil storage tanks ruptured sending shock waves through the ground cover. There was no doubt the target had been completely destroyed.

As quickly as it started the flak bursts stopped and the formation rallied at the RP - (Rally Point) to head back home. The formation turned south from the burning mess below - then west - heading for a three and a half hour ride back to Great Ashfield.

Frank

OFFICER OF THE DAY

by Sterling Rogers

Author of *Hunkered Down*

It scared me half to death. I had hardly got my shoes under my bed and certainly didn't have my feet on the ground, metaphorically. But there was my name on a duty roster: Officer of the Day. I had no idea what an OD was supposed to do. We probably were told about such duties back in training, but I didn't remember.

I was a just-turned-twenty year old second lieutenant who had not yet realized the army is really run by sergeants. I seriously believed I was supposed to make decisions and give orders.

At the proper time I reported to the headquarters building, to find the only person around was a no-nonsense sergeant who seemed to expect me to do stupid things and make mistakes. He started by explaining that all the rules were written in the instruction book and the only thing I really had to worry about was meeting the train at Hawley Junction. "You gotta be on time for that because, if any captains or majors are coming back from London, they can get pretty mad about being kept waiting."

I read the instruction book and kept my eye on the time. I didn't want to be late at the Junction. Eventually two enlisted men showed up with a GI truck and a jeep. I rode in the jeep and the truck followed.

It was night and everything was blacked out, of

course. I was in a constant state of worry because I could hardly see the road and didn't understand how the man driving could possibly avoid going into a ditch somewhere along the way. He maneuvered down the country lanes as if it were broad daylight.

We heard air raid sirens go off before we got to the station. The drivers pulled to the side of the road and stopped immediately. They turned off even the tiny little lights allowed for driving and we sat in absolute darkness. We searched the sky for sight or sound of airplanes, but there was nothing. We must have sat there for twenty minutes before we heard an all-clear signal from somewhere in the distance. There had been no night raiders and there were no bomb explosions anywhere as far as we could tell.

We got to the station late. There was no one there. I didn't know what to do. The jeep driver - I think he was a corporal - suggested maybe the train had been held up by the sirens, too. That sounded logical so we waited.

In a few minutes a train rushed through the station without stopping. "That's our train," the corporal said. "Ain't nobody on it for us. Let's go."

I hesitated. I didn't think I should be letting an enlisted man make the decisions but I didn't know what else to do.

After a little judicious hemming and hawing, I agreed and we climbed into our vehicles and returned to the base.

When I walked in the headquarters the sergeant said: "Oh, lieutenant, I forgot to tell you. We don't have very many men on pass right now, so there might not be anybody at the station."

I spent the rest of the night reading the instruction book, trying to find out if there was anything I was expected to do that the enlisted men couldn't do better.



A guy was sitting in an airplane when another guy took the seat beside him. The new guy was a wreck, pale, hands shaking, biting his nails and moaning in fear.

"Hey, pal, what's the matter?" said the first guy.

"I've been transferred to Los Angeles, California," he answered nervously.

"They've got race riots, drugs, the highest crime rate in the country"

"Hold on," said the first. "I've been in L.A. all my life, and it's not bad as the media says. Find a nice home, go to work, mind your own business, enroll your kids in a good school and it's as safe as anywhere in the world."

The second guy stopped shaking for a moment and said, "Oh, thank God. I was worried to death. But if you live there and say it's ok, I'll take your word for it. By the way, what do you do for a living?"

"Me?" said the first, "I'm a tail gunner on a bread truck."

A Daughters Letter in Loving Memory to Her Father

Submitted by George S. Hruska with permission from Eileen (Harrison) Luniewski

The evening following the touring of the 8th Air Force Heritage Museum at Savannah GA and viewing the very dramatic recreation of a bombing mission the daughter realized, for the first time, what her father had endured doing WW2- From this experience she wrote the following very emotional letter.

Hi Dad,

Out last day in Savannah has come to a close. Packing is finally finished for an early morning flight home. The few hours remaining to sleep before wake-up call will be very welcome.

Mom is already at rest. She did quite well this weekend but the tiredness from all the activities and from being away, from her own familiar environment was evident tonight. The last light is off and I am anxious for that sense of delirium that comes before our minds are no longer aware of time and space. I lay my head upon the pillow ready to surrender consciousness. Instead of the anticipated numbness, of mind and body, tears begin to trickle down my cheeks. All that I have experienced these past three days seems to be crashing in on me. I am being bombarded with all I heard, saw and felt. The trickle is beginning to turn into a steady flow. A mini riverlet wetting my hair and pillow. I can no longer breathe easily and try to restrain my sobbing. I am trying not to make any sounds that will disturb mom's peace. A peace that seems to have come, to her at fleeting moments these past few nights.

I am not quite sure why this sadness has come upon me so suddenly and unexpectedly. Perhaps because tomorrow I

return to my small secluded universe. There will be no more tales to awe me from a generation of brave men that survived a time of horror to plant the seeds of my generation of baby boomers. Perhaps the catalyst was our visit to the wonderful 8th Air Force Museum. Each exhibit drew me more deeply into events of years I never knew. I was overwhelmed with feelings for an event I could never fully comprehend. I listened intently to each presentation which led up to the coup-de-gras, the film about the B-17. That's the aircraft you flew on, Dad. The Flying Fortress. The movie began with loud noises and bright lights. The focal point was from a top turret. That's what you were, Dad. I never really knew too much about your position until now. As the movie continued I was struck by how young the crew was. My son, your grandson, is older than those boys. They all entered the cavity of that cold metal giant with the unabridged courage of seasoned men. The top turret stood on a platform that turned 360 degrees with only a plastic bubble to protect his head. What a terribly vulnerable position. How could he possibly defend himself, his crew members, and his aircraft from other boys in foreign aircraft attacking from all directions? I was mesmerized and tried not to blink for fear of

missing something. The fighting continued on and on. There was constant chatter of warnings among the boys as each one manned their own station. I watched and listened in amazement, trying to catch a glimpse at each overhead screen. The noises grew louder and louder, almost deafening. Then came an illuminating red flash. I waited for the next tactic to occur. But there was nothing. I held my breath for what seemed like an eternity. My brain finally registered what had happened. GONE! Everything was gone. The boys, the chatter, the B-17. Just gone. How could that be? That aircraft was supposed to be a "fortress" protecting those within its' walls. I told myself to take a breath. I want to cry, but I hold back the tears. How dare I let even one of them loose. This was not my war, not my pain, not my grief, not my memories relived. That all belongs to the men sitting around me. I felt as though I intruded on something almost sacred. Dad, that could have been you. Gone. How lucky I was you made it home from that nightmare. How unfortunate I never realized it until more than seventeen years after your death with your own private war with cancer. You died as you lived quietly and without any fanfare. I overheard one of the men at third reunion say that people called all of you who

served in the war, "heroes". He replied that you were all just men. At the time, I didn't give too much thought to either statement. After seeing the film, I strongly disagree with him.

Most of you left home as boys, were forced into manhood, and if lucky, returned home as heroes. Some skipped the manhood portion of their short lives altogether and went from wide-eyed boys to fallen heroes. The past few days have made me miss you terribly, Dad. I have been thinking back to the few months before you died. Life was a little simpler for me then and I was able to help Mom take care of you. I didn't realize it at the time but that was one of the greatest blessings and privileges of my life. I hope, I helped ease your way down the path you traveled with such uncomplaining dignity.

On one visit from your sister, she called me your princess. I remember thinking what a funny thing for her to say. I never thought of myself as anybody's Princess and you would never have called me that. You were a man of few words but I knew you loved me. How sad it makes me when I speak of you to my children and they don't always remember. You would like them both. They've grown to be very special people. Your legacy lives on through your grandson in his innate goodness and sense of humor and in your granddaughter in her aloofness and introspective demeanor. I hope someday they have an awareness of what a gift their lives and freedom, are to you and all the other heroes of previous gener-

ations. I also hope someday that they can experience and appreciate the museum and have their hearts touched as mine. The tears are still flowing as my thoughts turn to this evenings dinner dance. The band played "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder" and everyone in the ballroom stood. I had goose bumps. I was surrounded by heroes from near and far. I was deeply moved by those who journeyed from England and France to share in this weekend. These wonderful people fought the war on their homelands and came to pay homage to the men of another because they remember and are grateful. All share a common brotherhood. I feel more bonded to my heritage thanks to being a part of all of this. Thank you Dad. Thank you men. I hope you all realize how special you are. The many ways in which I have been touched while here will stay with me for a very long time.

Calm is finally settling in. My mind and body are beginning to relax. I welcome the approaching state of restfulness. My final thought, Dad, is a prayer to embrace you sometime again. Until then, I shall borrow a line from Shakespeare and say "goodnight sweet prince."

With My Love,
Your Princess,
Eileen (Harrison) Luniewski!

England East Anglia Air Traffic for One Day and its Role in World War II

As a land area the United Kingdom is roughly the same size as the state of Colorado - (England is 1/1 Oth larger than Mississippi.) Imagine then packing into the same area close to 700 airfields and landing strips: that was the picture from the air during WWII.

Airfields so close to one another that their traffic patterns frequently interwoven with one another making air traffic control a monstrous problem...worse yet when the weather conditions were minimal.

Pilots faced many problems to boot. Most airfields were constructed to a common design so that recognizing one's own base was difficult and getting "lost" simple. Land patterns were a fraction of those found in the United States; cities and towns all looked alike; few major rivers could be found; and railway tracks and other common guides were minimal. At night with the British blackout one could not differentiate when one was over land or the North Sea or English Channel. No modern electric airways system existed and mandates for radio silence minimized the ways pilots could obtain help from ground facilities. Thus it was up to flying control to come up with a formal and informal ways to resolve the air traffic problem.

Specializing in daytime operations, the USAAF might mount and attack involving 2,500+ four-engine bombers with some 1,200 fighter escorts and the same night the RAF would go out with an equivalent number of aircraft. Add to this the training flights from 156 RAF training bases in the U.K. and one would find in a 24 hour period over 10,000+ aircraft in the Air! Think for a moment that number of aircraft in the air over the state of Colorado and you get the picture clearly.

The worst Conditions arose when weather forced the closure of many bases in one part of the U.K. and forced flying control to quickly divert all aircraft to other bases to the north before the ran out of gasoline following deep air attacks into Europe.

A typical USAAF/RAF Air Base comprised: one 6,000 foot runway, two 5,200 foot runways, a group composed of 4 squadrons in which each had 15/20 aircraft. A personnel compliment of 600 aircrew members and up to 3,000 ground personnel.

Local man's World War II uniform on display overseas

By JEANNE SCHRAM

"It hung in our closet for 57 years; I thought that was long enough," said Willard Hagman.

He was referring to his World War II era Air Force uniform now on display at a museum in Perle, Luxembourg.

How this came about has to do with history buff Roger Feller of Luxembourg. He heard about a couple of American bombers that crashed in his neck of the woods in 1944 and wanted to find out more. So, in 1998, Feller ran advertisements seeking servicemen who knew about the planes.

"I was the first who wrote to him," said Hagman.

Hagman and his children, Terry Sylvester, Barbara Byler, Debbie Janzen and Lance Hagman, traveled to Luxembourg that year. Wife, Lois, is not fond of air travel, so "kept the home fires burning."

Feller never officially learned English, but taught himself to speak it, said Hagman.

Eight or nine other airmen turned out for a memorial service at one of the plane crash sites where 18 died.

"The Germans had buried them there," Hagman said. "After the

Germans left, the bodies were moved to a cemetery in Belgium."

Feller, who was just a youngster during WWII, is a curator of the 385th Bomb Group Museum in Perle.

While the visitors were in Luxembourg this year, the site of a P-47 plane crash was being excavated in a field nearby. In on the dig were Feller, the mayor of Perle and Colonel Ulysses Rhodes. "Roger wanted the engine from the P-47 to put in the museum," said Hagman.

Have uniform, will travel

Hagman decided to donate his uniform to the museum and make another trip to Luxembourg, as well as some other sites.

Hagman and his children returned to Luxembourg this past summer.

He saw the outskirts of Merseburg, where, he said, the Germans were stopped in WWII because they ran out of oil.

They visited Berlin and stood at Unter den Linden and Wilhelm Straus streets where the German ministry was located during the war. The 8th Air Force severely bombed this site.

Hagman learned something too. Although he was aware that

civilian populations feared the Germans during the war, he learned one of the reasons for this. "The troops walked into homes and took all their food," he said. They met a man whose brother's life was saved because of the food drop after the war and during the Berlin airlift.

Of Hagman's group, 411 were lost during the war. Four of his nine-man bomb crew are alive today.

"I'm going back over there again before I die," Hagman said.



Willard Hagman's World War II 8th Air Force clothing. The uniform and photos of Hagman are in a museum in Perle, Luxembourg.



Hagman's at the 385th Memorial Perle

The Finest Hours of Churchill, RAF "Commit Them To Battle"

British General Lord (pug) Ismay was Winston Churchill's chief of staff and was at Churchill's side throughout the war.

He was with the Prime Minister at some of the most crucial hours in British history, particularly during Churchill's visits to Fighter Command, the nerve center for the Battle of Britain.

Flanked by two air marshals, Churchill faced a huge map of the British Islands. Wrens (Women of the Royal Navy) moved planes on the maps as the battle reports came. Directly in front of them was a grid of colored buttons. Each button repre-

sented a squadron: white signaled "ready reserve"; green "in action"; red "in action, but running out of fuel".

As a squadron came down to fuel, its red light turned white, then green as it went up to re-enter the battle.

It was the day of Goering's heaviest assault. From dawn to dusk, the RAF was in action. Some squadrons actually refueled seven times dangerous because a plane being refueled is extremely vulnerable, an explosive sitting duck. As the day wore on, the Luftwaffe increased the momentum of the attack. More and more white dots turned green as

the RAF rose to meet them, and tension rose with them.

The agony started when the top lines began turning red. The greens, already heavily engaged, would be hard put to provide aircover for the refueling planes below. To protect them, the air marshals committed more reserves from white to green. The green board rapidly became red. There was nothing to do but fight to the last drop of fuel. One lone white light remained.

Churchill asked how many planes were left. Seven, was the answer, Great Britain's last squadron. Churchill himself gave the order: "Commit them to battle."

Everything Britain had was airborne. The climax and balance of battle had been reached. For a few still minutes they watched. Then Dover reported enemy momentum was slackening. Norfolk confirmed. Again Dover was first: the enemy was withdrawing. Again Norfolk confirmed.

Swiftly the order was given to land, refuel and resume battle. Swiftly the top red light turned to white, then green. Rapidly the board changed from red to white to green. The RAF, refueled, was airborne and battle ready again.

The battle was won.

As Gen. Ismay and the Prime Minister left at dusk, Churchill sank into the back seat of the car. The tension relieved, Churchill was crying. Then he leaned forward and first uttered that famous sentence

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

And then he told his aide: "And damn it, if His Majesty's Prime Minister sees fit to weep so can one of his generals."

This story was offered by Ernest Cuneo, a World War II OSS officer who was liaison between Winston Churchill and President Franklin Roosevelt. (American Legion Magazine).

E-Mail Address Additions & Correction

Name

Baldwin, Robert R. Lt. Col. Retired
Baker, Don
Byers, C. Russell
Garant, Roger
Tanguay, Roland B.
Temple, Tina Leonard
Swindell, William Ret. Col.
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Books Authored by 385th Members

The Diary of a Serviceman
My Teen Years
Letters to Hardlife
And No Purple Heart
The Three Trees
Forever Yours
Fear Faith and Courage
Hunkered Down
The Wrong Stuff

Robert R. Hartman
Ronald Webster
Thomas A. Helman
Frank R. Mays
Charles W. McCauley
Howard A. Muchow
Willard Richards
Sterling Rogers
Truman Smith

Your Editor recommends that every 385th member should have a copy of these fine books. They may be purchased from the author, their address is in our 385th BGMA roster.

LETTERS

Dear Tom:

I'm so very very sorry that I didn't notify you sooner about my beloved husband Harlan's death. He went to his Heavenly Home Dec. 22, 1999.

He was a Life member of the "Hardlife Herald" 385th 8th Air Force (H) B-17. He was a avid reader of the magazine and truly enjoyed it! I even read it and learned many things from him about his service and the Mighty 385th. My brother Martin A. Beske a T Sgt. served 3 1/2 yrs in the 385th in England too. Through him I met Harlan and we were married in 1947. Harlan was a Cpl. and was discharged in 1945. Was in England from 1942 too.

I realize it cost money to publish it so I'm enclosing a check of \$50.00 to help toward magazines sent. Thanks so much for all the wonderful magazines. We donated magazines to a Library where other people could read history of the 385th during World War 2.

I have Harlan's flag from his funeral which draped his coffin. If you are in need of a flag for you 385th building I'm willing to donate the flag and you can fly it in his memory. He truly loved the B-17 Bomber. His twin brother was a pilot of a B-17 Bomber, I think the 388th WW2 England.

Praying you can continue to publish the Hardlife Herald. Please let me know about the flag.

Thanks for all and God Bless All.

Sincerely,
Marian Blasdell

Dear Mr. Newton, Feb 28, 2003

Several days ago I read in our newspaper that the top Air Force General was going to investigate a problem at the Air Force Academy. His name was General Jumper.

Do you know if this could be a descendant of our Col. Geo. Jumper in the 385th?

Charles Price

Ed. Note: Editor had been previously informed General Jumper was not related to our 385th Jumper.

Take the Army.

When the stuff hits the fan, the young Army private wakes up to the bellowing of his first sergeant. He grabs his BDUs out of his footlocker, dresses, run to the chow-hall for breakfast on the fly, then jumps in his tank. Pretty soon, the company commander, a captain, arrives, gives him a big salute, and says, "Give 'em Hell, soldier!"

Now take the Navy.

When the stuff hits the fan, the Sailor is eating breakfast in the mess. He hustles the 20 feet to his battle station, stuffing extra pastries in his pocket as he goes. There he sits, in the middle of a big, steel target, with nowhere to run, when the cap-

tain comes on the MC and says, "Give'em Hell, sailors! I salute you!"

Now take the Marines.

When the stuff hits the fan, the young Marine is kicked out of bed by his Gunny and puts on the muddy set of BDUs he was wearing on the field exercise he was part of three hours earlier. He gets no breakfast, but is told to feel free to chew on his boots. He runs out and forms up with his rifle. Pretty soon, his company commander, a captain comes out, gives the Marine a sharp salute, and says, "Give 'em Hell, Marine!"

And then there's the Air Force.

When the stuff hits the fan, the airman receives a phone call at

his off-base quarters. He gets up, showers, shaves, and puts on the fresh uniform he picked up from the BX cleaners the day before. He jumps in his car and cruises through the McDonald's drive-thru for an Egg McMuffin and Coca-Cola on his way into work. Once at work, he signs in on the duty roster, proceeds to his A-10, spends 30 minutes pre-flighting it, and signs off the forms. Pretty soon the pilot, a young captain, arrives, steps into the jet, and starts the engines. Our young airman stands at attention, gives the aviator a sharp salute, and says, "Give 'em Hell, Captain!"

LETTERS

April 8, 2003

Tom,

I sure appreciated the extra copies of "Hardlife Herald". My grandchildren thank-you.

From the painting on the February issue of the HLH I was the last man out of the plane. My son had good 12"x20" photos made of the painting and Roy Buck (Bombardier), Deteret (engineer), Woerner (Radio) and me. Of Course, we all had them framed. My son (Tom) takes Hardlife Herald. He is pretty much a historian.

Thank You
Herbert R. Greider



Tom:

Enclosed is a letter I recieved from the Commemorative Air Force Inc., Camarillo, CA upon receipt of the lithograph of the 385th's Scheinfurt Mission. I have not been back to CA to check on it but will on my next fisit there while at my son's.

Just thought you'd like to know. Looking forward to Hampton.
Les



COMMEMORATIVE AIR FORCE INC.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WING

455 AVIATION DRIVE
CAMARILLO, CA 93010
(805) 482-0064



www.orgsites.com/ca/caf-social

December 5, 2002

Mr. Leslie L. Reichardt
4128 Willowbrook Drive
Liverpool, NY 13090-2327

Dear Leslie,

I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the lithograph arrived here in perfect condition. It is truly a beautiful piece and will be a pleasure to display in honor of the 385th Bomb Group. It may have even been the inspiration for our "resident artist," who is now planning to do a tribute to the B-17.

Once again, our thanks -- and may I wish you and your family very happy holidays.

Best regards,

Carol J. Bachman
Carol J. Bachman
CAF Southern California
Museum Registrar

Enc: Proffer of Gift Form, for your tax records.

PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION
OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MILITARY AIRCRAFT - 1939 - 1945
CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAF ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

Dear Tom:

I have been an active member of a local organization here, the Army Air Force Historical Association. I think I sent you a copy of our newsletter about that time ago. Also one of the editors of the paper. It keeps me busy gathering info, as you are with the 385th. Our group has meetings once a month about 60 plus active members and a total of 120 on the roster. From all groups and locations. Former fighter pilots, bomber pilots, crew members both air and ground, mostly the Eight but from other theatres during the earlier wars. Wonderful people, a small version of the 385th. I enjoy it tremendously as we are all in the same age group, went thru the same action and have a great exchange of stories and camaraderie. Something we never forget. Hope to see you at the reunion, if the current war does not cause changes to the schedule.

Take care and again, stay well. David Schwartz.

The Unsung Mechs

*There are garlands for flyers in Europe,
For aces and victors in war,
And for Lindberg who flew the Atlantic,
Touched down on France's west shore.
And for Byrd, who flew o'er the North Pole,
for Corrigan's strange "wrong way" trek,
But where are the towering markers
To faithful and capable mechs?
For a plane is as good as its weak spot,
each pilot is risking his neck
If the plane isn't properly cared for
By faithful and capable mechs.*

by Lee Fleming Reese

LETTERS

I am setting up this contact information for my father, Lt. Col. Robert R. Baldwin, who served (then as Lt.) as co-pilot, formation officer and pilot during his 2 tours in the 549th & 550th SQ. of the 385th BG from April '44. Baldy, as he was called by his crew at the time is 86 years old & still kickin' at this date. He doesn't get around like he used to and won't be making any more reunions. But he would like to stay in touch. He isn't computer savvy but I will relay all messages both ways should you write. He very much looks forward to Hardlife Hearld

Many Thanks for keeping him going!

Russell Baldwin for Bob Baldwin

Dear Tom,

I'm writing another volume of Eighth Air Force Bomber Stories and naturally want to prominently feature the 385th. I've drawn extensively from my files and had great support from Bill Varnedoe but there may be others in the Group who still remember the following incidents; people or aircraft. I hope you will put an appeal in HH for me because I'm after additional pictures; recollections; anecdotes etc.

Firstly, I'm running a chapter to feature some of the work adorning "Annie's Aircraft" - Anne (Gordon) Hayward's nose-art and other artwork around the base. The aircraft I'm running with at the moment are: * "Dragon Lady". Ed Herron. Lost when ditched on 13th February, 1944 (ref my email to you 26th March). I have a nose art picture of the aircraft + 1 of her in flight but I don't have any pictures of Ed Herron or his crew and hope someone reading HH can help. Ed was with the Group a long time and there must be pictures of him somewhere. He was awarded the DSC for the courage he demonstrated helping fellow crewmembers after they ditched. Sadly, he was killed on the disastrous 6th October '44 mission. The crew with him on 13th February were: 42-30836 (Dragon Lady.) P-2nd Lt. Edwin R. Herron CP-1st Lt. Walter Camp, III N-2nd Lt. Stanley V. Stodola B-2nd Lt. William C. Mellillo, TTG-S/Sgt. Robert V. Savage RO-S/Sgt. J. C. Cortez BTG-S/Sgt. A. E. Seagrove TG-Sgt. Juan E. Almanza WGL-Ggt. Francis K. Temple WGR-S/Sgt. L. W. Wasilewski Cortez (completed 1 mission), Seagrove (completed 2 missions) and Wasilewski (completed 5 missions) were reported as missing; others rescued.

* "Powerful Katrinka". 42-31928. She was the one destroyed when the Luftwaffe bombed Great Ashfield. I've got some pictures of the bombed-out hangar but need a good one of the aircraft before the Luftwaffe turned their attention to it. Charles Guyler flew her several times - I think it was assigned to his crew but she was then handed on and there may be another crew who took her over and has pictures. Fingers crossed. I'm also after photographs of the fire dept guys involved - S/Sgt Lawrence M Hill; Sgt Charles L. McCarthy Jr, Oust checked - there's a Charles E McCarthy in the 1999 roster - is he still in your later version? I don't have one after 1999.; Sgt Don W Warren; T/Sgt Ernest A Herndon Jr; Sgt Stanley J Lisek. All were awarded the Bronze Star. I've checked my pics but can't find any that I can identify as the fire section - there are dozens of unidentified personnel - it's so frustrating to gaze at photographs and wish they could tell you who, what, where or when. I'd welcome any recollections anyone has of the attack on the base.

I'm also planning to use the story of "Mr Lucky" 42-38035. I've got pictures of the nose-art and pictures of Joe Jones who miraculously rode the tail section down from 13, 500 feet and survived. I met Joe years ago and took notes relating to his experience. He was with the Armbruster crew that day - I don't have a picture of this crew that I can identify so hope someone out there has one. Likewise with the Rusecky crew and their aircraft 43-38273 - I've got no crew or aircraft picture.

I then want to use the aircraft the 385th cheekily named after Anne - "Haybag Annie" 42-97280. I've got some pictures of her on her belly when she crash-landed at RAF Valley on the way home but would welcome any others.

My final story in this chapter will be Annie's last 385th "nose-art". In 1998, I worked on a British Television archaeological programme called, "Time Team" (apparently it now appears on the Discovery channel) for their first foray into aviation archaeology. The story they featured was the loss of the Hutchison & Pease crews on 21st February, 1944 and, because the aircraft regularly flown by Hutch was "Sleepytime Gal", Anne did a mock-up nose-art for the programme & this is now in an aviation museum over here as a tribute to the crews and in memory of a British girl whose artwork helped the morale of "Van's Valiants". I don't have a picture of either of the two aircraft involved (42-31370 and 42-37963) not do I have a picture of the Pease crew so, again, I hope someone reading HH might remember they have photographs I could get copied. Sue and I have been invited by William S Farish, the U.S. Ambassador, to lay a wreath for the 385th at the Cambridge American Cemetery on Memorial Day. The cost of the wreath is now covered by the Massari family - I'll send in some pictures later on.

Best wishes Ian McLachlan ianm385bg@btopenworld.com

Hi Tom:

I will send you an article or 2 shortly that I had written for my local newsletter. Perhaps it would of interest for Hardlife. As I wrote to you earlier, our meetings are a mix of business and the enjoyment of getting together talking about the years back topping it off with coffee and cake that is prepared by one of our lady members. In June, if all goes well, we have a 3 day showing at Reading Pa. at the MidAtlantic Air Museum. It is a once a year event the same time each year and will continue to be depending upon the world situation. Fly bys of WW2 aircraft, reenactments of ground and air scenarios and our long table of books and merchandise that we sell to the public with much conversation between our staff of about 20 with those interested in the WW2 years. Everyone in uniform. Great nostalgic time!!! So.. Stay well, and hope to see you in October.

David Schwartz

Dear reader,

I just read on the <http://www.385bg.org/> site some info on the 42-5913 called 'Shack Bunny'. The Shack Bunny, piloted by Lt. Fryer, crashed in France according to this info. But actually it crashed in the village of Echt (in the neighbourhood called Sleek, Netherlands) on October 20th.

The crew members were:

- 1 Lt. Fryer (Lyle V.)
- 1 Lt. Durakor (John S.)
- 2 Lt. Mcliveen (Clifford G.)
- 2 Lt. Rinkenberger (Edwin G.)
- T. Sgt. Browning (Fred)
- S. Sgt. Car (David E.)
- S. Sgt. Good (George A.)
- S. Sgt. Lisieweski (Chester)
- T. Sgt. Pittman (Joseph F.)
- T. Sgt. Cokins (William)

I read in a Dutch book that all crew member were evasive (?) after the crash. Since I also live in Echt (Sint Joost) I want to build a 1 to 28 scale B-17 model (balsa and paper by Guillow) and style it after the Shack Bunny. Therefore I would be more than obliged if you have any data on crew and plane or pictures (preferably digital) of the plane, especially it's nose art.

Many thanks. Har Gootzen

Op de Baant 4
6112 BA Sint Joost
Netherlands
hgootzen@cobweb.nl

Bulletin Board

Thank You to Chaplain Jim Vance

The Reverend Jim Vance has served as Chaplain for many years and we wish to thank him for his fine service and guidance to the 385th group. his thoughtful prayers and kindly concerned manner has been gratefully appreciated. He has been called upon various times during crisis happenings at our reunions. It is important to us to have had one of our own so willing to fill this position, We know it is as hard for him to resign as it was for us to receive his resignation. Our sincere and heartfelt thanks to Chaplain Jim.

Gentlemen,

Last night I saw an astonishing TV documentary on the story of the WW2 German submarine U234, and I wanted to share it with you. We are no longer much good at the Hollywood-style blockbuster over here but we do make some very good, well-researched documentaries - this being one. If you already know the story please press your delete key now - otherwise, prepare to be amazed because it was by the slimmest of margins that Fate allowed America to beat the German/Japanese alliance to the Hiroshima A-bomb. U234 was the key to it.

There could even be some parallels here, with the current Saddam situation.

Rather than tell the this amazing story myself, I suggest you click the link below, where it is told by the documentary makers themselves.

Cast you mind back to the closing stages of the war in Europe - the Allies have just crossed the Rhine and The US is closing in on the Japanese Islands.

Please read on, right down to the punch lines
<http://www.channel4.com/history/microsites/H/history/headnotes/lastdays1>.

Bill Daysh

THE NATIONAL WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION

P.O. Box 96766 • Washington, D.C. 20090-6766

Web Site is: <http://www.wwiiregistry.org>

To get veterans name listed on monument mail to address above - giving information below.

First Name _____

Last Name _____

Full Name _____

Status _____ WWII Veteran

Branch of Service _____

Rank _____

Hometown _____ State _____

Activity During WWII _____

For the activity blank put the outfit or ship you were attached to and when you served, battles you were in, etc.

If you have an e-mail address include it with the information above for faster confirmation.

If you want to include a photo for the registry send \$10.00. Otherwise, there is no charge for the above.

Please make copies for others before filling out. The monument will open in 2004.

Don't miss this. Your family and friends will be looking for your name on the wall when visiting D.C.

This elaborate, one hundred million dollar project is under construction and running ahead of schedule. This is expected to be the most popular tourist attraction in Washington D.C. Also, send forms in for deceased relatives and friends. A lasting tribute to WWII Veterans.

Bulletin Board

Notice of Proposed By-Law Change

Amend Article IV, Executive Board. Section 3 and Section 5 to read as follows:

Section 3. The Executive Board shall meet at each regular meeting of the members, and at such other times as may be called by the Chairman or by a majority of the Executive Board members. Meetings may be conducted by teleconferencing or by email.

Section 5. A quorum at any meeting shall consist of a majority of the members of the Board, then elected and/or appointed, and serving, who have not advised that they are unable to attend the meeting, either in person, by teleconferencing or by email. A majority of such quorum may decide any question that may come before Board. For teleconferencing, no answer shall be construed to mean, "unable to attend," and for email questions, no reply within two weeks of posting of the question shall be construed to mean, "unable to attend."

Notice of Biennial Meeting

The biennial meeting of the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association will be held October 22 - 27, 2003 at the Holiday Inn, Hampton VA to elect officers and transact other business that may take place.

Wanted Volunteer for Hardlife Herald Editor

Due to my declining health I feel I must discontinue serving as your editor after the next reunion in Hampton VA. Because of all the wonderful members sending in their articles it has been a most enjoyable job. The great memories and stories that have been submitted have really increased my deeply felt appreciation of just what it was all about those many years ago.

My heartfelt thanks to all of you. Now I ask for some one to step forward & volunteer to be editor. I am certain you will find being editor an enjoyable experience as it was for me. Please submit your name and willingness to serve as editor to President Leo or to me. The groups Executive Committee will choose a new editor at the Hampton reunion.

Again my thanks and appreciation. Tom Newton

Leo,

Explore possibility of a 2nd generation Chaplain with and appeal in the next Hardlife Herald. Ask 385th members to submit the names of children or grandchildren who are currently serving as chaplain, pastor, priest or other clergy roles. They could be interviewed and asked to come on board as a 2nd or 3rd generation chaplain of the 385th BGMA.

Art



Taps

Dr. Laverne Rohrbaugh

Dr. Laverne E. Rohrbaugh minister, died Sept. 21, 1999 at the Veteran's Hospital in Washington, D.C.

He was born in York County. He was married to Shirley Elaine Blatt Rohrbaugh.

During World War II, Dr. Rohrbaugh served in the Air Force as an aerial gunner on a Flying Fortress Bomber. On his 28th mission over Europe on Aug. 15, 1944, his plane was shot-down and crashed in the North Sea. He was captured and became a prisoner of war until May 1, 1945, when he, was among those prisoners liberated by the Russians at a prison camp near Barth, Germany.

He received the following awards for meritorious service in the U.S. Army Air Corp from April 1943 to Oct. 1945: Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters, Prisoner of War Medal, Good Conduct Medal, and the Purple Heart Medal.

While a prisoner of war, he committed his life to God and upon his return began preparation for the Christian ministry. He graduated from Lebanon Valley College, Annville, in 1949 with bachelor of arts degree; and from the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, in 1953 with the bachelor of divinity degree. In 1974, he was awarded the doctor of divinity degree from his alma mater, Lebanon Valley College.

He served as minister of Centenary United Methodist Church, Biglerville, from 1946 to 1964. During this time, the church membership increased from 81 to 560. He was appointed senior minister of Grace United Methodist Church, Hagerstown, Md., where he served from 1964 to 1974.

From 1974 to 1983, he served as the senior minister at Mount Vernon Place United Methodist Church, downtown Washington D.C. He also served as the minister of Cheverly United Methodist Church, located in a Maryland suburb.

Surviving in addition to his wife is one daughter, Pamela Joy of Virginia.

Funeral services were held Tuesday, Sept. 28, at Mount Vernon Place United Methodist Church, Washington, D.C. Interment followed at Arlington National Cemetery as a prisoner of war in World War II.



*The United States of America
honors the memory of
Laverne E. Rohrbaugh
This certificate is awarded by a grateful
nation in recognition of devoted and
selfless consecration to the service
of our country in the Armed Forces
of the United States.*

*William Clinton
President of the United States*

World War II Honoree

World War II Veteran



Laverne Rohrbaugh

BRANCH OF SERVICE

U.S. Army

HOMETOWN
York, PA

HONORED BY
Dr. Laverne E.
Rohrbaugh



ACTIVITY DURING WWII
SERVED ON FLYING FORTRESS CREW, 385TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP, 8TH AIR FORCE. SHOT DOWN & CAPTURED. POW IN GERMANY FROM AUG 17, 1944; LIBERATED MAY 1, 1945. BECAME A METHODIST MINISTER DUE TO HIS EXPERIENCES.

*This is at the World War II
Memorial in Washington, D.C.
Perhaps you could put this in
the Hardlife Herald or any other
news & pictures I am sending you.*

Taps

Duane Pangle

Duane Pangle, 85, of Yuba City, CA, died March 30, 2003. He retired at Beale Air Force Base as a Major from the U.S. Air Force after 22 years of service. He served as a pilot in World War II with the 385th Bomb Group. He was with the 385th Bomb Group from Jan. 21, 1944 to April 11, 1944 when he was shot down flying in B-17 Mission Belle. Duane was a member of the American Association of Swedish Internees. Survived by wife, Catherine, son & daughter.

Harlan C. Blasdell

Harlan C. Blasdell, 76, of N7512 Swan Rd., Burnett, died Wed., Dec. 22, 1999 at his home.

Mr Blasdell was born on June 44, 1923, in Belle Plaine, Iowa. Married on June 14, 1947, to Marian I. Beske, of Burnett.

He graduated from Bell Plaine High School, Iowa in 1942 and enlisted in the US Air Force in Dec. 1942. He was assigned to the 385th Bomb Gp (H) B-17 Bombers in the European Theater of operations England 8th Air Force, attaining the rank of Cpl, and was discharged in 1945. He was employed at John Deer Horicon Works for 34 years, 17 years as a supervisor, prior to his retirement on June 1, 1981.

Survivors include his wife, Marian; sister-in-law, Dorothy Blasdell, Long Beach, Calif.; nieces, nephews; grand nieces and nephews and relatives and friends.

DECEASED

Anthony Klasinski	Dec. 1999
Harlan Blasdell	Dec. 1999
Laverne Rohrbaugh	Sept. 1999
Raymond J. Miller	March 2002
Duane Pangle	March 2003