

BACK TO THE SACK
OHIO AIR FORCE
SKY GODDESS
HONKY TONK SAL
SALLY B
HESITATIN' HUSSY
GROUND HOG
BIG GAS BIRD
STAR DUST
LIBERTY BELLE
ANGELS SISTER
GREMLIN BUGGY II
HIT PARADE JR
ROUNDTRIP TICKET
GOLDEN GOOSE
WAR HORSE
THE BLACKJACKER
THUNDERBIRD
OFF SPRING
WANDERING DUCHESS
CURLY'S KIDS
MARY ELLEN
DRAGON LADY
WINNIE THE POOH
MR WEARY
MARY FRT
SLY FOX
MR. SMITH
SUGAR JO
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
LONESOME POLECAT
HERALD
KENTUCKY WINNER
PISTOL PACKIN MAMA
MIS-FORTUNE
SHACK N LADY
TARGET FOR TONIGHT
JUNIOR
OL' DOODLE BUG
SWEET CHARLOT
SWINGING DOOR
SACK TIME
RAGGED BUT RIGHT
RELUCTANT LADY
FOOLISH VIRGIN
RUBY'S RAIDERS
MISSISSIPPI MISS
SATAN'S MATE
SLACK CHECK
KITTY'S REVENGE
SLO JO
SLEEPYTIME GIRL
ROGER THE DODGER
MICKY
HALF AND HALF
MICKY II
SLEEPYTIME GAL
LATEST RUMOR
MAIDEN AMERICA
MISSION BELLE
OL' RUM DUM
RAGGED BUT RIGHT
LULU BELLE
SLACK CHECK
KITTYS REVENGE
THE JOKER
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'
MARY ELLEN II
BELE OF THE BLUE
CRASH WAGON III
IMPATIENT VIRGIN
HUSTLIN' HUSSY
LEADING LADY
OLD SHILLEAGH I
HOMESICK ANGEL
VIBRANT VIRGIN
MAC'S HACK
LADY ANN
PICKLE FINGER OF ?
STORK CLUB
LIL-LU
BETTY JO
HOMESICK ANGEL
VIBRANT VIRGIN
MAC'S HACK
LADY ANN
PICKLE FINGER OF ?
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PICKLE FINGER OF ?
STORK CLUB
LIL-LU
BETTY JO

HARD LIFE



HERALD



NEWSLETTER OF THE 385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION



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**Visit 385th Museum
at
Perle Luxembourg
June 13th-27th
with
Post Tour
to
Normandy
&
Paris**

Chaplain Sez President's Report

Hello Fellow Vets,

In reading the Hardlife Herald I am reminded again of the time we spent doing our part to save the world from tragedy. At that time I am certain most of us did not really think of all that was involved. All the work and plans and arrangements that had to be made to enable us to carry out our jobs. Those in leadership were cognizant of some of the plans and what had to be done on their part to bring about success. But thinking back now of the end result we have to marvel at the magnitude of such an undertaking. We all learned, as we did our task each day, yet the "world" does not seem to remember the lessons we learned. DO WE?

The love of freedom. The love for freedom is what we all have and what motivated us in the past and hopefully in the future. The creative synergy of our leaders brought about the freedom we enjoy today.

The Senior Pastor at our church the other Sunday reminded us that "love" really means service. Since that is true should not we still, regardless of our age, strive to serve our country, our religion, our family to really express our love?

In Deuteronomy (in the Bible) chapter 6 verse 4 it says: "YOU shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might." And in Leviticus chapter 19 verse 18 it says "but you shall love your neighbor as yourself." Then in Mark chapter 12 verses 30 and 31 Jesus repeats these verses.

To show our continual "love" for freedom should not we strive to carry our God's directives??

That's all folks!! I close with —
Love
Jim Vance

EDITOR'S NOTE

385th Members who belong to second Schweinfurt Memorial Assn. Their address is c/o George G. Roberts, 49 30th St. Gulfport, MS 39507-1804
Dues are \$10, Life membership \$100 (tax deductible)

385th Bomb Group - 3rd Air Division

Balcerzak, Joseph	385	L	Medina, NY
Boyer, Arthur M.	385/305	L	Ontario, CA
Gesser, Jack T.	385	L	St. Petersburg, FL
Hach, Robert O.	385	'98	Miami Shores, FL
Huber, Charles J.	385	'99	Fenwick Isle, DE
Hurley, William J.	385	'00	Bloomington, MN
Masters, MD, Vincent W.	385	'00	Athens, GA
McGuire, Robert Q.	385	'99	Burleson, TX
Nicholls, William A.	385	'00	Marlton, NJ
Oldfather, Alfred A.	385	L	La Feria, TX
Poore, Forest V.	385	L	Hemet, CA
Smith, Robert C.	385	L	Spokane, WA
Vandiver, Robert S.	385	C L	Ormond Beach, FL
Watson, James L.	385	'00	Brattleboro, VT

England, France, Luxembourg here we come. Our days at station 155 (Great Ashfield) will be relived as we visit our old base and our fine English friends. We will also visit the very old church at Great Ashfield that has the 385th monument in the church yard, and inside in the transept is the 385th altar with an American Flag near the beautiful 385th stained glass window. Then onward to Normandy beaches, Paris followed by three days in Luxembourg with Roger Feller and all our Luxembourg friends. What a fine group of people to dedicate a monument to the 385th in the town square in Perle and establish a museum in our honor. They have outgrown the museum that was dedicated two years ago and are now building a larger museum. We will get to see the new museum. We have also been invited to visit Spangdahlem Air Base, which is the largest American Fighter Airbase in Europe, which is nearby in Germany. If you have not signed up for this tour I urge you to do so. I think this is going to be a great tour that you will be sorry if you miss it. At the time of writing this report we have 56 signed up to go, plus several others that indicated they would be going also. Those going will be listed in another article.

The Albuquerque reunion for next April 2001 is well underway. Please put this event on your calendar. Our local 385th member host Hal Goetsch has been doing a great job of setting up the reunion and the various activities for us during our visit to his picturesque city. There will be various tour options for you to choose from.

Have you read our 385th member Tom Helman's book, LETTERS TO HARLDLFE? I have the book and it is very interesting and full of action and history of the 385th. Letters to Hardlife should be in every 385th member's library. What a deal Tom is making to 385th members, buy the book for \$20.00 and he will send \$10.00 to the 385th. Read Tom Helman's article entitled newsy stuff and Fresh Air on page 14 in the February issue of the Hardlife Herald...

I hope you did not miss the great deal on purchasing a limited edition lithographs of the 385th Schweinfurt Mission as listed on Page 3 of the February 2000 issue of the Hardlife Herald. Buy one for yourself and at the same time get a free one to donate to an aviation museum in your area. See article for details.

I have done a fair amount of bonding with many of you through e-mail. What did we do before this great invention....snail mail? Our first VP Leo LaCasse is the e-mail joke master that has kept me smiling

**TOM NEWTON
PRESIDENT 385TH BGMA**

BULLETIN BOARD

Editor's Note

When we were in Sun City this winter we thought we'd go to Tucson, visit the Pima Air Museum and see if there were any old B-17 parts to send to the "Stars and Stripes Museum" that is being organized in Missouri. We learned that there was absolutely nothing around anymore. Understandable after 55 years! If anyone knows of any parts available contact:



FLY IN A PIECE OF HISTORY

The B17G, "Sentimental Journey", operated by the Arizona Wing of the Confederate Air Force, will be at **Goodyear Airport all day Saturday, March 11** and will offering unforgettable rides to the public.

The cost is \$350 per person - with a minimum of 5 persons per flight.
Minimum age of passengers is 18 years.

DON'T MISS THIS EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

Contact the Wing Headquarters office at Falcon Field
(480)924-1940

Call for information - come out and sign up during this Saturday visit.



We are located at the intersection of McKellips and Greenfield Roads
2017 N. Greenfield Rd. • Mesa, Arizona 85215 • Fax (480) 981-1954

Also while in Arizona, an ad appeared in the paper for rides in "Sentimental Journey". Half hour for \$350. Just think what a good deal you guys got in 1943-45. Flying pay - 8 hour flights - free room and board. Never had it so good,

CORRECTIONS

Correction from Bill Varnedoe. There was an error in the last HH of my e-mail address. It should be billvar@bellsouth.net. The billvar part is mistyped.

Bill Varnedoe

FOR SALE

Replica of B-17 Bomber Jacket, custom made by Vanson Leathers. Made of cowhide with a black fur collar. Insigna on left front 549th Bomb Sqdn. - Red Devil underneath and The Mighty Eighth under that. Approximately size 48 worn 4 times \$300.00

Answer to:

Mrs. Olga Stermer
53302 Wilbur Rd.
Three Rivers, MI 49093

Cliff Manlove
P.O. Box 1861
Bloomfield, MO 63825

ATTENTION!!!! ATTENTION!!!!

At Savannah, yearly dues were changed from \$15.00 to \$20.00.

By mistake, we still showed them at \$15.00 in the February issue. Please pay at the new rate of \$20.00 from now on.

Also, at Savannah, it was pointed out that Life Membership money went to support the Great Ashfield Church and did not go into our treasury.

Things are getting a little tight. All life members who can, please start paying yearly dues, or make another life membership payment.



EDITOR'S NOTE: A great story from Fred Ihlenburg's son. Note that Fred was called "Pappy" by you young whipper-snappers because he was so old — 25.

"PAPPY" TAKES THE CONTROLS OF "NINE O NINE" ON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.



Frederick H. Ihlenburg Sr., 25 years of age in 1944, was "Pappy" to his crew on the *Jeanne Ricky* when they started their tour at Great Ashfield. Eight aircraft and 35 missions later, Pappy came home to his wife, Jeanne, and me, his first son, Frederick H. Ihlenburg Jr. (Ricky).

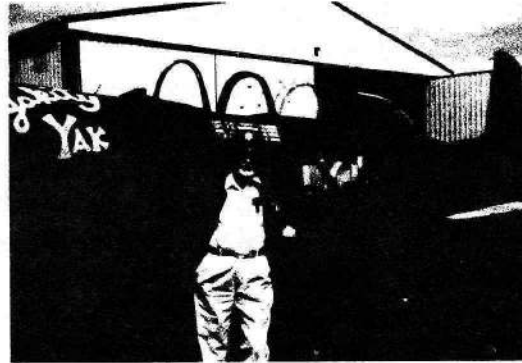
During those mind-bending months with the 385th, Pappy and his crew just plain wore out or survived and returned six different mutilated aircraft in addition to being shot up badly enough to barely make Manston, just over the Dover Cliffs, throttles past the safety wire for the last five minutes, just clearing the edge before putting their current ship, aptly named "Quittin' Time", out of her misery.

In the time since, Pappy has had a stroke or three, most of his plumbing altered or discarded, and the formation of a natural arterial anti-gravity suit that keeps most of his blood from reaching his toes. The ravages of stroke have left him with brain wave Aphasia, that debilitating affliction that eliminates coherent speech. Other than that he is still a mobile, enthusiastic and a good naturedly slightly irascible man of his times who drives too fast for his eyesight and still flies with his son and grandson on a regular basis.

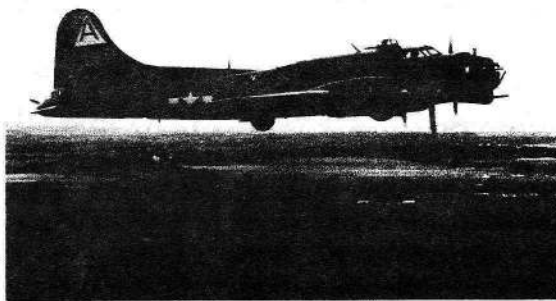
Flying always remained the foundation of Pappy's life; staying in the Reserves right up to the Korean War; flying P-51's out of Mitchell Field in Long Island, NY, but missing the cut by inches for the Police Action that went nowhere for far too many pilots and soldiers. Pappy went to the west coast in the middle 1950's and was a pioneer in business aviation for Piper Aircraft using a number of their products to fly an 11 state territory within the paper industry. This love of flying was in the family genes and naturally passed down to both of his sons and now to his grandson, all of whom began flying at the age of 16, were military types and who are flying Commercially or in business today.

My son Kirk and I fly military style air shows with the Russian and Chinese military aircraft we import for like-minded pilots nation-wide. We are also the proud owners and pilots of the only flying example of the 1948 post-war, single seat De Havilland Vampire Mk-6 jet fighter.

Pappy flies regularly with either of us in the pilot's seat of one of our Yak-18's, the Russian equivalent of the North American Texan T-6. That natural anti-gravity system he developed lets him put 6 "gs" on his backseater who is "light's out" but secure in the knowledge that a good man is having a great time.



What would be a better 80th birthday present than to be back at the controls of his favorite aircraft, the venerable B-17G? Kirk and I arranged to charter the Collings Foundation B-17, "NINE O NINE" on its last tour of the west coast. On board or in chase there were three generations of family pilots with assorted family members, all with lumps in their throats.



Kirk and I drew straws to see who would ride where and I won the privilege of flying close formation with NINE O NINE taking the valued pictures we now have as a memory of the event. I don't know who had the better seat, Kirk inside next to Pappy as he took the controls, or me in the Yak who was able to fly under, around and in front of the most beautiful aircraft ever built and see my father through the office window with a grin from ear to ear.

At one point I could have reached up and touched the ball turret. For a guy with an airshow waiver but who also cries at hockey games there were moments in that flight when it was tough to fly.

Pappy said later that having all three of us up there together was as memorable as when he first received his wings in 1943. Three grown men, standing next to the landing gear of the Nine-O-Nine, tears of emotion running down our cheeks, a moment none of us will forget. I just wish my younger brother could have joined us.



Because all of you who are reading this article have been there; because all of you know the chemical reaction that is fused forever in the blood from being in mortal combat, that ultimate electricity that comes only from repeatedly cheating the Reaper; knowing things you cannot even hope to have others who have not been there understand, I have to tell you this story.

Aphasia is a debilitating and frustrating affliction. You are able to conduct your life in every other way normal to someone 80 years of age, but you cannot speak your mind. You cannot share your thoughts and you cannot comment with your opinion.

The words just come out wrong.

Because you can still cuss, people mistakenly think the brain relaxes and allows that unfortunate aspect of language to come through unfettered. But just like saying nine when you mean two, the cuss words come out all right but they were not the ones you had in mind. Folks just assume at that time you meant what you said and often times, because of that, do not believe you are as seriously afflicted as you truly are.

Pappy's brain was attacked at a time when he could have begun to share with me those intimate things common to all combat soldiers, that understanding impossible to explain to civilians. Just when we had reached a mature time in both of our lives when there were no lingering family barriers, Pappy's brain went south, those intimacies basically locked inside there forever.

Picture this then, three generations of Ihlenburg pilots climbing alone through the innards of NINE O NINE towards the cockpit. Pappy is giving a tour of the stations grandly gesturing in excited gibberish.

When we reached the cockpit with its double high rudder bars, the up-sides polished bright from years of formation flying the number four position, the smell of military through and through, the sight back over those broad wings and those massive round engines lurking at the ready, something magical happened.

Some heavenly electrical connection for the briefest moment in time came together. The current was so strong that it overrode all of nature's wear and tear. It leaped over "the forever gap" that would surely return, but like the arc of a massive Frankenstein electrode to its mate, the connection was made and Pappy began to speak in whole sentences.

He described his May 8, 1944 mission in graphic detail. They were flying "Quittin' Time" on their second mission to Berlin in as many days. There was an oxygen system leak that was identified as they were inbound to the target, but they agreed as a crew to continue on even knowing that after "bombs away" they would have to leave the formation and return home alone at a much lower altitude. During the bomb run they lost the first engine to flak.

It was not long after they left the formation that they were attacked by 6 ME-109s. The 109s came at the ship' tail in pairs.

The tail gunner, Robert Andrews, fired at them until his guns jammed.

On the first pass they shot the ball turret gunner out of his position and he crawled to the radio room for first aid, arriving just in time to be seriously wounded again along with the radio operator on the second pass.

He remembered there were multiple passes, that the top turret gunner was blown totally out of his position, wounded in the neck and losing an eye. There was no glass remaining in the turret. Both Kirk and I looked by reflex to the port side wing as he pointed and described the shot pattern that chewed up the skin, advancing its march through the cockpit, somehow missing him, then blasting the sun glasses off his co-pilot's face.

He described the carnage and blood from the fact that almost every surviving crew member was wounded in some manner. He vividly remembered the smell of the fear. But through it all, he remembered the overall unyielding determination of the crew to survive.

With hands clenched in front of him as if actually on the wheel, he turned his vivid vision directly into the track of one of the six attacking ME-109s in an effort to ram it or chase it away. He remembered Bob Andrews telling him later that, after a frantic prayer to God, his was able to clear his jam and destroyed one of the 109s that was confidently sitting on their tail casually raking the ship in the belief that the tail gunner was already dead.

Through the multiple passes the crew destroyed three of the six 109s before they gave up and left them to their fate.

His eyes moist and bright and his description intense as he continued to fly in that static cockpit, limping home while the remaining ambulatory crew-members were attending to the worst wounded while throwing everything not bolted down overboard in an effort to maintain the slowest loss of altitude.

Arms and hands moving in the still air that held both Kirk and I stationary, he described the last minute effort to clear the looming vertical Dover cliffs, the adrenalin sensation when he pushed the throttles past the safety wire to the desperation setting of maximum military power. And he was emotionally and silently drained, shoulders slightly stooped as he described the final ploughing arrival on English soil.

My son was transfixed on the details of the event. He had never known this story and I only knew bits and pieces of it from hiding high on the stair in my youth as his surviving crew would come round on the odd anniversary of May 8th.

But I was more stunned by the power of the moment. I was as speechless as if I were struck dumb forever. That the emotion was so strong it defied science and it forever changed my appreciation for all of you reading this piece whom had no place to hide.

I was in Special Forces and on the ground in my war. It has its own horrors and carries with me its own special electricity. But being on the ground there was a place to duck or under which to crawl if you were sharp or lucky. Riding that aluminum cigar tube with massive amounts of foreign metal chewing up the airspace around you, with very hot pilots flying very hot aircraft showing off by flying inverted through the formation while shooting up the sky, there was no place to hide.

I began to understand why so many pilots went slightly mad during WWII. The brain had to deal with such drastic extremes. On the ground we were in the poo from the time we infiltrated and hid our parachutes until that blessed moment we were extracted. The emotion, while deep and dramatic, was constant.

In Strategic Bomber England the mind had to go from the most debilitating fear of all, that fear that comes from total helplessness while angry folks send everything *including* the kitchen sink at you as you roll the dice for being at the right place for that particular flight. The right place being that small hole in the sky you managed to squeeze even smaller with the only defense you had which was clenching your butt cheeks as tight as possible.

If the dice rolled your lucky number you landed. You most likely then went straight to the bar for fraternity behavior with no rules or anyone to whom you might have to answer.

Fear is the strongest emotion known to man. Courage or cowardice both boil to the surface from the simmering stock pot of fear. Fear is healthy and a killer all at the same time, and to move almost daily from totally unrestricted celebration to totally restricting fear had to be the worst of all worlds. No wonder pilots and crew never minded when one of them took their imaginary dog or friend along on the mission.

My son was so engaged in Pappy's story that he did not realize until much later that Pappy had spoken in whole and coherent sentences. Perhaps being much closer to my own time for strokes and restrictions I was floored by this power of the mind.

So in this article I say to all of you who are reading this now, my hat is off to all men of war, but specially to the men of your war. You gave the greatest gift within your power to give to the evolution of the human spirit, you survived your war with dignity. You deserve the blessing of time that tends to soften the pain and highlight the fonder memories of camaraderie and honor.

I saw that honor and that pride in my father's eyes as he made his low pass down the Willamette Valley and it was my honor to fly formation with him in celebration of a life fully lived before the age of thirty.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT #2

REPORT ON PERLE TOUR

As of this date 39 people have sent in their reservations and deposit for the tour. I have a list of 10 additional people that have contacted me that stated they are planning on going and will send their reservation and deposit in shortly. Roger Feller and the Luxembourg people have been so kind honoring our group by the establishment of the 385th museum and monument in Perle. I am very pleased that we will have a good sized group on the tour to see the museum and monument dedicated in the name of the 385th Bomb Group. The people of Perle are in the process of building a new and larger museum which they expect to have completed by the time we arrive. They are still collecting more items for the museum. I had an e-mail from Roger today, they just purchased a WW2 Harley-Davidson motorcycle and are in negotiation to purchase an original 1943 Willys Jeep.

I just recently received the program of ceremonies they are planning for us. It is as follows:

JUNE 24

Arrival of Historical Cars-WW2
6:00 PM-Country Western Dance Performance by the Eifel Outlaws from US Air Force Base Spangdahlem.

JUNE 25

At 20:00 PM Luxembourg National Day Ceremony.
Blessing at the church of Perle (for members of the 385th Bomb Group/Guests.)
Memorial Ceremony at the 385th BG monument (Color Guard & Honor Guard)
Missing Man Formation Flyover-(Spangdahlem Air Base Aircraft) Group commander Colonel Michael Beard.
Laying of the Wreaths (Luxembourg Army Platoon
Parade by the WW2 vehicles
Reception to follow at the Perle Cultural Center

Did you know that June 23 is the National Day of Luxembourg, but the Perle area people voted to change it in their area to coincide with the time we are in Perle so we can take part in it? Can't you just see a town in US changing the 4th of July. They are doing so much for us I cannot believe it.

I think it is only appropriate that we do something for them, something for the museum. Do any of you have any items tht you can donate that would be appropriate for the museum? We have had a couple items offered by members that are going on the tour. More items the better.

TOUR STORY

Tour Story. This maybe our last hurrah tour. Still time to join the following people that are going on the tour. Sign up today.

Audette, Albert & Priscilla
Anderson, Herbert
Baker, Don & Nancy
Bond, James & Grandson James
Brown, Jesse & Marion
Conway, Thomas & Margaret
Coughlin, Charles & Concetta
Driscoll, Arthur, Maynell & Granddaughter Mary King
Gelbman, Burton & Joyce
Harrington, Eldred
Inglis, Dorie & Son, Stephen
Johnson, Stacy & Betty
Kindya, Michael & Sharon
Kubr, Joe & Marjorie
LaCasse, Leo & Son, Thomas
Langley, Ellis
Lowe, Edwin & Kate
Marano, Frank & Kathleen
McCawley, Frank & Margaret
Molzhan, Richard & Mary
Newton, Tom & Darla
Nysether, Maurice
Peltzer, Harry & Phyllis
Picket, John & Doris
Salvador, George & Alice
Schulte, Walter & Norma
Swindell, Charles
Vencill, Rolland & Arlene
Wilson, Robert & Coralie
Zeigler, Wayne & Eunice

It looks like we will be having a fine time. There is still time to join us. You may call me at 503-623-3935 or e-mail me at tjnewton25@aol.com if you have any questions. Let's face it, at our age, we won't be traveling forever. However, as they say, you are only as old as you feel. So let's all be young at heart. However the tour guides are facing reality and will pace the trip for our age group.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Maybe the Marines should win this one — Arlington is a very special place that probably shouldn't be encroached upon. Any thoughts?

Marines Dig In as Air Force Seeks Approval for Memorial

BY BOB DART
COX NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON — Rallying his troops by e-mail, retired Marine Gen. Charles G. Cooper warns, "we're in the assault phase of this momentous battle."

His foe: the United States Air Force. The Air Force has won most of the early skirmishes, but "we are dug in and determined," said Cooper.

The battle is over control of a strategic Virginia ridge overlooking the Potomac River. The Air Force chose this prime spot near the rows of somber white crosses at Arlington National Cemetery to build a memorial. But the Marine Corps charges that the site is too close to its famed Iwo Jima Memorial.

"This particular site has a special meaning," retired Air Force Gen. Robert Springer told a congressional committee. "It is less than a mile from the site of this nation's first-ever military flight, which took place on the parade ground at Fort Myer."

The Iwo Jima statue and surrounding grounds represent the "soul of the Marine Corps," counters Cooper. Even though he credits Air Force combat support with helping him survive in Korea and Vietnam, he now leads the Iwo Jima Preservation Committee because "we had to defend our sacred site."

The fighting is taking place in courtrooms and on Capitol Hill. Both sides set up informational fortresses on the Internet. Unfriendly fire is exchanged on newspaper editorial pages. Lawyers have been retained. Bureaucrats are actively engaged.

The arts community even entered the fray. Marines were outraged by reports that at a meeting of the Commission of Fine Arts, Chairman Carter Brown called the Iwo Jima statue "kitsch." By contrast, Brown has praised the "uplifting" abstract

design for the proposed Air Force Memorial.

The idea of an Air Force memorial took off at the start of the decade.

A foundation was incorporated in 1992 to design and fund a memorial to honor the men and women of the U.S. Air Force and its predecessor, the Army Air Corps.

Springer was enlisted as the first president. Brewing magnate Joe Coors Jr. was named chairman of the board of trustees. Their goal was to raise \$30 million and complete the project within a decade. Defense contractors were ready to contribute.

The following year, authorizing legislation was passed by Congress and signed by President Clinton. The National Park Service offered 18 possible sites. In 1994, Arlington Ridge was chosen.

James Freed, the architect for the Holocaust Museum, designed the new memorial. His impressionistic concept centered on the five-pointed Air Force star and aimed to invoke the "idea" of the flying armed service.

The Air Force said its memorial would occupy two acres, compared to eight for the Iwo Jima Memorial and three for the nearby Netherlands Carillon. That would leave 12 acres of open space on the ridge. Stands of trees would separate the memorials. The abstract Air Force Memorial would be more than 500 feet from the realistic statue of Marines raising an American flag on Iwo Jima. But 500 feet is far too close to suit many active and retired Marines. The counter-attack began quicker than you can say "Semper Paratus."

Author James Webb, a former secretary of the Navy and the son of a deceased Air Force officer, wrote a letter of opposition that popped up on op-ed pages across the country.

"To put it simply, the proposed Air Force memorial would pollute Arlington Ridge, forever changing its context," wrote Webb, who led a Marine platoon in Vietnam.

Since its dedication in 1954 by President Eisenhower, the Iwo Jima statue has served as the major World War II memorial in the capital region. Based on a Pulitzer Prize-winning combat photo by Joe Rosenthal, the statue depicts five Marines and a Navy corpsman raising the American flag on a Pacific atoll where nearly 6,000 Marines died in battle and another 17,000 were wounded.

The bronze statue by Felix de Weldon is "the nation's most famous military landmark," wrote Webb. "It is, for many Americans, truly sacred ground."

Opponents organized the Iwo Jima Preservation Committee, Combat Veterans of Iwo Jima and the Friends of Iwo Jima to lobby against this site for the Air Force Memorial. Rep. Gerald Solomon, R-N.Y., a former Marine, even introduced a bill to block the project. The legislation died.

Meanwhile, the opposition has raised the ire of the Air Force.

"We disagree that our memorial will have a negative impact on their memorial," said Pete Lindquist, a retired Air Force colonel and a spokesman for the foundation.

Speaking at a National Park Service hearing on the project, retired Air Force Gen. Doyle Larsen took exception to Webb's notion of memorial site pollution. The Air Force would never show disrespect for the Marine Corps or their memorial, he said.

The Air Force honors the memory of all 19,733 Marines who died in World War II — and the 52,173 combat dead of the Army Air Corps during the same war "deserve a similar respect," he said pointedly.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Roger Feller has received word that the Honor Guard & Eifel Outlaws will appear for us — here's the message:

Roger:
Honor Guard and Eifel Outlaws are good for your ceremony on 25 Jun 00 in Perle. I spoke with the people today about the overflight of airplanes. They are waiting on a message from USAFE and hope to get that in the next few days, so they can give you a good answer soon, maybe next week. I am sure we will be OK, we just have to wait for OFFICIAL words...I will let you know if I will come out on Monday to Luxembourg.

Andrew D. Brinkman. Capt. USAF
Assistant Chief of Inspections
52d Fighter Wing (USAFE), Spangdahlem Air Base
Germany

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Bill Neubauer for this!

GREAT THINGS ABOUT GETTING OLDER!

Finally you can eat dinner at 4:00.

Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.

Kidnappers are not very interested in you.

It's harder and harder for sexual harassment charges to stick.

If you've never smoked, you can start now and it won't have time to hurt you.

People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.

Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.

Your supply of brain cells is finally down to a manageable size.

Your eyes won't get much worse

Adult diapers are actually kind of convenient.

Things you buy now won't wear out.

No one expects you to run into a burning building.

There's nothing left to learn the hard way.

Your joints are more accurate than the National Weather Service.

In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's a nice thoughtful message received from Frank Sutter.

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and I watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There, she's gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large a mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says, "there, she's gone," there are other eyes watching her and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes."

Pilot's Christmas Eve Was Different Than in Hesperia

An 8th AAF Bomber Station, England—Christmas Eves back in Hesperia, Michigan, were never

like Christmas Eve, 1944, for First Lt. John W. Hyatt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orval Hyatt, Hesperia, who recently won his fifth Oak Leaf cluster to his Air Medal.

Christmas Eve 1944 was an unforgettable night for Lieutenant Hyatt. Making a bomb run on Frankfurt airfields, his B-17 Flying Fortress caught fire and nearly exploded... fought off two Messerschmitts while limping home with two damaged engines... and landed safely in France with more than 100 holes in the fuselage.

"No one saw what happened right after 'bombs away,'" Lt. Hyatt, pilot, said, "but it appeared that after the bombs had fallen a few feet, a rocket hit one of them and caused the entire load to explode. We were badly shaken by the blast and two of our engines were hit," he added.



Lt. Hyatt

One piece of flak hit a flare packed in one of the dinghys, and started a fire. Because of the intensity of the blaze, the crew jettisoned the dinghy, fire and all. Instead of falling free, however, it flew back and landed against the tail surfaces, which were covered with oil from the battered engines. It burned there a few minutes before it was blown off. Headed home and with two damaged engines, two Messerschmitt 109s attacked them. The turret gunners hit one and drove the other off.

Lossing altitude and vibrating badly, the Fortress finally passed the Allied lines and made it to a small, muddy landing strip in France. After the landing, the crew found more than 100 holes in the fuselage of the Fortress.

Although the crew had to sleep on tables, floors and sofas, there was very little grumbling. Lt. Hyatt recalled, even though it was Christmas Eve. The crew as a whole was too happy to be back on the ground again.

Lieutenant Hyatt has participated in more than 25,000 miles of bombing missions against German targets. He has attacked the oil refineries at Merseberg, Hanover, and Magdeburg; industrial targets at Berlin; the marshalling yards at Munster, and has supported Allied ground troops in Western Europe. He holds the Air Medal with five Oak Leaf clusters to that medal for "courage, coolness and skill" while participating on his missions.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Hrsuka,

My father-in-law, Mr. Elvis L. Robbins was a member of the 385th Bomb Group during WWII. I am attempting to gather information regarding his service during the war. I found your address through the Internet and was hopeful that you could be of help.

Unfortunately, my father-in-law died in 1991. However, it would be very meaningful to his four children and their families if additional information could be obtained. I am enclosing a copy of a certificate signed by his Group CO, Col. George Y. Jumper. I hope this could help in tracking down any possible photos or correspondence related to his service.

In closing, I am thankful to the many men and women who served during WWII. My father was in a medical unit in the South Pacific during war and was overseas for 39 months. My parents were separated for over 3 years and I know from experience that many sacrifices were made both overseas and at home.

Thank you in advance for any help you might provide.

Mark Hinterthuer
37 Kings River Rd.
North Little Rock, AR 72116
(501) 791-7511

EDITOR'S NOTE: Robbins was a waist gunner on "Back to the Sack", we think. Send Mark any info you can.

Editor Hardlife Herald:

I am enclosing \$15.00 for a subscription to the Hardlife Herald.

I was a member of the 385th, 551st Sqd, November-December 30, 1943.

Our plane the "Raunchy Wolf" was shot down on the 30th of December 1943, on our 6th mission.

This plane was the 1st to complete 25 missions. If anyone has a picture of this plane, I would like to hear from them.

Thomas A. Hollinjsunth
54 Shipwatch Rd
Savannah, GA 31410

P.S. I was at the convention in Savannah last year and received your address at that time.

I am also a volunteer at the 8th A.F.H.S.M. since it opened.

P.O.W. Stalag Luft I, Barth, Germany-entered May 13, 1945.

Dear Ed:

Thank you for sending a copy of 385th BGMA newsletter. I enjoyed the articles.

Enclosed find copy of S & S. I am sure you will find it interesting. I am sending Charley Smith a copy as well. We received 385th Litho on Schweinfurt and a local business framed it for us. The litho is now on display in the S & S museum library. Will send picture of display later. Would appreciate your comments.

Sincerely,

Cliff Manlove
POBox 1861
Bloomfield, MO 63825

Hello Ed,

I've been in contact with a member of the 8th Air Force who was at Great Ashfield 385th BS when my husband was there. He gave me info on the newsletter, Hardlife Herald. I would like to subscribe. Please let me know what to do. I have some pictures and info that might be interesting to crews that were there. I've ordered some of the books and am interested in anyone who might remember the Hell'n Haze or Lloyd "Buster Bahten.

If you contact me I can go into details on what info I have.

Thank you,

Dea Bahten
Deabah@cdepot.net

Dear Mr. Stern:

I got your name from several members of the 385th Organization and they all said that if anyone would have information that you would be the person.

Recently (past year or so) I have gained an interest in "piecing" together my fathers tour with the 385th BG during WWII. I have had the opportunity to fly in a B17 (Nine O Nines), visited the 385th museum in Savannah, and have been in contact with Roger Feller who runs the 385th museum in Luxembourg.

As you can see from the attached, my father name is/was Adolph "Abe" F. Keskes. Unfortunately he passed away January 1995. As with most WWII vets (I am told) he did not go into great detail of his tour. He told me a few stories, but unfortunately, I was young and remember very little. The biggest thing that I remember him telling me was that the name of his ship was "Adolph from Berlin. The reason behind this is obviously his name and he was born and raised in Berlin, NJ. I do know (from Karl Moravek, one of your members) that Dad was interviewed by a reporter from the Stars and Stripes newspaper about the uniqueness of his name and place of residence. According to Karl, it would have been in the March, April, May time frame of 1945.

To date though, I can not find any record of a B17 that had the name and nose art of "Adolph from Berlin". Possibly it was just a inside joke of the crew, but the fact that the Lucky Bastard Certificate states the name tells me that possibly there was. Like I said, my Dad always said the name but possibly it was just a "war story."

What I plan to do, sometime in the future, is to put together a collage of the missions along with the limited amount of memorabilia that I have and donate it to the 385th museum down in Savannah, if they would be interested.

I will be joining the organization shortly, and hopefully be able to attend some of the functions. My father did attend one. I think it was in Denver many years ago, and was very moved by seeing some of his old friends. I too, would like the opportunity to meet the few guys that still attend the functions.

Anyway any information that you could provide me would be greatly appreciated. As you can see from the attached, I still have some "holes" to fill.

Sincerely,

Jeff Keskes
1219 Stanton Ave
Franklinville, NJ 08322
Home - 856-629-0821
Business - 856-327-1900
FAX - 856-327-8405
E-mail - newguy@erols.com

ULM N° 260 March 1, 1945 7:50 AM	Flew as co pilot with Potter crew Led by Witherspoon 2 aircraft lost (Armbruster and Ruseki) Mid air collision at 12,000 ft. Joe Jones (in tail section) only survivor
DRESDEN N° 261 March 2, 1945 9:15 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Colonel Jumper 4 aircraft lost Tipton, Krahn, Tripp, Vaadi
DORTMUND N° 264 March 8, 1945 7:00 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Shankle No losses
SOEST N°265 March 10, 1945 7:20 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Cerrone No losses
ORANIENBURG (BERLIN) March 15, 1945 7:05 AM	SN 43-38361 Hot Chocolate Led by Walls No losses
BITTERFELD N° 270 March 17, 1945 8:30 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Mullin No losses
JENA N°272 March 19, 1945 6:10 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Cerrone No losses
ZWISCHENAHN N°274 March 25, 1945 5:20 AM	SN ? Led by Witherspoon No losses Mission may have been March 21
PLAUEN March 26, 1945 9:35 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Kenny No losses
HAMBURG March 30, 1945 7:35 AM	SN ? Led by Colonel Jumper
BRANDENBURG March 31, 1945 7:35 AM	SN 42-37952 Babe Led by Mullin 8 aircraft lost 80 men
KIEL April 3, 1945 6:40 AM	SN 43-38717 Led by Emmonds No losses
KIEL April 4, 1945 6:40 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Cerrone 2 aircraft lost Crimmins and Ritchie
UNTERSCHLAUERBAC April 6, 1945 7:00 AM	SN 43-38980 Led by Major Reid No losses
NEURUPPIN April 10, 1945 7:35 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Mullin 1 aircraft lost Muchow (Rum Dum) crash landed no casualties

INGOLSTADTLED April 11, 1945 7:40 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Kenny No losses
ROYAN (France) April 14, 1945 7:30 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Major Reid No losses
ROYAN (France) April 15, 1945 8:25 AM	SN ? Led by Cerrone No losses
ROYAN (France) April 16, 1945 6:55 AM	SN ?
KOLION (Cz) April 18, 1945 9:20 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Gerhart No losses
AUSSIG April 19, 1945 8:50 AM	SN ? Led by Mullin No losses
WUSTERMARK April 20, 1945 7:00 AM	SN 43-37786 Madam Shoo Shoo Led by Walls 3 aircraft lost
AMSTERDAM May 1, 1945 4:10 AM	SN ?

"MERCY MISSIONS"

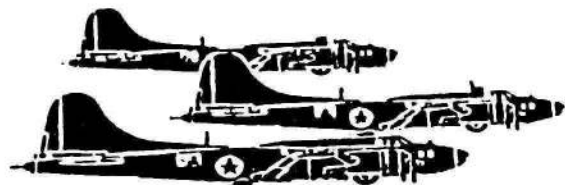
After 5-2-45

UTRECHT (Holland) Food Drop

HARLEIM (Vogelenzang, Holland) Food Drop

LINZ (Austria) 30 POW's

LINZ (Austria) 31 POW's



Dear Ed:

I've been e-mailing with Bill Varnedoe regarding info on my brother James D. McKee, who was copilot on the fickle Finger of ?. He was copilot aboard the Liberty Belle with Robert Smith when he was killed on 11/30/43. Bill has been most helpful in providing contact names, etc. In fact, I just received an e-mail from Bill who talked via phone to my brothers pilot aboard the Fickle Finger, Mario Persechini. Gave me phone number. I'll call Mario this weekend. Per Bill's earlier e-mail I have sent a check for \$15.00 to Vern Phillips for subscription to Hard times. Yesterday I received e-mail saying he thought the subscription was \$20.00. Can you tell me if Vern has an e-mail address or should I just send an additional \$5.00. I figure this newsletter can get me additional contacts. I was only 10 when my brother was KIA so talking to his fellow crewmembers helps a lot.

Thanks Ed,

Dave Mckee
905 Grand Stran Trail
Garden City, SC 29576
843-357-2003

Dear Ed,

Since the 1973 reunion in Cleveland we have picked up quite a few new members.

I believe it is about time that we repeat General Vandevanter's message at that time. He said, "Everybody in the service thinks that their outfit was the best. Tonight I am going to tell you guys how good the 385th really was. Of all of the Bomb Groups in the 8th Air Force, the 385th was third for accuracy of bombs on the target. And of all of the Bomb Groups in the 8th Air Force, the 385th was next to last in losses. In other words, the 385th was third for putting the bombs on the target and there was only one bomb group that had less losses." Van said, that you put these two things together third in accuracy and next to last in losses and that made you guys pretty damn good.

Anyone who was at the reunion in 1973 in Cleveland can verify these words and since they came right from the mouth of someone that knew, you can bet your life they are TRUE.

Thanks Ed, there are just no words that can describe what a great job you do and how much we all appreciate the work you do.

Sincerely,

Marty Girson

P.S. Tony Ragone of the 548th died in Sept 1999. (I sent a letter but I guess it got mislaid.)



P.O. Box 1861
Bloomfield, MO 63825

(573) 568-2055

Museum/Library Association, Inc.®

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17377 Stars and Stripes Way

"The Stars and Stripes is Going Home"
Joel Irwin, Pacific S&S, 1945-47

Dear Friend of the Stars and Stripes Museum/Library,

The vision of individuals from all over the United States and indeed the world has taken shape in Bloomfield, now not only the birthplace, but the home of the *Stars and Stripes* military newspaper. We have educated hundreds of school children with group tours and guided more than 5,000 visitors through the museum in 1999. Your support in this past year has been instrumental in making the museum a reality. If you have not had the opportunity to visit the museum and see the changes for yourself, check out our web-site. We are in the process of upgrading it with the help of a savvy volunteer, who, like the individuals listed on the sidebars of this page, has worked tirelessly toward the goal of creating this initial phase of the museum.

Ongoing publication of the *Stars and Stripes*, still printed for the American Armed Forces overseas, provides a unique opportunity to explore journalism, the military, and the spectrum of events that form the world we know. It is awesome to receive the treasured collections of former Stripers, veterans, their families, and local folks to be translated through the medium of this museum into a public legacy. Two stellar examples of the 189 donors in our accession files of 1999 are donations from Striper Sandy Colton and his wife Irene of New York who brought a state-of-the-art darkroom, two Nikon cameras, and with foresight included funds to set up this equipment when we expand. Businessman Gene Rhodes has given an excellent and extensive collection of antique farm equipment which the museum will use to establish a sister museum on-site utilizing the barn presently on the knoll. Next Spring, the barn will be moved to a less conspicuous spot on the museum grounds to accommodate our master plan, a 20,000 square foot building, situated between the current 3,600 square foot facility and the trio of flagpoles at the crest of Crowley's Ridge, the most prominent geographical feature in this part of the nation's heartland.

The Stars and Stripes Museum/Library Association, Inc.® is a 501(c)(3) Corporation

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Curator & Exhibit
Director

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Thomas K Howard
TWA Airline Pilot
Retired CAPT, USNR

Bill Elmore
Construction Supervisor

The antique agricultural equipment will attract many regional visitors who may not be aware of the military history of our main facility, providing an opportunity for them to discover the *Stars and Stripes* as well. Additionally, the State of Missouri Veterans Cemetery adjoining our grounds that is scheduled to open in the next two years will be a complementary asset to our future goals. Many who visit one facility will be drawn to the others located here.

Creating a landmark museum complex requires more than the dedication of volunteers. Funds for operating capital and construction for necessary expansion remain a challenge for the future. Any assistance that you can provide would be deeply appreciated by the community of volunteers who have rallied to guide the museum and library into the new century. Since its founding in 1991, the Stars and Stripes Museum/Library Association has built a start-up museum of international significance in America's heartland, generating an economic impact that has benefited the area significantly. There is need for generous support during development, and funding endowments for maintaining and staffing the established museum. Results come with your continued support. If you can help us, please know that your contributions are tax-deductible and instrumental to the museum's future.

Enclosed you will find your copy of the Sunday insert of the January 9, 2000 issue of the *Stars and Stripes* featuring an article about us by Stripper Gary Kunich which was distributed to GI's worldwide. This reporter is now assigned to Bosnia and has pledged to keep an eye out for things that might be of interest to the museum from that region. Our requests for some spare copies have just been received, and as a special friend of the museum, we knew you would want to have one of your own.

Looking to the Future, Jim Mayo
Gary Capps
Deloris May
Delilah Tayloe

To: The Stars and Stripes Museum/Library Association, Inc. ®
P.O. Box 1861
Bloomfield, MO 63825

Please print carefully:

From: _____

Address _____

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I/We here with pledge as a donation, the sum of \$ _____ to be remitted in increments of \$ _____, beginning with the payment enclosed.

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- _____ monthly
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- _____ annually

Dear Ed,

Many thanks for your reflection on our youth and (relatively) carefree days. I assume the Stars and Stripes Museum people gave you my address. Some months ago I received a letter from them about the museum soliciting memorabilia. Among a few items I parted with was a photo of the B-17 "Stars and Stripes" with the crew standing and kneeling alongside it. I figured it would be appropriate in an S&S museum.

I do not recall being led to an empty bunk by you and I suspect Andy wouldn't either. I have a notion he flew on the "Mission Belle" that day when I went aboard the "Stars and Stripes" because I have another photo of Andy and me with probably the pilot and a second officer in front of the "Mission Belle". I believe the photos were supplied by either Earl Mazo, who was the 385th's P.R. before he was transferred to Stars and Stripes (the paper, that is) or a P.R. sergeant named Goldman. Incidentally, I sent your newsletter to Mazo, who has for many years lived in Washington, D.C. Earl and I joined the New York Herald Tribune after the war and when that paper died in 1966 I became editor of the New York Law Journal (retired 10 years ago) and Earl worked on Time magazine for a bit than for the federal government. He wrote the first biography of Nixon along the way.

Getting back to the Stars and Stripes plane: you may, or may not, know that my flying with Clarence McIlveen (the pilot) and his crew on their first mission led to an interesting sequel. After the crew's 24th trip, the paper thought it would be a good idea for me to make the 25th so I went to the base and hung around for three days, as I recall, with rain and fog every day. On the third day I was advised that the weather would continue for a couple of more days where upon I Jeoped back to London for a clean shirt, etc., planning to return the next day. However, I received a call in London from the aforementioned Goldman notifying me that "our friends" were able to get off. Later, he called to tell me Mac and the others were last seen spinning out of control and into the North Sea.

Not long after the war ended in Europe I went from Frankfurt with Eisenhower (I was the pool correspondent at SHAEF HQ at the time) to London to cover his notable Guildhall speech. While in the S&S office writing my story I received a phone call from McIlveen's brother, who had been the co-pilot of a B-17 and recently freed as a POW, asking if I could tell him anything about Mac. Of course, I couldn't. Mac's brother was in England and had just been told of Mac's fate.

Yet another strange experience: About a dozen years ago I received a phone call from Gene Shober in Ottumwa, Iowa, who had been Mac's navigator on that first mission. He had been in touch with Rooney who gave him my phone number. When Gene identified himself I recall gasping something like "I thought you were dead." He explained that on Mac's last trip he, Shober, had been ill and in the dispensary.

I see Rooney and another former S&Ser, Ralph Martin,

about every couple of months (lunch in New York). In 1992 there was a 50th anniversary reunion of S&S in Darmstadt, Germany. Several of my contemporaries (Rooney, Martin, Mauldin among them) and their wives made it. A great few days.

That reunion was arranged by the paper, which is still being published for U.S. forces in Europe, and has been since WW war II. We had a half dozen earlier reunions but there are so few of us left it doesn't make sense.

Incidentally, your newsletter identifies the 385th base at "Great Ashley" I always thought it was Elmswell. In fact, about 5-6 years ago my wife and I (in England for a trip) drove to Elmswell, had lunch in a pub there (one of three shops in the village), met a local who remembered the base and pointed to it about a mile down the road. We went and found a huge cultivated farm with a dwelling and a Quonset hut used perhaps for storing tools and/or machines.

Take care and stay well.

Peace,

Charles F. Kiley
535 Hillcrest Ave
Westfield, NJ 07090-1364

Dear Ed:

First I need to introduce myself. I came to the 385th BG-550th Squadron in July 1944. Flew first mission to Marseberg, July 28. I was co-pilot on Dexter B. Lasher's crew for 18 missions. He was made operations officer for 550 and I was given the crew. First mission as first pilot was October 12, 1944 and last mission December 31, 1944.

The reason for the letter, in the Hardlife Herald, Feb. 2000 issue, you asked for memories of Rum Dum.

I flew Rum Dum December 24, 1944. I have enclosed a local newspaper clipping about the mission. I landed Rum Dum at a 9th Airforce B-26 base in France, near the city of Laon. Number 3 and 4 engines were out and lots of gas coming out of holes in the wings had lots of problems getting back to France as #4 engine ran away before I could feather the prop. But the most memorable was when we got hit all the dust that flew out from behind the instrument panel - I thought the nose had blown off.

I didn't know what happened to Rum Dum as I finished missions on December 31, 1944 and went back to U.S. on the 22nd of January. Was glad to hear that it got back to England to fly again. Keep up the good work on the newsletter!

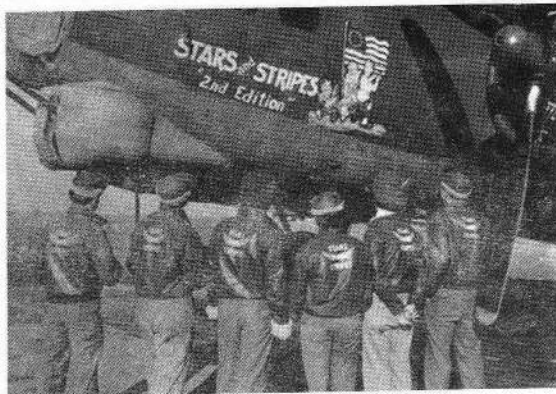
John W. Hyatt
6754 E Eagle Crest Dr
Flagstaff, AZ 86004
(520) 714-0133

Dear Ed

Refer to Photo "Stars and Stripes 2nd Edition, photo dated 31-1-44 and taken prior to reported loss of the original B-17 S&S of February 1944 and May 1944.

In any event, could your 385th Bomb Group have any knowledge of the names of any of the S&S 2nd Edition crew in the photo? We can find no reference of who these men are. Perhaps, in the newsletter to your membership they could be identified.

Your assistance in this matter is sincerely appreciated.
 Jim Mayo



President, Stars and Stripes Museum/Library
 We could certainly use names of crew. If any living would they consider loaning or donating jackets?



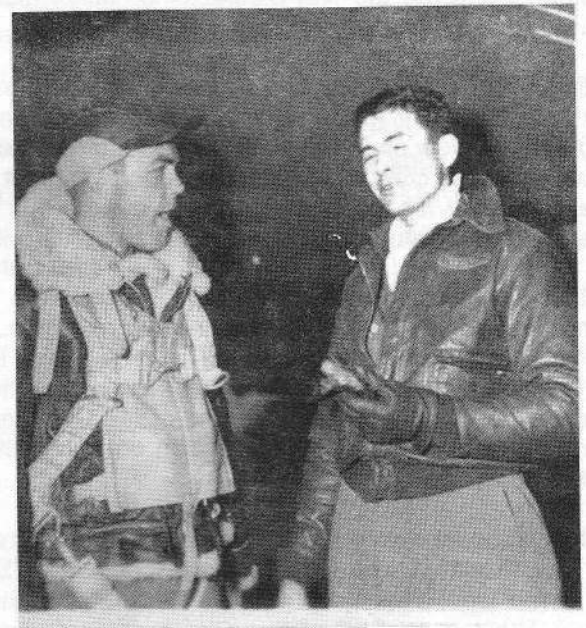
Lt. Clarence Mcilveen, Pilot (left)
 Lt. Michael Cygan of Garfield, NJ, co-pilot (center)
 Lt. William Williams, Barnesville, GA, Bombardier (right)

Lt. Eugene Shober, Ottumwa, Iowa, navigator missing from the photo.



Five of crew's six gunners, all sergeants. (Missing is Edward Barrett of Brooklyn, NY, who was the tail gunner.)

L-R: John D. Scarborough, Las Cruces, New Mexico, flight engineer and top turret gunner; John J. Davis, Star City, Ark., ball turret gunner; Charles Rotunda, of New York City radio operator and gunner; Daniel Sullivan, New York City, waist gunner; Raymond F. Malmfelt, Brooklyn, NY, waist gunner.



Sgt. Charles Kiley, Jersey City, NJ (now of Westfield, NJ) left, and Lt. Clarence McIlveen, after the plane returned to its base.



On Jan. 31, 1944 a B-17 (Flying Fortress) named for the Army newspaper Stars and Stripes went on its first heavy bomber mission. The crew was part of the 385th Bomb Group based near Elmswell in the East Anglia area of England.

Its pilot and captain was Lt. (later Capt.) Clarence McIlveen (hometown unremembered). Sgt. Charles F. Kiley of S & S was assigned by the newspaper to accompany the crew on its flight and write a first-hand account. Andy Rooney, also an S & S correspondent, flew that day with another crew aboard the "Gremlin Buggy." The mission's target was Frankfurt, Germany.

In May, 1944 The "Stars and Stripes" and its crew went off on its 25th (and to be the last) mission. The plane was shot down over the North Sea and all of its crew lost.

Mr. Pettenger:

I was told by Wallace Forman that you are the "contact person" for the 385th Bomber Group of the Eight Air Force. I am writing you as a part of my research into my uncle's Harry William Blakeman service with the 385th.

My uncle has been dead for a number of years, yet I recall conversations with him in which he mentioned his plane Sleepy Time Gal and the 385th. He also mentioned that the tail identification device was a G in a square. In my research using The Mighty Eighth and The Mighty eighth: War paint and Heraldry, confirmed my memories that he served in the 385th.

Mr. Forman sent me pictures of three planes, two called Sleepy Time Gal and one Sleepy Time Girl. However, as I don't know the squadron or serial number of the plane, I am uncertain which plane was his.

I am interested in finding any other pictures (if available) and – if possible – a Group history. I have found group histories for a number of Eighth Air Force groups, but have been unsuccessful so far in finding one for the 385th.

Can you point me in the right direction for either of these? Any suggestions you might make would be greatly welcomed.

An interesting story I have been relayed is one concerning the pilot of my uncle's plane: it seems that a few years ago he disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle. I wish I could recall his name. I know that he was badly wounded in the stomach on one of their last flights and that he carried a large scar there for the rest of his life.

Thank you for any help you might be able to offer. Please send any information to:

Stanley L. Blakeman
PO Box 71
Knox, NY 12107-0071
(518) 872-2378

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone who can help, please write him.

August 4, 1999

Delilah Taylor
The Stars and Stripes
Museum/Library Association
PO Box 1861
Bloomfield, MO 63825

Dear Mrs. Taylor:

I am fairly certain not all of the enclosed can be useful to the museum. However, some of it may. I thought the photos of the B-17 bomber named for the S & S were 8 x 10's, but when I uncovered them from an old scrapbook discovered they were contact prints. My recollection is that the public relations officer at the 385th Bomb Group gave me a set of contacts. But you can have them enlarged if you wish.

Anything here which cannot be used may be thrown away.

It is too bad the museum/library was not undertaken years ago when many of those who had been with one or more of the editions could be reached and memorabilia solicited. Alas, most of us are not around. Many years ago we had reunions every five years or so in New York and alumni from various parts of the country would show up. Now, it is a big deal when three of us occasionally have lunch.

Have you asked Bill Mauldin for any of his cartoons? Bill, of course, was one of two S & S alumni who became Pulitzer Prize winners. The other was Russell Jones, who was an original staff member in April, 1942, and who years later won a Pulitzer as a correspondent for the American Broadcasting Co.

Peace,
Charles F. Kiley

Dear Ed,

Enclosed is a copy of the letter I mailed today to Verne Phillips. I'm sure he will remedy this situation promptly.

Lloyd Carter lives in Lincoln, Delaware, He's a guy who really needs THE HARDLIFE HERALD! He takes care of his wife, Betty-Joe, who is diabetic, legally blind, and has a heart condition. He takes care of a large garden (when it isn't snowing) and is an expert in building and flying radio-controlled airplanes. Once competed in the East Coast Championships.

He would love to attend the Albuquerque reunion, but can't leave his wife alone and she probably couldn't travel. That situation I can really understand!

My wife, Marian (Mickie) Hughes passed away in November of lung cancer. She was my war-bride, of fifty-six years, and the inspiration for the name "MICKIE II" which is listed just under the group shield on the frontispiece of the HARDLIFE HERALD.

Hope you can enjoy the Winter in Fargo. After eight years in Syracuse, five in Germany, and twenty-four in Massachusetts, Williamsburg is cold enough for me!!!

Best Regards,
James (Ed) Hughes

Dear Verne,

I am writing this to correct an error. In July, 1998, my co-pilot, after learning of B.G.M.A., submitted his request for membership and his check for \$15.00. He never received a response!

2nd Lt. Lloyd Carter was co-pilot of the MICKIE II, was part of our crew from the day we assembled, at Avon Park, FL in December, 1943. We flew our thirty missions at Great Ashfield between April and December, '44.

We had a good crew, and were selected for Lead Crew training in May, and flew our first mission as Squadron Lead on D-Day. During the following months, as a "visual lead crew", we flew fourteen Group Leads, and seven Wing Leads.

On all those missions, which were flown with a Command Pilot sitting in the right-hand seat, Lloyd was shifted to the tailgunner's position as "Formation Control Officer".

This was pretty tough on a guy whose passion was flying, and who was a darned good pilot, to boot! But he learned how to use those twin fifties, and we depended on him for news on the rest of the formation, and other formation. As Pilot, I felt badly about his situation, but in the fast pace of events of those days, there was no alternative.

I retired from General Electric in '85 and moved to Williamsburg in '86. One day in May, 1994, I got a surprise phone call

I retired from General Electric in '85 and moved to Williamsburg in '86. One day in May 1994, I got a surprise phone call from my old Maintenance Crew Chief, Marty Girson. During all those years, I'd had no idea that the 385th B.G.M.A. existed! Marty, a Pittsburgh boy, and a great Crew Chief, had tracked me down while visiting my home town, Jeannette, PA, which is only 25 miles south-east of Pittsburgh. I missed him at the OMAHA reunion, (burst appendix), but made the TUCSON reunion and we shared some great memories. Savannah was more of the same.

Yours Truly,
Maj. James E. Hughes
Pilot of the "MICKIE II"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Your stupid editor listed Lloyd as "Lincoln, NE instead of Lincoln, DE." It's been corrected. Sorry!

Ed,

I am enclosing the index for your information, But, I'd like for you to print the following appeal in the *Hardlife Herald*.

I have a pretty complete file of our newsletters, but I'm missing a few. If any of you are packrats, like me, and have any of these old back issues, I will gladly pay for you (or I) making copies for me!!

Missing in my collection are:
Bulletins No. 3 and 4, and any subsequent to No. 5. Weikert, editor
Newsletters, Volumes I through V, Ford, editor.
Newsletter, Volume VII, No. 5
Newsletter, Volume VII, No. 7
Newsletter, Volume VIII, No. 1
Newsletter, Volume VIII, No. 4
Newsletter, Volume IX, No. 1

The date of the Bulletins became Newsletters and Ford became editor is unknown. But Paul R. Schulz became editor in July 81, Vern Phillips in July 83 and Ed Stern in Oct. 85. Ed has done an excellent job ever since.

The newsletters became the *Hardlife Herald* with the April 88 issue.

Bill Varnedoe e-mail at: billvar@bellsouth.net

my collection

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	As Printed		Through									
2	Vol. No.	Date	Vol. No.	Date	Name	Editor	Should be	No.	Missing	No.	Notes	
3	1	May-57	2	Sep-60	Bulletin	Weikert						
4												
5					Sep-80	"					3,4	
6					"	"						
7	I-V all	?	?	?	Newsletter	?					I-V	?
8	VI	Aug-75	VI	Dec-75	"	Ford					all	unknown no. of bulletins Date began unknown
9	VI	Feb-76	VI	Oct-76	"	"						
10	VI	Jan-77	VI	Mar-77	"	"						
11	VII	May-77	VII	Oct-77	"	"						
12					"	"						
13	VII	Jan-78	VII	Aug-78	"	"						
14					"	"						
15	VII	Feb-79			"	"						
16					"	"						
17	VIII	Aug-79			"	"						
18					"	"						
19	VIII	May-80			"	"						
20	VIII	Jan-81	VIII	Oct-81	"	Schutz						
21	IX	Jan-82	IX	Oct-82	"	"						
22	X	Jan-83	X	Oct-83	"	"						
23	X	Jan-84			"	Phillips						
24					"	"						
25	XI	Apr-84	XI	Oct-84	"	"						
26	XII	Jan-85	XII	Oct-85	"	Stem						
27	XIII	Jan-86	XIII	Oct-86	"	"						
28	XIV	Jan-87	XIV	Jun-87	"	"						
29	XV	Sep-87	XV	Dec-88	Hardlife Herald	"						
30	XVI	Feb-89	XVI	Dec-89	"	"						
31	XVII	Feb-90	XVII	Aug-90	"	"						
32	VXII	Oct-90	VXII	Dec-90	"	"						
33	XVIII	Feb-91	XVIII	Dec-91	"	"						
34	XIX	Feb-92	XIX	Dec-92	"	"						
35	XX	Feb-93	XX	Dec-93	"	"						
36	XXI	Feb-94	XXI	Dec-94	"	"						
37	XXII	Feb-95	XXII	Dec-95	"	"						
38	XXIII	Feb-96	XXIII	Jun-96	"	"						
39	XXIII	Aug-96	XIV	Dec-96	"	"						
40	XV	Feb-97	XV	Dec-97	"	"						
41	XVI	Feb-98	XVI	Dec-98	"	"						
42	XVII	Feb-99	XVII	Dec-99	"	"						
43	XVIII	Feb-00			"	"						

2nd No. 4 should be 5, and 5 be 6/ Vois thru Feb 00 duplicated.
2nd 2 should be 4, Spcl be 5, 3 be 6, 7 be 8

2nd No. 2 should be No. 3

2nd No. 2 should be No. 3
2nd No. 5 should be No. 6/Apr 88, 1st HH.

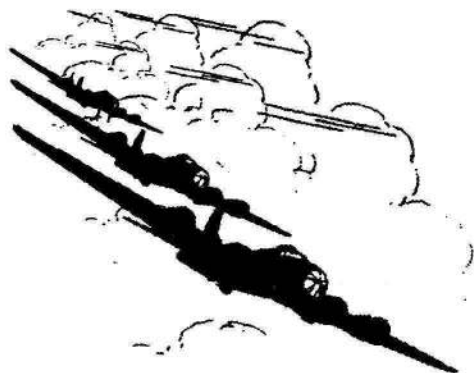
Verne Phillips editor July 83, Vol X-3

Ed Stem editor Oct 85, Vol XII-4

Paul R. Schutz editor July 81, Vol VIII-8

Subsequent Vois out of sync. W/ year

unknown no. of bulletins
Date began unknown



**“BOMBS AWAY!
TURNING FOR HOME!”**

**385th Bomb Group
April 4, 1945—Kiel, Germany
(Target: Submarine Pens)**

Bon Jour, Mon Ami Roger--

15/12/99 *

Nous Avons ici plus des choses pour le Musee de Perle. Parceque ilya une possibilite que ce lettre va etre regarde pour les membres de 385th BGMA, je vais continuer en Anglais. (Translation : Good Day, my Friend, Roger—We have here more things for the museum in Perle. Because there is a possibility that this letter will be seen by the members of the 385th BGMA, I shall continue in English.) * Date expressed the funny European Way instead of the correct American Way—which would be 12/15/99.

The following items are included in this package :

- 1) A color copy, exact size ($6' \times 8'9'' \text{ CM}$), of a 1941 recruiting poster for the US Army Air Corps. This is a very rare poster. I have an original so that I could have the copy made for you. You will see that in the background of the picture there are 3 B-17s and that they are very early models. They have no top turrets, ball turrets, tail turrets or waist gunners' positions—evidence of the early models of the B-17. I would suggest that if you wish to have this preserved for the future, you should have it framed. By the way, I am also sending a copy of this to the Eighth Air Force Museum in Savannah. *
- 2) Since you told me the other day that you do not have a copy of “Links in a Chain—A GRATEFUL NATION REMEMBERS “ (my write up of our experiences when we were invited to The Netherlands in 1995 for a commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the Food Missions of April/May 1995), I am enclosing a copy for you. The importance of this is NOT that I wrote it but, rather, that the 385th was able to end its war activities by helping to save lives rather than take lives.
- 3) From Ed Stern's Hardlife Herald of May 1991, a copy of list of the missions flown by the 385th and a copy of a list of all former members of the 385th BG who are buried in American Military Cemeteries in Europe. You perhaps have these items already but if you do not I thought that I should make sure that you have them. Note that the list was composed by a member of the 385th, Bob Burch. It was an *incredible piece of work!*

* (2' x 3')

- 4) And, finally, I am also enclosing a copy of an article which was written about me in a local newspaper. Once again, the importance of this item IS NOT that it was written about me... but, rather, that it is really about the role of the 385th BG in delivering life-saving food to the people of The Netherlands in the final days of the war.

HAVE A GREAT NEW CENTURY !!!

Sincerely,

Robert M. Silver

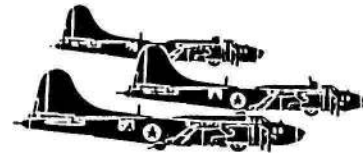
EDITOR'S NOTE: Our first letter of the new Century – from one of our favorite contributors.

MISSION

Arnold Levine group engineering officer, 385th Bomb Group.

Typically I would be told at about 10:00 PM that I had to put up airplanes for a maximum effort mission. Work was taking place on the aircraft continually...there was no eight-hour day. The group engineering officer would come around and say, "How many airplanes have you got serviceable?" I might say the best I could give was eight. Then he would go around the other squadrons and if everybody else had only eight, there would be only thirty-two of the needed fifty for the raid. So, he would come around again and say, "I need more." I would survey my boards and see which aircraft could be made ready if I concentrated men on these, then come back with, "Perhaps I can give you twelve." He would go around again, maybe get forty-six, then return around midnight or one o'clock in the morning saying, "You've got to give me thirteen airplanes." That's when the trouble began, "I can't give you thirteen airplanes...I went overboard giving you twelve." No use. "Look I need thirteen to meet the requirements and that's the end of it."

We would start to pull bits off other aircraft to make up the one serviceable one. My speech to the crew chief would go something like, "I don't care what you do, but I want that airplane working." How they did it sometimes, I don't know, but when I came back they would be replacing the cowlings, the engine would be fixed, and the crew chief would say, "Captain, it's ready to go." Borrowing, stealing, scrounging – somehow the airplane would always be made ready. GI ingenuity was unbelievable. They could put a B-17 together out of pieces, spray a serial number on it, and you would never know how it got there.



parachute exhibited in the USAF Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB plus an engine and prop in the 390BG Museum at Parham. Such items help tell the story of the tragedy and recognise the 385th's achievements. The Pease site had yielded props, a machine gun and a range of smaller finds during a dig in 1976 but little else since then and it was hoped that excavations might provide further information on the cause of the crash.

Borrowing from my own book, "Final Flights", the story of the crash is as follows:"Participating in the raid on Diepholz were 34 385th aircraft....fighter attacks were ineffectual and the only casualties suffered by the 385th were Captain Binks and Lt Panches on board the 482nd Group pathfinder that succumbed, apparently to flak, and was last seen dropping away still under control, to the rear of the formation....during the return journey, continuing adverse conditions forced the bombers North of their planned route. At 15.37 hours the B-17's were approaching the East Anglian coastline at 8,000 feet. Two minutes later they crossed the coast...just North of Great Yarmouth, descending in preparation for landing. Lt Col James McDonald, Group Leader that day reduced the danger of collision by ordering the descent through cloud in three ship elements.

Weather conditions were poor - a report for the area indicated cloud at 4,000 feet and clouds up to 3,000 feet thick. As an experienced pilot (he was on his 25th mission) Captain Hutchison led one vic of 3 aircraft. Lt Warren J Pease and crew of the 549th Squadron flew B-17G 42-37963 off his starboard wing while, on the port side, were Lt John A Terrace and crew....When the formation emerged, Lt St John (co-pilot on the Terrace crew) looked right to assure himself of his position. Hutchison's ship was very close and he could see the happy pilot smoking a large cigar....But something was wrong: there was no B-17 on the starboard side of the Flight. As Gene looked for Lt Pease, the missing B-17 suddenly broke cloud in a very steep dive astern of Hutchison's ship. Their altitude was now less than 1,000 feet. Passing beneath the Flight Leader, Lt Pease pulled up sharply, into the path of the on-coming Fortress....The starboard inner propeller (No3) of Hutchison's ship tore into the spine of the other Fortress, completely severing the tail section which tumbled earthwards with gunner, Junior M Falls trapped inside. Debris filled the air and instinctive reaction by St John saved the third bomber as he slammed it into a hard bank to port. The final moments of the two bombers were lost to his view and witnessed only by his ball turret gunner, S/Sgt Robert L Goldsmith....Continuing upwards, the front two-thirds of the Pease ship looped uncontrollably above Hutchison's stricken bomber before cutting back into it, breaking the Fortress in half. Bob Goldsmith saw two bodies blown out into the sky but no parachutes as the shattered remains of 42-31370 spilled earthwards to explode on impact. The tail-less Pease B-17 descended almost as swiftly but....it seemed there were a few seconds of hope....Miraculously it was still level and making as if to crash land on the marshes. Striking the ground, the B-17 slithered for a distance and exploded as it smashed into the edge of a dyke....Twenty-one young men had died in as many seconds...."

Pilot. Captain John N Hutchison; CP 2/Lt Charles G Curtis; Nav. 1/Lt John E Epps; Bombardier 1/Lt Edmond J Gamble; TTG T/Sgt Roy C Kitner; TG S/Sgt Joseph J Carpinetti; R/Op T/Sgt William J Dukes; BTG S/Sgt John H Erhardt; LWG S/Sgt Emelio M Corgnatti; RWG S/Sgt Peter Bobulsky Jr; Photographer S/Sgt Frank L Creegan Jr.

Pilot. 1/Lt Warren J pease; CP 2/Lt Edward B Brown; Nav. 2/Lt Bernard Kaplan; Bomb. 2/Lt Robert E Jenkins; TTG T/Sgt William R Clift; R/Op T/Sgt William Gill Jr; BTG S/Sgt Franklin C Owsley; TG S/Sgt Junior M Falls; LWG S/Sgt Harold E Dickason; RWG S/Sgt Gail F Bruner.

A theme of the "Time Team" programme is what they call a cameo piece and the idea I had for this was to ask one of the 385th's wartime nose-artists, Anne Hayward (now Anne Gordon) to come out of retirement and do a last nose-art. Despite searching for over 30 years, I've never found a photograph of Hutch's B-17 42-31370 which I know was his third aircraft. His first two had been named, "Sleepytime Gal" and I had a picture of a 385th "Sleepytime Gal" but couldn't say it was his. However, for the programme Anne would reproduce this nose art.

Before we could turn even a spade a variety of permissions had to be obtained. Starting with the landowner then the grazing tenant followed by a licence from the Ministry of Defence then, because the land is now a Site of Special Scientific Interest with rare flora and fauna, consent had to be gained from English Nature, the Broads Authority and finally the Drainage Board. One concern raised by English Nature was the risk of pollution from either aviation fuel or the acidity of water from lower levels damaging the micro-ecology of the marsh. Before they would give permission, an Hydrogeological Survey was demanded and this almost toppled the idea because it would cost several thousand Dollars and might result in a, "no-go" decision. However, the story was deemed worth the chance and the survey took place in March 1998. Permission was given but subject to certain restrictions, one of which involved the creation of a massive, plastic-lined lagoon into which water from the site would be pumped to avoid it contaminating water in the dike and drainage system.

Filming finally took place in the summer of 1998 and it was a fascinating experience to work with a full film crew. I was wired up with a small transmitter in my back pocket, wires under my shirt and a tiny speaker clipped on my collar. Fronting the programme is a famous, British actor, Tony Robinson, and I soon realized that nothing happens as fast as the programme makes you think. Scenes were shot, then re-shot - not forgetting "continuity" - did I have my gloves on or off when we started, where were we standing in relation to one another? I soon understood the dreaded phrase, "Take it from the top". Two massive machines had been hired but the traditional approach is scrape and trowel, take everything in context. Admirable if you need stratification or want to establish dates but we knew our date and frustration soon arose as machines and the aviation enthusiasts stood idle while the "professionals" scraped down, inches at a time in tiny segments. This would be my last chance ever on the Pease site and I wanted to remove all the wreckage and see if we could establish any further evidence relating to the cause of the crash. Finally, after some pressure on my part and some compromise all round, the speed of the dig increased. Amongst the items found, those that related to the crew were most saddening: the remains of a parachute; an airman's shoe; a throat mike - even a condom tangled in the wreckage. I spent time explaining that these were sometimes used over the barrels of the machine guns to avoid ingress of moisture and dust as well as occasionally used to be urinated in, taken off to freeze and then dropped over Germany. That scene was edited out because the editor wanted to set a more sombre tone and I felt his decision was best - the respect we all felt for those boys was such that the tone of the programme needed to reflect the tragedy. Comparisons were made with a complete B-17G at Duxford and Bob Spangler, a wartime technician was on hand to identify the parts we found. Another participant was Bernie Ford, an air-crash investigator whose study of parts found resulted in a theory which the programme cleverly portrayed using computer simulation. One of the props found on an earlier dig had its blades feathered and Bernie deduced that Pease had lost an engine in cloud then, perhaps, became disorientated during the feathering process so, when he emerged from cloud in a steep dive at low altitude, his understandable reaction was to pull up not realizing it was into the path

of his on-coming comrades. Our star finds on this dig were two machine guns which were pulled from a depth of some sixteen feet. Both are in excellent condition and one has been offered to the Eighth Air Force Museum for display as a tribute to these crews and the 385th

When the programme was broadcast - exactly 55 years to the day since the crash, it attracted the highest-ever audience for the series - over 4 million people saw the story and it gained recognition for the sacrifice made by not only the airmen featured but by the 385th and the entire Eighth Air Force. Anne's nose art is now displayed in the Norfolk & Suffolk Aviation Museum along with other finds.

Following the fun of working with the media, my attention turned to completion of the Hutchison site and, following further negotiation and the agreement to pay some hefty fees to the land agent, I gained the various permissions to finish a task started back in 1964 - a final recovery effort to reach the buried engine. In September 1999, a team of enthusiasts willing to work hard and fund the project from their own pockets set about retrieving the engine. Damming off the nearby dike, we pumped out several thousand gallons of water and dug down on to our detector readings. Conditions were very difficult but adept sloping of the crater by our driver reduced the danger of the sides collapsing and we found an engine and propeller some 16 feet down. The prop was removed and left the task of retrieving the engine a little easier but it was still a messy affair and not without a little risk as we manoeuvred the digger bucket so it could nudge the engine aboard before lifting it clear. This task complete we had great fun hosing down our trophy and the plan is to make a mobile exhibit of the engine and propeller on a World War Two, Diamond T Recovery Truck restored by my friend, Pete Snowling. This way, we'll take the story to a wider audience - there'll be some other items and a photographic display to accompany the engine. The day after removing the engine, we worked into the dike and found another propeller with two blades still attached - some say it had three and one came off during recovery but conditions were extremely difficult and it may have slipped back into the mire. To get into the site meant being lowered in on the digger bucket and using a long probe to see if there was anything else near the prop but the site seemed clean and we closed down the centre of the crash to concentrate on items on the periphery. The engine and propellers had been carried in by momentum while smaller items had burnt near the surface and we began expanding the crater to unearth a cluster of smaller finds - bundles of chaff; the smashed remnants of radio-room equipment and countless unrecognisable fragments all of which were bagged up and removed to be sorted later on. Once we'd done all we could, we began slowly back-filling but continuing to search the spoil for parts which were overlooked on removal. During this process my son, Rowan, found the camera used by young Bud Creegan to take PR pictures - it was little more than a block of muck but there was evidence of film protruding so we left it as was and next day Rowan and I raced down to the photographic laboratory for the Imperial War Museum at Duxford. There it was cleaned off in the darkroom but our excited anticipation of finding film turned to disappointment when it became evident that the film cassette had been torn off the back and the innards smashed and burnt. One frame of film was found but it held no image - the rest had been destroyed.

On conclusion of the dig, we took a minute's silence in remembrance and left a small cross to mark the spot. For me, it completed a task that began over thirty-five years earlier when I'd stood on the edge of that crater and wondered who those men were, what had been there story and how they deserved recognition. My final part in this story is to establish a

memorial to the crews and I'd appreciate some help from the 385th in funding it. The cost is \$2500 and I've already begun to raise money through slide shows and John's brother Tom has donated \$200 plus a promise from "Time Team" to contribute \$560. In all, I've raised or had promised about \$920 so help from members of the 385th would be appreciated to see the memorial reach completion. The concept is a dark-grey, polished granite tablet some 5'x3' with the 385th and Eighth Air Force badges plus names of the crews lost. Reedham Parish Council has already given permission for the memorial to be positioned close to the village's own memorial and they've promised to maintain it. It may be that we will feature a propeller blade from one of the aircraft but this is still under discussion. My hope is to have it dedicated when member of the Group are in England later this year so time is clearly quite short.

If anyone is able to make a donation, please send it made out to me at my home address. I will list all those who contribute for later publication in "Hardlife Herald".

Enclosed are some photographs to accompany this letter.

Best wishes,

Jan and Sue

Dear Ed,

As I was going through some old papers, I came across the enclosed Commendation. I don't remember seeing this printed in the Hardlife Herald.

So, if you are looking to fill up some space in a future edition, I think it makes for interesting reading. The errors shown are in the original letter. In making this copy, they seem pronounced.

Regards, You're doing a great job. Till 120 years.

Sincerely,
Herman (Hy) Siederer

**HEADQUARTERS 3RD BOMBARDMENT DIVISION
APO 559**

201.00

7 May 1944

SUBJECT: Commendation

TO: Commanding Officer, 385th Bombardment Group (H),
APO 559, US Army

It is my pleasure and privilege officially to commend the officers and men of the 385th Bombardment Group (H) and units serving therewith, for their outstanding achievement in successfully completing between 17 July 1943 and 29 April 1944 one hundred (100) heavy bombardment mission against the enemy. Being engaged in daylight aerial combat against a strong foe, armed with the world's most concentrated anti-aircraft and fighter defenses, our bombers and crews each day are carrying the war to Germany with increasing destruction to her war plants and installations.

In two weeks, from 17 July to 1 August 1943, your bombing wrought considerable destruction on the Van Leers Iron Works at Amsterdam, the FW-190 plant at Warnamunde and the AGO Flugzeugwerk factories at Oschersleben. At Regensburg, on 17 July 1943, the ME-109 plant, producing one-third of Germany's fighter planes, was destroyed. Results on the Arado factory (FW-109) on 9 October 1943 proved that Marienburg was one of the best daylight bombing operations of the war. Accuracy again characterized your bombing at Schwienfurt on 14 October 1943, wrecking the works producing about sixty-five percent (65%) of Germany's ball bearings. Requiring expert navigation to strike a small, distant target on 16 November 1943, the 385th combined with others in crippling seriously the hydro-electric plant at Rjukan, Norway, an important source of vital chemicals for Nazi Airdromes. On 5 January your rained deadly destruction on the Bordeaux/merignac Airdrome. After participating in four devastating attacks on Berlin on 6, 8, 9 and 22 March 1944, the 385th proved it's great endurance and fortitude from 26 March to 29 April 1944 by sending bombers and crews aloft for eighteen (18) successive missions in thirty-four (34) days.

That your group led that Division on Bombing accuracy in January, February and March, 1944 testifies indisputably to the meticulous care with which your missions have been planned and executed, and to the discipline, skill and gallantry of your combat and ground personnel. Commended alike are the officers and men now present for duty and those whose absence is keenly regretted. To you and to them are due eternal praise and gratitude for heroic accomplishment in battles well fought, worthy of the highest traditions of the Army of the United States.

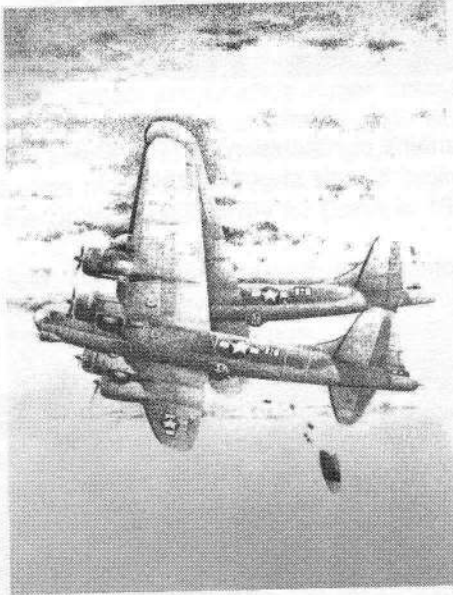
I am confident that you will bring added honor to yourselves and your country in the future great air battles which must be

be fought to bring our common endeavor to a victorious conclusion.

s Curtis E. LeMay
t Curtis E. LeMay
Major General, USA Commanding

Reproduced

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Jack Baugh for sending this story.



From Ian McLachlan's book "Final Flights" the Hutchison and Pease crews collide over Reedham, Norfolk, February 21, 1944.



A layer of wreckage appears on the Pease B-17 crater site June 1998



June 1998, "Time Team" -Camera rolling. The Diamond "T" provides a stage.



Anne with her last 385th nose-art in 1998



The 385th's special lady. Artist Ann Hayward at work in 1944.

L-R: Lt. C.G. Curtis; S/Sgt J.A. Catalina; 2nd Lt. E.J. Gamble; Lt. J.N. Hutchison, Jr.; S/Sgt J.R. O'Malley; T/Sgt W.J. Dukes; S.Sgt J.J. Carpinetti; S.Sgt J.J. Fulgieri; 2nd Lt. J.E. Epps.



The tragic remains of Hutchison's B17G 42-31370 pictured shortly after the crash.



Parachute recovered in 1965. Now on display in the USAF Museum.



Hutchison site: September 1999. The engine is hoisted on to a truck for removal to Pete Snowling's workshop.



S.Sgt Franklin C Owsley-Ball Turret gunner on the Pease Crew.



September 1999-Ian and Sue McLachlan with propeller recovered from Hutchison's B-17G.



A picture of Hutch and his crew taken in the desert during the famous shuttle mission, Aug, 1943.

Dear Ed,

It is with much sorrow that I must report the death of my husband, Harry E. Woltman on March 8, 2000. Enclosed is a copy of the obituary if your wish to include it in the next Hardlife Herald. If it is possible for me to remain on the mailing list for Hardlife Herald I would be happy to pay the annual dues.

Sincerely,
Norma Woltman

Harry E. Woltman, 79 Dies at his home in San Diego

Harry was born 5/27/20 in York Pennsylvania. He moved to California with his parents at the age of three. He attended Chaffey High School and Chaffey Junior College. He met his future wife, Norma Schmid, at Chaffey High when he was 17 and Norma was 15. He was attending UCLA as a Business Administration major when World War II broke out. He enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps in 1941.

Norma and Harry were married in Houston, Texas on August 15, 1942, the day he received his commission in the U.S. Air Force and his silver wings.

Harry flew 25 missions as the pilot of B-17's, out of Great Ashfield, England. Most missions were over Germany during the Battle of the Bulge. He stayed on after the war ended to fly humanitarian missions to Holland and Austria. These were food drops and P.O.W. retrievals.

Harry finished his degree at University of Redlands while living at "Vet's Village" near the University with Norma and their toddler, Linda.

In December 1950, the family moved into their new home on La Flora Drive. Doug was born two weeks later.

Harry served as Redlands City Treasurer in the early 1950's. He remained in the Air Force Reserve and was recalled to duty during the Korean Conflict. He served in the Office of the Inspector General, inspecting military installations throughout the U.S..

After spending a brief period in private industry, Harry determined that he wanted to return to civil service. He went to work at Norton Air Force Base in Cost Analysis and Procurement for the Air Force, working on ballistic missile programs such as the Minute Man Rocket.

Harry retired in 1976 and moved to San Diego in 1980. He and Norma loved the climate and wanted to be near their family. Shortly after moving to San Diego, Harry retired from the Air Force as Colonel Harry "O" Woltman.

During their 20+ years of retirement, Harry and Norma became even more avid golfers than before. They also traveled to Canada, Hawaii, New England and Europe, where they attended a reunion of the 385th bomber Group, from which he flew his missions.

After Norma and family, Harry shared his loved between music and golf. He has left a library of almost 300 reel to reel tapes. He loved classical and contemporary music. As a youth, he played the violin and trumpet.

They have been members of the First Congregational Church of Redlands for approximately 50 years. Harry was also a member of the Masonic Lodge, the American Legion, VFW and other organizations pertaining to his professional and military career.

A Memorial Service and interment were held March 15th at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery.

Survivors include his wife, Norma; a daughter, Linda Woltman Burnham, son, Doug and his wife Cathy, all of San Diego.

Dear Ed,

It is with the deepest sorrow that I report the death of my husband Russell W. Pfau. Russ was a radio operator - gunner on B-17's with the 550th Bomb Squadron of the 385th Bomb Group.

Russ did so enjoy every copy of the 385th BGMA Newsletter, and read it cover to cover until his eyes got bad, and then I read parts of them to him. He would never throw one out, and they has a special place by his chair.

I believe Russ was a lifetime member, and if so I would enjoy receiving future copies.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Vivian E. Pfau

Russell W. Pfau

Russell William Pfau, 82, of Apple Valley died Jan. 16, 2000, of acute leukemia at the Apple Valley Health Care Center.

He was born Nov. 18, 1917, in Cathay, N.D. to Ed and Grace (Leachman) Pfau and raised in North Dakota, but resided in Apple Valley for the past 30 years.

He was a veteran of World War II serving in the 8th Air Force in England in the 385th Bomb Group on B-17's. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal

with several oak leaf clusters. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge #8 of Mandan, N.D., the Apple Valley American Legion #1776, and the VFW #5555. He was retired from a career in advertising sales.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Ed and Grace Pfau; brother, Ed Pfau, Jr.; and sister, Harriet Townsend.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Vivian; son, Michael (Ginger); daughters, Shirlene Merrill (significant other Terry Hitman), Kelly (John) Kuehn; brother, James Pfau; grandchildren, Michael, Jr., Julie Pfau, Sasha Rodriguez, and Alicia Merrill.

Services were held Jan. 20 at White Funeral Home of Apple Valley. Interment was at Fort Snelling National Cemetery. Memorials are preferred to the American Cancer Society. Arrangements were made with White Funeral Home in Apple Valley.

