

HARDLIFE HERALD

Newsletter of the 385th Bombardment Group
Association



548th



549th



550th



551st



1942 - 1945 Great Ashfield - Suffolk, England Station 155 - The Mighty Eighth

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San Antonio Reunion - October 2012

HARDLIFE HERALD

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Front Cover: 385th Veteran Attendees

Due to it's popularity at the last 385th reunion
(just ask Chuck how many he made) we bring
you...

RoyAnne's Cosmo Recipe

- Jigger of Vodka
- Half Jigger of Cuantreau
- Cranberry Juice
- Shake or Stir over Ice
- Garnish with Lime
- Optional Splash of Club Soda at end.

Adjust ingrediants to taste.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Let me begin with a few words about reunions. Once again, the 385th BGA was well represented at the 8th AFHS reunion held this year in San Antonio. San Antonio was a lovely venue and we continued our tradition, thanks mainly to Chuck Smith, of having the most popular, well-stocked, and well-attended hospitality suite at the reunion. The 8th AFHS has elected to hold their 2013 reunion in Savannah, in July. While Savannah is lovely and its proximity to the Mighty 8th Air Force Museum is a real plus, your 385th BGA Board of Directors expressed real concern about going to Savannah in July due to the heat and humidity prevalent at that time of year. Once again, the Board is leaning strongly to holding our 2013 reunion separately from the national reunion at a place and time other than Savannah in July. Several alternatives are under investigation. Watch this space in subsequent issues for more information.

The holiday season is upon us once again. Where did the time go?? My very best wishes to you all and to your families for a Happy Thanksgiving. There is so much to be thankful for. At least, by the time you read this, the election will be behind us and we will finally have a respite from all of those annoying phone calls and combative commercials! I don't mean to make light of the problems facing our country and how they impact many of us and/or our loved ones directly or indirectly. Nevertheless, I do believe that if we pause and give it some thought, I believe each and every one of us will find much to be grateful for. May you and yours continue to be blessed.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

As the holiday seasons rapidly approach, my thoughts turn to the many things I have to be thankful for. I enjoy being surrounded by family and friends and was fortunate to be able to attend the 385th reunion in San Antonio this year thanks to Chuck Smith. It was an honour to be able to converse with both familiar and new faces not only with the 385th, but with all the veterans, next generations and guests from other Bomb Groups that attended the 8th Air Force reunion. I would also like to extend another sincere thanks to Chuck Smith for putting me on my first B-17 flight this past summer. The "Movie Memphis Belle" (41-24485) was in town to support the Liberty Belle Foundation and it's rebuilding of its own B-17 of the same name. I was amazed by how stable the aircraft flew, how intense the noise was from the engines in the bomb bay / plank area and the tremendous wind tunnel that existed from the radio operator's open gun port on to the back of the plane. (This F-model did not have the luxury of plexiglass windows) Needless to say it was very memorable and I cannot fathom what it must have been like with the added existence of Flak, enemy fighters and the long high altitude flights. I'm still smiling about this - thank you again, Chuck.

This is more than likely the last issue I'll get out this year, so I'd like to wish you all a Joyous Holiday season. God Bless.



THE DEMISE OF POWERFUL KATRINKA

© IAN MCLACHLAN (FROM EIGHTH AIR FORCE BOMBER STORIES – A NEW SELECTION)

Lt Charles Guyler and crew sought a cartoon theme when requesting 385th artist Anne Haywood to adorn their B-17 with a caricature of "Powerful Katrinka". This was no curvaceous lovely but was familiar from childhood as the robust, Scandinavian housemaid featured in the "Toonerville Trolley" cartoon strip. Protective of her young charges in the series, she was frequently called upon to perform feats of great strength and the Guyler crew felt this was very appropriate for their Flying Fortress. Annie soon had a trestle alongside the recently assigned B-17G and 42-31928 underwent the anthropomorphosis into "Powerful Katrinka". She served the Group well during the winter of 1943-4 and it was not air combat that destroyed their plucky servant but an action unique in Eighth Air Force history.

While airmen slept, or tried to, other essential activities continued unabated and the resourcefulness of skilled ground crews became legendary with personnel working long hours to maximize operational efficiency. Lower level maintenance was carried out in the open, often in appalling weather, but some work required hangar facilities and, on 23rd May, 1944, "Powerful Katrinka" was in Great Ashfield's number one

hangar on the southern side of the airfield undergoing battle-damage repairs. That day the 385th had launched 20 aircraft to support attacks on marshalling yards in Chaumont as part of the build up to D-Day. Intense pressure prevailed to repair damaged aircraft in blackout conditions because Luftwaffe activities had recently increased, most notably on 22nd April 1944 as described in my, "Night of the Intruders". During any nocturnal activity on the base, external lights were kept to a minimum and doused during an air raid alert. Blackout conditions were intended to prevent seepage of light from buildings acting as a beacon to prowling Luftwaffe intruders. The 385th were preparing themselves for a maximum effort against Berlin and mission planning and briefing activities were already underway.

Outside, the Suffolk countryside was sheathed in darkness while cottage windows rattled gently to the nocturne of aero-engines high above. RAF Bomber Command was continuing its own unceasing challenge to the enemy with over 1000 sorties flown. Ranging in retaliation, the Luftwaffe's efforts were comparatively puny owing in part to Hitler's having previously proscribed intruder operations

over the UK. However, this policy had recently been relaxed and Me 410's of KG51 were again abroad seeking to catch the unwary. On 23rd May, they had already destroyed Lancaster NN695 of 619 Squadron at 02.55 hours over East Wretham, Norfolk with the loss of six crew. Attacks also occurred over Bedfordshire and on Lancasters of 105 Squadron at Bourn, Cambridgeshire, only some thirty miles west of Great Ashfield.

It may have been only a momentary lapse in discipline or inadequate blackout precautions but, allegedly, an open hangar door sent light shafting a beam across the concrete apron approaching Hangar One thus inviting some unwelcome attention. At 0320 hours, an alert German aircrew seized the moment. Having passed over Great Ashfield, their Messerschmitt wheeled sharply and powered back towards the airfield. Encountering no anti-aircraft fire, the intruder released seven 50kg bombs that straddled the air base. Most exploded harmlessly but one fell cleanly through the roof of Number One hangar exploding on the unfortunate "Powerful Katrinka". The blast tore sheets of corrugated iron cladding from the hangar side and lifted both sets of doors from their runners to collapse on

the concrete aprons outside each end of the hangar. Fortunately, no one was killed but, within moments, flames engulfed the hapless Katrinka and threatened another B-17 just ahead.

Hearing the explosion, Staff Sgt. Lawrence M. Hill, the Base Fire Station Chief raced from his quarters to find the entire airfield illuminated by flames from the stricken building -- a certain marker for further attack. Hollering at the fire crew to get dressed, Hill and his men hurtled to the scene without waiting for orders. Reaching Hangar One, the firemen faced a scene of devastation. Apart from the giant doors laying flat on the concrete, numerous sheets of corrugated cladding had been blasted from the hangar's side and bomb-craters pockmarked the airfield. "Powerful Katrinka", being vigorously consumed by fire fed on fuel and oxygen, was reacting very angrily to her fate as fusillades of .50 calibre rounds spat viciously from the conflagration.

Disregarding the danger, Hill ordered a line laid from his truck to the side of the hangar. Supported by his team, Sergeants. Don Warren and Charles L. McCarthy, with technicians Stanley J. Lisek and Ernest A Herndon Jr, Hill realized the torn-out cladding created easy, if risky, access and they stepped in through the large opening



The Remains of Powerful Katrinka 42-31928

blasted in the hangar side. Rapidly assessing the situation, they calculated that, if they moved fast and accurately directed their hoses, one of the two aircraft inside could be saved. Time was critical; its stabilizers were already alight. Fires also threatened a large Cletrac, just beginning to burn, and ranks of crated and uncrated Cyclone engines lining one side of the hangar. Struggling to play out their hoses, they were interrupted by an officer from Flying Control who ran up with orders from Col. Van Devanter to evacuate the building. Having judged the situation, Hill was convinced they could save the second B-17 and much of the valuable equipment. Tasking Warren with persuading their superiors, Hill planned their most effective approach. He was pleased when Warren returned with the order rescinded and permission to use their initiative. All unauthorized personnel were

ordered to move clear. Concluding his strategy, Hill ordered one crash truck to the hangar's rear with instructions to lay two foam lines. He sent another crew to the front telling them to set two long foam lines that required equipment providing additional pressure. Luckily, his department had already demonstrated their inventiveness in the design of a new pump but this was as yet unproven. Recognizing a weakness in the American apparatus available, their indigenous design cleverly combined American and British couplings, cut and welded to increase both range and pressure - this would be its first use in anger. Confident in U.S. ingenuity, Hill called for more power. Using the fire truck at the front of the hangar with an arterial feed of foam lines branching into two capillary hoses, he gauged he could effectively strike the seat of the fire in the aircraft wing tanks. Supporting this, he had a pump

feeding water along a single line drawn through a hole in the hangar wall to douse the empennage of the threatened B-17. He also positioned another trailer pump close to the rear of the hangar and two additional hoses pressure-foamed, "Powerful Katrinka". Skilfully using their resources and ignoring the danger, Hill and his men prevented further destruction and had the fire under control before additional support arrived.

Next morning, "Powerful Katrinka" was no more. Her charred and smouldering ashes littered the hangar floor but it could have been much worse as Dom Jordan of the 548th Squadron noted in his diary, "May 23rd 1944. I finally got my second mission in today. We bombed the railroad yards in Chaumont, France using #1000 G. P. [6]. The mission was a milk run. The real excitement was provided when a lone Jerry dropped a string of bombs parallel to the briefing area. We had just finished briefing and were in our locker room changing when we heard this ever-increasing crescendo or shriek of falling bombs. It was my first and only experience of being on the receiving end. When the shriek ended and the explosions started we were too stunned to do anything for a few seconds. Evidently the Jerry was after the personnel. He must have known our briefing

time. He made a hit on the hangar with two B-17's and all the time I was running from the scene I could hear ammunition going off. He had a beautiful aiming point because the hangar was all lit up -- the doors could not be closed for some reason. This was so ironic because we made sure all curtains were drawn in the barracks. We had heard a plane buzzing around previously but thought it was one of ours. He made just one pass but it was enough. Later, one of the Brass made the remark that the bomber had been very unlucky because, although he wiped out a hangar and two ships (sic); just a few more yards he would have wiped out most of the base flying personnel." Another recollection of this incident comes from the memoirs of the late M/Sgt Winston Churchill Chadwick, an electronics specialist.

We, of the Ground Crew,

figured we were in no danger from enemy action even though the British renegade, "Lord Haw Haw" did say in one of his broadcasts from Germany, "Don't worry, Great Ashfield. We'll get to you." And they did. It was a night when there was to be a mission the next day, with take-off about 4:30 in the morning. It was Gemel's turn to work on the planes that night. I was in the sack. There was the familiar air-ride siren and then, over the P.A. system, came, "Condition Red! Condition Red!" This woke me up. There was the sound of bombs exploding, followed by the sound of .50 caliber shells going off, in a popcorn popping rhythm, not in bursts as from a machine gun. Next over the speakers came, "All unauthorized personnel stay away from Hangar One! All unauthorized personnel stay away from Hangar One!" Well, if all that noise was coming from Han-



May 23, 1944 Bomb Crater & B17

gar Number One, you can bet we would stay away. We were already about a mile from the Hangar. Come daylight, we learned what happened. As I say, a mission was scheduled with take-off about 4:30 am. The Gunners had been briefed and they had gone to the planes with their guns and gear. The Crew Chiefs and their Assistants were preflighting the engines. The rest of the Flying Crew were being briefed. They were briefed separately so they could be told where they were going. The Gunners had not been told for fear some might "go over the hill". The Briefing Room was in a building right beside Hangar Number One. At that time, we still did not have any "Path-Finder" planes, planes that could "see" the target regardless of cloud cover and signal the following planes so they too would drop their bombs on the target. We were borrowing two Pathfinders from

another Base. It was nearly time for those two planes to arrive and a plane was heard by the men in the Control Tower. Thinking it was the first of the Pathfinders, the Tower obligingly turned on the runway lights, faint rings of light outlining the runway to be used. The plane passed over once, circled and lined up for the proper runway, just as it should do before landing. But instead of landing, it swung over to the right, attempting to line up with planes dispersed there, and started dropping eight 250-lb.[sic] bombs. The first 5, although landing close to planes, made no direct hit. On the last part of his bomb-run, the German flew over Hangar Number One. In that Hangar were two B-17's face-to-face, or perhaps I should say, nose-to-nose. We all had to take our turn at Guard Duty. There was a guard inside the Hangar. He thought he just had to have a cigarette,

and he had to go outside the Hangar for that. Just as he took hold of the knob on the small door let into the large Hangar door, bomb number 6 landed just outside that door.

The next instant bomb number 7 came through the roof and landed squarely in the plane at the far side of the hangar. The guard was knocked flat, but was not injured. If he had had this urge for a smoke a moment sooner, the story would have been quite different. A little beyond the far side of the hangar, a Crew Chief and his Assistant finished preflighting a B-17 and had just shut off the engines, when the eighth and last bomb landed 50 feet beyond the nose of the plane, in an unpaved area. Up until that time, when a plane went into the hangar for major repair, the ammunition was not removed from the plane. These .50 caliber shells were going off in a popcorn popping rhythm, making a sieve of the Hangar walls and the remaining part of the roof. Surprisingly, no one was injured. About a third of the Group's planes were damaged, most of them by air blast and flying pieces of bomb. All the planes that were intended for the mission were loaded with twelve 500-pound bombs and the fuel tanks were topped off. If the German had made a direct hit on one of those planes, it would have made



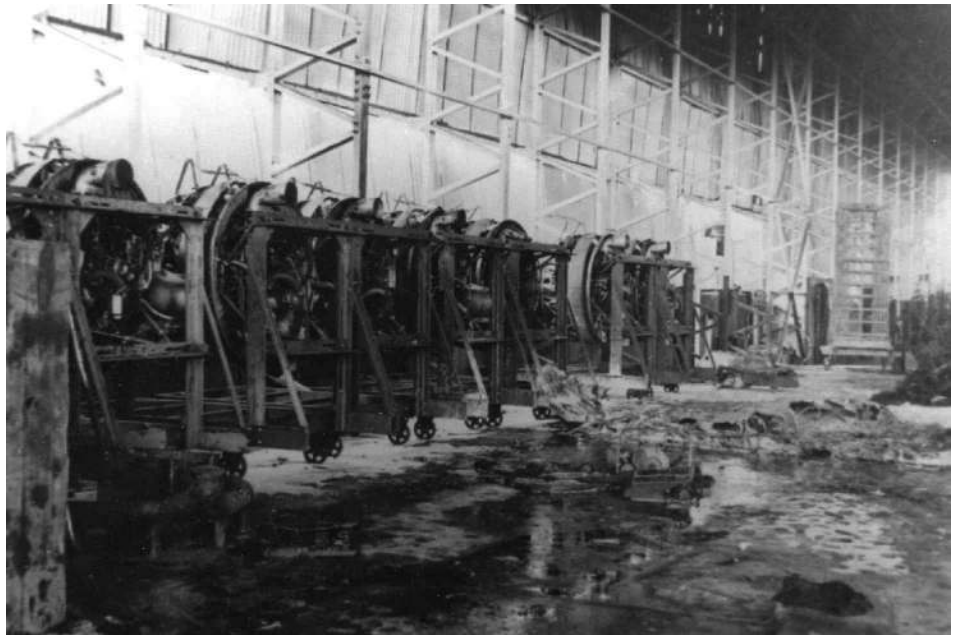
42-31928 Powerful Katrinka and Hangar Damage

quite a mess. Gemel told me that everybody in the area where he was, dived for the ditches, expecting the German pilot to do some strafing after he dropped the bombs. He didn't. After the end of his bomb-run, he passed right over a Gun Emplacement. There were no Anti-Aircraft Guns on our Base, but we did have these two positions where there were what we called "pea-shooters", .50 caliber guns. Either the two guys, who were supposed to be manning the guns the German flew over, were asleep (though I don't see how they could have been), or they were afraid of drawing his attention, for they did not even attempt to bring him down. We learned later, however, that the German did not make it back home. The word was, "We got him, Great Ashfield." The incident let us know that the Germans had some very accurate information about our Base, ---- the time of take-off, the fact that two planes would come from another field and also the exact time of their arrival."

On a lighter note, a healthy trade was soon underway in bartering bomb fragments as airmen filled in the craters. Technicians assessed damage to other aircraft as minimal and General Le May called personally to see if the 385th could mount the day's mission. Undaunted, they still mustered 23 aircraft for the assault on Berlin.



Great Asfield May 23, 1944 - Side Blown Off #1 Hangar



Great Asfield May 23, 1944 - bomb damage



42-31928 Powerful Katrinka - burnt out oxygen bottles

GREAT ASHFIELD

BY TOM GAGNON

He was born in the summer of his 27th year, going home to a place he'd never been before....He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again. You might say he found the key to every door. John Denver, Rocky Mountain High.

In the summer of his 27th year, my Dad completed his combat tour and returned to Station 155, Great Ashfield in East Anglia. You might say he "found the key to every door" having completed his tour and having earned a return trip to the States. He had done his duty and had the good fortune to survive. Like many of his comrades, he was content to let the experience slowly recede into the past. With the exception of the nightmares that arrived unbidden from time to time, he focused on looking forward, not back. It wasn't until some 50 years later that he entertained the possibility of a return trip to Great Ashfield hoping to take me and my brother and our wives. Unfortunately, other commitments, illness and ultimately his death prevented the return trip.

In the Spring of 2010, while investigating a proposed 385th Bomb Group Association trip to Great Ashfield, I determined to make the trip with my wife Janet and two of our grandsons, 13 year-

old Nathan and 16 year-old Justin. Both of the boys had known their great-grandfather well and were anxious to learn more about his wartime experiences. We began our journey with a stay at the Russell Hotel on London's Russell Square, where Dad and his mates stayed whenever they got leave to visit London. (On their first leave, the billeting office put them at the Russell Square hotel. They quickly made friends with the staff and were told to skip the billeting office on subsequent visits and come directly to the hotel.)

In the years before Dad's death, I heard stories of the Russell Square hotel. There was the time they were sitting on the roof one evening, enjoying the fresh air when they heard the distinctive sound of a V-1 engine, and, more ominously, heard the sound stop as the buzz-bomb ran out of fuel. It impacted directly across the square from the hotel. Good luck remained with them, even on leave. The hotel had an "after hours" bar for their military patrons. It was stocked primarily with donations from these patrons. One evening a couple of Marines who had obviously taken on a good load earlier in the evening stopped in for a nightcap. One Marine was particularly

obnoxious in his comments about the "soft life" lived by the aircrews with their hot meals and beds to sleep in. Now, no one doubted the hard life of Marines in combat - - - but the Marines had never experienced a head-on fighter attack or flak so thick it seemed like you could walk on it. Dad and his mates had heard about enough when Dad's co-pilot, Earl, uncorked a haymaker of a punch from out of nowhere and decked the 6'2" Marine. For a few tense moments, it seemed as though a brawl was about to ensue, when the remaining Marines thought better of it and carried their unconscious comrade off to bed. From then on, Earl was known as "One-Punch."

After settling in at the hotel that first day, I slipped away from the others and made my way to the bar where I spent a couple of hours chatting with the bartender, sipping draft beers and single-malt scotch, and communing with my Dad's memory.

A driver picked us up early the morning of June 29th for the 2 1/2 hour drive to Great Ashfield. I had prearranged a meeting with Ian MacLachlan and Roy Barker, local members of the Friends of the Eighth and keepers of the memories of the 385th Bomb Group and the remains of the airfield at Great Ashfield. Also joining us for the visit was Tim Randleman,



a nextgen member of the 385th BGA whose grandfather was stationed at Great Ashfield during the war. Tim is active USAF and is stationed at RAF Lakenheath; he lives just a stone's throw from the end of one of the Great Ashfield runways and has taken the opportunity to familiarize himself with the field.

We met at the Village Hall in Great Ashfield and began our tour at the chapel, two examples of the things that haven't changed much since the war. The 1500 year-old chapel with its 385th Bomb group memorials and commemorative stained glass window is truly a hallowed place. It was with great pleasure that I signed the guest book as the first Second Generation president of the 385th BGA.

I suspect my Dad would have found the village to be essentially the same as when he was there. The airfield is another story. The airfield was carved out of an active farm. Farming continued throughout the war years and farming continues to this day. In 1944, how-

ever, some 3,000 airmen were billeted at the airfield. Most of the infrastructure that housed and supported them is gone. Only one of the maintenance buildings remains and it is in disrepair. If you know where to look, you can find one of the hardstands where B-17s were parked and the remains of one of the shelters that housed the crash carts and fire trucks by the runway. The circumference taxiway and a good portion of the main runways remain, primarily because it would cost so much to remove them and cart away the rubble. This may be changing, however. Just as rubble from the London blitz was used to form the foundation for Great Ashfield's runways, rubble from these same runways has been used as the foundation for a nearby bridge. And after excavating that rubble, the farm was able to return 9 acres of land to production. Many more acres remain recoverable, but at the expense of obliterating what little physical remains there are of the old airfield.

We trod the area where Dad's 549th Squadron was billeted; we stood in front of the location of the hanger that was bombed by the Luftwaffe destroying a B-17 that was inside. We rode by the site of the control tower and viewed the "Three Trees" that marked the runway approach. Two of the original poplars remain. One was

lost during the gale of 1987 and was replaced by another that still has some growing to do. As our tour concluded, we gathered at the intersection of the two main runways and sped away in our car toward the end of the runway, gathering speed as we avoided potholes, but never approaching the speed necessary to lift a fully-loaded B-17 off the runway. With a little bit of imagination, one could hear the roar of squadrons of B-17s jockeying for position on the taxiway, making their way to the runway and taking off for yet another mission over Fortress Europe. Looking over my shoulder, the three trees waved in the wind as if to say good-bye.

My mission was completed. Not only had I been to Great Ashfield and walked where my father had lived and fought as a younger man, but I had helped to pass on his legacy to yet another generation.



FEATURED PIN-UP ARTIST



Freeman Elliot (b.1922)

Born in 1922 in a suburb of Chicago, Elliot apprenticed at the Stevens/Gross studio, where he had the opportunity to learn from Gil Elvgren, Joyce Ballantyne, Al Buell, and Haddon Sundblom. Shortly after serving in the Navy in World War II, he was commissioned by Brown & Bigelow to create two sets of double card decks: Winning Aces and Hit the Deck became runaway best-sellers.

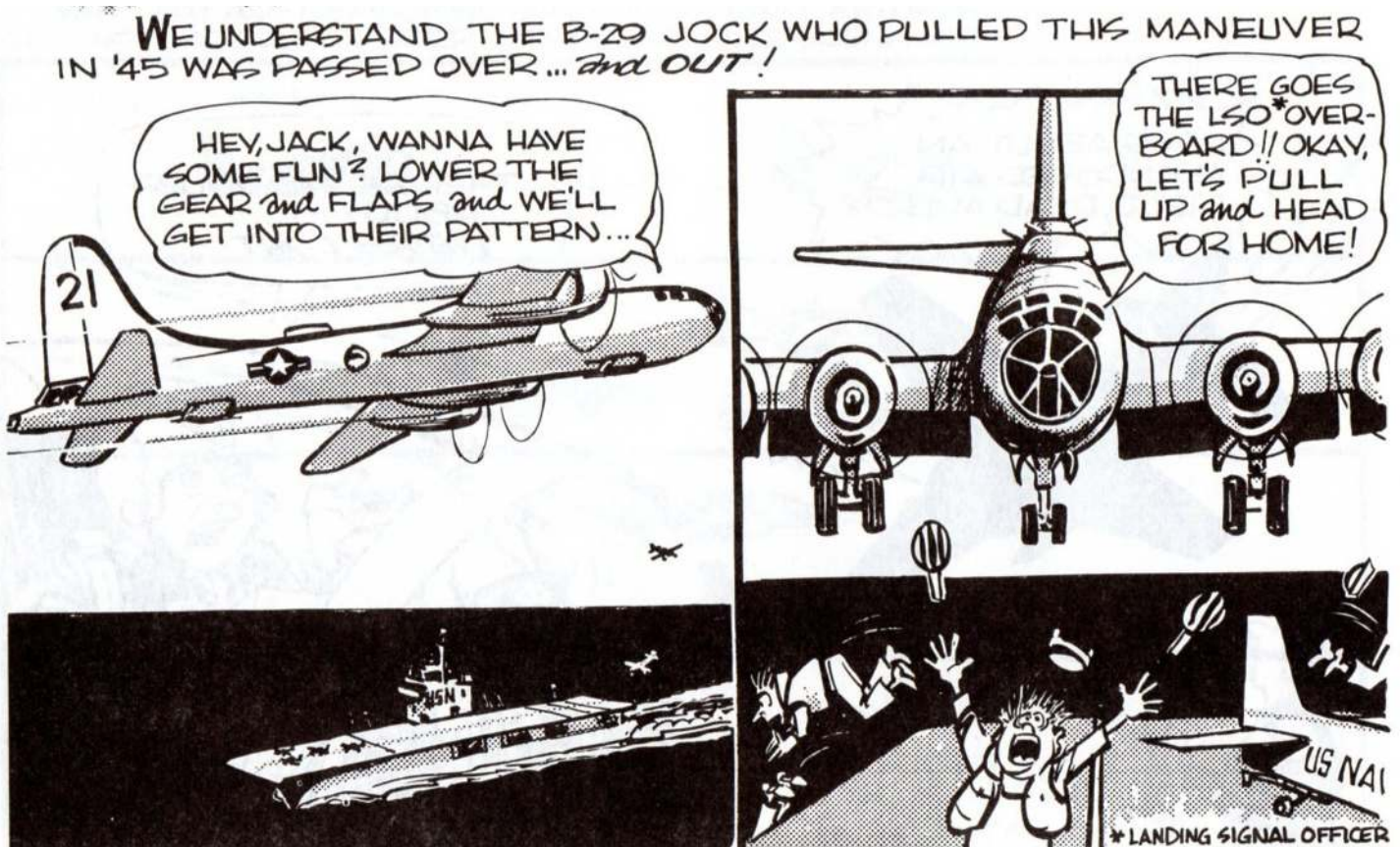
In 1953, Elliot's work appeared on Brown & Bigelow's successful Ballyhoo Calendar, along with that of Esquire artists Al Moore, Ernest Chiriaka, Eddie Chan, and Ward Brackett. Each page of these twelve-page calendars had a primary pin-up figure surrounded by several razor-crisp side sketches commenting in some way on the main picture. The large pin-up was painted in gouache, Elliot's favourite medium, the smaller sketches done in pencil.

Millions of Americans saw his pin-ups on the covers of Hearst's Pictorial Weekly during the 1950s.

Though often amusing, his pin-ups could also be sexy and sensual. Elliot, who was represented by Stevens/Gross, had a cross-over career that encompassed front covers for national magazines, story illustrations, and advertising art.

Freeman Elliot biography borrowed from *The Great American Pin-up* by Charles G. Martignette & Louis K. Meisel.

"There I was..." The cartoons of Bob Stevens





*I'd call this
an arrow escape*

Elliott

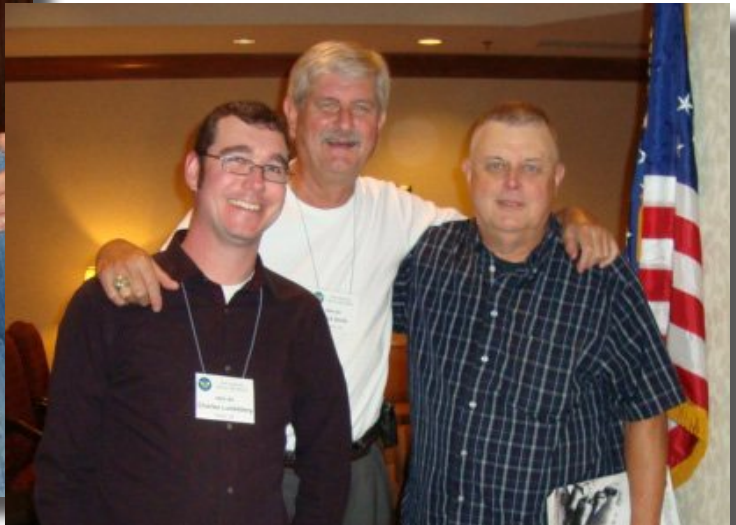
November

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 All Saints' Day	2 All Souls' Day	3
4 Daylight Savings Ends	5	6 Election Day	7	8	9	10
11 Veterans Day	12 Veterans Day Observed	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22 Thanksgiving Day	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

December

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2 First Sunday of Advent	3	4	5	6	7 Japanese Attack Pearl Harbor, 1941	8 Chanukah Begins at Sundown
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17 First Powered Flight - Kitty Hawk, NC, 1903	18	19	20	21 Winter Solstice	22
23	24 Christmas Eve	25 Christmas	26	27	28	29
30	31 New Years Eve					

San Antonio Reunion Memories











During the October 2012 385th BGA Reunion in San Antonio, TX, the following Bomb Group Association Members were honoured in their passing by the reunion attendees:

Herbert L. Baudier
Rex Morton Cantrell
Mendel R. Cline
LaVerne Nemo Cummins
Cono J. Damato
Ralph Dentinger
Neil Duell
Thomas Gentile
Henry J. Ilger
John A. Immel
William W. Mee
John J. Messbauer
James F. Murphy
Thomas Jay Newton
Thomas L. Pullen
Andy Rooney
Robert E. Rummens
Lester L. Shaak
Herman Starr
Bill Swindell
Joseph Zwick



JOHN F. BERTSCH, 88, 2303 Armstrong Dr., Sidney, passed away Monday, September 26, 2011 at 9:52 A.M. at Wilson Memorial Hospital. He was born on May 28, 1923 in Shelby County, the son of the late Frank and Mayme (Schiff) Bertsch. On November 5, 1943 he married Rosemary Johnson who preceded him in death on March 29, 1997.

He is survived by two children; John Bertsch Jr. of Sidney, Lorrie Moniaci of Columbus, OH, two grandsons; Matthew Bertsch and Joseph Moniaci, one great-granddaughter, Ana Beil and two

great-grandsons; Phillip Bertsch and Dane Moniaci. One brother, Forest Wayne Bertsch preceded him in death.

John was a W.W.II U.S. Army Air Corps Veteran and received EAME Service Medal with (1) Bronze Battle Star, Victory Medal and American Theater Service Medal. He was a member of the Sidney American Legion Post 217, the Wapakoneta Eagles and was a member of St. Jacob Lutheran Church in Anna.

Mr. Bertsch was a retired machinery repairman for General Motors in Dayton, OH retiring in 1991.

Funeral Services were held Friday September 30, 2011 at 1:30 P.M. from the St. Jacob Lutheran Church with Rev. Michael Althaus officiating. Burial was at Pearl Cemetery in Swanders. Memorials may be made to Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum P.O. Box 1992, Savannah, GA 31402. Condolences may be expressed to the Bertsch family at our website, www.cromesfh.com

Master Sergeant William Dale Carte, 89 of Gordon, WV passed away in CAMC Teays Valley Hospital after a long illness on October 7, 2012. He was preceded in death by his wife Vera Vee Carte in August of this year.

Married December 24, 1953 in Hampton, VA. where he was stationed at Langley Air Force base. He was born November 13, 1922 in Charleston WV. Served 26 years; retired August 31, 1968.

He was in 385th bomb group of WWII as a B17 top gunner and participated in 17 missions over enemy occupied Europe before crashing in Switzerland where he was held prisoner for 9 months.

He was also preceded in death by brothers Charles and Daniel. He is survived by his sons; Norman Earl Carte of Costa Mesa, CAL; Joseph Daniel Carte of Culloden, WV; William Jr Carte of Lincoln, NC, Jeffery B. Carte of Gordon, WV, Martin J Carte of Gordon, WV; Nine Grandchildren, Brother Jonnie Carte and Sister Minnie Catherine Prouty and one brother -in-law Franklin Linville of Charleston, WV

Mass of Christian Burial was 10:30 am Friday, October 12, 2012 at The Catholic Church of Ascension celebrated by Rev. Harry N. Cramer. Burial will be in Memory Garden, Boone County, WV Visitation was held from 6 to 8 on Thursday with a Vigil Service starting 6 at Allen Funeral Home, 2837 Main St. Hurricane WV.



Harry Livingston Jr., who spent more than six months as a prisoner of war in Germany before launching a decades-long career in business and public service, died Sunday. He was 91.

Livingston succumbed to complications from Alzheimer's disease, which he'd had for more than two years, said Louise Franklin Livingston, his wife of 66 years.

The Livingstons, both natives of Marietta and 1937 graduates of Marietta High School, were engaged when he was

shot down over Berlin on Oct. 6, 1944, while serving as a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot during World War II.

Harry Livingston was captured and held in a POW camp until Gen. George S. Patton liberated the prison on April 29, 1945, about seven months later, Louise Livingston said.

"He had to march all across Germany before he was liberated," she said. "He marched through the snow, sometimes carrying other prisoners."

The two were wed shortly after he returned from the war, with the nuptials taking place on June 19, 1945, at the old First Methodist Church in Marietta

After the war, Harry Livingston began a more than 50-year career as an insurance salesman with New York Life, his widow said.

T.W. Lord, who owned a competing insurance company in the same building on the Marietta Square, said they always had a good-natured rivalry.

"He was a straight-forward fellow," Lord said. "We were



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competition, but not competitive.”

Harry Livingston “dabbled in about everything,” his wife said.

Former Marietta Mayor Bill Dunaway, a longtime friend of the Livingstons, remembers him as his first scoutmaster, taking youngsters water skiing on the newly constructed Lake Allatoona.

“He was always active in the community,” Dunaway said. “I think I learned a lot of that from him. He was always a giving person and a very loving person.”

Harry Livingston served as president of the Cobb Chamber of Commerce and was named “Marietta Citizen of the Year” in 1996. Among the boards he served on are the Salvation Army, the Cobb Industrial Development Committee, the Humane Society, the Youth Museum and the Marietta Board of Lights and Water.

The lights and water board even named a street at its facility after Harry Livingston. He served on that agency’s

cility after Harry Livingston. He served on that agency’s board from 1983 to 1995.

Bob Lewis, general manager of the lights and water board, said Harry Livingston was thought of so highly that he was chosen to serve on the board of the statewide Municipal Electric Authority of Georgia from 1989 to 1997.

Even after he left the boards, he would stop by the offices, Lewis said.

“He came and just visited with employees,” Lewis said. “He was just a real friend of the employees and of Marietta Power.”

Harry Livingston’s was awarded the Air Medal, a Presidential Unit Citation and a POW Medal for his time in the military.

A memorial service for Harry Livingston takes place at 2 p.m. Wednesday at First United Methodist Church, 56 Whitlock Ave. Southwest in Marietta.

HERMAN STARR 88, passed away at his residence in Delray Beach, Fla., on Sunday, Nov. 13. Services were held at Jewish Memorial Chapel, 841 Allwood Rd., Clifton, N.J., at 11 a.m., with interment at Passaic Junction Cemetery, Saddle Brook, N.J.

Mr. Starr was born in Passaic, N.J., and lived in Clifton, N.J., and Monroe Township, N.J., before moving to Delray Beach, Fla., 20 years ago. He was a graduate of Upsala College, East Orange, N.J., where he received his bachelor’s degree in business.

Mr. Starr was a World War II veteran, serving his country in the United States Army Air Corps. He was the owner of Acme Scrap Metal in Paterson, N.J., for 50 years, retiring about 10 years ago.

Mr. Starr was a member of Clifton Jewish Center, The Passaic Hebrew Verein, the Knights of Pythias Passaic Lodge, and the Jewish War Veterans. He was predeceased by his wife, Bernice Starr (nee Len). Surviving are his two sons, Jerry Starr and wife, Pamela, of Maplewood, N.J., and Steven Starr of Little Falls, N.J.; his two sisters, Jeanette Wallenberg and Ruth Yarmuth, both of Boca Raton, Fla., and two grandchildren, Matthew and Adam Starr. Donations in his memory may be made to the Jewish War Veterans.

Charles W. "Bill" Swindell

A 30+ year resident of Rancho Murieta, Bill passed away peacefully in Sacramento on August 22, 2012, after a sudden but brief illness. He was 93 years old.

He now rejoins his beloved wife, Adelaide, who preceded him in death in 1998.

Bill was born in July of 1919, Hot Springs, ND to Earle J. Swindell and Clara B. Smith. He served for over 30 years in the US Air Force. After retiring from military service he worked for Motorola for many years. He was an avid golfer even into his later years and also enjoyed woodworking which including making various furniture pieces for his family.

He will be deeply missed by his son, Bill Swindell Jr. (Susan) of Martinez CA, a sister Erla Crowley of Monrovia CA, and his grandchildren, Sandra Lynn MacDougall (Greg) of Ukiah CA and Debra Sue Kelly (Mark) of Concord CA.

He was a proud great-grandfather of Tabitha MacDougall (Antioch CA); Heather MacDougall (Ukiah CA), and Jack & Megan Kelly (Concord CA.)

He was also a loving uncle, Mary Pat Crowley and Joseph Crowley (Dottie.)

He was a long-time member of Rancho Murieta Golf Club as well as Trinity Cathedral (26th St. & Capitol Ave.) in downtown Sacramento where the funeral service were held on Friday (8/31) at 11:00am.

He will be lovingly laid to rest beside his wife at Golden Gate National Cemetery in San Bruno, CA.

Remembrances in his name may be directed to the American Cancer Society or to the Trinity Cathedral Church fund.

Online condolences may be sent to the family at gormleyandsons.com

High Flight

*"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared
and swung high in the sunlit silence.
Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind along
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.*

*"Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
the high untrespassed sanctity of space,
put out my hand and touched the face of God."*

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

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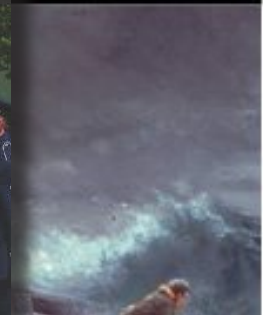
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