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# 11th Reunion 44th Anniversary 1987 DAYTON, OHIO



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## *"The Mighty Eighth Reunion Group"*

385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

GREAT ASHFIELD — SUFFOLK, ENGLAND

STATION 155

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# NEWSLETTER

VOL. XIII NO. 4

OCTOBER 1986

EDITOR, ED STERN

## Prez Sez

September 22, 1986

What a tremendous mini-reunion/dedication we had in Arlington, Virginia!

Saturday, September 20th began for us with the dedication of the memorial at the cemetery near the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The site, the handsome tree, the beauty and simplicity of our memorial plaque will remain with each of us.

During the afternoon we were able to visit with friends and tour our nation's capital. After dinner we were addressed by Admiral Daniel Richardson USN, with a timely and timeless message, a message that made us realize the importance of continuing the great reunions of the 385th.

Our heartfelt thanks to Cheryl, Sid, Lee, Roy and Drew for a job well done.

Bill

1987 DUES 1987

Time to send your 1987 dues payment for Treas John Pettenger, Box 117, Laurel, FL 33545. Dues are \$8 per year. Life Memberships are \$100. Check your status on the Newsletter address label. LM 999 means you're a Life Member, A000 An Associate (family) member, F999 English friend, R86 dues are paid, R00 dues delinquent. With the dues income, plus funds available from Life Memberships, we have funded memorials at Arlington National Cemetery, at Dayton, at Colorado Springs, along with our continued funding of the All Saints Church at Great Ashfield.

Oh yes, and they pay for the printing and mailing of this Newsletter. The dues are a deductible expense, at least those paid this year before a new tax law might change things.

# Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed:

I presume you have the enclosed - but just in case. I visited the American Cemetery outside Cambridge, England to visit my pilot brother's grave. He crashed at Bury St. Edmunds a week before I arrived with the 385th advance party. (We stayed there about a week or two before Great Ashfield opened.)

During the conversation with the cemetery superintendent I mentioned that I too had flown bombers out of England. He asked our organization and then wanted to know if I'd like the enclosed.

I made a quick visit to Great Ashfield, drove around the field, visited the church, talked with the church organist who was practicing in the church.

Keep the good news coming! Thank you for your efforts in our behalf.

As ever,

Jim McDonald

Dear Ed,

The letter from Cleve Solenberger (April issue) reminded me of another truck incident which, unlike Cleve's, had a tragic ending.

On 15th January, 1945, 2/Lt. Herbert McGregor and some of his crew were under instruction on an instrument check flight with Lt. Harry K. Woltman. The B-17 they were flying was 43-38597. Although there were plenty of clouds about, the base was easily 1500 feet and visibility was good. McGregor got clearance from the tower to land on runway "00" and the Fortress came in on final approach. Just as the bomber crossed the edge of the runway, Woltman saw a truck crossing under the aircraft and pulled back on the controls but it was too late and the starboard wheel hit the vehicle's cab. The truck was a British civilian vehicle and, sadly, both occupants were killed. This accident could have caused the Fortress to crash but the undercarriage was checked and seemed okay so a normal landing was made.

No blame for the accident rested with the airmen because the lorry driver had ignored both the runway in use stop sign and red signals from the caravan.

A sad little incident in the Group's history but these things do happen and I know of similar incident that caused the loss of a bomber and crew as well as killing three ground personnel who were cycling across an active runway. Airfields can be dangerous.

Ian

Editor's Note: I'm sure that some of us will remember with embarrassment what happened after the above accident. With some unthinking and unfeeling black humor, someone decided to paint two teacups on the plane, to go along with the Swastikas that indicated fighters that had been shot down.

Dear Ed:

As you know, the last meeting of the British Bomber Command Association was held 26 April, 1986 at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, England. Lt. Col. and Mrs. A.L. Benerfield and Ruth and I attended it. There were only 6 USAF American officers and retirees there. This is a very fine group of men and women. At the last meeting there were 640 people present and the great room or big room at Grosvenor House was not crowded. I noted this room accommodated 1400 people at one meeting. There was first the "Happy Hour" which started at about 6:00 P.M. and then dinner and speakers. Afterwards, there was a dance with music from the 1940's. It was a very good orchestra.

The next meeting will be at the same place on 26 May, 1987; cost - 26 British pounds. All members of the 385th Bomb Group are invited to attend. They say we flew combat with them and we are welcome.

I am a life member of this organization. Cost for life membership is 25 pounds, 5 pounds for one year. If any member of the 385th Bomb Group would like to join please send me the name and address. I will get applications as soon as new ones are printed and mail them to you.

Ruth and I will be at the next meeting.

Sincerely,

Earl L. Cole  
P.O. Box 289  
Barbourville, Kentucky 40906



**BOMBER COMMAND ASSOCIATION**

R.A.F. Hendon  
\* Aerodrome Road,  
Hendon NW9 5LL

Name Earl L. Cole  
IS A MEMBER **OFC-**  
of the Bomber Command Association

NO329I Ute.

Dear Ed!

Thank you very much for your letter of the 16 June. I am happy that my inquiry has been published in the July Newsletter and I would thank you for sending me one copy of the report as well as any incoming letters.

In the meantime I received a very interesting report from Ian McLachlan, Norwich/GB, on the collision of the two B-17 of 385th BG with the pilots John N. Hutchison Jr. 550th Bomb Squadron and Warren J. Pease 549th Bomb Squadron. Both aircrafts crashed on the return flight from Diepholz on 21 February 1944 at the landing approach in Reedham and the whole crew one photographer who was on board included was killed.

According to the letter of McLachlan the objectives of the 385th BG were Diepholz and Brunswick. 34 aircrafts were involved in the attack on Diepholz. Is this number correct and do you have particulars on this? I hope that one or several veterans will answer.

Many thanks for your trouble.

Yours sincerely,

Gunther Zerhusen

Aloha Ed,

Spent the day at Duxford. Sat in every position in a B-17 but my old one, the bait, too big now. Ha! Ha! Spent yesterday at Great Ashfield. Great. Hope to see you at the '87 reunion.

Take care.

Jerry Ramaker, Hawaii

P.S. Visited Ian Hawkins

Dear Ed:

In the Letters to the Editor section of the July 1986 Newsletter, Ian McLachlan's reply to Russel Fritzinger was read with great interest. I feel compelled to offer some additions and corrections. The subject, of course, is our March 2, 1945 mission to Dresden, which terminated my and Fritzinger's, combat career after 30 missions with the 385th.

(Letters to the Editor Continued)

On that day, the 385th was leading not only the 3rd Air Division, but the entire 8th Air Force. Our primary target was the oil refinery complex near Merseburg. We were weathered out at Merseburg so turned south to pick up our secondary oil target near Leipsig. Again, no luck, and we then headed for our tertiary target, Dresden.

At the IP, Col. Jumper, called for bombing by squadrons. High Squadron, the 551st, had just pulled back into trail when we heard radio reports that the Low Squadron, still in its spacing turn, had come under fighter attack. The next thing I noticed was that all the P-51s of our Forward High cover had turned back to chase the enemy aircraft leaving us exposed. The first indication of trouble came shortly thereafter when Top Turrent, Flem Williams, started firing almost directly into the sun.

Within seconds, fifteen FW-190S, three rows of five-abreast, dived through the High Squadron and did a real number on us. One FW-190 passed just off my left wing tip. The pilot saluted me in passing and I returned his salute automatically. I thought his action was passingly strange until I returned my attention to the cockpit to find my co-pilot. Oris Lundy, about to go into orbit yelling, "We're on fire."

After a measure of calm returned to the cockpit, I was able to establish that we were dealing with a fire in #3 rather than a wing fire. Two 20mm shells in the accessory section had apparently ruptured all fluid lines and started a fierce fire which had already burned off the lower-inside quadrant of the nacelle. Three or four more 20mm shells had penetrated the wing area aft of #3 while 13mm MG bullets had made an absolute shambles of the right wing root and bomb bay area. Thank God, we were not carrying RDX that day.

Because of the hits in the wing root and bomb bay, our electrical power began to go immediately, so we were unable to activate the fluid shutoff valves to #3. Probably for lack of any better ideas, I elected to stay in formation. At bombs away, I again surveyed the situation and found the fire about to eat its way through the fire wall and into the main wing area, which was surely swimming in fuel. I then decided to try for the Russian Lines which were not too faraway.

From our bombing altitude of about 30,000 feet, I pulled out of formation and headed east in a diving side-slip which I hoped would keep the fire out of the wing. At that time, our landing gear and partial flaps came down because of electrical faults, and no action on our part was helpful. At about 25,000 feet, I realized our position was hopeless. I then leveled and trimmed the aircraft and ordered a bail-out. There were no objections!

There are, however, a few minor points in which my aging memory varies from the account printed in the newsletter. On March 2, 1945, my regular assigned aircraft. Slick Chick, was laid up for maintenance of repair; so we were flying a squadron spare. I presume the cited aircraft S/N 43-37871 refers to the aircraft we actually lost rather than to Slick Chick whose tail number I do not recall. Slick Chick's regular Ground Crew Chief was, I believe, George Applyby (sic); and on that day, both the hard stand location and the Crew Chief were unfamiliar to me.

Also, the fifteen FW-190s which hit the High Squadron were not the usual blue/grey color. Some, if not all, and particularly the FW-190 which passed off my left wing tip, were still in desert tan and sported bright red engine cowls. Although our encounter was brief, I have sufficient reason to remember those birds vividly.

So much for ancient history! The entire crew survived the experience, though in varying states of disrepair. Today, six of us are in communication; and I have high hopes of being able to field a respectable delegation in Dayton. See you there!

Sincerely,

Bob Krahn  
308 Miracle Strip Parkway, #29-A  
Fort Walton Beach, Florida 32548

Dear Mr. Stern,

Thanks for your attention into the matter of us not receiving the 385th newsletter. We received the back issues and the current one.

We really enjoy the newsletters and the folks of the 385th and hope to be able to attend the reunion in '87.

Again we appreciate your looking into this for us.

Bert & Diane Varadz

Dear Ed,

Just a line or two to say hello. I just found my old tail gunner's name just above your name, Harold G. Tenneson. He was from North Dakota on the east border of the state, Meckanock if I spelled it right. I wrote to him after the war and I lost his address and this is the first time I have his address again. He was a spare from breaking his arm and went down on his last mission. He had too many beers and rode his bike in the ditch and broke his arm. Well now there are three of my crew in the paper. Downs Tenneson, myself and Ayes Koenig from Madison, WI. I never told you but when I was over to England two years ago I went to Framingham to see that museum and Ian McLachlan asked me what the name of my plane and I told him Pin Up Girl and he said a guy was here two days ago from the same plane and that stinker Koenig was there just two days ahead of me and never told me he was going over seas. However, I have not heard from him in thirty years or better. He lives only thirty miles from me when I go up to my lot on the lake. I have been in Madison several times but I call and no answers. Some guys just drop out of site. We always went on pass to London together and he slept up above me. We were pretty close but thats the way life goes. Well Ed^ I will see you in the spring of '87 with Gods help.

As Ever,

Paul Ryan

Dear Ed:

I am planning a trip for September to England. We are not touring but going on our own. London, and a drive into the country.

I want to go back to the 385th base, and would appreciate it if you can give me the exact location of Great Ashfield. I cannot find it on any map of England, and I have the latest Auto Club map. What town is it in, etc.

Please drop me a line post-haste to my home. The address is: 1349 Casiano Road, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049.

Thank you very much for your courtesy and promptness. I'll try to make it to the next 1987 reunion. I was shot down on my 7th mission, so the chances are that I wouldn't even know anyone there unless, Neal Rosener, who was my first officer shows up. Anyhow, thanks again.

Best regards,

Jerry Leichtman

Editors Note: We answered this inquiry with a quick letter. If anyone else wonders, our base was between Bury St. Edmunds and Stowmarket. Elmswell was the R.R. station. A train from London to Cambridge to see the cemetery, a taxi ride to Great Ashfield, and then a drop off at Ipswich to catch the train back to London was recommended. The taxi was about ±50 in 1984.

Dear Ed,

I'll bet my bottom dollar that Cleve Solenberger has beat me to the punch. But, at least I'm going to try.

Kreck, there is always more on Madam Shoo Shoo. From the July issue of the newsletter concerning the crew chief on Madam Shoo Shoo, Seymour Albert.

(Letters to the Editor Continued)

Seymour was the original crew chief on Madam Shoo Shoo with Tommy Thompson's Crew. As you know we did get a lot of our crew together the first time in Los Angeles since 1944.

I had located and been in correspondence with Seymour who's address is: 1320 North Montezuma Way, West Covina, CA 91791. His home phone number is: (818) 919-7852. We did not get to see Seymour in Los Angeles, somewhere our wires crossed. But, I'm hoping to run in to him personally one of these days. Either with a trip of my own to the Los Angeles area or hopefully in Dayton at the next reunion.

Need I tell you that the newsletter is very interesting and I enjoy it very much. So, keep up the good work.

Yours truly,

Clark B. Rollins, Jr.  
2409 Valley Brook Road  
Nashville, TN 37215

Dear Ed,

Not enough can ever be written or said about the combat crews that flew and faced the enemy on every mission and deservedly so.

But I do think a few words should be said for the aircraft mechanics.

As we both know, the airplanes were not kept in nice warm well lighted hangers. They were parked on hard stands outdoors and had to be worked on in all kinds of weather, rain, snow, sleet, cold and darkness of night.

After a plane returned from a mission, the necessary maintenance had to be done plus any repairs such as replacing gas tanks, oil coolers, super chargers, booster pumps, primer pumps, oxygen lines and tanks, propeller governors, instruments and what ever parts failed or were damaged by enemy action.

This all had to be done so the plane would be safe and ready to fly the next mission.

This often meant working all night with only the light from hand held flash lights (Gosh did we use up the batteries) and in all kind of weather including pouring down rain and cold.

I can remember going two and three and even four nights without sleeping in my own hut on my own cot. We usually caught a few hours sleep in a tent at the hard stand or on a bench in the Engineering shack, while the plane was flying a mission and then when the ship returned, it would start all over again.

If the plane did not return, nobody felt worse then the mechanics.

I know when our plane took off that it was safe and airworthy, and I was never afraid to fly in it.

In fact many times I did, I flew as engineer on the food drops to the Netherlands, and when we flew the liberated slave workers from Austria to France and many times to check out new Navigators and Bombardiers to the practice bomb site.

I can remember, with my feet and hands freezing at two o'clock in the morning, changing the spark plugs and carburator by the light of a flash light to smooth out a rough engine so that the plane would be ready to fly at 4 A.M.

The point of this letter is first to give the aircraft mechanics just a little recognition.

Everyone can tell you that Bobby Rehol won the Indianapolis 500 this year but how many can tell you the name of even one of his pit crew that saved him seconds in his pit stops which helped him win.

Hope that someday you can find the space to print this letter Ed.

Keep up the good work as editor. You are doing a good job and I enjoy reading it.

Hope to see you in Dayton at the next reunion.

Sincerely,

Marty Girson

P.S. For the past few years the 548 Engineers have been having our own mini-reunion.

They really rolled out the red carpet for us at the Myrtle Beach Air Base. That would be a great place for the group reunion. We were there in October and the weather was great. 78 and 80 degrees.

Ed Stern,

In your July newsletter: Clarence Abrahamson's letter to you I am the middle person in the 2nd picture with Clarence and Army. He had me down as Maitre de but I was assistant Bar Manager at the Union Player Hotel where the reunion was held. I was a navigator with the 551st Bomb Squadron in 1945.

Thank you,

Harold A. Schenne  
4451 De Forest St.  
Las Vegas, Nevada 89103

Dear Ed,

I am trying to locate all X-Prisoners of War WWII Germany. Stalag Luft IV a camp for air crews, at the town of Kiefheide or the railroad station of Grosstychow in Northern Germany, the Pomerania sector, which is now part of Poland. The camp was south of the Baltic Sea and where the meridians cross on the globe 54' and 16'.

Before the Germans walked us out in Feb. 1945, there was 10,000+. I have a mailing list of 2000 plus.

Could you drop a line in your newsletter or at your reunion that I'm trying to locate.

P.S. also all XPOW's from Stalag Luft VI at Hydekrug in East Prussia.

Yours truly,

Leonard E. Rose  
8103 E. 50th St.  
Indianapolis, IN 46226

P.S. We have a reunion each year and not all XPOW's from Luft 4 know this.

Dear Ed,

I'm writing Paul's biography and my autobiography, with a lot about our children and our parents and grandparents. Have about 150 pages written so far with a lot to write yet. I would appreciate any information about Paul when he was in England in WWII. I do have his orders and letters etc. I have written to Vince Masters, Tommy Morgan and Ed. Grabowski but haven't heard anything from them. May end up with just what I can find in Paul's papers here. I met Paul when he was 19 and I was 18 so I do know quite a bit about him. Surely do miss him. Just not right around here without him.

Bye now.

Elaine Schulz

Dear Editor:

I am needing information on the 385th BMA. I am a former member of the 385th (551st Squadron), and am very much interested in becoming a member, and attending the reunions.

I have looked in practically every military and government retirement publications the past 40 years, and have never read where the 385th was having a reunion. I understand now that they have had 9.

Please let me know where to write or who to contact for information.



(Letters to the Editor Continued)

I recently attended AFEES (Air Force Escape and Evasion Society) in Atlanta, Georgia, and had a wonderful time. Met underground helpers from all over Europe.

Sincerely,

Jack C. Davis  
20 Pine Rose Circle  
Little Rock, Arkansas 72206

Editors Note: We sent Jack some back copies of the Newsletter.

Dear Ed.,

While attending the 10th reunion at Los Angeles, CA in 1985, I had the great pleasure of meeting the pilot of our plane "Mr. Smith" Chester (Doc) Doran and his wife, the navigator Sid Colthorpe and his wife also the crew chief that repaired "Mr. Smith" after we left England.

An article in the newsletter Vol X; No. 1; Jan. 1983, titled "Goodby Mr. Smith" after a discussion with Seymour Albert he stated he had a copy from their local newspaper titled "Mr. Smith is not Dead".

I am enclosing some copies of articles that have appeared in some of the newspapers that may be interest to the readers of the newsletter.

1. "Mr Smith is not Dead"
2. Queen of the Ships, I contacted Frontier Airlines about the article printed in their July 1985 Frontier Magazine, they reproduced the copy and sent me several copies.
3. LaPuente man has mission: Save WWII B-17 mired in Jungle Swamp.
4. How nose art helped win the War, (I just received a call from Mrs. Tony Starcer to tell Tony Starcer died and was buried June 9, 1986. He suffered a stroke along with other complications).

I have been doing a lot of researching thru newspapers, book stores and personal contacts for information in regards to the B-17, the 385th BG and the 8th AF. I have a large collection. I am also building the different types of airplanes that flew in the 8th AF and the German Air Force. I am also building a copy of the Airfield of Great Ashfield.

I wonder if it would be possible to obtain copies of the 385th newsletter, copies prior to August 1975, copies from Feb. 1979 thru July 1982.

I sure hope to see you at the reunion in Dayton.

Yours truly,

Merritt F. Andrews

Editors Note: Anyone who could furnish the early copies of the newsletter Merrit is looking for, please write him.

Dear Ed

Thanks for the feature from "Yank" in the April issue but, as with many such items, it set me thinking and prompted a question or two. The picture of Annie putting a few deft touches on "Shack Bunny" differs from the picture I've got. Granted, the voluptuous young lady Annie created is superior to the enclosed but with two B-17's named "Shack Bunny". I don't know which is which. As a guess, this picture shows the 42-5913 "Q", and she went down with Lt. Lyle V. Fryer and crew over France on 20th October, 1943. The next "Shack Bunny" was 42-30819 and I suspect this is Annie's artwork because it survived the war and ended up being salvaged in May, 1945.

I'm working on a full newsletter feature linking names to numbers for as many 385th B-17's as I can so I'd appreciate any help I can get with my "Shack Bunny" confusion. Does anyone have a picture showing nose art and tail number?

Cheers,

Ian



WHICH "SHACK BUNNY" IS WHICH?



The shadow of one of our planes dropping food to Amsterdam in May 1945.

Thanks to Col. Jim McDonald, whose letter is reprinted in the Letters to the Editor section, we are able to print the listing of 385th men who are buried in the Memorial Cemetery in Cambridge, England. Also, there is a list of those shown on the "Wall of Missing". A visit to the Cemetery is an unforgettable experience.

#### GRAVES

#### 385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Plot	Row	Grave Name
C	5	64 Guilford N. Black, 2Lt., 551st
F	6	110 Lowey I. Boyd, S Sgt., 549th
F	3	55 Darrell C. Bushey S Sgt., 548th
A	3	12 Joseph J. Carpinetti, T Sgt., 550th
A	7	17 William R. Clift, T Sgt., 549th

(Memorial Day Service Continued)

and Stripes hung limply at half mast when we arrived and musicians from the Kings Own Scottish Borders played solemnly as we took our places in seats set on the lawn at the base of the flagpole. The presiding chaplain was Colonel Larry A. Matthews who introduced the Order of Service commencing with an invocation from the Catholic Chaplain, Lt. Col. Michael R. Clarahan from the 513th Combat Support Group at RAF Mijdenhall whose protestant chapel choir provided the response. The Introductory Address came from The Honorable Charles H. Price, II, Ambassador of the United States of America to the Court of St. James's and was so moving that I subsequently wrote asking for the text and his photograph? to accompany this feature. His words were as follows:

Suggested remarks for Memorial Day Ceremony; Cambridge; June 1.

"My Lord Lieutenant; veterans; distinguished and honored guests; British friends; ladies and gentlemen.

We gather every year on this day to honor those who gave their lives so that liberty might survive. The survival of liberty, and the sacrifices it demanded just forty-five years ago, make this ceremony both sad and inspiring.

We should never forget these sacrifices, nor that those buried here left grieving parents and widows, bereaved relatives and friends, and, most poignantly, children deprived of a departed father's love.

We can only imagine what the future held for these courageous fighters, what joys they would have derived from their lives, what contributions they would have made to our lives. For them, taps sounded at reveille, and so today is a sad occasion.

But today also inspires. Those who surround us, who died in the struggle against Hitler, are heroes. Ordinary Americans, from every state and every status, they enlisted in a noble crusade. They fought bravely against a fierce evil and gave of themselves so that virtue might triumph.

Their names we placed on the illustrious roll of other valiant Americans who had been killed before them. Subsequent conflicts have added to this roll, which since April of this year includes the names of two aviators killed over Libya. They are, all of them, our everlasting guardians of freedom.

Those in the Cambridge American Cemetery lie — now and forever — in British soil. They have found their eternal home here, in the very land that gave America its character and culture. This, too, inspires.

When American soldiers, sailors, and airmen arrived in Britain by the thousands, the British people welcomed them as allies and as friends. The Americans, for their part, came not only as military reinforcements, but also as brothers responding to a call. They made common cause with their British hosts and, together with their British colleagues, put a terrible tyranny to rout.

History tells us of many alliances, but none more exalted in purpose or masterly in execution than the Anglo-American accord. Bound by democratic values and united by language, our peoples accepted the burdens of liberty and boldly defended them. Many, like those we praise here, perished in the fight.

Today, let us re-dedicate ourselves to their memory and to their cherished cause of freedom. As Congress directed in establishing Memorial Day, let us also pray for peace.

As we pray for peace, we must remember that peace requires constant vigilance and military strength. For peace, at the cost of freedom and justice, is hollow. It buys a counterfeit sense of well-being and allows a hundred other violences to flourish, it robs us of our dignity and steals from us our self-respect.

Our two nations have earnestly sought a true peace, a peace that guarantees individual rights and the rule of law. We have sacrificed in pursuit of peace with freedom and have sacrificed willingly.

This, ultimately, stands as the finest testimony to those who have fallen in defense of liberty. It is a vibrant, real compliment to those we honor today. If we fail in the future to protect and nurture their legacy, we fail them.

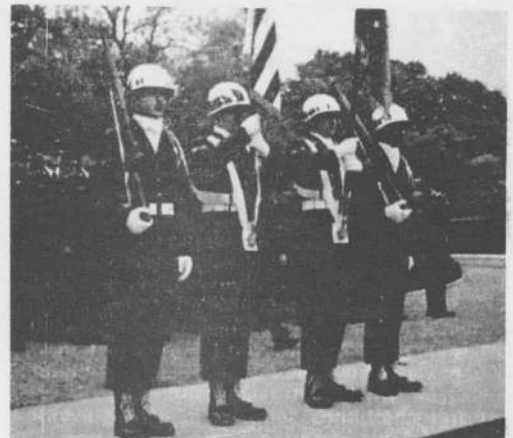
If, however, we guard the freedom they died to defend, esteem it, and then bequeath it to our children and grandchildren, we have built to them the most eloquent monument and have redeemed their every sacrifices.

Following this, other dignitaries both British and American, gave addresses recalling the endeavours of the fallen and speaking of the friendship and freedom shared by our two nations. After presentation of the Memorial Wreaths came a Moment of Silence, the firing of volleys and the sounding of Taps which took the flags to full staff. Benediction was taken by Chaplain, Major Elliot M. Marmon who is the Senior Jewish Chaplain in the United Kingdom and the choral response was followed by our two national anthems. A flyby by the 10th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing was cancelled, presumably because of weather conditions but the most poignant moment of all came with the sound of four Wright Cyclone engines. The sight of a B-17 is evocative at any time but, on this occasion, the approaching Fortress caused a lump in my throat and Julie gripped my hand so tightly that I knew she and everyone else was deeply touched by the majesty of the lone 3-17. She, at least, had made it - the only one of her kind still flying in the UK, "Sally B" was saluting the fallen.

As we left, Julie and I felt sad yet proud of our association with America, the Eighth Air Force and especially the 385th.



The Honourable Charles H. Price, II, Ambassador of the, United States of America to the Court of St. James's.



Color Guard, First Sergeants from the 513th Tactical Air-lift Wing.

B	6	59	Emilio M. Corgnati , S Sgt., 550th
F	3	22	Charles G. Curtis, 2 Lt., 550th
F	2	27	Harold E. Dickason, S Sgt., 549th
D	2	54	Joseph E. Drucker, Sgt., 551st-
C	3	33	John B. Egbert, T Sgt., 550th
A	2	5	John E. Epps, 1 Lt., 550th
D	2	74	William F. Filter, Capt., 548th
F	5	7	Clyde C. Gingerich, S Sgt., 550th
E	0	48	Elmore L. Karr , T Sgt., 548th
D	6	27	John T. Keeley, Jr., 1 Lt., 551st
E	6	110	Lawrence C. Kern, S Sgt., 551st
C	6	40	Roy C. Kitner, T Sgt., 550th
F	4	118	Edward Krengulec, 2 Lt., 548th
E	3	21	Ben J. McCall, 1 Lt., 548th
C	6	46	James D. McKee, 2 Lt., 549th
G	5	159	Jack D. McMann, T Sgt. , 548th
F	2	37	Arthur C. Naylor, 1Lt., 549th
B	5	40	Warren J. Pease, 1 Lt., 549th
B	4	12	Richard s. Proctor, 2 Lt., 550th
C	5	71	Robert C.H. Prolow, 2 Lt., 548th
F	6	45	Walter J. Roth, T Sgt., 550th
F	3	118	Billy E. Ruby, 1 Lt., 548th
F	2	31	James M. Scott, Jr., 2 Lt., 548th
E	0	53	Walter A. Stuebgen, S Sgt., 550th
E	3	99	Joe P. Sturdivant, Sgt., 548th
F	7	18	Robert M. Totaro , 2 Lt., 550th
C	4	11	Nathan Ungar, 1 Lt., 549th
F	7	120	Philip J. Vockerath, 2Lt., 549th
D	7	27	Charles A. Wardle, 2 Lt., 551st
C	6	1	Linus P. Weigel, S Sgt., 551st
F	2	10	Willard C. White, T Sgt., 550th
E	1	39	Paul M. Yannello, 1 Lt., 551st

385th BOMB GROUP  
Wall of Missing

Barrett , Edwar A. , S Sgt., 550th  
Blansit, Roy H., Jr., T Sgt., 548th  
Bretschneider, Robert H., T Sgt., 551st  
Bridle, Eugene R., Fit 0, 548th  
Britt, Thelton, S Sgt., 551st  
Brown, Frederick H., S Sgt., 548th  
Burch, Jim F., 2 Lt., 549th  
Cameron, Archie M., S Sgt. 548th  
Chandler, Robert C., 2 Lt., 549th  
Connors, Raymond E., T Sgt., 551st  
Cook, Charles J., Sgt., 548th  
Cornwell, Harold R., 2 Lt., 549th  
Cortez, John C., Sgt., 551st  
Davis, Otto S., S Sgt., 548th  
DeMar, Bruce E., 1 Lt., 551st  
Delo, James C., 2Lt., 550th  
Dewey, John A., Capt., Hq. Sq.  
Di Sabato, Vito W., S Sgt., 551st  
Frinbner, William D., T Sgt., 549th  
Bruble, Bernard T., 2 Lt., 550th  
Gutierrez, Rodolfo, 2 Lt., 548th  
Harrison, James H., S Sgt., 550th  
Heimbueger, John A., S Sgt., 548th  
Heuser, Herbert A., 1 Lt., 548th  
Hiatt, Everett H. , 2 Lt., 548th  
Howland, Fred N., S Sgt., 550th  
Jones, LeeV., 1Lt, 551st  
Kessey, Clarence S., S Sgt., 548th  
Kite, Paul Q., 1 Lt., 551st  
Klutcharch, Charles W., Sgt., 548th  
Lamont, Charles, Jr., 2 Lt., 548th  
Lance, Lee Al, Jr., S Sgt., 550th  
Langley, Theodore C., T Sgt., 548th  
Lehr, William L., 2 Lt., 548th  
Lucey, John R., Sgt., 548th  
Madden, Henry K., 2 Lt., 548th  
Marcinko, John, T Sgt., 548th  
McCallum, Robert E. , 2 Lt., 549th  
McCarthy, John E., 2 Lt., 549th  
McKenna, Joseph M. , Sgt., 550th  
Mercer, Melvin A., 2 Lt., 548th  
Morrell, Jessie W., S. Sgt., 551st  
Morse, Robert W. , Jr., 1 Lt., 551st

Mullins, James S., 1 Lt., 548th  
Murphy, James E., Capt., 550th  
Nesen, William R., 2 Lt., 550th  
Novetske, Alphonse J., S Sgt., 549th  
Peterson, Donald P. , 2 Lt., 548th  
Rifas, Leonard, 1 Lt., 549th  
Robinson, Earl R., S Sgt., 548th  
Robinson, Stanley T Sgt., 548th  
Roth, Richard J., 1 Lt., 548th  
Sanchez, Felix F. , S Sgt., 548th  
Sanders, Edward' C., T Sgt., 551  
Seagrave, Alfred F., Sgt.\* 551st  
Shafer, Lukey C., S Sgt., 548th  
Sherwood, Wilmer W., T Sgt., 549th  
Simonick, Josephs., Sgt., 548th  
Sloop, Howard F., S Sgt., 548th  
Smart, Robert C.,-S Sgt., 551st  
Swope, William L.-, Capt., 548th  
Ward, Lynn D., S Sgt., 548th  
Wasilewski, Leonard W., Sgt., \*551st  
Watson, Van E., 2 Lt., 551st  
Weider, Norman L. , 1 Lt., 548,th  
Wilson, Dawson E. , T Sgt., 551st



We found this in the files. Glad you made it back and joined the organization, Emmett. Drop us a line and bring us up to date.

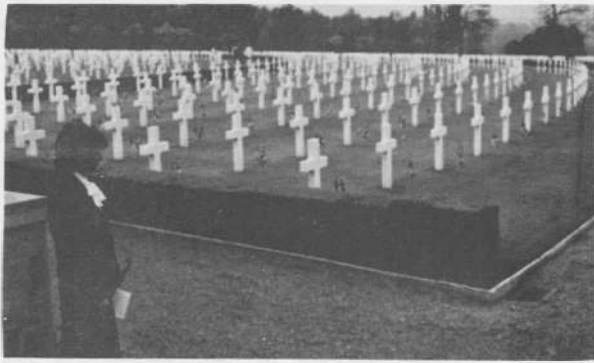
## MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE AT CAMBRIDGE MILITARY CEMETERY AND MEMORIAL

By Ian McLachlan

Earlier this year, Julie and I received an invitation from the U.S. Embassy in London to attend the Memorial Day Service held annually at Cambridge American Military Cemetery and Memorial. Since its foundation in 1972, Friends Of The Eighth has been represented at the Memorial Day Service and those who act as unit contacts are proud to represent them when it is not possible for any veterans to be present. Having been made so welcome at the LA reunion, Julie and I took extra pride this year and felt it was one gesture we could make as a further expression of our thanks.

For those who haven't been, the cemetery is located 3 miles west of Cambridge and the 30 1/2 acre site was donated by the famous university during the war. It lies on a north slope set in attractive countryside and contains 3811 graves while the great wall of the Missing records the names of a further 5125 whose remains were never recovered or identified.

Sunday 1st June had weather to match the sadness of the occasion with low clouds providing a warm, gentle drizzle moistening the beautifully kept lawns and lightly touching the headstones of the brave young men, many of them your own comrades. The Union Flag and Stars



Julie McLachlan contemplates the enormity of the sacrifice made by so many young Americans who died before she was born. They contributed so much to the freedom we enjoy.



Representing the fallen of the 385th, the headstone of S/Sgt Clyde C. Gingerich who died on September 16th 1943, when his E3-17 collided with another Fortress returning from Bordeaux.



Lt. Jack Schley, pilot, with waist gunner S/Sgt Clyde C. Gingerich. They and the other crew of "Mary Ellen II" perished when it crashed at Rickinghall Suffolk, not far from Great Ashfield.



The last airworthy Flying Fortress in Britain, "Sally B" honors the fallen.

## THE STORY BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPHS

This issue I've got three which came via a friend of mine, Stewart Evans, from Russell Zorn, a retired Eighth Air Force photographer with one of the largest collections of Eighth Air Force pictures in existence. Russ took these pictures of a burnt out 385th B-17 at Mendlesham and, with the serial so plain to see, tracking down the circumstances wasn't difficult.

On May 1st, 1944, the Group went to Le Grosseillier in France and, on board 42-31237, were the following crew: 2/Lt Russell A. Nfevotny, Pilot; 2/Lt Fred M. Hageter, Co Pilot; 2/Lt Franklin P. Murdock, Navigator; 2/Lt Ernest O. Lundgren, Jr., Bombardier; S/Sgt David C. Miller, TTG; T /Sgt George A. Langer, Jr., R/Op-Gunner; Sgt Loyd A. Winegarner, BT.G; Sgt Raymond E. Smith, TG; Sgt Emile E. Smedley, RWG; Sgt Rober R. Clark, LWG.

Over Ostende, Flak hit the No. 4 engine and Novotny was unable to feather the prop which forced him to leave the Group formation near Lens. A return to the UK was hazardous so the pilot gave his crew the option of bailing out or staying with him while he attempted to reach England. Eight of the crew decided to jump, leaving only Novotny and Hageter to bring home the B-17 which was, I'm informed, called "Alexander's Ragtime Band". The two pilots limped back and crash landed at Mendlesham but the Fortress caught fire and totally destroyed, happily without injury either Novotny or Hageter.

Records indicate the other crew members survived but I cannot find any of them in the roster. To accompany the pictures of a burnt out "Alexander's Ragtime Band", I'd like to get a picture of the aircraft in better shape as well as a photograph of the Novotny crew so, as usual, I'd like to see if anyone can help or maybe can add to my knowledge of this incident.

Ian

### "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"





## BOOK REVIEWS

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES,  
by Eugene L. Daniel, 1983

Surely this is the most clever title a chaplain could choose for his book about being a POW. He has the distinction of being the first American chaplain captured in the ETO and the only Protestant American chaplain to be imprisoned until after the invasion of Normandy. He was held for 26 months.

At college he had ROTC training, but qualified as a chaplain later when he finished studying for the ministry at Columbia Presbyterian Theological Seminary, then transferred to the Chaplain Corps Reserve. He was called to duty in 1941 and very logically was assigned to an infantry unit, the now renowned 34th Division. He trained with them and went with them to Northern Ireland, then Scotland, in preparation for the invasion of North Africa. He participated in the landings. Three months later he was captured, but under the most admirable circumstances. He had volunteered to remain with two severely wounded German soldiers during a strategic withdrawal. This selfless performance was admired by his captors, and he was allowed to carry on as a chaplain for POW's. Eisenhower awarded him a DSC for this exemplary action.

He gives a concise but thorough account of his services at Stalag 7A, Oflag 9A/Z and Luft 3, and of the Death March from there to 7A. He became a friend of General Delmar Spivey and dedicated this book to him for his leadership.

For purchase: from author, 5311 Robinhood Rd.,  
Charlotte, NC 28211. (\$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage)



"Air Force Spoken Here"—the story of General Ira Eaker, recognized for building the 8th Air Force from scratch—a document that should be read by anyone desiring an understanding of the decisions and events that governed the air warfare in Europe.

For a copy of this fifth book published by the Air Force Historical Foundation, send \$24.95 for AFH Reader Service, Box 796, Hanover, NH 03755.



Where's the train for Ipswich?

How about this from the Air Force Policy Letter.' Be thankful for small favors.

AFLC buyers are watching your dollars. A contractor submitted a "sole source" quote of \$1.29 each for 12,500 screws. When an Air Force Logistics Command buyer questioned the price, the contractor refused to provide drawings or release the name of the vendor. The buyer, assisted by an equipment specialist, located the same item in government inventory for a price of one cent each. The purchase request was cancelled and \$16,000 saved. At another AFLC base, a contractor cooperated in the breakout of the contracting for a circuit card for a radio. This allowed the price to be negotiated with a subcontractor from an August 1983 price of \$76.90 to \$3 each, a 96.1% reduction.



A nice wedding picture. Anyone remember who it is?

## ARLINGTON MINI-REUNION

Over 80 attended the Arlington Mini-Reunion September 19-20-21 at the Sheraton National Hotel. Sid Colthorpe and Lee, ably assisted by Cheryl Horn, worked out a smoothly run Reunion, highlighted by the dedication of the Tree and Memorial plaque on Saturday morning.

With plenty of time for socializing, sight-seeing, and even a nap or two, everyone in attendance had a relaxing and interesting time. The Saturday evening dinner featured a talk by Rear Admiral Dan Richardson, who is involved in the nuclear sub program at the Pentagon. After paying tribute to our generation of veterans, he praised the top quality of the young men now serving in our Armed Forces and assured us that they were as dedicated and capable as any who had ever served their country. Thanks to Cheryl for arranging for this outstanding message.

We think this is a complete list of those attending (although a number of wives seem to not be listed). If you were missed, please write and we'll include you in a list in the next Newsletter.

Tom Altobelli	Ed McElroy
Hug Andrews	Gerald Miller
Phil & Evelyn Bomser	Bob & Ann Milligan
Frank Barticki	Roy Mimms
Mario Colantino	Olive Mushrush
Earl, Ruth & Cindy Cole	Bill & Doris Nichols
Sid & Lee Colthorpe	John Pettenger
Frank Crawford	Forest & Florence Poore
Claude Dreyfus	Floyd Reinken
Leo Donahue	John Spiegle
Bob Douglas	Ed & Jane Stern
David Framer	Frank Sutter
Sid & Rita Harris	Garnet Tunstall
Frank Heiser	Joe Purpuri
Ruby Hills	Ruel Weikert
Cheryl & Jim Horn	Glen & Erma Weisgarber
Arkey Huber	Dorothy Wheeler
Clement Irons	Dave Dennis
Sam & Mary Lyke	Ed Waters
Dick Miller	Russ Boyko
Charles McCauley	Jim Nunnely



President Bill, Color Guard, as we stood for Chaplains invocation at dedication.

"You Cawn't Miss It"--The Memorial Tree and stone which we dedicated at Arlington received a VERY prominent spot at the West Entrance to Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre. It's right off the walk-way, half way around. Be sure to stop for a minute of reflection and maybe a prayer or two for some of our missing friends.

Dear Members of the 385th Bomb Group,

I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to help with your Mini-Reunion here in Washington.

This opportunity has permitted me to meet some very special people that I may never have had a chance to meet. Sid and Lee Colthorpe and Roy Mimms, who worked with me throughout the year have all become good friends that I will long cherish. You were all so supportive of our efforts making it a treat to be part of the "group"

I want to give special thanks to all who found time to attend the reunion. You are all special people who suffered through a very dark period in our history, but you have proven your strength and endurance by still being here and continuing to work for our country's freedom. If it were not for people like you...as the-Admiral said... heroes, I would not have the freedoms that I enjoy today.

Very special thanks for the lifetime membership and the beautiful roses. They are both greatly appreciated.

Thank you for a wonderful opportunity, and please keep my address in mind as you pass through the Washington area — I'd love to see you all at any time.

Sincerely

Cheryl Horn  
1041 Carnation Drive  
Rockville, MD 20850



Bill Nichols, Adm. Dan Richardson and Cheryl Horn at head table at Saturday banquet.

Each Reunion is spiced up by the "first timers", 6 or 8 of whom were introduced at the Saturday night banquet. Your editor tried to get all of you down--probably missed a couple--Dorothy Wheeler, Dave Dennis, Jim Nunnely, Sid Harris, Ruby Hills--how about all of you and -any we missed writing a letter to the editor for the January Newsletter telling a little about yourselves and what you've been up to the last 40 years.

# DAYTON REUNION, JULY 24 - 27, 1987 BULLETIN

At the Los Angeles, Reunion it was voted to have the 11th Reunion in Dayton, Ohio during the Dayton Air Show July 1987.

Since Los Angeles, Earl Cole, Bill Nicholls, Kelly Melillo, Bob Weikert and myself have talked to several hotels to negotiate a contract. There are only three large enough to guarantee us 250 rooms and also have a banquet room large enough to seat 500 people for a dinner dance. Imperial House North the Air Show Headquarters hotel and the Air Show personnel will be staying there. Stouffer Hotel wouldn't commit themselves till early 1987, so we chose the Dayton Marriott Hotel.

Because the Marriott has a large number of business people staying there during the week, it was decided to have our Reunion from July 24th through July 27, 1987. We have 150 rooms blocked off for Thursday July 23rd for early arrivals, 250 rooms for Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights.

The tentative plans are to visit Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum on Saturday and the Air Show on Sunday. Our breakfast meeting will be on Monday July 27th after which we can depart for home. We are also negotiating with the Wright-Patterson Motor Pool for bus transportation to the Museum.

Since the 385th BCMA is a non-profit organization, I have negotiated with the Ohio State Tax Department to eliminate the 6 1/2% tax on hotel rooms and meals providing the hotel rooms and meals are prepaid to the 385th BCMA. The meals involved are the ones included in the registration fee.

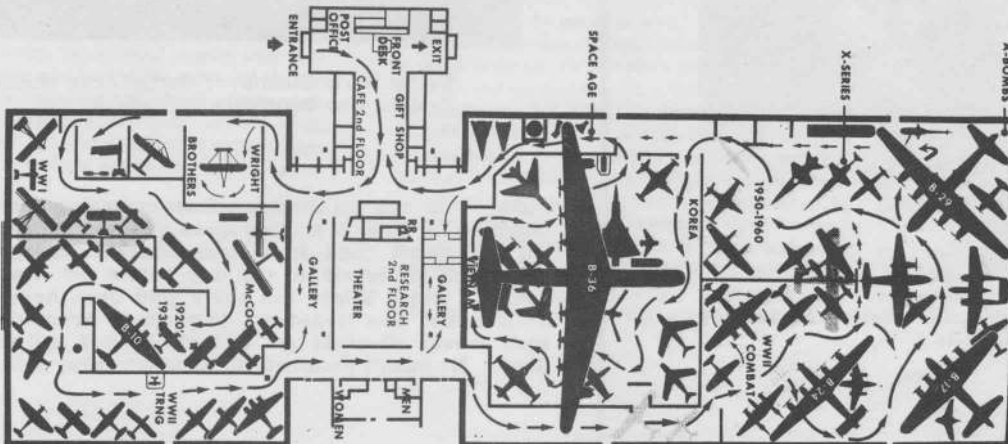
The rate for a room at the Marriott during the Air Show weekend is \$64.00 per day for one to four people per room. For those wishing to make reservations directly with the hotel, they should specify the number of days they will be staying and send in the first night room charge of \$64.00 plus 12 1/2% tax, the balance of the charges will be paid when checking out.

Those members who wish to save 6 1/2% tax can make their reservations through Ruel Weikert. In this case you must send Ruel \$64.00 plus 6 1/2% tax total \$67.84, for each night you will be staying. At the end of the Reunion the 385th BCMA will pay your room bill minus any personal charges you make. Ruel will make your reservations with the Marriott and the Marriott will send a confirmation card.

Sincerely,

Ruel G. Weikert

**U.S. AIR FORCE MUSEUM  
WRIGHT-PATTERSON AFB, OH 45433**



11th Reunion of 385th BCMA  
Dayton, Ohio  
July 24, 25, 26, 1986

Send Reservation Fee to: Sam Lyke  
4992 S.E. Princeton Dr.  
Bartlesville, OK 74003

Reservation Fee \$60.00 X= \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
(number) (Total)

ENCLOSE CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO 385th BCMA  
Reservation fee includes: Friday sit down dinner  
Saturday continental breakfast  
and dinner dance  
Monday sit down breakfast.

Information  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Guest(s) Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Arrival Time/Date \_\_\_\_\_ Departure \_\_\_\_\_

HAVE YOU MADE RESERVATIONS?  
PLEASE SEND IN YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY

11th Reunion of 385th BCMA  
Dayton, Ohio  
July 24, 25, 26, 1 1986

Hotel Reservation thru: Ruel G. Weikert  
6306 Green Leaves Rd  
Indianapolis, IN 46220  
(317) 257-3969

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

For arrival on \_\_\_\_\_ Depart \_\_\_\_\_

Rate \$64.00 plus 6% tax (\$67.84) per night times  
number of nights= \$ \_\_\_\_\_

CUT - OFF DATE MAY 27, 1987

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO 385th BCMA

PLEASE MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY



Newlyweds -- Mr. & Mrs. Frank Sutter at our Memorial Plaque.



Arlington Ampitheatre in background as we visited after dedication.



Planning the Dayton Reunion, Earl Cole, Ruel Weikert, John Pettenger and Bill Nicholls

Frank Barticki and Leo Donahue were introduced at the Saturday night banquet as among the first to be shot down from our Group--July 28, 1943 on a mission to Paris. When asked how he survived in a POW camp from then until May Of '45, Frank said "I was repatriated in about 6 weeks in a POW exchange. 5,000 of us were in a swap arranged by the Red Cross. We went to Sweden on a boat and came back home." Leo wasn't so lucky--he stayed as a guest of the Germans until '45. Anyone hear about that program before?

Ruel Weikert asked for suggestions for the ladies program at the Dayton Reunion. A river cruise was mentioned as a good possibility. Write to Ruel with any suggestions. Registration blanks are printed elsewhere in this Newsletter.

A couple of golfers suggested a golf tourney--husband and wife or just husbands, whichever gets a little interest. Write about that too.

Former POW's--there's a bill just introduced in Congress to give former POWs Commissary privileges. If you're interested, write your Congressman!

After 43 years, we finally have an official live mascot. By unanimous vote, Trapper John MD was elected to that position, much to the delight of his traveling companion, Bob Douglas. Trapper has already registered for the Dayton Reunion and he requests that the rest of us come without our pets so that he can eat all the table scraps himself.

Everyone's favorite Arkey Huber has accepted a challenge from Mario Colantino (and others) to lose 50 lbs. in time for a July 25 weigh-in at the registration desk in Dayton. Arkey did NOT start toward that goal at the Arlington Reunion. Anyone wanting to place bets contact Arkey for the current odds. Target weight is 220 or 240, depending on who you believe.



Bettee Mario Culantino; Better Arky Huber; Trainer Bob Douglas.

Russ Boyle and Ed Waters, shot down in 1944, got together for the first time since POW camp. And Ed got his watch back from Arkey Huber. Arkey took the watch to repair it the day before Ed was shot down. It was a bright and shiny gold when Arkey got it--it looked like it had sat 43 years in Arkey's dirty sock drawer when Ed got it back. And it still wasn't fixed. "It wasn't promised till Monday" Arkey said.



## AERIAL GUNNER

HERE'S A CHAPTER FROM ANDY ROONEY AND BUD HUTTON'S 1944 BOOK "AERIAL GUNNER", TELLING OF THEIR EXPERIENCES WHILE LIVING WITH OUR GROUP DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE WAR. IT'LL BRING BACK A LOT OF MEMORIES, ESPECIALLY TO YOU WHO WERE GUNNERS. THERE'S ANOTHER CHAPTER, JUST AS GRIPPING, THAT WE'LL RUN IN THE JANUARY NEWSLETTER.

### SWEATING

The communique said that strong forces of U. S. Eighth Air Force Flying Fortresses and Liberators attacked Bremen and Vegesack. It said that 130 enemy fighters were shot down by the Forts and Libs, and another 12 by the Thunderbolts which escorted the bombers part of the way. It said, finally, that from these operations thirty bombers and three fighters were missing.

But communique's are written in the stiff phrases that high commands mostly use on both sides of the Channel, and there isn't any way for them to tell about the people who went to Bremen and Vegesack and shot down 130 enemy aircraft, nor about the thirty and three. This communique could have been about Erden, or Schweinfurt or any one of those towns you'd never heard of three years ago. But it was Bremen. And since, in a communique, you can't talk about men in a Nissen hut, waiting to go to work, nor about men who laugh at very simple things while the 11 Os and 88s are pressing in, nor about "sweating" and the rest of the things which go to make up a Fortress gunner, this is the way it was:

In the evening the mist began to lift from the far ends of the runways and a sergeant from operations came into the hut and said, "Standby alert, you guys." The gunners went out to stand in the mud the three days of rain had left, and looked up to where a few stars came through the patches of clear sky.

"It'll clear," somebody said.

They argued awhile about the clouds against the southeastern night horizon, because that is where Germany is. Back in the hut, the blackjack game started again, and some of the gunners went to bed and a couple wrote letters. The rest of them sat around on the bottom tier of double-decked bunks and made the smoke thicker in the yellow light of the one bulb.

The crew of *Lady Liz* had a new left waist gunner, so Pete Bobulsky, the right waist gunner who came from Cleveland, went over the new guy's bunk and sat down for a cigarette. After a little bit he began to talk about flying helmets and the new type of microphone which fits into a flier's oxygen mask, and the new gunner never realized until the next day that all the time Bobulsky was checking over his equipment and making sure the new gunner would be all right for his first job on *Lady Liz*.

Over on the edge of the blackjack game, Harry Edgins, the Georgia tail gunner, threw down in disgust four cards that just totaled twenty-two. "Sweatin's always the hardest part of it," he said.

No one had been talking about "sweating," but everyone knew what Edgins meant and they picked up the conversation there because they had all been thinking about blackjack with one part of them and about the standby alert with another part.

"You get past that and the briefing, and the rest is easy." That was John Kelley, the technical sergeant from Beverly, Massachusetts, who worked the radio and the top hatch gun and the rest of the time played solitaire when *Lady Liz* was over enemy territory. Kelley sat on his bunk, and while he argued he sewed a new pair of earphones into the fuzzy insides of his flying helmet. The blackjack game went on.

After eleven o'clock, another sergeant from squadron operations came into the hut and this time it was "The alert's on, you guys. Cerrone's crew and Binks' and Mc-

Ivleen's in here. Chow at two ayem, briefing at two-forty-five."

Somebody in McIvleen's crew called the sergeant a number of names in a good-natured way and the blackjack game went on.

Bill McDaniel, the top turret gunner from Atlanta, Georgia, rolled over beneath a pile of gray and brown blankets and told everybody to shut up, but it was still noisy, and finally everyone who wasn't playing cards went outside to look at the sky again. Over in the southeast it was clear, so they went to bed.

That's the way it was the night before the biggest force of American planes to fly out on a mission in this war started for Bremen. Mostly it doesn't vary much from that; if the crews have been waiting four days or five or six, they probably don't have as much to say, and the blackjack game doesn't last as long—the money already has been won. If they've had a raid the day before, they're pretty apt to go right to bed after evening chow—a gunner works hard. But mostly, before Warnemunde or Kassel or any of those towns you read about in the communique, it's like theft.

The weather changed in the night, and it wasn't until six o'clock that the sergeant from operations came to get the gunners up for chow and briefing. Until *Lady Liz* dragged her bombs away from the hardstand and down the runway, this is the way it was:

The infantryman who gets that last meal before the enemy barrage starts to roll at him, and the artilleryman who eats at night knowing that as soon as it is light the enemy tanks will begin to come across the flat ground to his position know what preflight breakfast is like.

Often it's pretty good—fried eggs and pancakes and the coffee is black as hell. More often it's just breakfast—scrambled dried eggs and pancakes and the same coffee.

Jim Reed, the ball turret gunner, lounges back over coffee and talks for a while with the new gunner. When Reed has gone, the new gunner realizes that the ball turret man has checked off every piece of clothing the gunner will wear today—the long John underwear and the clean woolen socks and the GI pants and the heated suit in his kit.

What most people who have a bad taste in their mouth at breakfast time might have difficulty in understanding is that no one at these breakfast tables is crabby. People are more considerate than is necessary and you can always get the canned milk passed on the first request.

They don't even insult the cooks before they leave the mess hall and go to the square room with the blackboards and movie screens where the brass tells them what kind of job they'll do this day.

The gunners are briefed by themselves, the officers by themselves, and after that there are special briefings for the radio operators and the navigators and bombardiers. It's like the coach talking to you before you go out for the first half, except that you never think of that simile until a long time after you're home from Bremen.

On the way into the briefing room, Pete Bobulsky gets a quick look at the stretch of tape marking the route for today. The tape is pinned onto a wall-size map.

"They must've run out of tape, there's that long a haul," Pete says softly. The gunners sit down on benches and wait for a group of officers in front of the map to dissolve.

"Gentlemen, the target today presents possibly the most interesting task yet."

The briefing officer is a major, Mr. S-2 himself, the intelligence man.

The Major goes on, and he talks for five or six minutes before you hear the word "Bremen." He talks about flak and fighters and what the target means in the big scheme of things in the air. He says who's going and how many. It's a lot, and the gunners relax a little until the talk gets specifically onto flak. Then they tighten up and the ones who smile don't really want to smile, because gunners will swear to each other, when there isn't any point in bragging, that they'll take fighters all day long but the flak gets them.

The briefing officers talk about some other things which are secret and pretty soon the briefing is done. You wait to hear someone say, "Let's go, men!" or something like that, but no one does and the gunners just get up and start hauling their kits of clothing and gear to the trucks which will take them around the long perimeter track to the planes.

It's that simple. Briefings would drive a short-story writer out of business.

They leave the zippered bags full of heated suits and shoes and paraphernalia at the circle of concrete on which *Lady Liz* stands and head for the armament shop. BiM McDaniel gets his top turret guns out of the rack and Jim Reed gets the two for the ball turret. The waist gunners and the radio man bring their single guns as well as the three which go in the ship's nose, because the officers who will man the nose guns are still being briefed. Harry Edgins gets the two tail guns.

In the oily atmosphere of the armament shop the gunners take the caliber .50s out of their covers and break them down and clean them. They adjust headspace and oil buffers and put the guns back together. The armament men did this whole job on the same guns a few hours before, and they stand around watching the gunners, ready to find clean patches or more oil. They don't resent that their work is being done over again. There isn't anything to resent.

"Kelley won't play any solitaire today," Jim Reed observes. Everyone knows he's referring to the briefing about the number of fighters *Lady Liz* should see today, but one of the armament men asks for an explanation.

"After Kelley gets his radio in done," Pete Bobulsky explains, "and while there's too much flak—over the target area this is—for any fighters to be around, he sits up there in that damn radio room of his an' plays solitaire."

Everybody laughs a little, and the armament man believes it because that's the kind of guy Kelley is.

They leave the armament shop at the side of the hardstand and go back to the ship to install their guns in the receivers, and about that time Warren Cerrone, who is a first lieutenant and pilot of *Lady Liz*, arrives in a truck with the other three officers: Second Lieutenant Dick Proctor, the Matamoras, Pennsylvania, navigator; Second Lieutenant Bob Selby, the Rockford, Illinois, bombardier, and burly First Lieutenant Novo Maryonovich, the copilot from Gary, Indiana. Novo's really a first pilot in his own right, but his crew has been split up and for a while he'll fly copilot.

The sun comes out, bright and lazy yellow and like an Indian summer sun back home.

McDaniel lies down on the concrete and goes to sleep with no effort. Maryonovich hands out the emergency kits, and Bobulsky and Reed check again the new gunner's gear, just for the hell of it. A jeep bumbles up to the hardstand and Tom Kelly, an Irish tail gunner from Boston who has finished his tour of operations and is instructing new gunners for three months before he goes home, comes over to talk away the time until engines are started.

Kelly is an old hand at the business, a veteran of a once-famous Fortress, *Quinine—the Bitter Dose*. He knows how the new gunner feels, and he knows there are two ways of making things easier. If the new gunner is going to be any good, the way Kelly chooses is better. He digs into a khaki pocket and comes up with a tailor's cloth measuring tape. Elaborately he measures his own shoulders, arm length, trouser length, even shoes. He goes over to the new gunner.

"You don't mind, do you, old boy?"

(This with exaggerated English accent.)

Most carefully he measures the new gunner's shoulders, arm length, trousers, even shoes. By this time the entire crew is roaring with laughter, except Jim Reed. Jim stands quietly by the waist hatch door and peers intently at the new gunner. But the new guy catches on and there isn't anything to do except laugh, too. Kelly's been measuring the new gunner to see if his clothes will fit him, Kelly. The little act is an exaggerated form of the Air Force's accepted practice of "vulturing" the clothes which fit you when a gunner doesn't return from a mission.

Everyone laughs a little more and all the tension is gone. One of the gunners used to be a farmer, a ground crew man knows about soybeans, so they talk about soybeans because it is the kind of day you'd be combining beans if you were back home.

But you aren't back home, you are waiting to go to a very interesting target, the man had said, and so after a while Mac awakens and Cerrone takes the time to talk a

little bit about weather or women or leave with everyone in the crew. Then it is time, and they get in and Cerrone and Maryonovich take *Lady Liz* down the runway and up to join the rest.

You can't put down a verbatim transcription of the interphone conversation of a Fortress crew at work. Somebody would object. Probably somebody who had never been to Bremen. So all you can do is to put down the snatches of it that stick in your mind, and that tells pretty well the way things were and the communiqS tells the rest.

Pilot to navigator. Pilot to navigator. "Go ahead."  
 "Go ahead, pilot?"  
 "You all squared away?"  
 "Roger."  
 "How about the rest of you guys?"  
 "Roger . . . Roger . . . okay, lieutenant . . . okay . . . Roger."

*Lady Liz* keeps on climbing. McIlveen's guys are just below to the left in a newly christened plane. *The Stars and Stripes*. Binks' ship leads, up above and in front. Strung out across the English sky the rest of five thousand or so pilots and gunners and bombardiers and navigators are talking about the same things.

"Top turret to pilot. Top turret to pilot."  
 "Pilot to top turret. Go ahead, Mac."  
 "Shall we try out our guns as soon as we clear the coast?"  
 "As soon as we clear the coast, Roger."

The fields down there grow small. They don't look a bit like the bromide checkerboard, though.

"Pilot to crew. We're getting up there, now. Better go on oxygen. Check in, will you?"

The answers start with a Georgia drawl from back in the tail and move up through the ship. Up ahead, a navigator in the lead ship checks course and the formations go away from England.

"Copilot to gunners. Try 'em out now if you want to."  
 The inside of the B-17 is filled with the comfortable sound of pounding as the top turret and the ball turret open up. The noise of the tail gun is lost in the slipstream, and the waist guns and the radio are singles and don't pound.

The gunners check in, over the interphone, and for a long time everyone is quiet. The North Sea slips beneath, and the Frisian Islands reach their accusing finger northeast toward the Danish peninsula. All hands are busy scanning the sky, trying to peer beyond the flimsy clouds which edge the horizon, when the talker sounds again.

"Gettin' in there now, you guys. Better be on watch."  
 The P-47 Thunderbolts which will provide escort part of the way to Bremen arrive on schedule, and formate out on the wings of the bomber groups and up above. No one is quite certain they are P-47S—because P-47S look so much like German Focke-Wulf 190s—until they set up their precise formations out there and begin to fly watchful guard. After they've been there a while, Jerry arrives.

"Fighters at two o'clock, high."  
 It's Selby's voice, and right after that McDaniel's guns begin to pound and this is where the communique starts to get written.

The rest of it is hard to describe, because on paper there isn't any difference between a guy saying "Fighters at nine o'clock" and "Fighters at nine o'clock." But mostly the rest of the crew can tell whether the fighters at nine o'clock are coming in or not from the way the gunner says it. And they're all different. Sometimes the gunner just goes to work and is too busy to call them off, and Selby gets on the talker and hollers about it because he worries if everyone is all right, and that makes you feel warm, later on when you get a chance to feel warm.

"Well, there it is ahead of us."  
 That's Cerrone. Some of the gunners can't see what he is talking about, but Maryonovich clears it up.  
 "Let's see us on the other side."

They're talking about flak, about the black and gray umbrella of bursting destruction which the German gunners put up above the target, a barrage wall of continually exploding shrapnel through which the Fortresses must fly. The formations press on, not pausing. Slowly, deliberately, the big bomb bay doors slide open. The Forts push on, fly-

ing through a world of time. One of them grows a mushroom of fluffy gray and black around its wings. The mushroom turns into the most orange flame you've ever seen and with no dramatic climax but suddenly and finally the airplane slides off on one wing, whips over onto its back and comets toward the target. The others fly on. The bombs slip silently from the bays and string out toward the ground. The bomb bay doors close.

*Lady Liz* is in the flak, which comes up all around. The fighters have gone away, and some of the gunners watch the flak and some don't, because this day Bremen earns the title of flak champion, and it isn't easy to look at it and not want to run away.

"Anybody want to get out and walk?"  
 That's Cerrone, too, and this time the whole bunch laughs like hell because *Lady Liz* is right in the center, the bombs have gone, and to hell with it. With everything to 'hell with it. That's the way it goes through their minds, and Cerrone's easy words were the thing that made them suddenly feel good and ready to fight anyone.

But for some of the others it has not been that way.  
 Back in the tail, Harry Edgins is calling out in a flat tone the B-17's that have been hit. Off to the io-o'clock angle a burst of flak lingers in red flame, and Maryonovich is on the horn again:  
 "The fighters will be in now. . . ."

They are. The orange and black Junker 88s come up and take a swipe, and the Messerschmitt nos cut in with their twin fins high. The Messerschmitt 210s slash at a squadron while other nos and 210s lie back on the edge of the sky and peg rockets in orange arcs at the Forts.

The bombers are on their way home, and once when a gunner sights down his .50 at an 88 passing under, and watches tracer splash into the fighter but is too busy to see what happens, the comer of his eye sees the pattern of the fields way down there. They're just like the English fields; he remembers that for all the time of his life there is left to him.

That bunch of fighters goes away, and Jim Reed comes on the horn to ask Kelley if he played solitaire back in the flak.

"Yeah. I finished in time for the fighters."  
 Then the fighters come back and this part will be the end of the communique.

A pack of 1 ios gangs up on a Fort which is limping on three engines. Their fire cuts the Fort's flight, and flame streaks out of another engine and the Fort begins to slide off to the south. Out of the ship come little black dots that are men you ate breakfast with a million years or so before in the morning. Their parachutes open and they go down while the Fort, bulky and big and clumsy by itself, heads off to the evening mist that rises from the Ruhr. It lumbers along, losing a little height and still smoking, and the last you see it is a lumbering giant shuffling down a long hill into the mist. It isn't good to watch.

They came back, all but the thirty and three, and landed. The gunners and the bombardiers and the navigators and pilots talked to intelligence officers who put down what had happened and sent it to command Command put down what the intelligence officers had sent and handed it over to headquarters. And after that, the communiqS was written, in the stiff phrases.

But the communiqes can't tell about the people who go out to Vegesack and Bremen, or Warnemunde or Schweinfurt, or any of those towns you never heard of three years ago; and they can't tell about sweating out the long hours before. Most of all, the communiqes can't tell about the taste of a half-frozen apple when the *Lady Liz* had got back to circling her own field, which was a little thing, that taste, but very important.

And since the communiqes can't tell those things, this is the way it was.

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THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED, BUT THIS STORY FROM THE NEW YORKTIMES SHOWS THE AREA. IT MAKES INTERESTING READING.

## U.S. Airfields in Britain: Legacy of World War II

By JO THOMAS

Special to The New York Times

MILDENHALL, England, April 15 — This air base is British property, comes under the nominal command of a Royal Air Force officer, operates under British air traffic control and is called R.A.F. Mildenhall.

But the servicemen stationed here use American dollars, buy American-style hamburgers, watch United States television shows at the Bob Hope Recreation Center, and this morning, while viewing the first reports on the Libyan raid, let out some unmistakably American cheers.

The United States Third Air Force, whose headquarters is here, is one of three in Europe — the others being the Sixteenth Air Force at Torrejón, Spain, and the Seventeenth Air Force at Sembach, West Germany — and it is a big operation. It has 11 bases in Britain with a roll call of 26,873 servicemen and servicewomen and 2,478 civilians, accompanied by 27,846 family members.

The American presence dates to World War II. The first American military planes flew from British airfields in 1942, and both of the fighter wings that bombed Libya on Monday have deep roots here. The forerunner of the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, which sent squadrons of F-111's from Upper Heyford, flew more than 400 sorties on D-Day. The 48th Fighter-Bomber Group, forerunner of the Tactical Fighter Wing that also sent F-111's from Lakenheath, flew P-47 thunderbolts in pre-invasion bombings of France.

Lakenheath, which covers 2,000 acres 70 miles northeast of London, in Suffolk, was the base for 2,248 operational sorties of the R.A.F. Bomber Command in World War II. The United States Air Force started using it again during the Berlin airlift, in 1948.

Upper Heyford, 60 miles northwest of London, was begun as a school for bomber crews, and later staged missions in which leaflets



The New York Times/April 16, 1966

The United States Third Air Force has headquarters at Mildenhall.

then bombs were dropped. After the war, it became a glider and parachute training school. The American Strategic Air Command began using it in 1951.

After World War II, all American Air Force units were withdrawn from Britain, but they re-

turned in 1948, at the time of the Berlin blockade. The Third Air Force came back in 1951.

The Greenham Common base, 50 miles west of London, has become, since 1982, a symbol to the antinuclear movement. Women set up a camp outside its fences to protest the presence of cruise nuclear missiles.

But Mildenhall has rarely made the news, and in spite of the night's events, and the presence of extra guards at the gates, life on the base seemed calm and ordinary. Early today, the headquarters J building was unguarded and anyone could walk inside unchallenged.

There was also a sleepy air about the picturesque village minutes away from the base. Vincent James, a young gas station attendant, said some local residents were now worried about possible terrorist attacks on the base. But referring to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, he added, "To be honest, people around here are more worried about being invaded by C.N.D. supporters."

Additions to list of Life Members —  
Total is now 145:

John C. Birrell  
Daniel H. Dolan  
Cheryl Jean Horn

Dear Editor:

I'm trying to locate men who were interned in Camp Wengen, Switzerland. My inquiry to the 8th Air Force Clearing House gave me your name to contact. My meager records from the Camp show the following men from the 385th: Robert C. Hoelzer, 315 N. Main St., Milltown, New Jersey. Downed on his 25th Mission on 16 July 1944. 550th Sq. Robert W. Meyer, 1506 Palace St., La Cross, Wis. Downed on his 19th Mission on 16th March 1944 (Co of Camp Wengen).

I feel certain there must have been other Crew Members.

I was with the 483rd Bomb Group (B-17's) when it was organized 22 Sept. 1943 in Ephrata, Washington and ended up in Combat with the 2nd Bomb Group (15th AF) out of Foggia, Italy. We were forced down 18 July 1944 on a mission to Memmingen, Germany.

Having been First Sgt. of Camp Wengen, I'm trying to locate enough of these men so that some day we might have a "Mini Reunion". We were repatriated 16 Feb. 1945 and had 211 EM and 2 Officers in the Camp.

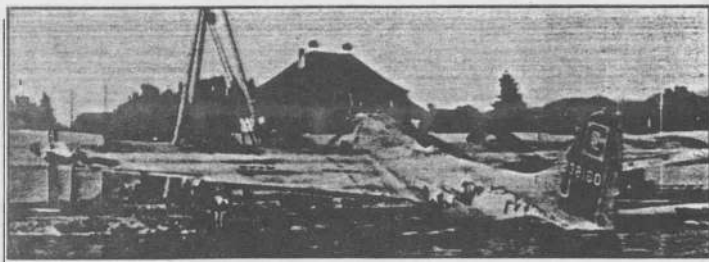
Sure would appreciate any information you might be able to give me on the men of the 385th who were interned in Switzerland.

Sincerely,

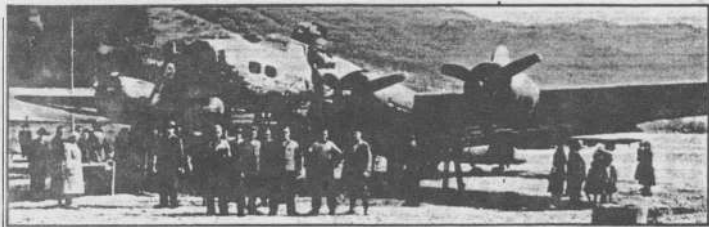
William E. Aeschbacher  
1000 Champagne Drive  
Marion, Ohio 43302



# The Flying Fortress of Lake Zug



B-17G-30-DL 42-38160 comes ashore at Lake Zug (above). Below, some of the recovery crew pose in front of their very intact prize.



AS A SUBSCRIBER of your monthly highlight in aviation I am very happy to provide you with photographs concerning a recent request. In September issue 1983 Mr E Nieszczwic asked about the fate of a B-17G-30-DL 42-38160 which crashed into Lake Zug during the War. As I recall it was said to be on the way back from a bombing raid in Italy.

In the mid 1950s it was recovered from its wet grave and put on exhibition near to its recovery site in Zug. The front part of the fuselage was broken

off and as far as I remember was fitted by means of provisional steel stringers to show the original shape of the aircraft. The aircraft was later displayed at Wohlen and then went for scrap. I personally doubt the idea that it moved to St Moritz. More probably this was St Maurice in the other corner of Switzerland, the site of a big scrapyard.

I still remember the recovery and display of the aircraft. I was then around eight. I also remember that later in the 1960s and early 1970s one com-

plete engine was on display at a fuel station belonging to the man who recovered the bomber. This was at Cham, a village close to the recovery site.

I am presently investigating the possibility of any part from this aircraft surviving. It would be helpful if any reader, especially those in Switzerland who has more information about this bomber could contact me in order to co-ordinate an intensive search.

**Oscar Wagner, Bachliwis 6,  
8184 Bachenbulach,  
Switzerland.**

Here's an interesting story about a 385th B-17 that was pulled out of a lake in Switzerland in the mid 50's.

Thanks to Dave Dynan for calling it to our attention. Anyone know anything about it?

## Personals

Bill Hiatt, 548th Pilot. Returned to Indiana after War, finished college and taught for a short while. Married and they have a son and daughter. Retired from Real Estate business in and around Houston area in 1982. Now live in Largo FL and putter around at part time job. Looking forward to a crew reunion in 1987 at Dayton.

## Obituaries

John Tulba - Nov. 11, 1985

Ben James - Oct. 3, 1986

### 385 TMB GMA

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