



NEWSLETTER OF THE

385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

VOL. XXII. NO. 5

Editor: Ed Stern
Printed by Interstate Printing
Fargo, North Dakota

OCTOBER 1995

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PREZ SEZ:

I am honored to become the President of the 385th Bomb Group. I will give my best effort towards the Group so that we will remain a solid, viable and active membership.

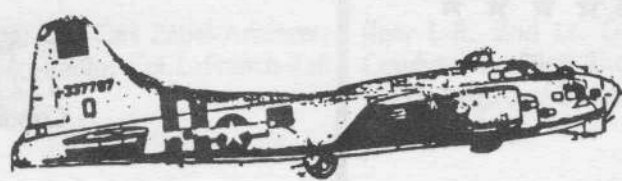
We are now beginning our "second fifty years" as veterans, and I sincerely hope we all shall enjoy the flight.

Please help me in my endeavors by staying in contact with suggestions, comments, and ideas.

Till then and in comradeship....

Best regards,

Bob Valliere
18 Whiting Farm Rd.
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CHAPLAIN SEZ,

Hello - After Omaha,

What a great time we all had at Omaha. George Hruska and his crew are to be congratulated.

Now to some thoughts on my mind.

The bombing in Oklahoma, a few months ago, is still on our minds. The devastation that occurred was tremendous to the buildings but the most harmful results, perhaps, is to those injured or to those that lost loved ones. The governor's wife of Oklahoma made a particularly poignant statement that stuck with me. I can not quote her verbatim but this was the gist of what she said.

None of us know what the next moment will bring. The first lady of Oklahoma said we should all cherish each one of those moments. We should not only be thankful to be alive. We should let our loved ones know we love them by hugging them. Hugging our kids - grand kids - son-in-laws - daughter-in-laws and even more especially our spouses. BUT we should also say "I love you" as we show it.

Another thought -

I'm amazed, each day, at the new things I hear, see and experience. They are not earth shaking, most of the time, but never the less something I didn't know before. Example: I was helping Geri clean the house the other day by using the vacuum cleaner (I just now discovered, I think, that there is no such word "vacuuming") Anyway I decided to start using the vacuum cleaner in the bathroom of the Master Bedroom instead of at the hallway door of the bedroom. Boy, am I a creature of habit. It was real confusing to change my routine. I never felt I had really cleaned it properly.

Silly?? Perhaps!! Yet that was another moment when I experienced something new. Not too old to learn something new!!

Cherish each day - Each experience - each other and thank God for those blessings.

Sincerely,

Jim Vance

□ □ □ □ **LIFE MEMBERS** □ □ □ □

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John Joseph	August 1995
Clarence L. Strout	March 1995
Donald B. Schaeffer	August 1995
John S. Milner	August 1995
David F. Buskin	January 1995

Clarence L. Strout

Westbrook alderman, WWII veteran

WESTBROOK - Clarence L. Strout, 78, of Emery Street died Monday in a Portland hospital after a long illness.

Born in Brownfield, a son of Willis G. and Mildred Parker Strout, he lived in Gray with his grandparents while he attended and graduated from Gray Academy in 1935.

After high school, Mr. Strout moved here.

During World War II, he served in the Army Air Forces in Europe as a B-17 engineer. He flew 33 missions and was shot down while the Battle of the Bulge was in progress in 1945.

After his discharge, he was employed by S.D. Warren Co. as a paper machine operator for 39 years, retiring in 1982. He then was a clerk at Sportsman's True Value Hardware Store for six years and was a groundskeeper at Rivermeadow Golf Course for five years.

Dear Ed Stern,

I regret to tell you that another member of the 551st Wolf Squadron has died. My husband, S/Sgt Donald B. Schaeffer flew on the "Shack Bunny" as waist gunner with Frank Walls.

Don never talked about the war, so I appreciated it when Jim Cooper (Bombadier) gave me a copy of "Hardlife Herald". I subscribed to learn about that part of his life. He began reading it and even commented on some of the articles. Thank you for sharing it with me. I'd like to keep receiving it.

Sincerely,

Mae Schaeffer
112 N. Columbus St.
Crestline, Ohio 44827

Donald B. Schaefer



CRESTLINE — Donald B. Schaefer, 74, 112 N. Columbus St., died Sunday, Aug. 13, 1995, in Grant Medical Center in Columbus after a sudden illness.

He was born Sept. 6, 1920, in Armstrong County, Pa., to Walter and Sarah L. Hill Schaefer.

Mr. Schaefer lived in the Crestline area for 35 years, coming from Kittanning, Pa. He retired in 1985 from PPG Industries in Crestline after 34 years as a glass worker.

A veteran of World War II, he served in the Army Air Corps as a side gunner on a B-17 and flew 25 bombing missions. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

He was a member of First English Lutheran Church and the 385th Bomb Group Memorial Association. He enjoyed dartball, fishing, hunting and gardening.



Bob Valliere
President

OMAHA REUNION REPORT

This issue of Hardlife Herald was almost ready for printing when we had the Reunion, but here are some quick notes.

New officers elected: Bob Valliere (Pronounced Vali-yare), President, Arch Benner, 1st VP, Mike Gallagher 2nd VP, George Hruska, Sec, John Pettenger, Treasurer.

Exactly 385 at the Friday night feed. About 400 total attendance. Good tours, programs, eats, meetings.

Some suggestions as to Reunions every year beginning in 1998. Tucson chosen for 1997 Reunion, probably middle of November. Attempt should be made to get next generation involved-jerry Howard and Chuck Smith will spearhead the effort.

About 100 have expressed interest in trip to England in 1996.

Complete coverage of Omaha with pictures will be in next issue.

Drawing Winners:

B-17 Model - Carlyle J. Hanson
Schweinfurt Lithograph - Vicki Huber Haas
British Isles Clock - C.W. Swindell
3x5 Picture of Window in All Saints Church - "Suds" Sumney.
Flag flown from U.S. Capitol-50th Ann VE Day - Myron G. Sanchez.
Dragon Lady Nose Art - Vicki Huber Haas

The B-17 Franklin Mint model was donated by Interstate Printing, Fargo, ND.

The hardwood clock cut to represent the British Isles with the 385th Designation in Suffolk County was donated by Les and Peggy Gordon, 39 Combs Lane, Stowmarket, Suffolk 1 PI 4 2DD, England, British Isles as their way of saying "Thanks, Yanks-when we needed help and got it, way back."

Speaker on Saturday night - Lieutenant General Leo Smith who reviewed the activities of the air Force in preserving the peace since the "Iron Curtain" fell in Europe.

Friday night entertainment was presented by the Hoedowners, a group of young girl dancers who endeared themselves to our people, Scottish Highland Bagpipers, and the Simpietones Barbershop Quartet.

Saturday night entertainment was presented by the United States Air Force AirCombat Command Heartland of America Band who ended their program with The Air Force song followed by dancing to tunes of the forties by the Greg Spivak Orchestra.

Dear friends of the 385th Bomb Group,

This is not the letter I had wished to write to anyone at any time in my life. As you most likely know, my father Arkey Huber passed away February 24, 1995, kind of unexpectedly while recuperating from two minor surgeries.

I cannot begin to tell you the loss that is felt by myself, members of our family and friends who have had the honor of knowing him. I know how some of you feel, because he has filled all aspects of my life. My dad has been my buddy and partner in crime, when we were planning things for WWII reunions, driving all over the countryside trying to locate some lost soul in his squadron or group, knocking on strangers doors asking if they possibly remember this lost fellow, much to my surprise, they always took the time to talk to dad and give him any information they knew of or they would tell him that old so and so down at the hardware store had a brother that was friends with your lost soul. Well, you get the picture. Dad always had a way with people, he could talk his way in, anywhere with just good down right friendliness and some bull, behind the scenes at the Smithsonian to catch an eye full of the planes that were under assembly or onto an airfield long before the public would be allowed to, just to get a close look at a B-17 before he took his memorable flight in her that afternoon over the valley of Las Vegas (not sitting the usual position of tail gunner).

Dad has also been my partner in business, and always in fun. As most of you know O.A.R. Products was started as a hobby, while planning the reunion here in Las Vegas in 1977. He thought having shirts for the members to wear would be nice, so he started manufacturing t-shirts with group and squadron insignias silk screened on them and the rest is overwhelming, but many friends have been made through our dealings and contacts. Now the fun was at ending reunions, this was an event that was looked forward to, wondering what Bob Payne was planning as his annual surprise for Sparky, or trying to find out what room the Huber's were in for the 2 AM wake-up call, and of course getting those nightshirts printed up for Huber's Harem Honeys. I have been to a couple of 385th Bm Gp reunions, and to see my dad try to make things a little more fun for the gals with his annual close out sale, slashing prices or giving away items or raffling off items, then donating part of the proceeds to the group, showed me his true devotion to a group of people who have shared an important part of his life.

Now, I'm talking as a daughter, which most of you have one or a son. But this man is my Hero, he stands taller than John Wayne, he went into a war as a boy and came out a man, he's made good decisions for himself and his family, and could build us a home from ground up or fix anything that seemed unrepairable. He suffered many illnesses, and recovered to start his life anew. He always spoke with wisdom and a lie didn't pass his lips. My dad never shorted a soul of a nickel or a dime, his patience with an overdue customer was lengthy when overdue bill was not paid, it generally was just written

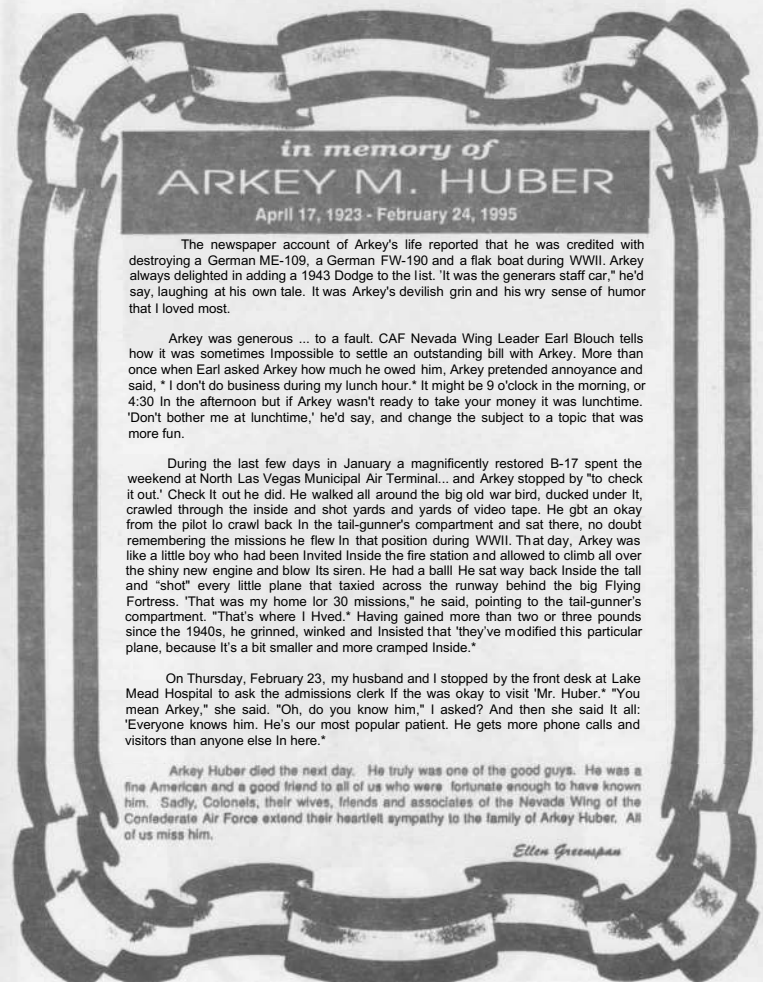
off with experience or an explanation that maybe they're having a hard time. His devotion to his country and fellow man is undeniable. As the song does, I am the Eagle and he is the wind beneath my wings.....

Thank you for being a part of my Dad's life and being his friends.

Yours,

Vicki Huber Haas
4917 Jay Avenue
Las Vegas, NV 89130

EDITOR'S NOTE: Vicki's sister Christine sent us this. They'll both be at the Omaha Reunion.



BULLETIN BOARD

DUES ARE DUE

Dues are Due. Please check the label on your Hardlife Herald -it shows your dues status. If it says "95", that means it's time to send John Pettinger your \$10 for 1996.

CLASS ACTION LAW SUIT

According to the New Jersey 8th AF Historical Society newsletter, a group of World War 2 veterans have recently filed a class action law suit in Federal District Court in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, asking to be compensated by the United States Army for causing bodily harm to their person(s) when cooks and mess sergeants were ordered to put salt-peter in their coffee. The veterans now claim it is beginning to affect their sex lives.

Your editor, who turned 81 in July, is beginning to notice similar problems and is willing to represent other members of our organization in joining this law suit. If you wish to join us, please send your check for \$25.00 to help with start-up costs. After deducting expenses, we will divide up any settlement with those who contribute. Make your checks out to Ed Stern personally, not to the Association.

THE AGING PROCESS

On one of the recent days honoring the end of WW2—guess it was the day the Japanese surrendered—the President of our Service Club decided to ask all WW2 veterans to stand to be honored on this day. There were something over 100 at the meeting and just 4 stood up! Gosh those other 3 looked old.

8TH AIR FORCE CONTROL TOWER PROJECT

If anyone has an 8x10 inch photo of our control tower, please send a copy of it to the Air Force Museum at Dayton, Ohio. They're putting up a display and are missing ours.

CMTC

Were you one of almost 100,000 who went through the CMTC (Citizen Military Training Camps) in the 1921-1940 era? If so, you'd be interested in a book put together by one of the alumni, Don Kington. You'll find the memories of almost 200 veterans compiled in the book. Copies are \$18.95 from Two Decoder Publishing, Box AB-67, 3739 Balboa St., San Francisco, CA 94121.

SAVANNAH HERITAGE CENTER PROGRESS

The steel superstructure erection started August 1, after which the cross beams will be set in place. It's taking shape and is on schedule, which calls for completion next Spring—a 90,000 square foot structure that will include an artifacts museum, gift shop, snack bar, library, archives, and meeting facilities.

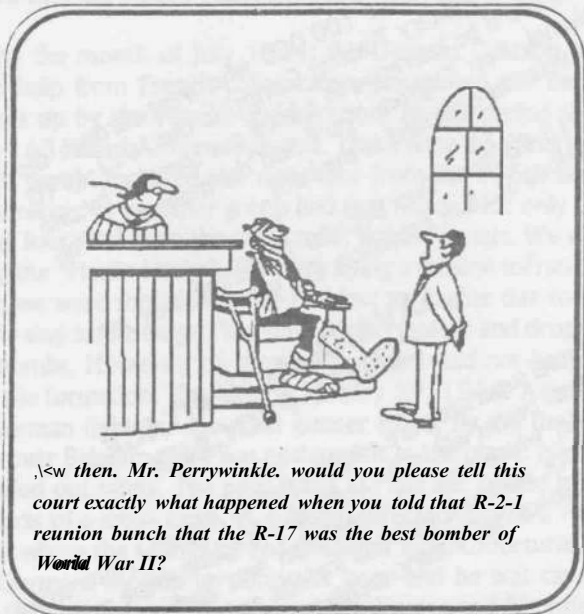
CONGRATULATIONS

Word has been received that the Jumpers' son has been promoted to Major General. Congratulations from Col. Jumper's old outfit.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

Here's how they happen: We read everything when it comes in, then we read it again when we're getting the issue put together. After it's typed, our publisher goes over it for mistakes, gives it to us, and we go over it for mistakes. And after it's printed, we find we missed a few—like in the August issue when "Audette" became "Audeble". Our excuse? Everybody is a little busy, we aren't as careful as we should be, and we ain't getting any younger! So, if it gets worse in the future, you'll know why! Oh—one more reason—sometimes your writing is hard to decipher—but keep writing—please.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Peggy Smith for this interesting Jimmy Doolittle article - and the cartoon.



Now then, Mr. Perrywinkle, would you please tell this court exactly what happened when you told that R-2-1 reunion bunch that the R-17 was the best bomber of World War II?

DAZZLE YOUR GRANDCHILDREN WITH THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS 1

The year 1944 was a significant one for those of us in the 8th Air Force who devoted ourselves to the cause of freedom and justice.

On December 24, 1944, we sent over Germany 2,034 heavy bombers and 936 fighters, the greatest single force of airplanes ever dispatched in history! During the year we hit the enemy with more than 430,000 tons of bombs! We flew 1,700,000 operational hours, and we consumed 522,000,000 gallons of gasoline to release those tons of destruction!

Our first task was to make sure that when the combined Allied ground forces invaded "Fortress Europe", we would have superiority in the air. Our second great mission was performed during the invasion phase. On June 6th, we flew a record-breaking 4,700 sorties! Before D-Day we flew thousands of tons of munitions and equipment to resistance movements on the continent, and cooperated in the development of psychological warfare by dropping almost 900,000,000 leaflets in enemy-controlled territory by night, and additional millions during daylight missions.

In air battles during 1944, fighter pilots and bomber crews destroyed over 6,000 enemy aircraft... strafing attacks by our fighters accounted for 1,950 more! In precision attacks on enemy airfields and factories, our heavies damaged or destroyed an additional 2,630 Nazi aircraft! Fighters also knocked out 3,652 locomotives, 5,702 freight cars, 3,436 trucks, and significant numbers of tank cars, ammunition dumps and similar ground targets!

Ground crews equalled the tiers in their devotion to duty. Men have frequently worked for 72 hours without rest to put their ships back in the air. Just before D-Day, the

numbers of planes to be serviced rose sharply; the job was done with no increase in numbers of ground crews.

...AS ONE

The story of the Eighth is the story of all of us. It belongs neither to any individual nor to any part of us less than the whole. Every member of this Command has contributed some element to it; without all these contributions, the story would not have been.

Ordinance and Chemical workers, for example, during 1944 loaded more than 3,000,000 bombs and incendiaries - most of them during the long hours of the night - and hand-linked, repositioned and loaded, 53,000,000 rounds of 50 calibre ammunition in the course of their duties! The sweat of thousands went into the driving, servicing, and repair of the Eighth's 25,000 motor vehicles! At one Headquarters alone, the telephone operators handled 14,000 calls each day!

If you are one of these, or if you are one of those who kept us, by all standards, in good health; if you are one of those who built and maintained our air strips and station facilities, or one of those who can proudly say that over 1,000 road convoys were escorted during 1944 without an accident; if you are one of those who performed the unheroic but indispensable functions of guaranteeing our supplies of food, adequate clothing and organizational equipment, or one of those whose attention to administrative assignments contributed so substantially to effectiveness - then you are part of the team.

...TO WIN

Our story has not yet ended. Together we have become one of the mightiest striking forces of all times. As pioneers of the daylight precision assault, we will continue that assault until final victory is won.

This is your report - written by your deeds, sealed by your devotion. Let us give thanks for what has been accomplished. Let us remember those who have given themselves in the battle. As the New Year dawns, let us resolve to press the attack, and go forward "as one-to win".

(Ed: remember these are only the stats for 1944)

From a memo by Lt. Gen. J. H. Doolittle to 8th members on 10 January 1945



Dr. Dan Riva, (center) former commander of the 551st Heavy Bombardment Squadron, donates a banner that his squadron made to Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr. (left) and Maj. Gen. Lew Lyle for the Heritage Museum.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Monday, Oct. 4, 1943

Brownie Gives a Reel Show in B1 7

To Fort's Cameraman, It's Photos
Before Bullets, Hi\$ Pals
Discover

JBy Bud Hutton

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

AN EIGHTH BOMBER STATION, Oct. 3—A lot of guys peering through their Norden bombsights these days at Nazi targets in Europe learned a good share of their secret trade from a curly-headed technical sergeant at this station.

The sergeant—Charlton K. Browning, of Bradenton, Fla.—used to be an enlisted bombardier back in the bad old days when the Army's heavy bomber was a two-engine'd Martin B18 and the brand new Norden bombsight was kept in a guarded, double-locked vault.

Now, after nearly two years, he's finally flying combat; and, since he's a qualified bombardier and an expert on bombsight maintenance, he's flying combat in a B17 as an aerial photographer.

Browning, who used to teach bombsight maintenance to newly commissioned bombardiers, has five raids to his credit, has been put in for the Air Medal and has a daredevil reputation among the combat men on this field which more or less fits in with the date of his first enlistment seven years ago—he joined the Army on April Fool's Day!

Brownie joined the Coast Artillery on his first hitch. After 24 years of Panama, he came back to the States, re-enlisted just as the war broke out in Europe in September, 1939, and studied photography at the Fort Monroe laboratory. In 1940 he transferred to the Air Corps and was assigned to the photo laboratory at Langley Field, Va..

/ Got Around

"I went to sleep on a shelf and the next day I got transferred to the chaplain's office," Browning explains. "And from there I went to the 96th Bomb Squadron as an aerial photographer doing bomb spotting.

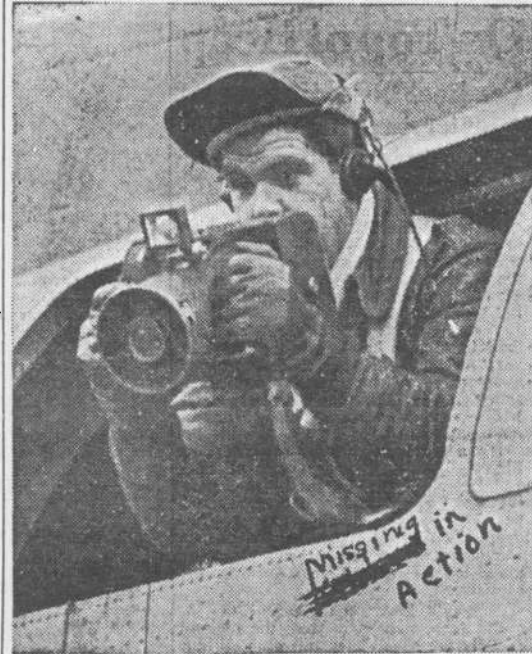
"The Army needed bombardiers and was training enlisted men, so in 1941 I trained as a bombardier with the 34th Group. We hadn't got a hell of a lot of training when war broke in December."

"Pearl Harbor was on Sunday, and at 2 AM Tuesday Browning made his first operational flight as bombardier in an old B18 on the North Atlantic Patrol, looking for enemy submarines with three .30 cal. machine-guns and 12 300-pound bombs.

In a crash landing, coming in from sunset patrol, several weeks later, Browning cracked his skull, apparently got over it and went on bombardiering. But one afternoon, at 10,000 feet, he had a target lined up and all of a sudden it just disappeared. His eyes had been affected by the bump on the head.

Learned About 'George'

So they put enlisted bombardier Browning to training new bombardiers in bombsight maintenance. He did it for a year, mixing in a tour of duty at a technical school where he learned the insides of "George," the Air Force's automatic pilot. And in that year a lot of new second looey's, just out of bombardier school, went through his classes, learning how to care for their



T/Sgt. Browning . . . knows bomb and camera sights.

of fact, T/Sgt. T. M. Davidson, now bombsight maintenance chief at this station, learned BSM under Brownie.

Eventually, Brownie got back into photography, his first love, and came overseas after serving time as a laboratory expert in a darkroom built from a GI latrine. But when Browning got to the ETO he was labelled ground photographer. >He wanted to fly again.

One day, a month and a half ago a major in operations called Brownie's photo lab on the field and said they needed a volunteer to make pictures on an important raid. Brownie said he'd go, and after some argument, because Brownie has a wife and child back home, he was accepted.

In 1/Lt. Irving H. Frank's B17, 'Raunchy Wolf' Brownie went to Regensburg. The gunners of the ship still talk about the screwball photographer."

Over Regensburg, there were enemy aircraft "all the way around the clock," 360 degrees of potential grief. While the left waist gunner, S/Sgt. Harry O. Snyder, of Mulkeytown, Ill., was beating off an enemy attack, he suddenly found Browning should' n away from his guns

and jamming the snout of a camera which wasn't even a caliber .00 in front of the oncoming FWs.

They settled that little argument, but a little later T/Sgt. Lowell Moomaw, of Greenfield, Ohio, radio operator, tried to get to his hatch gun to repel an overhead attack, only to find that the ubiquitous Browning had clambered up into it—pushing the gun out of the way—to get better pictures.

Moomaw didn't get a shot, he says.

In the combat photography unit Brownie has set up out of ground photographers there are three more lens hawks, each with at least one raid to his credit.

They're S/Sgt. Cliff Peke, of Oklahoma City, who baptized his lens over Lorie Sgt. Frank Cregan, of Fort Scott, who made pictures at Rheims, and Anthony Kosoroski, of Philadelphia went to Emden.

One of these days, Brownie's going to coax some bombardiering him drop a batch of high on some target, and then he'll get an idea of what "high altitude, precision bombing really is."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's an interesting story printed in the 486th Newsletter. We have to wonder how many of our planes ended up at Altus to be chopped up. And note the price that was charged for the "Memphis Belle" - \$350.00. A small town in North Dakota bought a B-17 as a tourist attraction, had to raise extra money because the fuel cost to fly it up was so high, didn't have enough people willing to pay \$2.00 to see it, ended up getting the Army to take it back and refund their \$350.00. Ah, to have had a little foresight!

The "Memphis Belle" is the name on our door prize raffled at the Omaha Reunion.

The Memphis Belle nearly landed in salvage heap

(This news item is from the Summer 1993 edition of the Tennessee Flyover newsletter)

ALTUS, OK — Renewed interest in World War II bomber *Memphis Belle* is bringing back memories in Altus, where the plane almost landed on the scrap heap.

Theaters throughout the country are showing a movie about the famous B-17 bomber and its ten man crew, which completed 25 bombing missions over Europe before returning home. But Leon Sherman has another fond memory of the plane. He was working for a salvage operation at the old Army Airfield in 1945 when the *Memphis Belle* and nine other B-17s arrived for disposal. They were to be chopped up, melted into aluminum ingots, and sold to the highest bidder.

Sherman now recalls what a shame it was to see 3,300 planes awaiting destruction while lined up on runways at what is now Altus Air Force Base. There were so many planes, recalls Sherman. Thirty-six B-25s came in that had only four or five hours of flying time.

The *Memphis Belle* escaped its date with a furnace when a Memphis man in Altus recognized the plane and its historical significance and called Memphis mayor, Walter Chandler, he in turn wrote to the surplus Aircraft Division in Washington, D.C. and received permission to buy the plane for \$350.00.

On July 17, 1946 a selected crew flew the plane from Altus to Memphis where for 36 years

it remained parked in front of an armory there. In May 1987 the restored plane was moved to a pavilion on Memphis' Mud Island and resides there as a Memphis Memorial of World War II. (Editor's note: The Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum has directional control over all Air Force Memorials regardless of location. A few years ago this editor had occasion to confer with the PR section of the AF museum and learned that the City of Memphis had to be ordered to provide suitable display and protection from weather facilities for the Memphis Belle plane. They had six months to complete said facilities or the AF museum said they would bring the plane to Dayton for display. Memphis did as ordered.)

This was 35th mission for Roy, Herb & Chuck. Buck stayed a float on oxygen bottle. Herb was held up by Mae West though he was drowned.

Pilot Lt. Lament was lost along with Co-Pilot. Crew originally piloted by C.B. Woodward.

Rescued Fort Crew Finds Its Fate Was Foretold by Bible

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE STATION Oct. 2—A Bible prophecy, uncannily accurate, foretold the safe return of seven crewmen of the Eighth Air Force. Fortress "Heavenly Body" after ditching in the Channel, before the fort took off to bomb Bremen, the radio operator-gunner, S/Sgt. Gilbert H. Woerner, of Fredericksburg, Tex.; inserted a pound note at random between the pages of his pocket Bible for safe keeping.

When he returned to base he saw that the Book had been opened at Revelation viii, 1-4, an allegorical description of the experience the seven crewmates had just undergone.

"Heavenly Body" left its formation, over Germany with one engine out? Over the Channel two other engines failed and the bomber crash-landed on the water, breaking into three sections. Pilot and co-pilot were trapped in one section which sank quickly beneath 20-foot waves. The other seven crewmen either huddled in their rubber dinghy or clung to its sides.

Chapter viii of Revelation, reads: "And I saw the seven angels which stood before God."

• While the airmen were buffeted by waves and drenched by salt spray, they looked up to see a British Air-Sea Rescue plane circling overhead, radioing their position to rescue craft.

"And another angel came. The crewmen waited anxiously for help. Some 30 minutes passed. There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

Finally they saw a rescue launch speeding their way. As it drew near, the plane dropped smoke bombs to direct it to the survivors.

"And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the Angel's hand: . . ."

Back in England, Sgt. Woerner's crewmates read the passage with amazement, then decided unanimously to name their next Fortress "Seven Angels."

Besides Woerner the survivors were: 2/Lt. Roy F. Buck, Nashville, Tenn.; bombardier 2/Lt. Herbert R. Greider, 1 Dauphin, Pa.; navigator 1/T. Sgt. T. Alfbert M. Defferir, St. Louis, Mo.; top turret gunner; S/Sgt. Lawrence X. Crilley Jr., Flushing, N.Y.; waist gunner; S/Sgt. Robert R. Heyman, Latrobe, Pa.; ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Richard E. Rolander, Leicester, Mass.; tail gunner.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

AGPD-R 201 Zorzoli, Joseph W.
(16 Oct 45) 34 362 4o?

8 December 1945

Mr. Joseph W. Zorzoli
1797 Mississippi Avenue
Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Zorzoli:

I have received, a communication from Commanding Officer, 385th Bombardment Group, dated 16 October 1945 concerning the award of the Bronze Star Medal to you.

I have the honor to inform you that by direction of the President, the Bronze Star Medal has been awarded to you by the Commanding General, Third Air Division. The citation is as follows:

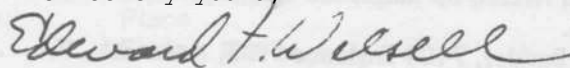
BRONZE STAR MEDAL

"For meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy from 30 November 1943 to 8 May 1945. The proficiency with which Sergeant Zorzoli performed his duties enabled the aircraft he serviced to attain an outstanding record in combat, participating during the period specified, in seventy-nine (79) bombardment operations against the enemy without being forced to return because of mechanical failure. Working out of doors, and often under adverse weather conditions, Sergeant Zorzoli, by his unfaltering devotion to duty and untiring attention to detail, has made a noteworthy contribution to the destruction of enemy installations. Sergeant Zorzoli's technical skill and conspicuous fidelity to his task reflect highest credit upon himself and the Military Forces of the United States."

(GO#1165, Hqs 3d Air Div. 24 Jun 45 T/Sgt)

The decoration will be forwarded to the Commanding General, Fourth Service Command, Atlanta, Georgia, who will select an officer to present the decoration to you. The officer selected will communicate with you concerning your wishes in the matter.

Sincerely yours,



EDWARD F. WITSELL

Major General

Acting The Adjutant General

ADDRESS CHANGES SINCE AUGUST HARDLIFE HERALD (Additions & Corrections)

Wm. D. Carte, Gen Dely, Gordon, WV 25093-9999.
 Paul Ingwaldson, 610 35th St SE, Crosby, ND 58730-0664.
 Carlyle Hanson, 1720A Lakeview Blvd, Mt. Vernon, WA 98273.
 Marland Belden, *tfi* Rosemary Rd, Eden Prairie, MN 55346.
 Wm. B. Wilson, 14703 Rialto Ave, Brooksville, FL 34613.
 Earl E. Morris, 1013 Bank St. Keokuk, IA 52632.
 Harold J. Keikkila, 5102 Highway 21, Embarrass, MN 55732.
 Benjamin M. Purdy, 50 Willis St, Westfield, MA 01085.
 Paul A. Joyce, 8320 Pares Oaks, Blvd-1132, Charlotte, NC 28213-515.
 Douglas Rosholt, 1400 Briarcliff Dr., Rantoul, IL 61866.
 Henry J. Jones, Jr, 1810 Woodmere Ct. SE, Lacey, WA 98503-6948.
 Willis E. Tulare, 28229 Co Rd 33, Leesburg, FL 34748-8999.
 Lindsey K. Jacobson, 436 E. Main-10, Pine Valley, LIT 84781 - 2164.
 Frank Sutter, 11652 N. Desert Hill Dr., Sun City, AZ 85373.
 Ray B. Pennington, RR 2, Box 646, Pennington Gap, VA 24277-9660.
 Raymond Zorn, 3764 Bowen Rd, Lancaster, NY 14086-9699.
 James T. Williams, 7301 Nolensville, Rd., Nolensville, TN 37135.
 V.W. Ferguson, 10880 12th St., Sarcoxie, MO 64862-9203.
 Rachel E. Stipe, 219 Bramton Rd., Louisville, KY 40207-3419.
 Meritt F. Andrews, 1123 Hilborn Ave., Erie, PA 16505-4141.
 Ron Hanauer, 1500 W Westaire Ave, Peoria, IL 61614-6806.
 Herbert R. Greider, 900 Greider Lane, Dauphin, PA 17018.
 Joseph J. Gorrano, 7313 Ravenswood Rd., Granbury, TX 76049.
 Edward I. Metcalf, 126 Merrimac St-10, Newburyport, M 01950-2447.
 Herman Starr, 6B Ethan Allen Dr., Cranbury, NJ 08512-4818.
 Harold Veasel, 1088 Carolina Rd, Stevensville, MD 21666.
 James C. Dacey, 2305 N. Monroe St., Arlington, VA 22207.
 Margaret A. Campo, 311 Shell Rd-205, Carneys Point, NJ 08069.
 Herman Heckel, 5D Ridgepoint Dr., Boynton, Beach, FL 33435.
 Wilbur Buckley, 7404 Englewood Pl-3, Annandale, VA 22003-2790.
 Lowell Birdwell, Sr., 11900 Barryknoll Ln-6105, Houston, TX 77024-4320.
 Andrew Stuke, 13321 Fox Hill Dr. Lemont, IL 60439-7700.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A wonderful story about Col. Van from the Washington Post (sent to us by Henry Dworshak). Lots of us could fill Van's son in on his career with the 385th.



Buried memories

World War II and my father are vague, painful memories —essentially one and the same.

The war has been over 50 years, and my father has been dead more than 20. Thus, the memories are vague.

For the short period of time I really knew my father—when he was in his 40s and I was in my teens before I went off to school—he always acted as if the war had happened a long time before.

Today, as a man in my 40s with a son of my own, I realize that the war was not a very long time ago.

And my father's silence hurts. He was a child of history, his career and his passions almost totally created and defined by the war. But to his family he said practically nothing.

Elliott Vandevanter Jr. graduated West Point in 1939. Choosing the Army Air Corps, he was shipped off to Pearl Harbor. In the first twist of fate, my father had flown to a nearby island at the time of the Japanese attack. As a result, he was picked to be in a group of "heroes" who toured the country in 1940 to pitch War Bonds. We have a scrapbook of pictures of him in ticker-tape parades in all the major cities.

My father's next stop was England, where he commanded a bombardier group. In one of the few communica-

tions I remember, he said he spent much of the war sending men off to their deaths.

But toward the end of the war, somehow he was back in the cockpit and took part in many of the bombing raids over Germany.

Then back to the Pacific, where he was involved in the last war efforts there, although, as far as I know, not the atomic bombing.

After the war, my father helped organize the first atomic bomb strike forces at Strategic Air Command bases in the United States.

It was not until he retired a few years later that I — at the age of 10 — spent enough time with him to begin to understand him.

The war made my father, yet he chose to keep the experience totally separate from his family, perhaps for good reason.

He died in 1973 of multiple myeloma, a blood cancer that even the military now concedes was probably the result of his involvement in atomic testing.

As the years tick by and my family revisits and revisits the scrapbook and historians call for information about my father, his fundamental silence only gets louder.

His burying of memory becomes more painfully obvious and more painful for a grown child who would like to pass folklore along.

A WALK THROUGH THE 8AF HERITAGE MUSEUM

Let's take a walk through the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. Great idea, you say, but it won't be complete until May 1996. Not to worry: use your imagination - you just might be surprised what we can already see of the Museum in our mind's eye!

As we approach the front door we realize the Museum is a much larger building than we had anticipated: 271 feet by 231 feet. We step inside and are immediately impressed by the large rotunda - 100 feet in diameter. We pause a few moments to let it all sink in: the huge 8AF insignia inlaid into the floor, the banners flying overhead representing every bomber group and fighter group and every wing in the Eighth, the plaques representing every unit, the two large bronze busts - one of General Ira Eaker and one of General Jimmy Doolittle - sitting on pedestals. For a moment it is difficult to speak: we feel a strong awareness of the grandeur and might of the Eighth. Then we sense that is exactly what the rotunda designers wanted us to feel.

As we walk toward the receptionist we begin to notice other Museum features: the large snack bar off on our left flank, the large gift store on our right flank.

We leave the rotunda and move into the first exhibit area: a rounded photo wall that starts in 1933 and sets the stage for World War II. Ahead is a mini-theater relating the story of Britain battling on alone against tremendous odds.

We pass through a door and the scene changes suddenly and dramatically. The United States has entered the war and exhibits show the buildup of men, women and material underway. The Eighth Air Force has been created and is on its way to war against the Nazis.

We walk through another door and find ourselves back

on an English airfield in 1943. A wrap-around mural by Peter Hurd (who was over there) depicts typical activities of 8AF people. We walk into a nissan hut where mission planning and a briefing are going on. As we leave the hut we immediately come upon the familiar two-story control tower - it looks like a hundred others that dotted the English landscape during World War II,

In front of the control tower is the main exhibit gallery. Numerous exhibits focus on people and machines depicting the life and times of 8AF people as they daily battled the Nazis during World War II.

To the south of the main exhibits we see the art gallery with its superb collection of 8AF art work. The gallery also serves as a banquet room - what a great atmosphere it creates for a unit gathering!

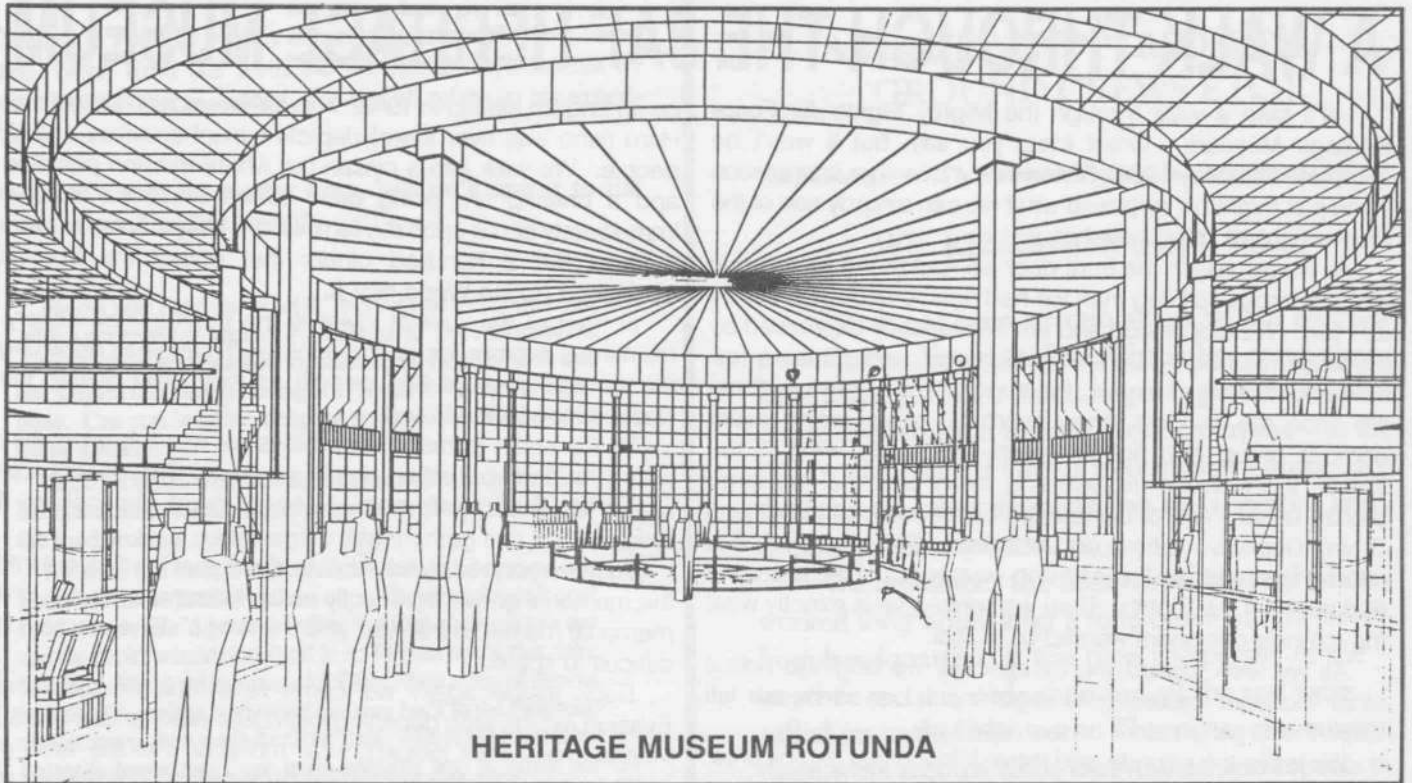
To the west are the large glass doors that lead us out into the memorial gardens. Silently our eyes move from one unit memorial marker to the next and the next.... Once more it is difficult to speak.

Back inside again we come upon the Escape and Evasion exhibit area depicting individual experiences of E&E veterans and their helpers. We move on into the area of exhibits that show the tide of war beginning to turn in favor of the Allies, the coming of D-Day followed by V-E Day, the coming of the atomic age, V-J Day and finally the end of World War II. Along the way we pause at the Prisoner of War exhibit depicting life behind the wire. We are instantly reminded of the extra measure of sacrifice that was required of thousands of Mighty Eighth crew members.

All these exhibits lead us into a large area on the northwest side of the Museum. All around us are large glass

HERITAGE MUSEUM FLOOR PLANS





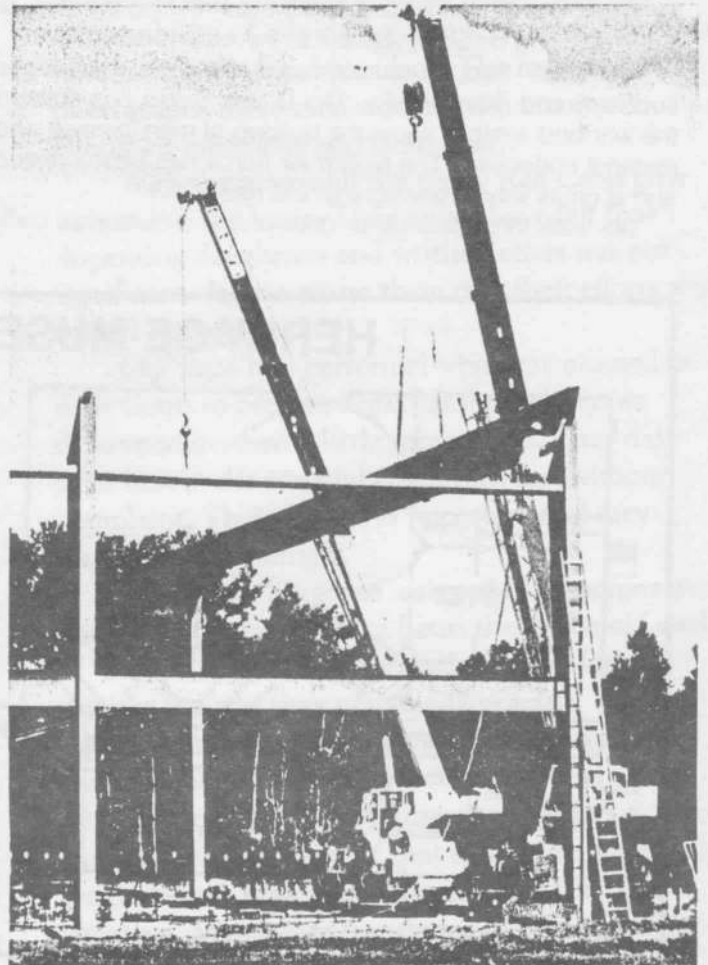
cases containing displays put together by individual bomb groups, fighter groups and support units to honor their role and that of The Mighty Eighth in World War II.

Reluctantly we leave the unit display area and move on to the Freedom Theater which is showing a motion picture recap of the U.S. Army Air Force and The Mighty Eighth in World War II and how airpower helped win the war. From the theater we move through the Legacy Exhibit area featuring photos and information about the seventeen 8AF Medal of Honor recipients, commanders, fighter aces and others.

Eventually we reach the post-war exhibit area highlighting the Eighth Air Force's 43 years as part of the Strategic Air Command. As we near the end of our walk through the Museum we realize we need to stop a moment to catch our emotional breath and we realize that we need to allow a lot more time when we return for our next visit to the Museum.

We ride the elevator to the second floor, go past the meeting and educational rooms, and straight ahead to the Library and Archives which are on the south end. We are mightily impressed by the tremendous amount of information that is available in hard copy, books and electronic form. We browse for a while in this treasure chest of data and quickly realize that we could spend several days here and never leave the Library and Archives.

Finally it is time to leave the Museum. As we make our way out through the rotunda we are firmly convinced that we have visited a very special place - one that our 8AF comrades would be proud to call their own. We are amazed at what we have seen in our mind's eye. And there is no doubt that we will return often to the Museum when it opens for real in May 1996.



EDITOR'S NOTE: This nice letter from Col. Jumper helped one of our members get a good job after college. We ran Bob's "before & after" pictures in the August issue.

25 April 1949

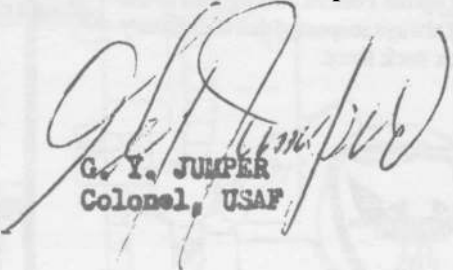
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

1. (1st Lt., U.S.A.F.R.) Joined the 385th Bombardment Group, Heavy (which I then commanded) in November of 1944. The 385th Group, equipped with B-17 airplanes, was one of the Groups of the Third Air Division of the Eighth Air Force in England. In the Initial phase of crew training, cy Operations Section singled out as having ability and promise. Hence, during his early missions as an airplane commander, flying a wing position in the formation, we watched carefully,

2. When he had completed seven missions as a wing man, in January of 1945, we took him off Operations and placed him in lead crew training. Because of his outstanding performance while in lead crew training, we made him an Assistant Group Operations Officer early in February of 1945* In view of the fact that was at that time only twenty years old, our selecting him to be an Assistant Group Operations Officer and to fly as a command pilot leading squadrons of bombers was a particular tribute to his ability and leadership. Thereafter, flew six missions as a command pilot leading squadron formations.

3. The war in Europe ended before could complete a tour of operations. Also, although I had recommended him for promotion to the grade of Captain, the end of the war denied him the grade which he had already earned.

It is a pleasure to me to recommend as an intelligent, able and personable young man who, under the stress of combat operations, clearly demonstrated a flair for leadership and a fine sense of responsibility,


G. Y. JUMPER
Colonel, USAF

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's an amusing story of riding troop trains, taken from the 94th BG Newsletter. It's written by their member Phil D. Garey. We can all relate to his experiences!

Phil wrote a very interesting story, and we'll save it to run parts in future Hardlife Heralds.

World War I had its "40 et 8," but we had the troop train, which consisted of ancient Pullman cars. The assignments were that two men bunked together in the bottom bunk and one singled it in the top. Being 6' 1", I was always given a top bunk. Can you imagine sleeping arrangements like that in today's world?

Toilet facilities were standard Pullman, the only problem being that there were too many men (or too few toilets!), and the food problem contributed to that.

We were fed from a makeshift kitchen in a baggage car. Food was some kind of rations cooked over makeshift coal fired stoves. We'd go down a line holding our mess kits out and the cooks would slop food in it. This on top of that, take it or else. We'd get our mess kit filled, then a cup of almost undrinkable coffee, and wend our way back to the Pullman, wolf it down, then wash it off the gums with scalding coffee. I already knew that there is no possible way to drink hot coffee out of a mess kit cup without burning your mouth. The coffee never cools down. One second it is burning hot and the next second it is ice cold, there is no middle temperature.

At any rate, as soon as we finished our meal we headed back to the kitchen car to wash our gear. They had set up a series of garbage cans on fires burning on a brick floor and the procedure was to scrub out the mess gear in the first one, which had GI soap dissolved in it, then rinse and re-rinse in the garbage cans that followed. Maybe the first guy got his mess gear rinsed, but after that there was always a soapy residue. This brings me back to the toilet problem. Every one, depending on the nature of his internal workings and/or the amount of soap on his mess kit, was either constipated or had the "Big D!" There were not enough toilets.

By the way, there was a touch of luxury on these troop trains. They had the regular Pullman Porters assigned and they swept up and made the bunks. We were led to understand in no uncertain terms by the military troop train crews, that we were expected to tip the Porters. So we did, to the tune of about \$5.00 each. I always suspected that the military train crews got a little kick back there.



ALL SUPPORT PERSONNEL — GROUND CREWS ETC.!'.

The following from "The Tennessee Flyover" Summer Edition - 1994-

WE REMEMBER (Ray E Zuker)

Much has been written about WWII air crew's experiences. Yet in an 8th AF bomber group they were just a part of a much larger organization. That entire organization existed for one purpose— to drop bombs on assigned targets in occupied Europe. To that end air crews depended on the expertise and dedication of many others.

We remember the administrative staff who worked long hours after a field order was received from headquarters. It was then the people in the weather section, ordnance and all the rest were called on to do their work. Then after the mission, there were records to be maintained and reports to write. Certain numbers of these people also had the responsibility of solving problems, often of a personal nature with the local populace. The records and photographs these men worked with are now cherished memories and fading fast.

We remember well the pretty Red Cross girls assigned to our bases. They might have felt that dispensing doughnuts and writing letters was not significant—let me assure them that their efforts were indeed important.

Our mess hall personnel who were aroused in early hours to prepare breakfast for flight crews deserve more than a little recognition. They did their best under stressful conditions and without complaint. Their work was important and they responded accordingly.

The Flight Surgeons assigned to squadrons were always available, no office hours then. The old credo of "Paint them with iodine and mark 'em for duty" was not the way they practiced medicine. These doctors conducted themselves in an exemplary manner that upheld their profession.

The entire Support Teams on all bases did an outstanding job. A point that must be remembered, support-team personnel were on station for the duration. Many were transferred to other combat

units after the fall of the Third Reich.

In all bomber groups there was a procedure called the "Midnight Requisition." A military unit always had a shortage of something or other. It might be a new propeller for a B-24 or B-17 or a bucket of coal to stave off the cold English night. When word went out, the shortage was corrected and no questions were asked as to the source.

The Chaplains were held in special reverence, no matter their respective religious affiliation. As missions mounted and as time passed they were sought after for counsel and blessings. They felt a responsibility for all the group's personnel. Compassion and understanding was their assignment.

The line Crew Chiefs and their mechanics deserve a special mention. Everyone remembers being awakened by the sound of aircraft engines being warmed up. Many times they had to work under dismal working conditions-- out of doors in the cold, rain and high winds. Yet when the airplanes were scheduled to fly they were ready to go. No pilot will ever forget the "thumbs up" sign and salute as the aircraft rolled out of the hard-stand and unto the perimeter track. Tragically, accidents did occur. The 8th A.F. lost many fine young men of the ground crews. Most often these were caused by fatigue or weather conditions, when a man would inadvertently walk into the path of a whirling

propeller or slip off an ice covered aircraft wing.

Yes, we remember and thank all those whose duty it was to "Keep Them Flying."

SERENADE TO THE BLUE LADY
The story of Bert Stiles

By Robert Floyd Cooper

Here's a "different" war story by one of our members, Pilot Robert Floyd Cooper. Bert Stiles, a very sensitive young man, was well-started on a successful writing career when he enlisted in the service, hoping to become a pilot.

He really felt the "Blue Lady" was looking after him when he was transferred to the Air Force and made it through pilot training and ended up with the 91 st BG. He had a number of stories published in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications. Cooper combines his story of flying missions with Bert's earlier writings, giving a really heart-warming and poignant feeling of closeness to Stiles as he develops from a foot-loose young man to a sometimes unsure co-pilot and then to a P51 pilot.

The book contains 35 archival photographs and is paperback 243 pages.

It's a story that you should read. Available from Pan Pacific Press, Box 72090, David, CA 95617. \$12.50 plus \$2.50 handling, with 20% off for 2 or more.

385th BGMA APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Please Print

LAST NAME, First, MI.

Spouse's Name

Street or P.O. Box #

Telephone Number

City, State, & Zip Code

Squadron or Support Unit

The annual dues are Ten Dollars (\$10.00)
Life-time memberships are one payment of \$100.00
Make Check out to "385th BGMA" and mail to:
John F. Pettenger, Treas.
Box 117
Laurel, FL 34272-0117

POW Capture Data
Date
Place
Stalag Unit

Life-time memberships are used to perpetuate the memorial at All Saints Church in Great Ashfield, Suffolk County, England.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

An up-date from your UK contact - please run my address if you can, some people seem to have missed it.

Firstly, I enclose a picture of th^{*1} wreath laid on behalf of the 385th at this year's VE Day Memorial Service at Madingley on May 6th. Sue and I chose a symbolic "V" for victory which is also a theme in the 385th's coat-of-arms. The flowers were red and white on a cushion decorated with blue ribbons to create a colour theme appreciated in both our countries. On the card were two words, "In Remembrance" - not only for those who perished during World War Two but for the many who served at Great Ashfield and have passed away since the Group left these shores in 1945. As Chaplain (Colonel) Jack W. Elliott, USAF, gave the Benediction, the B-17 "Sally-B" escorted by a P-51 Mustang and a Spitfire flew over in salute (picture enclosed). I've also enclosed a picture of the Vice President giving his address and one of yours truly at the grave of Warren J. Pease, one of the many 385th casualties whose grave I visited that day. I never knew any of these men personally but so many of their stories are known to me because of my research into the proud history of the 385th. Warren J. Pease died when his B-17 collided with that of Captain John N. Hutchinson, Jr., while returning from the mission to Diepholz on 21 st February, 1944. For me, it was an honour to represent and remember the 385th and I know Sue felt likewise.

Shortly after the service at Madingley, Sue and I had dinner with Fran and Bob Bennett and Bob gave me a frank insight into his days at Great Ashfield and told me some of his experiences - I've now written to see if he'll put them on cassette, they were excellent and extended into his career with the 9th Air Force including some sorties in P-47s. Talking of P-47s, I enclose a picture of one doing a superb buzz-job at Great Ashfield, can anyone remember this - who/when/why? The picture was one of several copies from originals belonging to Les Wise. Another atmospheric shot borrowed off Les shows B-1 7s contrailing, the one bottom-left is 42-30836, "Dragon Lady" lost at 13.2.44, when flown by Lt. Herron and crew. Finally, from Les, came a superb shot of "Mississippi Miss" (42-102679), can anyone tell me who was flying her when this picture was taken? Note that the famous square "G" has been removed, presumably to be replaced by the red checker-board markings which the group wore from circa March, 1945.

Another picture from my collection shows a group of personnel in relaxed mood but I've no idea who they are, does anyone recognize any faces? Then there's a picture of "lady guests" at the 200th mission party. Legend has it they were still finding leftover ladies "guests" six weeks after the party - come on, own up, tell me the truth!

Lastly in this batch is a picture showing officers discussing the route to target. I recognize Paul Schulz on the left and Colonel Van but who are the others?

David Wade and I have had some discussion about the tour planned for next year and he's in contact with the folks at Great Ashfield. We're all hoping the 385th can make another mission to England in 1996 which will be the twentieth anniversary of the first reunion trip and, perhaps, the last time a large formation of veterans can be assembled.

Later this year I'll be doing the 385th slide show at Great Ashfield because there's a strong interest in your history and it's a good way of raising funds for the Memorial Trust and the church.

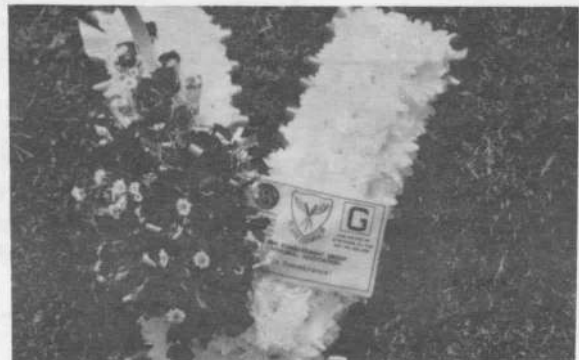
That's about it for now,

Your friend,
Ian McLachlan
10 All Saints Green
Worlingham Beedes, Suffolk
NR34 7RR England

EDITOR'S NOTE: Col Van & Col Jumper didn't tolerate the kind of ship that would have supported that "legend" about lady guests on our Base, Ian. Don't put any credence into that one.



200th Mission Party





Great Ashfield
Route to Target
IP - Initial Point RP - Rally Point



P-47 Thunderbolt
Buzz-job - Great Ashfield



A/C Bottom left 42-30836 "Dragon Lady"



"M" 42-102679 "Mississippi Miss"



Relaxed Mood - Great Ashfield

Dear Ed:

Just re-read MARTIN CAIDINS' great paperback "FLYING FORTS" the B-17 in World War II. I had forgotten the reference in his book to, Lieutenant Elliot Vandevanter and three bombing runs on December 12, 1941. Perhaps others in the 385th would be interested. It has been quite a mental readventure for me as we prepare to remember the 50th Anniversary of VE day.

This time thru FLYING FORTS certainly reveals how insignificant ones contribution to the war really was. I guess the fact some of us survived is truly by the Grace of God, which no one can deny.

If this is old stuff, just consider the source.

George Behl
Springfield, IL 62702

Dear Ed,

I just finished reading the latest copy of HLH. Great articles in this issue.

Ed, I noticed on the masthead that our ship "Belle of the Blue", that the letter E is left off of Belle. I wonder if this could be corrected?

I am also enclosing a photo of the 548th mascot Bugs, dressed in his A-2 jacket and checking out a painting of our "Belle".

The painting of our fort was sent to me by our Radio Operator John Richardson, a friend of his has done 2 or 3 paintings and sent each of us one.

Sincerely,

Bob Lopiano
548th Squadron
75 Summit Hill Dr.
Rochester, NY 14612

P.S. My daughter Linda, found Bugs at a flea market and gave him to me last Father's Day.



Dear Ed,

Just a few lines asking why the plane "Betty Jo" is not on the cover of Hardlife Herald. The plane was pretty famous, flew 78 missions without an abort. Took off from Chintilly, France on three engines. Pilot at the time was Capt. Warren Hall, that was a feat in itself.

I think it should get on the cover of Hardlife Herald. John DeBerg, Crew Chief on "Lil Audrey" can verify all this. I think "Betty Jo" and her 78 missions deserve a place on the cover. I was also crew chief, part of the time on "Raunchy Wolf", full time on "Junior", "Off Spring" and one didn't even have a name. It's first flight, had a collision with Capt. Bask, as I understand it.

Not complaining, just talking.

Sincerely,

Joe Zorzoli
Box 264
Walls, Miss. 38680

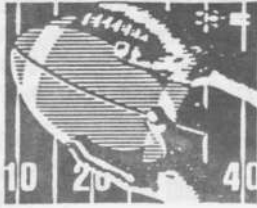
EDITOR'S NOTE: We try to add names when we're told -- you should have told us sooner, Joe! Any others out there?



Christmas at Great Ashfield



Captain Warren Hall named their ship after my baby daughter Betty Jo. Flew 78 missions without an abort
Joe Zorzoli



Football Banquet for winning the championship.
 Joe seated 1 st at the table to your left.
 We worked hard, but had fun also.



Me in the center and my two aviators.
 Capt. Sherill finished his turn on Junior War
 Shot down on 28th mission.
 In fact Lt. Fry was flying Junior when shot down.
 Underground got him and tail gunner out
 after 3 months in France underground.



Joe Zorzoli
 changing two engine on Betty Jo, getting ready to fly home
 for redeployment.



Both waist gunners
 One of the crew's wife had a baby.
 I forget who, and the name fitted well.



Joe Zorzoli
 Replacing tail section on Betty Jo, shot away on a
 mission. I think Capt. Bash was pilot on this mission.
 Had to replace rudder (camouflage) got it off wrecked
 plane,
 looked funny on the silver but worked fine, she go: us
 home.

Dear Editor:

I think it is about time that I called to your attention another record that the 385th might have set, dubious as it might be.

During the month of July 1944, the German Gestapo with some help from French collatorators penetrated the escape line set up by the French underground. In this period there were 165 Allied Airmen captured. There were 83 Americans in this group. Included also were four from the 385th which was a record as no other group had that many. Not only that but all four were from the same crew, Ralph Palmers. We were flying the "Huslin Hussy". We were flying a mission to Frankfurt when we were shot down. We had lost an engine due to flak on the way to the target. We stayed in formation and dropped our bombs. However, on the way out we could not keep up with the formation. This was on January 29, 1944. Attacked by German fighters, one waist gunner killed, by the time we were over Belgium there was nothing left to the plane. Nine of us bailed out safely. The pilot being the last out landed in the outskirts of a small town. A Belgium directed him to a farmhouse where the farmer agreed to shelter him. Unfortunately, the Germans showed up almost at once and he was caught. The Gestapo proceeded to shoot the farmer and his wife in front of Ralph, which affected Ralph for the rest of his life. He was put into a P.O.W. camp and after his return to the States he was relegated to a V.A. mental institution where he died in 1980.

The four of us who had evaded for six months were caught in July 1944 by the Gestapo. The Germans were becoming more active in the area where we were hiding. In order to relieve the danger to the Belgians who were hiding us we decided to try and reach the Allied lines. The other four crew members stayed with the Belgium underground and were liberated in October 1945.

What bothered me most of all was what happened at the first reunion of the 385th I attended. At the invitation of the emcee, I gave a short history of my experiences. I delineated my evasion for six months, capture by the Gestapo and imprisonment. When I mentioned having spent four months in Buchenwald Concentration Camp (KLB), I was asked what was KLB. I was surprised that at this late date a military man was not familiar with KLB. I told him that KLB was the first concentration camp established by Hitler and was responsible for over 65,000 deaths, a few thousand we had seen. After 4 months we were transferred to a regular POW camp, namely Stalag Luft 3. After this explanation the response was "gee, you did a lot of traveling". While in KLB all of us lost from 60 to 70 pounds. I weighed 187 while in the underground and 116 after 4 weeks in KLB.

The response of the emcee reminded that the U.S. Government still denies that there were any military personnel in a concentration camp. Presently there is a bill in the House of Representatives to have the President issue a Proclamation to honor those who were in a concentration camp.

Thought this story might add to the history of the 385th even though it has been ignored for 50 years. The four crew members were myself, Bill Powell, Navigator, Art Pacha, Engineer, Bill Williams, Waist Gunner and Leo "Pop" Reynolds, Ball turret Gunner.

Bill Powell

EDITOR'S NOTE: We sent Bill a copy of Ron Hanauer's story from the December 1992 Hardlife Herald (response to his 4th paragraph).

BILL POWELL BEFORE - AFTER



Bill Powell - 1946



Bill Powell - 1995

Dear Ed,

What a pleasant surprise! The other day I received in the mail the August issue of HARDLIFE HERALD. It was most considerate of you folks to research the membership of the Eighth Air Force Historical Association and send along your newsletter. It is excellent. I sat down and read it cover to cover. It rekindled my memories of serving with the 385th. And it was fun to see the photos and references to Bob Silver. He was our pilot through crew training in the States, flew us to the U.K. and our first missions with the 548th. He was some kind of pilot: brought us back from a mid-air collision before we went overseas and from a mission to Mersberg in 1944 when we came back with the B-17 having more of a semblance to a piece of Swiss cheese; afterwards we counted over 165 flak holes before heading for a shot of brandy and dinner.

The trouble was our crew was too damn sharp. The basic crew became a squadron leader, so Willie, the ball turret gunner and I became substitutes for the balance of our combat missions. While a shock to our crew comradery it never shook our faith in the leadership, flying personnel and ground crews to get us through the war safely, and we "saw" Mersberg (again), Hamburg, Big "B", Little "B", et al.

My war memories have been anything but dormant until now. While I lost contact with the original crew members, I have had many contacts with ex flyers, crew chiefs and other support personnel. On occasion I would dig out the photos I took while in Oklahoma, crew members, Great Ashfield, London, the 385th in action-bombs away, flak-London and finally the Statue of Liberty from our troop ship on return home in '45. A couple of years ago friends urged me to put together a portfolio and slide program from these war-time shots. This proved worthwhile; one day the author Phil Kaplan came to visit and reviewed my collection, and some of my shots were publisher's¹ in his ROUND THE CLOCK.

My slide show seems to have come off fairly well also. I have given the show to area camera clubs and a military history group.

I read longingly about your forthcoming reunion in Omaha. Your participation certainly speaks well of the group. I envy your getting together to refresh memories, friendships. I hope I can make it to a future reunion; maybe next year, maybe London and Great Ashfield. In the meantime, how about a get together in the future in the Washington, DC area? Advantages: Air and Space Museum and the Suitland facility of the Smithsonian where the old planes are put back together, and lots of attractions for the ladies.

And finally I submit for your review and approval my application and check for membership in the 385th Bombardment Group Memorial Association. Also a couple of Dollars for any older issues of HARDLIFE HERALD you may have on hand and choose to send me.

Sincerely,

Jim Dacey
2305 N. Monroe St.
Arlington, VA 22207

Dear Ed,

Still enjoy receiving the Hardlife Herald. As time flies by, names, dates, planes slip away but when one sees a familiar one it helps chase the cobwebs.

Thank you for giving me Ivan Klohe's address. Had a good talk with him.

Still trying to locate Ed Cavanaugh. He flew for a short time as radio operator on our crew. It began with Shankle, LaCasse, Klohe, Heuser.

Sincerely,

Charles Hill
Left Waist
48 Wadesboro Circle
Franklin, NC 28734

Dear Editor:

Please know I would like to see all of you at the 385th Reunion in Omaha. Due to a case of bronchitis and sinusitis, I may not be able to be there in person. (Please keep me on the mailing list).

I would like each of you to know how deeply I appreciate your sacrifice and tribulations during your service in World War II. I will never take for granted that each of you risked your life during each mission. I hope and pray you always receive the great thanks and appreciation you have earned and deserve. My heart and mind reach out to each of you-God bless you, and thank you very much.

My mother and father, both gone now, spoke of you and your missions often. I will always remember you through mom and dad. I wish you health and prosperity. My God bless each of you richly.

With my highest thanks and appreciation,

Kent S. Brucker
893 Heritage East
Columbus, OH 43213



Col. Jumper presenting Capt. Myron with trophy.
 We won the 8th Air Force Football championship.
 I played on that team, also Capt. Carin & Capt. Salkeld,
 (from Joe Zorzoli)

Dear Mr. Stem,

In an effort to find out information about my uncle, Harvey Dater, that was an 8th Air Force pilot in World War II, I have been led to you.

Perhaps you can supply names and addresses of any one who may have known him. Also, perhaps you could supply me with any information you might have about activities surrounding his last flight.

The following is all of the information I have at this time:

Serial number - 0-755299
 8th Air Force - 8 Bomb Group - 4th Wing
 385th Group - 548th Squadron
 KIA - 12, September 1944.

Any information you could add to this would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you for your cooperation.
 Sincerely,

Harvey Dater
 22317 Califa Street
 Woodland Hills, CA 91367

EDITOR'S NOTE: This was the mission to Bohlen (our #183) and we lost Newman's crew. Please send Harvey any information you have.

Dear Ed,

Just read Andy Rooney's book MY WAR. He devotes 100 pages to the air war. Is very complimentary of the 8th AF crews. Flew with 385th to St. Nazaire.

As ever,

Jim McDonald



Great Elmswell Depot
 Winter of 1943-1944
 Waiting for train to London
 Bill Powell, Pat Howard, Skagg and Ralph Palmer



Dear Ed:

After reading in the "LOST" column of the August '95 issue that George H. Salkeld was among the missing, I went through my files and came up with this picture of George and his crew taken 27 October 1944 in Ardmore, Okla., shortly before going to the ETO. I thought it would be of interest to those who knew him and members of his crew. George started off in hut #6 of the 549th, flew his first 5 missions with this crew and then went to the 551st as Asst. Ops. Officer. Our 1st mission was the 2000 plane max effort on 24 December 1944, our target Gross Osheim airdrome near Frankfort, where the squadron suffered very heavy losses; #2 on 27 December was to the M/Y at Andernach; #3 on 30 December was to the M/Y at Manheim; #4 on 6 January was to Worms; and #5 on 7 January was to Hamm, where an engine caught fire at the IP and we came home alone on three, landing at Horham. After

George went to the 551 st, I flew 14 missions with Lt. Vincent Pitts, and finished 34 missions with Shank and DesCognets. I was hit in the left shoulder by flak over target Ratingen in the Rhur on my 18th mission 22 March 1945 (the flak there was so heavy you could walk on it). I finished up with 4 low level "SPAM" missions to Holland, and flew back to Bradley Field, Conn. 19 June with Lt. Alf M. Jacobson. I kept in touch with George over the years and last saw him and Co-pilot Milton Coudyser at the L.A. reunion in 1985. I sure hope we can find him-he was a good pilot and a good friend.

Sincerely,

Thomas A. Heydon
Colonel USAF (Ret)
48 Post Road
Greenland, New Hampshire 03840



GEORGE H. SALKELD'S 549TH SQUADRON CREW

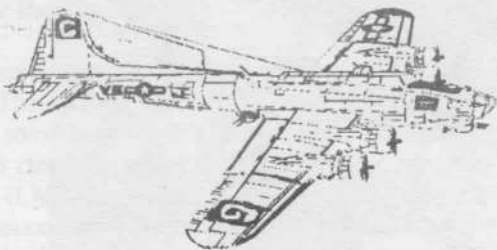
Front L-R: Cpl Smukler-Asst Eng; Cpl Carl Zabel-Armorer; Rear L-R: 2nd Lt. George H. Salkeld-Pilot; F/O Milton Sgt Jack Cole-Eng; Cpl Joe Devers-Radio; Cpl LaFrench-Tail Coudyser-Co-Pilot; 2nd Lt. Thomas A. Heydon-Navigator; F/O Edward Duval-Bombardier.

Dear George,

I might have an interesting item for the Association. I was born and raised in Fulton, MO. and lived there until graduated from High School in 1938 and went to California to go to Junior college. As a youth, I had a paper route in the town and one of my customers was a Mrs. Offutt. Her son, Basil Offutt, grew up in Fulton, attended schools there and I think went to West Point. At any event, he was in the Air Corps, and I remember his being in town on leave and seeing him in uniform. He was some years older than I, and I didn't really know him, but I think he must be the person that Offutt Air Base was named after. I don't know just what were the circumstances, but wonder if this is not the case. I think he was a Lt. Col. when the war started, so he must have been a real part of the Air Corps. I would like to know the story, sometime, perhaps after you get over all the hard work on the reunion you could let me know.

Sincerely,

Jim Emmons
1649 Via Tovita
San Lorenzo, CA 94580



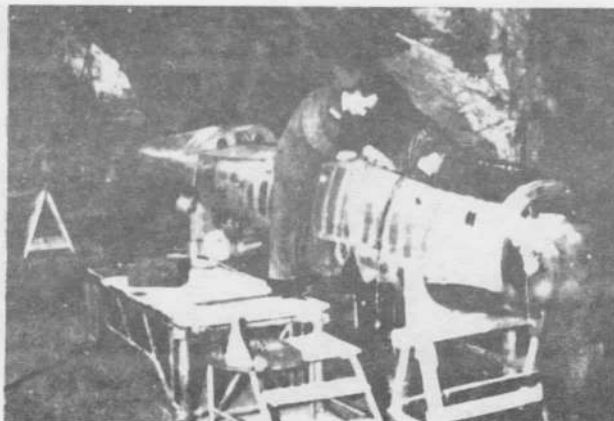
Dear Ed,

I was aware we drove some a/c production underground, but never heard of this airplane in a battle factory. Source was an elder hosteling cousin, Ida Scott, well aware of our heroic efforts on behalf of democracy.

Spouse is occupying the medics with spinal problems, casting doubt on Omaha attendance.

Best Wishes,

Ty Winton
420 Beach Dr.
Destin, FL 32541



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