


OHIO AIR FORCE GOLDEN GOOSE THUNDERBIRD WANDERING DUCHESS CURLY'S KIDS
 SKY GODDESS OL' WAR HORSE BLUE CHAMPAGNE MARY ELLEN
 SALLY B ROUNDTRIP TICKET PICCADILLY QUEEN DRAGON LADY
 HONKY TONK SAL RAUNCHY WOLF CHOWHOUND YANK GELDING WINNIE THE POOH
 HESITATIN' HUSSY "HAYBAG" ANNIE MISS AMERICA STARS AND STRIPES
 LIBERTY BELLE HUSTLIN' HUSSY PREGNANT PORTIA DORSAL QUEEN WAR WEARY
 BIG GAS BIRD ANGELS SISTER L'L AUDREY LEADING LADY ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 STAR DUST **HARD LIFE**  **HERALD** HARES BREATH
 SKY CHIEF SLO JO TARGET FOR TONIGHT MARY PAT
 MR. LUCKY PERRY'S PIRATES GIZMO SACK TIME SLY FOX
 MADAME SHOO SHOO ROGER THE DODGEF JUNIOR SHACK N LADY
 PAT PENDING POSSIBLE STRAIGHT MICKY IMPATIENT VIRGIN OL' DOODLE BUG
 ROUNDTRIP JACK HOMESICK ANGEL LATEST RUMOR RUBY'S RAIDERS SWEET CHARIOT
 SHACK BUNNY MY GAL SAL MAIDEN AMERICA SWINGING DOOR MISSISSIPPI MISS
 SOUTHERN BELLE SPIRIT OF CHICAGO BIG STINKY VIBRANT VIRGIN MISSION BELLE LULU BELLE
 MARY ELLEN III VAT 69 RAGGEDY ANNE MAC'S HACK OL' RUM DUM FOOLISH VIRGIN
 HOT CHOCLATE LIL-LU YANK LADY ANN CRASH WAGON III RAGGED BUT RIGHT
 IN LIKE FLYNN STORK CLUB AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' MARY ELLEN II



**NEWSLETTER OF THE
 385th BOMBARDMENT GROUP MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION**



COMBAT UNITS

HQ. SQUADRON
 548th BOMB SQ.
 549th BOMB SQ.
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 551st BOMB SQ.

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PREZ SEZ:

Hi Gang,

This issue of Hard Life should contain all the latest information on the groups' trip back to England and the old base. Hope everyone is giving it serious consideration and that we'll see a lot of you there. Anyone that has made one of the previous trips will know what a great time we'll have. David Wade, who has set up several of the past trips, always does a good job for us and is almost considered a member of the group.

This will be another great opportunity to show our fallen comrades and friends our respect, when we visit the cemetery at Cambridge and our chapel at All Saints Church. You know we're not getting any younger (darn it) and this may be our last chance to do so.

1992 will be a great year to visit the U.K. as it is the 50th anniversary of the 8th A.F. becoming operational in England and the English are planning many events and exhibitions to commemorate the event.

Bob Smith, our host for the Spokane reunion, and I, have received quite a few suggestions for our next get-together in '93. Bob is trying to incorporate as many of the ideas as possible in his plans, but unfortunately, some of the suggestions were mutually exclusive. We've tried to use what we thought would be the best in these cases. Please don't feel hurt, if your idea wasn't the one selected. Maybe it will be used next time. Bob is really doing a great job with his planning.

Dave Dennis from New York and Frank Sutter and his wife, are planning to visit us in October. Anyone else who might be in the area, give us a ring. October is our most beautiful month in Virginia and we plan on having a great time. The only problem is that I've run out of lies after all our reunions and can sure use some help in that area. Anyone got any suggestions?

Sid

**50th Anniversary Reunion-Spokane, WA
 August 25-29 1993**

CHAPLAIN JIM SEZ:

As we grow older we become aware how important is humor. An elderly lady in our church recited this poem to the congregation when she was 90 years old.

"A bee is such a busy soul
She has not time for birth control
That is why in times like these
There are so many sons-of-bees,"

God must have a real sense of humor. Look how many funny-looking "Sons-of-bees" we are.

Sincerely,

Jim Vance

□ □ □ □ LIFE MEMBERS* □ □ □

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Henry S. Walker 1989
Robert R. Peel June 1991

Dear Ed,

I am enclosing the obituary about my husband, Robert G. Peel, who passed away on June 26 after a long battle with Lung cancer. When he was diagnosed, he rationalized by being thankful for the 46 years he had after he was shot down over Germany in 1944.

You may remember that your publication ran his story of our return visit to Germany 30 years after his parachute jump and that we visited the hospital in Werl where he was taken after he was found. Last year our daughter paid a visit to the same hospital

We have visited Great Ashfield twice, also.

He always talked proudly of the Army Air Corps and the 385th.

Sincerely,

Joyce M. Peel

Bob Peel, veteran outdoors writer won many awards

Bob Peel, The Post-Standard outdoors writer who for 31 years brought tales of the outdoors to legions of his followers, died Wednesday after a long struggle with cancer. He died at Frog Hollow, his home near Cazenovia that became familiar to readers.



PEEL

Mr. Peel wrote under the name Rod Hunter, a fit name for the hunter and fisherman. He wrote of high adventure and low-life characters with equal zest and authority. His exploits in the Arctic Circle or New Zealand were shared with his readers in the same calm and often funny manner that he'd relive a moment fishing what he'd call a "damp spot" near Fabius.

Mr. Peel's stories in The Post-Standard sports pages since 1972, the former Empire Magazine, and more recently Stars Magazine and Hometown Voices reflected his caring and appreciation for fellow sports enthusiasts. Kids excited about catching panfish got the same billing as their experienced elders reeling in record monsters.

Mr. Peel seldom talked about himself. Few knew that he had been a tail gunner on a B-17 shot down over Germany in World War II and stoically bore the pain of that adventure's wounds the rest of his life. The German hospital staff adopted him, and when he went back to visit in 1974, two of the nurses who had worked so hard to save him were still there and remembered him as a patient, not a prisoner. He was awarded the Purple Heart and Air Medal with Dak Leaf Cluster.

His work won awards every year. Among them: Conservation Work Award, Sherrill Rod and Gun Club (1969); Wildlife Conservation Award, Park Central Presbyterian Church (1970); Iron Horse Award, Syracuse Recreation League (1975); Man of the Year, Onondaga County Federation of Sportsmen Clubs (1977); Outstanding Communicator of the Year, Women in Communication (1981); Best Feature Column, New York State Associated Press Association (1982); Conservationist of the Year, Oneida Lake Association (1983); Conservationist of the Year, Central New York Wildfowling Asso-

ciation (1984); Excellence in Craft Award, New York State Outdoor Writers' Association (1985 and 1986).

Last year Mr. Peel was honored by a special resolution of the New York State Legislature that said "like the beauty of nature and the freedom of the great outdoors.

Robert Peel's writing has flourished, not only because of his journalistic skill, but as much, or more, because of his appreciation of those wonders and his ability to communicate his knowledge and feelings to his readers."

This year, the Syracuse Sportsmen's Roundtable recognized his "20 years of conscientious chairmanship of our group of fishermen, hunters, conservationists, bird watchers and all-round environmentalists dedicated to promoting and pursuing the best for the people and creatures of Central New York."

Brewerton Sports shop owner Chuck Rogers talked about his many hunting trips with Peel. "He was an avid, avid woodcock hunter. If there was anything he loved in his life, it was woodcock hunting and we did a lot of it. He was informative on various types of wildflowers; every kind of wild-life he was up on. Anything to do with the outdoors you couldn't go wrong listening to Bob," he told The Post-Standard.

Syracuse Newspapers President Stephen Rogers often shared a boat with Mr. Peel on eastern Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. "Bob Peel was one of the really great fishermen, outdoorsmen and writers. He did great work for the environment, the animals and fish that inhabit it, and the sportsmen who share it. Sometimes Bob did something tongue-in-cheek and got a rise out of people who weren't paying attention. It may have been a bit far out, but he had people believing the water around here was filled with piranha," he told The Post-Standard.

Rogers was referring to a 1974 story Bob wrote about piranha being accidentally stocked in area streams for the trout opener on April 1. Mr. Peel's account of the South American fish included warnings "to stay at least three feet away from the creek bank on most major streams and to absolutely not get into the water itself." He wrote that the fierce predator had been "known to completely devour an ox in less than five minutes."

1992 TRIP TO ENGLAND FOR 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF 8TH AIR FORCE

Check the insert telling all about our 385th visit to England, fill out your form, and start making your plans!

And while you're at it, listen to this story about how the brochures got here. Your Editor had a letter from David Wade telling us that his firm had a tour coming to Fargo over Labor Day to attend a Steam Thresher's Festival a few miles from Fargo. 20 Tractor aficionados from England, Scotland, Ireland actually came over here, arriving Sunday, going to the Festival Monday, then up to see probably the largest privately-owned Tractor collection in captivity (it was a few miles from the Missile silo our Reunion Group in Fargo visited. Then Tuesday, they visited the Case Tractor Factory that we visited, then home to England-without seeing ANY of the other things we did for our Reunion! But they DID bring 1200 brochures for us.

Which gives us an idea. Let's schedule the 1995 Reunion in Fargo so you can see the things you missed on your first visit. Over Labor Day. All Tractor enthusiasts, please send in your vote.

Just kidding-but you would be welcome again.



Sid and Lee Colthrope



Chaplain Jim Vance

CROIX DE GUERRE UPDATE

Elmer Snow received word from his Congressman, Dean Gallo, with the suggestion that he write a letter to His Excellency Jacques Andreani at the French Embassy in Washington. On July 10, Elmer received a reply from Col. H. Bentegeat, Air Attache to the French Embassy, acknowledging the request and stating that there was nothing that could be done about our request, since issuance of any decoration related to World War II was discontinued by decree in 1954, as the American authorities have done since 1951.

Senator Burdick of North Dakota also received the same reply in his efforts on our behalf.

He further stated that the only possibility to reopen this would be an official request by the government of the US to the French Government.

While this seems pretty "final" we will keep you informed if anything turns up.

In the meantime, we will print some of the Maquis drop letters in Hardlife Herald-they make interesting reading.

Dear Ed,

Just received the July Newsletter and hasten to supply you with a bit more information, as a follow-up to the pictures I mailed to you last month.

It was my pleasure to deliver the Keynote address at the Flag-raising in Peterborough (N.H.) at the Historical Society and the event was covered by both our local newspapers. I am enclosing the stories. This was planned as a special Fourth of July observance.

This has a double purpose, Ed, because it may help in the acknowledgement of our Group's participation in the Bastille Day drop of supplies to the Maquis in Southern France on July 14th, 1944.

As PRO for the Group, Col. VanDevanter scheduled me to fly the mission and as a result, the story written for the papers in the States made the 2nd page of the New York Daily News and Chicago as well. A faxed copy of the news article is enclosed. It was a syndicated release from Eighth Air Force so I am sure it made many more hometown newspapers, but these two I know of for sure. My Pilot, by the way, was Lieut. Volrath and we flew in his Fortress, Miss D-Day, so named because it had it's first two flights on that historic day.

Do hope this will be of some help in the follow-up for Frank Sutter.

Sincerely,

Rally Dennis
110 Spring Road
Peterborough, NH 03458

Dear Ed,

Regarding more information on Maquis Croix de Guerre effort (per July 1991 385th BGMA Newsletter) please pass this letter on to Frank Sutter.

Our crew with pilot B.O. Bush and co-pilot Earl Malchow, 548th Squadron, flew on the August 1st 1944 supply drop. We had twelve 500 pound cannisters full of ammo, weapons, medical supplies etc., to support the up-coming Allied invasion of Southern France later in August.

On this mission our plane carried two high ranking French army officers to be observers of the drop. Before take-off that day there was talk that upon return from the mission these officers would bestow the Croix de Guerre on all the members of our crew for participation in the mission. However, those of us who flew the mission remember it was very rough flying that day so close to the ground for several hours before and after the drop. The French officers on our plane became violently airsick and vomited frequently during the flight. We became very concerned for them as to dehydration, etc. We called ahead for medical assistance before we landed. As soon as we arrived they were immediately taken by ambulance to the hospital. Naturally, under these circumstances there was no talk of activity concerning the awarding of the Croix de Guerre to anyone that day.

Although we thought about the award once in a while, things get forgotten over 46 years. Then Herb Caen's column November 9, 1990 in the San Francisco Chronicle stated, "San Francisco's Alan Goldman just received a Croix de Guerre from France 46 years after he was a navigator on a B-17 that dropped supplies to the French Underground. Surviving members of his bomber group got them too, with no explanation for the long delay."

The only other member of our crew that I know is still living is Orren Curl who resides in California. Co-pilot Earl Malchow passed away in March of this year.

Hope you find this letter interesting and informative.

Sincerely,

John R. Cunin
3348 Chelsea Drive
Cleveland Heights, OH 44118

Dear Frank,

It was a pleasant surprise to receive your telephone call last evening. During the meeting I was out of the room for a few minutes and missed the discussion on the Croix de Guerre. The only information I got was that you were going to send a letter.

According to our conversation last night I am enclosing copies of information that I received from Maxwell Field. This information is the culmination of letters I have been sending since November 1990. The top letter is a letter to our Representative, Dean Gallo. To date no reply. The other copies are self explanatory. I trust that you will find this information helpful to your efforts.

We flew with Lt. Ferguson's crew and the following is from his diary:

"14 July '44. Flew to Southern France on a secret mission for 9:30 hours. There were ME-109's in the area as we flew #3 position on Thompson's lead. Roy was using the relief tube when bandits came in the area. Dropped canisters of supplies to the Free French. Al and I flew very good formation on this mission in 2008T".

In addition our bombardier recorded in his diary that the mission was to Vallences near Vasieux, France. Name of plane: "Lil Audrey".

Our tail gunner, Jerome B. Harman, fired at a ME-109 and I got off about 5 rounds from the top turret before tail surfaces interfered. Jerome said he saw smoke trailing from the fighter and put in a claim for it but it was not confirmed.

Our crew was made up of the following:

Victor W. Ferguson - Pilot
Alvin E. Brower - Copilot (deceased)
Roy L. Hill - Navigator
Robert Dale Dykins - Bombardier
Elmer E. Snow - Engineer
John F. Minco - Gunner, Waist
Frederick E. Wolf - Gunner, Waist
Thomas R. Kemler - Radio Operator (deceased)
William E. Salkeld - Gunner, Ball turret (deceased)
Jerome B. Harmon Jr. - Gunner, Tail

Perhaps we can locate other crews who flew on the supply drop missions if we send a letter to Ed Stern for publication in the 385th BGMA Newsletter. I will write the letter if you feel it would be a help in gathering all the names of crews involved. However, I would suggest we proceed with the other steps because it may take some time to locate the names of all involved in the effort.

I was able to contact Alan Goldman who was mentioned in **The San Francisco Chronicle** article by Herb Caen. He was notified by Edward Huntzinger, Secretary-Treasurer of the 388th Bomb Group Association of the award but has not yet received it. Further Ed Huntzinger wrote to me to say they are still waiting to hear from the French Government and that he would keep me advised on the progress.

My wife and I thoroughly enjoyed the reunion at Tulsa and we are looking forward to Spokane in '93. Our crew had all seven surviving members at the reunion. We located the bombardier last December. He had not been heard from in over 40 years. Also our waist gunner Fred Wolf surfaced a couple of years ago. He had heard of the 385th BGMA and remembered my name which enabled him to make contact with us.

If I can provide any further information or assist you, do not hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,

Elmer Snow
139 Runnymede Road
West Caldwell, NJ 07006

Dear Ed,

After reading the July 1991 "HARDLIFE HERALD" I felt I just had to write a letter and get in my two cents worth. For years I have been wondering why the 100th group got all the glory for the air drop missions to the French Underground. Years ago I read about the French Croix de Guerre being given to the 100th in Edward Jablonski's book, Flying Fortress (copywrite 1965 Page 220-221). I flew ball turret on all three missions and remember them well. We would cross the English Channel and French Coast at about 18,000 ft., and then let down in the beautiful countryside of southern France. We would be on the deck when we reached the drop sight. In the ball turret I had the best seat in the house (plane). I vividly remember passing over a little country schoolhouse. The teacher and all the kids came running out into the schoolyard waving and yelling. You could almost hear them yell Go Yanks Go! Did they know we were coming? At the drop site the Marquis would be waiting for us. On one mission they even had two old cars and a small truck standing by to haul away the supplies. We would come in so low that the chutes would pop open just before the canisters hit the ground. I'll never forget the Frenchman that ran out to one of the canisters, gathered up the chute cut the shrouds, and handed the chute to a nearby woman. I'll bet the chute turned into a new dress. The French countryside was very beautiful, all hills and valleys. I have always wanted to be back and see that part of France. On one flight we did get hit by fighters, they made one or two passes and then turned their attention to the French and supplies in the ground. The next day or two at a mission briefing we were all informed all supplies were picked up ok, they must have had good radio communications with England. Mary & I are looking forward to Spokane in '93. We'll see you there.

Sincerely,

George J. Hunter

Dear Ed,

In re-reading the July issue of the Herald I noted the article about Maquis Croix de Guerre effort and would like to make the following remarks.

There should be no question about the 385th participation in these missions. The Groups efforts are well recorded in the 8th Air Force records available at the United States Air Force Historical Research Center located at Maxwell Air Force Base. If push came to shove concerning proof that the Group participated, I would be more than happy to do down to Maxwell and spending \$10.00 to copy enough documents out of the records to convince the devil himself that we were there. Also the missions are shown under their code names in the Group history authored by Lt. Col. Marston S. Leonard. Finding the actual crews that flew these missions will be a horse of another color. In this regard we, Charley Mawer's crew, flew on the June 25th mission. As such I am attaching a typewritten transcript of my written notes covering the mission. I am also attaching an excerpt from the draft copy of the manuscript of Bob Marshall's book titled One Lucky Bastard which has been written but not published. All of which says we were there and I have at least 5 more men on our crew that will confirm our story.

If I can be of any further help, let me know.

Sincerely,

C.E. Brackett
1744 Carovel Circle
Birmingham, AL 35216

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.

Lieut. W. R. Dennis Describes Mission to Get Supplies to Maquis of French Underground

Editor's Note: This article, written by First Lieutenant Wilbur R. Dennis, group historian at an Eighth Air Force B-17 Flying Fortress base, describes a mission to deliver supplies and equipment to the Maquis of the French underground forces used by the French Forces of the Interior in liberating unoccupied cities and aiding the advance of Allied ground troops.

The 25-year-old lieutenant is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson C. Dennis, of 136 Riverside Drive, New York City. His wife, Mrs. Lillie S. Dennis, lives at the same address. Lt. Dennis attended Lawrenceville School, Barnard School for Boys, and Columbia University. He was a salesman for Philip Morris Co. Ltd., with headquarters in Kingston, N. Y., for two years before entering the A.A.F. in October, 1941).

Flying Supplies to the Maquis by First Lieut. Wilbur R. Dennis

An Eighth Air Force Bomber Station, England—The fact that briefing was earlier than usual that morning increased the feeling of tension behind the joking ribbing of the jostling crowd of men; something important was in the air, and they were waiting for the officer who would give them the details. When he rose to speak, silence fell over the group, and the comeliest crews, suddenly serious, eyes narrowed in concentration, leaned forward to hear the information about their target for the day.

Instead of the usual colored yarn extending on a map from their English base to an industrial plant or military strong-point controlled by the Nazis, the crews saw flashed upon the screen in front of them one sentence: Your target is at T5, east of the French coast.

The briefing officer, Major M.

Clovis McWilliams, explained that today, instead of dropping bombs on enemy objectives, we were going to drop supplies and equipment to the Maquis. Someone called out that it was the 14th of July—Bastille Day! It gave the mission a double significance, for on this historic date we were to supply the French underground with equipment to fight once again for their freedom.

I had been assigned to fly as an Observer with First Lieut. Laurence V. Vollrath and his crew on the Fortress, "Miss D-Day," so named because it had flown its first mission on June 6. When I arrived at the big bomber, it was still dark and the ground and air crews were busy checking last minute details. The engineer was so intent upon his work that when a voice behind him asked to see the bomb load, he said over his shoulder, "Sorry, bub, it's secret." The pregnant silence which followed had the necessary effect on the sergeant, who turned to the visitor and found himself looking eye to eye at the commanding general of 3rd Bombardment Division. The general saw the bomb load.

The crew climbed aboard, and I went up in the nose of the plane. We took our position in the line-up of bombers on the runway and waited our turn to take-off. It was still dark and the red and green lights of the Fortresses strung out ahead of us glowed in long, even, lines. So, we roared down the runway and took off, flying in the direction of the French coast.

The weather was perfect as we

approached the coast; and I pointed significantly to the flak/suit? lying on the floor of the nose. The navigator nodded affirmatively. We put them on, expecting flak, but it never came.

The field upon which we were to drop the supplies for the Maquis was in the south of France, close to the base of the Alps. We flew almost in a straight line for our objective.

The weather over France was bright and clear. I could look down and see the rolling fields of the quiet countryside, where there was no sign of war or the enemy. It seemed fantastic to think that the world was at war and this was part of the battleground. The meadows were green and lush, and the fields were planted with ash-gold wheat.

At times during the long flight I stood and put my head in the astro-dome above me and looked at the formation. It was spread out and proceeding with a ponderous majesty towards its objective, the silver bombers gleaming brightly in the sun, the olive drab ones dark against the sky.

The navigator, checking the landmarks, told me we were in the immediate vicinity of our target. We dropped low over the field and released the containers which drifted to the ground attached to colored parachutes. When I saw the supplies descending, I thought of how our cargo would be used. It would be used by French patriots fighting for us and for our common cause behind the Nazi lines. It would be smuggled into the towns and cities and distributed to men who, through

four years of darkness and oppression, had never forgotten how to fight. The material would reach the French despite any effort the Gestapo made to stop it, and it would be used when the signal was given and word reached the partisans through lines of communication the Germans had never been able to sever. I watched the Maquis run out and grab the supplies and drag them to trucks concealed in the trees, some of them pausing to wave at us as we circled overhead, and I thought of those lines of John Donne's: "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the maine * * * any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Twenty minutes after we left the target, six Messerschmitt 109s attacked from the rear, and I could hear the ball turret and tail gunners open fire. Four of the attackers zoomed past the nose and soared into a steep climb. The bombardier and I fired at them, but they were but of range. After we returned to base, I found out that four of the six Nazi fighters had been shot down by the bomber gunners. We had not lost a plane, and we had delivered valuable equipment to the Maquis, equipment to be used to our mutual advantage against our common enemy.

Has unfinished business tainted current patriotism?

By STEVE SMITH
Transcript Editor

"It's a great time to be an American! It's time to have pride in our country and ourselves. A feeling of pride and patriotism in that we served our country in the best way possible."

—July 4 remarks at
Peterborough Historical Society
by Ret. USAF Lt. Col.
Wilbur "Rally" Dennis

Even for a moment, when Wilbur "Rally" Dennis looked over a sea of faces at Peterborough's July 4 flag-raising and looked into the eyes of those who served America in the Persian Gulf war, he had to have been reminded of his own mission some 50 years ago to liberate an oppressed nation.

On a warm July 14 dawn, during the height of World War II, he joined the Eighth Air Force Bomber squadron in a flight to southern France, carrying a load of supplies to be dropped for the

French Maquis in their battle against Nazi invaders.

It was all very familiar. An overrun country. A crazed enemy leader. Americans to the rescue. And unabashed patriotism at home.

Yet the Spring Road resident and one-time liaison officer for the USAF Academy said while there are indeed similarities between America versus Saddam Hussein and America versus Adolph Hitler, the differences are significant—in particular, the recent surge of patriotic expression.

"I'd like to think the patriotism we're seeing today was deep-seated and unexpressed until now," said the 37-year Air Force veteran. "I think we're trying to regain the sincere patriotism we had in World War I and World War II. Don't forget, they too had devastating losses on the other side. By the grace of

God, we escaped unscathed this time. But on the other hand, we were persuaded to have this celebration [July 4 Desert Storm recognition, called by the president]. In World War II, there was a genuine outpouring of thrill and release that we were home."

Not that what has been happening in 1991 is insincere, or Americans are not as proud or as grateful. In some respects, Dennis says, undercutting the surge of patriotism is a sense of unfinished business.

"I'm not trying to be hawkish, but we didn't go far enough. The war didn't have a proper conclusion ... eradicating the nuclear potential, the ousting of Saddam as a leader," Dennis said. "I'm afraid we're going to have to go back and finish the job."

MISSION NO. 4**June 25, 1944**

This was a "Z" Zebra or French Special mission as they are called. We went far down into southern France and dropped parachute containers to French patriots containing small arms and ammunition. It was a very thrilling mission in that this was the first time that this had ever been attempted by the heavies in broad day light and necessitated dropping down to 750 feet right into the heart of enemy territory and dropping stuff to people who were surrounded on three sides by three Panzer divisions. However everything went exactly as briefed, weather included and the mission was an extreme success. Somebody was really caught with their pants down as two Groups flew right between two hills all the way down the bomb run which were higher than we were and we could have had the hell shot out had they been on the hills. We encountered a bit of flak going in and coming out. The scenery was beautiful but the lack of movement on the French countryside was noticed by all.

Flight Time: 9:00

Official Mission No.: 8AF-441

385th Mission No.: 142

June 25, 1944-Mission No. 4, Special French Operation

Four missions, each different.

This one was a supply operation. We flew to support the French Underground fighters, called the Maquis. Our target was a drop zone in southeastern France. I figure about 30-40 miles from Switzerland.

We were aloft 8 hours and 30 minutes. Four of those on oxygen. This was not going to Paris and back in 5 hours or so: It was easier.

The supplies were in our bomb bays attached to parachutes. Over England our assembly altitude was 17,000 feet. That must have been to deceive any enemy watching. We were flying at 700 feet when the supplies were dropped. It was a low-level sweep we made, similar to buzzing a target. I saw flak in two different locations when we were on route but none at the target. It was very light, by my value, but close enough to hear explode. Light but accurate, that's the way the official report will read. I am learning: flak is flak. One shot of light flak in the right means as much as one shot in heavy flak. Heavy, intense, light scattered. The message is straightforward: flak is flak.

We had magnificent coverage from P-38s and P-47s, even down over the target. No Luftwaffe was reported.

I watched the supplies drop and hit the ground, looking through the bomb bays from my radio room. I saw people scurry out from behind rocks and trees and grab the supplies. I suppose we dropped guns. The drop, the pickup-it all happened quickly. When we got back I found out why. The story in the barracks is that on similar missions German fighters have lurked away from the drop zone, then came in and gunned down the underground fighters who were collecting the chutes and supplies. I heard tonight that Maquis were slaughtered that way today. I don't want to believe that.

June 26, 1944-Target, Ludwigshaffen, Germany. Scrubbed.

The name of the target town in Germany had a foreboding sound. Now I have my first experience of a mission being scrubbed. That was at 0500.1 was glad. The briefing officer warned that we would be exposed to a heavy concentration of flak guns at Ludwigshaffen. When I told a veteran in the barrack where we were supposed to go, he said was lucky, that Ludwigshaffen is a tough target. Scrubbed. That's a beautiful word.

TULSA WRAP UP

Here's what we hope is a complete list of those attending the Tulsa Reunion. If there are any mistakes, please let us know-things were moving pretty fast around the Registration desk for awhile!

The pictures came from many sources-George Menkoff, Jerry Ramaker, Earl Dean Martin, others. Your Editor got them a little mixed up, and we apologize for not keeping track and crediting them properly. Anyway, enjoy them! Lots of nice letters, too. Keep 'em coming.

1995 REUNION NOMINATIONS

At the Tulsa Reunion, we had several suggestions for the 1995 Reunion. It was suggested that potential Hosts send information about their Cities, facilities, and other sales features for stories in the Hardlife Herald. We'll be glad to run stories. Get your "pitch" together and send it in! George Hruska has indicated that he's ready to nominate Omaha for sure. We may vote for the 1995 Reunion site by mail after stories in the Hardlife.

Dear Ed:

Reunion is now over and have been informed by George Menkoff that it made the organization several thousand dollars. Have received so many nice letters from members telling us how they enjoyed the reunion (excepting rained out OKLAHOMA), how great the accommodations were, etc. We appreciate all good words. It was a great pleasure for me to serve as President of such a wonderful group of men.

Keep up the good work on the Newsletter. Seems to get better with each issue. Looking forward to the next one.

Sincerely,

Sam Lyke

Dear Ed,

Enclosed are pictures of our crew. We managed to get all seven surviving members of the crew together at Tulsa this year. Roy Hill had to return home on Friday morning and we were unable to get him into our total crew picture on Saturday evening.

Last year we managed to locate Dale Dykins with whom we had lost touch. Previously Fred Wolf had contacted us. As a result it was the first time in almost 47 years that we had all assembled together. You can be sure we had a great deal to catch up on.

The original crew members were:

Victor Ferguson - Pilot
 Alvin E. Brower - Copilot (deceased)
 Roy Hill - Navigator
 Dale Dykins - Bombardier
 Elmer Snow - Engineer gunner
 Thomas Kemler - Radio Operator (deceased)
 William Salkeld - Ball turret gunner (deceased)
 Fred Wolf - waist gunner
 John Minco - armorer, waist gunner
 Jerome B. Harmon Jr. - Tail gunner

I am also enclosing a picture of the Indian dancers who performed so well at the dinner.

We are all looking forward to Spokane in 1993.

Best regards,

Elmer Snow
 139 Runnymede Road
 West Caldwell, NJ 07006

Ed Stern,

The Reunion at Tulsa is still with me even though I was reunited with only three people whom I had known. Yet, it was as if I knew everyone and everyone knew me, because all of us had a common bond. It was a strange and wonderful thing. So for those who have not yet been to a 385th Reunion, because they feel that they won't know anyone, they should make the effort to reward themselves by attending the next time.

And now, my apologies to Dr. Huff...In reporting the incident of Ernest "Moon" Bauman: Getting Drunk; "borrowing" the RAF Wing Commander's cap; Having a nightmare of our ship on fire and bailing out of bed; I misquoted him by using a profane adjective. Actually he did not really call the S.O.B. an "S.O.B."

Reflecting on the incident and the misquote, it was a combination of going for the laughs, which were there, and my own feeling of frustration toward Moon at the time in trying to get him to the hospital. So to Dr. Huff, I apologize. However, in the telling of how Moon was bleeding on your floor, the profanity seemed appropriate—and it did get a good laugh.

Truman J. Smith
 5000 E. Prospect
 Ponca City, OK 74604

Dear Ed,

Attached are copies of three pictures that were taken at the Tulsa reunion of Charlie Mawer's crew. Due to other commitments by most of the group we got together and had our own personal reunion on Wednesday night and Thursday morning. This is the first time that we have been together or even seen each other since we parted company at Great Ashfield in February of 1945. Quite obviously a good time was had by all.

The personnel are identified on the back of each picture. I hope that you can use at least one of these in a coming issue of the HARDLIFE HERALD.

Sincerely C.E. Brackett
 1744 Carovel Circle
 Birmingham, AL 35216



Left to Right around the table:

Bill Benton, Milford Cherrington, Blance Brackett, Bill Sunday, Jackie Sunday, Eileen Marshall, Bob Marshall and Charley Mawer.



Rear Row Left ot Right, Charley Mawer, Pilot, Bill Benton Bombardier.

Front Row Left to Right, Bill Sunday, Tail Gunner, Milford Cherrington, Ball Turret Gunner, Bob Marshall, Radio Operator, and Chuck Brackett, Navigator

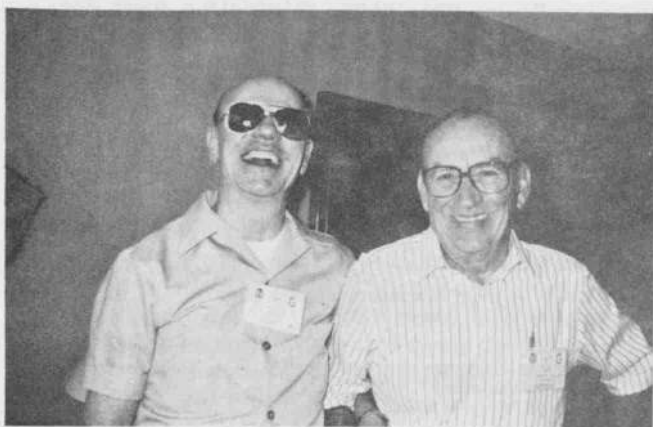
Dear Ed,

At the reunion we talked about Life Members fees all going to the Church and not actually supporting the Association. I would like to suggest that all life members send in a check of \$10 or so, to go to the general fund to support expenses; please put that in the Herald for consideration.

Enjoyed everything except the mud at the show. It was another good time. Got to close now and go play golf, am not playing very well, now, but it beats working!

Best regards,

Jim Emmons
1649 Via Tovita
San Lorenzo, California 94580



Howard G. Butler & Harlan E. Villers

Two happy buddies enjoying their first 385th reunion.

Dear Ed,

I was able to reach my long lost buddy by phone from the Dallas airport while changing planes enroute to Tulsa. After a good telephone visit, we vowed to keep in touch!

Seven hours later a Doubletree Hotel Clerk notified me that a Mr. Butler had just checked into Room 1710, and was looking for me. That was quite a feat for Butler who is totally blind from active duty in the Korean War. He decided on the spur of the moment to get to the reunion and surprise his buddy. The bond of our war-time experiences together is extremely strong, even after 48 years.

We were assigned to the 549th Squadron in July 1943 as part of a replacement crew - Butler as flight engineer on Bill Gregg's crew, and Villers as Assistant Radio Operator on Jerry Mudge's crew.

Sincerely yours,

Harlan E. Villers
1539 Whiskey Creek Drive SW
Fort Myers, Florida 33919

Dear Ed,

On the elevator of the Doubletree Hotel during the 385th Tulsa reunion, there were three of us going down to the main lobby - 2 young boys about 11 years old and myself. I asked the boys if they were on vacation and where they lived.

"We're on vacation, and I live in Wichita. He's my first cousin and lives in Texas," one boy answered. With swelling pride in his voice, he continued, "Our Grandpa was a Bombardier in World War II!" And with smiles on all our faces, the elevator door opened at the lobby as we separated.

A short time later I spied the cousins, with adults on the lobby platform. When the boys left what I presumed was a family group, I went up to the person I supposed was "Grandma," introduced myself, and asked if she had a husband who was a bombardier in World War II. Her answer was, "Yes! I am Paula Kisinger."

I told Paula I wanted her to tell Grandpa about the loving pride of their two grandsons I had met on the elevator. Paula answered also with pride, "I wish I could tell him your story, I lost my bombardier husband, Vernon Edward Kisinger, in March of 1988, after health problems for 17 years.

Paula introduced me to members of her family who also came to Tulsa for the reunion - two sons and four grandchildren. The Kisingers have had three sons and one daughter, and there are 11 grandchildren now. One son is Vernon, Jr. The two grandsons on the elevator and one other grandson are each named for Vernon Edward Kisinger.

Vernon Kisinger married Paula Vaughn, who was once a model at Nieman-Marcus, in July, 1943. Vernon went to England with the 548th Bomb Squadron on October 16, 1943. He was shot down over Germany on Feb. 4, 1944. In Belgium and France he was given civilian clothes and was in the underground four or five months until he was caught up with by the Nazi forces and was put in a German jail. During the five months in jail, Vernon lost 72 pounds. After the Americans bombed the area, the Red Cross inspection officers found Vernon and nine other prisoners chained together. The Red Cross made the Germans put the 10 men into the POW Camp Stalag Luft #1 where Vernon was interned until May, 1945, on V-E Day. On liberation day, Vernon had gained 22 pounds; he weighted 135 pounds as he went to "Lucky Strike Camp" for POW's in France. Vernon was later sent back to the United States on the Queen Elizabeth and to Seymour, Texas and Paula.

Vernon was not able to attend a 385th reunion before his death, but his fine family has been able to share "a 385th HIGH" in Tulsa with men who shared life with the Grandpa Bombardier in World War II. Among others at the reunion, the Kisinger Family enjoyed time with one of Vernon's crew members who also went down with the B-17, Vernon Roskey.

The two Vernons stayed together in Belgium and France for four months, but Vernon Roskey never was a POW and somehow got into Switerland, although he was caught by the Germans for three days until he escaped.

Thanks to first cousins, Mark Edward Kisinger and Vernon Edward Kisinger, for sharing "my" elevator time at the Doubletree Hotel. You warmed my heart and you were a tonic for my soul!

Peggy Smith

P.S. Paula became a member of the 385th on June 8, 1991.

TULSA REUNION SUNDAY JUNE 9, 1991 DOORPRIZE WINNERS

Hand quilted quilt by an anonymous donor:
Joe Frank Jones Jr., 136 Winchester Drive, Savannah,
GA 31410

Framed B-17 Painting
Carl Grundler, 701 Strathmore Drive, Orlando FL 32803

Handcarved plaque of 385th BG insignia by Les and Peggy
Gordon of England:
Stanley Dentinger, 307 Leicester Ave., Duluth, MN
55803

8th Air Force Insignia needlepoint by Jim Emmons (3 each)
Tom Denton
Henry Jones, Jr., E 120 Phillips Lake Loop, Shelton,
Wash 98584
Charles Flynn, 275 East Drive, Copiague, NY 11726

Book "Final Flights" by Ian McLachlin:
Raymond Reeves, 4462 Chedles Ave., Fort Worth,
Tx76133

Book "The Munster Raid" by Ian Hawkins:
Arkey Huber, 2120 Bassler, P.O. Box 3843, North
Las Vegas, NV 89030

Book "Jorgy's War" by A.W. Jorgensen:
Gene P. Hackney, P.O. Box 1086, Bellville, TX 77418

Rand McNally Atlas and Pen Lite:
Gene P. Hackney, P.O. Box 1086, Bellville, TX 77418

Reflections from George and Marie

I want to thank everyone for their friendliness, support, patience, and as well for all the nice letters we received. We really enjoyed the job!

As I said at the reunion, at Great Ashfield we had such a singular purpose, working in close cooperation with dedication to our duties that we became very close - almost like brothers. In the words of one of our members: "And we're getting closer everyday." I think that is true and you have all noticed this yourselves. When I called any of our

members, I could feel the closeness and warmth from the other end. Our men and their families are just GREAT and we love them all.

I want to apologize for any inconvenience and hardship that occurred during the tours and at the play where it rained; also for the plane rides where only three went aloft. I think the good overshadowed these things by a lot.

We'll see you in Spokane, if not before in England.

George & Marie Menkoff

AN OMISSION:

I forgot to announce at the banquet that Arthur Wiegard was the first to arrive in Tulsa and worked hard with us loading and unloading the Van at the Hotel on the opening morning. We thank you Art.

ACCOUNTING TULSA REUNION**385TH BGMA		8-9-91
<u>INCOME</u>		
TOTAL REVENUES COLLECTED FROM ALL SOURCES, EXCLUDING INTEREST		\$35,019.00
INTEREST	322.38	<u>35,341.38</u>
<u>EXPENSES</u>		
CHECKS LISTED, INCL ONE CASH PAYMENT \$27,118.77		<u>27,118.77</u>
TOTAL PROFIT (INCLUDING INTEREST)		8,222.61

ITEMIZING OF PROFITS

REGISTRATIONS & TOURS	\$5,307.23
RAFFLES	1,201.00
BAR (NET)	308.00
TULSA PINS	980.00
GARMENT BAGS	104.00
INTEREST	<u>322.38</u>
	8,222.61

PIN ACCOUNTING

TOTAL INCOME FROM PINS	\$980.00
PIN COST: J.FETTEHGER \$275.	
G.IENKOFF 370.	<u>645.</u>
PROFIT	<u>335.00</u>

George Menkoff
GEORGE IENKOFF, HOST

Dear Ed:

I'm writing to you today for a couple of reasons. First, I wanted to tell you the pleasure that I had in attending the reunion with my Dad last week in Tulsa. The reunion committee who organized this affair is to be heartily congratulated for putting together such a great time! From the hotel to the agenda - nothing fell short.

For me personally there were many highlights. I finally had the chance to meet the infamous Joe Jones that Dad had told me had fallen 13,500 feet in the tail of a B-17, AND LIVED!! (In fact, I have kept a clipping for many years of an article from a 1973 issue of the Federal Times that discussed it.) And I also met Fain Pool that I'd read about in Jack Olsen's book, APHRODITE: DESPERATE MISSION, who parachuted from a B-17 loaded with explosives aimed at the V-1 rockets. (If you haven't read it, try and find it in a used book store. It's quite fascinating.) But, probably one of the best times for me was when the squadrons broke up into their four separate groups. (I was videoing it and my battery ran out!) I recall seeing two or three members of the 550th recording it. Do you know who they might've been so I can write them to see if I can get a copy made of the meeting? And did anyone from the three other squadrons video their meetings? I'd love to get copies of those also!

As a proud son of one of your members, I've always been fascinated with every aspect of your group. Dad has given me all that survived of his 385th items, but I'm trying to put together a complete collection of items. Do you know if any of your members would be willing to let me buy a set of their "pink and greens"? It seems as though Dad saved everything except those and a "fifty missions cap". I'd want to assure them that these items would NEVER be sold. My wife and I have collected military items ranging from her grandfather's World War One army uniform, my mother's WAC uniform from the war and signed photographs of General LeMay, General Eaker and Jimmy Doolittle. So you can well imagine that we'd never part with any of our items as they mean far too much to us.

One last point is that Dad and I were a little sad that none of his crew were able to attend. (He was co-pilot on Mignone's crew.) They were identified in a picture that Ralph Mignone sent in a couple of "Hard Lives" ago. Does anyone have any further information on these men? We'd love to get them together again!

Once again, Ed. You're doing a heckova job putting this newsletter together. If I can help in some way, please don't hesitate to write or call!

Dave Coggiola
1529 Jabbet Drive
Plano, Texas, 75025
(214) 517)5476

EDITOR'S NOTE: Send Dave word, if you can let him copy your VCR on the 550th Sq. meetings - or if you have a setof "pinks" etc for his collection.



Charley Smith & William Koons



Jane & Ed Stern,
Clovis & Mildred McWilliams



George Menkoff, Sam Lyke, Walter Beauchamp
Planning Tulsa Reunion



Danny Riva, Vince Masters & Judy Masters



Doris & Bill Nicholls
Vincent Waltzburg & Robert Arn



Marie Menkoff
at registration desk



Hospitality room; Tulsa reunion



Paul Ryan



George Hruska & Jerry Gentis
Only survivors of Crimmons & Ritchies crew.



Dorothy & Warren Ledy, at desk
Kelly and Mary Mellillo



John Deberg, on left and ?
John, as crew chief, never had a plane turn back for
mechanical malfunction.



Helpers at "Bag Stuffers"
Mary Lyke, Norma Beauchamp,
Bernice Pregler, Pauline Pennington
High school friends of Geo. Menkoff



Arkie Huber & General McFarland



Harold Wrigley and ?



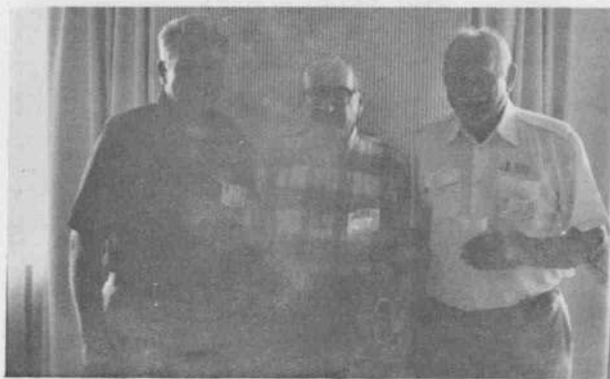
Gladys Smith & General McFarland



Registrants at Tulsa



Indian Ceremonial Dance



Ed Lowe, Maurice Nyseter
Fred E. Borns - Pilot and his crew



Bob Douglas



From the Downtown DoubleTree - Tulsa Ok
Note Oil refinery downtown



Jane Ramaker with Thomas Richardson
Tom worked hard tending bar - Hospitality room
(He's not really a member of the RAF)



Thirsty Old Horses
Sat Minhto r-r-r-r Dance



Arkey Huber peddleing clothing & B.S
More of the latter



Prbs. Sam trying to catch man in red shirt - wants him to be
new Pres.



Sept. Richard & wife looking over
Arkey's A-2 jackets - PX



Iridian Dancers



From out of the past - 2 YOUNG men modeled
WWII USAAF Flight gear
Hospitality room



L-R Frank Bexfield (We called him sexy bexy in the 548th
and he liked it)
and
David Dennis

(First time I had seen Frank "Bill" in 46 years - Jerry H.
Ramaker. It was a grand meeting)



Earl D. Martin - Tail Gunner
Ruby's Raiders
and
Joe Jones - lucky guy who rode tail section down
safely. Tulsa Reunion

MANCHESTER



This lady is from Manchester, England
So sign was appropriate
"Jane Ramaker"
Ballroom entrance



Earl D. Martin-Tail Gunner
Maurice Shannon - Waist Gunner
From Ruby's Raiders
with Ed Stern at 385th Bomb Group Reunion



Harold Wrigley

Letters to the Editor:

Mr. Stern,

Thank you for your interest in my father's portrait. He was stationed overseas in 1945 at Great Ashfield - a member of the 385th - and 548th Bomber Squad (under Lt. Howard Richardson) aboard the Mississippi Miss.

I teach art and do commissioned portraits and decided to capture a special chapter in my father's life with a portrait of him in his flight gear. I grew up hearing his stories of the war overseas and he shares the issues of your newsletter with me, as we are contemplating a return trip to England together next summer. Is the 385th planning a specific reunion trip to Great Britain at the time?



I appreciate your providing a special surprise for my dad when he discovers himself in the newsletter!

Sincerely,

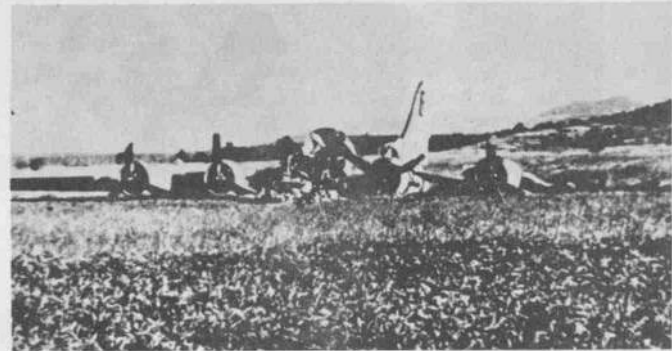
Sally Ashley

Dear Ed,

Thank you for sending me the copies of the newsletters I missed.

I noticed in the May 1991 issue on page 25, the serial history of 385th B.G. aircraft. On that page, written in pencil and barely readable is ACFT #42-97603. This was my airplane and I would like to furnish additional information for the record.

I was in the 548th B.S. and was taken on my first combat mission by 1st Lt. Richard Roder who, unfortunately, became a MIA on Nov. 29, 1943. His airplane was named Gremlin Buggy and in honor of him and his crew, I named my airplane (42-97603) Gremlin Buggy II.



Gremlin Buggy 2

On May 27, 1944, we were shot down and managed to get to Switzerland. I have enclosed a picture of the remains of Gremlin Buggy II after we crash landed it. It was a great airplane and although severely damaged and on fire, it held up long enough for all crew members to survive after the landing in a small patch of farmland.

Members of the crew were as follows:

Pilot - Capr. Norman J. Radin
 Co-pilot - Capt William Richards
 Navigator - 1st Lt. Garret F. Tunstell
 Radar Navigator - 1st Lt. Robert P. Craig
 Bombardier - 1st Lt. James D. Goings
 Engineer - T/Sgt William D. Carte
 Tail Gunner - T/Sgt Cleve J. Speuka
 Waist Gunner - S/Sgt Hewy J. Pickerski
 Waist Gunner - S/Sgt Loy L. Humphrey
 Radio Operator T/Sgt Raleigh Rhodes.

I would be grateful if you would forward this letter to the person maintaining this listing and once again thanks for the great job you are doing as editor.

Sincerely,

Norman Radin
 15089 Tiena Alta
 Del Mar, CA 92014



Dear Ed:

On several occasions over the past few years my old "bunk" buddy, Tom Helman, has stuck his "barb" in my backside for not having contributed a word or two concerning my "parachute to a career change".

Most of my story has been recounted by Ian Hawkins in his book "Munster; The Way It Was". However, herewith is a short report of a very inspirational week spent in Maaseik, Belgium from November 5 to November 12, 1943.

Respectfully,

Dick Whitlow
147 Baywood Drive
Newport Beach, CA 92660

Picture (approximately 20% larger than actual size.)

THE STORY OF THE CROSS

By
William B. (Dick) Whitlow

This story addresses a period of my life when I was listed as "missing in action" by the Headquarters of the 8th Air Force. Our crew had been assigned to the 549th Squadron of the 385th Bomb Group at Great Ashfield, Suffolk. Our B-17G was shot down by flak and fighters on our return from a daylight raid on the City of Munster, Germany, on October 10th, 1943.

A few days after landing by parachute near Holten, Holland, the Dutch resistance organization, headed by Mr. Joop Moest (a fantastically heroic young man) led me to the hideaway of John Ashcraft, our radio operator. Thus began an escape and evasion experience of approximately three months culminating in our freedom at the office of the British Consul in San Sebastian, Spain, on December 25th, 1943.

This particular story begins on November 5, which found us in a small farm house in the Roermond area near the border of Belgium. It was near midnight when Ashcraft and I left on foot with one guide and crossed the border into Belgium near the City of Maaseik, where we were to stay until November 12. Our host family on this occasion were absolutely wonderful people and I wish I could recall their names. Obviously, for their protection as well as ours they were never identified to us by name. John and I stayed in a bedroom on the second floor and were allowed to join the family every evening for dinner.

On the evening of the 11th (we left on the morning of the 12th for Leige) our hosts advised us that we would have special guests that evening for dinner. The lady left to go upstairs and when she returned she was followed by two imposing young men, each of whom appeared to be about six feet tall, weighing about 200 pounds. We first learned that they could speak neither English or Dutch and then, to our extreme surprise, we were told that they were Russian fliers who were also attempting to evade capture by the German forces.

They had been at this home for several weeks (or perhaps months) and were staying in the attic. We were also told that the Germans hunted the Russians with much greater tenacity than they did the Americans or the British. Our hosts were able to translate (to a limited degree) Russian and English and we managed a reasonable exchange of experiences with them.

Having dinner downstairs was obviously a very rare treat for them and they were aware that they would be required to adjourn to the attic immediately after dinner. When they arose John and I also rose to shake their hand and wish them God speed. The older of the two hesitated when he shook my hand and (as interpreted to me) said "We wish you much luck and my God bless you". As he spoke he reached in his shirt pocket and handed "the cross" to me. My eyes moistened as I accepted the cross knowing that his chances of survival were much less than mine.

After their departure our host informed us that the cross was made of plexiglass from the windshield of a B-17 which had crashed nearby.

The cross is of the Eastern European design with each point of the cross widened with a flare effect. There are four highly polished "jewels" at each point of the cross and a small one in the center. The "jewels" are very finely cut prisms which reflect both light and color, it is difficult to imagine the talent and the hours of work required to create such beautiful jewels from plexiglass.

When my MIA statue terminated and I returned home on leave in January, 1944, I gave the cross to the person who had suffered the most - my mother. My mother had three sons in uniform and would soon see her fourth and youngest son enter the U.S. Navy. Mother wore this cross until her death in 1982. The cross now belongs to my wife, Duffy, the young lady to whom I was married on May 14, 1944.

Sir:

I am writing to you in regards to my Father-In-Law who flew with the 548th Bomb. Sq. He was a ball turret gunner. The name of the plane was "Maiden America". He arrived in England in 1945. His name was Walter A. Hungler Jr. 35876254 alias "Shorty or Pops". He was 31 yrs old at the time. I was wondering if any of his friends that flew with him, would have any pictures or information about the plane and the missions they flew. I have a couple of pictures of him with the crew in front of the plane with their dog. I am currently constructing a radio controlled B-17 depicting "Maiden America". I told my Father-In-Law what I was building before he passed away on May 26, 1991. He smiled when he heard about the plane. If anyone has any information, please contact me at the address below or phone collect.

Thank you,

Mark Zuniga
8369 School Road
Cedar Hill, MO 63016-2319
(314) 285-5103

Dear Ed,

We just received our July issue of the HARDLIFE HERALD, and as always, found it to be most interesting. Ruth and I missed the Tulsa reunion. We had the full line of reservations confirmed, however I had to have a heart by-pass operation May 15th so had to cancel out. We want to thank Ruel Weikert for sending us the box with the reunion souvenirs.

I note in the heading of the face sheet you are open to adding names of additional planes. This indeed would be an honor, and I hope ours can be among those listed.

The crew agreed to name the plane after me (Mac), and along came the word "Hack".in reference to the London taxi. We were to have the picture of the taxi and a cartoon cabbie painted on the nose, but it didn't get done. So, it was "Mac's Hack".

Members of my crew were:

Pilot	Charles	W.	McCauley
Co-Pilot	Robert	B.	Click
Bombardier	Carol	R.	Eyman
Engineer	William	J.	Burns, Jr.
Radio	OpWalter	M.	Webb
Waist	GunOscar	B.	McKinney
Waist	GunEarnest	W.	Adams
Tail	GunBilly	C.	Slonecker
Ball Turret	William J. Dansro, Jr.		

Many thanks for the work you are doing...and continue to do. The "HERALD" is a major factor in keeping in touch with the most possible. Enclosed is a copy of my "LUCKY BASTARD" diploma showing the name of our plane. Also noted is "RUM DUM"...which I flew four missions near the end of my tour. Those were missions in the high 90's for "RUM DUM".

Best Regards,

C.W. (Mac) McCauley
550th Squadron

252 Maple Ave.
Timberville, VA 22853

IN LIKE FLYNN

B-17-G Flying Fortress

Flown and named by 1 st Lt. Clarence Fauber's crew - 549th Squadron, 385th. Bomb Group (Heavy). Based at Great Ashfield, Suffolk, England. Crew flew 25 missions before V-E Day - May 8, 1945 not including four food drop missions to Holland (Operation Chowhound). Flew to Linz, Austria to bring liberated French POWs of the Germans to Paris.

IN LIKE FLYNN flew home with the Group in June, 1945 and was ultimately scrapped at Kingman, Arizona in 1946. This big gas bird did her job well.

Crew:

Clarence	Fauber	Pilot
Dale Smeltzer	Co-Pilot	
Arthur Schaefer.	Navigator
William Schloss.	Bombardier
Gerald Donnelly.	Engineer
James Elder....	Radio Operator
John DeMucci..	Ball Turret Gunner
Walter Hatch...	Waist Gunner
Robert Hake		Tail Gunner



At the reunion in Tulsa in June, a photoprint of an original oil painting of a 385th B-17 "IN LIKE FLYNN" was raffled off to benefit All Saints Church in Great Ashfield. The original painting, oil on linen, was done by Mary Schaefer, wife of "IN LIKE FLYNN'S" navigator, Art Schaefer. "IN LIKE FLYNN" was flown and named by Clarence Fauber's crew of the 549th. Sqdn.in1945.

If any members of the group would like a photo print of "IN LIKE FLYNN", they can be obtained from:

Mary L. Schaefer
2602 E. Windsor
Tucson, AZ 85716
Phone: (602) 795-1309

Sizes and prices are as follows:

A 11" X14" image-mat or frame size is standard 16" X 20".

1 - Matted and shrink wrapped- \$40.00 plus \$5.00 shipping

2 - Framed - Metal with Plexiflas-\$65.00 plus \$7.50 shipping

B 16" X20" image-mat or frame size-standard 24" X 28".

3 - Matted and shrink wrapped-\$65.00 plus \$7.50 shipping.

4 - Framed - metal with plexiglas-\$115.00 plus \$10.00 shipping.

If anyone would like an original oil painting of their B-17, Mary will do it on a commission basis. Research on each plane must be provided, including nose art, tail insignia (square G or red checkerboard), numbers, letters, etc. The price for a 22" X 28" painting framed (32" by 38" overall) would be \$1800 plus \$40.00 for shipping. The frame would be very plain, masculine, of wood covered with silver leaf.

Dear Ralph Mignon

I just read your letter in the Hardlife Herald concerning Joe Jones.

I was Navigator in Crow's crew and we were left wing off Rusecki when Armbruster in "Mr. Lucky" came up. Nos 1 & 2 of Rusecki cut "Mr. Lucky" right at the back of the radio room, about over the ball turret. Rusecki then slid back chewing up the aft section of "Mr. Lucky". The front half, for "Mr. Lucky" was now in two pieces, started sliding toward us.

Naturally, I focused on this and lost sight of Rusecki and the tail half. I could clearly see Chuck Armbruster looking over his left shoulder, trying to see what was happening. George Crow pulled us out of the way and out of the formation, as I watched that half go into a flat spin and quickly disappear into the clouds.

According to my records, and as I remember it, also as shown in the Missing Crew reports from Maxwell AFB archives, Rusecki was lead of the low element of the lead flight (a two element flight) of the low squadron. Armbruster was either lead or left wing of the low element. I thought you were the other wing of Rusecki. After the collision. Crow pulled back and took over lead of the low element, lead flight, in Rusecki's slot. Both Rusecki and Crow had Bombardiers on this one, because the two Bombardiers were friends; the one with us was in real shock at seeing his friend go down. We normally didn't have a Bombardier, and I don't have his name.

As I remember it, and I talked this over with Joe Jones and it squares with his memory, and the other members of our crew, the lowest element got dragged through a sort of cumulus boil rising out of what was mostly a flat cloud deck. In any case, Armbruster definitely came UP into Rusecki (and almost us too!) We had gone on oxygen so we were definitely above 10,000 feet.

According to a letter I got from Neil Duell, his B-17 got hit by some debris of the collision and they dove straight down nearly to the channel. He says they had oxygen leaks, two gunners out and a jammed rudder, but rejoined the formation and finished the mission. He didn't say who his pilot was, but he must have been in the low element, low squadron. I don't remember this at all.

It is difficult putting together a consistent picture after 46 years, but Rusecki and Armbruster's positions came from the archive records and the collision plus our position with respect to the front half of "Mr. Lucky" is very vividly etched in memory.

Sincerely,

W. W. Varnedoe, Jr.

P.S. I haven't seen it in the Hardlife Herald but I still have a mannerism of speech I picked up at Great Ashfield. It's a habit of saying, "Who's----- is me." (Fill in the blank; hungry, happy, etc) I don't know if this was East Anglican English, or confined to station 155, nor how widespread it was there. Anybody else remember this ?

Dear Ed;

I want to thank all those dedicated people responsible for organizing such a fine Reunion at Tulsa. Marion and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and appreciate the cordiality and kindness shown us through out our stay. We became acquainted with some really nice people. It was our first experience with a 385th Reunion, and we definitely look forward to the next one in Spokane.

Cordially,

Fred H. Nestler

P.E. Ed, I am enclosing a photocopy of the picture I cut out of an aviation magazine that came out some time after VE Day. It shows a 17 from the 385th dropping supplies to the Maquis and since there has been recent discussion about the Croix de Guerre "oversight" the picture might be of interest. Our crew flew one of these Maquis specials August 1, 1944 on the Dozy Doats

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Fred's picture wouldn't reproduce for us.

Dear Friends,

Recently, I learned that a stained glass window is to be installed at the church in Great Ashfield, Suffolk, England. This is being planned to honour those who served with the 8th Air Force during World War Two.

Great Ashfield has great significance for me and holds many poignant heartfelt memories as well as a deep nostalgia whenever I recall those times that were spent there. I remember so well the dances that were held there at the base, and how we young civilian women joined young servicemen in dance. Through dance we very briefly experienced a surface amnesia of all the fears, pains and anguish of war. Those times are permanently etched in my mind.

I also recall the intermissions and the tables laden with all kinds of food that we as civilians would otherwise never even see. Those dear servicemen were fully aware of our meager wartime rations and saw to it that we were very well fed during those intermissions. Tears fill my eyes as I recall the tiny portions of food that the servicemen took for themselves in order for us to have more. How can I ever express the depth of gratitude that I am feeling even now.

Especially vivid are memories of the massive 1000 plane daylight bombing missions marked by the pre-dawn engine roar and formation alignment flares. Silent prayers leave my anguished heart for the thousands of brave young men up there who face the terror of those missions. Many hours later we watch and await their return....count the gaps in formations....Oh God bring them home....Now the vigil....Here's one....Oh dear God two engines on one side gone....another with tail shattered....yet another with battered wings....barely flying....losing altitude too quickly....please God let them land safely. That makes

three.....The count was eight....five more to come....Perhaps one had to land somewhere else....here comes another, one prop feathered, debris near the tail...come on boys please come home....the wait goes on....we scan the skies, listen for sounds that don't happen, and slowly slowly we give up the watch with heavy hearts. So it goes day after day sometimes the spaces are few sometimes many, but the anguish is always there hidden deep. We've got to keep a stiff upper lip....must not cry....it will only make things worse for everyone. Now 50 years later the stiff lip refuses to hold and my tears flow out the pain stored so deeply oh so many years ago.

Still we go to the base dance always with unspoken dread. "What will the mood be at the base tonight????? Oh dear God I can see it in their faces someone I know did not make it back. Who can I tell about this horrible ache in my being??? They too ache....keep a stiff upper lip and dance again tonight...blessed amnesia for a few more hours.

The war ends and all my beloved American friends return to their loved ones and I did not even have a chance to say thank you or goodbye. So right now from the very depths of my soul, I am saying, with reverence and gratitude, THANK YOU for serving at Great Ashfield, no matter what your duties. I especially thank those of you who flew up there in the face of terror, for even one mission. You and the entire ground support undoubtedly saved my life and certainly helped to bring the war to an end. I am especially humble when I remember those who gave THEIR lives so that I might live.

God willing, I want with all my heart, to be at the Great Ashfield ceremony in 1992. Hopefully I will have the opportunity to thank some of you in person

Meanwhile God Bless each and every one of you.

With thanks and appreciation,

Joyce Horton
#36 1415 Lamey's Mill Road
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada
V6H 3W1

P.S. I learned about the window through by brother-in law, Plato Gallan and my sister Connie, his wife. I lived in Ipswich during the war, I left England in August 1947 and have lived in Canada since then.

Joyce is one of our newest Life Members and by the way, do any of you remember taking "Tiny Portions" of food at any of those get togethers?



Ed:

I received your letter stating that you misplaced the picture and letter I sent of the original crew of the "Souze Family", B-17, number 25895. I am enclosing another picture, but this one is enlarged a bit. Hope it is not too grainy.

I said this is the original crew. Well it is, except that a member name Sanchez, Asst. Eng., flew extra with another crew and I understand they ditched in the channel and none survived.



The name of the people in the picture standing, left to right:

Spider Webb - Arm Gunner
Kenneth Walsh - Asst. Radio
Chandler Beeman - Asst. Eng. (took Sanchez place)
Reese Cartmill - Eng (KIA)
David Dennis - Radio
John Northrup Gunner

Kneeling, Left to right:

Pete Gunn - Co-Pilot

Bill Jacques - Pilot
Robert O'Brien - Bomb.
John Crotty - Nav.

When I joined the 385th BG in Spokane Wash, there were no First Sgt.'s and since I could type, I was assigned to an orderly room to make up the paper work for new incoming personnel. Some of the incoming personnel who brought their wives with them, may remember me as an easy touch when they talked me out of a pass when all of us were restricted to the base.

Later I joined Lt. Jacques crew and went to Lewistown and stayed with the crew all the way to England. I flew three missions and was sent to man a bombing range at RAF Finmere. The RAF turned the bombing range into an airfield and I was sent to the 447th Bomb Group, 710 Bomb Sqdn where I flew seven more missions. On April 27, 1944, I was flying as Togeeler and we were hit by flack and exploded. Like so many others, I was blown out of the aircraft and ended up in a German hospital in Brussels with a broken leg and some chest injuries. For the next thirteen months I thought of myself as the beginning of the invasion force. I

was sent to Stalag Luft #4 until the Russians got too close and was put into what the Germans called a hospital train (boxcard) and sent to Stalag Luft #1. The Russians overran Luft #8 on May 1 st, 1945.

I remained in the Air Force and got into Air Traffic Control, Ground Control Approach (GCA) until I retired Dec. 31, 1963.

I remained in the Air Force and got into Air Traffic Control, Ground Control Approach (GCA) until I retired Dec. 31, 1963.

One quick story. While instructing Air Traffic Control at Keesler Air Force Base in 1956, six of us, all M/Sft's, were sent to Germany to start a German Air Traffic Control School at Kaufbeuren. When we had the school ready, the Germans put one of their non-coms in each of the classes to learn and take over that portion. The German they gave me was an old non-com, and just before I left, he told me that he had been wounded on the Russian front and after leaving the German hospital, he had been sent to a prison camp as a guard.—that right, Stalag Luft number 1. When I told him that I had been a prisoner in that camp, he ran out of the room and would not be in the same room with me after that. I was then sent to Langsberg Air Force Base, which was turned over to the Germans. My job was to train the first students that graduated from the Kaufbeuren school in GCA unit. I picked one of them to be the NCOIC only to find that he had been a bomber pilot and had flown 266 missions, been shot down off the coast of Italy, picked up by one of our destroyers, and spend the remainder of the war as a prisoner of war here in the United States. It's a small world.

I have talked to Ken Walsh, who finished his missions in the 385th. He knew what happened to the original "Souise Family", and he said that there were "Souise Family No. 2" and possibly No. 3. I asked him to write you and give you some information on this ship. Hope he does.

Good Luck to You and All,

John A. Northrup
5465 Meadow Dr.
Sumter, S.C., 29154-1045

Dear Mr. Stern,

This letter is in response to suggestions contained in the June and July 385th BG news letters regarding Special French Missions flown by 385th crews in support of the Free French Maquis.

My crew and I flew all three of those missions (25 June, 14 July and 1 August 1944). We were assigned to the 551st Squadron, went operational on 5 June '44 and finished our tour of 35 missions on 5 October 1944. I named and flew the then newly assigned aircraft "Roger the Dodger" throughout most of our tour including my last mission.

If this becomes a project to be referred to the French government I would appreciate your providing the above infor-

mation to the proper agency.

Sincerely,

Wallace J. Jarman
Col USAF Ret.
177 Anchoria Way
Colorado Springs, CC 80919
Tel: 719-599-3602

Dear Mr. Donnelly,

I understand you may be contacted with regard to 385th BQ 8th USAAF "Return to England" 1942/92.

My husband and I will be delighted to host airmen from Gt. Ashfield, as we are right opposite the airfield.

It would give us very great pleasure if you could investigate the whereabouts of S/Sgt Warren S. Roberts, of Texas, who was a great friend of my family during the war. He was a buddy of S/Sgt Albert Edwards of Seattle, and both men visited us often at the homes of the Wood family and the May family, in Petts Wood, Kent.

Warren Roberts was a photographer on the Gt. Ashfield/Roughan base in Suffolk and was associated with the airship "Rum Dum". I have several photographs. I look forward to hearing from you. It would be greaf to see the "Boys " again.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs) Mary May Irwin

Dear Ed,

I note on the last issue of the Herald, that you are making more room on the front page for aircraft names. I would therefore greatly appreciate it, if you could add the name of our airplane, namely "Lil-Lu".

We got the airplane, brand new, about our 20th mission, and were able to complete the rest of our 35 missions in her. We had quite a time trying to pick out a name, but being the pilot, the rest of the crew was nice to me, so since my wife's middle name was Lou, and there was a Kleenex girl named Lu which was very popular then-bingo, a little girl in a parachute!!!

Unfortunately, after we returned to the states, another crew took her over, and was shot down over Germany. They crash landed, but all the crew was safe, altho some were injured. They spend the rest of the war as guests of the Germans.

I thought the Tulsa convention was a rousing success, and I am looking forward to seeing you in Spokane.

Sincerely,

Ted C. Findeiss
6325 N. Villa, #135
Oklahoma City, OK, 73112
(405) 840-4550

P.S. The serial number was 338612.

Dear Ed,

A suggestion to those planning to return to England this summer: Take a bicycle tour of the villages around the base to really enjoy the marvellous countryside and to bring back old memories. Even better, bicycle around all of East Anglia. It'll burn off those extra pounds, raise your hormone level, lower your cholesterol and blood pressures. You will meet interesting people and see some of the most beautiful villages in the world.

In December of '43, Ed Dunlap, pilot of our replacement crew, and I (copilot) gave up trying to check out the GI bikes which had been cornered permanently by the old hands in the 551st. Instead, we took the train to Ipswich one sunny day and bought trusty black british bikes which proved to be easier to ride and more comfortable than the old olive drab GI machines. A few days later (December 13th) Ed was shot down on his orientation mission to Kiel, flying as copilot was Fowles' crew. He had some exciting adventures in Stalag Luft at Barth, including masterminding a complex, nearly successful escape attempt, but his cycling was considerably reduced for the duration. I continued to ride around Great Ashfield, enjoying the countryside and the exercise, if not the nippy winter weather.

The day after I finished my tour (Augsburg, April 13) I took a celebratory bicycle trip along the winding back roads, stopping at pubs in several of the villages for meager sandwiches and a cup of Oxo or hot tea to warm my toes and fingers. I was in great spirits, naturally, drinking in the beauty of early spring flowers and green countryside, and I resolved to return after the war (in warmer weather) and leisurely cycle around East Anglia - or perhaps all of England - when houses and barns would be repainted, there would be even more flowers, life would have returned to normal, and there would be lots of time to talk with those friendly villagers over tea and scones.

Happily, I've done that twice, once by myself, following a beautiful June trip through Scotland with the International Bicycle Touring Society; once as a side trip with the same group on a leisurely two week cycletour around East Anglia. Both were even more enjoyable than I had anticipated and I'm planning on doing it again in summer '92.

If you're only going to ride around Great Ashfield, rent a bike, of course. For a real adventure, bring your own bike (to be sure it fits and has the gears you want) and cycle all of East Anglia. It's easier than you might imagine, even getting out of London. Best bet is to fly to Gatwick because soon you're away from traffic, but if your flight goes to Heathrow you can buy a couple of those excellent Bartholomew or Ordnance Survey 1:100,000 maps (which show every lane and point of interest) in the airport. You can cycle on a walking path through a tunnel under the main highway and find back roads to your first overnight (closeby if you've flown all night). If you need help in picking low traffic, scenic routes, ride a few miles west to the Cycle Touring Club Headquarters in Godalming. Good B&Bs there, too.

If this sounds like an attractive notion but out of the question because you haven't ridden a bike in years and you are a little out of shape, talk with your doctor about starting a gradual program of bicycling around your neighborhood. Years after I retired I bought a good bike, rode two miles the first day, a few more the next, and at the end of a month I was up to 100. Fifty or sixty a day are plenty (at 71) and that's more than enough for enjoyable tours around beautiful parts of the world like the UK. Next summer a few friends and I plan to bicycle parts of France, England, Ireland and Scotland (for the 3rd time) by way of East Anglia. I'll wear a 385th T-shirt and hope to see some of you around Great Ashfield - on your bikes!

Bryce Moore, Col USAF (Ret)
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