



# POOP from GROUP 467

VOLUME 8 NO. 3

STATION 145 RACKHEATH APO 558

SEPTEMBER 10, 1989

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION, LTD.

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### EDITOR'S COMMENTS

What you will read following are bits and pieces of memorabilia accumulated in the last eight years. Some were written then, forty-five years ago, some may have been written last month, last year. To try to present as much as possible, I have reduced the column width by one-third to put three instead of two columns on a page. This, of course, reduced the number of pages by one-third and the cost of publication about the same. The last time I did this I had one complaint that the size of print was too small but I think you will find it near to newspaper-size style. I am sorry I didn't/couldn't include more but, please, continue to send me material. I believe we will have more of this style POOP as we go along. So this is not permanent format but tell me how you like it, how you want it.

I do not know how long it takes for POOP to get to you. Volume 8 No. 2 was put in the Post Office July 3 at 9:00 a.m. I received mine on July 12. Too long I think. I received a USPS change of address occasioned by POOP Vol 8 No. 2 TWO months after mailing. I presented this to the Postmaster here but I don't expect anything to come of it, documents presented after POOP 8-1 and four-week delivery have not yet been addressed by USPS. This POOP will be mailed September 7 or 8. Let me know when received.

The Board of the 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy) Association, Ltd. will next meet at Hilton Head, S.C. in conjunction with the Second Air Division Association reunion, November 2-5, 1989. A number of items will be before them, a historical monument at Rackheath, Reunion '90 in Norwich, Convention '90 of 467th somewhere in US of A, possibly a memorial at AF Academy, Colorado Springs, possibly a memorial at 8th AF Museum, Barksdale AFB, LA. If you have any specific wants or desires to be discussed at this 467th gathering, make your needs/wants/suggestions known to Jack Stevens, who is incoming President of 467th B.G. (H) Assoc., Ltd. His address is on the masthead. Also, the Board needs to know your candidates for "Friends of the 467th", domestic or foreign, so that they can be sent a certificate of appreciation from the Association for their services to the Group or Association. Send in the names of potential honorees with a short justification and please remember that the Board will make the final determination of the recipients.

Have you sent Bob Salzarulo your choices for 467th Convention 1990? Under consideration are: Omaha, NB - SAC Headquarters; Oshkosh, WI-

Experiment Aircraft Association Museum; Harlingen, TX - Confederate Air Force Show; a three-day cruise out of Miami, FL and several others. Write/call Bob Salzarulo, 3038 Boxwood Drive, Montgomery, AL 36111, with your comments and/or suggestions.

My efforts toward "PLANES AND NAMES" and "CREWS" of the 467th progresses but oh, so slowly. I have not devoted the time to it that I know I should. I guess, really, I'm not sure if it makes any difference, the comments I received on the parts of it previously published were very few. I guess now I'll go on, albeit slowly, for personal satisfaction and to end up with something that can be given to the Library at Norwich as research material.

I plod along, also, checking newly submitted names (from orders, correspondence, other sources) against our over 4100 roster of Rackheath personnel, over 100 new names added and I'm not yet into the Queen Mary RZI manifest of 467th. We still need, ask you to look for, the Fredrick Lykes Manifest going to England. With these two I feel certain we will be close to recording names of most ground echelon personnel. We have exhausted all sources for the Fredrick Lykes Manifest, it has to be in your memorabilia somewhere. Please look for it and send it in to me.

Recently, a nephew of Lt. J. E. Robinson, KIA, 29 June 1944 (Counts Crew) discovered us. Ed Meyers is a LTC Army, FA (Reserve) and has contacts we didn't even know existed. He has sent me a compilation, "20 WEEKS WITH LIBERATORS," 100 missions (actually 105 missions are reported) in 140 days, extracts from 467th Group S-3 reports. When "Planes, Names and Crews of 467th" is finally compiled, I hope we will have all mission extracts to include. Ed is now an associate of the 467th and the 2ADA.

If any one of you ordered a windbreaker and has not received it, please contact me. Manning, Guinan, Volini, Smith, Beaney have not received theirs or have not acknowledged receiving. I have a few more but until the above are taken care of I can't offer those remaining. If you did not receive your ordered windbreaker(s), call or write me immediately. Walt Mundy, where are your sizes? I'm holding two for you.

The PX items are the same; Vince LaRussa at 97 Grayton Road, Tonawanda, NY 14150 for "The History of the 467th" at \$30 and "The Witch Returns" painting photograph at \$7.50. Lloyd Haug has the Group caps at \$6 each. Send him orders to 3115 Franklin St. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418. The window decal at \$3

should be ordered from Bob Sheehan, 1828 E. 27th St., Tulsa, OK. Remember, an order for any one of these will be reflected in our mail-memorial funds.

Our application for IRS recognition as a not-for-profit corporation plods along. Bill McGovern and I have been corresponding with IRS since June. Last word was they have sixty days from July 1 to acknowledge receipt of application and six months thereafter to act upon it. We are confident we will receive non-profit determination, but the wheels rotate so slowly.

I have the names of 79 Bombardiers I'd like to list here, but I just don't have room. Maybe you would know where some of them are today. Look, send me names of 467th Vets you correspond with, or know an address. If not on our roster, let me enroll them in the Association. I received notice of the death of a Group veteran the other day. If he was close enough to tell me of his death, why wasn't he close enough to tell me of him living. Enough fussing.

POOP 8-4, year-end, Christmas edition is in the works. If you have anything to put in it, send as soon as possible. Write to me, write to each other. God's Peace and Blessings be with each of us.

### DAVE SWEARINGEN

Jackie and Dave continue with optimism toward his eventual recovery from his stroke of last November. Physical therapy has him somewhat ambulatory, he is frustrated at his inability to regain speech. Support them with cards, letters, love and your prayers.

### ROSTER ADDITIONS

Walter Broadfield	Farmington, IL
George D. Feil	Lynnbrook, NY
Raymond L. Filipak	Cheektowaga, NY
George D. Kobkirk	Orlando, FL
Cliff Hubbard	Aurora, CO
James P. Meyers -A	Orange, TX
George A. Proconiar	Irvine, CA
George F. Reall	Sedona, AZ
Sid H. Robinson -A	DeQuincy, LA
Edward Trafford -A	Wroxham, ENG

Ed Meyers is nephew and Sid Robinson is brother of Lt. James E. Robinson, KIA on June 29, 1944, Counts Crew, 789th BS (H).

Sid, who lives at 333 Live Oak St., DeQuincy, LA 70633, requested anyone who knew his brother to please drop him a line.

### LAST POST

We have been notified of the death of the following comrade of the 467th:

Thomas W. Manion

"May he go from Strength to Strength in the Life of Perfect Service in GOD'S Heavenly Kingdom."

## LOST SOULS

POOP was returned from the following. Tell us what you know of them, try to locate them if they lived in your telephone area code.

Walter C. Blandford	Paris, IL
Francis Coslett	Wilkes-Barre, PA
Howard V. Garrett	Fayetteville, GA
John R. Munger	Oxnard, CA
James D. Rhodes, Jr.	Ft. Worth, TX
Thomas G. Stolz	St. Louis, MO

## TREASURER'S REPORT

### OPERATING FUND

Cash on Hand 06-01-87	\$ 3,447.58
Contributions	562.50
Interest - 3 Months	158.01
Windbreakers - 56 Sold and Shipped	1,410.50
Windbreakers - Prepayment Not Shipped	150.00
Sub Total	\$ 5,728.59
Group Hilton Head Expense	30.00
IRS - Non-Profit Corporation Application Fee	300.00
Memorial Library - Ken Darney Memorial	100.00
Casiac - 20 Windbreakers Shipping Charges	343.00
Reproduction - POOP Vol.8 No. 2	157.90
USPS - Bulk Mail	175.00
USPS - Overseas Mail	13.35
USPS - Stamps & Mailings	37.27
Expense Sub Total	\$ 1,156.52

Cash on Hand 09-01-89 \$ 4,572.07

### KEN DARNEY FUND

Cash on Hand 09-01-89 \$ 65.00

### RACKHEATH MEMORIAL FUND

Cash on Hand 06-01-89	170.00
Contributions	35.00
Cash on Hand 09-01-89	\$ 205.00

### ALBERT JOSEPH SHOWER ENDOWMENT FUND

Fund Total 06-01-89	\$ 5,970.00
Contributions	85.00
Fund Total 09-01-89	\$ 6,055.00

467TH CONVENTION '89, FT. WORTH, TX  
Convention Net 06-01-89 \$ 3,274.25

Reimbursed Texas State Sales Tax	908.22
Reimbursed from Gathering of Liberators	810.00
Expense - 2ADA Film Video Library	50.00
1/467th Convention '89 Net 09-01-89	4,942.47

1/To be transferred to Mail and/or Memorial Funds

Total Cash on Hand September 1, 1989 \$15,839.54

### "MASCOT" BY EUGENE A. AICHROTH

Had a couple of weeks to go to finish our training as a bomber crew, prior to being shipped out to some theater of war. One of the guys thought it would be great to take a mascot with us. Since we were the elite, or so we liked to think, it had to be something really macho, like a lion or tiger or maybe a panther. They were hard to come by. The discussion drifted to Great Danes, St. Bernards and Labrador Retrievers! Ridiculous, and against regulations, but we were determined. I got in touch with a friend and asked him to see if he could get us a Toy Fox Terrier, preferably one with a pedigree to be sure that it would not grow into a Great Dane.

A small black and white something, the best of the litter, was purchased in Washington, D.C. Louie stuffed him into his coat pocket and boarded a train for N.Y. When the conductor approached to collect tickets, the pup stuck his nose out and let the startled man know he didn't like being disturbed. Louie was informed that animals were not allowed on passenger trains and the dog had to be put off at the next stop. When the train slowed for the station and the conductor came stalking down the aisle the woman seated next to Louie whispered "Let me have the little fellow." She took the dog and passed him to the passenger behind her who in turn handed

him on to the next person and so on down the length of the car. This juggling so confused the conductor that he soon gave up the chase.

Our training completed, we were ordered to report to Mitchel Air Force Base on Long Island. This was good news. It meant we would be flying to Europe instead of going by troop ship. There would be no problem with stow-away's and, besides, some of us could dash home for a weekend or two, last chance before leaving the States. I met the mascot, about the size of a soft ball, all charged up and raring to go. I'm afraid I had some doubts about taking him back to the base; it was going to take some guts to introduce him to the crew.

Friends and family went into a huddle to choose an appropriate name for the little question mark. They took it very seriously, going through all sorts of eloquent monikers out of Greek mythology and Roman gods of war. I had a name for him but I didn't mention it. My good wife, however, thought of the most fitting label of all. "Frank Buck is his name," she announced. Buck was a famous adventurer who searched the world's jungles for rare animals and brought them back alive for zoos, game farms and circuses. He was known as 'Frank Buck bring 'em back alive.' "What the hell is that?" bellowed Mack when I brought Buck into the barracks. "Don't tell me that's our mascot." "Mascot." Sneered Red, "Taint even a dog."

Well it took a while but the guys had to admit the little whelp seemed sort of special. Buck took to military life like any other rookie. He followed us everywhere, attending all the training sessions, lectures and exercises. Of course his favorite was chow time. The machos wouldn't admit it but we all grew to love him. Each day, more and more, he grew out of that baseball shape and began to look more like a respectable miniature of the real thing. It was a delight to see him run and jump and bark and growl. We wondered how such a small bundle could be so feisty. He'd passed basic training.

The military changed it's mind and ordered us to New Jersey; that meant we were to go over-seas in one of those sardine cans we'd heard so much about. One miserable night, we were piled up on a dock waiting to board a ship. Poor Buck was crammed into my gas mask bag with the mask. USO girls served hot coffee and donuts which eased the chill before we filed on board.

The ship, of South American registry, was painted in the morbid gray of war. It loomed up out of a ghostly mist and seemed to be a part of it. Weary of bananas, it now hauled a different cargo, olive drab uniforms crowded the fan-tail. The pup, slung in the bag hung from my shoulder close to me, shared a tiny bit of warmth. There's something special between a man and his dog. Something different than between a man and his horse or a man and his woman.

The cold and the damp, the dark and the apprehension made me shudder. My eyes clung to the blacked-out shoreline as we tugged further apart. "So long old girl," someone muttered in a shaky bravado voice as we slid past the lady of the harbor, "Hope I get back to see you again."

I had heard about life on a troop ship but you had to be on one to really feel it. Ham-mocks are strung the full length of the hold and in tiers of three high. If the hammock above is occupied the man underneath has to sound off when he wants to turn, as both have to execute the maneuver together. There wasn't enough room to hide a pair of socks let alone a dog.

I mentioned this to our navigator, Jerry, "No problem, we'll take Buck in with us, we have a stateroom." The so-called stateroom, a cubby hole for four, was crammed with eight men. But there was a closet in which to hide a dog. Two days out to sea we learned that

there was to be a daily inspection of quarters. Buck couldn't stand inspections nor did he like being shoved into a closet. When the inspecting officer heard him whine and whimper, he suggested that we get rid of what ever that was. We contacted a member of the ship's crew who agreed to take custody of the dog and so Buck was temporarily transferred to the Merchant Marines. We were granted visiting rights and every day one of us would slip off to some prearranged spot and renew our acquaintance.

On one of these occasions I noticed the dog was still growing. Pedigree hell, he was no longer a miniature. To get him into England on the Q.T. I now had to stuff him into my musette bag. We managed to wade through the confusion of disembarking without being discovered and were soon settled in an Air Force Base near Norwich.

The weather was typically English, miserable, and our pal became quite ill. A base employee took him to a veterinary who soon snapped him back to his old feisty self. Why grown men become so attached to their pets I'm not sure. The dog seemed to tighten the bond between the crew. Also he was a link to home. Don't think that Buck was a hero to everyone. Harry disliked all animals especially dogs and especially small dogs. He was downright nasty to the animal and I suspected he'd kick him once in a while when nobody was looking. Buck sensed this and every chance he got he'd pee on Harry's bunk.

Our mascot would accompany us on low altitude training flights and on "pub missions" too. He'd ride with one of us on our bike to "The Green Man" or to the "Hearts Ease" and drink beer with anyone who was buying. I took him on tour of London, Trafalga Square, Piccadilly Circus and once we were thrown out of the famous Service Mens Center at Rainbow Corner. I took him to visit relatives at Southend-on-Sea. Here we were arrested for taking pictures of the famous pier, a place I remembered as a kid, and then a military installation.

After finishing our tour of duty we were ordered to fly back to the States. Our route would take us from Norwich to Connecticut via Wales, the Azores and New Foundland. Each time we landed at these bases we would let the dog run free so that it would appear he belonged to the local field rather than to us. And so we were able to smuggle him back home unnoticed. While waiting to board a train at Bradley Air Force Base in Connecticut a soldier remarked "I see Buck got home O.K." Another GI added, "I wondered why I kept seeing a little black and white dog everywhere we landed."

After our furloughs we were sent to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. En route we had a two or three hour layover in Philadelphia and the G.I.'s, eager to stretch their legs, dashed off to pay respects to the city of brotherly love. Buck, of course, joined us to check out the local taverns and other places of interest, but when we arrived back at the station he was missing. Buck was lost. We paced up and down the train frantically inquiring after the dog. We were a miserable lot as the engineer blew the whistle and we moved out, bound for the mid west. After arriving at our destination I sent a note to the Philadelphia Bulletin, explaining that our mascot was AWOL in their town. Soon I received a letter from a woman in charge of the Philadelphia Hospitality Center for Servicemen, telling me that Buck had been turned in at the Center and that she was making reservations to have him flown to South Dakota, compliments of United Airlines. In the mean time they had made him an honorary member of the USO, the American Legion and the Chamber of Commerce.

The base band was called out to serenade him upon his arrival, but alas, the crew had been sent to Great Bend Kansas, en route to Japan. The trip to the Orient, however never materialized and our friend finally caught up with

us. We were discharged soon after and I brought him home to Long Island.

July 11, 1957 was a pleasant day, not proper for death. But gloom chilled our home because Buck died. Some say he was a Toy Fox Terrier, but it doesn't really matter, what he lacked in size and pedigree he made up in companionship.

My children's tears dampened his grave at the foot of the flag staff in front of our house. Buck, World War II veteran, mascot in the 467th Bomb Group, Eighth Air Force, Rackheath, England. On that day our flag flew at half mast.

LETTER TO KENNY, NOVEMBER 17, 1945

Dear Kenny,

I assume that you are home by now, although I don't know for sure. Fearless Freddie Jansen was in town about the end of the summer, and told me that you had been located in a Jerry hospital. I had heard that Bill Shinn was found just before I came back from England. I've been meaning to write to you for some time, but we have been tied up finding an apartment, and then making plans to move to Ohio, but finally everything is settled, we are staying in Milwaukee, we have an apartment, and things look rosy.

I thought that you might like to know what happened over Big B that day. That sounds like a silly statement, but I know how it is, and that things happen quickly on your own ship, and often you don't know what has happened until you get back and talk it over.

I suppose it really all began about half way across Jerry land when Jackson lost an engine and turned back. I heard the lead ship call for a spare to fill in the No. 3 spot. I noticed later that the spot was filled, but I did not pay much attention to the ship number. As you may remember we were second in the division that day. I was flying the No. 7 spot and had a pretty good view of the whole show.

Attlebridge, leading the division decided to go in below 20,000 feet to get a visual target. At the IP, Attlebridge turned off at a 45-degree angle, never came within 25 miles of Berlin, and bombed a secondary. That left us in the lead, and our squadron was the first outfit over the target. (The Attlebridge commander--if it is any consolation--never led a formation again after that little performance).

As you no doubt remember clearly we were somewhat below 20,000 and about 6 minutes from bombs away when the flak started, about 15 or 20 bursts at a time, accurate, and bursting constantly. We got a total of 16 minutes of it in all. I remember seeing one burst directly in front of the left wing of the lead pilot, and the wing passed through the smoke while it was still expanding. How he missed going down I'll never know. The burst took one of his toes off.

Because I could see the No. 3 spot more clearly than the other positions in tight formation, I was watching your ship for bombs away, still not knowing that it was you. Almost instantly after the bombs left the belly of your ship, I saw the flash of the shell that got you. I never saw the smoke, so it must have burst on your left, or inside of your bomb bay. The whole think was like a nightmare. I was so terrified that it was like watching a show. I was scared, and had been for six minutes, to the point where I actually did not know if I was really seeing what I thought I saw or not. It was not until after I got down and compared notes with others that I was positive.

At any rate, the flash appeared under your ship. A figure--I assume it was the radio operator--tumbled crazily out of the forward end of the bomb bay and fell end over end. I think the man was dead, as he did not appear to struggle at all as he fell. He struck the left wing of the No. 6 man, and bounced off into space and out of sight. I looked back at your ship. Both bomb bays were streaming fire for about 30 feet. You

held in the formation for a moment, and then peeled up in a wing over, and that was the last I saw. I called the tail, and Schroeder saw six chutes appear. At interrogation, I believe eight were finally reported.

We were twisting violently to avoid the flak, and I took my element directly over the main body of the formation and used the other ships as a shield, but it did not seem to do much good. We got lots of holes, but only two that were nearly serious. One chunk about five inches long came in the left waist, creased every corrugation in the floor, hit an ammo can, broke into three pieces and went out the right waist leaving three holes. It left steel splinters in the legs of the coveralls of both waist gunners without scratching either. A chunk about an inch long came in under the flight deck and went half way through a full box of flares, finally imbedding itself in the cap of one flare about an inch from the firing pin without setting it off. Barnes was leaning on the flare box at the time.

Well, we twisted and turned, and after 16 minutes we got out of the flak. Then we took stock. Cobb tapped me and said, "Don't look now, but I think that was our boys Shinn and Micko that went down." I grabbed the information sheet and checked and saw that your ship was missing. Then the tail called in that the lead ship of the second squadron was also gone. That was Chapman, with Bill Yarcusko riding as bombardier.

We landed at the base. About the third ship behind us had the nose wheel shot out and slid about a half mile on the wheels and the nose. They changed runways, and the second ship in had a tire gone and went spinning away through the dirt. Another pilot crash landed and washed a ship out at an emergency field. Every person was thoroughly shot. I didn't see anyone smile as they got off of the truck for interrogation. The locker room was quiet. No one that I know of passed up their shot of whiskey that day.

We hated like heck to go back to the barracks that night. We didn't know what to do. We knew that your baby was expected any day, and we thought maybe we should see if the missing message could be held up just a couple of days to see if maybe you got down O.K. somewhere, and yet it didn't seem right to hold up the message. The chaplain said he couldn't do anything about it, anyway, so that solved our problem.

We found a third squadron bomb burst picture showing a ship below the formation. We could not make out the serial number, but it looked like a painted ship, so we figured it was you and not Chapman. We knew that it was taken about 40 seconds after they dropped because the bombs were bursting. We figured that their bombs were at the very least 20 seconds behind yours. As your ship was still upright and O.K., but smoking, we figured that you had at least a minute to abandon ship, and probably more. This gave us a lot of hope, and we figured on hearing from you soon, but it was not until after the end of the war that we heard that Shinn had been found. Then, late in June, the word came through that you were O.K., too.

I flew two milk runs after Berlin, and finished up. We soon heard that Yarcusko was O.K., and that Chapman had bailed his crew out over Russia. They were back at the base by June, and really had a story to tell. Their accident was almost exactly like yours, the burst under the bay, the engineer holding the doors open blown out of the ship, the navigator killed. The shell blew out the underside of the ship half way from the bay to the nose, and Yarcusko's parachute was half in the plane and half hanging into space. He was almost afraid to reach for it, but finally got it on and jumped. Aside from a little trouble with the Russians--a Cossack rode up, pointed a gun at one man's head and pulled the trigger three times without the gun firing--they were

O.K. Yarcusko speaks Russian, and he soon convinced the Reds that they weren't Krauts, and the treatment was good after that.

I hope that you are back and O.K. right now. Drop me a line when you can, and let me know whether it is a boy or a girl, and what your experiences were.

After finishing up, I got stuck with ATC for 6 weeks flying an unarmed ship across Norway and up to Stockholm. We were in civilian clothes and carrying passports listing us as "airline officials". I made two trips in the 6 weeks before the war was over. I left for home June 5 in a B-24, and got to the States June 6. I worked for the Milwaukee Journal until the present time, but I am switching and going with the Associated Press here on December 1. Come on down some time, and we'll have a bridge game.

My little girl, Sally, is now 11 months old. She has been walking since she was nine months, and is into everything. She has six teeth, and a couple more coming. I imagine that you are getting as proficient as I am in changing diapers.

I am addressing this to you and your wife, both, so that if you are not home as yet, the letter won't have to chase you so far. Mrs. Micko, who I look forward to meeting some day, can save it for you. Or maybe you know what happened, or just aren't interested, but I thought that you might be. Drop me a line soon.

As ever,  
Chick Huston

Charles E. Huston  
4575 W. Blue Mound Road  
Milwaukee 13, Wisconsin

LETTER TO PHILLIP G. DAY: 15 DECEMBER 1946

Dear Phil:

I was pleasantly surprised at your near-instantaneous response to my letter, and I thank you very much for it. I'm writing this to provide info and comments on your letter, but don't feel obliged to answer this right away--you obviously have enough to do already.

First off, I do belong to the 2nd Air Division Association already, but will try to get Gabby Gabreski to join as well. I think he probably will.

Relative to orders to the 467th, I looked for and found one very yellowed copy of our orders to the group; a copy of which is enclosed. I would have provided an original copy but only had the one. In some cases, I have a dozen copies of some of my other stateside orders.

After looking at the orders I see that the five crews that arrived together were Mugele, Kilar, Mills, Moffette and Ungerer; not Porter as I had thought. I obviously now have the first names of our crew.

You mentioned Moffette having to bailout his crew after taking off in the fog. I remember the incident well since we were next in line to take off when they fired the red flares. I recall that the fog kept lifting and dropping with an airplane or airplanes taking off whenever it lifted a little. I also recall being amazed that they were actually trying to get the mission off since the visibility at times was about nil. We finally became number one for take off when the red flares went up. We taxied down the active runway to the perimeter track and parked; our hardstand being at the Wroxham end of the field. When we stopped, the ground crew asked what all the explosions were. We said we didn't know since we hadn't heard because of the engine noise. We certainly surmised what had happened, however.

Later in the morning I rode out to the crash site on my bicycle. It looked just like the picture in Healy's book. I specifically remember some pieces of structure in the tall trees and the turnips blown out of the ground by the concussions. I also recall a later discussion with Moffette, wherein he

recalled floating down in his chute near a farmer with a hoe or something, who didn't even look up when he noisily hit the ground near him. I remember him mentioning that the whole German Army could have landed in his field and the farmer probably would have kept on with his hoeing. You mentioned a mission to Bingen. That was one of the first ones that I flew as I recall. I have a list of all of our missions but have temporarily forgotten where I put it. I do have all (or most) of my logs with the accompanying maps. Looking at them now I can see that I was generally preoccupied with keeping track (or try to keep track) of where we were, with the log something less than that taught in navigation school.

One sample of my preoccupation with navigation activities as opposed to log keeping is particularly vivid. Another navigator and I had found that you could read the Gee Box signals through the jamming, if you went to the expanded time base (or whatever they called it). In the normal time base, the jamming looked like a picket fence with the real signals just two of the pickets. In the expanded time base, the pickets became rectangles, with the real signals usually distinguishable from the jamming since they moved a little with respect to the jamming signals. If you were willing to keep your eye in the scope constantly, you could keep the two real signals centered using the two slew controls. The problem was to switch to the calibration display, take the two readings and plot them without losing the two real signals which constantly wanted to drift right or left. If you decided to play this game you didn't have much/any time to do D.R. and keep a decent log. Most times I lost the signals sooner or later but at least I had a recent good fix in Germany which was a hell of a lot better than a D.R. position that was based on several hours worth of constantly changing headings and airspeeds.

One day, however, it paid off in spades. I believe the mission was to Brunswick or Magdeburg. I had held on to the two signals all the way to the I.P. and took a fix at the I.P. I believe that flares were also fired signifying that we were in fact at the I.P. We were in the third (last) squadron at the time. Moments after we passed the I.P., the second and third squadrons began dropping, whereupon Edwards, our nose gunner/toggler, yelled that every one was dropping and should be. This was later in the tour when the navigator had to clear the toggler to drop when you were within a mile or two of the target. This because of a lot of inadvertent drops at the I.P. when the lead ship had an electrical malfunction that accidentally dropped the bombs when the doors were opened.

Anyway, when asked if he should drop when he saw the other bombs going, I said "No, we're not there yet." Stan Kilar, the pilot, probably rightly figuring that all the others knew more than me, said to drop. We then had 30 seconds or so of "drop" and "don't drop". Poor Edwards in his confusion did nothing--fortunately. About this time, the co-pilot, who had been on Command came on intercom to announce a bad drop. This was followed by a long silence from the flight deck. The co-pilot then found out that the first squadron had not dropped. Recovering quickly we then decided that we would drop on the first squadron's smoke markers. This we did, taking into account the drift of the smoke markers, etc., etc.

On the way home we obviously cleaned up the story so that at the dinner time critique it came out as a textbook example of crew coordination. After Col. Shower thoroughly chewed out the troops, he announced that there was at least one shining light in the day's foul-up, calling upon Lt. Kilar to explain how a heads up crew did it. I

felt a little ill as Stan explained that upon seeing the bombs dropping, he asked his navigator if the nose gunner was cleared to drop; the navigator advising that the bombs should not be dropped as we were still 20 odd miles from the target. He then advised the nose gunner to drop on the smoke markers of the first squadron. On the way out of the critique, our squadron C.O., Maj. Taylor, said something like "congratulations, nice job...or was it H.S. luck". I think he knew. Fortunately no one recorded the shouting match that went on between Stan and I at the time. In defense of Stan, he had witnessed a number of occasions when I was not exactly sure where we were. Doing D.R. for hours in an airplane flying wing is not conducive to precise navigation--this being one of my larger understatements.

As you may or may not know, George Mills was on his last or next to last mission when he was shot down by the Brits as he crossed the coast coming home from a mission--I forget which one. We were in the same formation but as I recall it was about 50% cloud cover with everyone dodging the clouds. Someone saw an aircraft going down which turned out to be George. Two crewmen in the back got out but the others must have gone into the North Sea and were not found. I got the story from one of the survivors later back in the states. I had been very friendly with his navigator, Theologos Missiras, having gone through Navigation School and RTU at Westover Field with him. Their names are all on the wall at the Cambridge Cemetery.

Ironically, George Mill's daughter became an Eastern Airlines stewardess in later years and was killed when the 727 she was on landed short due to wind shear at JFK in New York. The New York papers picked up the story about she and her father.

Phil, I appreciate your efforts with all the names and addresses. I'll try to call a few. I'll also keep the reunion in Shreveport in mind and will make it if I can. Louisiana in September worries me slightly, however. I went to the National Business Aircraft Show in New Orleans in September 1985. I returned home the evening of September 28th with Hurricane Gloria hitting Long Island the next morning. I lost about 25 trees including two 100 foot oaks which landed on the house, one of which went through the roof into the attic. Quite a mess.

I'd love to see Col. Shower some time. Meanwhile I think I'll write him a letter of appreciation for what he did for the group. I'm not sure I appreciated it at the time but realized later that his insistence on good performance probably saved a lot of us.

This seems like more than enough for one letter. Once again, don't feel any need for a response. Best regards for the holiday season.

Ron Spencer

Box 298  
St. James, NY 11780

#### FIRE BOMBING - SOUTHERN FRANCE

William Washburn has dropped a puzzler on us. He writes that "in the spring of 1945, the Group sent aircraft on a firebomb mission to Southern France (near the Spanish border) to attempt to flush out German troops who were surrounded by French partisans. On our bomb run two of our bombs would not drop so we headed for a harbor in Southern France whose name escapes me. We let down to about 10,000 feet over the harbor and were about to drop the two bombs manually when our plane shook violently from nearby flak fired from a German battleship holed up in the harbor, prevented from leaving by the English and French navy. We got out of there fast and finally released our bombs in the English channel.

Does anyone remember the mission, the date, the name of the harbor and/or name

of the German ship? I asked Al Shower about this and he had no recollection of the mission."

Editors Comments: The final heavy bomber mission of 8th AF was April 25, 1945. Working back from there, in Roger A. Freeman's Mighty Eighth War Diary, I find that on April 15, 1945, the 2AD dispatched 359 B-24s (341 effective) to six enemy strong points and flak batteries in the Royan (France) area. Further Freeman states "Visual bombing on strong points on French Atlantic Coast. All bomb groups (of 8th AF) participated. 2AD and 3AD tonnage included 500-lb Napalm tanks, first and only use by heavy bombers as ballistics poor." (Emphasis added)

The Diary also shows the 2AD on a mission on April 14, 1945 to Bordeaux/-Royan, Port Goubre and Point Grave against twelve enemy strong points and flak batteries. It was on this mission that the 467th set an unsurpassed record for bombing accuracy. At Pointe Grave, the 467th's twenty-four B-24's dropped all of their 2,000-lb bombs within 1,000 ft. of the MPI, half within 500 ft., a feat never achieved by any other bomb group on any occasion.

These are the only two missions of the 467th to the Bordeaux/Royan area of France. If Bill remembers fire bombs it would have to be the mission on April 15, 1945.

If you can help Bill in putting this together, write him at 3 Temple Place, Andover, MA 01810, or to me and I'll forward it to him.

LETTER TO J. DAVID SWEARINGEN 10 JULY, 1945:

Dear "Daddy",

It is indeed a strange and complex feeling to be able to write to you now that all this mess is over. I often thought about you when I was in the cage and hoped that you would finish up as you did.

And now I know you are anxious to hear about Steve and all that happened the 29 May, 1944. As well as I can remember, we were pulling out over the Baltic when flak from Pennemunde (the German "Wright-Field") started in and we got two direct hits in the right wing. Pop Jenkins said most of the control surface was gone--#4 was hanging perpendicular to the wing and #3 was wound up like a clock spring--the bursts, I believe, hit Steve because he wasn't himself and became very white and inactive--the plane fell off into a tight spiral at which time Walther and Carchietta went out. I don't believe they were ever picked up out of the Baltic. After the ship was straightened up, the right wing and tail surface were a sheet of flame and to hold altitude and directional control was impossible--this was at 17,000. knowing what might happen (B-24's explode very easily), I told Mitch and Robenhold to bail out--Pop, McCracken, Mitch and Robenhold went out; Peacock, holding to B.B. doors open never came out. Clark followed me, I don't think Steve was conscious when I left. The ship landed in 12 feet of water, spun in from 15,000, the Germans shot at us continuously and continued to shoot at the ship all the way down.

Well Dave, that's the story. It's not very pretty is it? I shall never forget, it's a branded image.

Mother asks to be remembered and that she appreciated and enjoyed your letter a lot. Give your wife my fondest regards, and if you ever have time please drop me a line and tell me what happened to the 467th after we were shot down. I have often wondered if it ever received a Presidential Citation.

Dave, if there is any information I can give you, don't fail to ask for it. In the meanwhile, I wish you the best of luck and hope to see you soon.

Ever,  
Andy

Earnest A. Beasley  
Stephen's Co-Pilot  
"Lil Peach"

DIARY - MARVIN SPEISER

Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve) Ship 211 (Miss Irene), 24 x 250 lb. bombs. Bombed Goresstein and saw no flak or no fighters, saw some contrails in distance and flak in distance, position low left, No. 6. Bomb Rail Junction.

Dec. 26, Ship 140 (Alice), 22 x 250 lb. bombs. Bombed six hours Niederlanstein (near Koblenz). Saw no fighters and some flak pretty close. I was throwing chaff. Saw contrails in distance, 10 V-2's. Bombed Rail Junction. Position high right, No. 7. Six hours.

Dec. 30, Ship 280, 6 x 1000 lb. bomb. Bombed Erlich (13 miles northwest of Koblenz). Saw no fighters and no flak. Position high, high right, No. 3. Name - "Little Chum". Many bombers and fighters making contrails. Five hours.

Jan. 1, Ship 211 (Miss Irene), 4 x 2000 lb. bombs. Bombed Guls (Koblenz) Saw no fighters, flak moderate but accurate. Chaffday. One plane hit, two chutes came out and plane dove for ground over Koblenz. Position low left, No. 10. Bomb Rail Bridge. Six hours.

Jan. 3, Ship 211 (Miss Irene), 20 x 250 lb. bombs. Bombed Ziewbruken, marshaling yards, 10/10 under cast. Saw no fighters and no flak. Saw one rocket on assembly. Saw White Cliffs of Dover on way back. Flew over France. Position Lead Squadron, No. 8. Six hours.

Jan. 7, Ship No. 211 (Miss Irene), 20 x 250 lb. GP's and 2 M-17 incendiaries. Bombed Rastatt (Tank Factory). 10/10 under cast except over target where it was 7/10. Went through clouds and made large contrails. Saw no fighters. Moderate flak, fairly accurate. Flew over France and Belgium. Very beautiful cloud formations and very high, Jerries had our radio screwed up. Position lead Squadron, No. 5. Seven and one-half hours.

Jan. 14, Ship No. 737 (TXE SXAFT), 6 x 1,000 lb GP's. Bombed steel mills just outside of Brunswick. Clear Weather. Very heavy barrage flak over target and accurate. Some flak before target. Saw bombs hit, a very beautiful pattern. Gas leak all way to target and low when got to target. Left formation and headed for Brussels. One P-51 escort. Saw two Jerries, flew under us but didn't bother us. Flak again when came over the line. One big hole between Lewis and me. Missed us about two feet and went through floor. Came in from top. Four other small holes. Finally landed at LeCulot, P-47 base. Were given a truck and took us to Brussels for the night, about 35 miles. Went to MP station and got pass and went into a bar and drank some champagne. It closed so went to a little Pub. Couple of the boys took girls to rooms. Went to Red Cross and slept all night. Next day at noon Ham and Bidwell and I went back to plane. Second night in tent close to plane. Next morning woke up and started plane. Took off at 2 o'clock and tried to come home but ceiling too low so landed at RAF Base. Ate supper and took us to another camp in trucks and slept. Next morning got up, ate breakfast and took off and come home. Gone from morning of 14th and came back noon of 17th. Total time, eight hours.

Jan. 29, Ship 234, 6 x 1,000 lb. bombs GP. Bombed rail viaduct at Munster. 10/10 under cast. No fighters but quite a lot of flak after we went through target. Flew over Holland. Position lead, No. 5. Many bombers and friendly fighters. Six and one-half hours.

Feb. 9, Ship 120 (That's All Brother), 10 x 500 lb. GP Bombs. Bombed marshaling yard at Magdeburg. 10/10 over target. Lot of flak after went over target. Flew over Holland. Flak and fighters hit group behind us. Many friendly fighters. Position 2-3. Six and one-half hour mission.

Feb. 14, Ship 211 (Miss Irene), 10 x 1,000 lb. G.P., 2 M-17 incendiary. Bombed Magdeburg Marshaling Yards. 7/10 under cast over target very heavy contrails. No fighters. Flak four different places. Moderate but some

accurate. Flew over Holland. Many fighter escorts, P-47's and 51's. Heard one P-51 Boy tell rest goodbye, was going down. Position Lead, No. 3. Six and one-half hours.

Feb. 21, Ship No. 986, 10 x 500 lb. G.P. Bombed Nuremberg Marshaling yards. 10/10 under cast over target. Prominent contrails, no fighters, flak over front lines, flak over target after we went through. Flew over France. Ran low on gas and landed at Marysville, France and got gas and oil and came back home. P-51 escorts. Position 2-6. Eight and one-half hour mission. One flak hole in wing.

Feb. 25, Ship No. 155 (Feudin' Wagon), 10 x 500 lb. G.P. Bombed Jet Air Field at Haile. Visual and saw bombs hit beautiful pattern. No fighters, flak over battle lines, no flak over target. Flew over France and Belgium. P-51 escort. Position 3-5. Flew near Alps, very rough but beautiful. Seven and one-half hour mission.

Feb. 26, Ship No. 155 (Feudin' Wagon), 6 x 500 lb. G.P.'s and 4 x 500 lb. M-17 incendiaries. Bombed Berlin. Flew right over target and never dropped bombs. Dropped on another town (Eberswalde), very heavy and accurate flak, big grey stuff. No other flak. Many abortions all the way to target. Good fighter support. 10/10 under cast. Flew over Holland and over Russian's lines at Berlin. Position 4-6. Eight and one-half hour missions.

Feb. 27, Ship No. 155 (Feudin' Wagon), 16 x 250 lb. G.P. and two M-17 incendiaries. Bombed Marshaling yards at Haile (20 miles northeast of Leipzig). 10/10 undercast. Quite a lot of flak, but not accurate, was on both sides of us over target. One ship got rudder shot off. Flew over France and Belgium, P-51 escorts. Position 2-9. Length of mission eight hours and 15 minutes.

Mar. 2, Ship No. 737 (Shaft), 12 x 500 lb. G.P. Bombed valve factory at Magdeburg. 10/10 undercast. Did not see many bombs hit. Flak right off our tail and thick, was close but never got hit. Bursting between our Squadron and No. 3 Squadron behind us. Fighters hit group ahead of us. Flew over Holland. P-51 escort very good. Position 2-4. Six and one-half hour mission.

Mar. 3, Ship No. 234, 6 x 1,000 lb. G.P.'s. Bombed railroad bridge at Bielfield. 6/10 under cast. Did not see bombs hit. No fighters, no flak at all. Made three runs on primary target, but did not drop. Dropped on secondary target, flew over Holland. P-47 escort very poor. Position 4-3. Seven hour mission.

Mar. 8, Ship No. 155 (Feudin' Wagon), 20 x 300 lb. G.P. Bombed marshaling yards at Dillenburg. 10/10 everywhere but over target and was 8/10, but did not see bombs hit. Felt explosion right over target at 22,000 ft. No fighters and no flak at all. Flew over Holland and Belgium. P-51 escort poor. Position 3-7. Six hour mission.

Mar. 10, Ship No. 234 (Everything's Jake), 3 x 2,000 lb. Bombed rail bridge at Arensburg, 10/10 undercast all the way. No fighters. Three bursts of flak over? Flew over Holland and Belgium. P-51 escort fair. Position 2-7. Six hour mission.

Mar. 12, Ship No. 600 (Picadilly Commando), 5 x 1,000 lbs. Bombed port and docks at Swinemunde. May have hit Admiral Shear war ship. Flew over Jutland Peninsula and was visual, saw German airfields and ships in the water. 10/10 undercast over target. Saw no fighters. Flak when over peninsula, but was behind us and few bursts. Flak over target after we went through but wasn't close to us. Flew over water all the time except over peninsula. P-51 escort very good. Position 1-7. Seven and one-half hour mission.

Mar. 17, Ship No. 234 (Everything's Jake), 12 x 500 lbs. Bombed tank factory at Hanover. Flew over Belgium and was 10/10 all the way. No fighters. Quite a lot of flak, but was behind and in front of us. No hits. P-51 escort very good. Position 1-7. Six and one-half hour mission.

Mar. 20, Ship No. 621, 12 x 500 lb. Bombed oil refinery at Heide, three miles north of Cooks Haven on Jutland Peninsula in northern Germany. No flak over target, but on way out saw flak from Heligland Islands (Submarine Pens), no hits. Heavy contrails over target area. Visual all the way. Entire mission over water. Huge fires and smoke from bomb hits. One Squadron effort. P-51 good escort. Saw one plane go down, not out of our bunch. Position 1-4. Five and one-half hour mission.

Mar. 22, Ship No. 621. 52 x 100 lb. G.P.'s. Bombed airfield at Kitzhegen in Southern Germany. Flew over France and corner of Belgium and Holland. Visual all the way. Saw the borders of Switzerland and Alps Mts. covered with snow. No flak and no fighters, but were in our area. Saw Rhine River and also flew over Luxembourg. Bombs hit all over air field and some missed. P-51 escort very good. Position 3-7. Eight hour mission.

March 24, Ship No. 155 (Feudin' Wagon), 52 x 100 lb. G.P.'s. Bombed air field at Kirtoorf, northeast of Koblenz. Flew over France. Visual all the way. No flak and no fighters. Missed target, formation screwed up over target. P-51 escort good. Position 3-7. Six hour mission.

Mar. 25, Ship No. 621. 40 x 150 lb. bombs. Bombed oil storage dump at Hitzacker (near Hanover). Flew over Holland. Visual after got to enemy coast. Fighters in area. Saw one blow up and hit the ground. Saw lot of flak when RAF went over Hanover and also over Oshnbruk. They made an awful fire. P-51 escort very good and close. Position 1-9. Six and one-half hour mission.

Apr. 4, Ship No. 621. 52 x 100 lb. G.P.'s. Target - air field at Perleburg, but didn't drop bombs. Flew over Belgium. 10/10 clouds all the way. Flak over target, accurate, but not so much. Enemy fighters came through our Squadron but never fired on us. P-47 escort very poor. P-51's in area. Position 1-7. Seven and one-half hour mission.

Apr. 5, Ship No. 621. 50 x 100 lb. G.P.'s. Bombed marshaling yards at Plauen in Nuremberg area. Flew over Belgium. Formed in France and clouds were bad. Finally got in formation and ships from several different fields were in Squadron, an awful mess. 10/10 clouds all the way. Came back most of the way alone, at low altitude over Belgium. No flak and no fighters, but were in area. P-51 escort excellent. Position 1-7. Eight hour mission.

Apr. 7, Ship No. 986 (Three Star Special). 6 x 1000 lb G.P.'s. Bombed explosive plant at Krummel. Flew over Holland and north tip of Germany, was in Hamburg area. Flew with 466 BG. Some flak, but did not bother us. Our own group got hit by fighters. Saw dog fights in distance. Saw one FW-190 blow up in mid air. Clouds over target were about 5/10. 10/10 over base when we came back. P-51 escort very good. Six and one-half hour mission.

Apr. 11, Ship No. 621. 12 x 500 lb G.P.'s. Bombed air field at Rechlin in Berlin area. Little flak, but never bothered us. Fighters in area, but never saw any. Visual except over North Sea and about 3/10 over target. P-51's, P-47's as escort and good. Seven and one-half hour mission.

Apr. 14, Ship No. 621. 4 x 2,000 lb G.P.'s. Bombed flak position at Soulac, 25 miles southeast of Bordeaux, almost in Spain, no fighters and no flak, visual over target, took pictures and threw chaff. Had no waist gunners. No fighter escort. Nine hour mission.

Apr. 16, Ship No. 621. 11 x 500 lb. G.P.'s. Bombed marshaling yards at Lanosot west of Munich, almost in Austria. Rally point in Austria. Flew over seven different countries more than 1400 miles. Jets in area, saw two in distance. One plane lost in collision over France and went down. Another blew up after target. Flak on way back close and accurate, were off course. Visual

over target. P-51 escort very good. Eight hour mission.

Apr. 20, Ship No. 621 (Happy Warrior). 5 x 1,000 lb G.P. Bombed rail intersection at Zwiesel in Southern Germany. Flew over Holland and France. No flak and no fighters. Visual all the way. P-51 escort very good. Plane flying on our wing lost engine just at I.P. and turned back. Eight hour mission.

#### LETTER FROM JOHNNY:

Dear Ruth, Mother and Dad,

Roger will be leaving for the States soon and he has promised to mail this to you when he lands in America. After arousing your interest by meager accounts of my Christmas experience, it is only fair that I should take this opportunity to relate the whole tale. It was my hope that I could tell it to you in person with all typical gestures that would make it strictly Air Corps, but now that I may not be home for awhile---

You will remember that December 24 was the first time the Air Forces could fly after the Germans broke through (Battle of the Bulge). Our job was to destroy German transportation and communications--we hit every little marshaling yard and rail junction at the base of the bulge.

On Christmas Day we were briefed for two targets--one an industrial city and a rough target; the other, ground troop support and a milk run (at least, so we thought), not until we were out at the plane did we know which plan would be used--and how relieved we were to get ground support. The opposition on the 24th had been negligible--a little flak over the line but none at the target--so we weren't worried.

You will remember also that the pilots were Paul and Red--both small fellows. Paul was cool and capable; Red was quite nervous but seemed to know his stuff. Henry was the navigator; Chuck (Challenger Whitham) was the pilotage navigator and it was his last mission. (As a matter of fact, his records were mixed up and it was really an extra mission!)

The assembly was accomplished without incident, as was the route in to the I.P. (Initial Point--beginning of bomb run). We were briefed to expect only a little flak, but as things turned out we were in it for about twenty-five minutes. The flak was not intense but was heavy caliber and accurate. Red was quite excited and jabbered continuously about the flak which hit our ship once and knocked out the rudder control--which wasn't too serious. We bombed the target which was N-E of St. Vith and rallied, making a large 180 degree turn to start back out over the bomb line (or battle line). Suddenly Red called out over the interphone, "Bandits in the Area" (enemy planes) (He received the message over intership radio) and almost immediately the gunners called out bandits coming in to attack. It all happened so fast that we scarcely had time to become frightened.

Twenty M.M. Shells were bursting all around us and tracer bullets streaked by in every direction. Our ship was hit on the first attack and the No. 2 engine "ran away"--the engine speeding up uncontrollably and made a terrific roar. (I knew what it was because it had happened to us once due to mechanical reasons.) Then the alarm bell rang--a series of short rings which means "prepare to abandon ship." It just didn't seem possible that such a thing was actually happening to me. But I wasted no time pondering over it but jerked off my flak suit and attached my chute. Doing so my interphone cords became disconnected so I was out of communication with rest of the crew for a minute or so. (Lonny had the same thing happen to him.) Meantime, our ship had "peeled off" and just barely missed crashing into two other ships in the flight.

By this time the engine had stopped roaring and we seemed to be flying along normally, so we helped Chuck out of the

nose turret and into his chute. The "bail out" bell never rang so I felt certain everything was under control.

Three men in the nose of a B-24 makes for an impossible situation. With Chuck between us, Kenny and I were jammed against the sides of the ship. Remember we had to stay on oxygen or lose consciousness quickly and had to keep our interphone cords disentangled.

The tail gunner, who never before got excited, was yelling to the pilot to get back into formation as we were going in the opposite direction--heading east deeper into Germany. So Ken called Paul and told him to take a heading of 270 degrees and then looked at the compass--270 degrees on the nose. (We soon learned that the compass had been shot out and was stuck on 270 degrees). There was no answer from Paul so we called again. No response. Naturally we suspected that something was wrong and craned our necks to look through some openings into the flight deck--no feet! (All one can see are the pilots' feet on the rudder pedals.) We knew instantly that they were gone--what an indescribable sensation that was!

Somehow we had no inclination to jump out over Germany so decided to investigate and see what we should do. Chuck dropped to his knees and crawled through the tunnel past the nose wheel to the flight deck--and I was breathing down his neck. The bomb bay doors were open and the flight deck was vacant--how weird it seemed to be flying along with no one at the controls. The pilot, co-pilot, engineer, and radiomen had jumped out! (We later learned that the tail gunner had seen several chutes go by beneath the tail and called out over interphone, "There go some poor boys who had to bail out!"--not knowing, of course, that they were our men.)

Fortunately for us, Paul had set the ship on autopilot (C-1) before leaving. Chuck clambered into the pilot's seat and I motioned for him to turn us around--we were flying east at the time--and then crawled back to the nose to engage the directional stabilizer so that the C-1 would hold a steady heading once out of the turn. Then back to the flight deck and the co-pilot's seat. Together we adjusted the C-1 so that we were flying along pretty well (just a matter of twisting knobs)--we had lost six thousand feet before we got to the controls so were flying at 16,000. The No. 2 engine was feathered--engine cut off and prop blades turned so that the slip-stream did not cause it to wind-mill. We later learned that the engine had been ablaze. Apparently the pilots thought the ship would blow up and so got out.

Meanwhile, we called the enlisted men (they didn't know what was going on because they hadn't heard the alarm bell.) and explained the situation to them and told them we were going to try to reach friendly French territory and then bail out. We figured it would be suicide for us to try to land the ship. We knew nothing about the engine instruments, but could see that most of the indicators on the dials were past the red danger marks--so we didn't know but what the engines would quit or blow up at any minute.

Well, we got turned around and headed back through the flak for France. A short time later a P-51 flew in very close on our right wing and gave us the old high sign that we were doing okay--undoubtedly he thought we were the pilots. Several P-51's covered us most of the way out, straggling bombers are "duck soup" for bandits.

Ken did a good job of navigating us out of enemy territory by use of his DR (dead reckoning) and the sun--the pilot's compasses were okay but we were afraid to trust them completely. Once we passed over a big river and Chuck asked Ken what it was. Kenny has the habit of giving towns and river any name at all just to satisfy the enlisted men who ask innumerable questions on missions and so he quickly said, "The Rhine" Ye Gads!--that was straightened out in a hurry.

It was funny--Chuck and I took turns working the C-1 and he spent a lot of time behind the pilot's seat trying unsuccessfully to talk with the "little friends."

When we knew that we were definitely a safe distance into France--S.W. of Brussels as a matter of fact--we decided it was best to get out of the ship as soon as possible. Also the ground below was farmland and a good place to land.

Kenny came back to the bomb bays. We thought an officer should jump first and last so we practically pushed Ken out--poor boy, he had the oddest expression on his face as the slipstream jerked off his helmet and oxygen mask. Each of us had to screw up enough courage to make the plunge so left the ship a minute or so apart. I was last to go and whatever prompted me to do it I don't know, but I looked out to see what was in our path of flight. There was a small town some miles ahead so I decided to wait a little and then jump. In case I was injured upon landing I'd be near help.

The rest of the story would take much too long to tell so here are a few facts:

I landed in a plowed field near the small town of Denain which is just a few miles S.W. of Valenciennes. (We were united at an MP station in Valenciennes, about 8 o'clock of the same day).

We spent nearly a week at a B-26 field at Cambrai which is 20 miles SW of Valenciennes. Then we went by truck to Brussels and from there flew back to England in a B-17.

In all, we flew about 140 miles from the point where we took over the ship N.E. of St. Vith until we jumped.

So you see it really wasn't much--we just didn't lose our heads, that's all.

Much love to all,  
Johnny

P.S.--The plane flew all the way back and crashed in Wales!

#### DIARY FROM LYLE D. WAITE:

August 13, 1944 We arrived at Boise, Idaho today at 8:30 a.m. They had the band and everything there to meet us. We met our crew this afternoon. They seem like a swell bunch of boys.

August 14, 1944 We processed today. We drew all of our heavy flying equipment. We sure are a sight when we put all of our clothes on. We got three of our overseas shots today, Typhus, Cholera and Yellow Fever. We'll get some more in a few days.

August 15, 1944 We had a standby inspection by the Lt. Colonel this morning.

August 17, 1944 We flew today at 6:30 a.m. This was the first time I'd ever been in a B-24.

August 18, 1944 We flew this morning at 7:30 a.m. It was a Camera mission.

August 19, 1944 We were supposed to fly today, but we didn't have a plane. We had to practice ditching and bailout. They had a crash at Mountain Home today. A B-26 hit a B-24 and all nine men were killed. While we were on the line a B-24 came down and cut the engines as soon as they hit. Some gas line was broken in the bomb bay and it was spraying gas all through the lane. They didn't have a fire start. Another plane came in without any brakes. They set her back on the tail skid and stopped her o.k.

October 17, 1944 We flew out last mission here today. The next one may be the real thing. We will probably leave Saturday 21st. We are going to Topeka, Kansas.

October 22, 1944 We left Boise for Topeka tonight. I never saw such a riot. I think most of the men were drunk.

October 25, 1944 We arrived at Topeka about 10:00 a.m.

October 28, 1944 We got to see Topeka before we left on the night of the 28th, and headed east. We didn't know where we were going. We drew our pistols before we left.

October 31, 1944 We arrived at Camp Kilmer at 4:00 a.m. It is an Infantry Camp and they don't think much of us. We drew gas mask and steel helmets here.

November 3, 1944 We left Kilmer for the boat. We rode a train to the ferry and rode the ferry across the harbor to the boat. We boarded the "Louis Pasteur". It was a captured French boat. It used to be a nice luxury boat. It had a six-inch, a three-inch gun. It also had a couple of 40 mm, about 8 20 mm, and a few water cooled 50 calibers.

November 4, 1944 We left the dock at 1:30 p.m. and started our journey. We passed the "Statue of Liberty". I hope we see it again before long.

November 6, 1944 You should see all the boys now. I never saw an Air Corp man that was sick. Some of the ground troops were jealous of us. They can't understand how we get by with everything we do.

November 8, 1944 We played a lot of cards. That's about all there is to do. The Red Cross gave each of us five packs of cigarettes.

November 10, 1944 We picked up our escort today. We had a couple of sub chasers leading the way. They left us and then we had an air escort of B-24's. They sure looked good after seeing all of that water. We picked up some subs on sonar tonight but we could outrun them, so nothing happened.

November 11, 1944 Armistice Day we were pulling into English waters. We stopped and put out the anchor sometime tonight.

November 12, 1944 We just waited out here in the harbor.

November 13, 1944 We lifted anchor and started in to the dock at Liverpool. When we docked they had a band playing and all that stuff. We got off the boat after it got dark and boarded an English train. We rode the train till 4:00 a.m., then we got on some busses and went to a camp. It was Duncan Hall, located about four miles from Stone.

November 17, 1944 We left Stone for our operational base at 6:30 a.m. We arrived at Norwich in the late afternoon. They put us in some trucks and hauled us out here. We ate supper and then went to a lecture and got our barracks assigned to us. The next day we found out we were at Rackheath on some Lord's estate. It sure is a scattered out place. It has been bombed a couple of times.

November 18-20, 1944 School and more school.

November 29, 1944 We flew for one hour and thirty minutes today. Practice mission.

November 30, 1944 Flew again today for four hours and twenty minutes. It was another practice mission over the North Sea.

December 1, 1944 I made Sgt. today.

December 5, 1944 Flew today for three hours and thirty minutes.

December 11, 1944 We flew my first mission today. It was the biggest raid ever made on Germany. We bombed the marshalling yards at "Hanau". Never saw any fighters or flak. We were escorted by P-47's and P-51's. Some of the men saw some flak. I was busy throwing out chaff. We flew "943" Cherub, carried 6x1000 lb. bombs. We flew six hours and thirty minutes.

December 13, 1944 We got a three-day pass today. We went to London to see what it is like. We left at 2:15 and got in London at 6:00 p.m. We got there during one of the worst fogs London has had for a long time. We lost Muff before we even got out of the station. We stayed at the Red Cross.

December 15, 1944 We got back from London today. We had a good time.

December 17, 1944 We flew a group practice mission today. We were supposed to fly over France, but the weather was too bad. We flew around over England for three hours and forty-five minutes.

December 18, 1944 We got up this morning to fly a mission to "Coblentz" to bomb the marshalling yards. We got within a 100 miles of the I.P. and the mission was recalled. I flew the top turret, because it had a K-9 sight. We didn't get credit for the mission. We flew ship No. 641, had 12 x 500 lb.

bombs. We flew five hours and thirty minutes.

December 21 and 22, 1944 School and more school and even some drill. It's just like basic training.

December 24, 1944 We flew our second mission today. We bombed some railroads at "Daun". We hit the target right on the head. We took off at 10:35 and landed at 16:45. We carried 22 x 250 lb. bombs. Chaff load was normal. We had 4500 rounds of ammo. Our squadron wasn't hit by fighters, but a few of the planes were hit by flak. We flew our own ship "675" and I flew in the top turret. We got six hours and ten minutes of flying time.

December 25, 1944 We were alerted to fly today. They took seven crews and we were 8th on the list. We lost two planes. Our plane "675" had the control cables hit. The crew bailed out and the plane flew back about 200 miles before it landed in a bog. The ground crew from our base brought it back.

December 26, 1944 Flew our third mission today. It was a visual attack on the marshaling yards at Niederlahnstein, two miles south of Coblentz. We didn't see fighters, but the flak was moderate and accurate. We got a couple of holes in our stabilizer. We saw several righters on the deck over the front line. Our P-47 escorts dived down to get them. We got back to the base and it was closed in by fog. We had to land at Horsnam, four miles from here. We carried two blankets apiece and had four boxes of C Rations with us. We were supposed to land at Paris if we were diverted. We flew in ship "737". 4500 rounds of ammo. 72 pkgs. of chaff. We carried 22 x 250 lbs. of bombs. We flew for five hours.

December 28, 1944 We were alerted today, but weren't called.

December 29, 1944 This is a day we'll never forget. We alerted and called at 4:30 a.m. We briefed at 6:00 and supposed to take off at 9:30 a.m. While we were working on the ship a heavy fog closed in. The visibility was about 100 feet. There were four planes crashed after take off. One ship crashed just after take off. Another with Lt. Foster crashed a few minutes after take off. Five men on Foster's crew were killed in the crash. We went through OTU with the. They were a swell bunch of guys. The Co-Pilot Christian was just married before we left Boise. Bertie Vought was married and had one child. They were expecting another in Jan. We probably lost 25 or 30 men. It was an easy raid on a railroad junction at Prum. If we hadn't lost our turn we would have been one of the planes that took off. We were the next to take off when the mission was scrubbed. This was the third crew of our boys to catch it. Lt. Barry's crew was shot down over France, but most of them are safe. Lt. Linde's crew was shot to pieces by flak. Curly, Toms, and Robie are in the hospital in Serious condition. We were at Boise with them. We even had our crew party together. We sure had a time that night.

December 30, 1944 We were alerted today, but we didn't fly.

December 31, 1944 We flew mission No. 4 today. We got up at 4:00 a.m. this morning. We were to bomb a railroad bridge across the Rhine river. It was close to the town of "Engers". I don't know whether we hit the bridge or not. It was 1300 feet long and 320 feet wide. There was a break in the clouds over the target but I still think we missed. We were supposed to fly Ship No. 211, but when we started to take off we ran clear off the runway. We fired a couple of red flares and went back to the parking strip. We looked the plane over and everything seemed o.k., so we tried it again. We went off the runway again. They took us over to the spare ship. Lt. Rebeun had just grounded it but they gave it to us. It was "943" Cherub, the same ship we flew on our first mission. In No. 211 we had 2 x 500 lb. bombs and 10 Propaganda bombs. We carried 4 x 2000 lb. bombs in No. 943. No. 1 and 4

were torching after take off and our right landing gear wouldn't stay up. The prop on #4 threw oil and smoked all the way to the target. We pulled 2500 RPM and 45 inches, but we still couldn't keep up with the formation. We ran into some moderate flak over the target. On the way back we had to feather No. 4, and fly back alone. We had a little trouble finding the field, but we made it o.k. It was the sweetest two-engine landing I ever saw. After we parked they found a large flak hole in No. 4 engine, so now we've had our 1st engine shot out. We flew five hours and fifty minutes.

January 1, 1945 Our Bombardier, Chas. Fiedler flew with another crew today. They were hit by flak a few seconds before the target. Spieser was flying with another crew and saw two chutes leave the plane and dive through the clouds. There was smoke coming out of the bomb bay.

January 2 and 3, 1945 Group watch today again for the second time.

January 4, 1945 We were alerted to fly this morning, but the mission was scrubbed. Holum got grounded, so we didn't have to fly a Bullseye mission tonight.

January 5, 1945 Day off.

January 6, 1945 Day off. Davey was alerted to fly with another crew but the mission was scrubbed.

January 7, 1945 Gentry was alerted today, but he didn't have to fly.

January 10, 1945 We flew mission No. 5 today. We bombed the marshaling yards at "Schonberg" I flew in the nose turret as toggilier. It was -48 below zero and it was so frosty we couldn't see out of our turrets. We bombed "H2X". It was during the Battle of the Bulge. We flew our own ship No. 674 on its first mission. We carried 6 x 1000 lb. bombs. We flew five hours and twenty minutes.

January 13, 1945 We got another pass and went to London again. We stayed in the Royal Hotel.

January 14, 1945 We went to the Wax Museum, Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Place. We saw Big Ben and took some pictures. We bought a radio for 12-3/4.

January 16, 1945 We flew mission No. 6 today. We had two plans. Plan "A" was to bomb Berlin. Plan "B" was to bomb an air base south of Berlin. We didn't know what we were going to bomb when we took off. On the way we were told to bomb the airfield but we didn't have an H2X ship, so we went to the secondary. It was a visual run on the marshaling yards and oil storage tanks at "Dresden". We sure set the place on fire. Some of the ships carried incendiaries. We carried 12 x 500 lb. Navy GP bombs. I had to fly the upper turret again because it had a K-9 sight, which didn't work. We flew No. 641. It was supposed to be a good ship, but we couldn't keep up with the formation. We had a runaway prop. right after bombs away on No. 2. We kept it running as long as possible, but we finally had to feather it. We were low on gas when we got out of German territory. We finally made it to Brussels. We were almost out of gas when we started to land, but had to go around as another plane was landing under us. Made the landing o.k., but had only 50 - 75 gallons of gas left. They took us to a little school house where we were quartered. We went to Brussels at night. It is sure clean and they sure are a happy bunch. They even sing and dance to our songs and their beer tastes just like ours. This was the first mission for our Bombardier and Pilotage navigator. It took five days to complete this mission. They even thought we were MIA, but hadn't sent out any telegrams yet.

January 19, 1945 We were picked up by a RAF C-47 and started back to England. We flew three hours and we were only about fifty miles closer to our home base. We spent the night at the Red Cross near Gloucester. We ate supper at the ARC officers club. They sure treated us nice.

January 20, 1945 We just loafed all day. We ate dinner at the RAF base. They finally sent a plane for us. It was our own plane No. 674. We took off and flew through snow storms to reach our base. Total time for mission No. 6, Air Medal Mission, was twelve hours and thirty minutes.

January 21, 1945 Alerted, but the mission was scrubbed.

January 22-23, 1945 Group watch.

January 24, 1945 We were woke up for briefing this morning. We were to bomb the marshalling yards at Munster. The mission was scrubbed after we got out to the plane.

January 25, 1945 We were alerted, but the mission was scrubbed.

January 26, 1945 We were woke up for the mission this morning. We were briefed again to bomb marshaling yards at Munster. The mission was scrubbed before take off.

January 27, 1945 They got us up for briefing. We were to bomb the Submarine building pens at Kiel. The mission was scrubbed.

January 28, 1945 We were alerted and woke up for briefing. We were briefed to bomb the coking plant at Dortmund. The mission was stood-by for a late take off, but the mission was finally scrubbed. We had five different ships.

January 29, 1945 We were alerted again today. We were supposed to bomb a railroad viaduct at Bielefeld. The radar was out so we bombed the marshaling yards at "Munster". We bombed the smoke markers of the lead outfit. I doubt if we hit the target area. This was our 7th mission. Real easy mission. We flew No. 674 again. Chaff load was 720 pkgs. Ammo. 4500 rounds. 6 x 1000 lb. bombs. We got six hours and twenty minutes of flying time.

January 30, 1945 We transferred to the 791st bomb squadron.

February 1-2-3, 1945 Pass, then school.

February 26, 1945 We flew mission No. 8 today. We bombed Berlin in the biggest raid ever made on Berlin. We flew in ship No. 282. We carried 2700 gallons, topped. 6 x 250 lb. incendiary and 1 x 250 lb. rubber incendiary bomb. We flew Deputy Lead 3rd. Squadron until after we bombed then we led the 3rd. Sqd. back to the base. We were low on gas, but we made it. They think we crossed the Russian lines. We carried folders saying we were Americans in Russian. We flew eight hours and thirty-five minutes.

February 27-28, 1945 Nothing.

March 3, 1945 We flew our 9th mission today. We were to bomb a railroad bridge at "Nienburg". We got up at 2:00 a.m. and took off at 6:00 a.m. We led the Wing. It was a visual target. The Colonel (Showers) was command pilot. We made five runs on the target. We circled the bridge for one hour and thirty minutes. The lead squadron bombed the bridge. The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th squadron bombed H2X at Bielfeld. We flew ship No. 282. We carried 5 x 1000 lb. bombs, 2500 gallons of gas. We bombed at 17,000 feet. We flew for eight hours.

March 4, 1945 Practice mission today. I flew as radio operator. We flew for one hour and twenty minutes.

March 7, 1945 Practice mission today. We practiced H2X runs. We flew for four hours. We had a rough landing, so the Colonel made us shoot two more landings.

March 19, 1945 We flew mission No. 10 today. We got up at 2:30 a.m. We bombed the jet assembly plant and airstrip at "Leipheim". We hit the target visually. We really felt like we accomplished something. We completely demolished the entire area. We flew ship No. 860. 4 x 500 lb. bombs and one smoke bomb. We led the 3rd squadron. We flew for eight hours and 35 minutes.

March 21, 1945 We flew mission No. 11 today. We got up at 2:00 a.m. with take off at 6:30 a.m. We bombed a jet field at "Hespe". We led the 3rd squadron. We carried 10 x 100 lb. bombs and one smoke marker. It was really a nice

short mission. We never had any flak. We flew ship No. 820 for five hours and fifteen minutes.

March 22, 1945 We flew mission No. 12 today. We got up at 4:00 a.m. We bombed a jet field at "Kitzingen". We hit the target visually. There were German planes in the area four different times. We carried 4 x M17 incendiary bombs and one smoke bomb. I think we hit a little short of the MPI. We flew ship No. 671. We led the 2nd Squadron. We took off at 8:15 and landed at 4:25, for eight hours and ten minutes of flying time.

March 24, 1945 We flew mission No. 13 today. It was an airfield on the border of Holland at "Nordham". We kept the fighters down while paratroopers landed across the Rhine. It was an easy mission. We carried 10 x 100 lb. GP bombs and one smoke bomb. We flew ship No. 860 for four hours and thirty minutes. We flew Group Deputy.

March 30, 1945 We flew mission No. 14 today. We went after the heavy cruiser Cologne anchored at "Wilhelmshaven". We bombed visually, but clouds kept us from observing the hits. There was intense flak over the target. We flew ship No. 820. We carried 2 x 1000 lb GP bombs and one smoke bomb. We flew for five hours and thirty minutes as Group Deputy.

April 4, 1945 We flew mission No. 15 today. We were to bomb the airfield at "Perleburg" visually only. The primary and secondary were both closed in, so we had to bring our bombs back. We were briefed for 50 ME- 262 jets to attack, but there was only 6 or 8. One came through our formation so fast we didn't get a shot at it. They sure are a nice looking plane. We flew No. 949 leading the 2nd squadron in "B group. We carried 10 x 100 lb. GP and one smoke bomb. We flew seven hours and forty minutes.

April 9, 1945 Mission No. 16 to the airfield near Munich. It was at "Lechfeld". We carried 8 x 360 lb. fragmentation bombs. All hits were good, visual. We flew ship No. 949. The time was eight hours and fifteen minutes.

April 11, 1945 Mission No. 17 to the oil production and storage tanks at "Regensburg". It was visual and we hit the target on the head. We flew ship No. 860. We carried 2 x 1000 lb. GP and two smoke bombs (RDX bombs). It was a good mission, but it was really long. The town was just south of the Danube river. We flew eight hours and ten minutes.

April 15, 1945 Mission No. 18 to bomb German troop concentrations at "Royan", France. An hour after we bombed French troops moved in to capture the Germans. We carried a full crew except the left waist gunner. The wing planes carried a minimum crew with toggilier. We carried a new kind of bomb. They were gasoline tanks filled with an incendiary compound. It will suffocate anybody within 500 feet of it. It takes the oxygen out of the air. We did excellent bombing. We flew ship No. 820. We led the 3rd Squadron. We bombed visually at 15,000 feet. We carried four paper and two metal tank bombs and two smoke bombs. We flew eight hours and thirty-five minutes. No flak.

April 17, 1945 Mission No. 19 to the railroad junction at "Karlsbad", Chez. It was a nice mission, we were only over enemy territory for fifty minutes. We did fair bombing. We only cut one of the tracks. We bombed at 17,000 feet. We flew the new No. 674. No flak or fighters. We carried 4 x 500 lb. GP and one smoke bomb. We led the 2nd Squadron of B group. We flew for seven hours and forty minutes.

April 21, 1945 Mission No. 20 to the railroad bridge at "Salsburg", Austria. The lead navigator took us off course over a flak battery. There was 24 burst of flak. The lead ship from Attlebridge was hit, No. 1 engine was blazing and it went into a dive. The gas tank exploded and the left wing broke off at No. 1

engine. It went into a tight spin and the tail broke off at the escape hatch. It went into a real tight spin then. I saw one chute open and the plane disappeared into the fog. It was probably a waist gunner that was thrown out. I'll never forget the way it went down in flames. The mission was abandoned after we passed Regensburg. It was foggy and raining all the time. We let down and flew back at 300 to 400 feet. I saw the Remagon bridge, all the trenches, wrecked planes, tanks and cars. I saw all of the PW's herded in a field. There must have been 200 acres of them. We led the 2nd Squadron. We carried 4 x 500 GP and two smoke bombs. We flew ship No. 591, a B-24 L. We flew eight hours and ten minutes. We landed with bombs.

April 25, 1945 Mission No. 21 on my 20th birthday. We bombed the electrical power house and transformers at "Traunstein", Germany. Overlock the bombardier had his 23rd birthday today. We flew right at the Alps, but turned just before we got to them. The bombing was good. We carried 4 x 500 lb. GP and two smoke bombs. We flew ship No. 250 in Group Deputy position. We flew for eight hours and fifteen minutes. This was the last mission flown in the ETO.

April 30, 1945 Two-day pass.

May 8, 1945 V-E Day.

June 12, 1945 Left England for home. Landed at Valley, Wales and stayed overnight two hours and forty-five minutes of flying time.

June 13, 1945 Took off from Wales and headed for the Azores Landed o.k. and stayed overnight. Eight hours and fifty minutes of flying time.

June 14, 1945 Took off from the Azores and headed for Gander Field, Newfoundland and stayed overnight there. Eight hours and twenty minutes.

June 15, 1945 We took off from Gander and headed for Bradley Field, Connecticut. We landed there after we went around a bad thunderstorm.

June 19, 1945 Arrived at Camp Grant, ILL. tonight.

June 20, 1945 At noon today I left on a 34-day furlough.

July 25, 1945 Arrived at Sioux Falls, S.D. at noon today.

August 26, 1945 Left Sioux Falls and headed for Sheppard Field, Texas.

October 28, 1945 I was released from the Army today at 13:48 and started home. It's all over now.

ARTICLE FROM EASTERN DAILY PRESS, NORWICH, ENGLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1989:  
A HIGH FLIGHT TO FREEZE ICE CREAM

A sweet B 24 Liberator memory from Phyllis Smales of Worstead.

Preparing for the 100th mission party for the 467th Bomb Group at Rackheath in 1944, Phyllis, serving with the American Red Cross at Rackheath, and her fellow helpers found they had no way of freezing the ice cream made from various substitute ingredients, including dried milk.

Fred Jansen, a Canadian pilot of Witchcraft, the only B 24, which thanks to an excellent ground crew, completed all her missions without turning back, says Mrs. Smales, was ordered to load the ice cream in its bomb bay and fly to 18,000 ft for an hour.

"The ice cream froze, and so almost did the crew!" recalls Mrs. Smales of Swan Cottage, Sloley Road. "There was no heating in those days of flying, and it was a standing joke among air crew that the B 24 was designed not to leave the ground.

"Fred, who was a good friend, flew Witchcraft on her last 11 bombing raids, and finally back to the States where she was broken up. Another trip he made in 1944 was to Scotland to pick up crates of whisky. When crews were flying three missions a day to Germany, the became exhausted, and Fred told us they were given whisky on their return to make them sleep, and Benzedrine in the mornings to keep them awake!"



# Utah says 'no dice'

## to gambling plan

By David Lamb  
Los Angeles Times

WENDOVER, Utah — Driving west from Salt Lake City through the high desert and into this town — following the route of Nevada-bound buses marked "Gamblers Special" — travelers find not much more than a way station that seems ready to blow away in a hearty storm.

There are a couple of motels, a Mexican restaurant, two lots selling junky used cars and some self-storage containers stacked just off the main street. Ramshackle homes along Mirah and Pequop avenues and the abandoned barracks of a World War II air base complete the scene.

Bing Crosby entertained troops at the base in the '40s and said that the town, even then, reminded him of "the end of Tobacco Road." Bob Hope suggested that Wendover change its name to Leftover, and after the war, that is about what it became, just a fuel-and-water stop for travelers running Route 40 from Chicago to San Francisco. Salt Lake City is 120 miles east, Reno, Nev., a tankful of gas west.

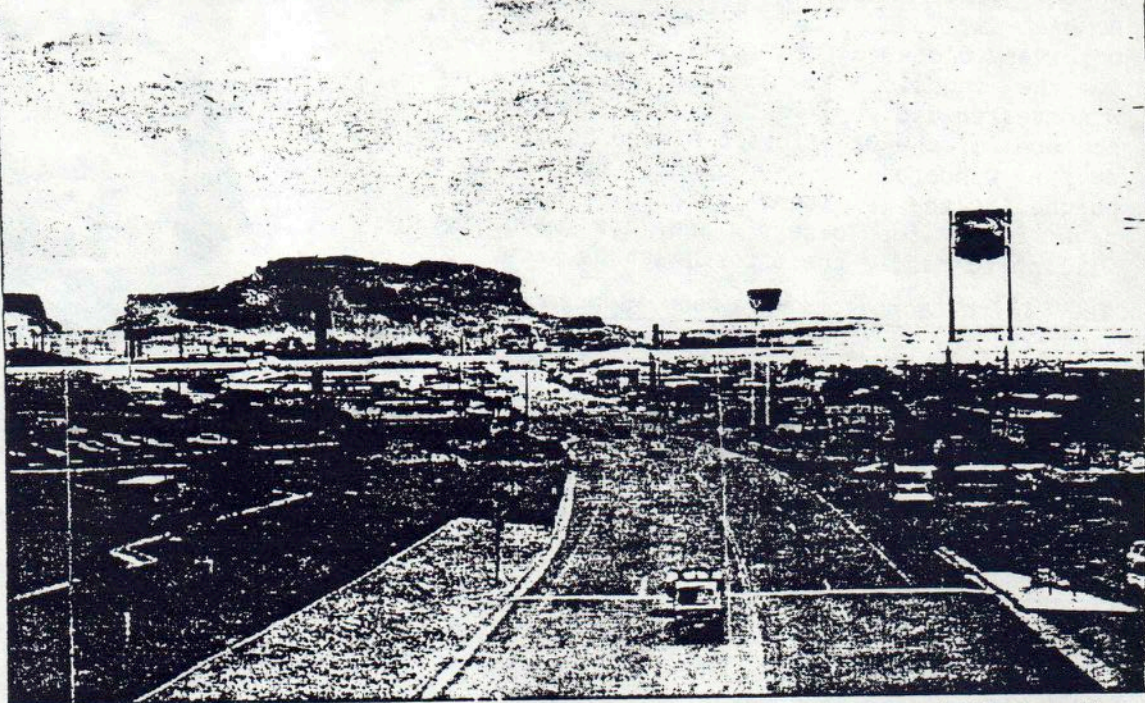
"Someone asked me the other day: 'Why don't you have a chamber of commerce in Wendover?'" said longtime resident Marie Johnson, 71. "And I told him: 'You can't have a chamber with a dying community. You need people to be moving in, not out, to have a chamber.'"

But write no epitaphs for the name of Wendover. Just a few hundred yards beyond Mike Pantelakis' Heritage Motel, past a white line painted across the highway, a 64-foot-high cowboy and huge marquees suddenly loom out of the sagebrush. "Super Hot Slots," they promise. Or "Fabulous Prime Rib Dinners," "Roy Clark in Person," "Best Odds in Town."

Welcome to Nevada, partner. This is the other Wendover — Wendover, Nev., a community originally built with Utah money in the 1930s — and business here is booming, the population is growing and five major casinos are packed around the clock.

Here, straddling the state line, the philosophies of the West's two most contrasting states — pious Utah and outlandish Nevada — meet. And there is little doubt about where the siren song blows.

In the Nevada Wendover (population 2,000), there is a new resi-



Truck crossing white line in the middle of the highway is leaving quiet Wendover, Utah, for less quiet Wendover, Nev.

dential subdivision with sidewalks and paved streets, an 18-hole golf course, equestrian park, medical clinic and library, clothing store, shopping plaza, 24-hour cocktail lounges, throngs of visitors ambling around with their plastic cups full of coins — and no state income taxes or taxes on food.

In the Utah Wendover (population 1,300), there are no bars, no liquor store and no Lions Club — it moved west to the other Wendover.

At the Heritage Motel the other morning, Pantelakis was wrapping up the graveyard shift and feeling rueful. He watched the parade of cars and buses stream by outside heading for the other Wendover. These visitors — the vast majority of them Utahans from the Mormon-dominated cities of Salt Lake, Provo and Ogden — spent more than \$40 million just across the infamous painted white line in 1988.

"Marie's right," Pantelakis said. "We're dying. Ask anyone what Wendover means and they'll say gambling. Wendover, Utah, doesn't exist. People will start checking in here and say: 'Where's your slot machines?' I'll say: 'You have to go down the street for them.' And they'll say: 'Well, then I'm going down the street.'"

Last year, Pantelakis and a handful of other businessmen decided that there was only one way for Wendover to survive. It, too,

needed gambling. This presented a formidable challenge because Mormons consider gambling a forbidden pleasure, and in Utah — the only state besides Hawaii with no legalized gambling of any type — 28 of the 29 state senators are members of the Mormon church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Nevertheless, the citizens' group found two senators, both Mormons, willing to sponsor a constitutional amendment to legalize gambling in Wendover, Utah.

"We are a pocket of poverty, growing steadily worse," the group said in a letter asking for senatorial support, pointing out that Wendover could not even afford to hire a school crossing guard for Highway 40. More than 200 families were on welfare, it said, and in the last three years another 150 families had left Wendover, Utah, for a more prosperous life just across the line in Wendover, Nev.

Resolutions supporting the amendment swept through the Wendover City Council and the Tooele County Commission. Then in January, to the dismay of casino operators across the border and to the surprise of just about everyone, the Utah Senate Rules Committee gave its approval to the amendment.

Then the Utah Establishment rallied.

"... What's next?" editorialized the church-owned Desert News. "Demands for legalized brothels in Utah just because they are permitted in some parts of Nevada?"

Sen. K.S. Cornaby expressed concern that Wendover, Utah, would become a "mini-Las Vegas."

Two days after approval by the Rules Committee, the amendment was brought before the Business and Labor Committee, where by unanimous vote it was tabled into oblivion. Said Sen. Richard Templest: "I'd rather see the city die than have people compromise their principles just to stay there to make a living."

Today, Wendover's (Utah) \$1-a-year mayor, Glenn Beck, a retired railroad man, and the other residents of the beleaguered town watch the \$40 million cavalcade of cars, buses and trucks swing off Interstate 80 and whiz by their doors.

When some of the first travelers in these parts, the ill-fated Donner party, pushed through the salt flats near here in 1846, they made wagon tracks that are still visible in the rock-hard salt. Today, many of Wendover's people wonder whether that will be their destiny, too — whether in a generation there will be nothing left of Wendover, Utah, but memories of rectitude and a few traces of mortar and brick in the shifting sand.

#### POST EXCHANGE

The Post Exchange is a method of funding our Group mail and memorial efforts. Please know that all items shown below do now and/or eventually will add to the Group mail-memorial funds. You will see in the Treasurer's Report that Lloyd and Carmen Haug, who offer the Group identification cap, have sent a substantial amount in the last three months and will have more shortly from the orders received at Ft. Worth. Vince LaRussa's two projects, THE 467TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP and THE WITCH RETURNS are both very close to providing additional income to the funds. The Commemorative Plates and Windbreaker did very well, I am sorry we have no more of the OD aircraft plates to offer and so few windbreakers. Support the Group by purchasing the PX items offered. And if you have ideas for others, and are maybe even willing to handle the effort, let us know.

The 467th Bombardment Group, September 1943-June 1945 by Allen Healy (third printing).

This hardcover book is available from Vince LaRussa, 97 Grayton Drive, Tonawanda, NY 14150, for \$30 per copy. It is probably that this is the last printing of this history and you are urged to order your copy from Vince before the remainder are turned to the book market.

#### THE WITCH RETURNS

Our English friend, Peter Bond, has given us permission to use his above-titled painting of "Witchcraft" escorted by the P-47 "Little Pete" over the area southwest of Station 145, Rackheath, as a Group fund raiser. Vince LaRussa has offered to ramrod this and orders for the 5" x 7" full color photograph of the painting should be sent to him. This is not your usual antiseptic "side view" painting, but both aircraft, in good color, are shown from rear quarter in right bank, an action view, with excellent ground details of the base, built-up areas, runways, roads, railroads, the Sole and Heel, New Rackheath, Salhouse, etc. I know this will be an exciting addition to your Group memorabilia. Order from Vince LaRussa at the above address for \$7.50 each, post paid.

#### SECOND AIR DIVISION

REUNION '89 - Hilton Head, South Carolina  
November 2-5, 1989. Members of 2ADA, if they wish to attend, should send \$50 per person advance registration fee to Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delair Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114. Jeff Gregory writes you may now only be put on the waiting list. Procrastination! Got you again!

REUNION '90 - Norwich, England - July 25-31, 1990. Send Evelyn advance registration fee. And, again, you are probably going to be on the waiting list.

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH  
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#### GROUP IDENTIFICATION CAP

Offered by Lloyd Haug, 3115 Benjamin St., NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418, these are one size fits all, mesh sided, red color caps, the front bearing an emblem with Second Air Division lettered over an O.D. B-24 with Group tail markings and further identified as 467th Bomb Group. This cap is the only one now offered with Group Approval. Send \$6 for each you want to Lloyd. See photo following.



#### GROUP WINDOW DECAL

Bob Sheehan, 1924 S. Utica, Room 1100, Tulsa, OK 74104, is offering the latest Group PX item, a decal in red, white, blue, silver and gold as shown in the accompanying reproduction. This is a photo copy of the art work and is not representative of the quality of the finished product. Price - \$3.00 each. Send check with your orders.



Join the Second Air Division. Send \$10 to Evelyn Cohen as above. Enjoy the rights and privileges of membership, the Quarterly Journal, opportunities to reunion with wonderful people in great places. Again, I will tell you that in my eleven years of membership, Miss Cille and I have made friends as precious and dear as any of our lifetime.

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