



*** We were the 1st, and still serving ***

SECOND BOMBARDMENT ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

"Second to None"

www.2ndbombgroup.org



Volume 23, No. 1

January 2007



President's Corner (Incoming President)

I hope all of you had a healthy and happy holiday season. What an awesome responsibility and honor it is to serve as the first woman (and non-vet) of this great organization which has such a wonderful history. You honor me and my daddy that I never met and I will do my best to serve you well.

I want to take this time on the behalf of all of you to recognize and thank Loy Dickinson for the fabulous leadership he and his board provided. Our conference in Dayton, Ohio this past September was beautifully organized and was just plain fun! I know that I will be relying on Loy, Dick Radtke and Kemp Martin for advice as I stumble on the learning curve. We also owe a big debt of gratitude to Earl Martin for the great job he continues to do on our newsletter. That is no small task and he does a really professional job each time. In addition to that he has to get articles and letters from the members which is sometimes like pulling teeth.

For the next issue, I will introduce all the new officers and tell you how to reach them. We have some great folks who love this organization and what it stands for including some second generation folks like me. I want at this time, however, to give you a sneak preview of the 2007 Conference which will be in October in Houston. I was very aware of the desire to go to Washington, DC, but we did not have enough lead time to leverage prices and dates for hotel space in the fall. We have some great room rates and are planning other fun things for all of you to do when we welcome you to Houston. Kemp Martin is planning things as we speak. I have arranged for a woman from the University of Florida to come and speak to us about all the stuff they are collecting in their research project called WWII and the Human Experience. I know they are going to be a repository for memorabilia that no one else in your family may be interested in. I am also checking but I think the weekend we are looking at is also the Air Show out at Ellington Air Force Base.

There will be many wonderful things to do. That is a lovely time of year in Houston and you will be made to feel very welcome. Maybe with all this lead time Karen Nelson can help us find a reasonable and available hotel for the 2008 Conference in DC.

One of my goals as president is to enlarge our membership base to include your children and grandkids. Please encourage them to join the organization and to come with you to Houston. There is much for all of them to do.

Please do not hesitate to get in touch with me directly if you have any ideas as to how the organization could grow or how we could do our jobs better.

Happy New Year and health and blessings to you and those you love.

Sincerely,
Bonnie Blackford Crane Hellums

(Outgoing President)

Your continuing support of the 2nd Bomb Association has been superb. We changed from a biennial to an annual Reunion at Dayton and the result was outstanding. We owe special thanks to Dick Radtke and to Lew Waters for the smooth as silk program of events. The dedication ceremony at our Monument exceeded all expectations. We had a wonderful crowd on a sun drenched, blue sky day on the grounds of the Wright Patterson Museum.

A tip of the cap to our Emeritus Treasurer, Bill Parsons, whose stewardship kept our ship out of fiscal tidewaters. VP John Sisson was always at hand with experienced and wise counsel. How can you say enough about Earl Martin? Year in and year out, he continues to confound by editing and publishing a stylish and newsworthy Newsletter.

And now, the newcomers: Sid Underwood stepped in and did a masterful job as Assistant Webmaster. Before he knew it, he was in charge after the untimely passing of Dave Carlock last July
(continued on next page)

5th. We carry a huge debt of gratitude to Dave who inaugurated our web site back in 1995-96. Carlock contributed literally thousands of hours even when troubled by declining health. As our new Treasurer Matt Bryner (aka grandson of John) succeeded the redoubtable Parsons quietly and professionally. These past three years Historian Paul Skalny has skillfully been pulling together the pieces of our photographic legacy. To complete this colorful mosaic we are fortunate, indeed, to have the Association Secretary, Judge Bonnie Hellums, move to take over the presidency for 2007-08. Bonnie's proven leadership and infectious enthusiasm will serve our association well as it moves into a new and interesting phase.

The addition of the Database to our web site has drawn wide acclaim and use. By increasing the size of your Board of Directors we have added fresh outlooks. For me the most memorable aspect has been the interchange with folks from all over the planet looking for information about a brother, an uncle or a grandparent who joined in the good fight over six decades ago. And now farewell! To adapt an old soldier's phrase, I should like to say "old air-men don't fade away, they just flap their wings".

On to Houston,
Loy Dickinson 2004-06

in advance.

I received communications, stories and pictures from many of you. Thanks for doing so and please keep up that good work. The vitality of the organization is enhanced when we are able to exchange information and knowledge of each other.

I must say a word about our departing president, Loy Dickinson. He and I were fellow POWs though he languished in the garden party camp at Barth while I fought the cold at Sagan. In the association, we worked well together. Almost every day we were in communication by e-mail or telephone working on the many problems of the organization. As president he was contacted by many people looking for help in finding a relative from WWII. Some of those being sought were not in the 2nd Bomb Group and some not even in the Air Branch of the service. Loy always did his best to help any way he could.

Loy was in contact at one time or another with almost every member of the association and he kept up with a lot of people who would otherwise have been lost to us.

Thank you Loy, for being a hard working and understanding dictator. Your three years of a two year term have been good for the 2nd Bomb.

Our Business Addresses

The View from the Farm

What a fine time it was at the United States Air Force Museum.

The reunion was short in numbers but long in enthusiasm. All went well and all the old vets and those of their families and friends who were there had a good time. Many stories were told and retold, most everyone took part in the tours, we had good speakers in the evenings and good food and drink abounded.

One of the outstanding things noticed about this reunion was the great many children and, yes, grandchildren of the 2nd Bomb vets that were in attendance. In fact, four of the principle offices of the association will be occupied by the younger generation beginning in 2007. Bonnie Hellums will take over as President, Matt Bryner Treasurer, Sid Underwood as Web Master and Paul Skalny will continue as Historian. With the new energy and dedication of these youngsters, I think the future of the association is assured.

The place for the reunion in '07 was much discussed at the board of directors meetings and the general membership meeting. Several likely places were talked about. Our change to having reunions each year places a stress on finding locations since it is difficult to make arrangements less than a year

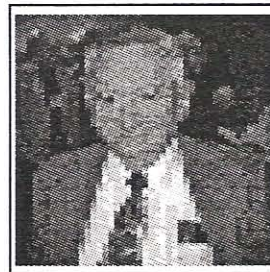
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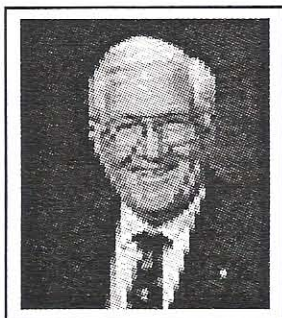
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Did You Know?

1. That 12,732 B-17s were manufactured. 4,735 were destroyed in combat and 13 are still flying?
2. That the 15th Air Force bombed Casteltravano Airdrome in Sicily and destroyed 133 German aircraft. That was a record for a single mission?
3. That "JABO" was the name given by the Germans for the Allied fighter bombers?
4. That the name "Jeep" came from the pet of Popeye's adopted son, Swee'Pea?
5. That the name "Bucket Brigade" was given to the defense system along the East coast to protect against German submarines?
6. That actor Yul Brynner worked as a French announcer during the war broadcasting propaganda to occupied France?

Dayton Revisited

Dayton Revisited was the name of our 2006 reunion. And what a great time it was. Not only did we reminisce about the 1991 reunion, at which we dedicated the 2nd Bomb Group/Wing Monument in the Air Force Museum Memorial Park, we brought the monument up to date with an addition.

The addition is a stone plaque detailing what the 2nd Bomb Wing has done in the intervening years in the defense of our nation. We have included, in this issue, the story and pictures of that event.

A very noticeable difference between the 1991 and 2006 meetings was the attendance. More than 500 persons were there in 1991 and just over a hundred came in 2006. Father time has thinned the ranks. Another difference, though, was the presence of many children and grandchildren of the old veterans.

When all had gathered and registered, activities began. The hospitality room was opened and many visited there to talk to old and new friends. As usual, beverages of all kinds were available during the afternoon and evening hours. A fine buffet supper was enjoyed Thursday.



The Wright Museum Entrance

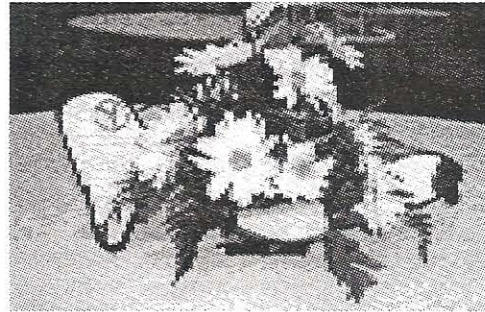
Friday was the main activity day. All departed by bus to the Air Force Museum and spent several hours touring the exhibits. What better time could be spent by the old vets than looking at the airplanes they were acquainted with during their war time service as well as those from the very beginning of aviation until the latest models.

At 1:00 pm, the dedication service at the Memorial Park began and all of the reunion group gathered for this event. Picture taking was rampant and even a panoramic camera was used to capture an image of the entire crowd.

More time was spent viewing the displays in the museum and a showing in the IMAX theater was enjoyed before the members were bused back to the motel for a good time of companionship in the hospitality room.

At 6:30 pm the celebrants moved from the

hospitality room to the dining room to enjoy a delicious buffet supper. The meal was followed by a very interesting talk by Colonel Daniel J. Charchian, commander of the Second Bomb Wing. Col. Charchian explained the capabilities and abilities of the Wing as well as its participation in the current activities of our armed forces.



*Airplane
Table
Decorations*

The General Membership meeting began at 8:00 am Saturday with most of the association members present. The main order of business was the election of officers for the next term. The officers will be introduced in another place.

The rest of Saturday was tour day. Two large, school bus type vehicles were used to take the members on a city tour emphasizing the locations of the homes and businesses of the famed Wright Brothers and the beginnings of aviation in the greater Dayton area.

Again, the hospitality room was busy in the evening before all were transported to the Marriott Hotel for the traditional Friday Night banquet. The speaker of the evening was U.S. Representative from Ohio, the Honorable David Hobson.

Again, following long practiced tradition, the reunion was ended with the Sunday morning brunch.

All departed for their homes having a good feeling about another very successful and fulfilling reunion and are looking forward to another gathering in 2007.

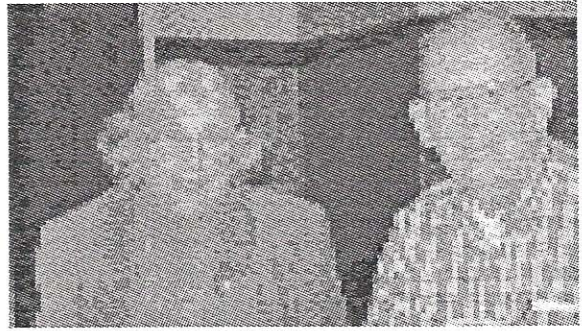


Congressman David Hobson

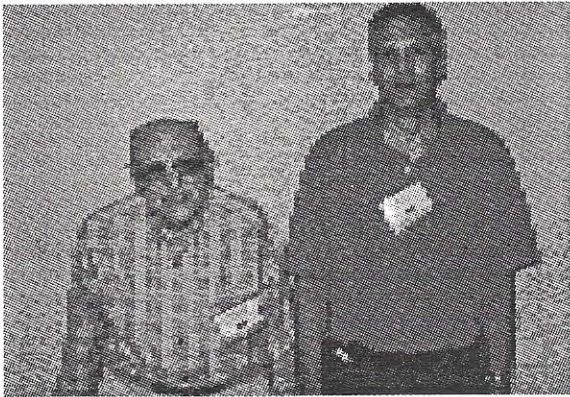
Some of our members enjoying the reunion



Matt and John Bryner



The Albert Smiths



James and George Goodrich



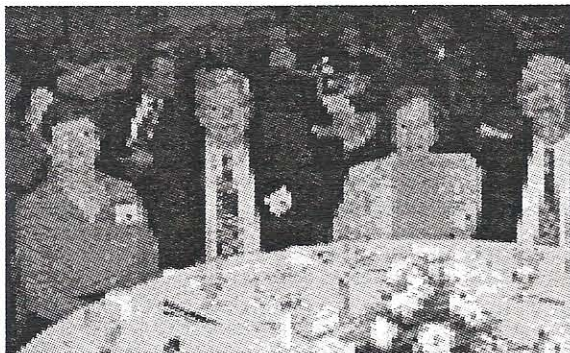
William and Gertrude Triggs



Bonnie Hellums and husband, Caryl Stith



Lloyd and George True



The Martins - Nancy, Rodney, Anne, Earl



Sid and Francyne Underwood



John and Lora Pasco, Ed Wade



*Art & Leona Winkler and daughter,
Karen Nelson*



Presidents Radtke, Hellums, Dickinson



Board of Directors Meeting

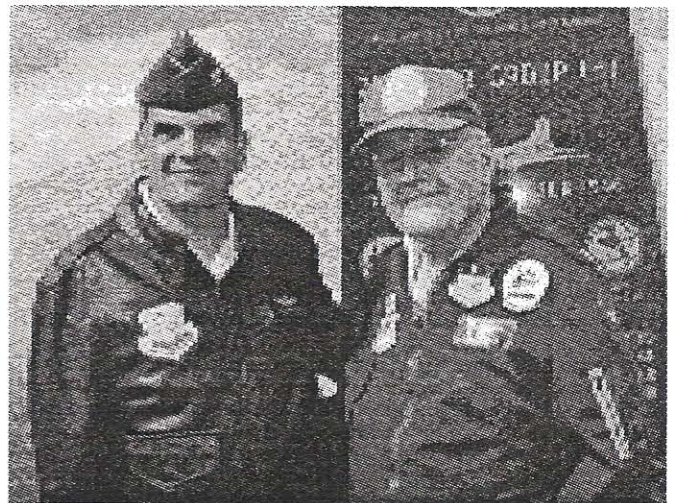


Addition to the Monument

The Second Bomb Group/Wing monument was placed in the Air Force Museum National Memorial park fifteen years prior to the 2006 Reunion of the Second Bomb Group Association. The association feels that the monument should be brought up to date with information about the activities of the 2nd Bomb Wing since that time.

The following addition to the monument (in carved stone) was added in a ceremony at 1:00 pm, September 29, 2006.

The addition was presented by Association President, Loy Dickinson and 2nd Bomb Wing commander Col. Daniel J. Charchian and accepted by the Air Force Museum.



*2nd Wing Commander Col. Daniel J. Charchian
and the monument creator, Chuck Beecham*

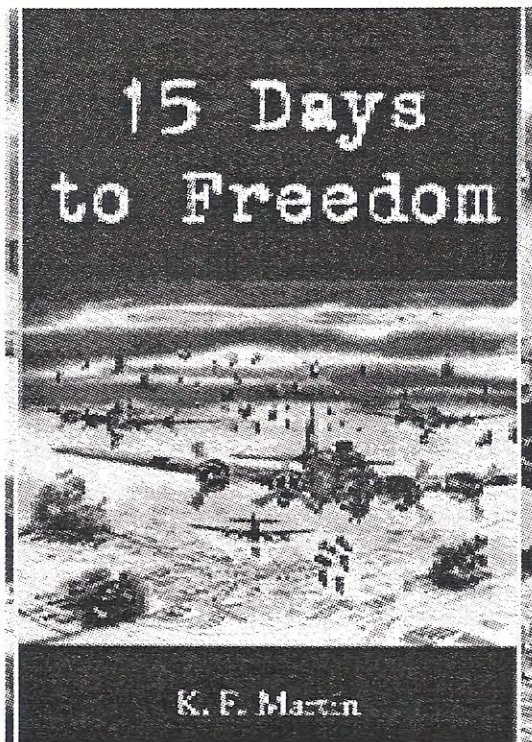
Incoming Association President, Bonnie Hellums read the following wording from the monument addition for all to hear:

2nd Bomb Wing Air Combat Command

The 2nd Bomb Wing has participated in several combat actions since operation Desert Storm. Operation Desert Strike was carried out in 1996 to counter Iraq's disregard for United Nations mandates and military build up. This was the first time the B-52H was used in combat. In Operation Desert Fox the 2nd was tasked with destroying Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. The Wing also participated in Operation Allied Force striking military targets in Kosovo. Since September 11, 2001, the 2nd bomb Wing has played a pivotal role in global war on terrorism in both operations Enduring Freedom and Iraqi Freedom.



The Museum accepts the monument; Terry Aitken curator.



15 Days to Freedom

Past President of the Association, Kemp Martin, has published a book about some of his 2nd Bomb experiences during the war. The title is "15 Days to Freedom."

The publisher, Author House, says "Three Air Corps lieutenants huddled together in a tiny Italian barn. They were trying to keep warm and dry while wondering how they managed to end up in the middle of the German lines. Less than two weeks ago they were sitting in a prisoner of war camp waiting for a train to take them north to the "Fatherland." That was when they decided and executed a successful escape.

On the outside, they made for the high country. That translated into some seventy miles of struggling in cold, rain and mud. Help had come from a limited number of friendly farmers who provided some food and tattered civilian clothing. Their situation looked bleak until the afternoon of the big battle."

Kemp has provided us with another interesting story and it is a great read. Publisher is Author House. Available from your local bookseller or online.

2nd Bomb Group Association General Meeting September 30, 2006

The meeting began shortly after 8:00 am this date. There were approximately 40 in attendance. A report by the new Treasurer, Matt Bryner, discussed the transfer of material and records from Bill Parsons. Secretary Bonnie Hellums did not present a formal report, as there had not been a Directors Meeting in the past year. However, there were many contacts between officers and directors by e-mail and by telephone during the past year, concerning new officers, reunions, planning for the current reunion and continuation of the 2nd Bomb Group Association as it now exists.

Earl Martin related the history of the Newsletter, how he managed to inherit the job of Editor from Rudy Koller. What Earl didn't realize at the time is that he also inherited responsibility for the Association Roster. The Secretary will handle Roster changes and updates in the future.

Our new Web Master, Sid Underwood, discussed the process of taking over the records and computer data from Dave Carlock. Sid announced that membership forms are available now from the website.

The election of officers, by the board of directors, for the coming year were announced by President Dickinson. They are as follows:
 President - Bonnie Crane Hellums
 Vice-President - John D. Sisson
 Secretary - Lewis H. Waters
 Treasurer - Matt Bryner
 Newsletter Editor - Earl W. Martin
 Web Master - Sid Underwood
 Historian - Paul F. Skalny
 Agent to CA Secty of State - Patrick J. Kennelly
 Treasurer Emeritus - William Parsons
 Directors at Large - John H. Bryner, Fred Fitzpatrick, Karen Nelson, Jack Norwine, Burton Thorman, George H. True and John R. Specker
 Past Presidents - Loy A. Dickinson, Richard K. Radtke and Kemp F. Martin.

John Bryner informed the group that a German friend needs information on B-17 crash sites, referring to the March 24, 1945 mission to Berlin - Mission #385, specifically the Robert Tappan and Richard Rapelyea crews.

Director Nelson told us the dedication of the new Air Force Memorial, located near Washington D.C. (actually in Arlington, VA) will be held on October 14. The Memorial is located in an area near the Pentagon.

Incoming President Hellums announced the next reunion, in 2007, will be either in Houston, Washington D.C. or possibly near Barksdale A.F.B., LA.

Reunion coordinator Dick Radtke outlined the day's activity tour and the evening banquet in Springfield.

The meeting adjourned at 8:45 am.

Respectfully submitted,
Lewis H. Waters, Secretary



GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD EDUCATION GRANT

SPONSORED BY

Second Bombardment Association

2006 - 2007 Education Grant Recipients

Fallon N. Cooley

Fallon N. Cooley will be a freshman at Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches Texas. In high school, Fallon was an Honor Roll student, member of the National Honor Society and a Louisiana Regents Scholar with an earned Grade Point Average of 3.567. She participated in school activities such as Math Club, German Club and cheerleading. Fallon's father, CMSGT Tim Cooley, is an Active Duty Air Force member stationed at Barksdale AFB.

Renee Aviles

Renee Aviles, also a freshman, will be attending Centenary College of Louisiana, Shreveport Louisiana. Renee earned a 3.8 Grade Point Average and was awarded the Chancellor's Academic Award at her high school academy. She participated in various sports, such as track and cross-country, receiving MVP awards in both. Renee was also a member of the Beta Club and a volunteer at LSU. Her father, SMGT Antonio Aviles, is an Active Duty Air Force member stationed at Barksdale AFB.

Pete and Bonnie's Story

June 11, 2006

It was a sweltering, steamy hot and humid day that Sunday but I hardly noticed. I had never been to Hooks Airport in far northwest Houston before and I was very concerned that I would be late and miss this golden chance to waltz in my Daddy's shoes.

But let me back up ...my father was 1st Lt. Newton Storey Blackford but everyone called him Pete. He was the only son of George and Mary Blackford. He and my mom, Lorraine, attended Oak Park Riverforest Township High School in Chicago, Illinois. They fell in love at age 15 but didn't marry until my Mom graduated from the University of Illinois in May, 1942. Pete had dropped out of the U of Illinois and immediately joined the Army Air Corps following the bombing of Pearl Harbor in December of 1941. His training had taken him to Wyoming, San Antonio, Waco and finally Ellington Field in Houston, Texas where I was conceived. While my mom was still pregnant with me, he was shipped out to fly with the 2nd bomb group, 429th Sqd. He flew from Florida to Brazil and then across the Atlantic Ocean to Africa and then to North Africa in March of 1943. In June, 1943 his group had moved to Ain M'Lalia, Algeria and they had started bombing Italy. Pete had flown some six missions as the pilot of the "Lucky Leprechaun" which was a B-17. Problems had occurred with at least two of the engines on a previous flight so they had been removed and replaced by the ground crew.

After becoming a member of American World War II Orphans Network (AWON) and learning how to research various sites, I found the 2nd Bomb Group. I emailed Richard Radtke, got a note from Lew Waters and was then referred to Chuck Richards who turned out to be the historian of the 2nd Bomb Group. I had several conversations and many emails with Chuck whose first response was "I cannot believe I am hearing from you." Chuck told me that he arose very early that morning of the 16 of July, 1943. It was characteristically very hot and dry in Algiers, even early in the morning. He washed up and went outside to watch the formations take off as he often did in the early morning.

The first time I walked into a 2nd Bomb Group reunion hospitality room, the first thing I saw was a picture of my dad and his crew. Because of that event, I learned that one of my Dad's crew had been injured by flak in the previous bombing raid. The plane had been struck as well. My dad had heroically piloted the limping plane back across the Mediterranean to bring his injured crew member to the hospital. His name was Marion Benbrook. Because of his injuries, Marion was hospitalized

and therefore unable to fly with the rest of the crew. The entire crew, plus Marion's substitute, ate breakfast together and then visited the hospital tent to tease Marion about being a gold bricker, shirking his duty by sandbagging and staying in the hospital. I have spoken with Marion on the phone and he informed me that he really hated not being able to go with his crew who always flew together.

At the time, because it became so cold in the planes when they were airborne, the custom was that the crew would arm the 500 lb bombs while they were still on the ground so that they could simply be shoved out the bomb bay when they were over the site. My Dad's crew had armed all the bombs before takeoff. There were twelve 500 lb. bombs on board when they took off in formation to bomb San Giovanni, Italy. Unfortunately, the repaired engines which had been placed on my Dad's plane failed on takeoff. According to Chuck Richards, who was watching that morning, the engines only feathered after the plane was airborne and the plane began to mush. It was clear that they were going to crash, so my Dad, the pilot, flew the plane away from where many of the men were sleeping in the tents. Chuck said he saw a huge plume of black smoke as the plane went down. In "The 2nd was First" Chuck showed me the first picture I had ever seen of the crash that took all those fine men. All but one of the bombs exploded on impact and the entire crew was lost on that dusty, hot desert morning in Algeria. Half a world away was the one month old daughter he would never see and who would spend a lifetime missing a Daddy she never knew but was so similar

(continued on next page)



to, according to everyone who knew him. The hole in the heart is immeasurable.

But I am fortunate enough to have had a man placed in my life that "gets it." My husband, Carel Stith, I am sure was sent to me to help compensate for the loss of the first important man in my life. Never once has he said, "It has been 63 years; can't you just get over it and move on?" He has never questioned why when I totally lose it when seeing a missing man flyover, or hearing "The Army Air Corps" anthem, "I'll Be Seeing You" or anything by Glenn Miller. He just holds me or pats my hand to honor my feelings. So, I guess I should not have been surprised when this year for my birthday, he informed me that he had secured for me a ride on a B-17 like my father had flown. (Do I know that technically this model came out just after my dad died? Yes, but it is close enough for government work, as they say.) He had seen a news story about a restored plane called "The Liberty Belle" that was going to be in Houston over this particular weekend and he had called and informed them that he had a war orphan who was having a birthday and wanted her to have this experience as a gift. He really knocked my socks off.

When we arrived at the field, the plane was just returning from the previous flight. I had read a lot about "The Flying Fortress," as the B-17 was called and had even seen one at an air show, but I was actually going to get to ride and my heart was throbbing. I had on my AWON shirt, my Dad's wings and the Gold Star. The symbolism and emotion of it all was almost more than I could bear. The folks who handle "The Liberty Belle" were wonderful to me. They let me board the plane with a photographer who had been hired by a good friend of mine as a birthday present to record this event. We took a bunch of pictures in the plane where I sat in the pilot's seat and imagined what my Dad must have looked at and felt. It was so strange to grasp at shreds of feelings or images to try to conjure up a man for whom your heart longs so badly.

Thanks to Col. Jack Forgy, I had found out that when my dad was in training to get his wings at Ellington Air Base here in Houston, he and his pilot had crashed in a field quite a bit away from the landing strip because the map they were using for the flight had flown out the window and they got totally lost. I could not picture how that would have happened until this gawky, loud, antique plane took off and started to fly over Houston. I was allowed to sit in the jump seat directly behind where my dad would have sat and then was allowed, after takeoff, to stand behind the pilots and film out the front windows. The wind was very loud coming in those windows and suddenly I could picture exactly what happened when the map blew out the window. The ride seemed very short, but oh, so sweet. I had another

piece of the ghost puzzle I will be working on for the remainder of my days until I get to hug him face to face someday.

Bonnie Crane Hellums

Lone Wolf Mission

by Ray Towalski

Little was known and probably few know even now about the Lone Wolf missions flown by the American heavy bombers from the 15th Air Force.

The American Strategic Air Forces were known for large formation daylight missions while our friends the RAF flew mostly during the night hours.

Association member Raymond E. Towalski was the bombardier on the first Lone Wolf mission flown by the 20th Squadron. His story follows. Thanks, Ray.

This narration covers our bomber crew's participation in what was the 15th Air Force's first night bombing of Germany. It is briefly described in the chronicle "Defenders of Liberty" as mission no. 309, and was also featured in the December 15, 1945 issue of "Yank Magazine." I will describe our experiences during the mission and some of the events that followed.

The briefing for the mission started at 8:30 on the evening of 12 November 1944 and lasted two hours. The target selection was Blechhammer South Synthetic Oil Refinery. During the briefing, we were introduced to our passenger, Cpl. George Barrett of "Yank Magazine." He relieved Sgt. David W. Dykes as our left waist gunner.

As we were climbing to our prescribed altitude, our pilot, Lt. Pederson activated the C1 autopilot. While approaching the target area, I turned on the bomb sight. It did not function. The temperature at our altitude was 68 degrees below zero and it just froze. I was disappointed, especially since the cloud cover over the target had dissipated. Had I been aware of this outcome, I would have turned it on sooner.

As we started our bomb run, the flak increased in intensity. Our aircraft was taking a few hits. Lt. Byron Martin, our radar navigator, spoke on the intercom that he had spotted the target. The APQ-13 radar set was not noted for accuracy in keeping the vertical crosshair on target. I maintained the aircraft on course to the target with the C1 and Byron monitored the rate of approach to release the bombs on target. During our bomb run, we noticed two aircraft caught in a cone of searchlights on our starboard and some distance away taking some heavy flak. Our target was clear and in sight throughout the entire bomb run. How I regretted not having turned on the upper portion of the bomb

sight sooner. We maintained the aircraft in level flight during the bomb run until the bombs were released on target. I could see the bombs hit the target and track through some buildings and they exploded the storage tanks in the refinery as we turned away.

Number 3 engine had been hit during the bomb run and flared up. It could not be feathered. The prop just windmilled until it sheared off. Number 2 engine had also received damage and was flaming in brilliant streaks. Three cylinder heads blew off and the prop was feathered. Electrical power was reduced to a point where the C1 gyro and the radar set were useless because of the shortage of juice. We turned off our electrically heated flying suits to give our navigator, Lt. Arthur Worth, sufficient electricity to operate his instruments. We had only two engines left, we were 600 miles from home base, and we were losing altitude at a rate of 1,000 feet a minute. The pilot admitted over the intercom that our situation was not good. "Can we make it?" someone asked. At 20,000 feet we were ordered to prepare for bailout. We strapped on our parachutes and waited as we continued on course to our air base. I suggested we throw away some of the heavy stuff. The waist guns and belts of ammunition and anything loose were heaved overboard.

At 8,000 feet we began to level off and maintain our altitude. As the pilot steered southward, we approached the vicinity of Budapest and from my vantage point in the nose of the aircraft, I had a ringside view of the Russian siege of that city. It was an awesome pyrotechnic display. There were rows of Katusha rockets being fired and I could see them raining down upon the city. Our presence must have gotten somebody nervous on the ground below. We acquired some bursts of flak. Could not determine whether they were Russian or German and we turned away from the area.

Darkness still held over Yugoslavia and at our altitude, some of the mountain peaks we were approaching, were above us. The pilot requested the navigator set a safe course. I could see a large river below us and having a clearer vision of the terrain, I mentioned I could assist the pilot and warn of any random peaks. Assuming the river flowed into the Adriatic Sea, we should make it safely to the coast.

While this part of our adventure was taking place, the tanks fueling our two remaining operating engines were approaching empty. Our Flight Engineer, Sgt. James Miller, suggested he might transfer fuel from the tanks serving the dead engines into the tanks of the two working outboard engines. Until we finally broke out over the Dalmation coast, Sgt. Miller kept standing on the bomb bay doors hand cranking the fuel pump intermittently on the port and starboard sides until all the fuel had been transferred. Lt. Worth gave the heading to Lt.

After ditching in the Adriatic Sea



Pederson towards the island of Vis.

While over the Adriatic, I disconnected the bomb sight and pitched it overboard.

We ran into clouds and snow in the vicinity of the island and Lt. Pederson decided it was too risky to land there. Should we not succeed in our first attempt, we did not have enough power in the two engines to get over the hills that rose at the end of the runway.

We headed for the Italian coast hoping for the best. Tech. Sgt. Carmine S. Noce began sending Mayday messages. As the coastline was in sight, I could make out the planes from our field taking off on their missions.

Suddenly the pilot gave the order over the intercom, "prepare for ditching." Lt. Worth and I scrambled through the bomb bay into the radio compartment. I reminded our crew the proper arrangement and preparation for ditching. The first bump the aircraft made in contact with the water would be light, followed by a rough landing as we hit the water. Instructions were that Cpl. Barrett would be the first to exit the aircraft, be directed to the port wing and he was to wait there for the others that followed. We covered him with all the cushions at our disposal. I gave up the pad I was to use to cushion my back against the bulkhead when the plane made final contact with the water. Lt. Martin had his head down on the radar table and his right arm braced against the rib of the aircraft. Sgt. Noce had locked

(continued on next page)

the key down, sending a continuous transmission giving our position. We all knew from our training in the ditching procedure that when we were all aligned on the floor in the radio room, our arms were to be extended and braced against the back of the head of the person ahead as we faced the rear of the aircraft. With no cushion at my back, I opted to have one hand between the back of my head and the bulkhead and the other braced against the person in front of me.

When we finally hit the water, the jolt was so great the back of my head slammed against the bulkhead and someone's head smashed against my face. I was stunned momentarily. When I became conscious, Cpl. Barrett had already exited and water was filling the radio compartment. I assisted the remainder of the crew in abandoning the aircraft through the open hatch of the radio room. I was alone and up to my knees in water and when I tried to pull myself up through the hatch, I was so water logged I did not have strength enough to lift myself out. I slogged toward the waist section thinking I could exit through the waist window, but the thought struck me that if I continued my weight in that area might change the center of balance. I returned to the radio compartment and while hearing voices of concern from the crew on the starboard side, I placed one



Sgt. James Miller

foot on the radio operator's table and lifted the other on to the radar table. I was then able to stand with half my upper body protruding above the hatch.

With most of the water now draining from my clothing I was able to lift myself out and I slid down the fuselage on to the wing and into the dinghy.

I was in the aft section of the dinghy and called each crew member's name and to confirm their condition. All went well until I called Lt. Martin's name. I heard his voice answer: "I'm OK, I'm OK." But he was not in the dinghy. Sgt. Miller pointed in the direction behind me. Lt. Martin, for whatever reason, was in the water holding on to a cord attached to the dinghy. I ordered him into the life raft. He refused saying "I'm alright, I'm alright." I repeated the order and received the same answer. I was soaked up to my hips. With a few expletives, I popped one of the cylinders in my Mae West and slipped into the water. I ordered Sgt. Miller to grasp Lt. Martin by the shoulder harness as I took hold of it at his crotch and lifted him out of the water as Sgt. Miller dragged him into the dinghy.

We had ditched about four miles off the Manfredonia Harbor and fishing boats were fast approaching to offer assistance. As one came alongside, we clambered aboard. The plane was still afloat. The wing tanks, all being empty, helped as floating devices. A British rescue vessel arrived on the scene and inquired if we needed their assistance, especially if we had wounded on board. We informed them there were no serious problems and we preferred to remain with the Italian fishermen. The master of the rescue vessel began an attempt to salvage the aircraft by wrapping a hawser around the fuselage. Our life raft being the closest to them, we began calling and warning them not to attempt it. With the plane holding so much water, with any movement it would act as a sea anchor. A seaman was at the rail and as the vessel began to move the plane dipped and began to sink. The seaman took an axe attached to the bulkhead and with one swing severed the rope. Our aircraft disappeared quickly into the Adriatic Sea.

I had a silver cigarette case in the upper pocket of my flying suit. Upon opening it, I found the cigarettes were completely dry. The Italian crewmen began eyeing the cigarettes. My zippo lighter worked so I offered each of them a light. I then passed the cigarettes to our flight crew and lit one for myself. Taking a puff, I noticed blood on my hands and the cigarette. I had not tasted any blood, but blood was steadily flowing from my mouth, probably the reason the fishermen were giving me an odd look as I was passing around the cigarettes.

Having finished our cigarettes, we began to hear Lt. Martin repeating over and over "I'm alright, I'm alright". The crew began to mutter, wishing he would be quiet. The Italians were not happy about it either. He was in shock and recalling he was silent when smoking, I lit one and placed it up to his lips. That worked. We kept him that way until we docked

at Manfredonia where an ambulance whisked him away along with Sgt. Noce who had a cut on his forehead above the eye.

The rest of us piled into whatever vehicle was available and were taken to our base for debriefing. The whisky did not set too well with me during the debriefing. I learned that whisky and blood don't mix very well. I was ordered to report to the hospital, where Capt. Lyman Ihle examined my mouth. He found the bleeding came from my two upper front teeth that had been pushed back when the back of the head of the crewman in front of me struck my face. I would be on soft foods for awhile, biting and chewing with my side teeth. My mouth was rinsed and I was released. When I got to the hut I hit the sack.

That evening during the officer's mess, several crewmen that had been on the same mission complimented us on our success in hitting and lighting up the target. They were one of the crews trapped in the cone of lights. One of the crews saw the fiery blooms from our bomb drops and zeroed in on our target.

An appreciation party was given at the officer's mess to the Italian fishermen who rescued us in the Adriatic. At the end of the dinner a large box of foodstuff and canned goods was given to each to take to their families. They reciprocated, inviting us to their homes in Manfredonia. Their hospitality was most generous. What I recall most is the coffee they served in small demitasse cups. It was extremely strong and we just about had to strain it through our teeth.

In closing I would be remiss if not acknowledging Sgt. James F. Miller. After our successful bombing, his task in transferring fuel to the two working engines was long and tedious and the primary reason we were able to remain airborne for the length of time on this mission.

Editor's Note: Ray was on rest leave when Pederson and some of the Lone Wolf crew (including Sgt. Miller) were missing in action on mission 326, December 7, 1944.

Appreciation Dinner



Letters and Notes:

From: John Hopf

My best to you and yours. You're a great American. I was reading my edition of "Defenders of Liberty." On page 139 there is a photo of a pilot that is mis-identified. He is actually Lt. Richard F. Underwood, who piloted plane 25427 or "427". My uncle, Sgt. Bill Georgius was the assistant engineer/ball gunner on that aircraft. Uncle Bill was with the 20th BS and flew 51 missions from 9 May to 16

Nov. 1943. The book describes the Underwood crew on page 177. They lost their original plane on Feb. 14, 1943 off the East Coast of Africa.

Unfortunately, Mr. Underwood passed on several years ago. My uncle joined him in 2001. However, I've been in contact with the two of the three remaining crew members. Both are in good health.

If you would be interested, I can pass on to you photos of "427" and her original crew. It's my understanding that "427" was shot down in Dec. 1943. Keep up the good work and let us all remember those who gave all. God bless.

The Check Ride

by Earl W. Martin

I was breezing through the basic training phase of the pilot training program at Lemoore Army Air Field in California. I had no problem learning to fly in the primary and basic sections of the training and felt I was making great progress toward the happy day when I would become a certified pilot and receive my wings.

My instructor flew with me one day and at the end of the period, directed me to land the BT-13, (known to all as the Vultee Vibrator) at the auxiliary field that was in use that day. After I parked the airplane in the line, the instructor said, "Go over to that airplane number 026 and report to Captain McMann, he is going to give you a 40 hour check ride." I was surprised. That was the first time I knew this day was "it"; the time most dreaded by all cadets.

Following instructions, I waddled over to the assigned airplane with my seat pack parachute banging against the back of my legs. I climbed up onto the wing, saluted the Captain and reported to him. He had a bored look on his face and an unlit cigar clenched in his mouth. He gave me instructions on what he wanted me to do, to which I replied "Yes Sir" and climbed into the front cockpit.

Then I made the first mistake of many I would make that day. The old Vibrator had a long reach to the rudder pedals and even as tall as I am, I needed to adjust them so that I could get the full travel. Shorter cadets needed even to take along a cushion to move them forward enough to reach the pedals. In too much of a hurry to be about the good Captain's instructions, I did not take time to make the required adjustments.

Nevertheless, I went through the process of starting the engine, clearing with the tower and making a perfect normal takeoff. The procedure required a climb after take-off to 500 feet, a left turn of 90 degrees, then a right 45 degree turn out of the pattern. I leveled off at 500 feet and made the left turn. Just before I was going to make the 45 degree turn, I distinctly heard the words, "I've got it." After more than 60 years I still maintain the words "I've got it" crossed my headphones. Consideration after those 60 years leads me to believe another cadet and instructor were in the area and the instructor failed to switch his selector from radio to intercom and did broadcast the words to the entire world. As far as I was concerned, when I believed the mighty captain had said "I've got it" the lowly cadet in the front seat took his feet and hands off the controls.

The airplane began a gentle diving turn to the left and headed back toward the field. I am not sure what I expected, but may have believed the captain was going to use his seniority to give the field a buzz

job. At about the time I was wondering, a raspy voice came into my headphones with the demand, "What the hell are you doing?"

This cadet had a strong belief in the military adage "Yes Sir, No Sir, No Excuse Sir", so without saying a word, I took the controls, straightened the airplane out, made a 45 degree turn out of the pattern and assumed a climb attitude toward 8,000 feet as the grouch in the back had directed. For most of an hour, I followed the Captain's instructions performing the flight maneuvers he required. All seemed to be going well.

Then his instructions were, "Do a one and a half turn spin to the right." Now, modern flying students must remember that students in those days were required to perform spins and spin recoveries. This required putting the airplane into a spin and recovering from the spin with precision. A one and a half turn spin meant that the pilot should recover after one and a half turns with reference to a road or some other straight line on the ground. I pulled the airplane up into a stall and kicked it into a spin to the right just as I had been taught. Then my troubles began. At the perfect time I should begin recovery, my neglect in adjusting the rudder pedals on the ground caught up with me. The old vibrator required the rudder be jammed all the way to the stop for good spin recovery. The result was a washed out recovery and the good Captain was unhappy. He required me to try several more times and was still unhappy. His next instruction was "Well go ahead and land." I did so, sure that a wash out procedure would be next.

After landing, the Captain's only statement was, "your flying is very good, but you can't get the airplane out of a spin." He walked away leaving me wondering what would come next.

The next morning, however, the Captain found that my instructor was sick and unavailable. He cornered another instructor and gave him the following directions. "Take this cadet up and teach him how to spin an airplane." The substitute and I flew for an hour. I do not know how many spins we did, but we were both rather dizzy when we landed, and his comment was, "I don't see anything wrong with this cadet's spin recoveries."

Captain McMann did not even give me another check ride and I proceeded through the rest of my stay in the basic phase toward my eventual pilot wings.

Combat Story

Art Jobin writes of his experiences as tail gunner on Lt. George Verbruggen's crew, 49th Squadron and as a POW. They were shot down on mission number 150 when the group lost 14 airplanes

and crews. Thanks Art!

I was sent to Lake Charles, Louisiana to fly the same model airplanes. The next station was Moses Lake, Washington where ten man crews were formed for B-17 airplanes. I didn't stay there long because a gunner and bombardier were needed to complete a crew at Rapid City, South Dakota. We made a trip to Gulfport, Mississippi so the navigator could experience flying over the Gulf of Mexico out of the sight of land. After that we boarded a train to go to Newport News, Virginia. A liberty ship in a convoy took us to French Morocco in eighteen days. From there we took a DC-3 to Algeria and finally to Tunis which would be our base for a few months. We were assigned to the 15th Air Force, Second Bomb Group and 49th Squadron.

New crews were broken up for three or four missions to fly with experienced crews. Our original tail gunner had a nervous breakdown on his first mission with another crew. Our pilot asked me to take the tail gunner position. The left waist position I vacated was filled from a pool.

On a 12 hour mission to Germany, we could not get back to our base the same day so we landed at Corsica. On approach, the wind was blowing so hard both pilots had to be on the controls. I couldn't crawl out of the tail position without being slammed from ceiling to floor. Later, when I got in the chow line I saw ahead of me a man, George Reid, from my hometown in Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

Just before Christmas in 1943, our group moved up to Foggia, Italy. The ground crew could not move at the same time, so gunners had to load and fuse the bombs. At Tunis and Foggia there was no indoor plumbing. We used an outhouse and bathed with water in our helmets. For heat, we rigged up a makeshift stove with a tank of gasoline elevated outside the tent. The line ran into a gallon can with a rock in it. We adjusted the flow of gasoline to a drop every few seconds. We lit the first drops and when the rock got hot it kept the flame going. The six enlisted men slept in one tent and the four officers had separate quarters. We flew every day the weather permitted. The Red Cross ladies served coffee and doughnuts after each mission. No USO entertainers ever came to our base.

One morning an engine on our airplane would not start. We hurried to another airplane that had just come from the US. We had no time to check out anything. When we tried to fire the guns at 10,000 feet we found that no one had cleaned the anti-corrosion compound from the guns and they would fire only one shell at a time. We were attacked by enemy planes but we were able to drop our bombs and get back to the base.

From Foggia we could go to targets in Italy, France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and

Romania. When I saw enemy fighters coming from the rear or out of the sun, I advised the rest of the crew by interphone. As the fighters came closer I usually fired a burst when they were about 1,000 yards away. After every eight bullets in both 50 caliber guns was a tracer. This helped me see how close I was coming to the enemy airplane and it alerted the enemy pilot that I was awake and waiting for him to get closer.

We flew in very close formation. Just yards between wing tips so the enemy planes could not get between us and single out one airplane.

We normally dropped the bombs at elevations between 22,000 feet and 24,000 feet. Sometimes the smoke was so heavy we couldn't see through it. Usually the bombardiers would trigger the bombs when the lead bombardier did so. If the bombardier thought the lead plane was off the target, we made a circle and made our own bomb run. This was dangerous because the enemy fighters were waiting to attack us after we got through the flak. The pilot lined up the airplane on the bomb run and then turned it over to the bombardiers bombsight for adjustments. If the target was not too far, fuel wise, from our fighter airplane bases, our P-38s, P-51s and P-47s would give us some protection.

On two occasions we supported our ground troops and dropped our bombs at 13,000 feet for greater accuracy. On one of these runs, the B-17 just off our right wing was struck by ground flak and it exploded in one big flash. I didn't see any parachutes.

I was on my 41st mission when we were shot down by enemy fighters. Two of our engines were shot out and the airplane was badly damaged. The pilot was losing control when he ordered us to bail out at 22,000 or 23,000 feet.

I had a chest parachute and could wear the harness but not the pack in my tail position. After disconnecting my mike, earphones, oxygen mask and electrical heated suit, I backed out of position and attached the parachute pack. I was afraid that my clothes or parachute might get hung up on my small exit door on the right side under the right horizontal stabilizer. I backed out to the door, pulled the door release pins and kicked it out. It looked like a long way to the ground. I put my feet and kept edging my body out until I was parallel with the fuselage and let go. As soon as I pulled the rip cord and the parachute opened I looked at my watch. It was 1:00 pm. I spotted our airplane several thousand feet below and it looked like it was just gliding down.

Soon a German fighter airplane began to circle me. I thought he was trying to spill the air out of my parachute because the propeller wash from his airplane was swinging me wildly. He left me and a small airplane followed me down. I was slipping my

(continued on next page)

parachute to miss some trees but I was caught on some branches almost 30 feet off the ground. I looked at my watch again and it was 1:08 pm. I was exhausted and it took several minutes to pull myself up to unhook the parachute and shimmy down the tree.

I could hear voices coming toward me through a couple feet of snow. It was three Austrian farmers with pitch forks. They asked me if I had a pistol. I never carried my 45 caliber pistol on missions. I hadn't realized until then that I had been wounded in the left hand and leg. The farmers took me to a house and let me rest. They had never seen an American flyer and were very interested in my helmet and flying suit.

After about an hour we started to walk toward the village. On the way we met a man who spoke English well. He was anxious to talk with me. We continued to the Gestapo office. In the late afternoon, they put me and another Allied prisoner into the back seat of a Volkswagon and took us to the Luftwaffe (German Air Force) base. They took me to the medical office for my wounds. The Austrian doctor removed my watch and put it on his desk. He cleaned and bandaged my hand. He then picked up my watch, checked the time with his and motioned for me to raise my arm and slipped the watch on my wrist. At that time I also had metal in my left thigh. It worked out over a period of time.

The next morning we were taken by 40/8 (forty people or eight horses) train cars to Frankfurt. The interrogation center where they exchanged our flying clothes for American olive drab uniforms and shoes sent in by the Red Cross. Also, we got a Red Cross case with basic essentials. One of my dog tags was sent to the Red Cross for notification to our military and family. I was given a German POW number, 1944 stamped into a piece of galvanized metal about 3x4 inches, to wear around my neck. The number was the same as the year (at that time) and I had to show the tag each time my number was requested. We were asked a lot of questions including how many languages I spoke. I said English and the interrogator said "you speak American too" and wrote two.

At Frankfurt we boarded a train (40/8 again) with a little straw on the floor. This was in February 1944 and it was cold. We traveled for eight days. The only facility was a ten quart bucket. If you had to do anything else, you had to wait for the train to take on water. A guard had to get off with you while you squatted near the tracks. There was no food unless there was a barrel of German Red Cross soup at the spot where the train stopped.

We finally arrived at Stalag Luft IV in East Prussia. Here were barracks with no bunk springs, just a burlap sack with a little straw on a few cross boards. We got two meals a day, mostly potatoes and

cabbage or barley. Once a horse was killed by a truck and we got a little meat. The doors were locked at night from 7 pm to 7 am. There was a 20 gallon can to urinate in. We took turns emptying it in the mornings.

Soon after reaching Stalag Luft IV, my wounded finger became infected. I went to the camp doctor, but he had nothing to treat infection. He told me to expose it to the sun 1/2 hour each day. It worked and saved my finger from amputation.

Since we were all non-commissioned officers (Sergeant, Staff Sergeant or Technical Sergeant) we were not required to work. The International Convention relating to the treatment of Prisoners of War, was signed at Geneva, Switzerland on July 27, 1929 and subsequently ratified by most of the world powers, including the US and Germany. The Germans, I believe, tried to follow the rules. Whenever a guard came to our barracks, he stopped at the door and saluted. We, in turn, had to salute all German officers. One day I was walking around the compound when a German officer came through the main gate and walked ahead of me. I passed him without saluting and he really chewed me out.

When transportation was available, we each received a Red Cross parcel a week. In it were crackers, powdered milk, chocolate, cigarettes, etc. Since I did not smoke I could swap my cigarettes for food. We could write four letters a month and could receive any number.

One day I received a parcel from the Baltimore Service Men's Relief Club. I don't know how they got my name. In it were a white sheet, a shoe brush and food. It had been opened and searched. The next day someone from another barracks asked if he could examine the parcel. He removed the fleece and felt from the shoe brush. Under it was a trap door in the wooden part. In the door was part of a radio. When all the parts were received, someone built the radio and we were able to get the news from England. Each morning someone brought the news around to each barracks while someone watched for the approach of a guard. The Germans also printed a weekly newspaper in English but the news was biased. Their retreats were always according to plans. The Gestapo came once a month to search the beds, under the floor, etc. If we really wanted to hide something, we put it in the dish pan hanging on the wall. They never looked there.

Next to our compound was a British compound. The British flew at night. One of the British flyers bailed out and his parachute caught in a tree. It was a dark night and he could not see the ground. Fearing injury if he unhooked his chute, he hung there all night. When dawn came, his feet were only a foot off the ground.

When the Russians began to get close to us in the summer of 1944, the camp was closed. We

walked out to the Baltic Sea and traveled two days in the hold of a coal barge. When we landed at Stettin there were guards supervised by a red headed major. Each two prisoners were handcuffed together. The guards had bayonets on their rifles and had dogs. We were forced to run 3 1/2 kilometers to the next camp at Kieffhide, Stalag Luft VI. If someone fell, he was either jabbed with a bayonet or bitten by a dog. One man had 109 bayonet wounds but survived.

In February, 1945, the Russians again were getting close and there was no transportation to move us. Hitler gave orders to take our belts and shoes and march us across Germany. We kept our shoes, but they took our belts because we could use them to strangle the guards. We began our march on Feb. 2, 1945 with snow on the ground. Each prisoner had one blanket so we had to pair off so we could lie on one and cover with the other. A few nights we slept in the open, but usually got into barns. I took my white sheet that I got from the Baltimore Men's Relief Club so we could use it to treat injuries if necessary. There was no food so we stole grain from cattle and cooked it. Even the guards had to beg food from the farmers.

We got over between Hanover and Hamburg and the British 8th Army was approaching from the west so we turned east. We got back to Lubec and the British/German front lines were only a mile behind us. On May 2, 1945 a German guard and an American put a white flag on a stick and walked toward the front lines. In an hour they were back with a British officer. They negotiated a temporary cease fire. We passed through the line and the fighting resumed. A few days before this, I traded my white sheet with a German woman for a loaf of warm bread and a pound of sugar.

We continued to walk to the British 8th Army Base. We were covered with lice and fleas and our clothes had to be burned. The British loaned us uniforms and in about a week flew us to Camp Lucky Strike in France. It was difficult to get transportation. We got to England and came back to New York on the Queen Elisabeth, landing on June 29, 1945. We were given a six week furlough to determine if our confinement and lack of proper food would affect our health. My discharge was at Fort Devens, Massachusetts on Sept. 25, 1945.

Approximately five years ago, an Austrian author wrote a book on the history of his country and included one chapter on our airplane that crash landed. He tried to contact the crew by e-mail to come over for a celebration. Our pilot's wife and daughter went over and were treated royally. Some of the people who had watched the air battle on February 24, 1944 were there. One man had taken the pilot's seat cushion and used it for 50 years. He brought it back and donated it to the author. Kids now use the fuse-

lage of the airplane as a play house.

There are only three of our original crew of ten who are still alive as of June 2004.

Only one time was I really scared. One afternoon we were waiting to get into a barn for the night and an American P-51 flew by. Apparently the pilot didn't recognize us as Americans, he made another pass with all guns shooting. Some trees prevented the P-51 from passing directly overhead. We could hear the bullets going into the ground only a few feet away. The P-51 then left.

In Memorium

Marion F. Caruthers, 96th Sq.
Feb. 27, 2005

Richard H. Clarke, 20th Sq.
July 12, 2006

Robert F. Merino, 96th Sq.
Aug. 24, 2006

Willard Metzler
2006

Murphy D. Miller, 96th Sq.
Mar. 5, 2006

Robert W. Phillippe, 20th Sq.
Sept. 26, 2005

Robert M. Tiffany, 49th Sq.
May 5, 2006

October 11-14, 2007

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\$69 with no breakfasts**

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shuttle from airport**

**Huge shopping mall and great
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**Already have great speakers
and events lined up**

**Bring your kids and
other family members**

Bonnie

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THE FOLLOWING ADDENDUM ARE ALL CORRECTIONS TO THE ROSTER

Part 1 - Minor Changes Part 2 - Changes of address. Part 3 - Listing of New Members.

Part 1 - Minor Changes

Howard G. JOHNSON	Telephone (817) 498-0996	Lewis MOORE	Telephone (951) 658-3460
Milton SILVER	Telephone (216) 765-1676	Vincent WERNER	Telephone (406) 728-0196

Part 2 - Change of Address

Unit	Name	Street Address	City, State, Zip Code	Phone
	Orvall I BOHLING	64003 724 Rd., Auburn, NE 68305-8239	Silver City, NM 88061-9704	(505)388-4002
	James W. CARTER	14 Cherokee Trail	Laveen, AZ 85339-6286	
	Loy DICKINSON	4933 W St. Anne Ave.	Parker, CO 80134-3592	
	Robert G. FLETT	16685 Cielo Ct.	Overland, KS 66209-3533	
	Albert E. SMITH	1190 Rosewood Dr.	Springfield, VA 22150-4931	(703) 569-2962
	Albert F. SPARKMAN	7418 Spring Village Dr., Apt. CS424	Peck, ID 83545-0176	
	Gerald R. WILSON	c/o Ed Sparkman PO Box 176 3065 E US Hwy 50, Apt. L3	Canon City, CO 81212-2738	(719) 315-2054

Part 3 - New Members

Unit	Name	Spouse	Street Address	City, State, Zip Code	Phone
	Col. Brian ANDERSON		PSC 80 Box 139	APD, AE 09724	
	Leland E. AUGER		23342 Ostronic Dr.	Woodland Hills, CA 91346-6045	
96 Sq	Mark BARC		15645 Collinson Ave.	East Pointe, MI 48021-3650	(586) 778-7484
	Rebecca I BLACK	Tim	149 Bay Ridge Dr.	Pendleton, IN 46064-9477	(765) 378-0439
	B/G Bradley L. BUTLER		1625 Allegheny Dr.	Colorado Springs, CO 80919-3430	(719) 260-6050
	Benny S. CLAPP		320 Arrowhead Trail	Cadiz, KY 42211-8459	
	Patricia COCHRAN		16289 E Belleview Pl.	Centennial, CO 80015-4159	(303) 699-1176
	George F. GOODRICH	Sherry	204 Highland St.	Logansport, IN 46947-4934	(574) 753-4723
	Loren J. GOODRICH	Shellee	6597 N 550 W	Royal Center, IN 46978	(574) 643-9319
	Steven W. GOODRICH	Marilyn	2608 W 635 N (PO Box 434)	Rockfield, IN 46977-0434	(574) 686-2769
	Randy HANSELL		664 Crossing Creek South	Gahanna, OH 43230-6112	(614) 476-5455
2BG, 96BS	Marice Edward "Ed" HARDY		64 Ridgeport Rd.	Lake Wylie, SC 29710-8963	(803) 831-2777
49 Sq	Merle F LORENZEN		3545 Roland Ave.	Rhineland, WI 54501-8501	(715) 369-5144
	Karen NELSON		1300 Army Navy Dr. #107	Arlington VA 22202-2021	(703) 892-5176
20 Sq	Robert SCHAEFER		5561 Croatian Hwy #193	Kitty Hawk, NC 27949-3996	(252) 619-8303
	Dayle R. STUCKEY		7301 E. Highland Rd.	Cave Creek, AZ 85331-8314	
	Joshua T. WERNER	Air Force Institute of Technology	2950 Hobson Way	Wright Patterson AFB, OH 45433-7765	(318) 773-6844
	Gregory M. WERNER		920 Brentwood	Bozeman, MT 59718-2782	(406) 223-6602



Second Bombardment Association
A Veterans Organization of the
2nd Bomb Group & Bomb Wing

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