

VOLUME VIII

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JUNE 1986

# MENDLESHAM MEMORIES

34TH BOMB GROUP H

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## OBSERVATIONS

Aah-h-h Spring at last!!! Soon the gardens will be filled with goodies for the table, the flowers will be in full bloom, the shade trees doing their jobs, and we'll all get brown as berries from the sun. Isn't it wonderful?

Since our last issue there have been some changes made. It seems that the Air Force Academy has changed the dates of their football games and our football outing on Saturday, the 13th of September, has been cancelled. This has forced us to cancel the previous activity reservation forms and to issue new ones which you will find included with this issue. What this means is that, after our meeting Saturday morning, you will have free time until the banquet on that evening instead of a planned activity for that afternoon. Those of you who have already mailed in your forms will be issued a refund for the cancelled activities.

Included with this issue you will find a brochure of "Pikes Peak Country" which shows the many places and things to see in the area if you choose to fill the afternoon with that type of entertainment. For others, the hospitality room will be open where you can sit and re-fight the war with your old buddies or new friends, or just plain socialize. I know that with every reunion, Rose and I get to know more and more of you and find there's just not enough time to get to know more about you. We enjoy every minute of our socializing and do hope to continue for many years to come.

For those of you not yet decided, let me urge you to try your utmost to get to Colorado Springs this September. I know it sounds like a bunch of old codgers and their wives getting together to relive the old days again but, believe me, it's far more. You do meet people you haven't seen and make friends with people in our age bracket from all parts of the country and from all walks of life. The conversations are most stimulating and exciting. We have met people who deal in gems, people in Montana who pan for gold, people crossing state lines with threshing machines for hire; - there is no end to the stories you can hear if you express an interest. TRY TO MAKE IT!!! It will be well worth your while.

In Rose's Corner you'll find an account of a Britisher's experiences during the war. Rose and I have been very fortunate to have met Freddie and Margaret Maundrell in Mendlesham on our two visits there. We have formed a wonderful friendship which we hope will last forever. Rose asked Margaret to set down some of her experiences and I think she sent us a gem. Please let us know if you agree.

In conclusion, I wish to solicit more mail from you. In the last issue I mentioned the possibility of a "Then and Now"

photograph idea. I still think it's a good idea but I have yet to receive one response to that plea. Please believe me, I can only make this newsletter as interesting as the mail I receive. My words can fill a part of a page; thereafter I have to depend on you. Don't let us down!!!

Eli Baldea  
Editor

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

### GREETINGS:

I hope that all of you are well along in your plans to attend the reunion in Colorado Springs. By then we will all need a cool place to relax after the summer heat, and what better way than with old companions in the cool of Colorado.

When we consider the number of members that we now have contact with, and the number that we expect to see this fall, it is easy to overlook the fact that this is only nine years since a few old friends met in St. Louis in 1977 and began what has now become the 34th Bomb Group Association. The following year in Washington a few more were present, about fifteen members plus wives, and the next year 27 met in Phoenix and Ray Summa began work as unit contact. I had my first meeting with the Association in Florida in 1980 and there were almost fifty in attendance. We thought that things were really moving. We now have contact with more than 1400 of the men and the attendance at Colorado Springs should be greater than the total membership of only a few years ago.

This growth did not come without the hard work of a dedicated group of people but, if we all reach out for a new member, we can reach the goal that these men dreamed of.

John Gronouski who was a navigator in the 7th Sq. has agreed to be the speaker of our banquet and I feel that it will be worth the cost of the trip to hear him. Our committee has experienced a few set backs in the program planning but has responded by adjusting the schedule so that we will have a really good meeting.

They have done their work well so let all of us respond by making 1986 our greatest year yet.

Jim Martin



Fellow members of the 34th B.G. Assn.:

Some of you are probably wondering if I am among the living or dead because I have not answered your get well cards when I was in the hospital. I can assure you that I am living and doing fairly well. Back in the office again trying to get caught up with my correspondence and take care of the business of the 34th.

I do want to thank you for all the phone calls, cards, letters, and the prayers said for me during my illness. There were so many cards and letters that I could not answer them all so let this be my response to them. I am just now getting used to being back at the typewriter. Hannah answered letters received during my recovery as well as taking care of business of the 34th while she was taking care of me and keeping up her housework. It kept her very busy.

Yes, I did have a bypass operation on Feb. 18th, 1986. This was the second one in 9 years. The first was in Cleveland, Ohio in 1978. I walk 2 to 3 miles each morning but I still can't do too much physical labor.

Plans for the reunion at Colorado Springs are going very well. I talked to Robert Wright recently and he says that he already has several reservations. If you have not yet done so, do so as soon as possible. Come early and go sightseeing. There is much to see in the area.

Hannah and I plan to attend the 8th AF Reunion at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Fla. in October. Yes, the 34th B.G. will hold a Mini-Reunion at that affair. Those of you that can't make our own reunion in Colorado Springs in September can still get together with some of the 34th in Florida. The reservation forms for the Florida reunion will be in the July issue of the 8th AF News. If you don't belong to the 8th AF Historical Society, let me know and I will send you the forms for their reunion and an application form to the 8th AFHS.

Many have written to ask if we couldn't hold a 34th B.G. only reunion in 1987 as we are in 1986. Others have suggested that we plan a trip back to Mendlesham in 1987. If you have any thought on these ideas, please let us know because in either case a lot of planning must go into them. We were lucky to be able to get a hotel in Colorado Springs when we did and the planning was a year in advance. For England, maybe we will be lucky and the terrorist crisis will be over. In any case, let us know of your desires.

We are in need of photographs for the newsletter. If you have any that we could use, please send them to me. I will copy them in black and white if necessary and send it on to Eli for the newsletter. If you so desire, all photos will be returned to you. Remember to put names on the back of the photos so the people can be identified.

Many of you have moved with no forwarding address. This is costing the Group money because it costs \$1.08 to get the newsletters back with or without the correct address. We are planning to put out the new roster with the September issue and at the same time will be making new mailing labels. These we hope to have completed by Aug. 1st, so please send in any changes NOW!!

Look at the mailing label on this issue. Written on it will be the year for which your dues are paid. If it doesn't read '86, it means your dues are not up to date. If you are not sure, send in your \$7.50 and it will be credited to your account either for this

year or for next if this year's is already paid.

Once a year we send a newsletter to all the people on our roster to fill them in on the coming events in the life of the 34th B.B. Assn. Those who have not kept up on payment of their dues receive only that issue. We cannot afford to send the newsletter to unpaid members on a regular basis.

I will have quite a few items for the PX in Colorado Springs. B17 and B24 belt buckles as well as the 34th belt buckles. B17 and B24 key chains. B17-B24 tie tacs, and Sqdn. pins as well as group and sqdn. patches. Also 34th B.G. caps and license plates.

Don't forget to come to the 34th B.G. Reunion at Colorado Springs, Sept. 11th-14th, 1986. We'll look for you there. BE THERE!!

Your Unit Contact  
RAY SUMMA

### A Note from the Reunion Committee

It is common knowledge that the people of the 34th Bomb Group can always improvise when they are confronted with an obstacle. Once again we must reroute our course and go with a slight variation of our original plan.

There has been a change in the football schedule. This has left us without being able to attend an Air Force Academy game at Falcon Stadium. It also eliminated the tailgate party that was promised to out-do any tailgate party ever conceived in modern football history. There is an old saying by some learned scholar about mice and men that certainly seems to apply here.

The Saturday afternoon cannot be deemed a total loss. It will give us an afternoon to visit, to renew old friendships, to tour the area, to shop, to settle that golf bet on the back nine, to sip a cup of kindness, and not to have to hurry to get ready for the evening's banquet and program.

You will find a revised registration form in this issue. Those of you who have sent your reunion registration in early, and have chosen either the "A" or "E" Package, are due a refund, and this will be sent on request or returned to you upon registration at the reunion.

There will be a Tour Booth in the lobby of the hotel and we have included in this issue a brochure of the Colorado Springs area for your interest.

We urge everyone to be checked in early on Thursday, Sept. 11th, and join the group going by bus to the "Flying W" ranch for evening chow.

Tom King, our Colorado Springs liaison, informs us that a generous helping of "Western Hospitality" will be served to all and that special ladies programs are planned. He also states that he can use more golfers.

Thanking You,  
YOUR REUNION COMMITTEE

### Note: Profile of speaker follows

P.S. - Our speaker at the banquet on Saturday night will be Dr. John A. Gronouski. John was a navigator in the 7th Sqdn. of the 34th B.G. After the war, he attended graduate school at the Univ. of Wisconsin and received his PhD in Economics in 1955. He taught at the Univ. of Maine and later, at Wayne Univ. in Detroit. In 1959, he headed a tax study for the State of Wisconsin.

sin and served on the Tax Commission of Wisconsin from 1960 to 1963.

In 1963, he was named Postmaster General of the United States. From 1965 to 1968, he served as the U.S. Ambassador to Poland. In 1968, he was asked to help organize the L.B.J. School of Public Affairs at the Univ. of Texas and became Dean of that school. In 1971, he was named to a commission formed to help decide the fate of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty following problems regarding C.I.A. involvement. From 1977 to 1981 he served as chairman of that commission. He is now serving as a professor at the L.B.J. School of Public Affairs at the Univ. of Texas.

We believe this impressive list of accomplishments gives great promise of a very interesting and informative talk. We are looking forward to it.



**JIM McMAHON — Rye Beach, NH.**

I've had two open heart surgeries — one in '77 for a by-pass and one in '82 for an Aortic valve and a pacemaker. Then in '85 a fine case of lobar pneumonia. I'm just a young squirt (77 next birthday). My only problem is I can't hit a golf ball like I used to. I was a member of the A.F. Reserve, having had previous service, and I ended up giving Uncle Sam 37 years. It's a good thing because I can't work worth a d--n anymore. If there ever is a reunion in the East, I'll try to get there. However, if not - - - -

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**LARRY SHERMAN - Hopkinsville, KY.**

In reference to the March '86 Mendelsham Memories, on page 2, the picture of the crew shown. Standing, the last person on the right is Cecil Neth. He was originally my bomb aimer but went to another crew. Don't have his address. I believe he is in Chicago working for a newspaper. See picture of my crew in the March '85 issue.

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**WILLIAM J. DONLON — Brookville, MD.**

Relative to the food drops on Holland, I was one of those that

participated in the food mission. Some of us put our names and home addresses on tags attached to the food parcels. One year later, a Mr. A. Koppen of Badhoevedorp wrote me a letter. Mr. Koppen returned to me the tag placed on the food. I cannot do justice to this letter, which I have treasured over the years.

In the spring of 1962, I was appointed to a study group and spent a week in Holland. I decided I would try to contact Mr. Koppen if possible. At a small reception, one of the newspapers ran a story of my search. As a result, Mr. Koppen, his wife and children joined my brother, who was stationed in Holland at the time, and his family and I for coffee Sunday morning before I departed Holland that day. My meeting with Mr. Koppen was one I will remember as long as I live. He expressed to me his thanks to all the airmen involved in the food missions. The people had been starving and this food was their first in days.

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**GEORGE RALL — Springfield, PA.**

Thanks for my '86 dues card. Since I am scheduled for two more surgical sessions this month (Feb.), it certainly appears as tho' my chances of ever attending a group reunion are getting dimmer and dimmer. So, at least, I can renew my memories with the 34th BG History and, if you will keep up your good reporting, I should make out all right.

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**HUGH HENDRIE — Borger, TX.**

Not anything new down here. Everyone is sitting around watching the weeds grow, hoping that it will rain sometime within our lifetime. As the old saying goes, The Baptists are down to using a damp cloth, and the Presbyterians are only giving vague promises.

You asked if I was with the group on Christmas Eve of '44. You betcha I was. Me and somebody else (I can't remember who) spent all night gassing up the planes from that other group which had put in there because of the weather. I got my introduction to the British version of white lightning that night. I thought I had got hold of some witch's brew back in Kentucky, but that English version would make you go blind and bark at the moon. WOW!!

I don't know yet if I'm going to make it to Colorado Springs in September. I'll have to consult with my friendly family doctor first to see if that altitude will affect my heart.

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**HARRY AZZOPARDI — Salinas, CA**

I was with the 34th in Salinas and Blythe, then they sent me off to the South Pacific where I joined the 90th Bomb Gp. I shall never forget Blythe — we used to say when we were in the South Pacific "Oh, God, if you let us fly our tour and send us back to the states, we would be glad to go any place, but please, God, not Blythe."

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**RODERICK McCOLL — Athol, MA.**

To Ray: — Your dedication to the cause of keeping the group together has been super. Even tho' I've never been to a meeting — or reunion — it's been a real pleasure for me to read about all the "boys" we used to know. Don't know whether or not I can make Colorado Springs. Still working and it's tough to get away.



**MARGE (MRS. STANLEY) KOWALCZYK — Pierre, SD.**

The 34th BG newsletter arrived and I realized that I neglected to write to you about Stan's death on Feb. 19th. He had a beautiful military funeral with taps, etc. When the hearse and mourners drove into the cemetery, a bald eagle took off — flying over the funeral procession — and after flying over the last car, took off soaring to the heavens. It was truly an American tribute to Stan. He loved his country and was proud to be an American. His spirit seems so close to all of us. He was a great man who loved his family and country very much.

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**ROBERT HYLER — Belton, MO.**

It is always interesting to receive the "Mendlesham Memories" as there is always something to bring back memories of things that happened as if it were yesterday. Some, of course, were unpleasant such as the "Intruder Incident." As I recall, I was on K.P. at the crew mess and was at the entrance when the first plane was hit and crashed. I saw the second plane hit and burst into flames. Could see men bailing out as the AC turned nose upward. The next day several of us went out to the personnel equipment building and I have never forgotten the gruesome sight that met our eyes.

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**BILL STROTT JR. — Pittsburgh, PA.**

I'm afraid that I'm the bearer of sad news. My father died in the V.A. hospital here in Pittsburgh on Sunday, April 6, 1986. God was good to him at the end of his life, in that on his last day, he was mentally alert and enjoying the people around him. When he was taken from us, it was without pain or discomfort. He was a joy, and we will miss him very much.

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**JOHN HOHNSTREITER — Pass Christian, MS.**

Our crew was leading the mission when Kiley's plane got hit. The aircraft parted at the waist and the two waist gunners dropped out. The tail section turned to the right and sailed off as far as I could see it. The nose section went straight up and then straight down. I never thought anyone would get out.

Hope to see you at Colorado Springs this fall if I am through with the operations on my eyes.

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**REV. FRED BROOKS — Rock Island, IL.**

Our age is catching up with us. I'm still trying to help with Trinity Church (the Rock Island one) and keep the rural church in good shape. It isn't easy and I am going to have to draw the line somewhere in the not too distant future. My health isn't bad, but I tire easily and I am getting forgetful, which is most embarrassing. If it wasn't for Mardell, many of the important things just wouldn't get done. We are hoping to see you at one of the next reunions. I don't get to many because circumstances have forced me to decide on priorities. You guys are old friends that I don't want to lose.

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**ROY TAVASTI — Pismo Beach, CA.**

Kate and I have just returned from Las Vegas where the Air Force Assn. put on their "Gathering of Eagles" production. Parts of the program were exceptional, i.e. the Confederate Air Force put on a rather spectacular show at Indian Springs (Nellis Auxiliary Field) that was followed by Tactical Air Command's fire-power demonstration (somewhat impressive). Then the Thunderbirds followed up with their usual spectacular exhibition. While we were in Las Vegas, we spent a little time with Bill and Viv Creer.

We really don't know if it does any good or not, but we pray, cross-fingers, and engage in a gamut of mental gymnastics in the hope the good Lord keeps Ray (and a few other 34th troops) around for many more happy reunions.

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**HENRY W. SHANLEY — Melrose, MA.**

Many names on the roster do not sound familiar. I guess the reason is that our group, from its inception, was like a swinging door.

I joined the group in '42 at Spokane and stayed with it, assigned to Grp. Hqs. in S3. So in that time many came and went, some voluntary, some otherwise.

Some of the frustrating times involved changeover from B-24s to B-17s, especially when we went to England with B-24s assigned to a B-17 wing. Then it was decided that was a mistake. So back to the drawing board and 2 or 3 months of training in B-17s. Sound familiar

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**ROBERT SAXEN — Holstein, IA.**

In the March issue of Mendlesham Memories, I was surprised to see our crew picture on Page 6, second down. Standing from right to left are: William Pedigo, Leo Danielian, Ed Geoghagen, and Lester Storer. Kneeling from right to left are: Francis Wade, Sidney Poier, Charles Overhalt and Robert Saxen. Co-Kee-Flo was the name of our plane. She flew 30 missions for the 18th Squadron.

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**JACK A. KINNEY - Santa Barbara, CA.**

The Mendlesham Memories is always very welcome communication in our house. I regret that I am not able to be more active in either the 8th AF Historical Society or the 34th BG Association. I am a Life Member in the first and try to keep my dues at least 5 years ahead in the latter to insure my support, but I am still very happily and actively involved in a full-time job. I'm the Director of Law Enforcement Programs for Anacapa Sciences, Inc., located here in Santa Barbara. The work keeps me on the road an average of 250 days a year, literally worldwide. For example, on each occasion of the 8th AF Historical Society meetings since St. Paul, I've been out of the country; - Australia, Greece, England, and Korea. We did visit the old air-base site and monument when in England. At the time of the Nashville 34th BG Reunion, we were back in Australia, and this year will be in Germany when the Colorado Springs reunion is scheduled.

I have tried to keep McAllister up-to date but I must confess that I haven't always been as good at that as I should be, so that he could share the information with the rest of you. I do plan on retiring at the end of 1987 so I hope to be more active in both organizations. It is really hard to retire when your job is so much fun, but we have finally set that as our goal.

I would appreciate it if you would share this letter through the June Mendlesham Memories, since I am such a poor correspondent, with members of our crew and other friends from the 34th such as McKeon and Jorgenson.

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**WALTER R. (BOB) SUMMERS - Browns Mills, NJ.**

Sorry that I have not been able to get to the reunions, but I'll make one yet. I look forward to reading the Mendlesham Memories. Keep up the good work. In the near future, I'll send you a story about what happened to my crew one night. I think you'll enjoy it.

*THE YANK INVASION  
(A British Maiden's Lament)*

*Dear Old England is not the same.  
We dreaded invasion, and yet it came.  
But though it's not the beastly Hun,  
The GOSH DARN YANKEE ARMY'S come.*

*You see them in the tram and bus.  
There isn't any room for us.  
We walk to let them have our seats  
And get run over by their jeeps.*

*They moan about our lukewarm beer;  
Say beer's like water over here,  
But after having two or more  
You'll find them lying on the floor.*

*You should see them try to dance.  
They grab a partner and start to prance.  
When you're half dead, they stop and smile,  
Say "How's about it, honey chile."*

*You see them try to jitterbug.  
They twist and turn and pull and hug.  
It's enough to make an old Indian jealous,  
Yet Yanks are civilized, or so they tell us.*

*Yankee officers cause us to smile,  
With coloured pants seen for miles.  
We wonder if they're mice or men,  
But decide they're wolves, so avoid the den.*

*With admiration we do stare  
At the ribbons they do wear,  
And think of battles brave and daring  
That won the ribbons they are wearing.*

*Alas, they have not fought the Hun.  
No furious battles have they won.  
That pretty ribbon just denotes  
They have crossed the sea brave men in boats.*

*We speak to them; they just look hazy.  
They think we're nuts; we think they're crazy.  
But they're our Allies; we must be nice.  
We love them, yes, like cats love mice.*

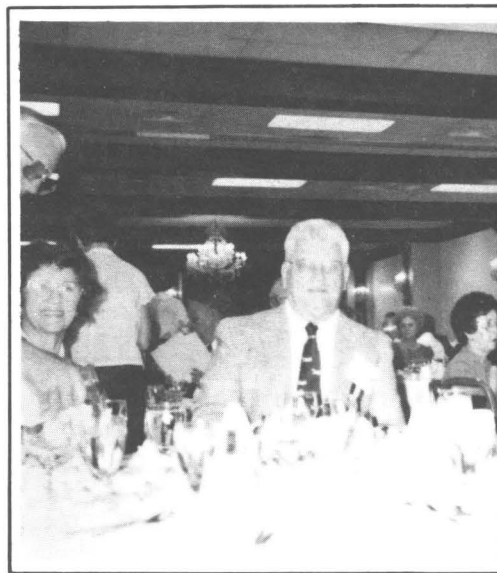
*They laugh at us for drinking tea,  
Yet funnier sight you'll never see  
Than a gum-chewing Yank with glum-looking  
face.  
He'd raise a laugh in any place.*

**Let's all get to the 34th B.G. Reunion  
at Colorado Springs, Sept. 11th - 14th.**

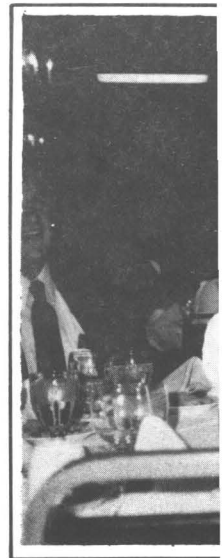
**SEE YOU THERE!**



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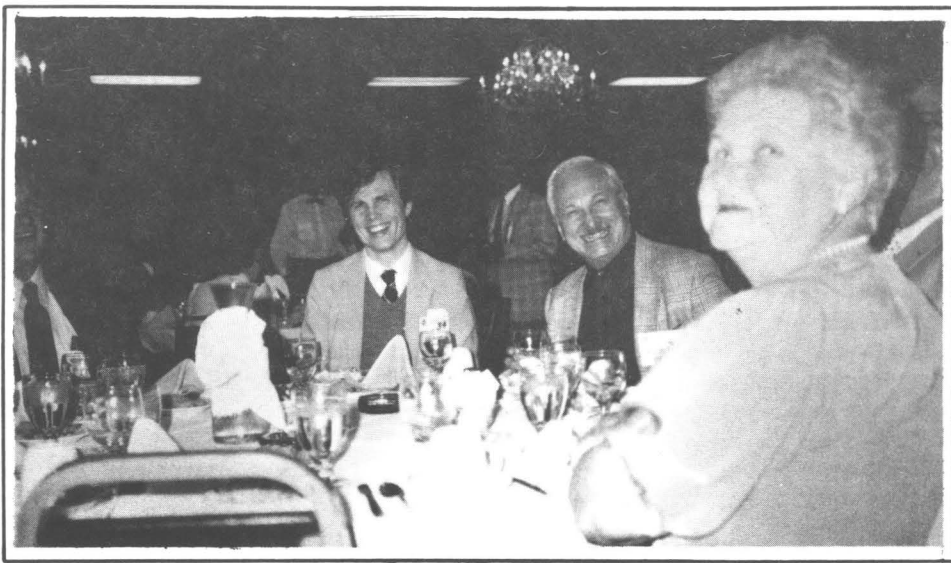






# ○ Pictures of the Wichita Reunion Banquet ○





## ta Reunion Banquet







# ROSE'S CORNER

Happiness adds and multiplies if we divide it with others and I want to say that I'm very happy to have received the following letter from England, written by Margaret Maundrell. She says that trying to recall all of the events proved to be great therapy. So, Ladies, dig into the past, find a pad of paper, a good pencil, send the grandchildren back home and turn off the T.V.! I know that you can come up with super articles for my corner and, just think, in so doing you will become a part of history, just as Margaret has. I'm very happy to share this with you and know that you will be moved as I was and find it hard to imagine anything like this happening here.

ROSE BALDEA

A brief resume of the war years as I remember them. I was 11 years old and was evacuated from London on September 1st, 1939. We had no idea where we were going but were told it was just for a short trip. At Waterloo Station we said goodbye to our families and boarded the train with our gas masks hanging round our necks and a great label pinned to our coats. We each carried an overnight bag and a package of sandwiches. After many hours of traveling, we finally arrived at Exeter where we were given tea in the Town Hall and then bused into Exmouth some miles away on the coast. Our teachers shepherded us into a pavilion where our future foster mothers selected us. It took some time to settle down, but 2½ years later, when my mother wanted me to go home, I did not want to go. The only communication I had during those years was through letters and just one visit from my mother early on. I realize now the difficulties she must have experienced, but at that time I felt completely abandoned.

Back in London things began to change. Barrage balloons were hoisted over the city, brick air raid shelters were erected, the street signs and lights were turned off, and the volume of private cars decreased. Anderson shelters were issued to those with gardens. Made of corrugated iron they were sunk into the ground and covered with sandbags - (they were subject to flooding in wet weather). Morrison shelters were used indoors. These were like massive kitchen tables with steel tops and heavy-gauge netting round the sides. Whole families slept under them during raids, whilst others frequented the Underground Stations, unrolling their bedding on the platforms each night.

Our house was so badly damaged that my family moved a few miles out into the suburbs. I returned home in 1942 to complete my final school examinations. How I ever managed to pass remains a mystery for it was during the period when V1's and V2's were falling on London and we had many disturbed nights and disrupted days. To say nothing of our teachers being re-evacuated with those children who wished to go.

There was a generalized blackout over the whole of the country. The windows were covered with black curtains and it was a

serious offense to show even the smallest chink of light. "PUT THAT LIGHT OUT" became the air raid warden's familiar cry as he hammered on the offender's door. On moonless nights, it was so dark you could not see your hand in front of you and, as all torches had to be shaded, they were not much use. Train travel was irksome as the carriages were overcrowded with troops moving about the country. It was a nightmare to find out where you were as the station names had been removed and the porter's voice more often than not incoherent.

Posters enjoined us to "DIG FOR VICTORY", so we dug. "MAKE DO AND MEND", so we got out our sewing thread and got to it. As the years went by practically everything was rationed either by coupons or by shortages. Country folk fared better than those in towns. Every square inch of soil was utilized. We grew potatoes and vegetables during science lessons and harvested them after school. Chickens, rabbits and, sometimes, even pigs were kept in the back yard to augment the rations. They were often fed on swill obtained from school and hotel kitchens, etc. It was still possible to eat out in restaurants, but the food was limited and a bit pricey. A reasonable lunch could be had for 5p in a British restaurant. They grew like mushrooms to meet the needs of the workers and one ate and worked to the strains of "MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK."

The basic foods were the first to be rationed. Butter, margarine, meat, tea, sugar, bacon, dried eggs, sweets, etc., later bread and cakes. It was years before I realized that pastry was not made 1/3rd fat/flour as we were taught at school. Things like dried fruit, oranges, bananas and tinned goods were almost non-existent and we kids sucked ovaltine tablets instead of sweets. Pregnant mums and babies had extra rations and vitamin supplements. We picked blackberries and hips in season and scrumped apples whenever possible. We helped out with the harvest, spending days turning hay and gathering wood, for fuel was also rationed. Special occasion cakes needed months of carefully hoarding ingredients. Boiled fruitcakes became a speciality, sometimes covered with soya paste and fondant icing. We did not go hungry but the diet was monotonous. School lunches were mostly stews and semolina pudding. Milk was limited to ½ pt. per day and if there was the slightest hint of anything special in the shops, a queue would instantly form and good natured banter ensued whilst we waited our turn.

Clothing could only be bought with coupons and lucky the girl whose sweetheart provided her with nylons. Brides have gone to the Altar wearing dresses made from parachute silk. One winter coat used a years supply of coupons!

Have you tried relaxing in 5" of water? That was all we were allowed and every scrap of soap was stuck onto the new tablet so as not to waste any. We kids also collected waste paper on Saturday mornings for recycling. All iron railings disappeared, supposedly to help the war effort, but I did hear that it was unsuitable for reuse and ended up as a heap of rusted scrap.

V.E. Day was a glorious occasion. We sang and danced our way to Buckingham Palace. We laughed and shouted incessantly for the King and eventually were carried along the Mall by the throng of happy people. One of the nicest meals I have ever tasted was just after the war when Freddie and I went to a pretty little village in Kent and had a boiled egg with bread and butter in a tiny cottage tea room. A real egg, in a shell? That was the end of an era. It was 1952 before things were derationed. The camaraderie of those years has waned. We all pulled together and we won through and I was proud to be British.

MARGARET MAUNDRELL

# NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

For those of you who have not yet purchased one, we are informed that the book "HISTORY OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES - 34TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)" is available. Write to: Beachcomber Book Shop, P.O. Box 197, Cortaro, AZ. 85230 and mention List #E-15. The list price shown on the list we have is \$23.95.

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The Aviation Cadet Alumni Association is seeking former pilot cadets. Purpose: To help others locate former classmates. Effort is non-profit and will not be commercialized. Write to: Maj. Robert C. White, 54 Seton Trail, Ormond Beach, FL. 32074. Send flight class, basic and advanced locations. Include stamped, self-addressed envelope for specific class information.

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From David Dynan, we hear that the National Warplane Museum's B-17 has finally arrived at its new home at Geneseo, N.Y. She was flown in from Mesa, Arizona on March 8th to join the eight other military planes on display at the museum. She will be kept airworthy and will be restored to full military configuration. Everyone is invited to stop by the museum to check it out.

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There is an attempt being made to locate all ex-prisoners of war from both Stalag-Luft IV and Stalag-Luft VI. The former was at the town of Kiefheide in northern Germany, the Pomerania sector, south of the Baltic Sea. The latter was at Hydekrug in East Prussia. Contact: Leonard E. Rose, 8103 E. 50th St., Indianapolis, IN. 46226.

\* \* \*

Of the approximately 6,000 young men assigned to the 34th BG (H) during its period of activation, more than 1,300 are on the roster of the 34th B.G. Assn.

Some of our comrades never saw the shores of America again after going overseas to Mendlesham, and there are those who have "flown their last mission" since World War II ended. There must be many ex-comrades "out there," most of whom probably don't know about our organization, its reunions, memorial projects, etc.

If you encounter or find out about a former resident of our air base at Mendlesham, get the person's name and address and send it to **Ray Summa, 2910 Bittersweet Lane, Anderson, IN. 46011**. It will be put on the roster and the person will be invited to join our organization.



Ray Summa and Robert Burgner

## A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE WAR



From: Warren Kiley

The following incidents happened in Central and South America while ferrying our B-24 to Europe via the Southern Route.

In the mess hall in Trinidad there was a large bowl in the center of each table. It was piled high with bananas and some round green things that looked like rocks. It never occurred to me that they were edible, until Dave Bailey, my co-pilot, reached for one. He cut it in half and commenced to eat it with a spoon. Now Dave came from El Paso, Texas where they knew about strange things like that, but I was a Chicago boy and had never seen the likes of them before. Anyway Dave convinced me to taste one and I liked it. That was my introduction to avacados. I have since learned to love them. Now I can't eat them on account of my cholesterol.

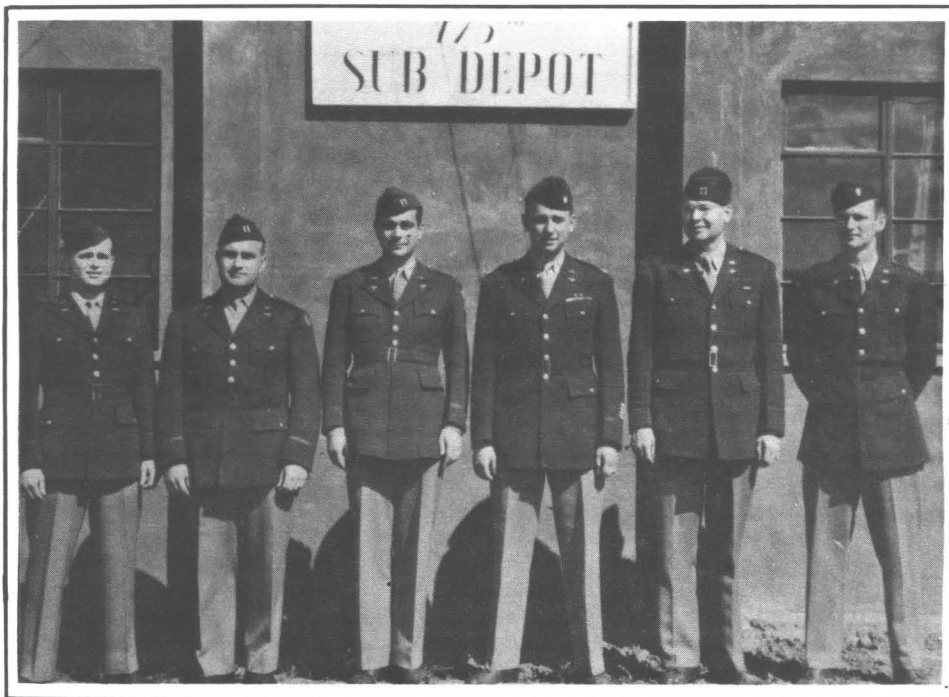
In Brazil you could buy Gaucho boots, alligator purses, silk stockings (wow!) and of all things, you could buy a monkey. Some of the other crews bought monkeys. We didn't. They were really cute and I thought about it. But I heard they liked to bite and that settled it for me. No monkey; I settled for a pair of Gaucho boots. Anyway we had a lot of other things on our minds, like how to get that ole B-24 across the wide ocean, so I didn't think about monkeys for awhile. When we got to England, the monkeys began to die off pretty fast on account of the weather. The last monkey that I ever saw had broken loose and was huddled and shivering in the rain near our mess hall. We tried to catch him but he climbed up on the roof and I doubt that he lasted another day. That isn't the funniest monkey story that you ever heard, but I bet it will smoke out a lot of good ones. It would be fun to hear from some of the crew members who bought a monkey. Anyway somebody said that one of the monkeys made Lead Bombadier in the 391st Squadron, but I never really believed it.



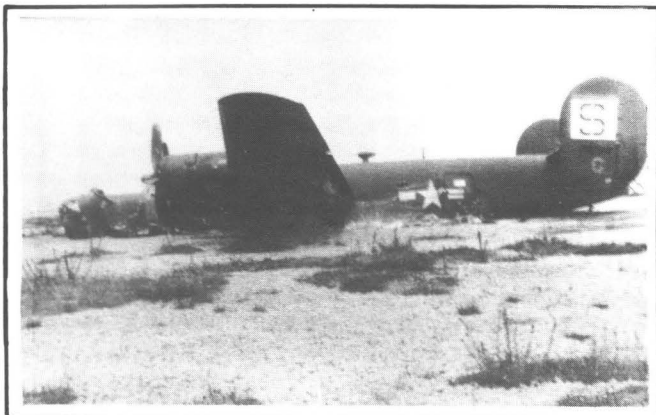
Some of our great ground support personnel.



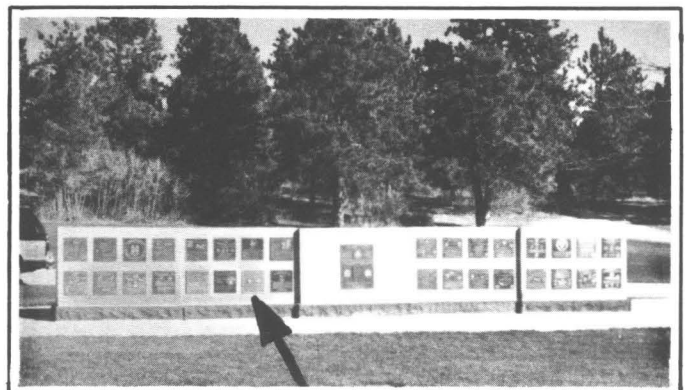
The crew of "Hells Belle"



Group from the Sub-Depot: Identified are Mike Haberchak, Roy Quick, Harry Page and Mike Strong. Other two not identified.



Result of a raid.



Memorial wall at the Air Force Academy. Arrow points to 34th plaque which will be dedicated.



# NEW MEMBERS

ALBERT, E.J.  
Box 145  
Rollins, MT. 59903

GRAHAM, ALLEN A.  
P.O. Box 99  
Bryn Mawr, CA. 92318

SCHULTZ, ROBERT C.  
7414 Exmore  
Springfield, VA. 22150

DONALDSON, JOHN E. JR.  
2421 N. Tuchahoe St.  
Arlington, VA. 22205

LUCAS, RAY E.  
204 Driftwood Dr.  
Fredricksburg, TX. 78624

SEVERSON, LOYAL S.  
2438 Mifflin St.  
Madison, WI. 53704

DOOLEY, LAWTON ED  
1520 Mapleton  
Dallas, TX. 75228

MULLERSCHEON, GEORGE  
2415 Lorain Rd.  
San Marino, CA. 91108

WRIGHT, BUCK  
29365 Nantucket Way  
Hayward, CA. 94544

## ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ Name and Address Changes

### Changes Underlined

ALLING, CHARLES, 2456 East 93rd St. #29J, New York, NY.  
10128-3704  
ATWATER, VERNON, P.O. Box 705, Cottonwood, AZ.  
86326-0705  
AUTRY, E.B., Rte. 1 Box 235, Mebane, NC. 27302  
CASLER, DUDLEY F., 1535 E. Grove Ave., Mesa, AZ. 85204  
DRENNAN, WILLIAM, 2620 Laclede, Hannibal, MO. 63401  
DUNLAY, WILLIAM J., 210 Harvard Road, San Mateo, CA.  
94402-2216  
FORSMAN, DON L. DR., 3932 Flamingo, El Paso, TX. 79902  
FREEMAN, JESSE, 1150 Seclusion Ct., Lexington, SC. 29072  
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GOLTERMAN, RICHARD N., 1800 Banbury Rd., Inverness, IL.  
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GOMBOS, WILLIAM, 3700 Buchanan #143, Riverside, CA.  
92503  
JOHNSON, WILLIAM R., 1603 Hearthglow Lane, Richmond, VA  
23233

MARTIN, MRS. STANLEY, 24 Woodside Drive, Wethersfield,  
Ct. 06109  
MIXON, REV. JAMES, 470 Park Ave., Birmingham, AL.  
35226-1101  
OLDS, MELVIN, 2332 Sagewood Drive, Montgomery, AL.  
36117  
OSTROM, THOMAS J., 10532 So. Spaulding, Chicago, IL.  
60655  
PAXTON, K.E., 6402 East 11th Street, Wichita, KS. 67206  
RICE, LOUIS H., 2660 Floral Road, Albuquerque, NM. 87104  
ROGERS, MRS. THERON P., 3032 Washington Rd. #4, East  
Point, GA. 30344-4559  
SAGANY, THOMAS, 16 Sherman St., Patchogue, L.I., NY.  
11772  
SANDHOLM, KEITH E., 402 Garfield, Shanandoah, IA. 51601  
STANTON, BUZZ, P.O. Box 914, Chaton, AL. 36518  
WANFRIED, HAROLD, 705 Americana Dr. Apt. A5, Annapolis,  
MD. 21403  
ZELICH, MRS. FRED, 4180 West Victory, Meridian, UT.  
83642-6832



## TAPS

KOWALCZYK, STANLEY J.  
Pierre, S.D.  
Died - Feb. 19, 1986

STROTT, BILL  
Pittsburgh, PA.  
Died - April 6, 1986

HDD

196

18

7

4

**34th Bomb. Group**

c/o Eli Baldea  
1595 Sunnyslope Drive  
Crown Point, Indiana 46307  
(219) 988-4607

**34th Bomb Group Assn.**

From the collection of:

Al Israelsen

Pilot, First Crew No. 1, 4th Sq. Feb - Nov 1944

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Base Plumbers at Mendlesham

# Don't Forget To Send Your Dues!

Mail \$7.50 to:  
**Ray Summa**  
**2910 Bittersweet Lane**  
**Anderson, IN. 46011**

## Rambling Thoughts of Mendelsham

By George H. Kline

(Edited by Eli Baldea)

Leaving Blythe by troop train to Camp Miles Standish, Mass. Coast Guard ship, Wakefield, to Liverpool. Train ride to Mendelsham with kids looking for gum and candy at all stops. Axis Sally reporting the 34th wiped out the day before we reached the base. Remember buying chicken and duck eggs at local farms and cooking on the stove in center of the hut. Remember the pretty red head and her sister selling papers on the base. Remember D-Day at the radio shack with Lt. Braun to find out what was happening and hearing Eisenhower's invasion speech. Remember the 3 missions on Dec. 24th and returning bombers in formation looking like Christmas trees in the sky on Christmas Eve.

Remember B24's coming back to base full of flak holes — planes landing on all 3 runways at once to keep from crashing due to battle damage or fuel shortage. Remember the buzz bombs coming over two at a time and the coastal guns firing to try to bring them down.

Remember the 100th mission party with the warm potato beer. Also the night the famous hay stack burned — some say from the warm English girls. The good times in Ipswich, London, Norwich, Cambridge, and quiet Stowmarket. The orators in Hyde Park, the Henry VIII Castle, Windsor Castle, Trafalgar Square with its pigeons, and boat rides down the canals. The Picadilly Commandos and Marble Arch Rangers — The Red Cross clubs for a nights lodging - Also the English fairs.

I also remember the brave people of London still carrying on in the midst of the bombing. People sleeping in the deep subways - lines of people trying to make do with all the shortages.

Remember also the test flights over the beautiful English countryside and my one ride over Holland on the food drop with the beautiful tulip fields in bloom. The sight of the constant stream of DC3's and gliders taking paratroopers and soldiers to the Battle of the Bulge, from sun-up to sun-down — meeting wounded from that battle at the hospital when I had an operation — the scary air raid while I was in the hospital.

I remember Gene Tatich and his guitar — the farmers selling rare strawberries at the base — Lt. Hoppie and his cowboy boots — blackmarket scotch at \$16.00 a bottle.

All these things and more are still vivid in my memories, even 40 years later.