

ENDLESHAM EMORIES

34TH BOMB GROUP H



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OBSERVATIONS

GREETINGS!

Here we are at the beginning of summer. The trees are green, birds are singing, my garden is growing, and the fish are practically jumping into the boat. What more could I ask for?

Rose and I spent the last two weeks of April traveling. First to Paducah, KY. with Walt & Ruby McAllister and Ray & Hannah Summa, reviewing the 34th Bomb Group History Book. (See photo) Not the whole committee showed, but that's life. We feel the book is going to be great! I hope you all feel the same way when you get it. From Paducah, Rose and I went down to Orlando, FL. to close on the condo we just bought. Beginning next winter, you won't hear me griping about the cold and snow because we're going to spend our winters in Florida. We've looked forward to this for a long, long time and we have finally done it.

I'm going to repeat myself regarding the reservation cards for the reunion at Virginia Beach. If you plan to use a credit card for your reservation guarantee, make sure to enclose it in an envelope so your card number is hidden from prying eyes. You'll find this same message in the Reunion Committee's report, but it bears repeating.

On the same note, I have just received the reservation forms from the Sheraton Pierremont Hotel and Towers in Shreveport, LA. for our 1989 reunion and, you guessed it, again it's a card. We'll have to do the same thing next year. Oh well, again, that's life!

I am now in my third year of editing this newsletter. Because I've not been experienced in this sort of activity, it's been a real challenge. However, let me say that, other than the time when I'm pulling out my hair for lack of material, I've very much enjoyed it. It also forces me to learn what my computer will do, and THAT'S really a challenge. I also enjoy the fact that, because my name appears in every issue, I get to meet people that, otherwise, I might miss. People watching is one of my favorite pastimes. When Rose and I go shopping at a mall, I sit in the center of the mall and watch people of all sizes and shapes, and of all ages, while she's out spending my hard-earned money. Well, if it makes her happy, I'm happy, but hap-



pier because I don't have to tag along behind her. And, even better, quite often, some gorgeous, well-shaped, young woman comes into view, and I give her a good going over with the eyes. Hey!! I can look, can't I?

Back to the reunion. the reservation cards for the hotel and reunion registration forms are included in this issue. You will note that several room selections are available. The sooner your reservation is sent in, the more likely you are to get your first choice of accommodations. Don't hesitate! Send in your reservations and registrations NOW!! We're hoping this will be the best and biggest reunion yet. I guarantee that, with a little effort on your part, you'll have a ball!

Rose and I want to thank those of you who have sent in all the kind remarks regarding our efforts. We do try to make this the best unit newsletter in the country. Without your help we can't do it. So keep those cards, letters and photographs coming. Let me also say that if you have an item of interest, a photograph, or whatever, for the newsletter, send it directly to me, not to Ray Summa. He has enough to take care of, what with the membership lists, treasury, etc. When he gets it, he has to forward it to me, anyway. My address is plainly shown on the mailing side of this, and every, issue.

Thanks, again, for all the generous compliments about our efforts. Rose and I want to wish you all a happy, healthy summer, and we're looking forward to seeing ALL of you at the reunion.

Eli Baldea
Editor



Standing L to R: A. Hanlon, H. Roosa, J. McMahon, R. Holden
Kneeling L to R: F. Cain, W. Watts, I. McElyea, F. Sampson, R. Rice & H. Murray

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

To all members and friends:

Hope all had a Happy Easter or Passover. It sure flies by rapidly. Here we are just a few months away from our next reunion.. Hope to see more of our members and their guests there. Let's make this the biggest turnout yet, see our old buddies and have a great time together.. Hitch a ride, walk, run, come by boat, train, airplane or car, but get there!! Don't forget, someone is going to win a free room, banquet and tour for two at the 1989 reunion.

I've received a phone call and, later, a letter from Ken Lockwood (flight engineer) about having one of our newsletters devoted to the ground people. Will have it done only if Eli receives enough letters from ground personnel. (Eds. Note: I mentioned this in the last issue.) There are plenty of stories to be told from specialists in maintenance of engines, hydraulics, sheet metal, instruments, cooks, drivers, supply, medical, firemen, grounds keepers; you name them. Without them there would never have been a B-24 or B-17 in the air. The long hours of work (how did you guys do it?) to have the aircraft ready for the next day. As a flight engineer, I spent many hours out on the flight line watching and talking to the maintenance crews. You people did a better job in those days than they can do today in getting a plane ready for flight; engine change, sheetmetal work, instruments, hydraulics, etc. How about the way some parts, etc. were obtained. Write your stories. The fly-boys will never know unless you tell them how you did the job so well. WRITE!!!

Hope to see you all at Virginia Beach in September. Good health to all.

ED LAWLER
President



Officers baseball team at Blythe CA.



Enlisted Men's team at Blythe, CA. P.S. They won, 23 to 10.



We are getting closer

VIRGINIA BEACH
Sept. 22nd-25th, 1988

From the Hangar of Ray L. Summa

Fellow members of the 34th B.G.:

I was just reminded by the editor of our newsletter, Eli Baldea, that it was time to get my column ready and here it is, only April. He was wanting to get this to you by June.

Hannah and I spent a delightful two and a half days at Paducah, KY. with Walt and Ruby McAllister and Eli and Rose Baldea, proof-reading the new 34th B.G. Book. Walt has spent a lot of time on this book and we owe him a vote of thanks. I learned what the chain of commands were while there. Decisions are made by the Colonel, passed on to the Lt. Colonel, and passed on to, guess who? Ask Eli and Walt. Hannah and I were to go fishing at KY. Lake, so we did not linger long after the work was finished. But, upon arriving at the lake, we found the wind was up and cold and, as I had not brought my own boat, we did not like to venture out in a small boat in rough waters. We started back for home, through IL., stopping at a couple of cities to try to find some 34th B.G. men. Our luck was not too good, but we did get some leads to follow.

There have been quite a few on our sick list these last few months. Have you sent cards to them? I can list a few of them here. Fr. Fred Brooks is now in a nursing home. He has been ill these past couple of years. Harold Parrish of the 18th Sqdn. is also in a nursing home at Carbondale, IL. "Pete" Gray says he holding his own at the present time. Also talked to Mary Lambert, Hank's wife, and she says Hank is also holding his own. I'm sure these men and their wives can use a lot of cheering up, so why not sit down and write to them? Their addresses are in the roster.

On April 26th, Dick Fuelling and his wife, Dr. Isabella Fuelling, visited us. We really enjoyed seeing them. Dick and I talked of the days we were together in the 34th B.G. Hannah and Dr. Isabella were both nurses and had a lot to talk about.

We will be going to Atlantic Beach, N.C. about June 8th, by way of Richmond, VA. We hope to be at the Meadowbrook Family Restaurant on Walmsey Blvd., owned by Ginny and Junius Cobb, on Friday nite, June 10th. Junius was one of my Mechanic-Welders turned restaurant owner and cook after the war. How about some of you from around the Richmond area meeting us there? We're hoping to see any of you that would like to come. Are you ready for us, Ginny and Jun?

From 11-18th, we'll be staying at the John Yancey's Motor Hotel on Salter Pass, Atlantic Beach, fishing and walking the beach. On the 18th we will be at the Hampton Inn, just off I77 at Charlotte, N.C., for a meeting with some of our 34th people. Dex and Beulah Jordan are setting up a place for us to eat. If you live in the area, why not come and join us, even if it's only for the banquet? Dex's address is in the roster and his phone

no. is (704) 875-2266. We had a great time last year.

During the war, the 34th was a close-knit outfit and accomplished whatever was asked of them. I can't understand why that same cooperation is not apparent today. The new 34th Book, which was voted on at Colorado Springs, has not received the response it should have. Also, many of you are life members of the 8th AFHS and have not become life members of the 34th B.G. Assn. Furthermore, many of you are paid-up members of the 8th AFHS and have not kept your dues up to date with the 34th. Four months have gone by and you're still delinquent. How come?

There will be a mini reunion at the 8th AFHS reunion. Oct. 12-15th at Des Moines, IA. We plan to be there to greet you. Also, don't forget the 50th Anniversary reunion at Ft. Worth, TX., May 17-22nd, 1989. All you B-24 men start planning to spend four wonderful fun-packed days along with 10,000 or more men who flew, served on, maintained or built the most historical and legendary B-24. Over 100 organizations, both fraternal and military, from the U.S. Air Force, the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard, plus the RAF, RCAF, RAAF, RNZAF, and the Indiana A.F. and whoever else used the more than twenty versions of the world's most versatile aircraft in any theater of war, are joining in the common cause to celebrate this event.

The 34th B.G. will be headquartered at the Ramada Inn North, where several rooms have been set aside for us. There will be something for everyone to enjoy, be they from the days of WWII, Korea, or Viet Nam, or wherever they served. You'll hear more about this from the Anniversary Committee chairman, Bob Vickers, who has planned many 8th AFHS reunions. Let me know if you plan to be there.

Don't forget, the annual reunion of the 34th B.G. will be held at Shreveport, LA. in September, 1989. You'll hear more about this in future issues from Gerry Pine.

We sure enjoy your letters. They let us know we are doing something right or wrong. Keep them coming. Also, we've had calls about the pictures that were unidentified in the last issue. Many of the men were named.

If you should wish to become members of the 8th AFHS, send me a check, made out to the 34th B.G., for the \$10.00 annual dues, and I will send it in for you. The 34th does get a rebate when it is done this way.

RAY SUMMA
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer &
Union Contact

**Don't Forget
 To Send
 Your Dues**

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

REUNION 1988

THE REUNION COMMITTEE REPORT

MISSION: REUNION

TARGET: HOLIDAY INN, OCEANFRONT & 39TH STREET

COUNTRY: VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA

DATES: 22 SEPTEMBER — 25 SEPTEMBER

Arrive on Thursday, 22 Sept., sign in with the hotel, and register with the 34th Bomb Group. After getting settled in your room you are all set to join in on all the reunion activities. The reunion committee realizes the inconvenience of the Holiday Inn's registration card for the hotel reservations. It would be best to place the card in an envelope to protect your credit card number. If you send in a personal check you would have to use an envelope anyway. While you're at the 34th registration desk, do not forget to stop at the 34th P.X. Ray and Hannah Summa most generally are there to dispense with 34th Bomb Group paraphernalia. This is only place you may purchase authentic articles pertaining to our group.

All officers and board of directors members should check in one day early, or on 21 September.

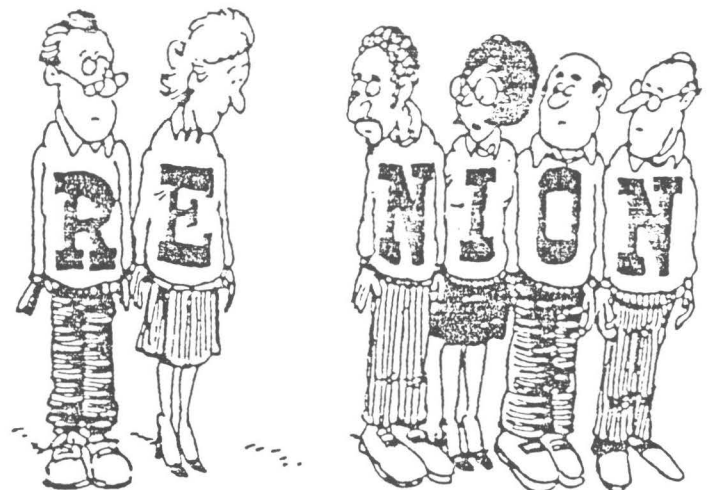
Friday 23 Sept. will start off with a hearty breakfast, then we will board buses for a visit to historic Williamsburg. You ladies had better start saving your butter and egg money, because we go from Williamsburg to the famous "POTTERY." The Pottery is a combination of shops where everything from glassware to hardware can be purchased. There is a pottery there, also. When we return to the hotel, there is time set aside to visit the hospitality room where you can meet people, talk, meet friends, and, in general, enjoy a period of attitude adjustment before the evening meal. After chow, Vice President George Ritchie will conduct one of his famous auctions. The sale consists of items each of us will bring and contribute from our area. Something that is native to our environment may be a total curiosity to someone from a different locality. Apples, peaches, cheese, clothing, an oil well, an old partly used gold mine, or anything that George can get a bid on to raise a few shillings for the operating expenses of the 34th Bomb Group. George knows how to keep everything rolling which contributes to a lively evening.

Saturday 24 Sept. Directly after breakfast, the annual business meeting will be held in the same room and at the same tables we just finished using for breakfast. The catering service will clear the tables leaving the coffee service. President Ed Lawler will conduct the meeting. After the final rap of the gavel, every one will be free to do what they wish up to banquet time. President Lawler has a program planned to entertain the troops. Don't forget to sign up a member of the family or a friend as an associate member. They too can join in on our fun.

Sunday 25 Sept. Breakfast, check out time, and we'll see you in Shreveport, LA. in 1989.

The Reunion Committee,
Harold Rutka
Robert Wright
Gerald Pine

Editor's Note: Please don't forget that an anonymous donor has pledged a "DOOR PRIZE" for some lucky attendee. A drawing will be held at the banquet and the winner will receive attendance at our 1989 reunion free of charge. This includes room, dinners and a tour, if there be one, for two people. Let's show this donor our appreciation and make every effort to be at Virginia Beach in September.



IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT U!



Enlisted Personnel-Group Hdqtrs. 34th Bomb Group, Blythe, CA.



LOU TAMBURRO - Palm Harbor, FL.

Terry and I enjoyed ourselves at the reunion, and we are looking forward to September, but with four weddings this year, we just don't know. Weddings in April, June, September and October, and all in Connecticut. (BOY!!!)

As you can see, we are now living in Florida; leasing a place for 7 months; looking to buy something; will let you know our permanent address. But, we're here in Palm Harbor for a short while.

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BONITA LOCKWOOD - Long Beach, CA.

Yes, I did attend the reunion in Houston and really enjoyed being with my father (Ken) and sharing that part of his life. He and I had fun dancing, etc.

I teach school here in Long Beach, working with the handicapped children. I teach them physical education. It's a lot of fun. Recently, I've applied to teach as a professor at San Diego State Univ. I'm waiting to see if I made the final 3. I taught at Northwestern State Univ. in Louisiana — about 40 miles from Shreveport where you'll be having the fall '89 reunion.

I'm happy to join the 34th B.G. Assn. as an associate member.

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CHARLES VAN KIRK - San Juan Capistrano, CA.

I received the roster and the Mendlesham Memories and appreciate it. Thanks to Ray, I got to talk to Bob Simpson for about ½ hour last week. I also got a nice letter from Toby Tobiason. It's been a long time without contact with these two. This is great and I also plan to make the reunion in September.

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SAM WOLSTENCROFT - Westerly, RI.

The weather has not been at all stable this year. Cold, damp and snow and rain, all at the same time. We have a couple of days in the 50's, then it gets down to 10 or more below zero.

My wife is still working and expects to retire in July, so we'll be set for the reunion and will be able to travel a little more. Hope to see everyone at the reunion.

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JOHN BOYSON - Great Falls, MT.

Greetings from the Big Sky country. We are both just fine. I'm looking forward to retirement April 1. Maybe we will be able to get away and attend the next reunion and, also, the 50th Anniversary of the B-24 at Fort Worth in '89.

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JACK BLACKHAM - El Paso, TX.

I bought a Norden Bombsight at an estate sale in El Paso. I have it on my coffee table. I guess that shows you the shape I'm in.

BOB INGROUILLE - Kenosha, WI

I received Ray's note asking if I could contact a few of the 34th men that lived in our area. I did contact a Bob Laskey and was told that Donald Lasky died about 30 years ago. Ralph Sawtell was killed about two years ago on a motorcycle. Eugene Tanking is now living in Poughkeepsie, NY. Maybe somebody in that area can look him up.

I'm sending along a clipping from the Stars & Stripes paper about an event that happened to our crew just after D-Day. Walt made it sound so easy but, in reality, we did sweat a little. (Editor's note: See "Memories")

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Continued on page 6



L to R: Mark Thompson, Walt McAllister, Ray Summa & Eli Baldea.

34th B.G. History Book Progress Report

The long awaited committee review took place during the week of April 18, in Paducah, Kentucky. Representing the 34th were Walter McAllister, Eli Baldea, and Ray Summa, who was appointed ex officio member of the committee due to his extensive storehouse of written materials, photographs, and knowledge of our history. (See photo)

Mark Thompson of Turner Publishing Co. went through the page layouts of the entire book as proposed by them, and then made the changes and additions as requested by the committee members, if they were at all feasible.

We are sorry to say the book will be smaller than we had originally anticipated. As explained by the Publisher's representative in the briefing/proposal at Colorado Springs, and stated in the publishing agreement, the size was to be dependent on the number of prepaid sales. To quote the agreement "The more books sold the more pages the history will contain. Example: a large 'coffee table' 9" by 12" book with 1000 copies sold would equal 280 pages, 1500 copies sold — 380 pages, etc."

Less than 300 prepaid copies were ordered by members of the Association. Considering the small response, Turner Publishing has been generous to us. The bottom line as always is the \$\$\$, and they have literally donated some pages to us to help us get in more of the material that we considered essential to the success of the book.

My final look at the "blue line" prepublication copy should come around the end of May, with actual publication by end of June.

W.L. McAllister

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 5

BILL DEMPSEY - Boise, ID.

Regarding the December '87 Mendlesham Memories, which I "perused" twice, I feel that I must "bring up" a sentence in paragraph 3 of Ray's "From the Hangar" column. The paragraph is obviously "biased". Having been in the service from '42 to '77, I can assure you that no true "Navigator" (notice that Navigator should always be capitalized!) has ever been lost. I logged over 9,500 hours of "Navigation Time". I flew everything from B-17's to F-111's (and anything in between that carried a Navigator). I can produce (upon request) "statistics" that will prove that, back in the Cadet days, the "most intelligent" were turned into Navigators!! The rest were made pilots (notice the small "p"). Most pilots qualified if they knew "Right or Left" and "Up or Down". (However, my experience shows that they respond better to "Gee and Haw".)

Now, I'm certainly not trying to start a "War", but I do feel that a slight retraction is due. Perhaps in the future, Ray could refer to the person who got him lost as the "co-pilot". After all, she sat in the right seat and, I presume, read the "Check List". In conclusion, if Ray would "publish" the cost of his toll to get back on the turnpike, I'm sure that all Navigators would be happy to contribute to the fund!

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FLOYD MERKLEY - American Fork, UT.

I received a letter from a Russell Zorn who had been an official U.S. Army Air Force photographer whose primary duty was photographing battle damaged and crashed aircraft of the 8th Air Force, 3rd Air Division. Now he and a British Aviation historian are compiling a book using these photos and gathering information as to cause, injuries, fatalities, property damage, etc.

He requested I record my personal account of events when aircraft B-24-42-52738 was shot down and crashed into the Air Inspectors office building on the evening of 7 June, 1944. I believe this was the incident, from the diary of George Ritchie, that was mentioned in the Dec. '85 issue of MM. I was in the building at the time and have written my personal account of that night and mailed it to Mr. Zorn. If anyone else is interested, I could mail a copy to them.

I've had shoulder surgery recently and haven't felt like doing anything but moan and complain. Things will get better.

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GUILFORD (POP) SPENCE - Zephyrhills, FL.

After my discharge from the Army in 1945, I joined our local American Legion post along with some other WW2 vets. The WW2 boys were outvoted by the WW1 boys, who kept telling us about the big shooting war they were in.

After writing to the 8th AF. Assn. in 1980, I was put in contact with the 34th BG Assn. Mom and I had a chance to attend the reunion at Orlando, FL. which is only about an hour's drive from Zephyrhills, where we had retired. We met quite a few of the men I served with and their wives. Due to circumstances beyond our control, health-wise and other, it is doubtful that we will ever be able to attend another reunion.

We receive the 34th newsletter and read every word in it with tears in our eyes because we do know that, after all these years, I now belong to my outfit, the same as the boys of WW1. Thank God that I do belong to the 34th BG Assn.

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WILLIAM (DOC) ALSTON - Tulsa, OK.

I hope someone can help me with my failing memory. Which squadron did Dr. Birna Smith work with?



Dorabel Crook relaxing with friend at Modern Motor Haven in Blythe, 1944

MOLLY (JESSE) GARDNER - Bagley, IA.

Just want to say thanks for Ray's efforts and for those who make the newsletter great reading. Jesse and I thoroughly enjoy keeping in touch this way. We have enjoyed many nice letters from ex-GI's we used to know. Since I was originally from Debenham, Suffolk, the newsletter makes me feel closer to home. The base was five miles from Debenham. That's now a nice little town, with many new homes amidst the 14th century homes.

Folks still love the memories of the war days, the things that happened, and the friends that were made. We were there last October. The weather was great. My son went for his first visit, and he asked the country folk in pubs what they thought of the Yanks. He got many nice things said about the Yanks. He also got some good stories.

The country looked in good shape; best I have ever felt about England, but, still, there's never the feeling of freedom there that we have here. They still live pretty much on schedule (pronounced SHEDULE). I lost mine long ago, as we tend to be very busy people here in the states.

Out of six GI's who attended our wedding in Debenham in 1945, we have now found four, thanks to the roster and interested folk. Thanks to all.

* * * * *

FRED A. JACKSON - St. Ignace, MI.

Yes, I am the Fred Jackson who was on the original crew with Jack Whiting. As I recall, Hartley was pilot, Dunn was co-pilot, Whiting was bombardier, Patterson-navigator, Bernardo-nose gunner, Beckwith-tail gunner, Billeck-radio operator, and I was armor. I can't remember who was engineer or waist gunner. Maybe all the snow and ice up here has begun to get through my bald head and frozen some of the gray cells, but that's about all I can recall. Then, too, it has been a long time and it seems most of my papers have disappeared somewhere along the line.

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JIM BAILEY - Sewlicky, PA.

My wife and I took a trip to Florida several weeks ago. On the way we stopped in Athens, TN. to see Lee Harkleroad, my tail gunner. We had not seen each other since Jan., 1945. It was an emotional meeting. Talked for hours about our missions.

He has a nice home and a very lovely wife, Helen. Two sons have graduated from U. of Tenn. as did Lee. Hope this is the first of more meetings now that the ice is broken.

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Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 6

BOB DEES - Torrance, CA.

We sure enjoyed the '87 reunion and hope we can make it again this year. It was good to see everyone and renew friendships with the guys.

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HENRY GEHLE - Littleton, CO.

It is difficult to have the time to go to the various reunions of the 34th. I did enjoy the time in Colorado Springs. Of course, that was close to home. Some time in the future I shall make the time to attend and be more active. In the meantime, consider me a life member and there will be no more foul-ups on dues.

* * * * *

FRANK "MIKE" MICHALOWSKI - Aurora, CO.

I'm glad you found me. I was in the Ordinance, a bomb jock. We used to load them and you dropped them. I married a girl from Ft. Wayne, IN. and we're still together after 44 years and still happy. When Korea started I went back in. Saw a lot more of the world and retired in 1968 with 22 years' service. Once I look through all my junk, I'll try to get a few more names for you.

* * * * *

FRANCIS B. YATES - Guilford, CT.

About the March issue of MM ... glad to see Sidney Brown's picture. A couple of years ago I looked all over Connecticut for him. On page 19, I know four of the men, but can recall only two of the names. In the rear row, the first two people are Baltrikonis and Morris Otto. The others I can't remember.

I do some Space A traveling with the USAF. I have been to many places around the globe via Space A. I usually fly out of Pease AFB, NH. or Dover AFB, DE. Once at Dover I stopped in at the hangar where some ANG and Reservists are restoring the B-17, "Shoo-Shoo-Baby". This aircraft was found rotting away in a field in France a few years ago. Somebody had enough "pull" to have it brought back to the U.S. in a C-5 and provide hangar space to work on it. It should be completely restored in a few more months and will be flown out to Wright/Pat to be on static display in the museum.

Mendlesham Memories

Mendlesham Memories is published four times a year by the 34th Bomb Group Association, Inc. March, June, September and December.

Editor: Eli Baldea
1595 Sunnyslope Drive
Crown Point, IN 46307

Editorials and stories are welcome and should be sent to the address above with new addresses, changes, and deletions.

PAUL ANDERSON - Mesa, AZ.

We came down to our "winter trailer" here in Mesa after the first of the year. Have really enjoyed the swimming and all the other activities here in the park.

Bob and Ginny Gradin came down the first of Feb. and rented a condo near us. Bob had a heart attack on the 9th and was in the hospital awhile. They've left to go back to Superior, WI. where he is to have a by-pass operation. We haven't heard whether he's had it yet or not. And then my mother had to have emergency surgery for cancer, so I flew to Iowa the middle of February for a week.

As of now, we don't think we will be able to make the Virginia Beach reunion. Beryl's high school class is having their 50th reunion in Ottumwa in October. And, since we want to spend as much time as possible with my mother who lives in Ottumwa, we thought we would go to the class reunion and then to the 8th AF reunion in Des Moines, which is only about 85 miles from Ottumwa.

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CHARLES A. BILLMAN - Tonawanda, NY

Just a short note to let you know we are back home in Tonawanda. We had a great winter in Phoenix. It did have a sad note, though. Our first flight engineer, Melvin Backens, passed away - heart problems following by-pass surgery in September. I've misplaced the exact date, but I believe it was during February.

* * * * *

CLEVELAND ROMERO - Lafayette, LA.

We wish to express thanks for the great job you guys are doing. We really do enjoy the reunions and are looking forward to the next one in Virginia Beach. We're planning to leave early and do some sight-seeing enroute. Hope to see everyone there.

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T.M. WAARVICK - Tigard, OR.

Yes, we would be interested in attending the Virginia Beach reunion and look forward to more details. I read where Bob Vickers is involved in the B-24 reunion planning at Fort Worth. I wonder if he's the same buddy I trained with in B-24's at Gowen Field in '44?

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HARRIETT S. (BERNARD) WERNER - Skokie, IL.

With much sadness I am writing to let you know that Bernard passed away on March 7, 1988. He had been part of the 34th Bomb Group and flew as a top turret gunner on "Generator Jenny."

* * * * *

JOAN (JEROME) MURPHY - Oakdale, CA.

Jerry passed away quite suddenly March 7, 1987. We had had a serious auto accident the year before and he never fully recovered.

Jerry had been teaching high school since 1952 until he retired in '78. He kept busy doing some substitute teaching, raising a second family and real estate. He was a marvelous man. We have 22 grandchildren who simply adored him. The last year has been quite empty for all of us.

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ROBERT KORF - San Bernardino, CA.

The March issue of "MM" lit a fire in my memory due to the picture of the Avriett/Soler crew showing the old 7-passenger Lincoln. Johnny Soler and I bought the Lincoln in an estate sale from the Harold Lloyd vehicles. It had side curtains and they leaked like a sieve. We made many trips into Los Angeles and elsewhere. We paid \$120.00 for it. Imagine what it would be worth today!

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Continued on page 8

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 7

BILL KELLY - West Monroe, LA.

Please accept my most sincere apologies for being late with my dues. Now you know why Midge calls me by my Mexican nickname, "Senor Retardo."

* * * * *

GEORGE KLINE - Burnt Hills, NY.

We were waiting at an intersection at Schenectady Airport when someone came up behind us, blew his horn and pointed at our car. When the light changed I went through and pulled over to the side. We got out of the car to see what's wrong. He pointed to the 34th license plate on my car and said "I'm from the 34th, too." It was Bill Gombos. He's moved from California to Saratoga Springs, about 14 miles from us. That is the first time I had been stopped by "one of the gang." So it does pay to advertise.

* * * * *

GEORGE JOHNSON - San Luis Obispo, CA.

I sure enjoy the newsletters and realize all the work you must put into it. We haven't been to any reunions so far, but Col Tavasti is on me. Maybe he will coax me into going.

* * * * *

JAMES K. ALEXANDER - Jonesville, LA.

Since heart surgery I have trouble writing. Am trying to teach myself to write with my left hand since my right hand is nervous.

* * * * *

JOHN GUSTAFSON - Portland, OR.

Enjoy reading "MM" with the latest on the 34th B.G. Assn. I hope that by now you've heard from Bob Reeves. I've sent him the information. He was mainly responsible for naming our B-17G, "Rapid City Spook". I hope to make the reunion in September.

* * * * *

KEN HUMPHREYS - Fort Worth, TX.

Sure enjoyed the latest Mendlesham Memories from cover to cover. Bob Woodrich and I both live near Carswell AFB. We were stationed there together in the early '60's and flew on B-52's. Both looking forward to seeing the 34th in our hometown next year.

* * * * *



Standing L to R: R. Nendel, V. Ames, L. Bess, & R. Bichowsky.
Kneeling L to R: J. Bosak, A. Shaw, H. Masse, J. Baron, J. Dooley & D. Agee.

MARY (HARRY) LAMBERT - Troy, MI.

Received the newsletter. Thank you very much. It makes me feel good, and close to Harry and all of you. Keep it coming. I'm sending \$5.00 to help defray the cost of sending it to me. This will make me feel as though I'd be doing what Harry would want. Maybe we widows could send \$5.00 a year so we can get the news. Hey, that's not a bad idea, eh?

I would like to hear from some of those that remember Harry or myself when I was with him at Blythe.

* * * * *

BOB HASSETT - Houma, LA.

I was sure surprised when I turned to page 7 of the March issue. There, big as life, were four members of my crew. I forget the last name of our "Mickey Operator." His first name is Frank. Anyhow, in the picture from left to right are: Frank ?, Ken Potter, Ken Mitchell, and Cliff Jones.

* * * * *

JOHN P. TERRY - Glendale, CA.

An ad in the local paper was seeking people from the 2nd Air Divn. I responded and was told that the 34th wasn't in the 2AD, a surprise to me. Some of us had served ONLY in the 2AD. I realize the number of months the 34th flew B-17's was greater than with B-24's. Did the 34th get moved (organizationally)?

* * * * *

STEVE KIMMEL (Our Printer) - Hebron, IN.

I really enjoy being a part of the composition of the newsletter. I think it's really neat that you have so many people who want to keep in touch and help each other out through Mendlesham Memories.

FOLLOW-UP UPDATE

JOSEPH J. MORRELL - Johnson City, NY.

In the March issue of MM, you had a picture of a B-17, #156, with a ground crew man standing by it. That soldier was Willard S. (Sody) Soderlund from Norway, MI. He died some time ago. He and I and Lloyd Spahr were the three ground crew men on this plane which was given to us in place of "Set-em-up." Sody was a good soldier, a good mechanic, and a real nice guy to be around. I hope this cleared up the name of that soldier in the picture.

* * * * *

CLEO BAUGHMAN - Stockton, KS.

In response to the note from Les Thompson in the last issue, the "Homesick Angel" was the plane my crew and I picked up as a war weary in Vinlo (?) Holland. This aircraft was not a 34th B.G. plane, but was the first to fly over northwest Germany. This is surely a different aircraft than the one referred to by Mr. Thompson, as we did not ferry any planes back to England until the war was pretty well over. Hope this clarifies things a bit. (Editor's note) See photo of the "Homesick Angel" elsewhere in this issue.

* * * * *

JACK BLACKHAM - El Paso, TX.

In the March newsletter is a picture of a gunner by a top turret on a B-24, with a caption saying he shot down a V1 Buzz Bomb. There was a Buzz Bomb shot down by the 34th returning from a mission sometime in August, 1944. I was on the mission and my recollection of the event was that it was shot down by a left waist gunner in the 4th Bomb Sqdn. I knew his name but I don't remember it now. I do remember seeing a V1 Buzz Bomb painted on the side of a B-24 parked about 3 hardstands down from our plane in the 4th. Am I right? (Editor's note) In the December, 1986 issue of MM, Hawley Husdon reported that it was their top turret gunner, George Baldwin, who shot down the Buzz Bomb.

NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

From the **NATIONAL WARPLANE MUSEUM:**

10 DAY AVIATION EXTRAVAGANZA: The format for the annual "1941" Airshow has been greatly expanded for 1988. Aug. 12, 13, 14 — Aircraft from Stearman Assn., Ryan Club, Fairchild Club, N. A. Trainer Assn., etc. will participate in trainer Fly-in and competition.

Week of Aug. 15 — Flying and static displays each day as well as a "Fly Market". Aviation film festival, guest lecturers from Smithsonian, Aviation art exhibit, seminars, etc.

Aug. 19, 20, 21 — "Wings of Eagles" Warbirds airshow. Over 70 WWII vintage aircraft featured. Gathering of all available flying B-17's and possibly the only flying Lancaster bomber outside England. Aircraft flying from early morning until late afternoon, and static displays for the entire family.

For further information, write: National Warplane Museum, P.O. Box 159, Geneseo, NY. 14454 or call (716) 243-0690.

* * * * *

We have received word that a Michael McGee has requested information about his father-in-law, Michael Florio who was in the 34th. Anyone who knew Florio is asked to write anything they can about him to: Michael McGee, 580 Lakeside Circle, Sunrise, FL. 33326.

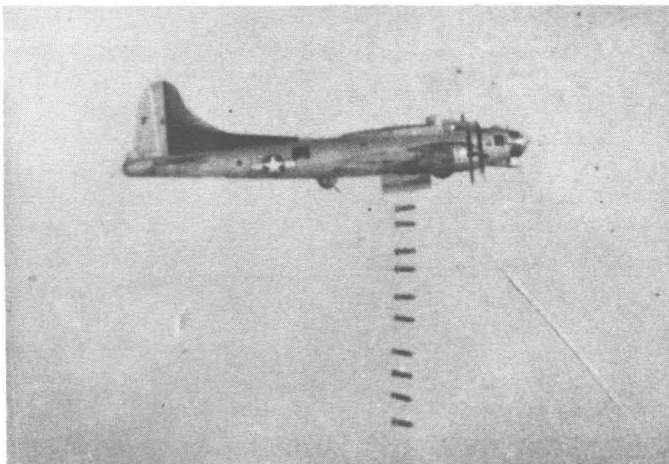
* * * * *

The McCook Air Force Base Historical Society of McCook, NE., formed to register the McCook Army Airbase on the National Historical Register, is looking for members. During WWII, McCook was a final training base for the three B-24 and three B-29 bomb groups. The membership dues are \$10.00. Anyone interested in becoming a member can contact: McCook Airbase Historical Society, Box B-29, McCook, NE. 69001.

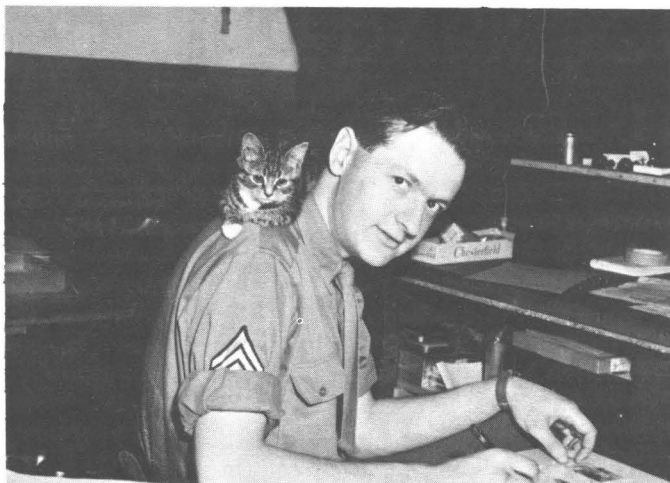
* * * * *

From Walter Sturdivan, we hear that all ex-prisoners of war can now receive a special medal. The telephone number to contact is: 1-800-837-3768.

He also states that he still has some copies of his book, "Shake Hands With A Soldier" on hand. It's a story of his time in the service during WWII including his tour of duty with the 34th Bomb Group. The price of the book is \$12.00 postpaid. If interested, contact: Walter W. Sturdivan, 5901 N. El Dorado, Stockton, CA. 95207.



A Fortress from the 18th Squadron. Who piloted Bawdry F Fox?



Do you know this man?



ROSE'S CORNER

Dear Friends,

If you've read "Observations," you'll realize that your editor has said it all. So, without further ado, I will present this goodie sent to me by Hannah Summa. Being that it has been rather a long winter, I found that baking cookies was one of the real satisfactions in life, especially because we have grandchildren. (Also, I have a "sweet tooth!")

Do try it because it really is a winner. I found this very easy to make; even the men will succeed, if attempted. In this recipe, it calls for a 5 cent candy bar. Don't try to find it; it's a thing of the past, so the 40 cent kind will do. During WWII, the Curtiss Candy Co. featured this cookie recipe using Baby Ruth bars. Advertisements were carried in national publications, indicating that servicemen and women would appreciate cookies from home made the Baby Ruth way.

To make this recipe current, use 2½ oz. of Baby Ruth or other candy bars. The 5 cent Baby Ruth weighed 1¼ oz.

BABY RUTH COOKIES

- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1⅓ cup flour, all purpose)
- ½ tsp. salt)
- ½ tsp. baking soda)
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- 2 Curtiss 5 cent Baby Ruth bars, cut in small pieces

— Sift together

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients by hand. Chill. Drop by half teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg.) until browned lightly (watch closely). Enjoy!!!

P.S. Please send me your favorites and I promise to pass them on. See you all in September! Don't forget to bring your auction contribution. Please write!

Love,
Rose

NEWLY FOUND

(Since last issue)

ANTANOVICH, ALEX, Rd. #1, Box 83, Scenery Hill, PA. 15360
BALDEA, AARON, 1619 Hayworth Circle N.W., Palm Bay, FL. 32905
BLACK, WILLIAM H., Rt. 4, Box 307-B, Abemerle, NC. 28001
Conklin, Claude R., 1001 9th Avenue, Belle Plaine, IA. 52208
DONAHUE, HERB, 7141 - 28th St. West, Bradenton, FL. 34209
ESCHERICK, WILLIAM J., Rd. #1, Box 91, Stoystown, PA. 15561
GALLOWAY, JOHN H., 2103 Lafayette Rd., Crawfordsville, IN. 47933
GERMAIN, ROBERT E., 68 Hill Street, Thorndike, MA. 01079
GRIFFITH, FRANK, 8834 Lake Street, Omaha, NE. 68134
HESS, ROBERT S., 11734 Hickory Road, Omaha, NE. 68144
HIGGINS, FRED, Rt. 3, Box 425, Ft. Paune, AL. 35957
JONES, JOHN L., 2560 Fruitland Dr., No. Ogden, UT. 84414
LEATH, JOHN, 30-675 Susan Drive, Cathedral City, CA. 92234
MICHALOWSKI, FRANK, 1104 Quenton St., Aurora, CO. 80011
MILLER, ALBERT, 247 Mocking Bird Rd., Swaninda, NC. 28778
MILLER, CORDELL, Box 761, Warden, WA. 98857
MILLER, JAMES M., P.O. Box 6, 206 S. Central St., Alexander City, AL. 35010
MUELLER, RAYMOND, 569 W. 4th Street, Richland Center, WI. 53581
NEWTON, THOMAS H., 2004 Old Forge Rd., Little Rock, AR. 72207
PECZKOWSKI, BERNARD J., 11150 Lake Shore Dr., Three Rivers, MI. 49093
PEEK, JOHN P., 1441 E. Virginia Ave., Des Moines, IA. 50320
REEVES, ROBERT, Box 19, Eagleville, CA. 96113
REID, HAROLD, 307 S.W. 2nd Street, Milton Frazier, OR. 97862
RYERSON, ANTHONY W., 1577 N. Green Bay, Lake Forest, IL. 60045
SAULNIER, ERNEST A., 273 River House, 66 Boundary Blvd., Rotonda West, FL. 33947
SCHNEIDER, CHARLES R., 3400 W. Park Drive, Plano, TX. 75075
SCHUETZ, SCOTT, 4327 Ravensowrth Rd. #222, Annadale, VA. 22003-5633
SOBRAN, JOHN, 1525 Clinton Avenue, Berwyn, IL. 60402
SPINK, JAMES F, 5310 144th Place S.W., Edmonds, WA. 98020
SWENSON, ELBERT, 9 Belted Kingfisher, Amelia Island, FL. 32034
WALLACE, WESLEY, E. 1107 Columbia, Spokane, WA. 99207
WOODRICH, ROBERT, 7036 Culver, Ft. Worth, TX. 76116
YOCKY, CHARLES R., RR #1, Box 1258, Delaware, AR. 72835

Next to surviving an Earthquake, nothing is quite so satisfying as getting a refund on your income tax.



Two small boys were in a library chattering at the top of their voices. The librarian hurried over. "Ssh!" she said. "These people in this room can't read!"

One of the boys looked at her with sympathy: "Dropouts, huh?"

ADDRESS CHANGES

(Changes Underlined)

ALVES, ROBERT, 5250 Columbia Rd., Apt. #403, North Olmstead, OH. 44070
AUTRY, ELWIN B., Rt. 1, Box 235, Mebane, NC. 27302
BOUTY, ED, N16025 Maple Street, Spalding, MI. 49886
BROSOVICH, JOSEPH J., 1950 Lowrie St., Pittsburgh, PA. 15212
CASEY, PERCY E., 11537 Sandy Loam Trail, Austin, TX. 78750
FOURNIER, LOUIS, 1072 Tiogue Ave. #25C, Coventry, RI. 02816-1533
GAMBRILL, STEWART, 589 E. St. Andrews, Media, PA. 19064
GOETSCH, FORREST, 3325-9 Brittan Ave. #9, San Carols, CA. 94070
GRADEN, BETTY (LYLE), 521 Riverside Terrace, Sunnyside, WA. 98944
GUZENSKI, FRANK, 97 Sunset Street, Buffalo, NY. 14207
HOSACK, VINCENT, 12810 Dornoch Ct. S.E., Ft. Myers, FL. 33912
JACKSON, WALTER G., 906 No. 5th Street, Springfield, IL. 62702
JENNINGS, PAUL E., 213 Clinton Street, Auburn, IN. 46706
KINTZEL, GUY, 3890 Board Road, York, PA. 17402
LARSON, LOWELL A., 636 West 5th Street, Oxnard, CA. 93030
LISTER, JIMMY, 452 Lister Road, Dade City, FL. 33525
PARENTEAU, EARL C., 18 Grove Street, Auburn, MA. 01501
PETERSON, RALPH C., 2247 Blueberry Drive NW., Grand Rapids, MI. 49504
POLQUIN, JOSEPH N., Rt. 1, Box 1105, Estes Lake, Sanford, ME. 04073
REVETTI, JOSEPH D., 30 Idlewood Rd. #201, Youngstown, OH. 44515-2717
SCHERKENBACH, ELMER, 3538 Shoreline Circle, Palm Harbor, FL. 34684
SMITH, JAMES C., 17554 Corralinda St., Cape Coral, FL. 33911
TALLICHET, EDWARD L., 2011 Albans, Houston, TX. 77005
TAMBURRO, LOUIS J., 455 Alt. N19, Apt. 29, Palm Harbor, FL. 34683
VAN ASDALE, BURTON, 2123 Briar Way Drive, Clearwater, FL. 34623
VANKIRK, CHARLES, 32302 Alipaz St. #213, San Juan Capistrano, CA. 92675
WAARVICK, T.M., 14170 S.W. 144th Ave., Tigard, OR. 97224
WAGNER, JOHN L., 527 Sumner, Santa Cruz, CA. 95062-2532
WILSON, LLOYD E., Star Route, Leonardtown, MD. 20650
YOUNG, JAMES C., 133 W. Locust St., Apt. 114, Mechanicsburg, PA. 17055

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

(Total now 90)

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME
BAUMGARDNER	DONALD R.
BILLMAN	CHARLES A.
BOULDIN	JAMES E.
COOK	PATRICK B.
DEMKO	JOHN W.
DiNENNO	ALFRED
DIX	RICHARD
FUELLING	RICHARD
GEHLE	HENRY J.
MOATS	RAYMOND H.
PSENICKA	JOSEPH M.
SCHMOLDT	WILLIAM R.
TERRY	JOHN P.

TAPS



(Since last issue)

BACKENS, Melvin
3512 Brookside
Rapid City, SD. 57701

BOYLE, George F.
Freehold NJ.

CULMAN, Maynard
Eagle Grove, IA.

DIEBERT, David Ray
Longview, WA.

FITZGERALD, William
Racine, WI.

FOLEY, Donald
(Died 8-18-87)
P.O. Box 474
Amenia, NY. 12501

FOUST, Ronald
(Killed 1951, C82 plane crash)
St. Clair Shores, MI.

KELLY, James
P.O. Box 692
Colorado City, TX. 79512

MARTIN, Joseph
Newberry, FL.

McCAULLY, Richard

MOORE, Wiley M.
24 Arthur Road
Ashville, NC. 28806

MURPHY, Jerome
P.O. Box 1848
Oakdale, CA. 95361-1848

NEVERMAN, William
LeMoure, ND.

RITTER, John
Mt. Holly, NJ.

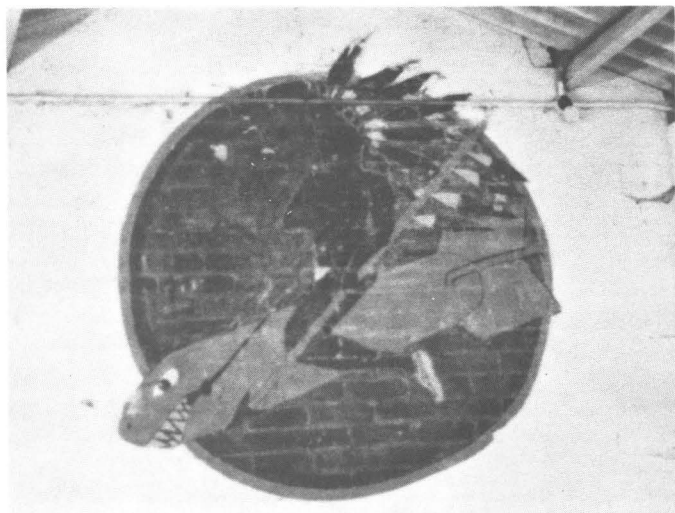
RUHMAN, Earl J.
St. Louis, Mo.

SHARD, Harold
Sheridan, MS.

SPRINGMAN, Gerald
Alton, IL.

WERNER, Bernard
8242 Kedvale
Skokie, IL.

WIGGENS, Roy
Chanute, KS.



18th Sqdn. emblem still on wall of 18th Sqdn. building.

DARK JOURNEY

(Concluded)

By: WALTER L. McALLISTER

After a long and somewhat dreary trip across the remaining forests and endless miles of Mauritanian and Western Sahara desert, we climbed over the snow-capped Atlas Mountains and settled thankfully down into Marrakech, wondering what surprises Morocco might have in store for us.

The flow of traffic from Africa to England had slowed to a crawl for several days because of a stretch of worse than usual weather in the U.K., so we enjoyed about four leisurely days of relaxation and a lot of sightseeing in and around Marrakech. Then it was off to Mendlesham, on the last long leg of our trek to the combat zone. Our first landing destination in England was Valley airfield in the far southwest, where we would pick up a U.K. experienced navigator to lead us into Mendlesham through the maze of barrage balloons enroute, introduce our navigator to the unfamiliar British navigational aids, and the procedures in use to avoid the many pitfalls inherent in trying to work one's way for the first time through heavy air traffic in unfavorable weather to a strange field on a landscape absolutely cluttered with all the landing fields required to accomodate the entire Eighth Air Force. Eli was to be denied the benefits of this promised welcome to our new home.

Another long overwater flight and we had to detour well clear of Portugal and Spain. Somewhere, about opposite the Brest Peninsula of France, we got a report that the weather was "closing in" much of England. As we got closer to Land's End we were advised the destination and alternate fields were now shut down, and we started getting a series of new alternates. One by one they were eliminated faster than we were progressing; then we were advised to head for Nutt's Corner.

"Nutt's what?" Suddenly our "Old Faithful" navigator, who had guided us so unerringly over some 11,000 miles of mountains, plains, jungles, oceans and deserts, now couldn't even find a name on a map right under his nose! While he anxiously pored over the map, I made another call for verification of the new alternate and discovered that it wasn't in England at all! We were belatedly informed that this latest last resort was in Ireland. Eli then started working on about his tenth new alternate route segment, came up with a heading and time estimate, and we lumbered along through the soup for what seemed a long, long time; day turned into night before we finally homed in on the Nutt's Corner beacon just outside Belfast. Approach Control reported that visibility and ceiling now were virtually non-existent. With this cheering news, I set up an instrument approach to the base, and, when we were in close enough range, a cheerful female voice came in on the radio and informed us that she was going to guide us down onto the runway with a GCA (Ground Controlled Approach). Although I had probably as much or more actual weather instrument time and experience as any one in the Group (for which I was very thankful at the moment), this new British radar equipment and GCA equipment were brand new to me. That little gal advised "right 2 degrees, left one degree, 10 feet too high, 5 feet too low, steady now" and all with such a supreme note of confidence — I'd have followed her to the end of wherever. There was little choice; no U.S. type instrument approach charts for the area, no other place to go, and no gas to get there — just put in on the ground!! Then there it was, a blurry smudge of lights, a dark strip in between, and we were on the runway, and managed to stay on it.

A "Follow Me" Land Rover appeared out of the murky fog, as we waited at the end of the runway, to lead us into the parking

Continued on page 12

DARK JOURNEY

Continued from 11

area. Without the lead I couldn't see at all which way to go, and turning on the landing lights would only have made it look as if we were buried under a snow bank; besides, I didn't know if they were under blackout rules in Ireland. As soon as we were secured and properly checked in, we were invited to go to the NCO and Officers' clubs for "refreshments," and we were READY!!

Because of wartime shortages, whiskey was sharply rationed, but the bar was thrown open to us and everyone toasted our "victorious landing in the bloody-awful weather."

The next day I was informed by Bob and Ray that our nose gear was beginning to show the effects of the beating it had taken in the near catastrophe in Natal, and that the base Maintenance Officer didn't want to clear the airplane for the flight to Mendlesham until it was repaired or replaced. We seriously considered the subject for about two minutes, and agreed that it was a darned good idea. The weather was still lousy and Belfast seemed like a very nice place. For two days and nights we toured the town and the night spots, and had our first rides in gas-bag fueled taxis and charcoal-burning buses.

Then came our final, and easiest, leg of the trip; a relatively short, quick, and pleasant flight to our new "permanent" base, Mendlesham, Station 156, APO 559. At last! Now we could just relax and go about the routine daily business of flying our combat missions.

Authors note: The following letter sheds some additional light on the sabotage incident(s) at Dakar:

From: **HUGH HENDRIE**, Borger, TX.

I just received my March issue of Mendlesham Memories and read the second installment of your "Dark Journey." Very good, I liked it very much (so far).

Don't know if what I've heard will help any, but the episode at Dakar brought back a few memories. First, this is what I've been told; I wasn't there so I can't say it's the gospel. I was still in the 487th Gp. at that time (I later transferred to the 34th). My kid brother was coming through Dakar in a B-26, the Martin version that was nick-named the "Flying Coffin" because of its gliding angle. Anyway, as they took off, there was an explosion at one of the wing roots and the wing was blown off. The airplane crashed and burned. I heard from a replacement crew, that came through a little later, that the power that he had become very suspicious because of so many crashes on take-off. Anyway, they caught the culprit in the act; he (the saboteur) was an American M/Sgt. who was stationed there. According to this crew, who were there and witnessed the final episode, he was tried, found guilty, and was executed (by firing squad) there on the runway. It was said that he received a payment, in a Swiss bank, of so much for each plane that was destroyed.

As I said in the beginning, I don't know how much of this is accurate, but it's as I heard it. Incidentally, this is the first time I had seen anything concerning this in print. If anyone knows more about it, I would appreciate hearing it.

(Editor's note: Write it up for the newsletter)

* * * * *

She came home carrying a huge package.

"What did you buy?" her husband asked,

"I don't know what it is,"

"Then why did you buy it?"

"The salesman said you can't get them anymore."

A LITTLE MIXED UP

Just a line to say I'm living,
I'm not among the dead,
Tho' I'm getting more forgetful
And more mixed up in the head.

For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of the stair
If I must go up for something
Or if I've just come down from there

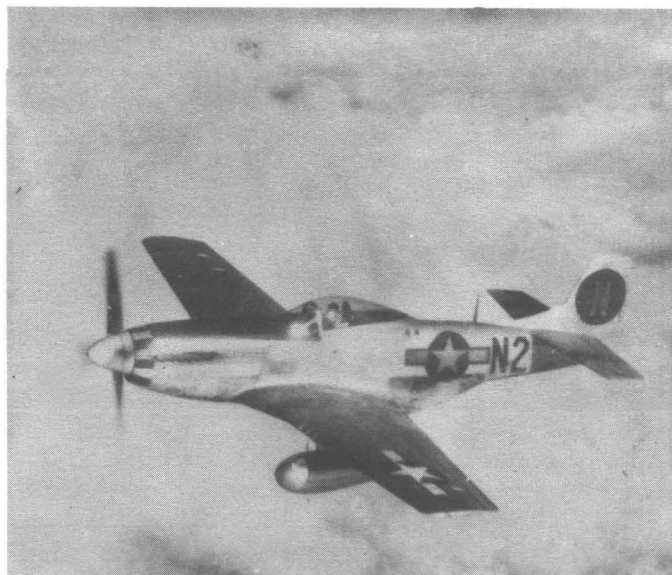
And before the fridge so often
My poor mind's filled with doubt,
Have I just put food away
Or come to take some out?

And there are times when it's dark out
With nightcap on my head
I don't know if I'm retiring
Or just getting out of bed.

So if it's my turn to write to you,
There's no need in getting sore.
I may think that I have written
And don't want to be a bore.

So remember that I do love you
And I wish that you were here,
But now it's nearly mail time
So I must say "Goodbye Dear."

There I stood beside the mailbox
With face so very red,
Instead of mailing you my letter
I had opened it instead!



Does anyone recognize this Little Friend? It was photographed by an 18th Squadron Photographer.

THE WAY IT WAS

By VINCENT J. DORAN

Here are a few stories about a short and eventful period of my life in 1944-45. They are stories of military life in England, or on the way to or from there....

Many B-17 replacement crews, like us, took their combat training in Ardmore, OK. After we finished, we were shipped out by a train we thought would take us to an east coast seaport. However, the whole trainload of us, at least fifty crews, were sent by mistake to Langley Field, VA. B-24's with their crews were being flown from there to their combat stations, so this was no place for B-17 crews. The real reason for military security is not to keep the enemy from learning what we are up to, but to bury foul-ups such as this one.

The war waited a couple of weeks while the brass pondered what to do with us. In the meantime, we were vacationing, sightseeing, etc. as well as luxuriating in the bonanza of women in Washington, D.C. Eventually we were sent to Camp Kilmer, NJ., and then by ship to England, where we were assigned to the 34th Bomb Group, Eighth Air Force, US Army Air Corps. at Mendlesham....

All the crews I knew about felt they were pretty good. We had trained and lived together for several months. Long before being assigned to combat crew training, each man had gone to one or more specialty schools to learn a wartime skill; gunnery, radio, mechanic, navigation, piloting, etc. It was that long period of daily close association that knit our crew into an effective unit. We became friends, and came to appreciate each other's skills. We also knew we had a mutual dependency. We needed each other. The ground mechanics, engineer and pilots conferred regarding the general condition of the plane; the engineer checked each gasoline tank; the gunners and armorer-gunner checked each machine gun; the bombardier checked the bombs and set the intervalometer that controlled the bombing pattern; the radio man checked his equipment; the navigator checked his gear and route for the day; the pilots checked and tested the engines and other systems before leaving the hardstands. In the air it was all business; the business of doing damage to the enemy while using all our skill and knowledge to save our lives so we could fly again another day. We were a good crew and there were many more just like us....

I am guessing there must have been a thousand or more men in the 34th that winter. About half were flying crews and the other half ground personnel. It was a well-run base; everyone did his job; and we dropped a lot of bombs on Germany. I would also guess our casualty rate was one of the lowest in the 8th AF. Every man is due his share of credit, but particular thanks must go to the mechanics who took care of the planes. They did a magnificent job. No matter how we or the enemy beat them up; no matter the long hours they had to work, or the bad weather they had to work in, they patched them up, tuned them up, and made the bombers airworthy again. All of us who flew owe them our lives; we are forever grateful....

Our crew arrived at the base in the middle of November and were immediately assigned to the 391st Sqdn. We were billeted in our permanent quarters and were given beds farthest from the heating stove. We were quiet and apprehensive as we listened to the "shop" talk of the other crews. They were all old crews to us, even those who had arrived the day before. No one seemed to notice us or were interested in talking to us as we prepared for bed. Suddenly a tremendous explosion shook the building, cracked windows, and knocked articles off shelves. It



Eldon Irwin receiving a medal from Col. Wackowicz

sounded like it was about a mile away. I thought it might have been the beginning of an air raid, but there were no more explosions.

The explosion was caused by a British Mosquito bomber. In one version, the British rigged it up to carry a 4000 lb. bomb. The bomb was so large the bomb bay doors had to be removed to allow part of it to hang below. At takeoff, and for awhile after, the plane was critically overloaded and could not stay airborne with any loss of power. That night, as one was flying over our base, it developed engine trouble. The pilot did the only thing he could; he dumped the bomb. Fortunately, it exploded in a farm field nearby and nobody was injured....

That chance dropping of a bomb on our base seemed to unhinge some of the "old time" flying crews in our barracks... It scared the hell out of me, too, but it wasn't all that bad, and there was only one blast. I sensed there was something here I didn't understand. It had triggered something deeper and had unloosed a rage that had been smoldering inside the men. They went almost totally berserk for several hours. Their unwarranted behavior shook me up so deeply I began making discreet inquiries the next day. If this was going to happen to me, too, I wanted to know more about it. I found out a few things from those I talked to.

First, these men had been on combat status months longer than usual because the Group had changed airplanes, from B-24's to B-17's. This led me to believe there was a relationship between the tension that built up inside a man and the length of time he was on combat status. Secondly, it was expected that a man flying combat missions would gradually become jumpy, nervous, irritable, and quick to anger. Combat airmen were usually easygoing with each other, but quick to take offense at nonflying military personnel and civilians. Thirdly, they were especially quick to become angry and belligerent when drinking.

From this hasty research we figured the best way to hold on to at least part of our sanity was to get our tour over as soon as possible. We volunteered for every mission we could and finished in 104 days; maybe not a record, but considered a very short tour at that time. It worked, too. We all came home healthy, happy and sane. My wife, Jean, says I got over the lingering effects easily in 40 years. But our four children grew up thinking

Continued on page 14

THE WAY IT WAS

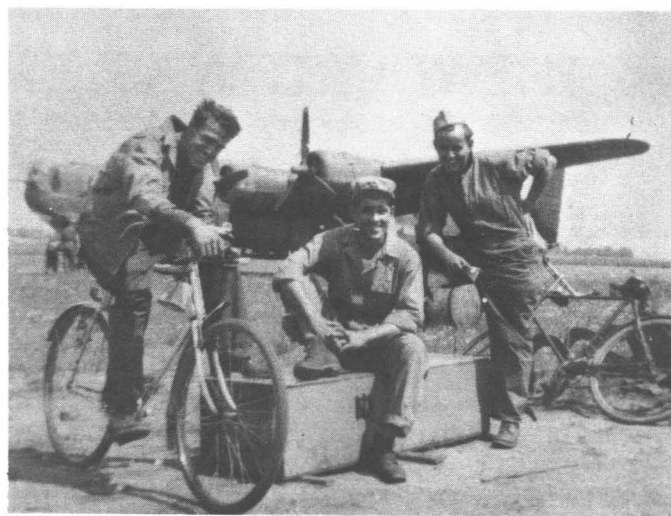
Continued from page 13

all fathers had nightmares, and that it was risky to awaken a sleeping father because he sprang up so violently and wild-eyed....

Our base at Mendlesham was built by the British. They did not use it first; it was handed over to the 34th band, spanking new. I figured they made it so unhandy, cold, and generally miserable in retaliation for losing the colonies in the Revolutionary War. It was their first opportunity for revenge. I know how they designed it. They put up a drawing of the farm field on the wall of the King's Head Pub in town, then played their version of PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY. They got drunk, were blindfolded, and then threw darts. Wherever a dart landed was the location of the next building on the list; Briefing Building here, Hospital there, Squadron HQ in that corner, etc. over the five square miles of the field. With straight faces they explained the buildings were dispersed so German pilots could not get a row of them lined up in their sights. With that as a "legitimate" excuse, they had license to give their vengefulness full rein. I spent more time walking to the mess hall than I did flying to Germany....

The latrine near our barracks provided much merriment that winter, the coldest in half a century. It took a cunning mind to design perpetually wet walls that provided a continuous puddle of water all over the latrine floor. To toughen us up, the heating system was thoughtfully omitted. With a little practice you learned to do your business in two minutes flat. Honey buckets were good training for the remote places in which I lived later in Alaska. Without windows, the building was a night-flying simulator. The one-candlepower light gave all the illumination needed for those who could shave with their eyes closed. We carried hot water in a bucket to pans in a shallow trough in the latrine.. The vapor completely saturated the building. This was great practice for finding your way around in London fogs. And those polished steel mirrors attracted moisture from two blocks away. It provided good hand-eye coordination while shaving; stroke, swipe, stroke, swipe, etc. One time I shaved right after coming back from a mission. When I went back to the barracks, still bleeding, everyone thought I had been wounded. They were going to put me in for a Purple Heart. I should have let them....

The same designer responsible for the latrine also did the



Left to Right: Pete Gray, Kal Schonthaler & Jim Watkins.

central bath house. I can't remember any showers, only tubs. Either is an effective way to get clean, but with a shower you could have stayed warm. The only way to get warm with a tub was to get the water deep enough so you could submerge your whole body. It was anticipated we would try to do this, so a Group decision was made not to provide stoppers for the tubs. But you can't discount Yankee ingenuity. We carried wads of newspaper and toilet paper to stuff in the hole. The trouble was that, by the time it became deep enough, the paper dissolved and the water went out as fast as it came in. You had used all the paper you had brought, so there wasn't any help there. Have you tried washing yourself in a tub using your heel as a stopper? And all the while rapidly turning blue from the cold?....

I never had the feeling that the 8th AF spoiled us. For instance, if we wanted clean clothes, we had to figure out the problem ourselves. There was no base laundry or dry cleaners. However, some nearby English families would do our washing and ironing. Small boys came around regularly, collected our dirty laundry, and brought it back clean three or four days later. Along with the soiled laundry we would send soap, candy, cigarettes, and whatever else was available at the PX.

We were having snacks at our bunks one day when the English kid brought back our clean laundry. We shared what we had with him. When he bit into a green olive, he spit it out like he had been poisoned. I reassured him that it was a delicacy; I even ate a couple to restore his confidence. It didn't work. I couldn't get him to touch another one. He knew we were playing a practical joke on him. No food could taste like that on purpose....

There simply wasn't enough fuel in England to keep warm that winter. The principal fuel for space heat in England was coke. The general shortage was felt on our base too. At the squadron level, everybody carried the fuel away in buckets almost as fast as it was delivered to the coke yard. It seemed like we got a delivery once a week. We had heat for two days and froze the next five. When coke got scarce, we burned anything we could find; broken chairs, pieces of unburned coke picked out from the ashes, and tree limbs. The trees on or near our base had an odd look; the lowest branches were at least eight feet above the ground. Base authorities helped out whenever they could. They would send out packing box crating and bomb rings to the squadrons. They were welcome, but heat



AIR INSPECTION PERSONNEL

Standing, L to R: S. Arsulich, W. Kemp, F. Foust, J. Hartung, P. Ward.
Kneeling, L to R: Unknown, F. Merkley, G. Lambert, S. Elder, L. Ratajczak, E. Ryan.

THE WAY IT WAS

Continued from page 14

from wood and paper could not penetrate the firebrick in an English coke stove.

The English never caught on, but the coke heating stove was really a German invention calculated to sabotage the whole fuel supply of the British Isles. All the interior surfaces of the stove were covered with firebrick three inches thick. The brick kept nearly all the heat inside the stove. What little seeped out couldn't be felt ten feet away. However, when you opened the stove door, you could see the flames which made you feel better. No wonder we were short of fuel. All those stoves going like crazy and such little heat getting out. If the English are still using them, I bet they are still short of coke each winter....

To get the feel of navigation over the Continent, all navigators flew their first mission with an old crew. Our Navigator's initiation took him to Merseberg, the most heavily defended target in all Germany. It was their last big oil refinery, and they had to keep it operating at all costs. No matter how the target was approached, a minimum of 400 guns (88 millimeter cannon) could be brought to bear on the intruder. Because of previous experiences, it was the one target that brought terror to the hearts of everyone who might have to attack it.

That day, every plane in the 391st was hit, and some men got wounded. Our navigator's plane got a partially smashed nose. He got a shower of plexiglas, some particles embedded in his neck. He wouldn't talk to us for two days. At our questions he would just shake his head and walk away. When he could talk to us, all he would say was, "it's just not possible to live through this"...

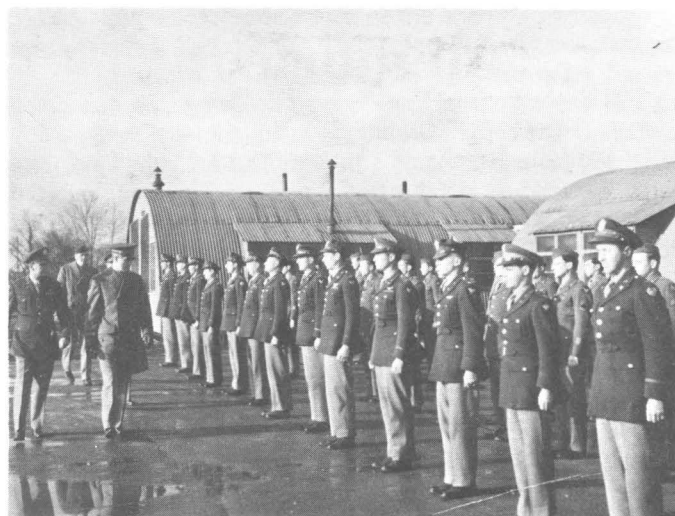
The 34th Bomb Group put up 36 planes (plus two spares) every mission. We flew in three squadrons of twelve planes each. The three squadrons flew close together, so we actually flew as a group. I think this was the basic formation of the 8th AF at that time. The Standard Operating Procedure (SOP) was for the groups to fly three minutes apart. This interval allowed the disturbed air from one group to smooth out before the following group arrived. The three minute separation was time enough for bomb aiming (the bomb run was still twelve minutes long) and dropping while staying in line. 1/350

To hit a target with 100 planes, 28 groups would be put up. Since they were three minutes apart, it meant the target would be under attack for nearly an hour and a half. Usually a plane or two would drop out of formation and return to base before reaching the target, either due to engine trouble or critical system malfunction. The two spare planes assured that we would arrive at full strength of 36 planes over the target every mission.

TO BE CONTINUED



Four high-school boys, afflicted with spring fever, skipped morning classes. After lunch, they reported to the teacher that their car had had a flat tire. Much to their relief, she smiled and said: "Well, you missed a test this morning, so take seats apart from one another and get out your notebooks." Still smiling, she waited for them to settle down. Then she said, "First question: Which tire was flat?"



Fall out for Inspection?

Memories

BILL CHEEK - Lakeland, FL.

In 1946 I was back attending Florida Southern College which I had left 3 years earlier as a 17 year old to enlist in the Army Air Corps. as an Aviation Cadet. The campus was literally working alive with veterans of every branch of service going to school on the GI Bill of Rights.

I became a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity and, one evening, the phone rang and the caller said he was Jimmy Doolittle, a Lambda Chi from his college days. He said that he was a house guest of a Mr. Lodwick who had to leave home on a social engagement for a few hours. He wondered if some of the brothers might drop by the Lodwick residence for a chat. Three of us went over and had a very enjoyable hour discussing college and fraternity life. And to think, I never even thought to mention to Gen. James H. Doolittle, one of the 8th Air Force commanders, that I had served as an aircrewman in the Mighty 8th.

* * * * *

DARRELL W. BULIS - Early, TX.

On one of our early missions, it had been rough and the flak was so thick you could get out and walk on it. Though we did not have much damage, I got hit very badly in the side of my back by a piece of flak. I fell out of my turret and someone pulled me up into the nose compartment. We were flying at nearly 30,000 feet and, when I came to, Frank Ford was pumping oxygen into me, which was O.K., but he was kneeling partly on my side and it hurt like hell. I had a tough time getting him off of me.

When we got back and I came to, I found I was alone in the nose of the plane. I climbed down from the plane and flagged down the first jeep that came along. It was being driven by a major. I asked him to take me to the hospital, but he refused, saying he was in a hurry. I pulled my '45 on him and told him to take me there or else. When we got there, the medics immediately starting taking care of me and called a doctor. He fixed me up with a pain killer and ordered me to bed.

I heard the major complaining about my method of obtaining transport, and that I had just fallen on the snow and hurt my back. The doctor said that he was wrong and it was obvious that it was a battle wound and that he would recommend a purple heart. He also said that the major was lucky I had not shot him. I stayed in the hospital two nights, then back to duty. I NEVER DID GET THE PURPLE HEART!!!

Memories

LESTER THOMPSON - Granite City, IL.

March 19, 1945 — Jena

March 20, 1945 — Hamburg

Through heavy flak and hit by fighters. Came home leading a group of cripples. We started on one guy's wing and he came back on ours.

March 21, 1945 — Marx Airfield — Luftnaffe

March 22, 1945 — German GHQ — Dusseldorf

March 23, 1945 — Gersefcke

Navigator got his in the fanny with a piece of flak. He accused bombardier of kicking him. The piece that hit him was off the plane flying right wing to us. That plane went down and took another Fort with it.

March 29, 1945 — Hanover

March 30, 1945 — Hamburg

Heaviest flak yet. Flak came through windshield between pilot and co-pilot. Glass blinded us for a moment. Co-pilot finally got eyes cleared enough to handle the Tempest until Jerry could get his eyes cleaned out. Shaky's cigarette case got hit so he didn't have any smokes on the way back. He really sweated that one out.

March 31, 1945 — Brandenburg

April 3, 1945 — Kiel

Target is two big German Battle Ships. Flak meager to moderate.

April 4, 1945 — Kiel

Flak gunners better after yesterday's practice.

April 5, 1945 — Nurnberg

Takeoff was made in pouring rain. Climbed through 25,000 ft. of solid overcast. The buncher was not working and we flubbed around an hour trying to assemble. Finally, just joined any old group and went in. Heavy flak as we left target. Had to drop down under the weather to come back home. Saw many ruined German towns on the way back.

April 7, 1945 — Gustrow

Hit enemy coast at 15,000 ft. so they could pick us up on radar and know our altitude. Picked up our fighter escort and headed back into the target. We were hit by conventional fighters. Our group got 3. We didn't lose a ship.

April 8, 1945 — Graffenwohr

April 9, 1945 — Schleissheim Airfield near Munich

We got hit by 262 Jets. They came through our formation so fast we didn't have time to call them out. Germans held their fire thinking we were coming over heart of city. We dropped our bombs and made our turn off target before they realized what was happening and started shooting.

April 14, 1945 — Royan, France

April 15, 1945 — Royan, France

Helped the French take a pocket so they could open the port at Bordeaux.

April 17, 1945 — Roudnice, Czechoslovakia

April 18, 1945 — Kolin, Czech.

April 19, 1945 — Aausig, Czech.

Long haul. Hit by jets. Cookie manning guns with no pants on. Bombed the Germans that day with GI greetings. Spot Jammer ran around the radio room at 20,000 ft. wearing nothing but an oxygen mask.

May 1, 1945 — Rotterdam

Dropped food on roofs, through greenhouses, etc. One of the biggest thrills of my life.

May 2, 1945 — Utrecht

Took off in blinding snow storm. Lost an engine as we left the



Scotty O'Brien with the "Homesick Angel".

English coast. Went around on three. Ye Olde Tempest Turner - best 3 engine Fort in the 8th!

May 3, 1945 — Amsterdam

Food drop from 250 feet.

May 5, 1945 — Schiphol Airfield

Food drop at 50 feet. Used church steeple for pylon.

May 6, 1945 — Schiphol Airfield

Food drop

May 7, 1945 — Schiphol Airfield

Food drop — Went down to 20 ft. altitude to see the country.

May 11, 1945 — Horsching, Austria

P.O.W. mission. Returned French slave laborers to Paris.

* * * * *

(Editor's Note: Lester Thompson sent in a list of the missions their crew went on. Notes have been added only when we thought it would be of general interest.)

DR. MILTON BRAVEMAN - Harrisburg, PA.

Copilot Hank Gauger was an incurable romantic. All through our training period he hoped for an exotic squadron insignia to have painted on his A2 jacket. He visualized a vicious diving eagle with bombs clutched in its claws, or perhaps a beautiful pin-up astraddle a plummeting bomb. When we approached the 391st orderly room for the first time and spotted the concentric circles with small head, feet and wings protruding, Hank's disappointment was evidenced by his, "Oh, my God, a flying a-hole."

Twice we were diverted from Mendlesham on our return from the continent. Once we landed at an RAF base in the Midlands. On landing, we were summoned to the lead plane where the command pilot was perched on a wing. He cautioned us to

Continued on page 17

Memories

Continued from page 16

avoid the real milk available on RAF bases. The British were not yet pasteurizing their milk. We hadn't tasted real milk since we left the States. "Milk" at our own mess was ladled from a GI can which was filled with water covered by a layer of chalky white powder. Guess who was first in line at the "real" milk dispenser?

* * * * *

PAUL JENNINGS - Auburn, IN.

I joined the 34th at Spokane, WA. just before Xmas, 1942. Went along to Euphrata, WA. and then on to Blythe, CA. It seems somewhere along the line, someone goofed and I ended up at Blythe with my records at Deming, NM. I didn't know this but sure knew I wasn't getting paid. By getting in people's hair and raising some hell, I finally got it straightened out. After combat training we went to England. I was a radio operator in the 391st. At Mendlesham, we lived and worked down the road, east of the base, at the Direction Finder Station.

* * * * *

BOB INGROUILLE - Kenosha, WI.

From the STARS & STRIPES:

The B-24, Small Change III had just dropped its bombs on the target when flak shot away the hydraulic system and part of the controls and left landing gear. With the oxygen system also knocked out, 1/Lt. Walter R. Bower, pilot from Edgeworth, PA., was forced to leave the formation. At low level, he maneuvered the damaged controls to bring the bomber back to its home station in England - with the left wheel dangling in the air. Instructed by the flight control tower to use his own judgment, Bower decided not to order the crew to bail out.

"The crew were willing to take a chance with me," the Lib pilot related. "When we hit the runway, I kept all the weight I could on the right side. The left wheel took a little weight, long enough to allow the plane to slow up a bit, then collapsed. We rolled off the runway, riding on the right wheel and scraping on the left side of the belly, and came to a gentle stop on the grass."

* * * * *

JOHN FRIEDEL - Dallas, TX.

On June 6, 1944, crew 108, ten of us, were walking down the gangplank of the Queen Elizabeth in Scotland when we heard the news of the Normandy invasion. After all our preparations, training, and wondering about the future, we were excited. We were sent to the 487th Bomb Group at Lavenham, England where we flew four missions in the B-24. We underwent a five hour transition flight in a B-17 and were transferred to the 34th Bomb Group at Mendlesham, another B-24 base. After flying one mission we were again treated to a training flight in the B-17. Crew 108 was assigned a B-17G, which we later named "The Big Gear."

During our seventh mission, to Kassel, Germany, we experienced our most sobering feelings when we saw two planes in the squadron just ahead of us go down together. Durette and Whited were the pilots of the planes. It appeared that one of them, in the high element, stalled and fell onto the other in the lower element. During our ninth mission, we suffered the only injury to a crewmember. A chunk of flak came up thru our wing front spar and lodged in the foot of our engineer, Melvin Baskens.

We aborted one mission, our 26th, when one engine lost all oil pressure while we were still assembling. On our next mission, our brakes were shot out. We landed at Woodbridge, on

the coast, and coasted to a stop at the end of a very long runway. On our 31st (the 34th's 100th mission), we carried leaflets instead of bombs. On the bomb run we discovered that our bomb bay doors wouldn't open electrically. We cranked the doors open. It took a long time because the leaflet containers interfered with the turning of the crank. When we finally had the doors open, we were miles beyond the target, over Darmstadt, Germany, but we dropped the leaflets anyway, wondering where they would land.

Our most anxious moments were during our 35th and last mission. We were flying the left wing of the low element lead. The plane flying right wing of the low section lead element wandered out of position several times, each time moving over us. We found ourselves looking up into a bomb bay that was about to drop bombs and wondering if we were going to be able to avoid them.

* * * * *

STEPHEN NIATAS - Plainsboro, NJ.

There is a great pleasure in recalling a part of your life, in your youth, when you were a small part of such a mighty armada, "THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE." Yes, I made my contribution at a quaint little village that was nestled in the northeast corner of England near Ipswich. Mendlesham, the home of the fighting 34th Bomb Group, with the 4th, 7th, 18th, and 391st Squadrons.

I felt as a stranger in a strange land until one incident changed all that and made me feel welcome. It was my first night at the base and I found myself at a little schoolhouse in town at the Friday night dance. The whole town was there as well as the 34th GI's. The family warmth of the people of Mendlesham made me feel at home away from home.

A hut in the 18th Sqdn. was where I placed Angela's picture on a shelf near my bunk. Little did I know that I, as a flight engineer on Lt. George Mehling's crew, would spend only a few hours reclining in that bunk. From February to June, 1945, the airborne B-17G, "DINAMITE," would require my attention. I dearly remember, with reverence, our crew chief and that excellent group of specialists that kept us flying.

April 5th is a day implanted in my heart and mind. Our aircraft was missing as well as a few of our crew. A month or so after our return from Brussels, those of us that survived received replacements. We flew again! We flew food to Denmark and returned French patriots from Austria to Paris.

The comradeship of our crew, and with the lead crew in our hut, leave a lasting imprint in my heart and mind. Physically, I know not where they are, but I know that love of comrades-in-arms is a love that never fades. Mendlesham and the 34th Bomb Group is a history ever eternal!

* * * * *

BOB CHAPMAN - Harshaw, WI.

One evening I was on Charge of Quarters with some Lt. whose name I have long forgotten. The Lt. had run over to the Blythe Base HQ. PX to get us both a malted milk. While alone, there in the 34th Hdqtrs., the phone rang. Lo and behold, someone on the other end was excitedly yelling that a Jap submarine had surfaced between L.A. and San Diego, and had shelled the Shell refinery there. I immediately called Lt. Col. Westover, our then 34th Commander, and told him of the phone call, and WOW!! He ordered, I don't know how many, B-17's loaded with bombs with orders to take off immediately for the coast in search of the sub! They never did find the sub, and it did only minor damage to the refinery. As far as I have ever been able to find out, I guess it was the only enemy action that ever hit our good old USA mainland during WW2. What a wild night it was at the Hdqtrs. There's a lot more to it, and I would be glad to relate it if it would be of interest of our members.
(Ed. note: Readers, let us know.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE WAR



By WALTER STURDIVAN

I expect many of our readers remember the old Windmill Theatre in London. It's been closed for many years, but it was very much alive and swinging in the summer of 1944. Four of us, Harold Witham, Truman Wingo, Gordon Breeding, and myself, noticed the Windmill on one of our three day passes. We noticed the sign on the front that said, "We Never Close". This, evidently, had reference to the theater staying open all during the London Blitz when the city was bombed so severely by Hitler's dive bombers.

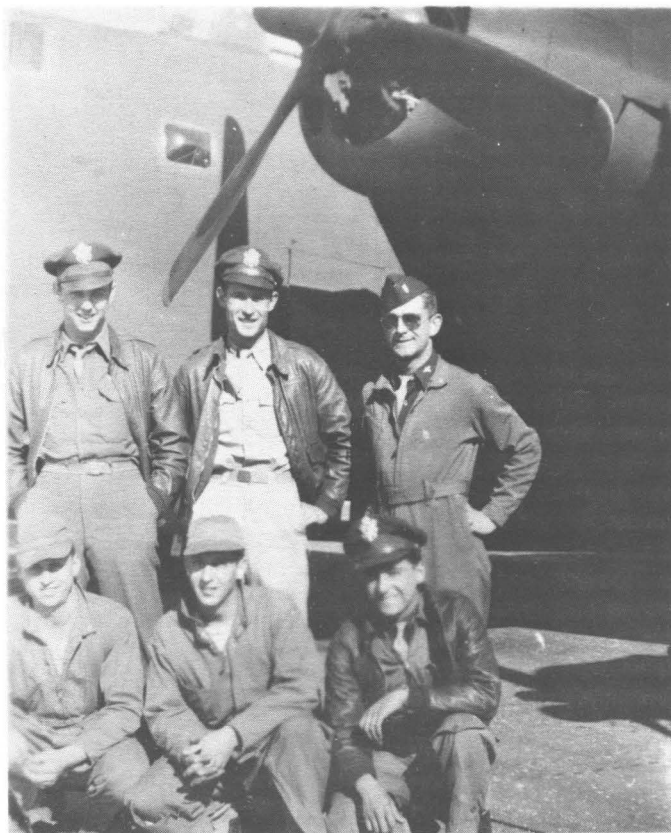
At any rate, it was open, so we purchased tickets and entered. Our Cokes must have been spiked a little too much because it wasn't long before we were laughing in the wrong places and were asked to leave. We headed for the rest room to hide out and then, as soon as we thought the coast was clear, we hit the street. It was too late. About a block from the Windmill we were stopped by a couple of M.P.'s. Evidently it was their intention to terminate our leaves and give us a breathing spell in the guard house. We, of course, didn't appreciate this interruption of our combat sabbatical and, besides, they were out-numbered.

Fortunately (for us and the MP's), at this time Lieutenant Myron Levi, a navigator who flew with us a lot as special radar man on lead crews, came along and became the peace-maker. We struck a deal with the MP's; we would return to Mendlesham and everything would be O.K. After picking up our gear from the Red Cross hotel we started hitch hiking. We were finally given a ride through a blinding rain storm, by a soldier in a jeep and were deposited in Ipswich in the middle of the night. Somehow we arrived at Mendlesham before morning. Again we were lucky we weren't scheduled to fly that day.

We thought that was the end of it, but a few days later we were summoned to the orderly room and given a tongue-lashing (a mild one) by the C.O. He said he was going to punish us for our behavior at the Windmill. Let me say right here that this officer knew how to severely punish an airman without leaving any marks. He made us get up early every morning for two weeks (when we weren't flying) and sign in at the orderly room. He knew (perhaps by experience) that we crew members liked to sleep in and just get up in time for lunch when we were not scheduled to fly. He was gentlemen enough not to put it on our service records.



Can you identify these fellows?



Standing L to R: J. Kinney, W. McAllister, R. Whited.
Kneeling L to R: R. Sears, R. Smith, E. Baldea.



EPHRATA AAB, WASHINGTON

By: JIM GALLAGHER??

Courtesy: FRANCIS YATES

"Ephrata, what's that," asks the nation,
"Does Hell's Inferno have any relation?"
But even Infernoes take less of a toll
For they never depend on shipments of coal.

Over the hills, like bad dreams,
To shiver and shake in the open latrine.
A bowery line for chow and mail,
Or guarding a post where the coyotes trail.

Snow and rain upon each tent;
A place where Superman would lament.
Uncertain showers, a candle at night;
Even the Chaplain can't see at night.

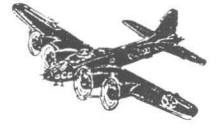
A town the size of a three block span
Where they rob and cheat the enlisted man;
Where they ignore a soldier on the street.
If there were no soliders, they'd be on relief.

Kilmer glorified the tree;
A sight we never hope to see.
Poems like this may be written later;
But only God could love Ephrata.





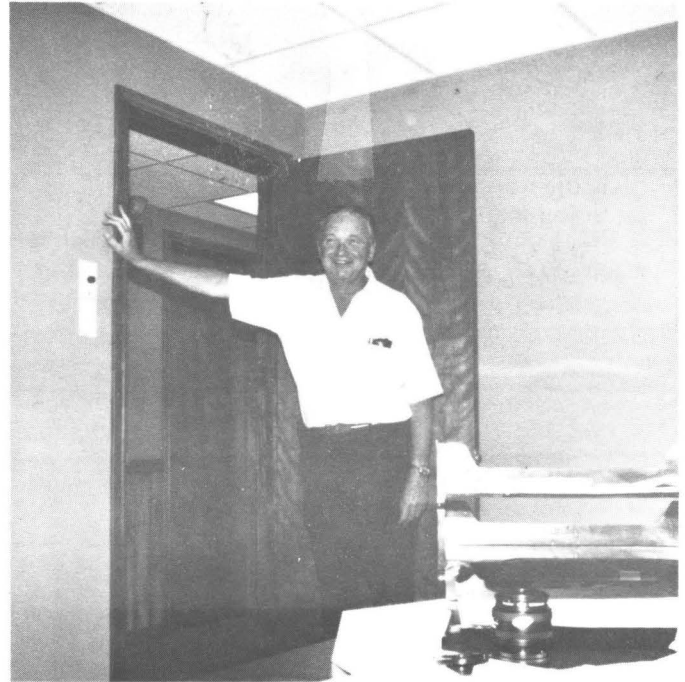
Then and Now



Bob Hassett



1944



1988

F. "Mike" Michalowski



1944



1988

From the collection of:

Al Israelsen

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

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A GRAMMAR LESSON

Texas Press Association President John Taylor says he offers the following suggestions for new staff members at his newspaper, the Seguin Gazette:

1. Each pronoun should agree with their antecedent.
2. Just between you and I, case is important.
3. Verbs has to agree with their subjects.
4. Watch out for irregular verbs which have crope into the language.
5. Don't use no double negatives. Not never.
6. A writer should not shift your point of view.
7. Don't write a run-on sentence you have got to punctuate it.
8. About sentence fragments.
9. In articles and stuff like that we use commas to keep things apart without which we would have without doubt confusion.
10. But, don't use, commas, which are not necessary.
11. Its important to use you're apostrophe's correctly.
12. Don't abbreviate unless nec.
13. Check carefully to if you any words out.
14. In my opinion, I think that an author when he is writing something should not get accustomed to the habit of making use of too many redundant unnecessary words that he does not actually really need in order to put his message across to the reader of the article.
15. About repetition, the repetition of a word is not usually effective repetition.
16. As far as incomplete constructions, they are wrong.
17. Spel correckly.
18. Last but not least, knock off the cliches.

(Reprinted from Publishers' Auxiliary)

REUNION
Virginia Beach
September, 1988



Anyone recognize him?



Rear, L to R: B. Lipsky, K. Schonthaler & E. Schlesinger
Front, L to R: C. Clark, F. Schmidt, S. Savarese, R. Therrien, & J. Watkin