

MENDLESHAM MEMORIES

34TH BOMB GROUP H



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Harold Rutka	(218) 724-1667
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OBSERVATIONS

We're back with another issue of Mendlesham Memories. Boy, those of you who didn't make it to the reunion at Virginia Beach missed a great time. Accommodations were good, food was good, conversation and companionship were just GREAT! A wonderful time was enjoyed by all who attended. I believe this to be true because I heard no negative comments at all. If, perchance, someone who attended does have a gripe, don't keep it to yourself. Write to Gerry Pine, our reunion committee chairman, and let him know. Only with your comments can we continue to improve, as has been the case, with each succeeding reunion.

It has come to my attention that many of you are of the opinion that Ray Summa still plays a large part in the publishing of this newsletter. This is a totally false presumption. His only responsibilities to the newsletter are as follows; 1. His letter to the membership; 2. Keeping me informed on address changes, deaths, new life members, and newly-found people; and 3. Paying the bills for all the expenses.

If you have any complaints or comments regarding any of the material written in MM, please write to me. I am totally responsible for all of the content in the newsletter. Ray has enough to do as contact man, treasurer, and corresponding secretary without having to worry about the content of the newsletter. I repeat; I am totally responsible and, as such, should hear directly from you on all aspects of the publishing of the newsletter. ENUF SAID?

Rose and I will be wintering in Orlando, FL. beginning in early December. This is something we have looked forward to for many years. We're both getting too old to handle these northern winters as we have for so long. I'll sure appreciate not having to worry about icy roads, snow shoveling, frigid cold, etc. This will be our first experience away from the ice and snow and I'll write about it in the next issue.

Next year's reunion at Shreveport, LA. promises to be most enjoyable. There are many plans for all sorts of diversions while we are there. The hotel arrangements are all made and sound most satisfying. Until all plans are finalized I cannot reveal them, but watch the next couple of issues for more news about

this. Those of you who have not been to a reunion yet must try to make it if at all possible. Those of you who have been already know how enjoyable these reunions are and we expect to see you at the next one.

The reunion in 1990 sounds very exciting. We'll be going to Seattle, WA., an area of the country I have never visited. With Seattle being the home base of Boeing, I'm sure some very good diversions are in store for us. Keep watching for more news on that one.

Well, enough for now. Remember, if you have any news, comments, complaints, etc. for or about the newsletter, write me. I'll be waiting for your letters. My address is on the back of this issue. Have a wonderful winter! Rose and I want to wish each and every one of you a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Eli Baldea
Editor

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By George Ritchie for Ed Lawlor

For all those members, wives, family and friends of the 34th Bomb Group (H) that attended the Virginia Beach '88 Reunion, both the reunion and executive committees "THANK YOU" for making it all happen. It was a wonderful time. The accommodations, food, weather, beach and surf were all perfect. Your reunion committee of Wanda and Gerry Pine, Esther and Bob Wright, and Gen and Harold Rutka can be very proud of a job well done. Gerry will give you a detailed report of this reunion and the plans for future reunions.

We've added some names to our board. Everett Rose was nominated and elected Vice President for this next year and Harold Rutka and Sam Wolstencroft were named to the board. Bruce Sothern will continue as chairman of the Nominating Committee. Any member wishing to serve in some capacity can contact Bruce for a job. You won't be sorry, and your buddies will love you, so please come on board!

During the banquet Eli Baldea and Walt McAllister took group pictures at the tables. You'll find most of them later in

Continued on page 2

Presidents Message

Continued from page 1

this issue. Also, Wally Brauks displayed his POW medal and asked all former POWs to contact him for information on how to obtain their medal.

We were entertained handsomely by three lovely ladies, the Virginia Beach version of the McGuire Sisters. They not only sang remembrance songs of the 40's, but led us in a fabulous sing-a-long.

I'm happy to report that the scholarship fund we've talked about is now a reality. Cleveland Romero was named chairman of the committee to work out the details. Any member interested in helping with the working or growth of this fund should contact Cleveland. Also, any member with a relative going to or in higher education that might be interested in the scholarship is asked to write to Cleveland Romero (address in roster) and inquire about specifics.

I also want to bring to your attention that the "Board Room" is open to all members... Volunteer to serve... If you have a complaint, carry it, UPS it, or mail it to us. Prompt action, with a fair review, is promised. Hopefully with satisfaction.

Sincerely,
George Ritchie

P.S. June and I want to wish all of you a most HAPPY AND HEALTHY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!!



"T'WAS THE SEASON OF REUNIONS"

Thanks for all those who attended both reunions and your compliments and complaints. It was great seeing so many new ones who were "First Timers" to attend our reunions.

PLEASE DON'T THINK OF A REUNION AS LIVING IN THE PAST — THINK OF IT AS "MEMORIES."

We had several ground crew present — remember, next year at the Shreveport, LA. reunion, the ground crew will be honored. The auction went well, as well as the collection taken for Rev. Culver's church.

Cards were sent to our sick friends. After arriving home from Va. Beach we were knee deep in mail. Information from Barksdale A.F.B. indicates the Museum and Memorial Walk will be built there.

After partly getting caught up with my mail and my "Honey-Do" list, we took off for the 8AFHS reunion in Des Moines, IA. It was good, but the 34th was better. Although those Iowa pork chops were delicious.

The holidays are creeping up on us so we wish you a Joyous Christmas, a Healthful New Year and, most of all, PEACE.

Ray & Hannah Summa

P.S. Those who attended the Des Moines reunion were:

Vern & Millie Ames	Al & Shirley Gartman
Paul & Beryl Anderson	Bob & Dorothy Kruger
Bud & Lucille Babcock	Blair & Doris Rossow
Dudley Casler	Harold & Gen Rutka
Bill & Betty Cheek	Hannah & Ray Summa
Claude & Genny Conklin	Harold & Evelyn Williams
Wesley & Phyllis Franklin	Ed Lonergan

(Editor's note: As we go to press we have news that Ray Summa is again in the hospital. We wish him well.)

Thoughts From The Vice President

Who in 1945, in their wildest dreams, could have imagined that in 1988 a goodly number (though not as many as we would wish for) members of the 34th Bomb Group and their wives and associates would be lounging in the lap of luxury at Virginia Beach, VA., still reminiscing over our efforts in World War II? It was a really great reunion, wasn't it? Living in that lovely hotel, with the beach front location, really makes one envy the members of the upper echelon who live permanently in such a spot.

Again the reunion committee and their co-workers deserve a pat on the back for a bang-up job. What dedication it takes to give this much of your time and effort. Our hats are off to you for doing so much to make each reunion a success.

Speaking of success, I would like for members living in the Seattle area to contact me with their ideas and help so that we may make our Seattle reunion in 1990 a success. I will be looking forward to hearing from anyone and getting together to discuss your ideas.

Once again the auction seemed to be a success, thanks to George Ritchie, our silver-tongued auctioneer. What a gift of gab. George also needs some special recognition for taking over and so ably carrying out the duties of the president in the absence of Ed Lawler. A job well done, George!

Everett Rose
Vice President



L. to r.: Bill Cheek, Paul Beckley and Charles Fettes of "The Flying Pinocchio".

34TH BOMB GROUP ASSN.

(Actions taken at general meeting, 9/24/88)

1. Treasurer's report show \$8,119.12 in the memorial fund, \$7,753.93 in the general fund, \$11,349.20 in the life membership fund, and \$11,260.21 in the reunion fund. The audit committee of Wayne Howarter (chairman), Wally Brauks, and June Ritchie reported the accounts are in good order although they would like to see some changes in bookkeeping methods. It was recommended that surplus funds be deposited in accounts offering larger return than bank savings accounts.
2. The reunion committee (Gerald Pine, chairman, Bob Wright and Harold Rutka) reported that 310 reservations were received for the Va. Beach reunion. They also gave a history of the reunion fund, including the Nashville surplus, to date. Reunions coming up are: Shreveport, LA. (Lonnie Crook, contact) in 1989; Seattle, WA. (Everett Rose, contact) in 1990; Dayton, OH, in 1991; and Kansas City, MO. in 1992.
3. Notes in the suggestion box included having the registration lists by squadrons for easy locating, more daytime activities at reunions, opening of the hospitality room on Wednesday plus a temporary locator board and name tags on Wednesday.
4. Walt McAllister reported the 34th book is now ready and in the mail to all shortly. Those who have not advance-ordered may buy a book from Ray Summa.
5. Based upon instructions from the board of directors, Eli Baldea reported that each year the June issue will include the roster and will be mailed to all names on the roster whether membership is paid or not.
6. A scholarship fund of \$500.00 was created for members' families and Cleveland Romero was made chairman of the committee which includes Hal Province and Marquis Deal.
7. Permanent name tags can be ordered from Harold Rutka.
8. Some interest was shown in a return to Mendlesham. Harold Rutka suggested no sooner than 1990 to give some time for planning. Trip dates should include last Sunday in May for the Memorial Day service at the cemetery at Cambridge.
9. Member, Rev. D. Culver of Washburn, WI. needs some financial assistance for his parish. We passed the hat at the banquet and a total of \$500.00 will be delivered by Harold Rutka.
10. The nominating committee (Bruce Sothern, chairman, with Pete Gray and Everett Rose) presented their slate for this year as follows:
President — George Ritchie
Vice-Pres. — Everett Rose
Director — Sam Wolstencroft
Director — Harold Rutka
These men were elected by acclamation.
11. Ray Summa reported that the 18th Sqdn. "day room" at Mendlesham is to be razed. Their emblem on the wall might be saved. Ray was instructed to follow up on this and report in a later issue.
12. Ray Grinrod asked for recognition of the original advance group that met the 34th at Mendlesham. Ray Summa is to investigate the history of the group and report at a later date.
13. More local publicity is needed for reunions. Before the next reunion, (June issue), Mendlesham Memories will carry a sample news release which all members can submit to their local newspapers.



Standing l. to r.: Bryan, Spink, Spence, (Unknown), Freysinger, & Voss.
Kneeling l. to r.: Day, Hanchar, Busse, & Bowen.

Attendance at Virginia Beach Reunion

(Total attendance 318)

ALLEN, DONALD & LA RAINE
 AMES, VERN & MILLIE
 ANDERSON, KEITH with ELLY VEON
 ANTANOVICH, ALEX & BETTY
 APPELGATE, RALPH & MARY
 ARMSTRONG, DENTON
 ARTUSO, ANTHONY & MARY
 ASHBURN, JACK & FRANCES
 ATTRIDGE, CHARLES & EVALYN
 AUTRY, EDWIN & MARY
 BABCOCK, BUD & LUCILLE
 BACALIC, TED & MARY JANE
 BAER, BOB & ROSEMARIE
 BAKER, LINK & YVONNE
 BALDEA, ELI & ROSE
 BALLANTYNE, ROY & MILDRED
 BARCLAY, CHARLES & ROBERTA

(Brought 2 guests)

BAUGHMAN, CLEO & FREDDIE
 BAUMGARDNER, DONALD & VERA
 BECKWITH, MR. & MRS. AL

(Guests of Keith Anderson)

BERGOLD, ROBERT & OLIVE
 BESS, LEONARD & HELEN
 BICE, ROBERT & ZELMA
 BILLMAN, CHARLES & ISABELLE
 BLOCZYNSKI, JOHN & MARGE
 BOREEN, LLOYD & BOBBIE
 BRAUKS, WALLACE & DORIS
 BRAVEMAN, MILT & ELAINE
 BREITSCHARDT, EDWARD & SARAH
 BROWN, SIDNEY
 BROWN, WILLIAM & NITA
 BRYDGE, GLENN & DAISY
 BULIS, DARRELL & FLORENCE
 BURNELL, BILL & LORIE
 BUSS, PAUL & MARY
 BUXTON, JOHN & ELDA
 CAMPBELL, ROBERT & LIZ
 CARTER, PAUL & LOIS
 CLARKSON, JACK & DOROTHY
 COBB, JUNIUS & VIRGINIA
 COLE, ROBERT & GINNY
 CONKLIN, CLAUDE & GENNY
 CUTTING, RICHARD & BETTY MAE
 DAVIDSON, MRS. BATES M.
 DE HAAN, BENJAMIN & HELEN
 DI NENNO, ALFRED & ELSIE
 DIETERLE, MARCUS W.
 DOMINO, JOSEPH & VICTORIA
 DOOLEY, LAWTON & JO
 DRAHNAK, JOSEPH & EILEEN
 FARLEY, JOHN & BERNIE
 FELKER, WALTER & JANE ANN
 FINLEY, DALE & MARGIE
 FORISTER, CARROLL & SYLVIA
 FREYSINGER, CARL & IMOGENE
 GARNEK, JULIE

(Guest of Marge Paulmann)

GAVRYCK, CHESTER & JACKIE
 GIBBS, CLAUDE & AUDREY
 GOMBOS, BILL & MARJORIE

GOODNOUGH, ROBERT & JUDY
 GRADIN, ROBERT & GINNY
 GRAY, WILLIAM "PETE"
 GREGORSKI, CHARLES
 GRIFFIS, WILLIS
 GRINROD, RAYMOND
 GRZESKOWIAK, RAYMOND & NORMA
 GUZENSKI, FRANK & DELLA
 HAMPTON, FRED & MARY LOU
 HANRIHAN, JAMES & JOY
 HARTMAN, FRANK & PEARL
 HARTMAN, RALPH & BARBARA
 HARTWICK, ROBERT & LORRAINE
 HEINLEIN, GEORGE & HELEN
 HENRY, GLENN & KAY
 HINCHEE, RAYMOND & MARGARET
 HOOD, JACK
 HOWARD, PHILIP & JEAN
 HOWARTER, WAYNE & LAVERNE
 ISRAELSEN, AL & AGNES
 IVEY, KIVETT & LUCILLE
 JAMES, EUGENE & HELEN
 JONES, EDDIE & IANTHIA
 JORDAN, DEXTER & BEULAH
 JURGENS, HENRY & RUTH
 KAUFMAN, WILLIAM & EILEEN
 KENNY, JIM & MARY
 KINCAID, GERALD & EDITH
 KLINE, GEORGE & MARGARET
 KRYSTOF, JOSEPH & FRANCES
 LESTER, RAYMOND & MARY
 LIPSCOMB, LINDSEY & DEE
 MACIEL, EARL & HELEN
 MARTIN, JIM & BETTY
 MARTIN, RANDALL & SHIRLEY
 McALLISTER, WALTER & RUBY
 McCOLL, RODERICK & KRIS
 McINTIRE, JAMES & MARIAN
 McMILLION, HARRY
 MILLER, JAMES & LA RUE
 MORGAN, CHARLES & DOROTHY
 MORRELL, JOSEPH & SOPHIE
 MUENTE, FRED & GINNY
 MURPHY, RALPH
 NENDEL, ROBERT & DOROTHY
 NEWTON, THOMAS & MILDRED
 NOULIET, WILLIAM & DOREEN
 ODOM, JACK & BEATRICE
 OLDS, MELVIN & DEAN
 PACHOLSKI, BOB & GINNY
 PARENTEAU, EARL & IRENE
 PAULMANN, MARGE
 PAXTON, KEN & KATHLEEN
 PECZKOWSKI, BERNARD & KATHRYN
 PERRY, HARRY & WILLIE

PHILLIPS, HELEN
 PINE, GERALD & WANDA
 PLATZ, ROBERT & JOY
 PRILLAMAN, ARNOLD & GEORGIA
 PROVINCE, HAL & JANICE
 RAY, BETTIE & FRANK
 REED, JAMES & MARTHA
 RICHART JR., GEORGE
 RITCHIE, GEORGE & JUNE
 ROMERO, CLEVELAND & HENRIETTA
 ROSE, EVERETT & PEGGY
 RUTKA, HAROLD & GEN
 SAEGER, EARL & PAT
 SAKAL, CHARLES & ROSE
 SAULNIER, ERNEST & FLORENCE
 SAWYER, TOM (Guest of Ken Paxton)
 SAXEN, ROBERT
 SCHARMEN, MERRILL & AUDREY
 SCHERR, FREDERICK & LIBBIE
 SCHNEIDER, CHARLES
 SCHOCH, FREDERICK & CLARA
 SCHOMMER, PAUL & BETTY
 SHARE, JACK & MARIAN
 SHEESLEY, BYRON & MARY
 SHINN, WHILMER
 SHULL, PAUL & PAULINE
 SIMMONS, FRED
 SIMPSON, RONALD & MARTHA
 SIMS, PAUL & FRANCES
 SIVRET, FRANK & ALDA
 SMITH, JAMES & JANE
 SMITH, JOHN SLOYNE
 SMITH, NORRIS & KATHERINE
 SMITH, OREN & LOIS
 SNELLINGS, THOMAS & VIRGINIA
 SNOW, WEBB & THELMA
 SOTHERN, BRUCE & MUGGS
 STEMEN, CARL & PEGGY
 SUDDERTH, CLYDE & BETTY
 SUMMA, RAY & HANNAH
 SUMMERS, BOB & PAULINE
 TAVASTI, ROY & KATE
 THOMPSON, ROY & VALERIE
 TRAUERNICHT, CARL & MARGARET
 TURNIPSEED JR., SAM
 WALLACE, KARL & JUDITH
 WESSEL, JEROME & DOROTHY
 WHITING, JACK & FRANCES
 WILLIAMS, HAROLD & EVELYN
 WILLIS, CLYDE & LYNN
 WIMER, DANIEL & FRANCES
 WOLSTENCROFT, SAMUEL & ARLENE
 WRIGHT, ROBERT & ESTHER
 YOUNG, JOHN & BLANCHE
 ZELDES, BENJAMIN & EDITH

Editor's note: Ed Lawler, our past president, was taken seriously ill and could not attend the reunion. Also, Sam Baglio was taken ill and he and Lee could not attend. Pat and Helen McKeon had planned to attend, but his sister died that weekend and they couldn't make it. Bob and Cynthia Gross were to have driven down with them but the trip had to be cancelled.

Activities



Rose Baldea (standing) joshing with Frances and Jack Whiting.



Auction crew workers: l. to r.: Hannah Summa, June Ritchie, Ruby McAllister, Betty Martin.



Sam Turnipseed with 34th winner's plaque.



Auctioneer: George Ritchie.



Harold Rutka and Belchin Bessie.



Walt McAllister, Jenny Cobb, Tom & Virginia Snellings, Eli Baldea, Ray & Hannah Summa.



John Sloyne-Smith models original WWII A-2 jacket with Sultry Sue, 18th Sq.



Walter McAllister, Elly Veon and Ruby McAllister at breakfast.

Down to Business



4th Squadron.



Board Meeting.



7th Squadron.



Vern Ames reading minutes with George Ritchie looking on.



18th Squadron.



34th General membership meeting.



391st Squadron.



Wanda Pine, Ester Wright, Genevieve Rutka, Bob Wright at registration table.

Hospitality Room



Norma & Ray Grzeskowiak.



Randall Martin, Pete Gray, and Cleveland Romero.



Marge and Dale Finley enjoy the Hospitality Room.



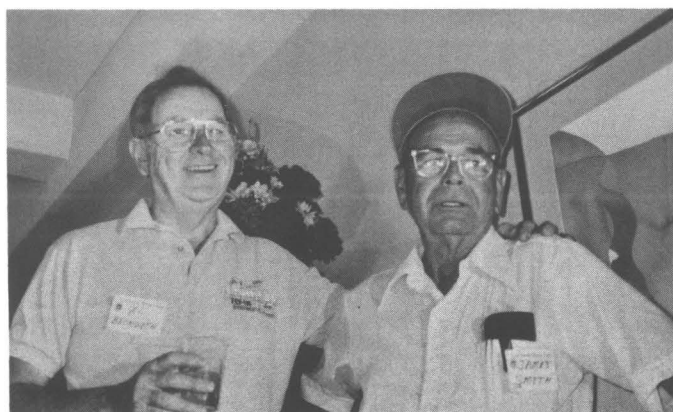
Betty and Paul Schommer.



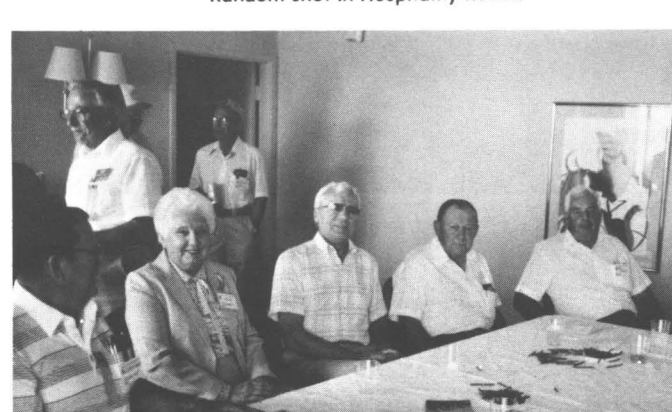
Joe Morrell, Ernest & Florence Saulnier.



Random shot in Hospitality Room.



Al Beckwith, the pilot who flew his good friend Keith Anderson to our reunion at Virginia Beach, has a mini-reunion with the instructor pilot who gave him a check-ride for his pilot's license--J.C. Smith of the 7th Sq., 34th BG.



Cleveland Romero, Jean Howard, Tony Arturo, Paul Buss, Phil Howard, standing: Eli Baldea, Charles Morgan, and J.C. Smith.

Virginia Beach Festivities



Paul "Ed" & Frances Sims, Betty & Alex Antanovich.



Wally & Jane Ann Felker, Jean Davidson, Wilmer Shinn III.



Keith Anderson & Al Beckwith.



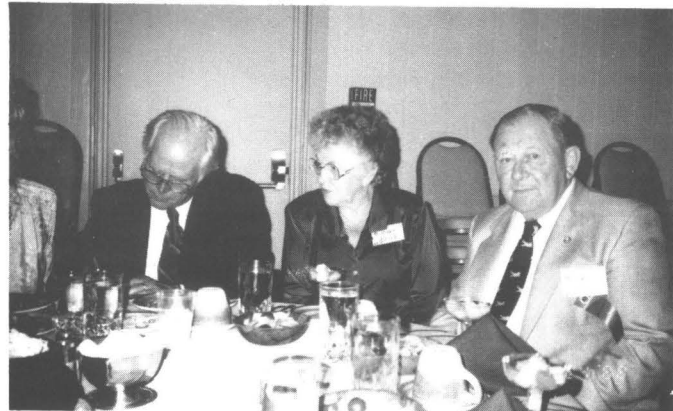
Tony & Mary Artuso, Jean & Phil Howard.



I swear on my pipe; I was not in charge of that fiasco!
(Roy Tavasti)



Paul & Lois Carter, Elaine & Milton Braveman.



Valerie & Roy Thompson, Mary & Paul Buss.



Sylvia & Carroll Forister, Martha & Russell Reed, Charles & Roberta Barclay.

Virginia Beach Festivities



Norma & Raymond Grzeskowiak, Walter & Pauline Summers, Fred Simmons.



Imogene & Carl Freysinger, Marcus Dieterle, Gerald & Edith Kincaid.



Harold Province, Clyde & Lynn Willis, Jan Province.



Cleo & Freddie Baughman, Millie Ames.



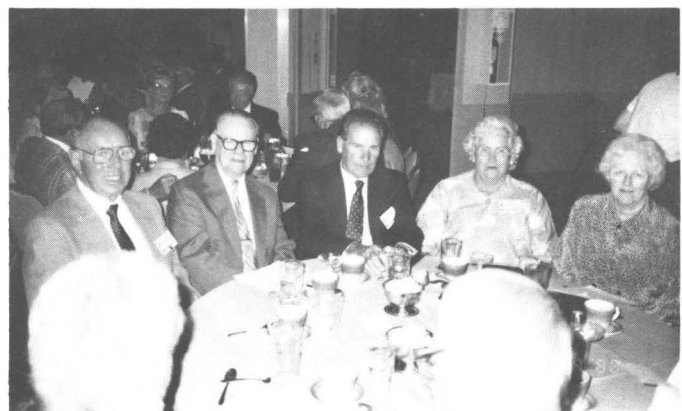
Doreen & William Noullet, George Richart, & Carl & Peg Stemen.



Dorothy & Bob Nendel, Evalyn & Charles Attridge.



Standing: Merrill & Audrey Scharmen. Seated: Barbara & Ralph Hartman, Joe & Fran Krystof.



Bill Kaufman, Harry McMillion, Ed & Sarah Breitschardt, Eileen Kaufman.

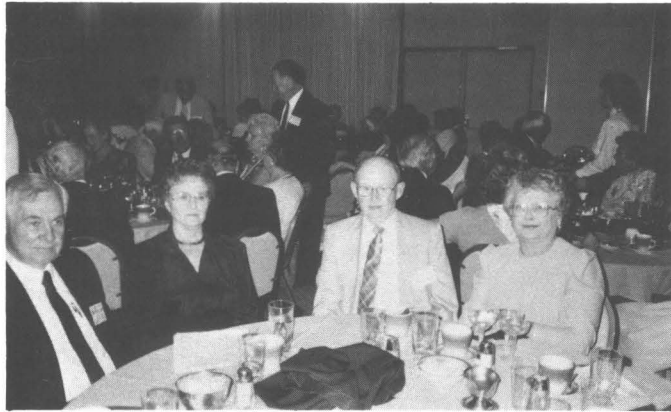
Virginia Beach Festivities



Millie & Vern Ames, Bobbi & Lloyd Boreen.



Ruth & Henry Jurgens, Jenny & Junius Cobb.



Melvin & Dean Olds, Ralph & Mary Applegate.



Yvonne & Link Baker, Jack & Dorothy Clarkson.



Frank & Bettie Ray.



Did you catch that purple tie?
Eli & Rose Baldea & Joe Domino.

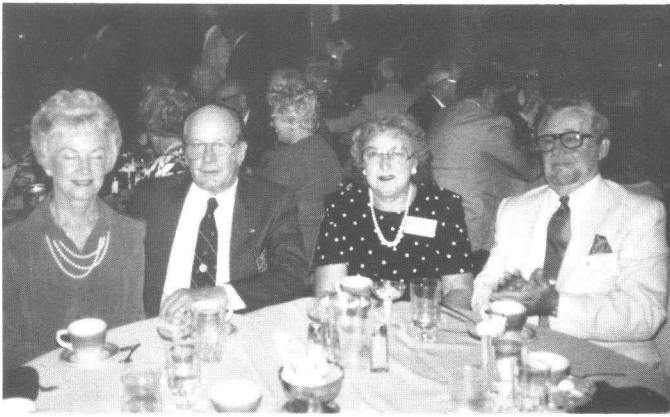


Katherine Smith, Blanche Young, Mary Lou & Fred Hampton, John Young, Norris Smith.



L. to r.: Marge & John Bloczynski, Eileen & Joseph Drahnak.

Virginia Beach Festivities



L. to r.: Betty & Jim Martin and Victoria & Joe Domino.



L. to r.: Esther & Bob Wright, Hannah & Ray Summa.



L. to r.: Wm. "Pete" Gray, Shirley & Randy Martin.



L. to r.: Gerald Pine, Gen. & Harold Rutka.



Delightful singing trio.



June and George Ritchie.



L. to r.: Fred & Ginny Munte, Jane & J.C. Smith, and Charles & Isabelle Billman.



L. to r.: Gene & Helen James, Bill & Loretta Burnell, and Arnold & Georgia Prillaman.

Virginia Beach Festivities



L. to r.: Betty & Dick Cutting, Mary & Elwin Autry.



L. to r.: Charles & Rose Sakal, Ginny & Bob Gradin.



L. to r.: Frances & Jack Ashburn, Fred & Clara Schoch.



L. to r.: Chester & Jacquelyn Gavryck, Martha & Ronald Simpson.



L. to r.: Kay & Glenn Henry, Ralph Murphy, and Wayne & LaVerne Howarter.



L. to r.: Sidney Brown, Dee & Lindsey Lipscomb.



L. to r.: Walt & Ruby McAllister, Kate & Roy Tavasti.



L. to r.: Bill & Nita Brown, Bob & Judy Goodnough, Jack & Bernie Farley

Virginia Beach Festivities



L. to r.: Paul & Pauline Shull, Bud & Lucille Babcock.



L. to r.: Doris & Wallace Brauks, Ray Grinrod.



L. to r.: Mildred & Thomas Newton, Bob & Rose Marie Baer.



L. to r.: Bruce Sothern, Everett Rose, Muggs Sothern, Peggy Rose.



L. to r.: Willie & Harry Perry, Charles Schneider, and Dottie & Jerry Wessel.



L. to r.: Margaret & Raymond Hinchee, Jack & Bea Odom.



L. to r.: Evelyn & Harold Williams, Vera & Donald Baumgardner.



L. to r.: Webb & Thelma Snow, Peggy & Sam Wolstencroft.

Virginia Beach Festivities



L. to r.: Alda & Frank Sivret, Earl & Pat Saeger.



L. to r.: Bill & Marge Gombos, Jim & Mary Kenny, Helen & Earl Maciel.



L. to r.: Elsie & Al DiNenno, Marge Paulmann, Julie Garnek.



L. to r.: Charles & Dorothy Morgan, John Sloyne Smith, and Jack & Frances Whiting.



L. to r.: Clyde & Betty Sudderth, Margie & Dale Finley.



L. to r.: Roderick McColl, Robert Saxen, Kris McColl, Irene and Earl Parenteau.



L. to r.: Ginny & Bob Cole, Jay & Elda Buxton.



L. to r.: Roy & Mildred Ballantyne, Jim & Joy Hanrihan and Ted & Mary Jane Bacalis.

Virginia Beach Festivities



Claude & Audrey Gibbs, George & Margaret Kline.



La Rue & James Miller, Della & Gus Guzinski.



Eddie & Ianthia Jones.



Bernard and Kathryn Peczkowski, Margaret & Carl Trauernicht.



Virginia & Tom Snellings, Frances & Dan Wimer.



L. to r.: Bob & Olive Bergold, Frank & Pearl Hartman.



L. to r.: Sam Turnipseed, Raymond & Mary Ruth Lester, Jack Hood, and Marian & Jack Share.



L. to r.-Standing: Darrell Bulis, Byron Sheesley, Glen Brydgc.
Sitting: Flossie Bulis, Mary Sheesley, Patsy Mae Brydgc.

Virginia Beach Festivities



Ellie Veon & Keith Anderson, Helen Phillips & Al Beckwith.



Betty & Paul Schommer, Robert & Lorraine Hartwick.



Denton Armstrong, Sophia & Joseph Morrell, Willis Griffis.



Cleveland & Henrietta Romero, Jennie & Charles Gregorski.



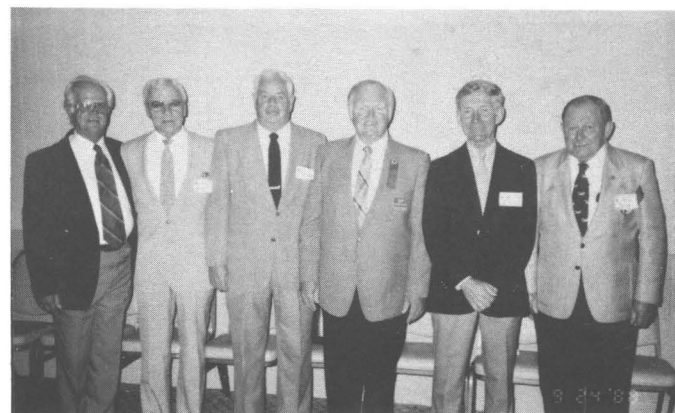
Bob and Zelma Bice.



Lucille & Kivett Ivey, Ken Paxton, Tom Sawyer, Kathleen Paxton.



Standing: Fred & Libbie Scherr. Bob & Liz Campbell, Ben & Helen DeHaan.

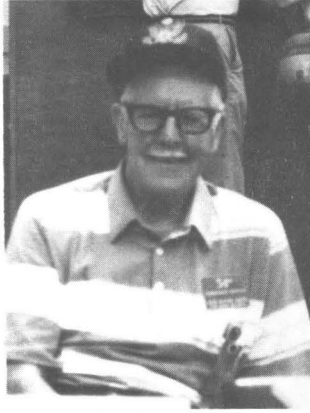


Wally Felker's Crew at Virginia Beach '88 I. to r.: Roy Thompson, Tony Artuso, Phil Howard, Wally Felker, Wilmer Shinn III, Paul Buss.

Miscellaneous Activities



Hannah Summa &
Jean Bates Davidson.



John Slayne Smith
helping at PX.



A view of the Beach.



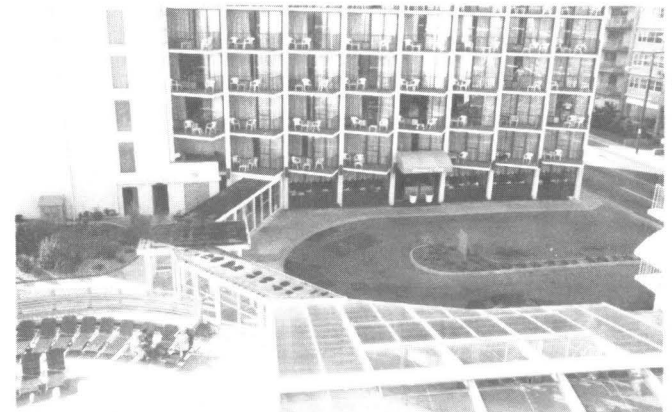
Rutka, Morgan, J.C. Smith in Hospitality Room.



Hospitality room (outdoors).



Marge and Dale Finley enjoy the Hospitality Room.



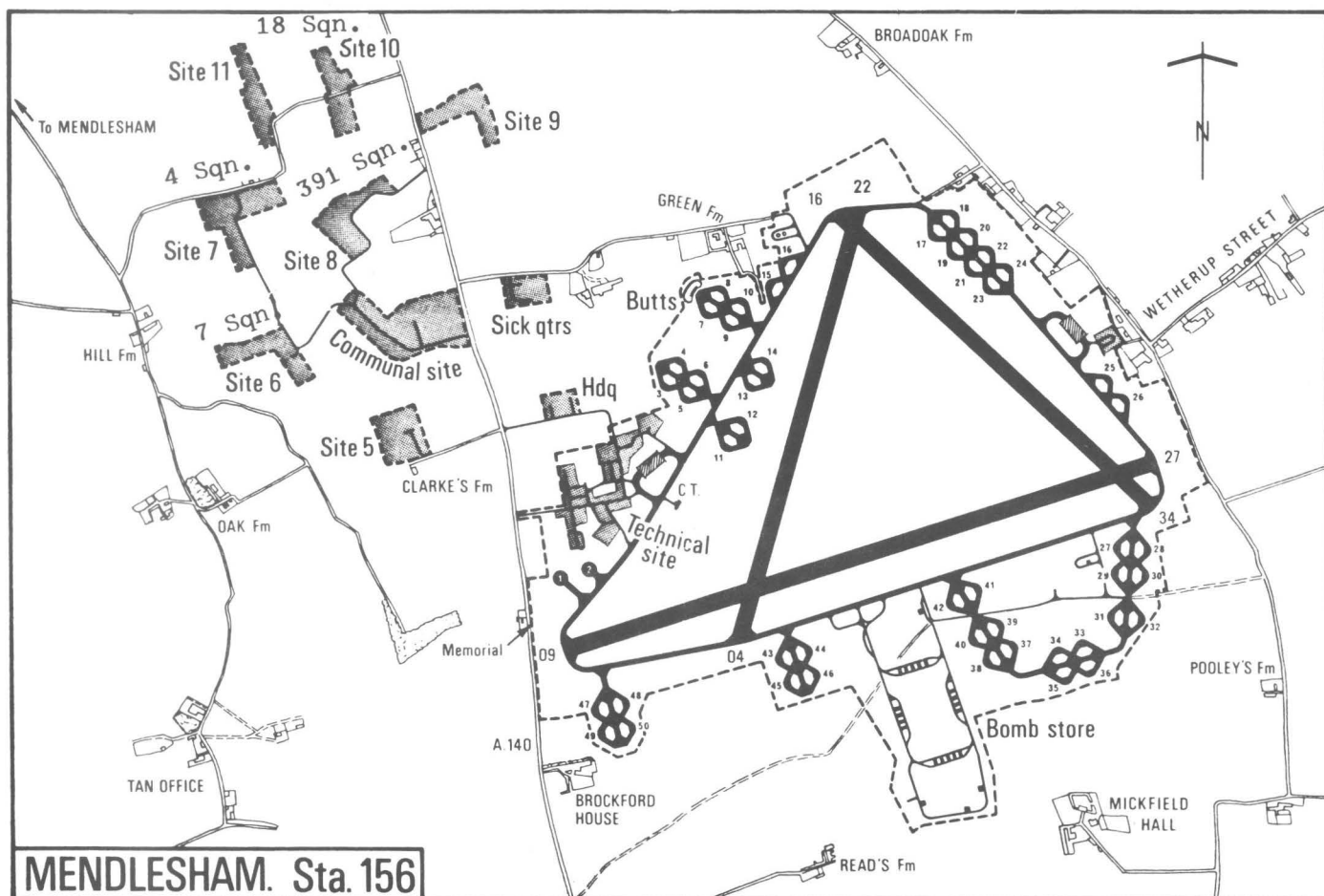
A view of the Hotel.



Gerry Pine & Harold Rutka. The 34th's Super Salesman.



A view of the Hotel.



**THANKS
for the
Memories
(and the
\$1984.00)**

**Auction U.S.A.
Committee**

(Want another?) Write M.M.

MAIL CALL Write a letter....Write ten

Our president, George Richie, is asking all members to go through the roster and find 5 or 10 comrades who they remember and write to ask them to "Come On Down To Shreveport In '89" for a get-together.

Start a correspondence with them, revive old friendships, then ask them to join us next September for the finest, most enjoyable highlight of their lives. Tell them we promise a living experience for ya-all. The reunion will be held Sept. 14-17, 1989 at the Sheraton Pierremont Hotel & Towers in Shreveport, LA.

REUNION '89

From Lonnie Crook we learn that many plans are in the works for our Shreveport reunion, Sept. 14-17, 1989. None final yet, but in the works. Some of the planning includes golf for those interested, a visit to Barksdale A.F. Base with 8th A.F. fly-bys, an officer's club dinner and dance, military displays, a bus tour of the base complete with guides, presentation of POW medals, and shopping tours, horse racing, etc.

Lonnie and Dorabel Crook have volunteered to help Gerry Pine and the reunion committee by handling prior arrangements for all of the above activities. We're sure the reunion committee welcomes and appreciates the help.



ROBERT C. FOX - Decatur, IL.

On this past Labor Day we had an air show at our local airport. On display was one of the last B-17's that are still operational. Of course I went to see it and found that it was in wonderful condition and truly a thing of beauty.

After seeing the plane, I thought that most people only know of the destruction that our bombing did, and know nothing of the humanitarian work that the plane did at the end of the war. I called the local newspaper and they sent out a reporter. I was able to give him a good account of our flights to bring prisoners back from Austria to Paris.

* * *

FRANK YATES - Guilford, CT.

Will not be at Virginia Beach this year. This year's reunion will be with the Army — my old Artillery unit from the Korean conflict days. Hope you guys and gals have a great time. Have fun.

* * *

W.S. (BUD) JANSON - Farmerville, LA.

I don't think we will make it this year, but we're only 97 miles from Shreveport, so we'll see you all then.

* * *

JOHN LYONS - New Port Richey, FL.

Sorry I could not make the reunion at Virginia Beach this year. We are in the process of moving to this Florida address. We will still maintain our address in Minnesota with our daughter and family living there.

* * *



L. to r.: John Hajlo and Arthur Blarr of the 391st Sqdn.

ROBERT KELHART - Allentown, PA.

Recovering from long siege with kidney problem. The doctors inserted a Denver Shunt in my stomach & kidney. It has saved my life. Sorry we can't meet you all in Virginia Beach, but we will make strong effort to attend the next reunion.

* * *

BOB HESS - Omaha, NE.

I was surely pleased to receive the copies of "Mendlesham Memories" and the 34th Roster. I was in the 34th late in the war. Our crew arrived about a month before the war ended. I was ball turret gunner.

We can't plan on getting to the Virginia Beach reunion, but might make it to Des Moines if a mini-reunion is planned.

* * *

CARL NICHOLS - Fresno, CA.

Just a note to say that I will not be at our reunion. I have spent the past month recovering from open heart surgery — (no fun). The doctor says no travel for another two months.

* * *

SAM BAGLIO - Exeter, PA.

If there is a guy who really feels like a sad sack, it is me with a capital "M". I was the first man to make reservations for this reunion. I'm sure that there wasn't one person at the reunion who knows me who would doubt when I say "I'll miss you folks and so will Lee." We had been planning on this get-together for a whole year. Rest assured that my thoughts were with you in Virginia Beach. I pray that I will be in good enough physical condition next year so that we'll be able to meet in Shreveport, LA.

On Sept. 12th, I was advised by my doctor to report to the Geisinger Medical Center for a cardiac evaluation preceding surgery for renal artery stenosis, which is a fancy name for the blockage that exists in the flow of blood to my kidneys. Surgery was scheduled for a bypass on Sept. 16th. I ask for your prayers as I depend on the good Lord to see me through.

(Editor's note — We have since heard that Sam came through with flying colors.)



England 1944 S-2 members l. to r.: Weatherall, Zivney, Reagan, Nichols, Thompto, Province (above) Berrill, Woolford.

Continued on page 20

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 19

AL SWENSON - Amelia Island, FL.

1988 has not been my year in the health department as I've been in and out of the hospital like a yoyo trying to find the problem. They have removed a ruptured spleen and I expect to have major surgery to remove my prostate and a section of bowel (shades of Reagan).

One day I'll have to write the story of how Jack Barron was able to shoot down the first (I think the only one by a bomber) Buzz-Bomb. The English flak gunners who covered the ground beneath us were tracking our progress because the buzz bomb was coming along behind us. We turned west to go around London, and, as we did, Jack fired when it was directly overhead, upsetting the gyro and we watched it crash into a hill. His kill was confirmed by the flak gunners and the following morning our ground crew chief had already stenciled a buzz bomb along with the other strikes.

* * *

JOHN J. FARLEY - Verona, NJ.

Your efforts to locate me over the past two years is appreciated. I must confess my "ego" is a bit dented by the length of your search! My recently completed career in environmental law enforcement made me rather "notorious" over the last 25 years in N.J.

* * *

BETTY (TOBY) SEILER - Rochester, IN.

Toby got sick while we were at our winter home in Florida, and we flew him back to Indianapolis. He has been in St. Vincent hospital since Aug. 19. He feels better, but so far pneumonia is all they have found. He had 102.6 fever for one week along with terrible headaches. They are still running tests and, hopefully before you read this, he will get to come home. We would love to come to the reunion sometime, but right now it's not possible to work it in.

* * *

WILLIAM CRAWFORD - Danby, VT.

I sure would like to meet the crew of "Winnie The Pooh." We spent so much time together. I lost track of the crew a long time ago. If any of them make the reunion, please let them know my address. Maybe we can correspond again.

I'm now 70 years old and I'm house-bound on oxygen 24 hours a day, so it's impossible for me to join the fellows.

(Editor's note — Bill's address can be found in "Newly Found")



Aerial Photo of St. Mary's Church at Mendlesham.



L. to r.-back row: Minick, Gribrock, Lynch, Halbert & Flaherty. Middle row: Ragland, Ficks, Drost, Geotsches, & Frederickson. Front row: Donahue, Venne, & Gray. Crew of "Male Call" lost over Germany, 10/19/44.

ED LONEGAN - St. Louis, MO.

Just a note of regrets to advise I will be unable to make the Virginia Beach reunion in Sept. Son, Dan, and spouse and new granddaughter will be in St. Louis attending a convention at that time. So, I have to miss this one. Hopefully we can all get together in 1989 in Louisiana. My best wishes to all who attend this one.

I finally made it to the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson in Dayton. I was always sorry I missed the reunion we held there a few years ago but had no trouble locating our memorial plaque and living tree. I was most impressed with the museum and the garden. I would strongly recommend all airmen, who had anything to do with air force from Wright Bros. to space program, visit Wright-Patterson. It is all included and very fascinating.

* * *

SIBYL (BOB) BILLMAN - Akron, OH.

A B-17 visited our airport last weekend. About 300 people came to see it — many, like us, with white hair and one or two generations in tow. The plane flew 2 passes at a snappy 160 mph, landed and taxied up close. As we clustered around I heard snatches of "that's where I sat," and the like. There was a short ladder for access instead of the athletic entry from "12 O'clock High." Bob took us through, pointing out the area for "his" radio and finding the space rather snug. As we inched along the catwalk over the open bomb bay doors, we could imagine the sensation of infinity below.

* * *

WILMADINE (PAIGE) BONNELL - West Union, NJ.

I'm sorry to tell you that Paige passed away on our 35th Anniversary in 1978. He had a heart attack. I know he would have liked to have seen you all.

Continued on page 21

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 20

BILL CREER - Las Vegas, NV.

Sorry we could not make it to Virginia Beach. Airline schedules were not particularly compatible. Door to door we would have had to spend nearly as much time enroute as we would at the reunion. Also, a family wedding (Bro's. daughter) in the mill at near the same time.

We wish you a most successful reunion. Give folks our very best regards. We are planning to see you all in Shreveport.

* * *

VERNA (JOE) EDWARDS - Lake Kiowa, TX.

We've had to miss the reunion this year because of my 50th high school reunion. We'll be anxious to read all about it in the next newsletter.

As you might guess, I'm very excited about my high school reunion. I'm very privileged to be able to play for it. I played for our graduation in 1938! — isn't that something? I have chosen to play "The Way We Were" — a gorgeous melody on the trumpet and the words are very appropriate, too.

* * *

VERB HOLCOMB - San Bernadino, CA

I retired two years ago and now I'm supposed to have all that extra time on my hands — right? I have never been so busy in my life. I think I might have to go back to work again so I can catch up. We won't be able to make this reunion but we certainly plan to be in Shreveport in 1989.

* * *

KEN PAXTON - Wichita, KS.

We don't say it often enough, but thanks a million for all the hard work Ray, Hannah, Eli, Rose and many others have done. I sure appreciate it and I know many others do, too.

* * *

EVAN ROGERS - Tucson, AZ.

Having served in the Air Force for 34 years and participating actively in all the wars and police actions, i.e., WWII, Korea, Laos, Taiwan Straits, and finally Vietnam in 1970, you can see I have dozens of units asking me to join their associations. However, I consider the 34th to be my home.



Mike Sass and Hal Province of the "Purty Chile".



391st. Comm. Maint. I. to r.: Jones, Wilson, Clark, Kelley, Beasley.

PAT FRANGELLA - Deltona, FL.

On April 15th (of all days), I collapsed at home and was brought to the regional hospital. It turned out that I had hemorrhaged internally from a bleeding ulcer. I'm on the mend now, currently at home and things are going O.K. I'm just bored with all the medicine, diet, etc.

I plan on being at Ft. Worth in 1989 and hope to meet some 7th Squadron members to see if anyone remembers anything about the "Misery Agent."

* * *

JOHN CLARKSON - Savannah, GA.

You don't know how delighted I was to finally be "found" by my old 34th Bomb Group. I re-visited Mendlesham/Ipswich in January, 1965 — 20 years to the day I first landed there as a member of a B-17 replacement crew. I took some photos from the control tower looking across potato fields now. Just a few things left standing — hangars are now truck freight terminals, our huts are gone, but some hardstands are still there. Very little else left.

* * *

WALTER A. SHORE - Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico

As always we were happy to receive our copy of "Mendlesham Memories." Look forward to every issue so want to thank all of you for the wonderful job you are doing. Really enjoyed the story "Dark Journey" by Walt McAllister and, also, "The Way It Was" by Vince Doran. Both are excellent writings and memories.

Wish I could join you all at a reunion, but my days of travelling long distance seem to be over due to my heart problem. We think it is wonderful that Ray Summa can get around like he does and accomplish so much. He is sure a great one and is to be commended.

* * *

JANICE B. MEYER - San Antonio, TX.

This is to notify you of the death of my father, CWO4 LEONARD J. BREAU, USAF Ret., on June 28, 1988. Thank you for your years of friendship to my parents.

(Note: Leonard was the 1st Sgt. of the 34th B.G. when we went overseas in 1944. He was called back to the Pentagon and made Chief Warrant Office in Washington. He moved to Texas where his wife passed away. Len came to the Houston reunion with his daughter and son-in-law. He was considered to be blind, but he could recognize anyone by voice. His daughter, Janice, took charge of him after his wife passed away.)

Continued on page 22

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 21

DALE FINLEY - Crothersville, IN.

Forty-three years later, we made it back. Yes, we got back to Mendelsham, Station 156. I did not recognize anything; very little left to remember. The 34th Memorial, a fitting tribute to the men that served. We met Ralph Barnard, who works for the company where the base was. He was a young boy of 10 or 11 in 1944 and 1945 who lived just at the edge of the base. Ralph's mother did washing for some of the G.I.'s. Anybody remember?

We were lucky and found the 18th Sqdn. dayroom, about a half-mile off the main highway. We took several pictures of the squadron emblem. The building is now a jack of all trades service shop. We also visited the village of Mendlesham and checked out both pubs. We met some interesting people at the church. The last time I visited Mendlesham was March 21, 1945, but that's another story.

* * *

CLARE (GEORGE) RALL - Springfield, PA

It is with sadness in my heart that I must tell you my George passed away after five years of suffering. He had a blood condition, Milofibrosis. You can't imagine the pleasure he got out of the 34th newsletter. He looked forward to each issue printed and scanned it for names of his buddies. To all of them he was known as "Irish."

God took him home where he is at peace. I know he is up there and enjoying all the reunions and all of you. Please remember him in your prayers.

* * *

GERALD GROSS - Far Rockaway, NY.

I read of the reunion of the 34th Bomb Group in the D.A.V. magazine. Although I was injured in Blythe, Cal. and was unable to go overseas with the group, I sure would like to get together with some of the fellows I met.

* * *



Rear, l. to r.: Mower, Sheridan Gauger, Biessell. Middle: Saunders, Philips, Slovenske, Sandholm, Braveman. Front (Armorer), (Crew Chief), Schurtz, (Asst. Crew Chief).

IMOGENE (CARL) FREYSINGER - Cable, OH.

In August of 1987, Carl and I took a "Sentimental Journey" back to England. We flew into Gatwick. Some friends picked us up and took us to Newmarket, where we stayed. We met, and talked to many people who remembered the B-17's flying over on a mission. We then visited the cemetery at Cambridge, where all the air force dead are buried. It is a lovely, well-kept place. There is a chapel there with a beautiful mural showing our boys flying into the clouds, into the waiting arms of Christ. We strolled through the white crosses and then held each other and cried for all the fine young men who gave their lives.

We went from there to Mendlesham, where Carl had a time figuring out where everything had been, since there isn't much left. We went on to Ipswich where we had a drink and toasted all the men, here and gone, from the 34th. Outside Mendlesham there is a memorial to the 34th where fresh flowers are kept in the urns on the end.

It was a time we will never forget, and I am proud to be a part, and to share in all these memories of the 34th.

* * *



Standing: John Cliff, Red Zimmerman, A Trutanich, Ed Tollichet. 2nd row: MLS Jackson, Warren Moore, Lee Brookshire, John Hammond, Joe Drahnak.

CARL TRAUERNICHT, JR. - St. Louis, MO.

Like everyone else who picks up a publication and sees himself and others whom he hasn't seen for quite a while looking back at him, I was surprised to find my crew, my pilot, and two members of the crew pictured, respectively, on page 6, 9 and 11 of the September, 1988, issue. I guess it is not unusual for you to hear from people like me after you have improperly identified them in old pictures, but, in the interest of accuracy, I am writing:

On page 6 are: Standing, L. to R. — Ashwood, Eggleston, Torre and Trauernicht. Kneeling, L. to R. — Harper, Peczkowski, Henderson, Edwards and Borders.

On Page 9, Eggleston should be identified as "A.C."

On Page 11, Harper and Edwards are incorrectly identified as "ground crew." Harper was Tail Gunner and Edwards was Ball gunner.

We appreciate your efforts. Each issue is most enjoyed and corrections such as those above should not be taken as negative criticism.

(Editor's note — No offense is taken — I print the names as they are given to me, but if they're wrong, we all want to know about it.)

Continued on page 23

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 22

ROY TAVASTI — Pismo Beach, CA.

Reference is made to page 13 of Mendlesham Memories, Sept., 1988. Thereon it depicts a photo of "Roy Tavasti's plane after crash landing, May, 1944.

In the interest of keeping reference document from falling into disrepute because of intended or erroneous distortion of actual facts, I submit the following comments:

A. I personally have never been involved in a crash landing of a B-17 (that is if one doesn't count some of my less than perfect touchdowns).

B. A casual perusal of the picture shows that engines 1, 3 & 4 were apparently operational (not feathered) but engine 2 seems to have suffered more than minor abuse. In fact, it appears to be dangling from its mounts.

C. Since we all know that a B-17 with 3 operational engines is rarely considered an emergency (a minor irritation would be a more fitting description), there must be more behind the picture than meets the eye to cause the crash landing.

Having read my disclaimer and comments, I'm sure you would agree that the "real hero" of that episode should step forward and identify himself. I'm also certain that his disclosure of the hairy details leading to his, less than routine, landing would make fascinating reading. It would also serve to remove a potential blemish on your, up till now, spotless record as editor of our treasured publication.

(Editor's note — I don't remember who sent me that picture but the information, as printed, was on the back of the picture. SORRY!)



Standing l. to r.: Crook, Spilker, Ashburn, Prillaman, Cross & Burnell.
Kneeling, l. to r.: (Mech.), Schoch, James, Wright, & (Mech.).

H. ARNOLD PRILLAMAN - Martinsville, VA.

Several years ago I saw General Chuck Yeager on a T.V. program. He was asked which, out of his many flight operations, was the most dangerous. The General very candidly replied that one really didn't think about danger, but there was, however, more doubt about the outcome of some operations than others and, in his case, more doubt about the outcome had existed when he was flying with the 8th Air Force. I think there is an intangible that cements the friendships that develop among flight crews and maybe the doubt of the outcome is the glue.

Let's have the 34th reunion at Seattle in the near future so I can visit the Pacific Northwest again. It may just be the most beautiful part of the U.S.A.

(Editor's note: We're meeting in Seattle in 1990).

* * *

WILLIAM G. SHOVE — Sand Diego, CA.

I am sure glad that I am a member of the 34th Bomb Group Assn. The Mendlesham Memories sure do bring back memories associated with the 34th.

In Sept. 28, 1988 issue of the San Diego Union newspaper is an article about the 50th Anniversary celebration of the B-24 to be held in San Diego, Sept. 20-24, 1989.

(Editor's note — In the article it mentions that nearly 7,000 B-24s were built in San Diego by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. while about 3,000 were built in Fort Worth, TX., so it seems the home base of the B-24 was more San Diego than Fort Worth.)

* * *

EVERETT ROSE - Tacoma, WA.

Peggy and I really enjoyed the Virginia Beach reunion. It was especially good after having to miss the one last year. Great to see and visit with old friends. We had a nice forty-five day trip with our motorhome, stopping in Minnesota for a Golden Wedding Anniversary and a visit with our relatives, then on to Virginia and the reunion. Spent a few days in Virginia with local sightseeing and a trip to Wash., D.C.

We came home by way of Nashville (Opryland), and visited Pres. Andrew Jackson's home, Hermitage, then on to Arizona and California by way of Las Vegas and Reno (didn't make expenses), then home to Tacoma. We arrived home on Saturday, Oct. 15, with a lame back, an empty wallet, a dirty motor home and six weeks' worth of mail, but it was a good trip and we are looking forward to doing it again.



Vincent Doran, 1944.

Continued on page 24

Notes From Our Friends

Continued from page 23

* * *

BILL KAUFMAN - New Wilmington, PA.

We have had an enjoyable summer and have gotten a lot accomplished around the house that I've been side-stepping for years. I retired in Nov. and in Dec. Eileen fell and broke her shoulder. It was May before she was able to do much. I've managed to get in a little fishing and golfing, something I haven't done much of for years. So it's been a good summer. Looking forward to the reunion.

* * *

JAMES L. WRIGHT - Levittown, PA.

Bill Creer's letter regarding the 34th Bomb Group Memorial prompts me to comment. I visited Mendlesham this past August, my first trip back. I was pleased to see the memorial. It was obvious that someone (The British Legion, I guess) takes care of the property. The grass was cut and fresh flowers were in place.

The church is in need of restoration, some of which has started. It might be an interesting project if we contributed some financial help. I suspect checks can be made payable to St. Mary's Church, Mendlesham, Suffolk, England.

* * *

WILLIAM VAN LIERE — Shalimar, FL.

I just saw the notice of the 34th Bomb Group reunion in the DAV magazine. Unfortunately, prior commitments preclude my attending. However, I would like to maintain contact so you can send me information regarding future reunions.

* * *

ROSE (JOHN) HANN - Denver, CO.

John and I enjoyed the September issue and I decided I had better get a check off to you for his dues. 1989 will soon be here. We have not been well for the last year or two so have not been able to attend conventions. Sure missed not going!

* * *



391st. Comm. Maint. I. to r.: Jones, Johnson, Kester, Kelly.



NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE



From William G. Shove we learn that all Ex-POW's or next of kin are entitled to receive the Bronze Star as well as the POW medal. Apply to: Air Force Reference Branch, National Personnel Records Center, 9700 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, MO. 63132-5199.

* * *

From George Ritchie we have heard that there is a bill in Congress to designate April 9th as P.O.W. Recognition Day. This bill is sponsored by Sen. Frank Murkowski, R.-Alaska. After January 1st, we are asked to write our congressmen to pass same.

* * *

From a Mr. George Paul of the Education and Exhibitions Dept. of the Imperial War Museum, Duxford Airfield, we have the following:

It gives me great pleasure to inform all who were part of the "Mighty 8th" that the planned "Insignia Exhibition" is now fully displayed at the Imperial Museum, Duxford. This is the first part of an extensive addition to Duxford's memorial to the 8th Air Force. Only the generosity and co-operation of many persons, groups and associations on both sides of the Atlantic has made it possible.

It is hoped many visiting Americans will come to Duxford to see the unit insignia displayed in this tribute to all personnel who earned a place in history while serving with the great American Armada, "The Mighty Eighth."

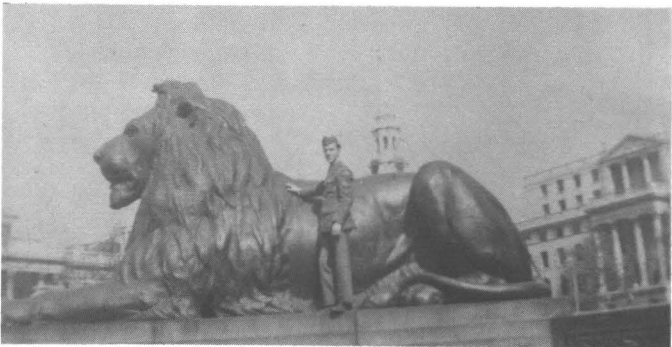
* * *

From a Mr. R.W. Koch, we have the following:

I am doing some research for the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, which deals with attrition rates, etc. of B-24s and mainly those of the 34th Bomb Group. I would like the answers to the following questions:

1. When did the 34th BG arrive at and finally depart Salinas Army Air Base, California?
2. How many B-24s were in the group?
3. Do you recall ever making practice bombing runs at a range on San Miguel Island off the Southern Californian coast?
4. How many B-24s were lost from the 34th while training at Salinas?

Any information on the above questions would be greatly appreciated and would be very helpful to complete my report. Please write: RESEARCH, 2444 Charlemagne Ave., Long Beach, CA 90815.



Trafalgar Square, London, England, 1944, Roland R. Beach.



ROSE'S CORNER

It is said that generosity is giving what you can use yourself and, at our Auction '88, you really proved this! Thank you all for your great donations!

George Ritchie did a super job as auctioneer and we're looking to his doing it again. One of our ladies told me that the beautiful sequined calendar which I donated is now hanging in a nursing home where it is brightening an otherwise dull room for a much loved old aunt. I'm so glad to know that all the hours I spent sewing on the beads is well worth it.

Jack Whiting was a little angry with me because of the recipe for Baby Ruth Cookies I had printed in my corner. Frances made them; he ate them; and he says he gained 10 lbs.!! (I didn't tell you to eat the entire batch, Jack!) If you haven't talked to this handsome young man, please do so at our next reunion — you're in for a treat. It was great meeting so many "first-timers" at Virginia Beach. Do come again. It gets better every time.

The following is a note from June Ritchie and, here, she says it all:

I just wanted everyone to know how proud I was at the Saturday banquet in Virginia Beach to see George given the presidential gavel and to say that I'll do all that I can to help him make his year a good one...He has some pretty big shoes to fill, but I know he'll give it his best.

The other thing I'd like to say is that I personally enjoy the reunions, because, for those 3 or 4 days each year, I get to see the wonderful faces and hear yet another tale of adventure, thereby revealing yet another facet of the truly Magnificent Men of Mendlesham! I am so thankful, not only to be a part of their reunion, but to share it with the great group of ladies who, like me, enjoy watching the happiness of men meeting, yes, one more time!

Thanks June.

This recipe for a very quick and tasty spread for your Holidays get-togethers was given to me by Doris Brauks.

1 8 oz pkg. cream cheese (room temperature)

Sesame seeds, toasted in your oven

Soy Sauce

With a fork, whip the cheese until real smooth. Spread it in a shallow dish. Sprinkle toasted sesame seeds on top. Pour some soy sauce all around the outer edge of the cheese. As you scoop up the cheese to spread on crackers, the soy sauce and seeds are incorporated with the cheese and makes a real tasty appetizer. Thank you, Doris & Wally.

Many of you have told me to keep including recipes in my column, so I will print as many as I have space for. Having received several others, I promise to print them in our next issue.

Wishing you all a blessed Christmas and a Healthy New Year! Don't worry, be happy!

from Rose

New Life Members

(As of 10/23/88)

(Total now 116)

Wallace Brauks
Paul Carter
William Creer
John Farley

Raymond Hinchee
Joseph Hughes
Charles Larmore
Warren Love

Harold Rutka
Bruce Sothern
Carl Stemen
Carl Trauernicht



Walt McAllister and Bob Smith.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE WAR



MILT BRAVEMAN — Harrisburg, PA
(In a letter written to Vince Doran)

Several times you have noted that the latrines and washing facilities left a lot to be desired. It seems there were showers somewhere on the base but they delivered a sparse cold trickle. Which leads us into a partially fictionalized tale adapted and plagiarized from a well known yarn of its day:

Whenever the opportunity afforded us, Jim, Hank and I would mount our bicycles and pedal into Ipswich to take advantage of the showers at the Red Cross Club. We were returning from one such excursion...it was late fall or early winter and already dark. As we took a right turn onto the highway leading to Mendlesham, a female voice called out, "Going north, Yanks?" She must have heard us and seen the meager light from the horizontal slits of the headlight. We stopped. Jim sat her between the handlebars and the seat and we proceeded on our way. We hadn't travelled more than 100 yards when Hank and I signalled each other to pull ahead. We left Jim and his passenger behind when we simultaneously realized that Jim was using a GIRL'S BIKE!

NEWLY FOUND

(As of 10/23/88)

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP
BECKWITH	AL	C/O COM'L.AV.CORP.,4020 KENT RD.	STOW,	OH.	4424
BORDERS	JAMES L.	133 LAKE TERRACE	BRADLEY BEACH,	NJ.	07039
BOWKER	BERYL	206 E. 2ND. STREET	JULESBURG,	CO.	80738
CONNELLY	DON	28-1/2 4TH STREET	SAVANNA,	IL.	61074
CRAWFORD	WILLIAM	BOX 192	DANDY,	VT.	05739
DINARDO	KENNETH	230 CLINTON AVE.	JERSEY CITY,	NJ.	07304
EGGLESTON	A. C.	1003 TODD STREET	CAMERON,	MO.	64429
EVANS	CHARLES E.	3616 ARDMORE RD.	SACRAMENTO,	CA.	95821
FARLEY	JOHN	4 CREST ROAD	VERONA,	NJ.	07844
FORD	DONALD F.	RT. 3, BOX 211	GRAFTON,	WV.	26354
FRANK	EARL	329 LANDFAIR AVENUE	SAN MATEO,	CA.	94403
GOODNOUGH	GLEN R.	502 CHAND HARPER	PORTSMOUTH,	VA.	23701
JANSON	WENDELL S.	RT. 1, BOX 270	FARMERVILLE,	LA.	71241
KRAMCHUSTER	EUGENE	RTE. 1	MONDOVI,	WI.	54755
KRUGER	ROBERT R.	2973 SO. 90TH STREET	MILWAUKEE,	WI.	53227
LAPINE	RAYMOND J.	N. 5027 WALNUT ST.	SPOKANE,	WA.	99205
MATHE	CYLDE J.	209 MAXWELL DRIVE	WARNER ROBBINS,	GA.	31093
SCHARMEN	MERRILL E.	SR. 1, BOX 331, LEASON COVE DR.	LUSBY,	MD.	20657
SINNOTT	LAWRENCE	700 ELM #26	BOULDER CITY,	NV.	89005
STEINMAN	ROBERT	P.O. BOX 185	ALBERS,	IL.	62215
VAN LIERE	WILLIAM P.	SALOLA LANE	BREVARD,	NC.	28712
WAGNER	JAMES A.	96 EAST SHORE AVE.	GROTON LONG POINT	CT.	06240
WALTERS	EARL	RT. -3, BOX 457A	WAYNESBORD,	VA.	22980
WINGARD	JOE O. JR.	535 NOTTINGHAM ST.	AIKEN,	SC.	29801
WRIGHT	HENRY C.	RT. 1, BOX 75	GOODVIEW,	VA.	24095



TAPS

(As of 10/23/88)

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP
BANKS	GLEN W.	4844 ALTO RICCO	REDDING	CA.	96001
BOLLING	RUSSELL A.		LYNCH STATION,	VA.	
BONNELL	PAIGE		WEST UNION,	WV.	
ILLKA	WILLIAM		LANSING,	MI.	
KEIST	CHARLES		KANSAS CITY,	MO.	
LOBDELL	CURTIS		WALDHAM,	NY.	
McKENZIE	HOLDEN		DELL,	MT.	
MOTE	DWIGHT			ND.	
O'MALLEY	CHARLES P.	45 GATES STREET	PAWTUCKET,	RI.	02801
PARKHURST	FRANK		LOS ANGELES	CA.	
PAULMANN	ARTHUR W.	RR NO. 3, BOX 925	SILVER SPRINGS,	FL.	32688
SAXE	MOWERS			HI.	
STANKUS	ADAM SR.	201 HIGH ST. #B-2	ANDALUSIA,	PA.	19020
STILES	ZOLAN	(1984)		LA.	

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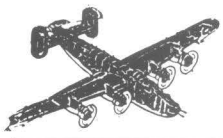
LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP
ALLEGA	AL (DOC)	<u>627 BARBERRY WAY</u>	NIPOMO,	CA.	93444
ANTKOWIAK	CHESTER J.	<u>1601 MIDDLE AVE.</u>	ELYRIA,	OH.	44035
BACSKAJI	JOSEPH	<u>2206 CHANEY DR.</u>	RUSKIN,	FL.	33570
BAKER	JOHN	<u>38 LA GRANGE AVE.</u>	POUGHKEEPSIE,	NY.	12603
BASSINGER	JIMMY	<u>5936 MONROE ROAD</u>	CHARLOTTE,	NC.	28212
BILLMAN	CHARLES A.	<u>19806 STARDUST BLVD.</u>	SUN CITY WEST,	AZ.	85375
BISHER	FRANCIS B.	<u>RT. 2, BOX 149-7</u>	OZARK,	MO.	65721
BLACK	WILLIAM B.	<u>116 S. COURT</u>	TIPTONVILLE,	TN.	38079
BROOKE	JOHN	<u>1815 S.W. MONTGOMERY DR.</u>	PORTLAND,	OR.	97201
BROWN	RAYMOND S.	<u>5100 JOHN D. RYAN BLVD. #447</u>	SAN ANTONIO,	TX.	78245-3534
BUCHAN	WILLIAM	<u>49312 WINCHESTER CT.</u>	UTICA,	MI.	48087
CHOMIAK	HARRY J.	<u>61 BRANDT STREET</u>	LITTLE FERRY,	NJ.	07643
DRAHNAK	JOSEPH A.	<u>3137 W. 37TH AVE.</u>	DENVER,	CO.	80211
FRAZIER	ROY G.	<u>P.O. BOX 606</u>	LAWRENCEBURG,	TN.	38464
FREEMAN	EDMUND	<u>2450 BAYWOOD ROAD WEST</u>	DUNEDIN,	FL.	34698
GOETSCH	FOREST L.	<u>1734 WOODSIDE DRIVE</u>	THOUSAND OAKS,	CA.	91362
GOLTERMAN	RICHARD H.	<u>RTE. 3, BOX 789</u>	GATLINGBURG,	TN.	37738
GULLI	FRANK	<u>41 SANTA MONICA WAY</u>	SAN FRANCISCO,	CA.	94127
GUSTAFSON	PAUL M.	<u>1044 QUINBY</u>	WOOSTER,	OH.	44691
HANRIHAN	JAMES	<u>6261 BARBARA LANE</u>	AUBURN,	CA.	95603
HANSEN	TIMOTHY	<u>877 GAIL PLACE</u>	LANCASTER,	PA.	17601-5813
HELLAND	PHIL	<u>RR #1, BOX 264A</u>	PEQUOT LAKES,	MN.	56472
HOBAN	ROBERT	<u>7293 PONTIAC CIRCLE</u>	AHANHASSEN,	MN.	55317
HURLEY	FLOYD	<u>2531 - 57TH AVENUE</u>	SACRAMENTO,	CA.	95822
JAMES	EMET (JIMMY)	<u>86 REDDINGTON RD.</u>	WHITE HOUSE,	NJ.	08889
JENKINS	HARRY J.	<u>7876 CAMINO HUERTA</u>	SAN DIEGO,	CA.	92122
KAUFMAN	WILLIAM	<u>4651 HEATERWIND</u>	FORT WAYNE,	IN.	46815
KLING	JACK	<u>21364 PARKLANE RD.</u>	FARMINGTON HILLS,	MI.	48024
LONERGAN	ED	<u>BOX 31183</u>	ST. LOUIS,	MO.	63131
LYONS	JOHN T.	<u>7704 BALHARBOUR DR.</u>	NEW PORT RICHEY,	FL.	34653
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NESBITT	HARRIS	<u>3 BLEAKER ROAD</u>	ROCHESTER,	NY.	14609
REVETTI	JOSEPH D.	<u>5503 STEEPLECHASE DR. #A</u>	FREDERICKSBURG,	VA.	22401
RUTH	DICK C.	<u>P.O. BOX 559</u>	OKOJOJI,	IA.	51355
SCHNEIDER	CHARLES R.	<u>3400 W. PARK BLVD. #1003</u>	PLANO,	TX.	75075
SPENCER	JAMES L.	<u>3577 HYDE ROAD</u>	CARSONVILLE,	MI.	48419
STRAWDER	EARL C.	<u>826 4TH AVENUE</u>	DELTONA,	FL.	32725-7221
TROUP	JAMES H.	<u>340 ORCHARD LANE #2</u>	SEDONA,	AZ.	86336
WACK	MRS. JOHN	<u>15909 W. CALLA ROAD</u>	BELOIT,	OH.	44609
ZESCH	EDWARD E.	<u>6052 W. OJAI CIRCLE</u>	BANNING,	CA.	92220
ZINZOLA	PAUL L.	<u>874 OHIO ST. UPPER</u>	N. TONAWANDA,	NY.	14120-1973



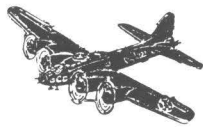
L. to r.: Albert Shields, Jeff Bowen and Verle Grimme of the 18th Sqdn.



October 1944, London, Roland R. Beach and Charles Jones of the 7th squadron, 34th Bomb Group (H) during their first pass. Victoria Monument in background.



Then and Now



Carl & Imogene Freysinger



1945
(Just Married)

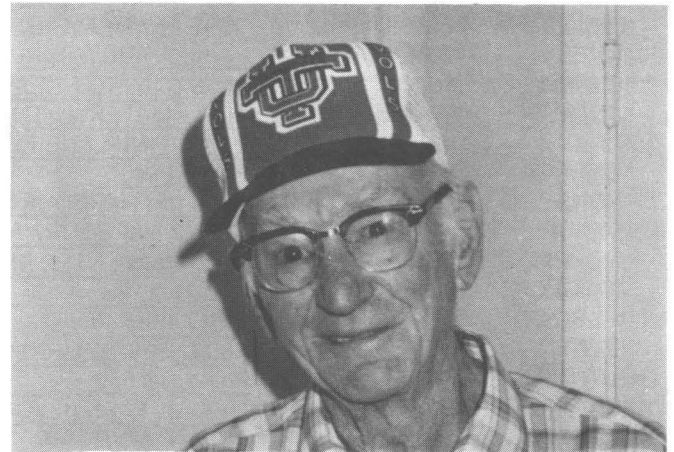


1987

A. T. Connelly



1944



1988

Fred Sampson



1944



1988

THE WAY IT WAS

(Conclusion)

By Vincent J. Doran

The British soldier always manages to look military no matter where he is, or what he is doing. I bet he looks military even when he is sleeping. This is said in admiration, not ridicule. When he climbed out of an airplane, peeled off his coveralls, reached into his flight bag for an item or two of clothing, he was ready to appear in a mess-hall. Wrinkled a bit maybe, but presentable. This reflected a long, proud military history.

The American airmen, by contrast, often looked like we had been outfitted in a surplus, used military clothing warehouse. On the flight line and in the planes, we could wear almost anything. However, most of us wore the military issue because it was given to us, and it was suitable for the purpose. but you could wear your favorite knitted sweater from home, a lucky scarf, mismatched parts of uniforms, or an old beat-up pair of grimy pants that could stand alone in a corner, but which you wouldn't part with until you finished your missions. Not that you had a superstitious bone in your body, you understand, but it was just that, well, you felt more comfortable in familiar things. Shoes? We never carried dress shoes in our flight bag. We wore flight boots over heated felt inserts, and that was enough foot gear because we were not expecting to make any social calls.

Sometimes you could sneak a few extra minutes of sleep in the morning, and get up so late there wasn't time to dress or shave. You would slip your pants and sweater over your pajamas, and run for the bus. This didn't cause any problems unless you ended the day in prison camp, or were diverted to an English base because of bad weather back at Mendlesham.

When all 324 of us piled out of the airplanes and invaded their messes, the British could not believe what they were seeing. We looked so unmilitary, they just didn't think we were taking the war seriously. To them we looked and acted more like caricatures than soldiers. But, on the other hand, they knew from our record that we were effective in the air. They could never reconcile what we could do with the way we looked.

He began slowly to slide toward us, still not firing the flares of the day. That got our serious attention. The flare code was changed every day so the Germans would not know it. The flares were like a roman candle. For example, three fire balls would come out: RED, RED, YELLOW. That would positively identify the plane as friendly. We had been alerted that German crews were flying a few captured B-17s. They would get into formation, attempt to shoot a plane down suddenly, then peel off and get away. So we watched him as he came toward us, and made our own reception plans. We would not shoot first, but would turn all guns toward him that could be brought to bear, and keep them moving so he would know we were alert. By our actions, he had to know what we were getting ready for.

He held his position at least ten minutes, 100 feet off our right wing tip. We kept the guns moving, and never relaxed an instant. Then, very slowly, he slid away without firing. He made a shallow descending turn 180 degrees to the right and continued to descend down into Germany as long as we could see him. It must have been a German crew.

When the group landed after a mission, each pilot tried to space his plane about thirty seconds behind the plane ahead. Usually all 36 planes would get down in 20 to 25 minutes. Every pilot would take turns landing in prescribed order unless there was an emergency that demanded priority: wounded on board; engine trouble; low on gasoline. When you landed, you let the plane roll fast to near the end of the runway, to stay well ahead of the plane right behind. Before you slowed and turned off at the end, another plane had landed. Two planes were always on the runway at the same time when landing. Everybody moved fast and got off the runway fast. it had to be fast because we

were always short on gasoline and it always seemed to be getting dark by the time we got back.

The low stratus clouds, that hung over England much of that winter, caused many landing problems. When you were above it you could see down through, but when you were in it, as when you were landing, you could not see horizontally through it. Sometimes it would be a fairly thick fog almost to the ground. Then someone on the ground would fire bright yellow flares to mark the end of the runway. Sometimes all you could see were the flares until you were right at the touchdown point. We made some awful landings trying to rack the plane around and get it on the ground in such weather. The sturdiest landing gear was needed then; and the B-17 had it.

We landed after a mission, right behind another B-17, just as we were supposed to. He was about half the length of the runway ahead of us and we were both moving fast. Suddenly one of his bomb bay doors popped open, and out fell a 2000 pound bomb. It skidded and rolled down the runway, and gradually slowed. We caught up with it and had to swerve to miss it. I knew it was positively, absolutely, guaranteed not to explode, but I sucked in my breath and didn't exhale until we had rolled a half mile past it.

It didn't explode; a bomb ground crew retrieved it and hauled it back to the bomb dump.

On another occasion we landed in the dark after a long, hard mission. Once the wheels were on the runway we started to breathe easy again. But the damned brakes failed and we couldn't slow down. Ahead of us, still on the runway, was another B-17 finishing his landing roll. We came up on him fast. Their tailgunner flashed his red Aldis lamp faster and faster as we closed on them. He probably felt the same as he would if he thought he was about to be run over by a freight train in the next few seconds. By applying a little power to the right outboard engine, we managed to swing the plane a few degrees to the left, so we would not hit their tail with our nose or right engines. When we collided our nose was behind his left wing tip. It was a violent crash. Their tail was pretty well demolished, but the tail gunner was only battered about a bit. Their left wing was chewed up by our engines. Our right wing and engines were beyond economical repair. Our nose was smashed. An instant before impact the togglier threw himself back and landed on top of the navigator. The moment we came to a stop we cut off everything electrical. Explosion and fire were the big dangers. The engineer went aft to get everybody out quickly and away from the plane. They were still in the plane as I had left them; the togglier still on top of the navigator. They were unhurt, but in shock. I shook them and talked to them, then pulled them until I got them out. The two planes were hauled to the boneyard, never to fly again. We had a big boneyard with lots of planes in it.

In March of 1945, a bombing mission was scrubbed because of weather after we got as far as France. Back in England, thick fog came right down to the ground over East Anglia. We couldn't get down at Mendlesham, but had to fly all the way to a British base at Land's End on the southwest tip of England to find clear weather. We made our normal group landing there; each of the 36 planes landed about 30 to 40 seconds behind the one ahead. Since we followed a practiced routine, there was no need for radio. They sent two "FOLLOW ME" jeeps to lead the B-17s around the taxiways to the parking areas. I guess they expected us to wait in the air until they had parked the previous planes. We landed so quickly and moved so fast that the jeeps were overwhelmed, and the drivers fled for their lives. We had to find our own places to park even though we had never been there before.

The first plane taxied out on the grass because there didn't seem to be any paved hardstands. His wheels didn't sink, so everybody followed suit. In a half hour we were all down and

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THE WAY IT WAS

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parked, looking for a ride to chow. Later we found out there was soft ground there all right. The British had laid steel landing mat everywhere between the runways and taxiways, covered the mat with soil and seeded it. Lucky for us or we would all have been mired down.

I talked to two British officers who had been up in their control tower when we came in. They figured we had put on a special show just to impress them, and they were impressed. They particularly couldn't understand how we could get down so quickly and in designed sequence without radio. I explained this was our normal routine and radio instructions were not needed. They didn't believe me.

The tensions of a long day of flying (actual flying time averaged 8 hours and 20 minutes each mission) would cause my stomach to shrink to the size of a golf ball. That, plus being still keyed-up after landing, made it impossible to eat or sleep for a couple of hours. However, the Medical Corps, bless their hearts, developed a medication that was very effective for alleviating this condition. They named it Rye Whiskey.

After parking the B-17 on our hardstand, we would be driven to the reporting building. All reporting was done in a single, large room; the Air Corps reporting tables and personnel in one area; the Medical Corps "bartenders" pouring generous slugs of rye in a corner; the Red Cross ladies dispensing friendly smiles and hot chocolate from another table. The whiskey was too strong for me but, after seriously studying the problem, I came up with a workable solution; fill a mug with 2/3 chocolate and 1/3 rye. By sipping it slowly, I could get it to stay down. My stomach would start to relax and I could eat supper. Then blessed sleep. The best sleep was always after a mission, especially if you didn't have to fly the next day.

The navigator and I dated two charming, young, uniformed ladies from one of the British military services. Because we didn't get a pass to London very often, such dates were so rare we didn't have the opportunity to identify female military units. I think these ladies were in the Army. Our plans for the evening were to dine early, then attend the theater for a popular musical variety stage show. We went to a nice restaurant within walking distance of the theater. The menu was very limited as you would expect everywhere in the UK at that time. The three entrees were spaghetti, sausage, and tripe. We knew that the sausage would be mostly suet and grain meal, and that the

tripe was the lining from a cow's stomach which takes some determination to eat. All four of us took a chance on the spaghetti. The portions were quite small, the strands of spaghetti rather rubbery, topped off with three tablespoons of a thick sauce about the color and body of ketchup. My fellow airman and I weren't that hungry, so we decided to skip the whole meal after it came. We could go later to our own generous American mess in the City. There is no question that Americans ate better in England than the English did.

We urged our portions on the ladies, which they graciously accepted. In fact, the two meals would just about fill up one average sized woman. The meal was most pleasant and stimulating, full of the wonder of young people getting acquainted in one of the world's great cities during wartime. But our foursome and the planned evening came to an abrupt end as soon as we had finished dining. The ladies politely and firmly told us they had been offended by our disdain of the only food the British had to offer. We had not only demeaned them, but also the Crown, as well as the general populace of the UK. We were speechless with dismay. The last thing in the world we wanted was to be thought of as "UGLY AMERICANS." We did so admire the quiet courage and bulldog determination of the British in the face of their ordeal and privations. Explanations of our innocent intentions were not accepted. The evening was beyond reclaim. They left us flat. What a painful way for a young man to mature!

We went to a London stage show. It was a musical variety called STRIKE IT AGAIN, starring Sid Fields. It was a great show; lots of music, girls, dancing, comedy, etc. Half the audience headed for the bar during the intermission. It was filled with convivial spirits so noisy you had to shout to be heard. Suddenly the city sirens began sounding. This meant a German buzz bomb, their unmanned jet airplane loaded with explosives, was coming in our direction. The British were good at tracking them with radar and would alert only that part of the city directly in the path of it, rather than terrorize the entire city. Where it would hit was unpredictable because it depended on when the jet engine ran out of fuel. Then it would glide down, hit the ground or a building, and explode.

When the sirens went off, the room became so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Everyone was waiting to hear the sound of the engine. When we heard it approaching: PUTT, PUTT, PUTT, PUTT, everyone stopped breathing, stopped moving; we froze in position. Some stopped in mid-step, some in raising a glass to drink, a bartender in pouring a shot, etc. Each of us had our computer brain working furiously:

If the engine stopped now, would the bomb glide past us?

If now, would it go by or hit us?

If it was going to hit nearby, what could we get under?

It went over us; we started breathing and drinking again. It exploded a couple of blocks away. The theater was jolted, dust flew, but we were called back to our seats. It was a wonderful show. Sid Fields was uproariously funny.

One evening in early 1945, I was having a quiet drink in a crowded London hotel bar minding my own business. Standing next to me, in another party, was an American Red Cross man in uniform, about forty years of age. Suddenly he noticed me, whirled around and started verbally attacking me. He was wild; I thought he was going to slug me. It took a minute to get him simmered down enough to find out what was upsetting him. It was my 8th AF shoulder patch that had set him off. He hated everybody in the 8th. He told me his story:

He landed in Normandy, shortly after the invasion in June, and went up near the battle line to service the troops. German opposition had stiffened and the Allied drive had stalled. Opposing troops were within a few hundred yards of each other. The 8th was assigned the tactical mission of bombing the enemy immediately in front of the Allied line. Smoke generators were set up to mark the Allied positions. However, by the time



L. to r.: Clarkson, Rutkowski, Nelson & Kramschuster of "Duke Spook".

Memories

The Mendlesham Stone

By "Pete" Gray

Many members of the 34th B.G. will recall the large stone which was located right in the middle of the main street of Mendlesham. It was situated in a sort of island and all traffic was diverted around it. However, during our stay in the village in 1944 and 1945, this piece of rock didn't make too much of an impression on me. I was much more interested in the activities taking place at the two pubs located at either end of the street.

Then, in 1983, on our return to Mendlesham, I re-discovered the stone which was in the same spot where I had last seen it in 1945. So I asked my English friend, Millicent Scruby, a native of Mendlesham, if she could find out something about the stone for me. She had a job with the American Red Cross Club on the old base during the war years, when she was about 18 years old, and her response was quick in coming: —

"With regard to "THE STONE," as it is called locally, it has been a notable feature of the parish for generations. Although

THE WAY IT WAS

Continued from page 30

the bombers lined up for their run, the smoke had drifted back over the Allies. The bombing hit our troops, and right on top of my Red Cross friend. A near miss picked him up off the ground and hurled him through the air forty feet. Most of his clothes were blown off, he was cut and abraded all over his body, all his teeth were loosened, he lost his hearing (most of it came back within a week), his skull rang like a bell (didn't stop for a day or two), his equilibrium tilted (he said he was punchy for about a week, but I say he was still punchy when he talked to me six months later), and he developed a strong dislike for the 8th AF, all its personnel, and their heirs down through seven generations.

He didn't let go of me until I bought him a drink and inspected his still-loosened teeth. Then he went off looking for another 8th AF patch.

After we had finished our bombing missions and had returned to the States, we were turned loose to go home for a short visit before getting a new assignment. On the way the train stopped in Seattle for a few hours. Because there was nothing else to do, some of us walked aimlessly around the city near the depot, sightseeing. A nicely dressed lady, probably about my mother's age, came up to our small group. She knew enough about the military to recognize Army airmen. She was looking for 8th AF shoulder patches. When she saw ours she told us her son's name and asked if we knew him, as he was in the 8th also. Of course we didn't. He had been reported missing in action, but she was sure he was still alive. She had been walking the streets of Seattle every day for weeks hoping to find someone who had seen him get shot down over Germany. She said she had to start somewhere, and she couldn't think of anything else to do but ask every 8th AF man she saw. She wasn't getting any help from the War Department, but she wasn't blaming them for inaction. The war was still on and they had a lot of other things going on. She wanted to hear there was a good chance her only son was still alive. That's what we told her because there was a chance.

Editor's note: Vince Doran sent me a lot of small vignettes of life during the war in Europe. I thought they were interesting enough to include as a feature story and tried to put them together in chronological order to retain the flavor of his efforts. The stories are all his; the editing all mine. If you find fault, please address it to me.



Walt McAllister and "THE MENDLESHAM STONE" 1985.

it has for years rested in Old Market Street (or Back Street as it was probably known in those years) it was originally located a little further west along the street between the United Reform Chapel and the dwelling house opposite it, a pub called the "Brewers Arms." When this pub was opened for business, it is said that the stone was used as a mounting stone to enable customers to mount their horses or to get up into horse drawn carriages.

To mark the Silver Jubilee of our Queen Elizabeth II, a planning committee decided to create the small Jubilee Garden in Old Market Street and the "stone" was moved a few yards to take up a more dignified place on the garden's lawn, resting on a concrete base.

On making inquiries as to the history of the "stone," each and every answer has been that it was deposited in the parish as a result of glacial movement during the Ice Age. Since the last Ice Age disappeared over 10,000 years ago, the "stone" must have been with us a very long time. It is difficult to guess the weight of the stone. We can, perhaps, compare its bulk with 4 or 5 bags of domestic fuel — perhaps 500 pounds — but this may be wholly inaccurate.

Holocaust Over Suffolk

by Stewart Evans

(From British magazine "Fly Past")

Pilots of the B-24 Liberator bomber formation strained their eyes as they peered into the gathering dusk and their ears reverberated to the constant drone of powerful Pratt and Whitney aero engines. The twin vertical tail fins of the closely flying bombers carried the distinctive "S" in square markings of the 34th Bombardment Group (Heavy), stationed at Mendlesham, Suffolk, the oldest USAAF bomb group to serve with the 8th Air Force. It was past 11 P.M. on Wednesday, June 7, 1944 and the bombers sped homewards after a tactical mission to France in support of the ground invasion forces. The crews now had time to reflect on what had been a none too successful sortie to Tours and Nantes.

Takeoff from their base deep in the Suffolk countryside had been around 3 P.M. that afternoon. The weather had been the main factor in their lack of success, with eight-tenths scattered cumulus at the targets making visual bombing very difficult. The 34th managed to achieve only poor results at the secondary target and the lead squadron did not even bomb due to

Continued on page 32

From the collection of:
Al Israelsen
Pilot, First Crew No. 1, 4th Sq. Feb - Nov 1944

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Holocaust

Continued from page 31

flak and cloud cover at both targets. One aircraft dropped one 500 lb. GP bomb on the primary target. The raid was carried out at 8:40 P.M. from a height of 20,000 feet and crews observed three or four fires, one believed to be an oil tank at Nantes. Hits were also observed in the built-up area along the river. No enemy aircraft opposition was encountered over the targets although heavy, accurate, tracking flak was experienced at Tours, west of Nantes and over Guernsey Island.

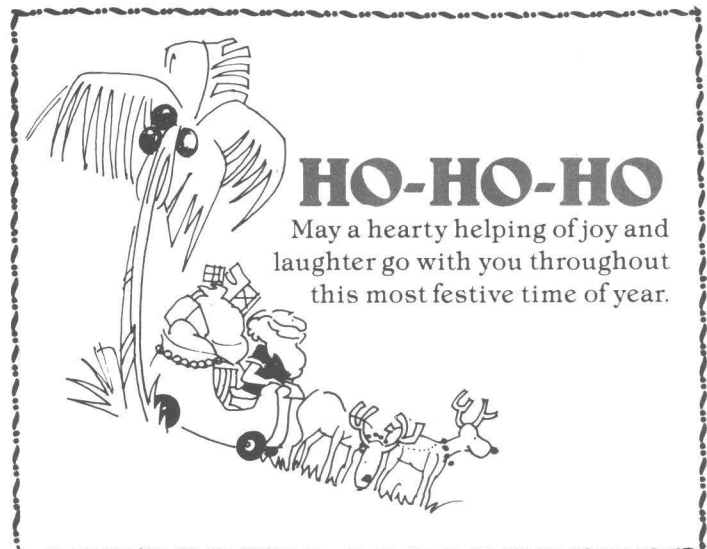
The return trip over the channel was completed as the mantle of darkness began to fall and the English coast was regained at around 11 P.M. The bombers descended to 6,000 feet and relieved crews removed their irkness oxygen masks which were no longer necessary at the lower attitude. On the ground airfield lights were extinguished as the formation approached and the navigation lights on the aircraft began to twinkle. The Americans were still mindful of the successful German night fighter intrusion of April 22, 1944, when ME-410 twin-motor "Hornisse" fighters of Kampfgeschwader 51 had infiltrated the returning Liberator formations of the 2nd Air Division over Eastern England after darkness had fallen. On that occasion the subsequent action had accounted for the loss of fourteen B-24s. Therefore, despite having reached the final part of their return trip, the 34th Bomb Group gunners remained in their turrets at action stations.

Sitting in the top turret of B-24H 294911, Technical Sergeant Jack Blackham of the 4th Bomb Squadron could see the lights of the other aircraft in the formation. It was by now so dark that he could just discern the dark silhouette of the Liberator flying to the right of his own aircraft. This was Jack's sixth mission and the thirteenth for the group. As yet Jack had not encountered the Luftwaffe, but he remained alert in the familiar turret of the B-24 he and his crew had flown to England from the United States just two months previously. 294911 was flying with the low squadron, with the lead squadron flying above and to the right and the high squadron to the right and above the lead. All lights on the ground were out as the bombers neared their base when Jack was suddenly aware of much noise. He rotated his gun turret in a vain attempt to see what was happening. He could see almost to the right wingtip of his aircraft and, to his amazement, saw pieces of the wing flying off and spots about the size of dinner plates appearing.

Over the intercom Jack heard the voice of the right waist

gunner, William Reschke, asking what was happening. Jack said he did not know but that he thought British flak was firing at them. Reschke replied saying that he had been hit by something. Jack asked him how badly he had been hit and Reschke said that he did not know but "it hurt like hell." Jack told him to bail out and he did so. Again Jack revolved his turret but in the all pervading darkness he could see nothing. He reached under his seat and grabbed the cable releasing the stops, then dropped from his turret to the flight deck. He stood between the pilot and co-pilot and shouted at them, asking what was going on and who was shooting at them. There was no reply and he then felt a tap on his arm. It was the radio operator, Carroll Forister, who handed Jack a note and pointed to the pilot. At that instant a hail of bullets tore through the aircraft again. Jack moved to the rear of the flight deck and opened the door leading to the bomb bay. He dropped to the bomb bay catwalk, reached under the deck and pushed the lever that actuated the bomb bay doors. The doors opened and thus provided an easy means of exit from the stricken bomber. The bomb bay was a mess and was saturated with fluid from hydraulic lines ruptured by bullets. A crew member pushed past Jack and jumped from the gaping bomb bay.

To Be Continued



HO-HO-HO
 May a hearty helping of joy and
 laughter go with you throughout
 this most festive time of year.