



*The 461st*

# Liberaider



Vol. 34, No. 1

JUNE 2017

SOMEWHERE IN THE USA

## Reunion Information

In 2017 the reunion will include the 376<sup>th</sup>, 451<sup>st</sup>, 455<sup>th</sup>, 464<sup>th</sup>, 465<sup>th</sup>, 484<sup>th</sup> and 485<sup>th</sup> bomb groups in addition to the 461<sup>st</sup>. It will be held in New Orleans, LA. This will be our first visit to this city and promises to be one of the best re-unions we've ever had. Check out the details on page 17 and sign-up information on page 19.

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## February-March 1945

by  
Robert Kelliher  
765<sup>th</sup> Squadron  
461<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group  
Torretta Field, Italy  
AWOL on the 'Grand Tour' Scale  
from the isle of Capri rest camp,  
during WWII

AWOL – Absent WithOut Leave.

It was an impromptu adventure caper so huge – in hindsight – that I didn't even 'see it' when I

wrote the "Playtime in Wartime" story a year or two ago. During WWII, after the U.S.A. and Allies had pushed the Axis forces far enough north in Italy, the Fifteenth Air Force was based in its lower part. Then the Isle of Capri was "requisitioned", at least in part, to become a rest and recuperate facility for war-weary air crew members, and perhaps other military personnel. Myself

*(Continued on page 4)*

## Prisoner of War Diary

by  
Hjarmar Johansson  
767<sup>th</sup> Squadron  
461<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group

Shot down on  
December 17, 1944  
over Silesia/Czechoslovakia.

Tuesday, March 13, 1945—  
Stalag IIIA Lukenwalde

Dear Diary,

Starting a bit late in the game but I guess it's better than

nothing at all. Hope something exciting happens in the near future. (End of preface)

Took some Pvt's (Privates) on Commando (Work Detail) today. Glad I'm a non-com (Noncommissioned Officer). Boys (fellow inmates) are playing poker for "Butts" (cigarettes). Things are looking up. Am debating on using oleo (oleomargarine) for cooking.

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# Taps

May they rest in peace forever

Please forward all death notices to:

Hughes Glantzberg  
P.O. Box 926  
Gunnison, CO 81230  
editor@461st.org

## 764<sup>th</sup> Squadron

<u>Name</u>	<u>Hometown</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>Date of Death</u>
Petty, Warren E	Arvada, CO	1092	04/24/14
Sharp, Bernard C.	White Plains, NY	747	02/23/17

## 765<sup>th</sup> Squadron

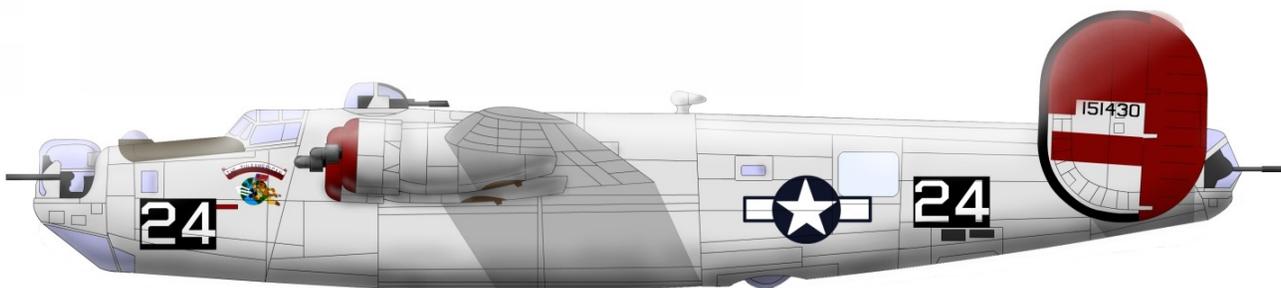
<u>Name</u>	<u>Hometown</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>Date of Death</u>
Gradenstein, Bernard L/	Salt Lake City, UT	1035	06/21/16
Miller, Val R.	Oklahoma City, OK	1035	01/16/17
Noesges, Thomas M.	Palatine, IL	1035	06/06/98

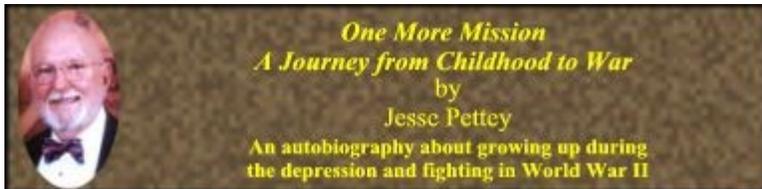
## 766<sup>th</sup> Squadron

<u>Name</u>	<u>Hometown</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>Date of Death</u>
Belmont, Emanuel F.	White Plains, NY	748	04/18/17
Titus, Linda Garner	Carson City, NV		04/20/17

## 767<sup>th</sup> Squadron

<u>Name</u>	<u>Hometown</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>Date of Death</u>
Schwenden, Stanley A.	Oceanside, CA	612	01/10/17

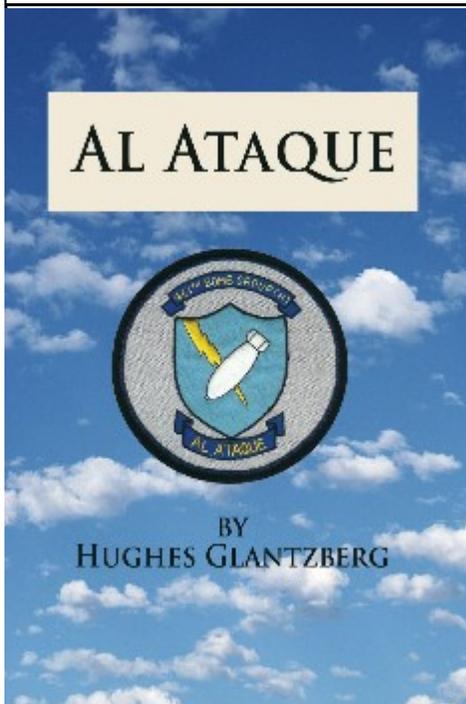




*One More Mission*  
*A Journey from Childhood to War*  
 by  
 Jesse Pettey  
 An autobiography about growing up during  
 the depression and fighting in World War II

With a special interest in World War II and the 461st Bombardment Group in particular, I found this book excellent. Most of the men who fought during WWII were in their late teens and early 20s. It's amazing to be able to read about their activities. Liberaider Editor

Available from Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble and Xlibris (at a 15% discount) (<http://www2.xlibris.com/bookstore/bookdisplay.asp?bookid=11013>).



## Al Ataque

History / General

Trade **Paperback**

Publication Date: Nov-2006

Price: \$26.95

Size: 6 x 9

Author: Hughes Glantzberg

ISBN: **0-595-41572-5**

413 Pages

On Demand Printing

Available from Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble, Ingram Book Group, Baker & Taylor, and from iUniverse, Inc

Trade **Hardcopy**

Publication Date: Nov-2006

Price: \$36.95

Size: 6 x 9

Author: Hughes Glantzberg

ISBN: **0-595-86486-4**

describes the preparation a bomb group goes through before being deployed overseas as well as the problems of shipping over five thousand men and supplies along with some eighty B-24 aircraft from a stateside base to a foreign country. The book details the establishment of Torretta Field which was used by the 461st for the duration of the war in Europe. The 461st Bomb Group flew two hundred and twenty-three combat missions between April 1944 and April 1945. Each of these is described in the book. Personal experiences of veterans who were actually part of the 461st are also included.



## Music Bravely Ringing

by

Martin A. Rush

767th Squadron

This is the story of a small town boy who, during WWII, wandered onto the conveyor belt that turned civilians into bomber pilots. Initially awed and intimidated at the world outside his home town, he began to realize that this was an opportunity to have a hand in stimulating and challenging dealings larger than he had expected. He had a few near-misses, but gradually began to get the hang of it. His story is that like the thousands of young men who were tossed into the maelstrom of war in the skies. He was one of the ones who was lucky enough to live through it. Available from Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble, Ingram Book Group, Baker & Taylor, and from iUniverse, Inc.

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and my co-pilot, Jack Dunlap, and others of our crew (?) were granted 'rest and recuperate' leaves there, as a result of the crash and burn grand finale of our February 13, 1945 mission to bomb the RR yard at Maribor, Yugoslavia. It was to be only for a week, from Monday, February 26 to Monday, March 5. But after only a day or so, we decided it was a rare 'chance of a lifetime' for a more extensive sightseeing and visiting tour. We thought we were "on our own time", and could do what we darn well pleased. From my WWII diary, now sadly deteriorating, the following is a more or less verbatim account of that hyper active week of "rest and recuperation".

Day 1, Monday, February 26. In B-24, pilot Chalmers, flown to Naples.

Rest Camp Hotel lunch. Trucks to the docks. Plenty of evidence of war. Capsized ships now serve as piers. Major diving operation around a capsized light cruiser. 1½ hour boat trip on beautiful blue Naples Bay, Mt. Vesuvius looming big to the south. 1600 - Docked at Capri. Gypsy band playing "Lili Marlene" and "Roll Out the Barrel". Funiculari up slope. Quinsisana Hotel. Hot water shower! Major dinner production! Nightly dance at hotel. Girls from mainland, under very close supervision. Moonlight walk down to beach. Sleep on real beds! With real sheets!

Day 2, Tuesday, February 27. Capri not as "restful" as intended. "Rat race" instead.

1000 - Small boat from Marina Grande, cruise around isle's shore. Beautiful day and sea. Roman ruins, sheer cliffs, rusted auto on rocks - two Italian soldiers' victims in 1944. BLUE GROTTA, entered, via small dories, crouched, heads down, between waves. Most beautiful cave in world. Luminous blue water. Oar splashes incandescent. Sacrilege!

Boatman peed into the water! Jack gave him a fierce reaming! Tour resumed. Cliffs, ancient fortifications, old radar mount, other grottos, pirate bastion, villas of Gracie Fields and Count Ciano, old monastery, Rocks of the Blue Lizard, Roman harbor, Tiberius point, where despot had victims thrown. Noon - back at Marina Grande. P.M. Taxi thrill ride, hairpin curves up cliff to Villa of San Michelle, home of Swedish doctor, Ana Capri, Grand Chapel of San Michelle, old English fort, a Hitler vacation spot, etc.

Day 3, Wednesday, February 28. Leave Capri. Visit Naples, Pompeii.

0900 - Depart Marina Grande in small ferry boat. Naples harbor teeming. Big convoy moored. War craft lading at sunk ship piers. R.R. Stazione. Engaged tour guide. Elderly, ex-Cooks "Everything for five bucks". Very good. Electric trains. First two overloaded, even on exteriors. Third had room for us. Mt. Vesuvius was putting up a faint column of smoke in the background. 1530 - Pompeii. Ancient city, dug out from eruption of ancient times. 30,000 killed. Some evidence that Pompeii had a well-deserved fate. Degenerate? Sexually explicit sculptures, paintings on walls, in almost all cases. "Wrath of God"? New Pompeii. Church of San Antonio. Luminous blue dome interior. 1800 - train back to Naples. Hour ride, much lore from our savvy guide. Naples by night. Blacked out, dim, exciting. Horse carriages, uniforms of all kinds, military vehicle juggernauts, diverse lingos, feeling of being part of something big. We took a horse carriage ride. Arizona Club for latest G.I. rumors. Had a pasquale guide us to an eggs and chips joint. Real eggs and spuds! Not de-hydrated! A Nazi "photo Joe" flew over and dropped flares at the waterfront in late evening. In the whispering city it caused a tremendous AA barrage. Brief, but big commotion. People,

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especially children, shouting wildly, running around, but soon subsiding. Rest camp hotel was full, were directed to nearby overflow apartments.

Day 4, Thursday, March 1. Naples to Casserta, San Marie a Vico, Formia.

Our landlady wheedler for candy ... "for mother's birthday". Landlady looks to be 70. Capadocino airfield, via ATC truck, hoping for C-47 lift to Rome. Nix. "Against regs." Scoped out line of parked P-38s, P-47s and A-26 night fighters. Beauties. Noticed "Casserta bus" at ATC terminal, got good 1½ hour ride on arrow straight super highway. 1500 – Casserta. Mediterranean A.A.F. Headquarters in the Pallazzio, large formal gardens, pools. (Years later I learned that my future wife was a WAC tele-typist there at the time.) To visit Jack's friend's can, we hitchhiked in Smau, village in Appenine's foothills. Nice visit with Paola, a private in customs in Casserta, lovely wife and 5-year old Ana Marie. Lunch of eggs and chips, vino and cognac, on casa's flat roof. Rabbit hutches – meat source! Hosts have low opinion of U.S.A. bombing ... "scatter bombs any old place." Allege British would circle and circle to assure target hit. (Question: No AA batteries?) 1730 – Jeep lift back to Casserta with two Limeys. One got out, told other, "take them to crossroads." "That was Colonel Ashby," driver said. At Patua fork, got lift with a Polish private to the Formia-Cassino fork. Long pleasant wait, in starry night, until pick-up by two Canadian army personnel carriers. Drivers Nick and Speedy – devil may care privates. 2100 – Near Formia, stopped at half-bombed cottage for eggs and chips meal. Pulled off on side road to park and sack for the night.

Day 5, Friday, March 2. Formia to Rome.

Resumed trip, with Canuck drivers Nick and

Speedy. Cisterna breakfast stop. Cisterna seems to be mostly a big pile of rubble. Just enough of a road cleared for a vehicle to get through. Apparently the Tedeschi put up a very stiff resistance here. We stopped at a café consisting of a couple of crazily leaning partial walls, held up only by piles of rubble at their bases, and of one item of equipment – a brightly shining continental coffee boiler. The proprietor proudly served us the tar-like coffee, en demitasse, and Dunlap sipped and turned green. The rest of us took it hard too, so we went across the "boulevard" to another "sidewalk café" for breakfast. An old signora, with a hand shattered by the bombing, served us eggs, at four bits per each. She also berated us with a stream of vituperation, because the Americans wrecked the town - unnecessary, with "only 20 Germans there defending it".

Cisterna is about 20 miles from Rome. We drove northerly to a little coast town that had been shelled by battleships as a feint for the Anzio landing. Turned inland, got to a wide canal, and went northerly on a road along it. Tree-lined, beautiful. "Appian Way", said Canucks. Buildings along the way bore high water marks from last year's flooding of the Pomtine Marshes by the retreating Germans.

Littoria and Ciampino airdromes. Skeletons of burned-out planes still littering the revetments, and ruined hangars – smashed, twisted steel. A nearby suburban RR marshaling yard plastered flat. A little boy, Mario, with our drivers, is an orphan, from Yugoslavia, and from what he is seeing around here, is now worried about us bombing his land.

0930 - Arrived in Rome. Drivers Nick and Speedy insist we have a toast to our undying friendship, etc., etc., before we part, and then drop us off at the Hotel Atlantic, with straight

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faces. Jack and I walked into an arctic waste of icy stares and glares... It's a nurses' barracks! Damn Canucks!

After being misdirected all over, from the St. Giorzo, near the excellently and cleanly bombed main RR station, to the RAAC BOQ near the monstrous Vittorio Emanuel monument, we got to the USAF BOQ at the Regina Carlton hotel. Horse cab travel on that odyssey much pleasanter than in the big iron birds! Hotel dinner is an "occasion". Pizza, tea, etc., and a combo serenading with, "Come Back to Sorrento", "You Are My Sunshine", and other sentimentals.

#### Day 5, Friday, March 2, continued.

Afternoon American Red Cross tour. Castle D'Angelo, ugly citadel at the Tiber river. Royal Palace. Outwardly a dirty stucco tenement, inwardly a gross baroque mélange of elaborate decoration and embellishment, cluttered with a collection of lush and extravagant art objects. Church of Saint Peter in Chains, in Vicino the Coliseum. Greek Doric columns 3500 years old. Name derives from a story about a meticulously re-linked chain. It shelters Michelangelo's magnificent statue of Moses. Superb! Not something to just get a brief glimpse of on a hasty tour.

Nightlife for officer personnel on rest leave seems to center on a joint named Broadway Bill's, across from our hotel. It is not a quiet restful lounge. It is a madhouse of hot boogie woogie music, clinking glasses, raucous voices, and bad little girls. These latter are present in large numbers. Many are beautiful, all clean cut, and seemingly educated and refined. Several nationalities. Maybe university students stranded here by the war. Anyway, in this snafued atmosphere of war and "what the hell", it takes a while before it sinks in how weird it is for these kids to be

drifting around in this joint and selling themselves in such an ashamed and simple way. "Perche?" "Perche siete molto sympatico..." reasonable and off answer... Hungry, but too proud to take charity without a consideration. After a while in there you cock an ear to listen to the Vesuvius rumbling.

765<sup>th</sup> squadron pilots Barnes, Fratone, Jarnagin and Decker in also. Maybe on weekend passes, rather than via Capri. Also in was an infantry captain, Mc Kenzie, from the Morgan Park area of Chicago, my home city. It was a sort of a business call. He was paddling Lugar pistols he'd gotten the hard way.

#### Day 6, Saturday, March 3. Rome, American Red Cross Tours

0900 – Tour. Our guide was a Roman interior decorator. First stop – the old house where poets Keats and Shelley lived. The People's Garden - busts of famous Romans, and the huge bronze equestrians of Garibaldi and his wife. (No busts of any of 'the people'.) Capitolene Hill. Equestrian of Marcus Aurelius in the square, bounded by Capitolene Museum and pallazzis of the Senate and Conservatori. Palatino Hill and the Forum. The old calaboose where St. Paul was interned. St. Paul. His works are still profound. Had that "time feeling" again, with the long shadows from the still low sun. Coliseum and Arch of Constantine, a short walk down the hill. Up onto one of the higher hills for a panoramic view of the city. Somewhere up there we stop to do some keyhole peeping. This particular keyhole, in a huge courtyard door, gives a beautiful miniature view of St. Peter's.

1100. At St. Peter's. Hour and a half to see a major center of Christianity. The dizzy-dome, Bernini's altar, the kiss-worn foot of

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St. Peter, heroics sculptures, intricate mosaics, rich frescoes, plaza with the immense colonnades, obelisk, fountain.... But the Pope is ill, and there isn't much chance of an audience.

1400. ARC Tour No. 2 Pantheon. Gloomy, dungeon-like. Berninis four rivers sculpture – to spite the “leaning church”. (Meaning?) Porto S. Paola in the old Roman wall, with the newly pyramid. Basilica of St. Paul, “forest of gigantic polished granite pillars”, and mosaics, and mosaic columns in the patio. Catacombs Domitillae. Labyrinth of cold, clammy sarcophagi passages and then the basilica, in welcome sunshine. St. John Lateran and S. Marie Maggiore, the other two of Rome's four great basilicas.

Hotels Savoia and Regina, and Broadway Bill's in the evening. Judging by the relative attendance, these historic spots have much greater fame than those dry old basilicas.

#### Day 7. Sunday, March 4. St. Peter's.

Went on the morning tour with Jack, to take photos, and we wound up at St. Peter's in time for the 1100 mass. High mass was at the main altar, and the area around it was a madhouse. Other masses and baptisms going at side altars, with groups of tourists and GIs milling around. Quite a thrill to kneel in worship in this great temporal heart of the Christian faith. Navy bean rosaries on sale in the plaza. Had mine double barrel blessed - by a visiting Jesuit priest and an elderly resi-

dent Monsignor.

We walked back to the hotel via Castle S. Angelo to see the town. The twisted maze of streets and alleys in some parts takes one back to earlier centuries, until one walks by a bright shiny modern urinal - standing up against the patina of ancient stonework. Narrow passageria let down to People's Park. Much like Chicago's Lincoln Park, with its citizens and visitors enjoying a sunny afternoon.

1730. I attended “Rigoletto” at Teatro Del Opera. The singing sounded good to us amateurs, but our opera glasses didn't get a workout. The heroine whom everybody in the cast were raising such a fuss about was a vote hook-nosed, barrel-bosomed dowager of a type in the “Maggie and Jiggs” comic strip. In the evening, back at the hotel, “Winged Victory” was shown. What a movie! It typed every “character” we knew back in our cadet days!

#### Day 8. Monday, March 5. Rome to Torrtta Field.

Went out to Ciampino airfield around noon, and walk down to the little suburban railroad station to look for Ted Kunst. He was a fellow 1938 graduate of Pullman Tech high school in Chicago I had heard from as being in the 715<sup>th</sup> R.R. Bn. His plush-line RR car was there, but he wasn't. M. D. Gillespie, the GI in the dispatchers' tower said that Ted

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The 461st Liberaider  
461<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (H)  
Activated: 1 July 1943  
Inactivated: 27 August 1945  
Incorporated: 15 November 1985

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#### The 461<sup>st</sup> Liberaider

Hughes Glantzberg, Editor, P.O. Box 926, Gunnison, CO 81230  
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was transferred down to Rocco Secco - half-way between Rome and Naples - several months ago.

Back at Campino, Captain Ahlberg gave us a hard time about our orders being from Capri, not Rome and "there weren't enough parachutes for all", etc., etc. But we slipped on board anyway, after the props started turning over. (Much safer flying without a chute than being AWOL in wartime!)

1600. T-O in No 44 of 766<sup>th</sup> Squadron, pilot Ahlberg. Barnes, a 765<sup>th</sup> pilot 'missed the boat'. Our flight path detoured over for a look at Cassino landing site. Hell of a mess.

1700. Torretta Field. 1 hour X time. LeRoy Nuys, bombardier escapee from Yugoslavia, is back from rehab! Red carpet treatment!

My return to active duty status was short lived.

Wednesday, March 7. Pneumonia at Cerignola Hospital, saved via sulfa and penicillin.

Wednesday, March 21. Back to duty status.

Saturday, March 24, AM: Pilot for gunners to practice at air-to-ground range.

Saturday, March 24, PM: check pilot, in co-pilot seat, pass 'Cholly' Wilbanks as pilot.

Sunday, March 25. ("Palm"!)" "Back to work", 0800 - 1700. My mission No 9. Prague was shrouded in smoke screen, but target airdrome near it was visible and had 200 parked planes, to be frag bombed, with 4 200# of bombs per B-24. But no drop! League bombardier's sight malfunction! Alternate Wels airdrome instead. Beautiful coverage - but no planes on field!

The March 4, 1945, return of LeRoy Naves to the 765<sup>th</sup> squadron was his second. He had gone missing on December 15, 1944, mission to Linz, Austria on another crew. On January 20, 1945, he had been returned to squadron via rescue operations, and a sketchy appraisal of his condition. He remained overnight in our tent casa, and told us the harrowing tale of his evasion and escape. I was able to scrawl a record of it, due to our one bulb electric light. He still looked th very gaunt, and the next day flight surgeon Nathan ordered him off to the hospital. For "influenza". "Battle fatigue" wouldn't qualify!

My WWII diary erroneously records that LeRoy had to stay on active duty because of a shortage of bombardier's at the time. Years later, in the 1990s, I learned from him that he had been offered transfer to the USA, but had opted to stay in action in the 765<sup>th</sup> squadron. He and I remained good friends for a lifetime, partly because of shared wartime experiences, but also for personal liking and shared life interests. One of them was horticulture. He was not only a farmer, but a backyard gardener and winemaker. I was also a gardener, a fruit grower, a winemaker, and forager of local preserves for berries, nuts and mushrooms. We also had shared interests in the social field, it being in folk dancing. He and his spouse were active in Scandinavian folk dancing, and my wife and I were active in American Square dancing and Irish Ceili dancing.

With LeRoy's career as a farmer being highly productive of food for the masses, and mine, as an architect, aiding in the production of a larger array of buildings for human use, our lives after the war period of bombing destruction and devastation, were far more gratifyingly productive and constructive. And, more importantly, far more sociable!

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Novel meal today was barley soup made into cereal by adding milk and sugar. Not bad!

Wednesday March 14

Completed oleo burner. Works pretty good! Had grass soup (Weeds and water) and we threw it all away. First time I threw food away in Jerryland (Germany). Beautiful afternoon...played catch (baseball) for some time and walked about a good deal. Hope I get hungry so I can do some heavy eating. Fairy Tales (Clandestine radio news reports) sounded pretty poor. Patton (General Patton) is "goldbricking" (loafing) again.

Thursday March 15

Income Tax today, but am I worried? No spuds (potatoes) today. Food shortage must be rough. Hope there is something to this "Ides of March". Had a run-in with our group leader...came rather close to fisticuffs in maintaining my honor. Big air raid on the Russ (Russian) lines. Chaff (Aluminum foil to confuse ground radar) lying all over the ground.

Friday March 16

Cut in bread. No butter or sugar. Swell day again. Feel homesick tonight. The parcel (Red Cross Food Parcel) is dwindling fast. Hope it lasts 'til Monday. Peace rumors are supposed to be sweeping Germany. Sure hope so.

Saturday March 17

St. Patrick's Day. Wish I could see the big parade. Big rumor about moving out soon! No spuds (potatoes). Strikes (labor) in Germany. Sounds good.

Sunday March 18

Tex's (Wilfred Engelke...radio operator) birthday. Not a lot to celebrate with. Air Corps was counted today. Told we were moving to a camp West of Berlin. When? Tents (POW's living in tents) got parcels but we sweated in vain.

Monday March 19

Big Day. We received our Parcels. Tex and I are splitting to try new system.

Tuesday March 20

Got sick today. Didn't eat at all. Got plenty of chow (food) for the rest of the week.

Wednesday March 21

First day of spring but can't tell by the weather. Feeling better today. Patton (General Patton) seems to be making good progress.

Thursday March 22

Had our X-Ray. Seems rather late in the game for that. Still? Stomach had a relapse. Took a triple dose of Cascara (laxative). Awaiting results. Trading (barter across the fence with Russians) now legalized. Six packs (cigarettes) for a loaf bread is rate of exchange. Few takers.

Friday March 23

News (clandestine radio) from the west very good. Been feeling homesick a good deal. Sure wish the war would end. Warm weather is making lice quite active. 30 men going to tents (moving from barracks) tomorrow. Something more to sweat (be concerned about)

Saturday March 24

Made a cake today. Not bad but a bit too

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rich. Air Corps active today. About 6 raids. News very good with everyone across the Rhine.

Sunday March 25

Palm Sunday but it doesn't seem like it. Went to church. News still sounds good. Using airborne troops. Sweating out tomorrow and the Box (Red Cross food Parcel)

Monday March 26

Played volley ball. Was surprised at my lack of coordination. Converting back may be harder than I expected. Sweated all day before receiving Parcels. When they gave them out I was too sick to eat anyway. Carried my 48 lbs. again (Red Cross Parcel weighed 48 lbs.).

Tuesday March 27

Made a "Stalag" (rich chocolate culinary concoction) since I feel fair. Hope it passes away in time. Stomach trouble will never make me a "Re-Pat" (repatriated prisoner) anyway. Almost believed a hot rumor about the war being over. Made me giddy just to think about it. The RAF (Royal Air Force) finished that by hitting Berlin.

Wednesday March 28

No official news but Monty (General Montgomery) seems to be going strong. Started to read "So Little Time" (Historical Novel). It's wonderful to get a book to read.

Thursday March 29

Patton 25 miles from Nuremburg. He's half-way now! Remained in pouring rain for 3 1/2 hours while Jerry counted us. Finally found out 2 from our hut had escaped. Been

covering up for a month now. Most miserable day I hope to see. Rations getting slimmer. Getting to be a real coffee fiend now. (drinking a lot of coffee).

Friday March 30

Good Friday today. Got a knife from the Ruskees (Russians) for 10 butts. Got a bargain for a change. Supposed to be deloused, but? Saw a movie with Laurel & Hardy. Really appreciated it a lot more than the Jerry picture.

Saturday March 31

Took 5 hours but finally got de-loused. First shower in 2 months! Guy who was recaptured has a broken jaw, nose, etc. Collection of fags (cigarettes) taken (for injured POW). Grass Soup. Ate some. Rumor. 1/2 parcel for Easter. Crazy rumor about Patton and Leipzig.

Sunday April 1

Easter Day & April Fool's Day. Got to work on Blower (Hand crafted forced air heater for cooking). Parcel nearly gone. Next issue delayed 'til Tuesday. Went to church and had communion. Felt a lot better singing the old Easter hymns. Received POW Tag No.200345. Should make a good souvenir. News very good with Patton driving on Dresden. What puzzles me is how the war keeps going.

Monday April 2

Blue Monday with no food. Still have black coffee tho!. Finished "So Little Time". Impressed me a good deal. Must re-read it later. Ruhr Valley cut-off. Completed Blower but having trouble getting it to operate properly.

*(Continued on page 11)*

*(Continued from page 10)*

### Tuesday April 3

No breakfast. Grass soup. Raining. Fire Guard (Duty assignment). Miserable day. Parcel rectified everything altho' we sweated all day. Allies still moving along. How much longer??

### Wednesday April 4

Mike "A" lost his marbles (went crazy). Thinks the war is over and tries to climb the fence. Easy to understand around here. 10 men on a loaf (bread). No spuds. Shot 2 Russians trading last week. Completed frying pan (hammered out from tin cans). Not bad. Dropped a few eggs (bombs) pretty close.

### Thursday April 5

Some guards went AWOL (absent without leave). Patton's supposed to be 78 miles from here. Got 6 butts as my share of unclaimed Personals (mail packages). New "under-officer" (German) in charge. Seems a lot better.

### Friday April 6

Good rumors. Halle (city in Germany) taken. 10 guards took off. Goering assassinated (false rumor). Got a pack of APABA butts (Russian cigarettes). Good trading material. Parcel dwindling.

### Saturday April 7

Got a pack and 1/5 more of "weeds" (cigarettes) from Personals. Tex has some Luckys (Lucky strike Cigarettes) now. Maybe I'll do bit of trading now. Saw a show (put on by the POW's) and really appreciated it. Had a swell orch.(orchestra) which really

made me homesick. Also a female impersonator which made a guy look twice.

### Sunday April 8

Nice day. Got a bit of sun. Had a new Chaplain. Spoke much better than the other. Food just about gone. Sweating out tomorrow.

### Monday April 9

Miserable morning with nothing to eat. Even ate the Jerry "fish cheese" (unknown item of unpalatable food). Parcels came. Everyone happy again. Got peanut butter in mine! Rumor about getting chocolate from Personals. Traded off coffee for Prem (canned meat).

### Tuesday April 10

Big day. Got my share of Parcels consisting of a bit of candy and a few raisins. Rather disappointing. Went thru' the hole in the fence (at British Compound) and tried dealing with the "Limeys". No soap. They had regular trading stands and gaming tables set up. Really a nation of storekeepers. Strong rumor about moving out again. 5 Pursuits (fighter aircraft) went over real low. Some say they were P-47's?? I hope! Went to the "Jam Session". Really "zoot".

### Wednesday April 11

Happy Birthday to me. Ha-ha! Another year and I'll be able to vote for Roosevelt too. Big rumor about moving out. RAF moving tomorrow. Played some softball. Didn't do too badly hope my next birthday will be a little better. I vow to eat an entire cake next year.

### Thursday April 12

*(Continued on page 12)*

*(Continued from page 11)*

Received typhoid shot. Absolutely painless too. Officers moved out? Magdebourg taken. Only 100 KM now. Joe Gasperich's (enlisted mens senior non-com) message sent everyone into ecstasy. "Patton or Hodges (US Generals) expected shortly. Get ready to revert to regular G.I. Life". I've waited too long, so I'll be from Missouri. Can hear guns occasionally. Load of Russians pulled out. No food so they had better hurry. Some of the guys harmonizing already. Tomorrow should be a Big Day.

Friday the "13th"

Big disappointment since nothing unusual occurred. Played several games of volleyball. Parcels cut to 2 per month (from one per week). Guess we are getting too much to eat! Got a loaf of bread for 7 packs (of cigarettes). Group of 47's and 38's (P-47's and P-38's) strafed a few miles south of us. A good sign! News puts Yanks 50 miles SW of Berlin. Limey (Britisher) shot last night trying to escape.

Saturday April 14

Roosevelt dead...officially confirmed. Rumors flying hot & heavy. Jueterbog (10 miles south) taken. Russians shelling Berlin (35 miles north). Artillery can be heard occasionally. Biggest night raid I've ever seen. Shook plaster off the roof. Wish they would hurry!! Potsdam (was target).

Sunday April 15

Bad news. Yanks pushed back. Just have to get reinforcements good news is a full Parcel tomorrow. Band played again. Church was a memorial service for FDR played some volleyball.

Monday April 16

Parcel now empty. Bought a loaf of bread for 9 packs from the store. Pretty steep but what can you do when you're hungry (glad I did not smoke and could trade cigarettes for food) Everything O.K. now. Received last Parcel. A week to go now or we will be hungry. Plenty of Jerry air activity.

Tuesday April 17

Four months today! Revised "blowhard" (cooking device) completely. Joe (Gasperich) sent another message saying we had nothing to worry about. Glad he thinks so. Usual rumors.

Wednesday April 18

Played some softball. Tents beat the Barracks 7-6. No spuds. Grass soup. Bunch of 26's (B-26's) hit south of us. A good sign.

Thursday April 19

"Blowhard" repaired again. Keeps us busy just repairing it. Won't need it after Monday anyway. Rumor gives us 1/5 of a Parcel.

Friday April 20

Celebrated Hitler's Birthday with a big daylight raid. The place vibrated. 850 heavies (heavy bombers). Big rumors about moving out. Breakthru' by Russians & Yanks. Suspense in the air. Seems as tho' something's going to happen. Gave out a big load of Personal stuff. Got a cigar and for the novelty smoked it. Got a bit sick too. As of today I swear off smoking. Filthy habit anyway. Bread's up to 10 packs but I think we'll get some anyway. Sky was red from shell fire. I'm hoping.

Saturday April 21

No roll-call. Shell fire on all sides rumor has

*(Continued on page 13)*

*(Continued from page 12)*

Russians 8 KM away. Also all Jerry officers have left. Everyone very Happy. Saw with my own eyes all the guards leaving. They all had R.C. (Red Cross) Parcels so I suppose we won't get any. Who cares. We are practically FREE MEN. After all this time it doesn't seem possible. The fences have been cut all around but we are all remaining in the barracks for safety. Some of the shells are landing a bit close now. Might have some trouble yet. Officers have taken control and are already getting C.S. (chicken shit). Wish they would hurry. The suspense is killing me. All the prisoners are looting the Jerry barracks and are coming back with stuff of all descriptions. Still no sign of resistance. Guns fairly close. Plane strafed us. No fun. All in all, one of the most exciting days of my life.

Sunday April 22

LIBERATION DAY. A Russian re-con (reconnaissance armored car) pulled into camp and we are officially free men. All Jerry resistance seems over. All Russian prisoners have been taken out. Hope we move soon. Shells are still going off all around us. Russians moved up a bunch of trucks & tanks. The Yanks are supposed to get here pretty soon. Got a 1/4 of a R.C. Parcel. Visited Russian church (in Russian compound) & morgue. What a contrast. Two things I'll never forget. Nine corpses in various stages of decay. Ugh! This is the day I've been waiting for so long. Strafing north of here...bought a huge bag of potatoes for 4 packs. Supplying the whole corner (of the barrack) now. Saw Russian solitary cells and nearly got sick. Too horrible to describe. Went on guard duty on west gate. Absolutely foolish since we didn't have arms of any type. The officers are in charge now and they are really messing things up. No chow. Reveille & a million other C.S. details.

Monday April 23

Had some shells land rather close while on guard duty. Sure scared me. Ryan and Tingley put on bread (1/10 loaf) and water for refusing guard duty. Capt. made a speech and got "the raspberry". Everyone really "mad" at the officers. They must think we are back in the States. The only thing keeping me in line is forfeiture of back pay. Still no chow. Pretty sad day.

Tuesday April 24

Nothing much doing! Major made a speech saying we wouldn't be here more than 4 days. How he knows is beyond me. Big rumors are 1) Moving out tomorrow 2) Air Corps flying to London. Got 1/4 Canadian Parcel. A Russian dive bomber dropped one rather close. Wish we would get out of here. The ground coffee was darn good. Supposed to get more chow tomorrow. I hope. Plane strafed us during night.

Wednesday April 25

Water turned on after 3 days without. Col. (colonel) came out with an order that all men who leave camp will be charged with desertion. Got a big laugh. Everyone planning to go to town anyway. Still, seems a bit risky and then I'm just a bit scared. Five to a loaf now! Russian bread pretty good. Morale still very low.

Thursday April 26...missing.

Friday April 27

Went exploring today. Felt good getting out of camp. All people afraid of Russians. White flags on all houses. Didn't get much. Link-up now official. Have a radio in the barrack now. Read "Abe Lincoln in Illinois".

*(Continued on page 14)*

*(Continued from page 13)*

Not bad! Rumors about American armor in Lukenwalde (false since the US stopped at Elbe River to the west). Chow less than ever.

Saturday April 28

Good day. Got all the pea soup I could eat. Ryan got out of the Guard House. Started reading a mystery novel. Place is getting monotonous since we aren't any closer to home. Picked up a load of souvenirs. Artillery getting louder in the west. No good rumors today. Wonder what's wrong?

Sunday April 29

Went to Lukenwalde today to see what I could find. The patrol (Russian) ran us out but I did get a fancy tablecloth. Contrary to rumors, the town was not shot-up much, just a few bullet holes here and there. False rumor about the end of the war was spread in the U.S. Bet everyone was happy for awhile.

Monday April 30

Gave us an hours notice then moved us to Hitler Lager (German Officers Center in Jueterbog). Walked about 6 miles and was I tired! Quartered us in a swell room with only six guys. Load of stuff to loot and we picked up a variety of junk. Very nice surroundings.

Tuesday May 1

Getting many useful items. Got electric lights for awhile. News came out tonight that we have to return to the Stalag. Everyone really P.O.'ed. But what can you do? Somebody balled things up! Oh nuts.

Wednesday May 2

Marched back carrying all my stuff. Tired, disgusted, feet hurting. Really some mess!

Sleeping on the floor again instead of the nice warm room we left.

Thursday May 3

Everyone leaving today for Wittemberg. Think I'll leave tomorrow. Correspondent says Americans at Wittemberg. Notice came thru' that G.I. trucks would be in at 0930 to pick us up. Several re-con cars (armored reconnaissance cars) in camp. First Yank was from N.Y.C. Guess I'm not going tomorrow.

May 4, 5 Missing

Sunday May 6, 1945

Moved all the tents out by G.I. trucks. Loads of food lying about. We tried to leave also but the Russian guards chased us back. Can't understand it but there's something wrong? Never felt so disappointed in all my life! Guess we are supposed to be registered before we can leave.

Monday May 7

Registered by Russians. Left camp thru' a hole in the fence and after walking 5 miles found the trucks. Drove to Schoenbeck where we got our first G.I. food. Should move out for Hildesheim tomorrow and then home. Rumors are 1) plane to the Channel, 2) Luxury Liner to New York, 3) Ft. Devons, Mass. 4) 30-day furlough, 5) ??????

Tuesday May 8

Didn't move out because?? May be here several days now. Plenty of machinery etc. at this place. Used to be a Junkers (airplane factory) factory. Rumors say they have machine guns in towers at III-A again. Glad I sneaked out when I did. Went to town & bought 3 loaves (60f) of "brot" (bread). People in town don't dislike us. Just afraid of us.

*(Continued on page 15)*

*(Continued from page 14)*

Jerry civilians do all the clean-up around here. Only a short time ago things were so different.

Wednesday May 9

War ended 1 minute after midnight. Didn't celebrate at all since we have been expecting it for so long. Went to a movie. Not bad. Food improving. Little else going on. Wonder where Carl (Carl Danielson, US Army in S.E. Asia) is spending his birthday?

Thursday May 10

No movement now for several days since Hildesheim is overcrowded. Supposed to fly the Ocean now! Went to town again. Pretty dull all round. Saw another movie and took a shower. Settling down for awhile, I guess.

Friday May 11

Surprise move. Left at a moment's notice by truck. Packed 40 of us in so we had to stand up all the way. Got a shower, was de-loused and registered. Might leave tomorrow by C-47 (transport plane) if weather holds, but? Swell place with a stage show & movie. Wrote a letter to mom. Wish I could send a wire.

Saturday May 12

Swell weather so a load of C-47's pulled in and we all took off to an airfield near Le Havre. Smooth riding in a C-47 (compared to a B-24). Had coffee & do-nuts when we landed. Put us all in trucks and took us to Camp Lucky Strike. Nothing unusual about France. Got another shower. Supposed to remain here anywhere from 3-15 days. Then it's a boat from Le Havre. Might get a 2-day pass to Paris? But with only \$20. Rumor gives us a 60-day furlough now. Living in a tent again

but the warm weather makes it enjoyable. Glad to hear we can keep our souvenirs. Had chicken for supper. Saw the movie "Kismet". Not bad.

Sunday May 13

Mothers Day. So I wrote mom a belated greeting by V-Mail. Loafed around doing very little. Played several games of ping-pong at the R.C. tent. Place is really unusual with tents as far as the eye can see. Must be thousands of them. Were told we might wait 7-9 days before processing. More time wasted.

Monday May 14

Checked up on AAF (Army Air Force) files but only found Clay's (Lon Clay, Top Gunner) record! Can't understand where the rest are? Found out we only have half the required points for discharge. Looks like CBI (China, Burma, India Theater) after furlough. Pretty dull day. Tex saw Mohlman (Arthur Mohlman, navigator) & had a little chat. Jim (Jim Rutter, ball turret) & Helton (Eldred Helton, co-pilot) supposed to be coming.

Tuesday May 15

No news about processing yet. Looks like quite a wait. Nothing but eating, sleeping & reading. Wrote a few letters but had nothing to write. Improving my ping-pong game but I still wish I could get started home. Looked for Jim (Rutter, ball turret) but no luck.

Wednesday May 16

Still no processing. Usual Red Cross activities. Had a bit of a chat. Officers had it much better at Barth (Stalag Luft I in Pomerania). Try to make them admit it tho'! No news about the rest of the boys tho'.

*(Continued on page 16)*

*(Continued from page 15)*

Thursday May 17

Pretty dull day. Just the usual daily routine. No rumors about anything.

Friday May 18

Found a new game to play—"Horse shoes". No news. Had a long chat with Lt. Mohlman (navigator) and our stories are altogether different. No wonder!. Promised to revisit us but...

Saturday May 19

Rain turned our area into a swamp. Will be glad when we get out of here. Still no action. Ran into some of the "Dulag" (Dulag Luft Camp, Wetzlar) boys. Talked for hours. Still waiting impatiently.

Sunday May 20

No church. No nothing. Finally got a raincoat issued. Give my right arm for some chocolate. Wrote a letter. Ran into Ryan (close friend at III A). Got across the Elbe (River) by raft. Quite a story.

Monday May 21

More rain. More mud. Went to a movie. Supposed to have 2 formations (required assemblies) a day. Nuts. Rumor going around we get one grade promotion. I hope.

Tuesday May 22

Nothing new.

Wednesday May 23

Finally shipped out to "D" Area after messing around all day. Supposed to stay here only 3 days and then ship? Tent has plenty of holes.

Thursday May 24

Processed today. Got a shot. Filled out some forms no clothes. Visited Tex (Radio operator) in the hospital. Seems OK . Feeling seedy.

Friday May 25

Had terrific fever. Chills, etc. Didn't go on sick call for fear of missing shipment. Got clothing. Bad day.

Saturday May 26

Feeling a bit better. Got paid \$50. Bought some gifts. Feels good to have a bit of buying power. Instead of leaving camp we moved back to "C" Area. What a let down. May be here for several weeks. Met Jim (Rutter). No change.

Sunday May 27

Suppose I could have obtained a pass to Paris or England with a little persistency, but I want to get home so badly I don't care to wait. Quiet day as usual.

Monday May 28

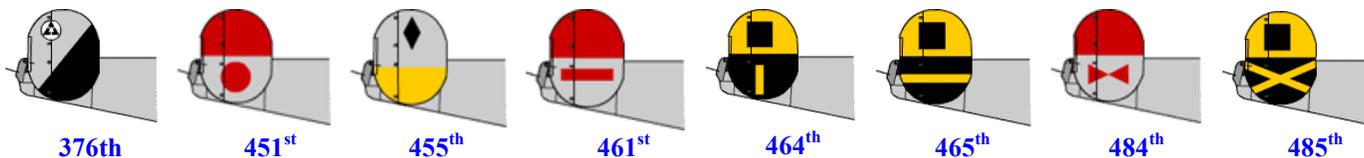
Still no news about moving.. Rmor lowers our priority. Also had 1<sup>st</sup> Army going to Pacific by Le Harve. Supposed to double up on ships. Nice and comfortable.

Tuesday May 29

Told we would leave tomorrow, but! Got a shipping ticket. Maybe this is it. Have to get up in the middle night to eat. Turned in Francs for exchange.

Wednesday May 30

*(Continued on page 23)*



376th

451<sup>st</sup>455<sup>th</sup>461<sup>st</sup>464<sup>th</sup>465<sup>th</sup>484<sup>th</sup>485<sup>th</sup>

## **BOMB GROUPS 2017 REUNION NEW ORLEANS, LA SEPTEMBER 14–17, 2017 ITINERARY**

**Thursday, September 14<sup>th</sup>** — Arrival and check in day. The registration desk and Hospitality room is open from Noon — 6:00 PM and then again after the meeting (below) for a while.

- ◆ 6:00 PM — Italian buffet dinner served in the Jefferson Ballroom followed by an Informational Meeting at 7:00 PM. If you did not register for the dinner this evening, please join us at 7:00 PM for the Information Meeting. No other activities are scheduled for today.

**Friday, September 15<sup>th</sup>** — Day ONE of a TWO day visit to the National WWII Museum. The buses will depart the hotel at 9:00 AM for our visit to the Museum. *Please see additional museum transportation for detailed instructions/information sheet in your registration packet.*

- ◆ 5:30 PM— Social Hour for Individual Groups Dinner. Cash bar is open from 5:30 PM—7:30 PM. (Hospitality room is closed during this time.)
- ◆ 6:30 PM — Dinner is served. Individual banquet room assignments will not be made until closer to the event to get a good idea of what size each group will be.

**Saturday, September 16<sup>th</sup>** — Day TWO of a TWO day visit to the National WWII Museum. The buses will depart the hotel at 9:00 AM for our visit to the Museum. *Please see additional museum transportation for detailed instructions/information sheet in your registration packet.*

- ◆ 3:00 PM-5:00 PM— Presentations by the Veterans on life during WWII in the Jefferson Ballroom.
- ◆ 5:30 PM— Social Hour for Combined Group Banquet. Cash bar is open from 5:30 PM—7:30 PM. (Hospitality room is closed during this time.)
- ◆ 6:30 PM — Dinner is served in the Jefferson Ballroom. Entertainment to follow dinner.

**Sunday, September 17<sup>th</sup>**

- ◆ 8:30 AM— Memorial Service in Bayou room.
- ◆ NOON— City Tour Of New Orleans. A tour of the city's significant sights with stops at an above ground cemetery and the Morning Call Coffee Shop & Café.
- ◆ 6:00 PM— Farewell Dinner in the Bayou room.

This dinner concludes our 2017 reunion.

## HOTEL INFORMATION



**DoubleTree New Orleans Airport Hotel  
2150 Veterans Blvd., Kenner, LA. 70062  
Front desk phone: 504-467-3111**

Reservations for the 2017 reunion may now be made. The group rate of \$99 (plus taxes) includes breakfast for up to two people per room and is good from September 11 – 20, 2017.

To reserve a room, it is recommended that you call 1-800-222-8733 and mention the **booking code BGR**. This is the fastest and easiest way to reserve a room. IF YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL REQUESTS, example: a room close to the elevator, a room on a lower floor, refrigerator in your room, handicap accessible room or really any other special request, please call Robin Jones at 504-303-3040 between the hours of 8:00 AM – 5:00 PM CST, Monday – Friday.

**Please reserve your room NO LATER THAN 3:00 PM CST, August 25, 2017.** Rooms may be reserved after that time at the group rate only if they are available. No guarantees are made after this cutoff time and date. To insure that you get the room you want at the group rate, reserve before this time and date. If a reservation is being made after 8/25/17, call Robin Jones at 504-303-3040. Any reservation may be cancelled **WITHOUT PENALTY** if cancellation is made 72 hours or more before the check-in date. If a reservation is cancelled less than 72 hours, one nights room rent will be charged.

There is a free airport shuttle that runs to and from Louis Armstrong International Airport 24 hours.

Onsite parking is complimentary for our group.

About 80% of the rooms have refrigerators but if you need one, be sure to let them know.

# BOMB GROUPS REUNION

September 14—17, 2017 New Orleans, LA

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Group \_\_\_\_\_ Squadron \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Names as they are to appear on name tags: \_\_\_\_\_

Registration fee # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$15.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_  
DO NOT include 461<sup>st</sup> Veteran In sub total

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14<sup>TH</sup>** DO NOT include 461<sup>st</sup> Veteran In sub total  
 Informal Welcome Dinner Italian Buffet # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$31.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15<sup>TH</sup> AND SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16<sup>TH</sup>**

### THE NATIONAL WWII MUSEUM

**2 day Museum ticket PLUS** a full, hot buffet lunch with live USO show at the Stage Door Canteen on Friday. # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$100.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

*(WWII Veterans Tour Museum FREE. Pay only \$73.00 for Lunch, Stage Show and transportation)*

WWII Veteran \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$73.00 Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

**2 day ticket to the Museum ONLY.** # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$62.50 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

*(WWII Veterans Tour Museum FREE, pay only \$35.00 for transportation.)*

WWII Veteran \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$35.00 Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

*~ Transportation charges and driver gratuity is included. ~*

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15<sup>TH</sup> — INDIVIDUAL GROUP DINNERS** DO NOT include 461<sup>st</sup> Veteran In sub total

Sliced Sirloin of Beef # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$24.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

Grilled Chicken Acadian with Crawfish sauce served on the side # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$24.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

Tri Color Tortellini # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$24.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16<sup>TH</sup> — COMBINED GROUPS BANQUET** DO NOT include 461<sup>st</sup> Veteran In sub total

Prime Rib # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$43.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

Grilled Chicken Breast # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$33.50 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

Vegetarian Lasagna # people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$31.00 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

~ CONTINUED ON BACK SIDE OF THIS PAGE ~

**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17<sup>TH</sup>**

**Driving Tour of New Orleans landmarks with lunch (or world class beignets)**

on your own at one of the stops.

Executive Deli Buffet Farewell Dinner

DO NOT include 461<sup>st</sup> Veteran In sub total  
# people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$49.50 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

# people \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$32.50 each Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_

**GRAND TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

Emergency Contact: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Wheelchair(s) needed? \_\_\_\_\_

Are you? Flying \_\_\_\_\_ Driving \_\_\_\_\_

What part of the country would you like to have the reunion for 2018?

West \_\_\_\_\_ East \_\_\_\_\_ North \_\_\_\_\_ South \_\_\_\_\_ Middle \_\_\_\_\_ Don't Care \_\_\_\_\_

Other \_\_\_\_\_

**Mail this form with your check (payable to Bomb Groups Reunion) no later than September 1<sup>st</sup> to:  
Dave Blake - Bomb Groups Reunion - 648 Lakewood Rd., Bonner Springs, KS. 66012-1804**



## A NOTE FROM THE REUNION COMMITTEE CHAIR PERSON

I cannot believe this is the eleventh reunion I've had the privilege of working on for my heroes of the 461<sup>st</sup> BG and the others who have joined us. My association with this group and the honor of being allowed to chair the reunion committee is one of the major highlights of my life. This year the committee will be without one of our key players as we conduct the reunion. Linda Garner Titus passed away April 20<sup>th</sup>, 2017. We will miss her very much.

As always, we have worked diligently to put together a top shelf program for you. I hope you'll agree that we succeeded. The National WWII museum will be the focus of both the Friday and Saturday tours; it just takes that long to see it and is well worth the time. This museum is now rated by the public as the #1 attraction in New Orleans on Trip Advisor, a prominent travel web site. As is our recent custom, we will have a driving tour (with a couple of stops) of New Orleans and all of the sights you might expect to see.

Please make your hotel reservations soon to avoid problems securing a room later. If the need arises later, the room reservation can be cancelled without penalty up to 3 days before arrival. Likewise please send in your registration as soon as possible to make it easier on your planners. A full refund can be made anytime, for any reason should it become necessary. Your check can be held as long as necessary if that helps; just attach a note when you send it in.

I'm looking forward to seeing everyone again in New Orleans and can't wait to get there!

*Dave Blake*

Reunion Committee Chair



## 461<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (H) Association Membership

For membership in the 461<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (H) Association, please print this form, fill it out and mail it along with your check for the appropriate amount to:

Dave St. Yves  
5 Hutt Forest Lane  
East Taunton, MA 02718

If you have any questions, you can E-Mail Dave at [dstyves@pmn.com](mailto:dstyves@pmn.com).

The 461<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (H) Association offers three types of membership:

- **Life Membership** – Men who served in the 461<sup>st</sup> during World War II and their spouses are eligible to join the Association for a one-time fee of \$25.00. This entitles the member to attend the annual reunions held in the fall each year, receive the newsletter for the Association, The 461<sup>st</sup> Liberaider, and attend and vote at the business meetings usually held at the reunion.
- **Associate Membership** – Anyone wishing to be involved in the 461<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (H) Association may join as an Associate member. The cost is \$10.00 per year. No renewal notices are sent so it is your responsibility to submit this form every year along with your payment. Associate membership entitles you to attend the reunions held in the fall each year and receive the newsletter for the Association, The 461<sup>st</sup> Liberaider. You are not a voting member of the Association.
- **Child Membership** – Children of men who served in the 461<sup>st</sup> during World War II are eligible to join the Association as a Child Member. The cost is \$10.00 per year. No renewal notices are sent out so it is your responsibility to submit this form every year along with your payment. Child membership entitles you to attend the reunions held in the fall each year, receive the newsletter for the Association, The 461<sup>st</sup> Liberaider, and attend and vote at the business meetings usually held at the reunion.

Type of membership desired:		Life: <input type="checkbox"/>	Associate: <input type="checkbox"/>	Child: <input type="checkbox"/>	Father's Name:
First Name:			Last Name:		
Street Address:					
City:		State:		ZIP:	
Phone Number:		E-Mail Address:			
Squadron:		Crew #:		MOS:	
ASN:					
Check No.			Amount:		

*(Continued from page 16)*

Memorial Day and really a Memorable day.. Lft by truck for Le Harve. Boarded Liberty Ship "James Richardson". Supposed to sail tomorrow. Hope we go without a convoy.

Thursday May 31

Hit KP (Kitchen Police) first day but got off because I felt poorly. Left port about noon and we are on our way home now. Received 2 candy bars. First in a long time. Trip should take 15-18 days.

Friday June 1

Starting to get a bit rough. Boys are getting sea sick. Glad I'm an "old salt". Nothing to do but read & sleep. About 370 men on board . Traveling alone so we are making 11 knots. This is one of the old (3 years) Liberty Ships that break in half (only a rumor). Got some PX (Post-Exchange) supplies.

Saturday June 2

Sea Gulls left us. Getting out in the ocean. Pretty cold for June! Test fired all the guns. The big ones make a terrific racket.

Sunday June 3, 4, 5.

Smooth sailing.

Wednesday June 6

Still plugging along. More than half way now. Getting N.Y. radio now. Plenty dull.

Thursday June 7

Reading a good deal.

Friday June 8

Foggy most of the day. Saw a whale (?) long distance. Just decided this will end my Memoirs for now. Getting too dull to write. Might give someone a laugh.

FINIS

P.S. "Take me back to N.Y."



Lang crew #12/2

**Standing L-R:** rditto, ? (B)\*; Helton, Eldred H. (CP); Lang, Charles V. Jr. (P); Mohlman, Arthur W. (N)  
**Kneeling Middle L-R:** Engelke, Wilfred A. (RO/LWG); Bosso, Guy V. (E/RWG); Reed, Lon N. Jr. (TT)  
**Seated Front L-R:** Rutter, James M. (BG); Meeks, Arthur\*\* (TG); Johansson, Hjalmar O. (NG)

## 5 Minute Management Course

### Lesson 1:

A man is getting into the shower just as his wife is finishing up her shower, when the doorbell rings. The wife quickly wraps herself in a towel and runs downstairs. When she opens the door, there stands Bob, the next door neighbor.

Before she says a word, Bob says, "I'll give you \$800 to drop that towel."

After thinking for a moment, the woman drops her towel and stands naked in front of Bob. After a few more seconds, Bob hands her \$800 and leaves. The woman wraps back up in the towel and goes back upstairs.

When she gets to the bathroom, her husband asks, "Who was that?"

"It was Bob, the next door neighbor," she replies.

"Great," the husband says, "did he say anything about the \$800 he owes me?"

#### Moral of the story:

If you share critical information pertaining to credit and risk with your shareholders in time, you may be in a position to prevent avoidable exposure.

### Lesson 2:

A priest offered a nun a lift. She got in and crossed her legs, forcing her gown to reveal a leg. The priest nearly had an accident. After regaining control of the car, he stealthily slid his hand up her leg.

The nun said, "Father, remember Psalm 129?"

The priest removed his hand, but after changing gears, he let his hand slide up her leg again. The nun once again said, "Father, remember Psalm 129?"

The priest apologized. "Sorry sister, but the flesh is weak."

Arriving at the convent, the nun sighed heavily and went on her way.

On his arrival at the church, the priest rushed to look up Psalm 129. It said, "Go forth and seek; further up, you will find glory."

#### Moral of the story:

If you are not well informed in your job, you might miss a great opportunity.

### Lesson 3:

A sales rep, an administration clerk, and their manager are walking to lunch when they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a genie comes out. The genie says, "I'll give each of you just one wish."

"Me first! Me first!" says the admin clerk. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat, without a care in the world."

Puff! She's gone.

"Me next! Me next!" says the sales rep. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with my personal masseuse, an endless supply of pina coladas and the love of my life."

Puff! He's gone.

"OK, you're up," the Genie says to the manager. The manager says, "I want those two

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back in the office after lunch.'

**Moral of the story:**

Always let your boss have the first say.

**Lesson 4**

An eagle was sitting on a tree resting, doing nothing. A small rabbit saw the eagle and asked him, "Can I also sit like you and do nothing?"

The eagle answered: "Sure, why not."

So, the rabbit sat on the ground below the eagle and rested. All of a sudden, a fox appeared, jumped on the rabbit and ate it.

**Moral of the story:**

To be sitting and doing nothing, you must be sitting very, very high up.

**Lesson 5**

A turkey was chatting with a bull. "I would love to be able to get to the top of that tree" sighed the turkey, "but I haven't got the energy."

"Well, why don't you nibble on some of my droppings?" replied the bull. They're packed with nutrients."

The turkey pecked at a lump of dung, and found it actually gave him enough strength to reach the lowest branch of the tree.

The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch. Finally after a fourth night, the turkey was proudly perched at the top of the tree.

He was promptly spotted by a farmer, who

shot him out of the tree.

**Moral of the story:**

Bull shit might get you to the top, but it won't keep you there.

**Lesson 6**

A little bird was flying south for the winter. It was so cold the bird froze and fell to the ground into a large field. While he was lying there, a cow came by and dropped some dung on him.

As the frozen bird lay there in the pile of cow dung, he began to realize how warm he was. The dung was actually thawing him out!

He lay there all warm and happy, and soon began to sing for joy. A passing cat heard the bird singing and came to investigate.

Following the sound, the cat discovered the bird under the pile of cow dung, and promptly dug him out and ate him.

**Morals of the story:**

- (1) Not everyone who shits on you is your enemy;
- (2) Not everyone who gets you out of shit is your friend; and
- (3) When you're in deep shit, it's best to keep your mouth shut!

Thus ends the five minute management course.

## Honoring the War Dead: Austria Says Thank You to WWII Allied Airmen

by  
Georg Hoffmann, PhD.

The cultural scientist Aleida Assmann has named – within her studies about memory – 70 years after the end of an occurrence as an important time mark: a point in time where a communicative/collective memory is transforming into a cultural one. Or to say it in other words: where we won't be able any more to learn from contemporary witnesses; where societies have to decide which elements should be integrated into an active commemoration to give future generations the chance to learn from them. It is a decision as to which elements should be preserved and handed over to the next generations.

We are now standing at this point in time – when we are looking on the Second World War and the time of the Nazi regime. Personal memories about this time, about suffering, about violence are disappearing, traces are vanishing, names are forgotten, and remembrance of those who are not with us any more is fading.

So what does this point in time mean for us and for the goal to learn from history? How can the knowledge of the traumatic and painful experiences of Nazi terror, war and Holocaust be preserved in memory? And how could remembrance of all those be preserved who gave their lives in fighting the Nazi regime?

For fellow Austrian historian Nicole-Melanie Goll and I, who have spent the last eight years compiling a database of all Allied air crashes over Austria during World War II,

part of our initiative has been to create a memory book *“Missing in Action: Failed to Return.”* This book, now posted online by the Austrian government, contains the names of American and British soldiers, who have not before been part of an official commemoration in Austria – who had been, and I want to say it that clear: forgotten.

These soldiers were pilots and airmen of the U.S. Army Air Force, the Royal Air Force, the South African Air Force, The Royal Australian, Canadian and New Zealand Air Force and who lost their lives in air war over what is today Austria. They were very young men, who fought in a war – far away from their hometowns and families – in order to liberate Europe and therefore also Austria from a tyranny and dictatorship.

They lost their lives not only in air battles and crashes of their planes. They also became victims of war crimes and violence, which the Nazi regime set loose under the name of “lynch law” and as a revenge for Allied air attacks. Inside the whole German Reich and therefore also inside Austria the so-called “terrorflyers” were hunted.

“Terrorflyer” was the catchphrase of Nazi propaganda for Allied crews. Airmen who were captured were humiliated, mistreated and also murdered in public. The Nazi state especially aimed to take away their identity – **by stealing and extinguishing their names!** Funerals for airmen were forbidden, false names were put on graves, bodies were carried away and measures were taken so that nobody ever would be able to identify them.

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The stigmatization of “terrorfliers” or “Luftgangster” was a very sustainable one.

The memory book now has the goal to call the names of these men into memory and to document their fate, which was in so many cases unknown. The book contains 1,715 names from airmen who died in Austria – and it gives the exact time and place of their death. Among them are 1,582 Americans. It also contains the names of 113 who are still Missing in Action. Their bodies were never found, and a search for them is still going on – e.g. carried out by institutions of the U.S. Department of Defense. The book is giving the newest and best information available about the whereabouts of these men.

Besides the listing of names, the book points out the fates of several individuals that are especially moving. Like the story of Walter Manning, who was shot down on April 1, 1945, near Linz, heavily tortured after his capture and hanged publicly at the airbase of Linz-Hoersching three days later. His case was never solved, and Manning himself is totally forgotten. Or the fate of a group of American airmen around LeRoy Teschendorf who were taken away by SS men and murdered – on order of the August Eigruber – inside the Concentration Camp Mauthausen. The whole group disappeared without a trace.

But the book also is pointing out fates of pilots, who – like Charles Faxon – sacrificed their lives in order to save their crew. Or like the two U.S. airmen and very close friends Robert Brewer and Robert Spicer, who tried to jump out of their burning plane together with the last remaining chute. Brewer did not survive this jump, and Spicer was shot several hours later by a firing squad of the SS police near Bleiburg in southern Austria. Behind these names one can also find attempts

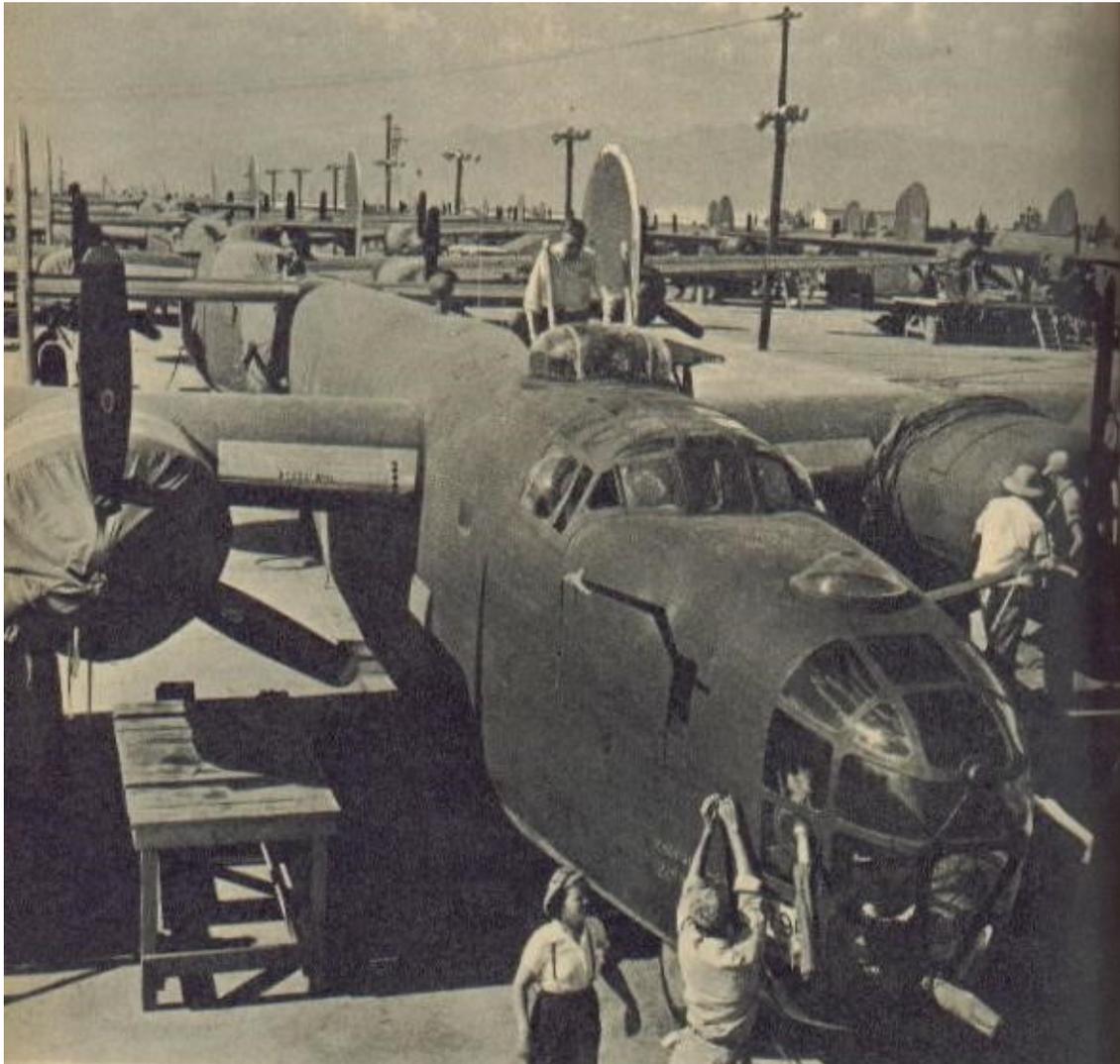
of the population to help downed airmen, which in many cases lead to the death of both the airmen and his helper. Or the fate of Jewish airmen, like Manfred Grunberg, who were secluded from their comrades after capture and often shot immediately.

The memory book now has the goal to give back the names to these Allied soldiers who lost their lives in fighting Nazi Germany and to add them to the names of all people to whom Austria and all Austrians owe their freedom. The book especially addresses the families and relatives of these airmen, giving them the best obtainable information about the whereabouts of their loved ones. It also has the goal to support the search for still missing soldiers.

***Dr. George Hoffmann is a history research associate at the University of Graz, Austria and the author of Fliegerlynchjustiz about the violence against WWII Allied airmen. These remarks were given in a special ceremony in Vienna, Austria, on April 22, 2016, when Austrian Defense and Sports Minister Hans Peter Doskozil presented to U.S. Ambassador to Austria Alexa Wesner the commemoration book “Missing in Action: Failed to Return” by Hoffmann and Dr. Nicole-Melanie Goll. The book is posted online at [http://www.bundesheer.at/download/archiv/pdfs/missing\\_in\\_action.pdf](http://www.bundesheer.at/download/archiv/pdfs/missing_in_action.pdf)***

# Tailor Shop For Bombers

By  
Alfred Eriss  
January 1944  
Mechanix Illustrated



The Tucson Modification Center (above) is one of the Air Forces' cow pasture miracles. The great and deadly liberators are flow from parent plants to this converted pasture for last minute changes to cope with special mission needs or to gain an edge in combat over enemy aircraft. Our combat airplane production is actually determined by the output of the network of modification centers which dot the country, not by the parent plants. At first, after the fateful Dec. 7<sup>th</sup>, these dispersal areas were simply lounge-areas for refugee aircraft – to do away with the “beautiful” targets the bombers made when clustered around their parent plants. Now the Centers have gone to war. Their watchword is flexibility – make numerous needed changes in the field to spare production lines the wasteful delays of retooling; keep standard models from reaching a stage of obsolescence due to enemy fighter plane improvements



At the rear of a mighty Pratt and Whitney engine, a workman installs the “dust catcher” which will help lengthen the life of the engine in combat.



An altitude must is oxygen. Here workers of the Tucson Division complete installation of the main oxygen tanks. They feed various personnel spots.



On the line, all loose equipment which must be removed for easy access to the plane is stored in racks placed atop the liberator’s huge wing.



With the B-24’s leaving for far flung fronts, extra bomb bay tanks are installed which can be dropped when the ship reaches its destination.



A protective covering for the guns of a bomber’s top turret is put on by a Center workman against the backdrop of a brilliant Arizona sunset.



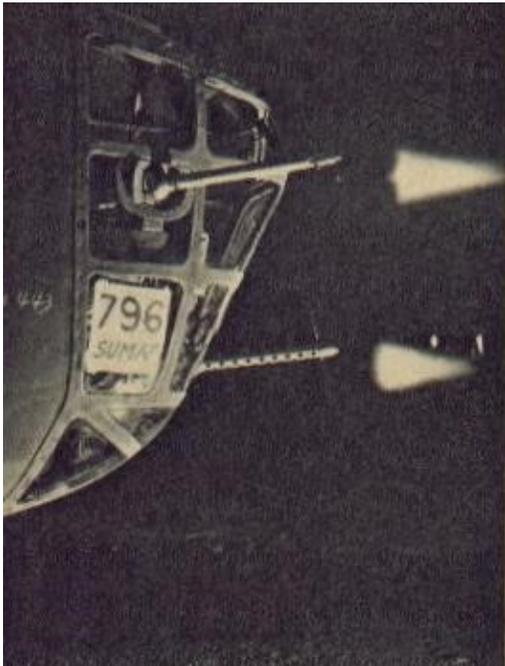
Fully retractable turrets being installed in the belly of a bomber. At the last station of the line, the ball turret gets its final glass panel polish.



With a .50 caliber nose gun in place, a workman installs the sight – puts the loading rack in properly – checks the machine gun for proper movement.



Crews in combat brought about the change which modifies the position of one of the nose guns. Note the mattress used as a workman's sunshade.



Every gun on each ship is test fired at the Tucson Division firing pit. The towing tractor's headlights illuminate two nose guns spitting fire.



A de-icer boot comes off one of the twin rudders of a Liberator. Operational needs find the cow pasture mechanics skilled and ready upon notice.

## President's Corner

It is with great sadness that I have to share with everyone the passing of Linda Garner Titus. For many years, Linda has been one of our strongest supporters. She has help to organize every reunion I've attended. She was always there helping to set everything up and make sure everything ran perfectly. Those who don't remember Linda never attended a reunion. Linda's father, Jay Garner, passed away in 1999 before I got involved in the Association. Linda had been coming long before that and continued to come long after that. Those who knew Linda will never forget her. May you rest in peace, Linda Garner Titus.

At last count, we have eight bomb groups coming to the reunion in September. I hope that everyone that is able to be there comes out. It really promises to be one of the best reunions the 461st (and any of the other bomb groups) have ever had. I know I say this ever year, but it's true. I don't know how Dave Blake and his committee do it, but each reunion seems to always top the previous one. I will be there trying to do my little bit to make it a success, but our reunion committee deserves a big round of applause for doing another fantastic job.

Dave Blake is already looking ahead to 2018 trying to come up with another venue that I'm sure he hopes will top New Orleans this year. I understand he's looking at Dayton, OH and the United States Air Force Museum. I don't think this is locked in by any means, but I'm sure Dave would appreciate any and all input. Look him up at the reunion and let him know your ideas. Better yet, send him a note so he has your input well ahead of this year's reunion. His address is at the bottom of the registration form on page 20.

Opportunity knocked on my door once. But by the time I unlocked the chain, pushed back the bolt, turned the two locks and shut off the burglar alarm, it was gone.



A guidance Counselor said to two concerned parents, "I wouldn't worry about career options for your son. If he becomes a cab driver, he'll be rich."

"Why is that?" the mother asked.

"He can't find the shortest distance between two points."



One of the passengers on an elevator quipped to the operator, "I guess your job has its ups and downs, huh? Heh, heh."

"I don't mind those," the operator replied.

"It's the sudden jerks I can't stand."



They say that paper money is covered with germs. But I'm not worried. Not even a germ can live on the money I make.



A teenager told a friend that he was going to the East Coast to continue his trumpet lessons.

"Sounds expensive," his friend said.

"Oh, my grandparents chipped in. And so did my neighbors."



A father looking at his son's less-than-stellar report card exclaimed, "An F in history? When I was your age, that was my easiest subject."

"Big deal," the son replied. "When you were my age, how much had happened?"



One salon customer said to another, "You must meet my friend. She's a medium."

"No, it'll only depress me," the other customer replied. "I'm a large."

## 461<sup>ST</sup> BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)

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We're on the web!  
Visit  
[www.461st.org](http://www.461st.org)

## Webmaster Comments

I'm not sure the reason, but it seems to me that the amount of material I've been receiving recently has slowed down considerably. I'm sure there is still a lot of photos and documents that I don't have on the 461st website. It would be great if I was flooded with submissions. I've tried to make the process as simple as possible. I accept things any way you care to submit them. My mailing address is at the top of this page. All I ask is that you send along a stamped self-addressed envelope if you want the material returned. I will be happy to send things back for your family records. Perhaps the easiest way to submit things is by E-Mail. Just scan what you have (at high resolution) and send it to [webmaster@461st.org](mailto:webmaster@461st.org). I can doctor up just about everything except nothing. I have to have something to work with.

In the absence of new material for the 461st website, I have taken on the task of creating websites for some of the other bomb groups in the Fifteenth Air Force. It's interesting to see how the other bomb groups were organized, where they were stationed and read some of the stories they told. There are a lot of similarities, but there are some differences as well. If you have time, point your browser to <http://15thaf.org/>. As usual, there's a menu down the left side with links to the different organizations. For example, there's the 5th Bomb Wing that flew B-17s and the 47th Bomb Wing. Next is our very own 49th Bomb Wing which contains links to the 451st, 461st and 484th Bomb Groups. You can quickly see how the 461st Bomb Group fit in with the rest of the organization.

Enjoy the websites!