

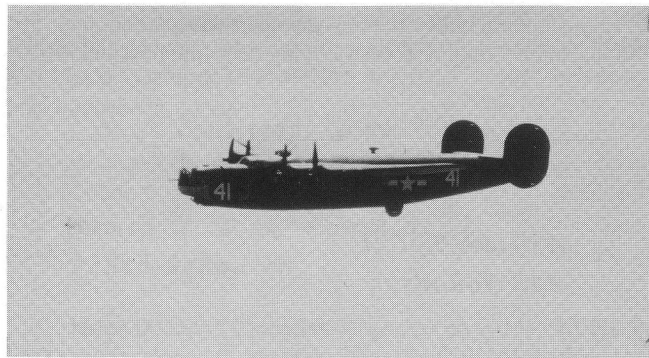
the target and not in civilian areas.

After the war, Bill was stationed at Ft. Polk, Louisiana, where he served as the base's legal representative. Among his decorations are: The Air Medal with clusters, Presidential Unit Citation, and MTO Theater Ribbons. He was discharged from the service in 1957.

Bill loved to square dance, and he made sure that he danced with everyone. He would glance at the women sitting on the sidelines and make a bee line to join them and ask them to dance the next one with him. Although frequently in pain from knee and leg problems and if he knew his partner enjoyed round dancing he made every effort to dance the rounds with her.

He had a great sense of humor and had the ability to form a pun or quip for any situation. He was a fountain of knowledge and could quote numerous writers and humorists. He always maintained an upbeat and fresh enthusiasm for the world around him. He couldn't stand hypocrites and pretentious people or institutions.

He is survived by three daughters. Pamela Kornitsky, Dr. Deborah Younger, and Barbara Fischer, and two grandchildren Grace Younger, and Adam Fischer.. He was preceded in death by his first wife Grace.



Ship #41 The plane often flown by the crew of Elvin Brush of which Bill Roller was the bombardier. (Bill Roller photo).

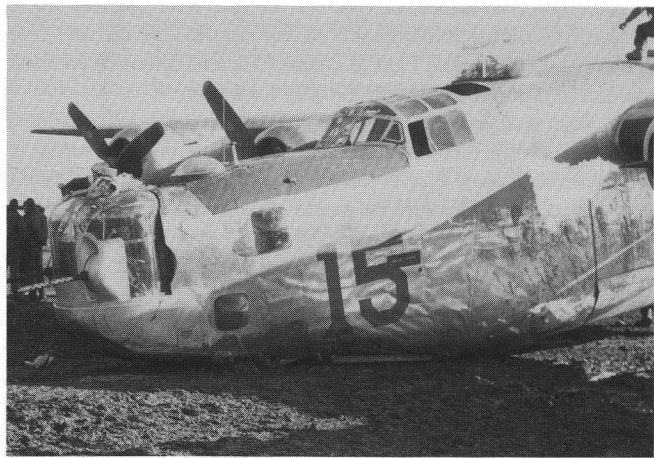
*Robert N "Bob"
Roth,
824 Squadron*

Bob Roth.

Every airport has its own unique personality and if you happened to land at May's Flying Service, Piper Airport, Princeton, Illinois, during the late 1960's or early 1970's you would have met Bob. Actually, you could have met Bob after he popped out of the overcast into any one of a thousand airports around the country



Bob Roth (right) Bob Roth photo



An example of the B-24's weak nose wheel, ship #15, 824 Sq. (Bob Roth Photo)

during that period, as he traveled extensively around the U.S. in his job as a Champion Pneumatic Air Compressor salesman.

Bob learned to fly in the late 1930's while he was attending the University of Wisconsin. His original logbook was filled with entries of flights in such fine aircraft as the Taylorcraft, Aeronca K, Aeronca Chief, Luscombe, a Ryan and a Waco. The flights didn't go for any great distances, but as Bob remarked: "Neither did my money."

World War II interrupted the civilian flying, and put Bob in the U.S. Army Air Corps with a B-24 squadron, based near Foggia, Italy. Although World War II was supposedly a global conflict, I never ceased to be amazed at the number of people Bob knew that had rotated through that one B-24 squadron and how they would come to live in such a small rural town as Princeton, Illinois, or be a QB in the San Antonio, Texas hangar.

When I first met Bob, he had just "popped out" of the overcast after one of his sales trips. I had just returned from Vietnam and needed to re-instate my CFI, and was desperate to borrow his Jepps* to use on my check ride. Bob graciously consented, and asked if I would be doing any instructing while I was on leave. His reason for asking was although he had a complete set of Jepps* and flew IFR across the U.S., he had never quite obtained an Instrument Rating! He had taken the flight instruction, but just never found time to study for the written. This somewhat minor detail (I wasn't an FAA Inspector then, so it seemed minor to me) was overcome by flying all hours of the day and night and prepping for the written. It paid off.

During the following years it would not be uncommon for Bob to appear at whichever Army airfield I was stationed and visit a few days. The Fates would intervene in our lives and both of us moved to San Antonio, Texas in 1976.

After I was brought into "Ye Anciente and Secret Order of Quiet Birdmen," I wasted no time sponsoring Bob, as this was his kind of group. Bob took great pleasure in the friendships that he formed at QB. He was typical QB material, Hail Fellow—Well Met, and a great storyteller. Bob served as Gopher, Bartender, Doorman, Beam Man, Key Man, Governor, and whatever else necessary to help make each of the San Antonio hangar meetings something memorable. He was a procurer and salesman of unique items, and as such, he was probably the only QB any of us knew who wore boxer shorts that sported embroidered QB wings.

Bob and his wife, Pat, were lost in a boating accident in the Gulf off Mexico of Port Aransas, Texas on August 21, 1990. Bob's