

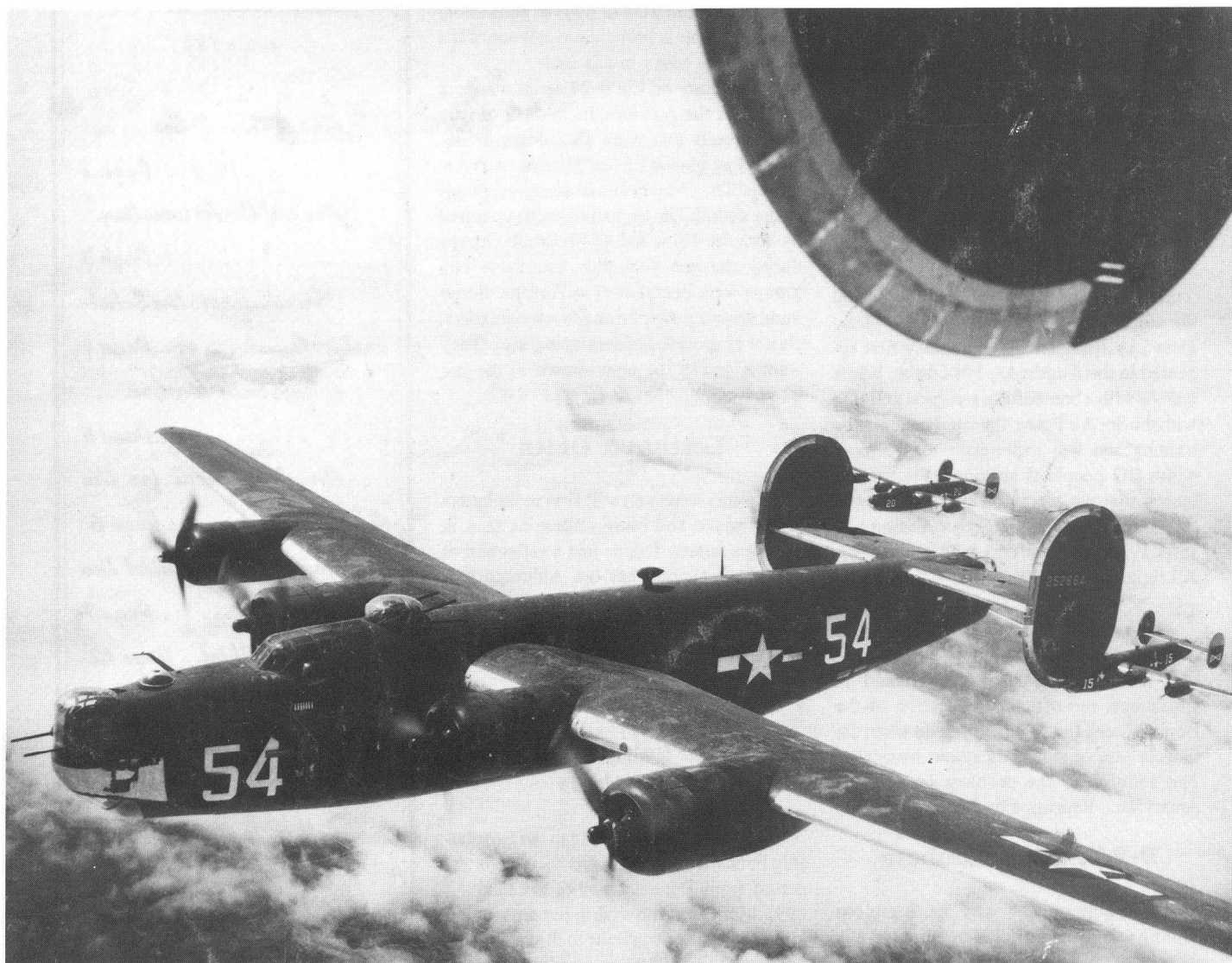
# The Torretta Flyer



The Torretta Flyer

Redondo Beach, CA

Summer-Fall, 1993 No 24



# About This Issue

## A Ride with Morgan

This is a story of the pilot (Morgan) known for the fact he was flying the plane that went down with Major Glenn Miller when their single engine Norseman D-64 crashed into the English Channel December 15, 1944. This story first appeared in the B-17 Combat Crewmen & Wingmen April 1993 and is reprinted by permission.

## An Air Medal For the Flight Surgeon

An Air Medal For the Flight Surgeon was submitted by our own Blair Palmer Browne, 826 Squadron. Non-flying medical personnel usually were not awarded Air Medals, but there is always an exception.

## Young Man Behind the Plexiglass

The editor is most grateful to the New Yorker Magazine for permission to reprint the story "Young Man Behind the Plexiglass", by Brendan Gill. The story first appeared in the August 12, 1944 issue. While it deals with a bombardier assigned to B-17s with the 8th Air Force, the similarities in the training and war experiences of our own 484th BG people is striking. It is for this reason that we are publishing the story in this issue. Reprinted by permission © 1944, 1972 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights Reserved.

## Bicycle Thief

This story was first published in Crosshairs, the official publication of the Bombardiers, Inc. What do you do when the bicycle you've stolen, is stolen from you. The solution to the problem is typically American.. Reprinted by Permission.

## B-24 Serial Numbers

You may wonder why another piece dealing with B-24 Serial Numbers is in this issue. It is one way of tracing the combat history of our groups. We (Bea and I) had

occasion to visit The National Archives some years ago, we found the mission reports contained aircraft numbers, squadron numbers and the names of every airmen by last name who were assigned to a particular mission. It is also a way for both flight crews and especially ground personnel to identify with a particular ship. Assignments to aircraft varied from group to group. Some airmen report they flew the same aircraft on most missions, others say just the opposite. Each aircraft had their own peculiarities, no two were alike, some burned more fuel, others were difficult to hold in formation, and so on. This is brought out in some of the letters to the editor in this issue.

The story on the B-24 serial numbers printed in the previous issue dealt mostly with aircraft that were shot down or destroyed as gleaned from Missing Aircrew reports. The story in this issue represents all of the aircraft known to have been operated by both the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups during the one year plus that these two groups were operational at Torretta. Serial numbers were taken from movement orders, photos of aircraft, and correspondence. They were added to the ones shown in the last issue.

## Letters & Obits

In this issue you will find more letters to the editor and more obituaries than in previous issues. This is just a reflection of how the mail bunches up. Although it is apparent from the obits that the numbers are increasing. So if you plan on attending a future reunion, don't put it off! Join us in Harrisburg this year for sure.

## The Scholarship Donations

The list of contributors to the Scholarship Fund that appears in this issue, is for the period from December 1992 till June 22, 1993. Members who wish to remember their loved ones may contribute to the fund in the name of the person or persons to be so honored.

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*Ship 42-52684 of the 826 Sq. (54) was shot down by fighters on June 11, 1944 Lt Lawrence J Rose was the pilot in command. (See page 18)*

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# News Of The Association

## The 1993 Harrisburg Reunion

This is a gentle reminder to send in your Harrisburg reunion registration form pronto. We need to know how many attendees to plan for. Members who need additional registration forms (Bulletin 29) should call (310) 316-3330.

## The 1994/95 Reunions

You will remember from the previous Torretta Flyer that a Cruise Reunion for the 1994 reunion was suggested by several members at the 1993 Dearborn reunion. We sent out a questionnaire in January of this year and received enough votes to consider the proposal seriously. A separate mailing to those voting for the cruise was mailed out shortly afterwards.

### The Cruise

The cruise departs from Ft. Lauderdale November 7, 1994 and returns to the same port November 11, 1994. The cost of the 4 night 5 day cruise is \$560.00. To secure a positive reservation at this price a deposit of \$100.00 per person must be received by August 1, 1993. Members and friends who wish to join the cruise must send in their deposit before August 1, 1993. The deposits are fully refundable if the cruise is cancelled

### Dayton, Ohio Future Reunion Site

A future reunion will be held in Dayton, Ohio, for a very important reason, that being the dedication ceremony for the 484th Bomb Group plaque and tree to be installed in the Memorial Garden of the United States Air Force Museum prior to the reunion. At the time this issue is being prepared, (June 30, 1993) it is still a little over a month till the cruise deadline of August 1, 1993. At that time, a go, no-go decision will be made for the site of the 1994 reunion. The Dayton, Ohio Marriott will serve as an alternate for the 1994 reunion. If the 1994 cruise reunion takes place, the 1995 reunion will be held in Dayton, Ohio at the Marriott.

### Memorial Plaque to be Installed at Air Force Museum

The Association has made a deposit to secure a place in the United States Air Force Museum's Memorial Park to install a memorial plaque and plant a tree for the 484th Bomb Group. This beautiful area is limited in space and will fill to capacity soon. We have decided to act now so that our Group will have an honored place. The park can be visited without entering the museum itself. The park can be seen just to the right of the museum's main entrance.

The total cost of the plaque and tree will be slightly under \$3000.00. Beginning with this issue of the Flyer your donations toward the installation of the memorial plaque and tree are solicited.

### The Association Pin

The last shipment of the Association stickpin for the ladies has been received along with the men's tie tack. The pins display the new logo, an adaptation of the 484th Bomb Group design which first appeared on the face of the monthly reports and was later adapted and worn on the A-2 jackets of 484th Bomb Group personnel.

## The Torretta Flyer



Issue No 24 Summer-Fall 1993

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The Torretta Flyer is the official publication of the 484th Bomb Group Association. Normal distribution is limited to members only. Requests from non-members for copies should be directed to the editor.

Contributions of stories, articles, memorabilia, and graphic materials to the Torretta Flyer are always welcome. Clean typewritten manuscripts and Microsoft Word disks are preferable. Other forms also are acceptable. Please contact the editor for further information.

The Torretta Flyer reports primarily on the history of air warfare during WWII and the accomplishments of members of the 484th Bomb Group during WWII. From time to time the magazine will cover other subject matter related to aeronautical events as material becomes available. Readers are encouraged to submit their own stories or material from other sources.

*Editor*, Bud Markel  
*Associate Editor*, Bea Markel

*Board of Directors 1992-1993*  
484th Bomb Group, Bud Markel,  
Bea Markel, Frank Valdez, John Billings, and Charles McKew.

*Scholarship Committee*, Chris Donaldson, Ross J Wilson

*Membership Committee*  
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*Publicity Committee*, Clark Ecton  
Adolph Marcus, Harold Toomey, Bud Pressel, John Billings.

Direct all inquiries to the Editor, Torretta Flyer, 1122 Ysabel St. Redondo Beach, CA 90277-4453, USA Phone (310) 316-3330

## Scholarship Program News

### 1993 Scholarship Awards Ceremony will take place Satur- day, October 23, 1993, in Cerignola, Italy.

#### Members are Invited to Attend

The presentation of the Scholarship awards will take place Saturday, October 23, 1993, in Cerignola, Italy at one of the schools to be designated. This year the American Ambassador along with the Minister of Education, Foggia District, Dignitaries from the church and local officials will be invited to attend the ceremony. Fall 1993 has special importance to the Italians as September 30, 1943, is the day that Cerignola was liberated from the Germans by the Anglo-American forces some 50 years ago. There will be a celebration on that date in Cerignola to commemorate the liberation.

Members and friends are invited to attend the ceremony as representatives of the 484th Bomb Group Association. Please advise the Association office if you wish to participate in the awards ceremony.

#### No Italian Tour in 1993

The Association will not organize an Italian tour this year as too few member have expressed a desire to participate. Members wishing to attend the Awards Ceremony should make their own arrangements.

#### Openings on the Scholarship Committee

With the passing of Ed Goree, 764 sq. (See page 35 this issue) of the Scholarship Committee, there is one opening on the committee to take his place and possibly two. Chris Donaldson, 765 Sq. has expressed a desire to pass the mantle on to someone else. Persons wishing to serve on this committee should express their desires to the President of the Association, Bud Markel.

#### New Scholarship Donations

The Scholarship Donations received from December 1, 1992 until June 22, 1993 are shown at right. This is a continuation of the list that appeared in Torretta Flyer Number 23 Fall-Winter issue. Name of contributors received after June 30 will be listed in the next issue of the Flyer. Please indicate if your contribution is being made in memory of a person you wish to honor.

First Name	Last Name	Squadron
Frederick A	Baldinger	824
Charles H	Bell	825
John M	Billings	825
Ralph W	Carr	825
George	Christie	765
<i>Given in Memory of Seymour Tenner</i>		
James O	Clemons	827
Joseph	Dondero	826
<i>Given in Memory of Alice Goodell</i>		
Colin E	Dye	826
<i>Given in Memory of brother Keith Hamilton Dye</i>		
Joseph J	Ercole	824
Ellsworth	Goodell	826
<i>Given in Memory of Wife Alice Goodell</i>		
Joe	Hebert	826
Mike	Hendrickson (2)	824
Harry K	Hubertz	824
Vernon C	Janke	825
Thomas F	Johnson	827
<i>Given in Memory of James Ryan-N/G, William Young-E, Malcolm McAfee-B/G</i>		
John F	Konop	824
Adolph	Marcus	824
<i>Given in memory of George Bouras, Robert Kimo, John B O'Neill, and Robert Hughes</i>		
Charles A	McKew	824
Judson W	Moore	766
Mrs. Walter	Rix	824
Vincent W	O'Shea	826
<i>Given in Memory of Alice Goodell</i>		
Mrs Walter	Rix	824
<i>Given memory of Husband Walter Rix</i>		
Claude F	Schroeder	827
Edward	Schwartz	826
<i>Given in memory of Alice Goodell</i>		
Mrs. Parker C	Shaw (D)	827
<i>Given in memory of husband Parbor "Ship" Shaw</i>		
Alfred J	Solomon	826
<i>Given in Memory of Allice Goodell</i>		
Thaddeus	Walker	825
John A	Whitacre	825
Ross J	Wilson	824
William F	Wilson	826
<i>Given in memory of Alice Goodell, Charlotte "Char" Hanson and Parbor Shaw</i>		



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# A Ride With Morgan

by  
Maurice R Commanday

**This is a story of the pilot (Morgan) known for the fact he was flying the plane that went down with Major Glenn Miller when their single engine Norseman D-64 crashed into the English Channel December 15, 1944 as reported in Torretta Flyer No # 19, page 26.**

I took a break from winning the war single-handed and headed for London on leave. I was a twenty-four year old captain running the machine shop at the 8th AF Depot No11, Warton, Lancashire.

In the late summer or early fall of 1943, I hopped a ride in an aircraft that brought me to my former base, at Honington. It was a posh pre-war RAF station in East Anglia which had been turned over to the Ninth Air Depot Group; the outfit in which I had gone overseas the year before. It became kind of home-away-from-home for me and I greatly enjoyed visiting those I had left behind for my assignment at Warton.

It was my intention to travel on to London via the LNER railway that rattled into Liverpool Street Station at the snail-like smoky pace of England's wartime trains, but some kind soul suggested that I get a ride with the courier aircraft that would be heading my way. That is how I got to ride with Morgan.

Morgan was a flight Officer, One of a few "Galvanized Sergeants" who fell into this rare category of lightweight pilots. Not trained for combat roles, they were assigned flying duties to those assigned to Service Pilots, Morgan's job was to fly a small transport aircraft between the bases of the command that had been established over the expanding Eighth Air Force's Strategic Air Depots. Carrying personnel, critical supplies, and making whiskey-fetching forays into the wilds of Scotland is what he did. For this purpose, a lend-lease vehicle, an Avro Anson, had been pressed into service.

Now the RAF refers to its aircraft as "kites". Anyone that's puzzled over this

euphemism need only encounter an Anson to understand the basis for that. Powered by two Armstrong-Siddeley radials it was capable of a fairish cargo for its size and weight. But a kite must surely have had its way with one of its female ancestors!

I was in class "A" uniform. Three enlisted men were aboard as well as a crate of significant size and unknown weight. Someone had managed to foul the interior of the aircraft with the bronze pigment contents of a sea marker so I was invited to take the relatively clean right hand seat which I gratefully accepted. The enlisted men were in fatigues and took up spots where they could on the floor around the crate.

We took off uneventfully from Honington's grass field and headed southwest for Hendon. At Morgan's invitation, I took the wheel and drove the Anson over and around the barrage balloons; a welcome activity; rare in the life of an un-rated engineering officer, Hendon came into view.

Hendon was London's oldest aerodrome having been established even before WW 1. It was rather small in size and completely surrounded by urbanity. Around its western edge arced a high railway embankment complete with telegraph lines which provided an interesting hurdle on our approach to the runway in use.

Now the Anson was equipped with a retractable landing gear of the old school. Nothing fancy! A release lever and a hand crank which Morgan's "crew chief", a Staff Sergeant, wound down as we completed our approach. When we touched down I heard Morgan mutter an oath. He opened the throttles to go 'round again. We seemed to

be traveling pretty fast on that short runway. Sergeant cranked up the gear promptly and we had a tour of the vicinity.

The next go at the runway was better. We touched down much closer to its beginning, nearer to the railway embankment, but not close enough. Again the curse and opened throttles and re-cranked gear. By this time, in my front row seat, I had the distinct impression that maybe our center of gravity, affected by the crate's unknown mass, was not in an ideal location, Never mind, Morgan swore he'd get the damn thing in!

I must say he made a masterful approach the third time slipping the craft past the embankment touching down at the very edge of the runway. I was too busy looking ahead to consult an airspeed indicator as we tore along! With Morgan pumping the Dunlap brake lever on the control wheel, I do remember looking at the air-brake gauge and consoling myself between prayers that the receiver was at normal pressure and the brake bladders in the wheels were getting what they needed; but we were really rolling hell bent for election!

From the corner of my eye I noted the RAF "meat wagon" was already en-route on a convergent path. We took the entire runway, crossed the perimeter track and rolled across a plot of grass. At some point a wag back in the cabin, suggested putting it in the garage across the street. Finally we came to a halt with our starboard airscrew just five feet short of a very solid, well-entrenched street lamp.

I didn't notice the garage across the street, but there was an Underground station in plain view. Anxious to avoid any embarrassing contact with the RAF folks, I thanked one and all and promptly disappeared down the tube station entrance. I thus became one of very few travellers who have been delivered to a subway stop by air.

Two years ago, at a reunion of the First S.A.D. Association, I learned that about a year after my ride with him, Flying Officer Morgan, still on courier assignment, went down in the Channel with Major Glenn Miller. Maurice R Commanday of Palos Verdes, CA contributed to this story.

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# An Air Medal For The Flight Surgeon

By

Blair P Browne, 826 Squadron

Our crew arrived at the 826th Squadron in the very early morning of a rainy day in August, 1944. As co-pilot, I was grounded for five missions while the rest of the crew were certified to fly combat. Literally having nothing to do in the two weeks or so involved, I wandered the area and discovered the Link Trainer building where I met Sgt. Ted Mahan who was in charge of the trainers. It was something to do and something which I enjoyed doing, so I spent as many hours as Sgt. Ted would give me in the trainer.

But I digress.

In time, we built a hospital, which was part Tufa Block and part Quonset Hut, and where I met Capt. Jack M. Sheppard, M.D., of Little Rock, Arkansas, Flight Surgeon to the 484th Bomb Group. The Doctor and I spent much time together in general discussions of the war, the time before and what to expect after. These discussions were often lubricated by the ingestion of good old 180 proof grain alcohol. In time, Doc Sheppard allowed as how he would like to get some kind of medal out of this war. I suggested it would be easy to get the Air Medal and that I would advise him as to which missions to fly. Accordingly, he would stand outside the Briefing Room each morning and we would give him the thumbs up sign if the mission was perceived as a "Milk Run"; whereupon he would collect his gear and meet us at the aeroplane. I recall he flew all but one or two of the five missions required for the Air Medal with us; I do not recall which crew he flew the odd mission with. It would be interesting if anyone remembers.

I must apologize for his fifth mission but I was young and others in the squadron share in my blame. At a bull session one evening, it was decided by those present, that the good doctor should go to a tough target on his final mission. Sooooo, having been briefed on the mission for the day (Linz, Austria, I believe), we exited the

Briefing Room with broad smiles and thumbs up to the Doc and he hurried off to get his gear and met us in our revetment.

All was sweet innocence through engine start, warm up, taxi, take-off, assembly etc. until we crossed the Alps. Now Doc was no great navigator, but it was becoming obvious to him that we were far afield from our usual routes on his previous missions. He questioned us as to our destination, and



King Beach Photo 827 Sq

I presume the Bombardier and/or Navigator gave him an answer. It was the Doc's usual practice to ride in the nose and as we were the alternate lead (we flew in the slot - #4), the Bombardier (Charles Lindsey) rigged an extension trigger so that Doc Sheppard could stand on an ammo can, look out the astrodome and drop our bombs when he observed the bombs exiting the lead ship.

When we turned at the I.P., the sky ahead was literally black with Flak and we were all a little nervous. At any rate, "Bombs Away", Doc pressed the trigger with verve, toppled off the ammo can, landed on his back on the nose wheel door (which sprang part way open), pulled his parachute and was recovered by the Bombardier.

Now our nose gunner (A. F. Segarra, deceased) always opened the turret doors over the target, so we had a good blast of air through the nose, which resulted in the parachute canopy coming up through the rudder pedals, which was our first clue that some-

thing was amiss up forward.

The Navigator (William T. Schwartz) always observed the bomb bay to assure all bombs were gone before the bomb bay doors were closed; so he was crawling back through the tunnel to the nose when he encountered great clouds of canopy. Eventually the parachute was recovered and Doc was sitting in the nose with a lap full of silk, questioning everyone as to what he should do if we had

to abandon the aircraft. Everyone suggested he be very careful not to tangle his chute and to not let go of it until after a slow count to ten. It became obvious to all aboard that Doctor Sheppard was NOT AMUSED!

Return to base was uneventful, except for the constant abuse of yours truly by the good Doctor, who would occasionally include the crew, the squadron, the group and the U. S. A. C. in his invective. Needless to say, I no longer enjoyed his company nor his alcohol for some time.

In due course, Major-General Twining arrived at the 484th and presented medals to all those qualified, including Flight Surgeon Captain Jack M. Sheppard. Later that afternoon, I went to the hospital and congratulated him on the receipt of his Air Medal. He castigated me once more, stating that he was married, had or hoped to have children and he saw no humor in our actions - "I could have been killed!"; whereupon I reminded him that he had a good story for his grandchildren and that no matter how much he embellished it, or how much he left out, he could depend on me to corroborate whatever he said. He finally smiled and we celebrated with a few glasses of his 180 proof; cut with water, naturally.

I have not heard of or from Doctor Sheppard since the end of WWII and since 49 years have passed, I am assuming he is no longer with us, otherwise I would not have written this story.



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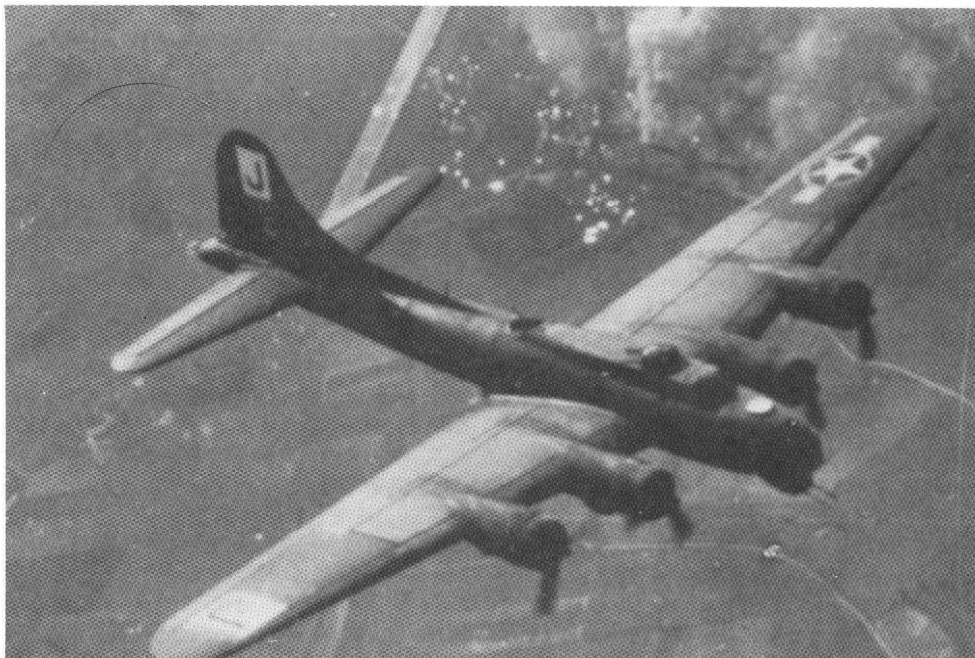
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# Young Man Behind Plexiglass

by  
BRENDAN GILL

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JOSEPH THEODORE HALLOCK, who has light-blue eyes and an engaging smile and is usually called Ted, is a first lieutenant in the United States Army Air Forces. Two years ago he was an undergraduate at the University of Oregon; today he is a veteran bombardier who has completed thirty missions in a B-17 over Germany and Occupied Europe. Eighteen months ago he fainted when an Army doctor examining him pricked his finger to get a sample of blood; today he wears the Purple Heart for wounds received in a raid on Augsburg, the Air Medal with three oak-leaf clusters, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Before he got into the Air Forces, he had been rejected by the Navy and Marines because of insuffi-



cient chest expansion; he still weighs less than a hundred and thirty pounds, and this gives him an air of tempered, high-strung fragility. When he relaxes, which is not often, he looks younger than his twenty-two years, but he doesn't think of himself as being young. "Sometimes I feel as if I'd never had a chance to live at all," he says flatly, "but most of the time I feel as if I'd lived forever."

Hallock and his wife, Muriel, recently spent a three-week leave in New York, and I met him through friends. I took him aside one morning and talked with him for an hour or two about his part in the war. I was naturally curious to know what it felt like to complete thirty missions in a Flying Fortress, but I also saw, or thought I saw, that he was eager to speak to someone of his experiences. Apparently he considers himself typical of thousands of young men in the armed forces, and he rejects any suggestion that he has done more than was specifically demanded of him. "Whatever I tell you," he said, "boils down to this: I'm a cog in one hell of a big machine. The more I think about it, and I've thought about it a lot lately, the more it looks as if I've been a cog in one thing or another since the day I was born.

Whenever I get set to do what I want to do, something a whole lot bigger than me comes along and shoves me back into place. It's not especially pleasant, but there it is.

"As a matter of fact, my father had about the same deal. He'd graduated from Oregon State and was just starting in business when we got mixed up in the first World War. He joined the Navy, and from what he says I guess he disliked the war but liked his job. He'd been trained as a radio engineer, and that was the sort of work they gave him to do, so he got to be a C.P.O. and kept on working for the Navy for quite a while after the war was over. He and Mother moved around from Mare Island to Portland, down to Los Angeles and San Diego, and so on, and they seem to have had a good enough time. Like Muriel and me, they probably didn't try to figure what was going to happen to them next. I was their only child, and I was born on October twenty-fifth, 1921." Hallock shrugged. "In a way, it's funny my being born then. I was arguing about the war with a fellow the other night, and he kept telling me what Wilson should have done and what Wilson shouldn't have done. I got sore finally. Why, hell's bells, I hadn't even been born when Wilson was

president! I don't give a hoot about Wilson, I told this guy, Wilson's been dead for years; it's 1944 I'm worrying about.

"Things must have been pretty unsettled when I was a baby, just as they've been ever since I grew up. Whatever that boom was I've heard about, I doubt if it meant anything ritzy for the Hallocks. My father helped found a company that manufactured radios—he was in on the ground floor in radio, from crystal pickup sets to those big old-fashioned jobs with all the knobs and dials— but he figured the fad wouldn't last. That was what he used to say—'Radio won't last.' Those early sets cost too much for the average guy, Dad thought, and it didn't occur to him that the prices were bound to come down someday. So he drifted into one job or another, some good and some bad, up to the time of the crash.

"Naturally, I don't remember anything about Harding and Coolidge. One of my earliest memories is of betting marbles with the kids at school about who was going to win the election, Hoover or Roosevelt. I bet on Roosevelt. I suppose my mother and father had been talking about him at home— about how bad things were and about how

the country needed a change. While I don't remember good times, I'd hear Mother and Dad talking about what they'd had once and didn't have any more—nothing like yachts or fur coats, just something like security, whatever that is. It's the same thing Muriel and I talk about sometimes, wondering what the hell it looks and tastes like. Most of the other guys in the Army who grew up when I did feel the same way. We keep trying to figure out what it was our parents had before we grew up, or what our grandparents had. There must have been something back there someplace, or we wouldn't miss it so much.

"Moving around the country during those bad times, I had plenty of trouble with schools, and I guess it's a wonder I managed to learn anything at all. In California, for instance, I'd have to take French but not Latin, and in Maryland I'd have to take Latin but not French. I finally graduated from a Portland, Oregon, high school in 1939. I wasn't very popular at school, partly because I never was in a place long enough to know anybody well, but mostly because I spent my time reading books and listening to good jazz, which can be a lonely thing to do. I was a pretty serious character in those days, and I boned up a lot on the first World War. I listened to my father talk and I read about the munitions kings and I felt sure I'd never be willing to fight in any war about anything. I delivered the commencement address when I graduated from high school, and I called it 'Cannon Fodder?' You can bet I made that question mark a big one.

"Then I began to grow confused. I was disgusted when the League of Nations gave in to Mussolini on the Ethiopian grab, and even before that, when the Spanish War broke out, I saw that that was a war the Loyalists had to fight, and I also saw that it was a war the Loyalists had to win. I was only fifteen or sixteen at the time, but I wanted them to win more than anything else in the world. Besides, there was the Jap attack on China. Naturally, I sided with the Chinese right from the start. What it came down to was that I believed in other people's wars but I didn't believe in any American war. I guess I was as bad as a lot of people in that respect, like the other kids who were brought up on Senator Nye and the Veterans of Future Wars.

"I wanted to go to Reed College, in Portland, so after I got out of high school I spent a year working as busboy, dishwasher, and things like that to make some money. I also got a job at a radio station, where I had charge of the record library and helped out

the announcers on the night shift, and I played drums in a local band. Being on the air when the flash announcing the second World War came through, I remember the time exactly: it was 2:17 A.M., on September third, 1939. As soon as I got home that morning, I asked my father if he thought we'd ever get into the war, and he said, 'No, of course not.' But I suspected we might, and I hated the thought of it. My father had already taken the Civil Service exams for a job with the Federal Communications Commission and passed them, and at about that time he was sent to an F.C.C. job in Texas. I found out that I couldn't afford to go to Reed College unless I was able to live board-free at home, so I had to plan on going to the University of Oregon instead. My family and I got separated back there in 1940, and I've been away from them pretty steadily ever since. There were only the three of us, and we miss each other." Hallock smiled without embarrassment and said, "Damn it, we miss each other a lot."

Hallock and I talked about his family for a while, then got back to the war. "All the time up to Pearl Harbor, I kept trying to pretend that the war wasn't really happening," he said. "I kept telling myself that this was a different kind of war from the Chinese and Spanish wars. When my roommate at college woke me up on Sunday morning, December seventh, 1941, and told me that the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor, I didn't believe it. It sounded like Warner Brothers stuff to me, so I went back to sleep. Later on I was listening to the Andre Kostelanetz program when the announcer cut in with some news flashes, and this time I believed it. I guess it's typical of me that as far as I was concerned the war started in the middle of the Coca-Cola program, 'the pause that refreshes on the air.'

"Nearly everybody at college got drunk and burned his books. My roommate and I killed a bottle of kummel between us and I painted our windows with black enamel as an air-raid precaution. I spent the next two weeks scraping off the enamel with a razor. Undergraduate guards were posted on the library roof, and when the rumor got around that San Francisco had been bombed, twenty-two-calibre rifles started showing up around the campus. Everybody else seemed to be doing something, so I wired my father that I wanted to enlist in the Signal Corps. My father wired back for me to sit tight until the Army told me what to do. In spite of him, I tried enlisting as a cadet in the Navy and Marines, but they said I had insufficient

chest expansion and too few college credits. I didn't mind terribly when they turned me down. I had no real convictions about the war in Europe, and I was more or less willing to wait my turn at taking a crack at the Japs. I'd started an orchestra at college called Ted Hallock's Band, which played at sorority and fraternity dances, and during the year I'd had an article on jazz published in *Downbeat*. I'd even made a quick trip to New York and haunted all the night clubs that had good bands. I'd had to hock my Speed Graphic camera to do it, but it was worth it. I felt I was really on my way.

"Besides all that, and a lot more important than all that, I had Muriel, back in Portland. That is, I'd fallen in love with her and I wanted to marry her, but she didn't give me much encouragement. She just wouldn't say anything when I'd ask her to marry me, and I figured that if I got into the Army I might never have a chance to see her again. I wanted time to see her. I wanted time to do a lot of things I hadn't been able to do, and every day outside the Army was worth weeks and months in terms of Muriel and jazz and reading and ordinary living. Finally, in June, 1942, thinking I was bound to be drafted soon, I enlisted as an aviation cadet in the Army Air Forces. I was underweight the first time I took my physical, but I ate fifteen bananas, drank three quarts of milk, passed a second physical, and was sick as a pup for a couple of days afterward.

"The Air Forces told me they'd notify me when to report for training. I didn't feel like going back to college, and I was sore at Muriel because she wouldn't say she'd marry me, so I went down to Galveston to visit my mother and father. I got a job there as a pipe-fitter's apprentice—a fine fate for someone who thought of himself as a rising young authority on jazz and other fine arts. When I couldn't stand not hearing from Muriel, I returned to Portland and got a job in a record shop in a department store. Later, I set up a pitch as a disc jockey at the radio station, playing jazz records and ad-libbing from midnight to eight A.M. I managed to pick up sixty-five or seventy dollars a week, and Muriel and I had some fine times. It seemed as if for once I wasn't just a cog in something bigger than me; I was doing what I wanted to do. But of course that feeling was too good to last. I was ordered to report for duty on February second, 1943, at the A.A.F. base at Santa Ana, California, where I received my pre-flight training.

"That training was really rugged. We had two and a half months of calisthenics led



by Fred Perry and Joe DiMaggio, obstacle races, drill, and studies. The saying there was that the discipline was so tough you'd be giggled if they found air under your bed. We took enough mathematics in six weeks to go from two plus two makes four to trig and calculus. I suspected I might be washed out as pilot material, so to keep from getting a broken heart like a lot of other fellows, I applied to be sent to bombardier school. That was just good strategy on my part, but apparently the officers liked it. We—the bombardier candidates—were sent on to Deming, New Mexico. We arrived there and lined up in one hell of a sandstorm, in terrible heat, feeling a million miles from anywhere. I can still remember the C.O. yelling, as the sand blew down his throat and blinded his eyes, 'Welcome to Deming, men!'

"There were a thousand men at the base and two bars in the town, and things were about as unpleasant as that sounds. We had three months of training with the Norden bomb sight at Deming. The men who had been trained before us had not even been allowed to take notes on what they learned. We could take notes, but we had to burn them as soon as we finished memorizing them. We used to take our notes out to the latrines at night after lights out and study them there. We had to learn how to strip and assemble a bomb sight, a job that became sort of a religious ritual with me. The more I found out about the bomb sight, the more ingenious and inhuman it seemed. It was something bigger, I kept thinking, than any one man was intended to comprehend. I ended up with a conviction, which I still have, that a bombardier can't help feeling inferior to his bomb sight—at least, this bombardier can't. It's not a good feeling to have; it doesn't help you very much when you're over Germany and going into your run to realize that everything depends on your control of something you'll never fully understand, but the feeling is there.

"In July, 1943, I finished the course at Deming and got my wings as a second lieutenant. Muriel had stopped corresponding with me for the umpteenth time by then, and I had got so sore that I had written her that I would never see her again. At the last minute, though, I hopped on a train and stood up all the way back to Portland. As soon as I saw Muriel, I told her, 'You know you're going to marry me, don't you?' She said, 'Well, maybe,' which was the greatest encouragement she'd ever given me. I wasted a lot of time—three whole days—making

up her mind for her, which left us only three days of my leave in which to get married and have a honeymoon. We spent our honeymoon in a hotel in Portland. Then we took a train to Ephrata, Washington, the training center for B-17s to which I'd been ordered to report.

"Muriel stayed at a hotel in Wenatchee, several miles away. That meant that I was A.W.O.L. a good deal of the time. But I guess I learned something. I didn't like the first pilot to whom I was assigned, so the C.O. assigned me to another pilot, a fellow just my age, with whom I got along fine. It's literally a matter of life and death for everybody in the crew of a Fort to get on well; the ship just won't fly otherwise. There are ten men in a Fort crew—the pilot, co-pilot, navigator, bombardier, and six gunners, and there's more than enough responsibility to go around. The bombardier, for example, is also gunnery officer and in charge of fire control, first aid, and oxygen. Most of those jobs are theoretical in practice flights, but they can all need you at once in a hot raid.

"After a couple of months at Ephrata, where we got the hang of flying a Fort, we were sent on to Rapid City, South Dakota, for some bomb practice on the target ranges there. Muriel and I felt really married for the first time in Rapid City, because we rented a bungalow and Muriel, who'd never cooked before, practiced her cooking on me. As it turned out, we lived on spaghetti most of the time. Muriel and I had a lot of scraps at Rapid City. I'd come down from a flight looking for trouble, looking for someone to pick on, and Muriel was always the easiest to hurt. That kind of irritability seems to be a characteristic of high flying. I blame it mostly on using oxygen, but, oxygen or no oxygen, there's no doubt the sky does something to you. There it is around you, and it's so damn big, and yet you have a false feeling of having mastered it. And when you come down out of it you feel like elbowing all the civilians you see into the streets that from above looked like little trickles of nothing. The difficulty is, you have to try to live in two different scales of worlds, the one up there and the one down here, and it's not a natural thing to do.

"Muriel must have understood what was going on inside me, because in spite of the way I behaved we had a good time in that cheap little bungalow. As soon as I finished the course at Rapid City, we went to Washington, so I could say goodbye to my parents. My father had been made chief of the Facility Security Division of the F.C.C. when

the war broke out, and he and Mother had had to move to Washington. Later, we came up here to New York for a day or two before I went across. We spent most of our time at Nick's in the Village, getting a last fill of good music. In November, 1943, I shipped out to England, and Muriel went back to Portland and got a job at an advertising agency there."

I asked Hallock a few questions about Muriel, and then he took up his story again. "Right from the start, I liked England. That helped me to stand my separation from Muriel and the fact that I was fighting in a war I'd never particularly believed in fighting. England was so much older physically and spiritually than I had expected that I felt shocked. I understood for the first time that there were people in the world who looked the same as us but thought differently from us, and I began to wonder if the Germans were maybe as much different from the English and us as a lot of writers and politicians claimed. After a day or two in an indoctrination pool, our crew was assigned to an old and well-established operational base south of London and given our Fort, which our pilot christened Ginger. None of us ever found out why he named the ship Ginger, but it's the pilot's privilege to choose any name he likes; probably ginger was the color of his girl's hair or the name of his dog—something like that. We never painted the name on our Fort, because the Forts with names seemed to get shot up more than the ones without.

"My first raid was on December thirty-first, over Ludwigshaven. Naturally, not knowing what it was going to be like, I didn't feel scared. A little sick, maybe, but not scared. That comes later, when you begin to understand what your chances of survival are. Once we'd crossed into Germany, we spotted some flak, but it was a good long distance below us and looked pretty and not dangerous: different-colored puffs making a soft, cushiony-looking pattern under our plane. A bombardier sits right in the plexiglas nose of a Fort, so he sees everything neatly laid out in front of him, like a living-room rug. It seemed to me at first that I'd simply moved in on a wonderful show. I got over feeling sick, there was so much to watch. We made our run over the target, got our bombs away, and apparently did a good job. Maybe it was the auto-pilot and bomb sight that saw to that, but I'm sure I was cool enough on that first raid to do my job without thinking too much about it. Then, on the way home, some Focke-Wolfs

showed up, armed with rockets. and I saw three B-17s in the different groups around us suddenly blow up and drop through the sky. Just simply blow up and drop through the sky. Nowadays, if you come across something awful happening, you always think, 'My God, it's just like a movie,' and that's what I thought. I had a feeling that the planes weren't really falling and burning, the men inside them weren't really dying, and everything would turn out happily in the end. Then, very quietly through the interphone, our tail gunner said, 'I'm sorry, sir, I've been hit.'

"I crawled back to him and found that he'd been wounded in the side of the head—not deeply but enough so he was bleeding pretty bad. Also, he'd got a lot of the plexiglas dust from his shattered turret in his eyes, so he was, at least for the time being, blind. The blood that would have bothered me back in California a few months before didn't bother me at all then. The Army had trained me in a given job and I went ahead and did what I was trained to do, bandaging the gunner well enough to last him back to our base. Though he was blind, he was still able to use his hands, and I ordered him to fire his guns whenever he heard from me. I figured that a few bursts every so often from his fifties would keep the Germans off our tail, and I also figured that it would give the kid something to think about besides the fact that he'd been hit. When I got back to the nose, the pilot told me that our No. 4 engine had been shot out. Gradually we lost our place in the formation and flew nearly alone over France. That's about the most dangerous thing that can happen to a lame Fort, but the German fighters had luckily given up and we skimmed over the top of the flak all the way to the Channel.

"Our second raid was on Lille, and it was an easy one. Our third was on Frankfurt. France was the milk run, Germany the bad news. On the day of a raid, we'd get up in the morning, eat breakfast, be briefed, check our equipment, crawl into the plane, maybe catch some more sleep. Then the raid, easy or tough, and we'd come back bushed, everybody sore and excited, everybody talking, hashing over the raid. Then we'd take lighted candles and write the date and place of the raid in smoke on our barracks ceiling. Maybe we wouldn't go out again for a week or ten days. Then we'd go out for four or five days in a row, taking chances, waiting for the Germans to come up and give us hell. They have a saying that nobody's afraid on his first five raids, and he's only moderately

afraid on his next ten raids, but that he really sweats out all the rest of them, and that's the way it worked with me and the men I knew.

"When we started our missions, we were told that after twenty-five we would probably be sent home for a rest, so that was how we kept figuring things—so many missions accomplished, so many missions still to go. We worked it all out on a mathematical basis, or on what we pretended was a mathematical basis—how many months it would take us to finish our stint, how many missions we'd have to make over Germany proper, what our chances of getting shot down were. Then, at about the halfway mark, the number of missions we would have to make was raised from twenty-five to thirty. That was one hell of a heartbreaker. Supposedly, they changed the rules of the game because flying had got that much safer, but you couldn't make us think in terms of being safer. Those five extra raids might as well have been fifty.

"The pressure kept building up from raid to raid more than ever after that. The nearer we got to the end of the thirty missions, the narrower we made our odds on surviving. Those odds acted on different guys in different ways. One fellow I knew never once mentioned any member of his family, never wore a trinket, never showed us any pictures, and when he got a letter from home he read it through once and tore it up. He said he didn't trust himself to do anything else, but still it took guts. Most of the rest of us would lug a letter around and read it over and over, and show our family pictures to each other until they got cracked and dirty. There was also a difference in the way we faked our feelings. Some of the guys would say, 'Well, if I managed to get through that raid, it stands to reason they'll never get me,' but they didn't mean it. They were knocking on wood. Some of the other guys would say, 'I'm getting it this time. I'll be meeting you in Stalag Luft tonight but they were knocking on wood, too. We were all about equally scared all the time.

"My best friend over there was an ardent Catholic. He used to pray and go to confession and Mass whenever he could. I kept telling him, 'What's the use? The whole business is written down in a book someplace. Praying won't make any difference.' But whenever I got caught in a tight spot over Germany, I'd find myself whispering, 'God, you gotta. You gotta get me back. God, listen, you gotta.' Some of the guys prayed harder than that. They promised God a lot of stuff, like swearing off liquor and

women, if He'd pull them through. I never tried to promise Him anything, because I figured that if God was really God he'd be bound to understand how men feel about liquor and women. I was lucky, anyhow, because I had something to fall back on, and that was music. I went up to London several times between missions and visited some of those Rhythm Clubs that are scattered all over the country. I listened to some good hot records and a few times I even delivered lectures on jazz. The nearest town to our base had its own Rhythm Club, and I spoke there to about a hundred and fifty people on Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. Now and then I got a chance to play drums in a band. That helped a lot and made it seem less like a million years ago that I'd been leading Ted Hallock's Band out at Oregon."

Hallock got onto the subject of jazz, then abruptly switched back to his story again. "The missions went on and on," he said, "and the pressure kept on building. Guys I knew and liked would disappear. Somebody I'd be playing ping-pong with one day would be dead the next. It began to look as if I didn't have a chance of getting through, but I tried to take it easy. The worst raid we were ever on was one over Augsburg. That was our twenty-sixth, the one after what we expected to be our last mission. When we were briefed that morning and warned that we might be heading for trouble, I couldn't help thinking, 'By God, I'm getting rooked, I ought to be heading home to Muriel and New York and Nick's this very minute.'

"There was never any predicting which targets the Germans would come up to fight for. I was over Berlin five times, over Frankfurt four times, over Saarbrücken, Hamm, Münster, Leipzig, Wilhelmshaven, and I had it both ways, easy and hard. We had a feeling, though, that this Augsburg show was bound to be tough, and it was. We made our runs and got off our bombs in the midst of one hell of a dogfight. Our group leader was shot down and about a hundred and fifty or two hundred German fighters swarmed over us as we headed for home. Then, screaming in from someplace, a twenty millimeter cannon shell exploded in the nose of our Fort. It shattered the plexiglas, broke my interphone and oxygen connections, and a fragment of it cut through my heated suit and flak suit. I could feel it burning into my right shoulder and arm. My first reaction was to disconnect my heated suit. I had some idea that I might get electrocuted if I didn't.



"I crawled back in the plane, wondering if anyone else needed first aid. I couldn't communicate with them, you see, with my phone dead. I found that two shells had hit in the waist of the plane, exploding the cartridge belts stored there, and that one waist gunner had been hit in the forehead and the other in the jugular vein. I thought, 'I'm wounded, but I'm the only man on the ship who can do this job right.' I placed my finger against the gunner's jugular vein, applied pressure bandages, and injected morphine into him. Then I sprinkled the other man's wound with sulfa powder. We had no plasma aboard, so there wasn't much of anything else I could do. When I told the pilot that my head set had been blown off, the tail gunner thought he'd heard someone say that my head had been blown off, and he yelled that he wanted to jump. The pilot assured him that I was only wounded. Then I crawled back to the nose of the ship to handle my gun, fussing with my wounds when I could and making use of an emergency bottle of oxygen.

The German fighters chased us for about forty-five minutes. They came so close that I could see the pilots' faces, and I fired so fast that my gun jammed. I went back to the left nose gun and fired that gun till it jammed. By that time we'd fallen behind the rest of the group, but the Germans were beginning to slack off. It was turning into a question of whether we could sneak home without having to bail out. The plane was pretty well shot up and the whole oxygen system had been cut to pieces. The pilot told us we had the choice of trying to get back to England, which would be next to impossible, or of flying to Switzerland and being interned, which would be fairly easy. He asked us what we wanted to do. I would have voted for Switzerland, but I was so busy handing out bottles of oxygen that before I had a chance to say anything the other men said, 'What the hell, let's try for England.' After a while, with the emergency oxygen running out, we had to come down to ten thousand feet, which is dangerously low. We saw four fighters dead ahead of us, somewhere over France, and we thought we were licked. After a minute or two we discovered that they were P-47s, more beautiful than any woman who ever lived. I said, 'I think now's the time for a short prayer, men. Thanks, God, for what you've done for us.'

"When we got back to our base, I found a batch of nineteen letters waiting for me, but I couldn't read a single one of them. I just walked up and down babbling and

shaking and listening to the other guys babble. I had my wounds looked at, but they weren't serious. The scars are already beginning to fade a little, and the wounds didn't hurt me much at the time. Still, I never wanted to go up again. I felt sure I couldn't go up again. On the day after the raid, I didn't feel any better, and on the second day after the raid I went to my squadron commander and told him that I had better be sent up at once or I'd never be of any use to him again. So he sent me up in another plane on what he must have known would be a fairly easy raid over France, the milk run, and that helped.

"That was my twenty-seventh mission. The twenty-eighth was on Berlin, and I was scared damn near to death. It was getting close to the end and my luck was bound to be running out faster and faster. The raid wasn't too bad, though, and we got back safe. The twenty-ninth mission was to Thionville, in France, and all I thought about on that run was 'One more, one more, one more.' My last mission was to Saarbrucken. One of the waist gunners was new, a young kid like the kid I'd been six months before. He wasn't a bit scared—just cocky and excited. Over Saarbrucken he was wounded in the foot by a shell, and I had to give him first aid. He acted more surprised than hurt. He had a look on his face like a child who's been cheated by grownups.

"That was only the beginning for him, but it was the end for me. I couldn't believe it when I got back to the base. I kept thinking, 'Maybe they'll change the rules again, maybe I won't be going home, maybe I'll be going up with that kid again, maybe I'll have another five missions, another ten, another twenty.' I kept thinking those things, but I wasn't especially bitter about them. I knew then, even when I was most scared, that fliers have to be expendable, that that's what Eaker and Doolittle had us trained for. That's what war is. The hell with pampering us. We're supposed to be used up. If the Army worried one way or another about our feelings, it'd never get any of us out of Santa Ana or Deming."

I asked Hallock how long he had to wait before he was ordered back to the States. "In just a few days," he said, "the word came through that I could go home for a three-week leave. I cabled Muriel and she met me here in New York. I must have looked a lot different to her, and acted different, but she looked and acted the same to me. She brought along whatever money she'd managed to save out of what I'd sent her, so

we could shoot it all on a good time. I'd been made a first lieutenant, and I get good pay, but saving any of it is something else again. Muriel and I both figure we'd better spend it while we're here to spend it. After a couple of days in Washington with my mother and father, we settled ourselves here in New York. We've just been eating and sleeping and listening to jazz and wandering around the town in a nice daze. I don't care if things are booming, if the civilians are all pulling down big dough, if no one seems to know there's a war on. For the moment, I don't care about any other damn thing in the world except that I'm here in New York with Muriel.

"We haven't made any plans. Hell's bells, I've never been able to make any plans. As soon as my leave's up, I have to report to a rehabilitation center in Miami, and I suppose I'll be sent on from there to another post. Frankly, I'd like to land a job somewhere on the ground. I don't care where. Even Deming sounds beautiful to me. I don't particularly want to fly again. Pilots and navigators seem to feel different about the flying end of it; they don't seem to get that feeling of never wanting to go up again. Maybe that's because they're really flying the ship. When you're only one of the hired hands, who's being carried along to do the dirty work, to drop the bombs and do the killing, you don't feel so good about it.

"As for after the war, we don't dare to think too much about that. We're not ready to settle down and have kids and all that stuff. We feel as if we'd been cheated out of a good big chunk of our lives, and we want to make it up. I want to go back to college. Damn it, I want to play drums in a band again, in Ted Hallock's Band. I want to feel that maybe I can look two days ahead without getting scared. I want to feel *good* about things. You know what I mean. It seems to me that sooner or later I'm going to be entitled to say to myself, 'O.K., kid, relax. Take it easy. You and Muriel got a lifetime in front of you. Do what you damn please with it.' I want to be able to tell myself, 'Listen, Hallock, all that cannon-fodder stuff never happened. You're safe. You're fine. Things are going to be different for Muriel and you. Things are going to be great. You're not a damn little cog any more. You're on your way.'"

*First printed in the New Yorker magazine of August 12, 1944*

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# Bicycle Thief

By Ned Humphreys, Bombardiers, Inc.

In a file cabinet in the office of Bombardiers, Inc. there is a Big Spring (Texas) bombardier school memory book for class 44-4 which won its wings 18 March 1944.

As one thumbs through the book he will find a written notation under the photograph of cadet Roger S. Johnson reading "Student of instructor E.C. Ned Humphreys, Jr." Nothing exciting about that! But further research of the name Roger Stanley Johnson reveals plenty of other exciting events documented in dozens of other publications, photographs and documents. Hastily scanning and summarizing his recorded accomplishments produces a listing reading something like this:

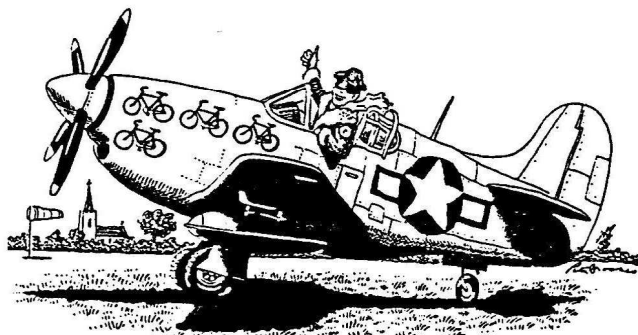
Born in St. Paul, Minnesota on 29 April 1924; enlisted in the AAF cadet program at age 18; became a bombardier lieutenant on 18 March 1944; flew 36 missions from Polebrook, England with the 608th Bomb Squadron of the 351st Bomb Group, 7 of which were as navigator (most of his missions were flown in a B-17 with nose name "The Lucky Jewell"); completed his tour 1 February 1946; chose to leave the Army Air Force and entered University of Minnesota premedicine school; received a BA in 1947, B.S. in 1948, M.B. In 1960, M.D. in 1951, Master of Science in Surgery in 1963; and finally, a law degree from Southern Methodist University in 1991 at age 67. "Rog", as he is best known to friends and family, achieved the most unexpected notoriety however, when he could no longer endure the pangs of nearly fifty years of remorse for once having pilfered a bicycle while stationed in England.

The story, as printed, had sliding degrees of accuracy but all told of him earning a couple of rest and recuperation days off in 1944.

He journeyed the 20 miles from Polebrook airfield to London and, as a loner, met some fine English folks who swept him up in their family and group activities.

On his last day, somewhat later than planned, Rog pulled himself away from the fun and partying, sorted out the several transportation transfers he would have to

make and headed for the base. He anticipated arrival in plenty of time to be present at any briefing and subsequent preparation for that day's mission should his crew be scheduled



to fly. He was acutely aware if he didn't show up for one of these pre-mission preparations he would be considered absent without leave (AWOL)!

At midnight he learned he had missed the 'last bus' and was still some 18 miles from base. Undaunted, but scared of possible repercussions, he set out, first trotting then walking, in an attempt to be back on base between 3 and 4 A.M. when he knew operational actions would begin.

At 3 A.M. he became panicky when he realized that there was no way he could make it on foot! At that moment he saw an unlocked bike leaning against a fence outside an unlit home! Feeling that God had presented him this opportunity and with all intention of returning and paying for use of the bike, Rog mounted the vehicle and quickly pedaled into the darkness of the pre-dawn.

Upon arrival at Polebrook Airfield, Rog learned that his fears were well-founded; he was assigned to fly as navigator on a mixed crew that day! He flew his mission as briefed but found that trip was another story to be separately told.

When the mission was successfully completed, Rog went to the site where he had parked the pilfered bike, but alas, found it missing! Although he searched high and low there was no trace of his missing bicycle to be found.

Rog went on to complete his required

number of missions and returned home. He, however, carried a heavy heart and the burden of guilt with the knowledge that he had stolen someone's bike! This remorse remained with him for over 48 years until he decided to do something about it.

From an English bicycle manufacturing company— Raleigh—our bombardier, now Doctor Johnson, ordered 100 bicycles which were to be given in May of 1992 to an equal number of children between the ages of 5 and 13 who lived in or around Polebrook village. Only 93 such qualified youngsters could be found and Rog paid \$19,000 for the bikes and to have his or her name inscribed on their new bicycle.

The bicycles were given to their new owners in a ceremony conducted in the middle of Polebrook Runway from which Rog had lifted many times during his combat tour. It was later learned that those children whose new bikes replaced an older one, pooled and sold the old ones with all proceeds going to charity!

Dr. Johnson became the idol of England with his "bicycle payback". Religious leaders heaped praise upon him for his generosity and display of a conscience. The London Times's writer Bernard Levin wrote, in the 2 July 1992 edition, of the charm (represented) by an airman determined to make amends 50 years after a theft. The Times staff artist converted Rog to the image of a thumbs-up fighter pilot, parked him in the cockpit of a P-51 Mustang, painted five symbolic bicycles on the nose section to graphically support the glowing article written by Levin!

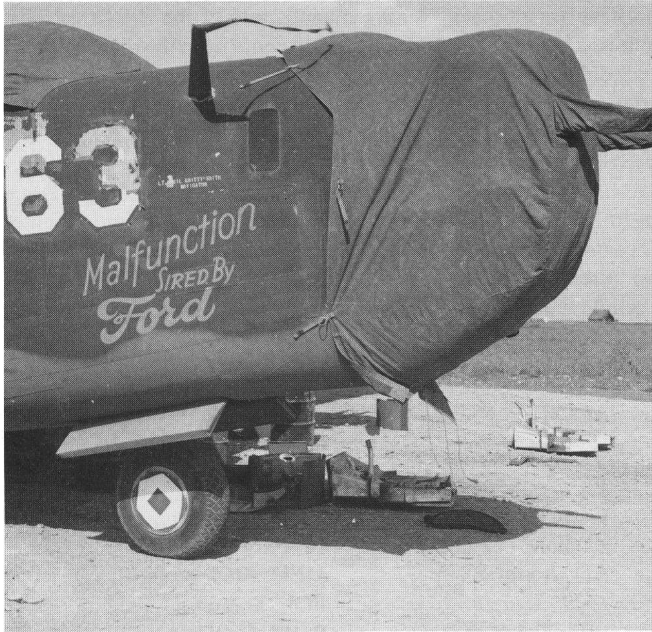
C. Gregg Petersmeyer Assistant to President Bush and Director of the White House Points of Light Office, wrote Dr. Johnson on 9 October 1992, saying I applaud you for your devotion to the people of Polebrook, and commend you for your efforts".

Rog's wife of 39 years Marilyn died early in 1992 from cancer.

Rog, a life supporting member of the Bombardiers, Inc., currently resides in Irving, Texas.



# Aircraft Operated By The 461st & 484th Bomb Groups During WWII, A Compilation



461st BG

41-28670 used by both the 766 and 767 squadrons, "Malfunction Sired by Ford came to grief April 17, 1944"



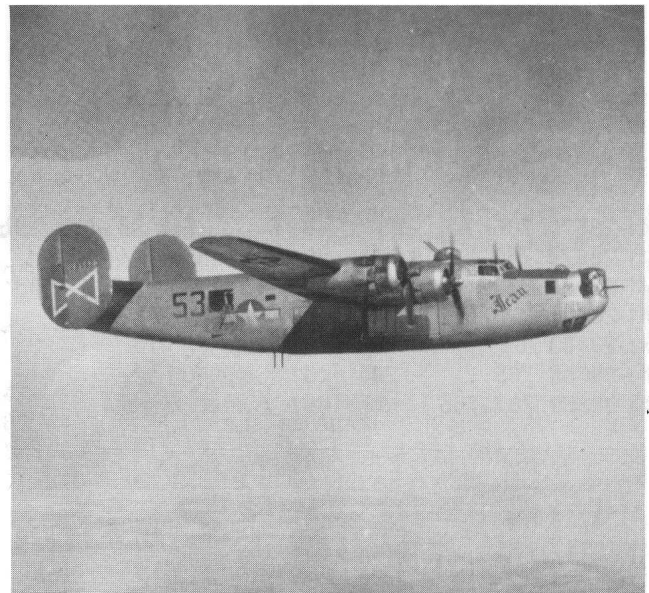
461st BG

41-29313 used by the 765 and 766 squadrons Crashed July 22, 1944.



Orville Hommatt 82 Sq

42-52683, 827 squadron Uninvited/ Hot Rocks came to grief on April 25, 1945



Orville Hommatt 82 Sq

2-95623 of the 826 squadron, is shown as "53' with the name "Jean". On the listing page 21 the number is shown as 500 which would make it a "Micky Ship," but as you'll notice a Sperry ball turret is installed. Plane was reported returned to the Zone of the Interior.

## The Legend

The aircraft list that appeared in the last issue has been enlarged to include all aircraft known to be assigned to the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups. Remember that the bulk of the information was gleaned from Missing Aircrew Reports by our contributor John Beitling. Additional information came from members and movement orders where an aircraft number was listed. There may be aircraft listed here that were not operated by either the 461st or the 484th Bomb Groups.

The two groups were known to have operated the B-24 G to the B-24 M models in the little over a year that both groups were operational with the Italian based 15th Air Force. As a rule aircraft were assigned to crews prior to movement overseas. They came from all of the B-24 factories producing this 4 engine bomber. Training aircraft

were left behind in the states. In the beginning of combat operations aircraft maintenance was difficult because much of the Air Corps supplies lay on the bottom of Bari Harbor due to the attack by the Luftwaffe.

The aircraft numbers taken from movement orders may not have had ultimate assignment to either of our two groups. You will note that most aircraft did not return to the ZI (Zone of the Interior meaning Continental United States). You will note also that aircraft were transferred (Tx) between air forces and groups.

Aircraft sent down from the 8th Air Force were generally heavier because of addition of extra armor plate and bullet proof glass to cockpit window segments. This was a result of the Luftwaffe's head on tactics for if the pilot dipped his nose slightly

so that the top turret gunner could get a clear shot, the cockpit windows made of 1/4" plexiglass were more vulnerable as the idea was to disable the pilots first so that an uncontrolled plane in a tight formation would take out additional aircraft. It was assumed during manufacture of the B-24 that most attacks would come from the rear such as in a pursuit curve, consequently armor plate was placed behind the pilot in a solid sheet or in the form of the coffin shaped seat assembly.

Because the Italian based 15th Air Force was created after the 8th Air Force, fighter attacks were less frequent in the Mediterranean as the course of the war by then was tilting heavily towards an Allied victory.

## Abbreviations

ABD -Abandoned	FLK-Flak	TX -Transferred	GRE -Greece
BD -Battle Damage	FTR -Fighters	WEA -Weather	HUN -Hungary
C/L -Crash Landed	HBB -Hit By Bombs	ZI -Zone of Interior	IT -Italy
CON -Condemned	HBD -Hit By Debris	AD -Adriatic Sea	MED -Mediterranean Sea
CR -Crashed	INT- Interned	AUS -Austria	POL -Poland
CTO -Crashed-Take-Off	MAC -Mid Air Collision	BEL -Belgium	RUM -Rumania
DIT -Ditched	MF -Mechanical Failure	BUL -Bulgaria	RUS -Russia
DOG -Destroyed On Ground	OOF -Out of Fuel	CHK -Czechoslovakia	SWI -Switzerland
ENR -Enroute	RAM -Rammed By EA	FR -France	TUR -Turkey
EXC -Excess	SAL -Salvaged	GER -Germany	YUG -Yugoslavia
	SBD-Salvaged Bomb Damage		

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
41-28670	766/767	63	461	Malfunction-Sired by Ford	4/17/44	SBD	
41-28679	766	47	461	Heaven Can Wait	6/26/44	FLK-CR/Durnkrut	Lt. Samuel M. Zive
41-28680	765	42	461	Ten Aces and a Queen	5/23/44	CON	
41-28681	764/767	23	461	Hard Guy	12/2/44	CR	
41-28683	766	69	461		3/11/44	CR	
41-28685	765	24	461	Leading Lady	5/31/44	FLK-CR on Korcula Island	Lt. Samuel N. Norris
41-28689	767 /766		461	Sweet Chariot	8/23/44	MF-CR at	Lt. Gordon W. Rosecrans
41-28693	764	1	461	War Eagle	7/25/44	FLK-CR near Linz	Lt Richard E. Freeman
41-28708	766	55	461	The Mountaineer	8/16/44	CON	
41-28717	765	30	461	Big Stinky	4/24/44	FLK-CR near Kavaja	Lt. Forrest D. Nixon
41-28724	767	71	461	Jizzy Outch	4/23/44	CR	
41-28725	765	27	461	Invictus	8/4/45	SAL	
41-28726	764	6	461	Mister/ Mister Period	6/10/44	C/L	
41-28732	764	18	461	Swee Pea	7/25/44	CR Torretta, SAL	
41-28734	764	15	461	Nov Schmoz Ka Pop	12/4/44	SBD	
41-28737	765	20	461	Rhode Island Red	8/15/45	SAL	
41-28740	765	36	461	The Bat		TX to 451st BG	



Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
41-28765	827	301	484			ZI	
41-28780	824		484		5/29/44	FLK-CR/Seenbenstein	Lt. COL. William M. Hendrix
41-28803	826	61	484		10/14/44	MF -CR near Dobvetin	Lt. John H. Robson
41-28826			484		3/8/44	CR 3/8/44	
41-28835	826	64	484	Puss In Boots	10/26/44	SAL 10/26/44	
41-28836	826/767	484 to 461			7/25/44	FTR-CR near Harmannsdorf	Lt Robert H. Fischer
41-28850	766		461		7/25/44	FTR-CR near Muthausen	Lt. Joseph B. Hesser
41-28856	764	7	461		12/18/44	CON	
41-28858			461		4/14/45	CON	
41-28860	824		484	TS The Chaplain		TX 451st BG	
41-28861	767	74	461			ZI/ ex 451st A/C	
41-28867	765	21	461		7/25/44	FTR-CR near Linze Tx to 460 BG	Lt. Kenneth O. Githens
41-28890	824		484		2/1/45	FLK-CR near Pecs	Lt. John S. Howell
41-28903			461		4/16/45	CR	
41-28913	767	45	461		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Roschuo	Lt Robert A Galvan
41-28935	824	26	484	Me Worry		ZI	
41-28937	824	16	484		11/16/44	FLK-CR near Monfalcone	Lt. Walter A. Jehli
41-28940	765	36	461		11/12/44	CR	
41-28970	7 65		461		8/3/44	MF-CR near Ravenna	Lt Robert E Schweisberger
41-29006			461		11/20/44	DIT	
41-29268	766	52	461	Shady Lady	6/22/44	SBD	
41-29284	765	28	461	Lady Edith	7/19/45	SAL	
41-29289	764	5	461	Battle Crate	7/3/44	MF -CR near Trebijne	Lt. Mac L Lucus
41-29313	765/766	45	461	Hottest ??? in Town	7/22/44	CR	
41-29321	767	64	461			ZI	
41-29325	765	29	461	Hare Power		TX 454th BG	
41-29332	767	67	461	Boobie Trap	4/17/45	SNBD	
41-29333	764	3	461	Stinky	11/5/44	SBD	
41-29334	764	11	461	Ol' Bird	6/20/45	SAL	
41-29335	764	9	461	Evil Weevil	2/11/45	SAL	
41-29336	766	50	461	Hi Ho Silver	4/2/44	MAC-CR near Bihac	Lt. Sidney S. Wilson
41-29337	766	53	461	Dwatted Wabbit	7/12/44	FLR-DIT/MED	Lt William J. Barnes Jr
41-29338	764	10	461	Scrouch		TX 450th BG	
41-29341	767	76	461		4/20/44	CR	
41-29362	764	7	461	Lucky Seven	7/22/44	FLK-CR near Alexandria	Lt. Clarence W. Bloxam
41-29367	765	32	461		5/8/44	CR	
41-29426			484	Sally D II		TX 451 BG	
41-29492	827		484		5/13/44	SAL 5/13/44	
41-295	766	61	461				
41-29502	824	12	484		4/17/45	SAL 4/17/45	
41-29507	824	22	484		8/7/44	CR Torretta, salvaged	
41-29513	827		484		5/10/44	FLK-CR near Rust	Lt. Stanley F. Essman
41-29517	766	51	461	Pisces	6/19/45	CON 6/19/45, Ex 8th AF & 486th BG	
41-29519	824	64	484			TX 461 BG	
41-29519			461			SAL ex 484th BG	
41-29529	765	TX to	461		7/25/44	FTR-CR near Linz	Lt. Robert A. Warren
41-29530	827		484	American Beauty		TX to 451 BG	
41-29531	827		484		5/10/44	FLK-CR near Wiener-Neustadt	Lt. Samuel J. Howes
41-29539	824	18	484	Tailenders	6/10/45	TX to 461st BG SAL 6/10/45	
41-52680		461					
42 94758	824	17	484	Collapsible Susie		ZI	
42-29539	824		484				George R Gilpin

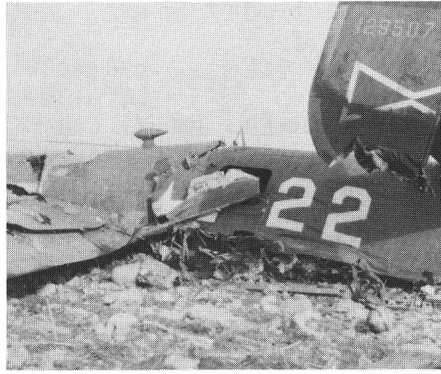
Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
42-37767?	827	82	484				
42-40827							
42-50303	765		461		7/15/44	FLK-CR near Frasimal	Lt. William Z. Weems
42-50394	825	38	484	Hanger Annie	10/27/44	SBD 10/27/44	
42-50395	825	38	484				
42-50396	825	48	484		9/14/44	C/L 9/14/44	
42-50398?	825	48	484				
42-50515	825	43	484				
42-50528	825	300	484		2/21/45	FLK-CR near Bymok	Lt. Charles A. Marshall
42-50605						ZI	
42-50613	764		461	Holy Joe	6/7/45	ZI 6/7/45, ex 8th AF 34 BG	
42-50642	825	39	484	Little Mac		ZI	
42-50752							
42-50797	825	41	484		10/3/44	CR 10/13/44	
42-50827							
42-50915							
42-50934	824		484	Little Joe	12/17/44	FTR-CR near Wenzeldorf	Lt. Charles A. Himmler
42-50948	766		461		7/22/44	FLK-CR near Ploesti	Lt. Elias E. Moses
42-50953	765		461	The Flying Finger	12/17/44	FTR-CR near Bruenn	Lt Philip J Crossman
42-50970	764	13	461	Lucky Lady	10/4/44	FLK-CR near Munich	Lt. John L. Turner Jr.
42-50987							
42-51020							
42-51068						SAL at Torretta, have data plate	
42-51130	826	701	484			ZI	
42-51173	827	88	484		3/7/45	SAL 3/7/45	
42-51259			461				
42-51319	767		461		12/17/44	FTR-CR Berau	Lt Frederick B Capalbo
42-51321							
42-51322	767		461		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Gleiwitz	Lt Charles V Lang Jr
42-51324	765	2	461	Paulette	12/17/44	MF-CR near Omsenic	Lt Kenneth B Smith
42-51333							
42-51336	766		461		8/24/44	FLK-CR near Pesaro	Lt John R. Wren Jr.
42-51337			461				
42-51338	766		461		10/4/44	FLK-CR near Andau	Lt. Robert D. Falkner
42-51346	765		461	Jake's Nabor	12/15/44	MF-CR near Vordernberg	Lt Clarence C Marshall
42-51349	824	15	484				
42-51362	825	38	484		5/29/45	ZI 5/29/45	
42-51378	765	25	461		1/20/45	FLK-CR at Linz	Lt James R Yancey
42-51406	764	11	461		2/7/45	CR	
42-51422	767	72	461		11/20/44	CR ex 8th AF 49th BG	
42-51430	765	24	461	Tulsamerican	12/17/44	CON	
42-51474	765	63	461	Thudermug		ZI	
42-51501	767	69	461	Zombie of 69	3/15/45	SBD 3/15/45	
42-51534	824	24	484			ZI	
42-51582							
42-51588							
42-51599	765	34	461	Piece Maker II		ZI	
42-51599	765				6/9/45	ZI 6/9/45	
42-51610	765		461	Marjorie H.	2/21/45	FLK-CR near Vienna	Lt Lawrence O Woodruff
42-51626							
42-51657							
42-51677							
42-51694	824	24	484	Hotcha Babe	1/5/45	CR 1/5/45	
42-51695			461		2/11/45	CR	
42-51739							
42-51753			484				



Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
42-51759			461			ZI	
42-51762	764	12	461	Lazy Lady	11/10/44	SNBD	
42-51767	765		461			TX to 484th BG	
42-51772							
42-51778			461			TX to 2641 SBG	
42-51783	765	35	461	What's Next	4/28/45	C/L	
42-51804	827	86	484			ZI	
42-51806	827	80	484		10/13/44	FLK-CR near Aspern	Lt. James H. Oakley
42-51816	764	9	461	Evil Weevil Too		Tx to 459th BG	
42-51818	825		484				
42-51833	826	53	484			ZI	
42-51835	825	38	484		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Liebau	Lt. Roger A. Martin
42-51838	766	65	461		5/31/45	MIA	
42-51851	825	40	484	Pot Luck	2/21/45	FLK-CR near Raub	Lt. Chad E. Ikerd
42-51852	824		484		11/4/44	FLK-CR near Raum Erding	Lt. William F. Gaskill
42-51853			484		8/6/45	SAL 8/6/45	
42-51867			461				ZI
42-51882	826	51	484		2/20/45	FLK-CR near Pontebbo	Lt. Eugene V. Colvin
42-51884	824	12	484		8/6/45	SAL 8/6/45	
42-51897	826	65	484		8/7/45	SAL 8/7/45	
42-51898	767		461		12/18/44	FLK-CR near Budapest	Lt Edward K George
42-51918	766		461		3/26/45	MF-C/L at Pecs	Lt Radell J Webb
42-51922	766		461		12/16/44	FLK-CR near Liebau	Lt Lee P Ward J
42-51925	824	461 to	484	El Pagliaccio	11/20/44	FLK-CR near Bosan Petrovic	Lt. R.A. Dean
42-51933	827	700	484			ZI	
42-51937			461			ZI	
42-51946	764	1	461			ZI	
42-51949			461			ZI	
42-51967	826	61	484	Strange Cargo	3/4/45	FLK-CR near Graz	Lt. James M. Crockett
42-51971	765		461		11/15/44	WEA-CR near Innsbruck	Lt William F Beatty
42-51984							
42-51987	826	65	484th				
42-51988	824	15	484	Demaio's Delinquents	8/10/45	SAL 8/10/45	
42-52002	824	16	484		2/7/45	FLK-CR near Vienna	Lt. Ralph E. Parks
42-52016	827		484		4/23/45	FLK-CR near Kecskemet	Lt. Aaron Scharf
42-52025	765	26	461	Arsenic And Old Lace	12/17/44	FTR-CR near Bruenn	Lt Gerald R Smith
42-52041	824	17	484		2/21/45	FLK-CR near Oberwartz	Lt. Eugene L. Frazier
42-52052			461				
42-52053	766		461			?	
42-52056	766	60	461			?	
42-52072	827	72	484			ZI	
42-52212			461	Tally Wacker	5/22/44	SBD ex 456th BG	
42-52325	767	60	461		11/15/44	C/L	
42-52336	766	49	461		4/13/44	MAC-CR near Budapest	Lt. Paul S. Mobry Jr.
42-52361	765	22	461		4/6/44	MF -DIT/AD	Lt. John K. Specht
42-52366	766	44	461		4/13/44	FLK-CR near Budapest	Lt. Charles W. Bauman
42-52368	765	34	461	Piecemaker	7/25/44	FTR-CR at Stranzberg	Lt. Glennial Fulks
42-52371	824/765	23/37	461	Fertile Myrtle/Upstairs Maid		Ex 484 Renamed	
42-52378	767	74	461	Windy City II		tx to 451st BG	
42-52379	764	4	461		2/10/44	CR	
42-52388	767	62	461		4/2/44	MAC-CR near Bihac	Lt. William H. Zumsted
42-52389	766	56	461	Cherokee	3/27/44	SBD	
42-52393	764	2	461	One Eyed Jack		TX 98th BG	
42-52395	767	61	461		4/16/44	FLK-CR Belgrade	Floyd W. Woodward
42-52396	767	68	461	Susan Jane		TX 449th BG	

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
42-52398	766	41	461	Boise Bell	3/24/45	SBN	
42-52399	767	53	461		5/27/44	FLK-CR near Orange	
42-52405	766	54	461		5/20/44	FLR-CR near Sigless	Lt. Robert L. Bigelow
42-52407	767	65	461		3/2/45	SBD	
42-52408	766	43	461	Kissed Off Kids	2/21/45	CR	
42-52409	764	16	461		4/13/44	FLK-CR near Imutski	Lt. Kay B. Steele
42-52412	767	75	461	Purple shaft		ZI	
42-52418	765	33	461		5/8/44	SNBD	
42-52433	765	35	461	? Gremlins			
42-52436	766	48	461	Down'n Go	8/7/44	MF -CR near Ostffyassen	Lt. Robert E. Sterrett
42-52438	825	30	484	Damed Yankee	8/20/44	HBB-CR near Szolnok	Lt. Thaddeus H. Walker
42-52451	767	66	461		7/25/44	FTR-CR Grosser Buchberg	Lt. John J. Kane
42-52458	764	13	461	Chippie Doll	6/11/44	FTR-CR near Raska	Lt. Robert J. Hefling
42-52459	764	8	461		7/25/44	FLK-R near	Lt. Wray M. Stitch
42-52460	764	17	461	Red Ryder		TX 451st BG	
42-52486	765	26	461	Irish Angel	7/21/45	CR	
42-52490	826	59	484		8/3/45	SAL 8/3/45	
42-52493	765	35	461		7/15/44	C/L	
42-52501			484			TX 451 BG	
42-52513	827		484				
42-52550	765	31	461	Fickle Finger		TX to 449th BG	
42-52576	824	14/15	484	Ramp Rooster	12/17/44	FTR,FLK, SAL 12/20/44	Robert W Kime
42-52602	825		484	Stew Bum	6/13/44	FTR-CR near Natters	Capt. Robert C. Quinlan
42-52614	824		484	Lakanookie II		TX to 451st BG	
42-52632	26	55	484	<i>FLAMING MAMIE</i>	8/22/44	FTR-CR near Holaszi	Lt. Leonard J. Doskitt
42-52633	826	50	484	Darling Darlene		ZI	
42-52635	825	45	484	OL' 45	2/7/45	MF -CR near Vienna	Lt. Alva M. Schick
42-52641	824	25	484	The Century Limited	8/10/45	SAL 8/10/45	
42-52645			484			Lost enroute to Italy	
42-52647	824	27	484	Leading Lady	3/2/45	SBD 3/2/45	
42-52648	827	76	484	Sweet Revenge		ZI	
42-52653	825	36	484	Sleepless Nights	4/25/45	FLK-CR near Kecskemet	Lt. Patrick K. Truesdell
42-52655	824	17	484	Feather Merchants	6/13/44	FTR-DIT/AD	Lt. Robert E. Bedwell
42-52658	825	35	484	Stud Horse		ZI	
42-52660	824	21	484	Rum Runner	5/4/44	MAC landed safely, repaired	
42-52661	827	71	484	Sinful Cynthia	6/13/44	MF -INT/SWI	Lt. Edward H. Eibs
42-52667	827	72	484	Troublemaker	10/23/44	MF -DIT/AD	Lt. Charles R. Rhein
42-52668	826	63	484	Malfunxion-Sired by Ford	1/30/45	SBD 1/30/45	
42-52671	826	53	484	<del>Sa Wrong Gal</del> <i>DREAM GIRL</i>	6/11/44	FTR-CR near Rhssso	Lt. Clarence B. Olde
42-52672	827		484		12/11/44	CR 12/11/44	
42-52675	826	58	484	Miss Fire	8/9/45	SAL 8/9/45	
42-52677	827		484	Hustlin' Hussy	5/29/44	FLK-CR near Graz	Maj. Donald C. Haldeman
42-52678	825	47	484		6/23/44		CON 6/23/44
42-52679	825		484		6/13/44	FTR-CR near Munich	Lt. Robert W. Willen
42-52680	824	28	484		8/24/44	CR 8/24/44	
42-52683	827	70	484	Uninvited/Hot Rocks	4/25/45	SBD 4/25/45	
42-52684	826	54	484		6/11/44	FTR-CR near Petroshani	Lt. Lawrence Z. Rose
42-52685	825		484		5/31/44	CR 5/31/44	
42-52686	827	73	484		9/14/44	CL 9/14/44	
42-52687	824	20	484	Gardian Angel	11/11/44	CR 11/11/44	
42-52689	826		484	<del>Sa Wrong Gal</del>	6/12/44	CR 6/12/44	<i>SHEETZ/KELLY</i>
42-52690	825	32	484	Rum Hound	8/10/45	SAL 8/10/45	
42-52697	826		484	Savo Sally II	8/28/44	MF -CR near Sokolac	Lt. Jack L. Abbott
42-52700	827	75	484	Generator Joe	5/4/45	SAL 5/4/45	





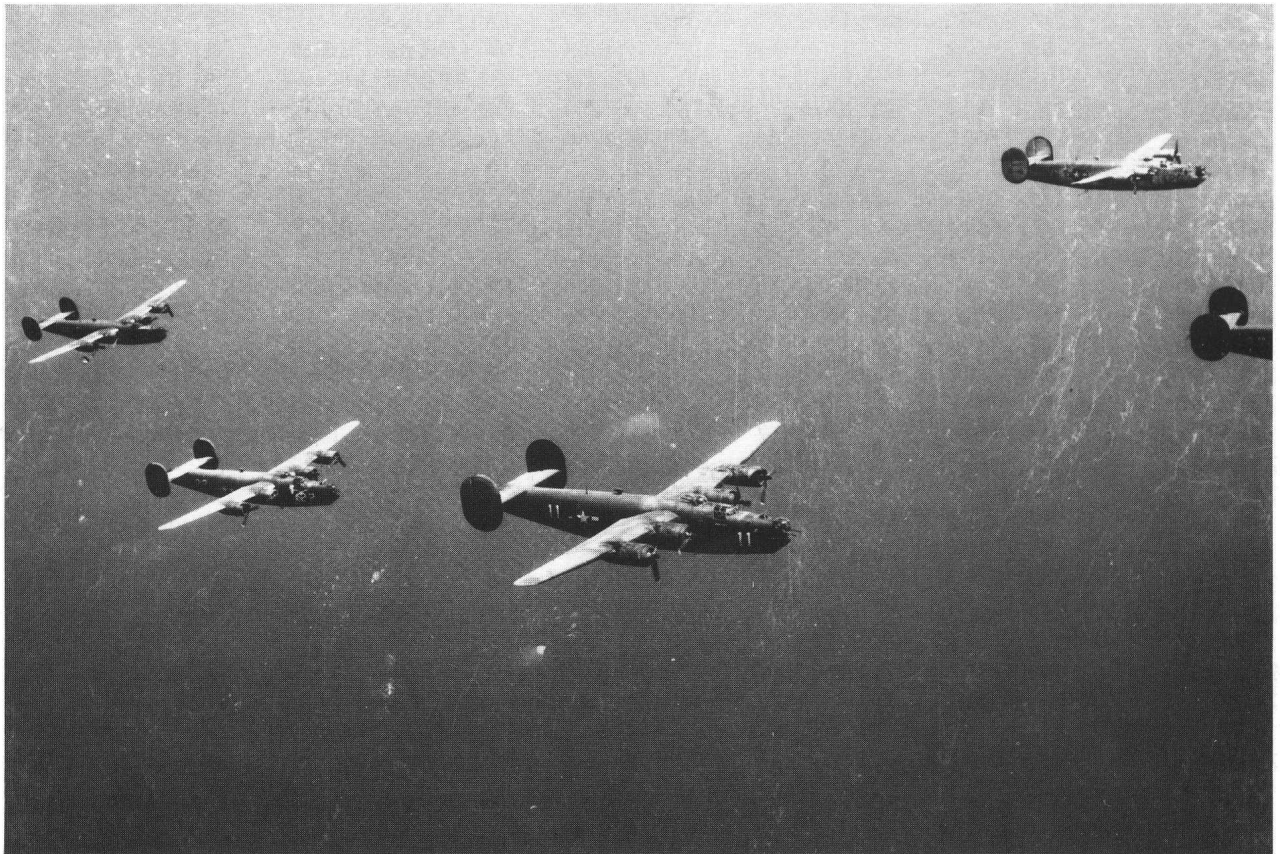
Lowell K Davis 824 Sq

41-29507 Sq No 22, 824 Sq Crashed at Torretta August 7, 1944



461st BG

41-28717 Sq No 30 765 Sq. Crashed April 24, 1944, Forrest D Nixon pilot.



Jimmy Ellis 827 Sq

Formation flight of the 824 Sq. From left to right: ships 12, 22, 11, 26, and 27. Probably taken Spring or Summer 1944.

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
42-52705	826	52	484	Toggle Annie		ZI	
42-52708	824	10	484	Big Drip	5/30/45	ZI 5/30/45	
42-52715	825	56	484	Victory	6/13/44	FTR-CR nr Sillertshausen	Lt. Sylfest L. Olson
42-52723	826/766		461	ex 484th	7/12/44	FTR-CR near Boulon	Lt. Chester A. Ray
42-52757	826/827		484		6/11/44	CR 6/11/44	
42-52773	825		484		5/31/44	FLK-DIT/MED	Lt. Jack A. Crumbliss
42-52774	827	84	484	Lady Luck	11/17/44	MF -DIT/AD	Lt. Henry T. Mills
42-52775	826	62	484	Flying Dutchman	12/6/44	FLK-CR nr Marhrenberg	LT. Robert S. Simkins
42-54647	824		484				
42-58367	766	69	461				
42-58685	825		484				
42-61599	765	34	461				
42-62835	826	45	484				
42-70170	766	57	461	(Painted Wolves)			
42-71144	764	24	461	All American			Lt Hugh G Baker
42-74737	827	83	484	The Duck			
42-76436	766	52	461	Shady Lady			
42-78103	764		461		5/31/44	MIA	
42-78103	764		461			FLR-DIT/AD	Lt. George N. Ryder
42-78114	826	65	484		9/10/44	CR 9/10/44	
42-78123	764	19	461	Fertile Myrtle		TX 485th BG	
42-78153	826	59	484			TX to RAF	
42-78202	766		461		7/12/44	FTR-CR near St. Martin	Lt. Richard S. Fawcett
42-78206	764	10	461	Desert Fury		TX to 376 BG	
42-78212	764		461		5/10/44	FTR-CR near Appetlon	Lt. William C. Wallace
42-78224	767	74	461			TX to 484th BG	
42-78224	826		484		2/16/45	MF - CR near Udine	Lt. George H. Mason
42-78228	765		461		5/22/44	MF -DIT/MED	Lt. James T. Bennett
42-78229	827	89	484		8/17/44	FLK-CR near Prizren	Lt. Philip E. Wagner
42-78247	765	39	461		10/4/44	FLK-C/L at Penzing, repaired by Luftwaffe	Lt. Willian E. Waggoner
42-78260	767		461		6/11/44	FLK-CR near Vratza	Lt. Robert L. Heald
42-78267	767		461		5/24/44	MF -CR near Grafendorf	Lt. William E. Diggs
42-78268	825	33	484	Buzz Job II	3/14/45	MF -CR near Graz	Lt. George A. Robb
42-78283	827	74	484		1/31/45	CR 1/31/45	
42-78286	764	10	461		3/16/45	CR	
42-78289	825	44	484			ZI	
42-78291	766		461		7/12/44	FTR-CR near La Roque	Lt. Frederick L. Dunn
42-78298	827	82	484		6/11/44	FTR-CR near Giurgu	Lt. Edward A. Silven
42-78327	825	49	484		8/13/45	SAL 8/13/45	
42-78332	766		461		8/26/44	OOF-CR near Mostar	Lt. Howard O. Wilson
42-78351	825	34	484	The Rover Boys/ What's	Up Doc	CR 12/10/44	Rueben J Kaiser
42-78364	826	51	484		6/25/44	CON 6/25/44	
42-78389	825	43	484		7/8/44	SAL 7/8/44	
42-78417	764		461			SCR Torretta, have data plate	
42-78437	764	6	461	Bubble Trouble	12/16/44	CR	
42-78439	825	39	484		8/3/44	FTR-INT/SWI	Lt. Harry Schultz
42-78444	765	24	461	All American	10/4/44	FLK-CR near Tolmin	Lt. Robert T. Chalmers
42-78446	766		461	Urgent Virgin	10/4/44	FLK-CR at Schleisheim,	ex 485th "Better Late Than Never" Lt. Walter J. Chester
42-78467							
42-78494	827	80	484		8/23/44	C/L 8/23/44	
42-78499			461		2/16/45	CR	
42-78499							
42-78508							



Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
42-78515	825	43	484		10/14/44	CR 10/14/44	
42-78519	767		461		8/17/44	FLK-DIT/MED	Lt. Thomas C. Moore
42-7859	767	62	461				
42-78593							
42-78599	824		484				
42-78602							
42-78606	765	27	461	Leading Lady II		TX to 451st BG	
42-78616	825	29	461	Shack Wagon	11/20/45	CR	
42-78676	764	2	461		3/9/45	Ex 484th BG	
42-79458	824	17	484				
42-8689			461				
42-92371	824	23	484				
42-94729	764/766		484		2/24/44	CR-Torretta, TX to 461 BG	Gerald Vanderhoven
42-94729	764		461		2/29/44	Ex 484th BG	
42-94732	766	68/69	461	Tail Dragan	7/25/44	Ex 484th BG	
42-94733	824	11	484	The Feather Merchants	8/6/45	SAL 8/6/45	
42-94734	25		484	Sleepy Time Gal	5/31/44	FLK-CR near Ploesti	Lt. Ken. Hanson
42-94736	825	40	484		6/22/44	CR 8/22/44	
42-94737	827	83	484	The Duck	10/25/44	SBD 10/25/44	
42-94738	827	81	484	Knock Out		ZI	
42-94739	826	60	484		3/24/45	SAL 3/24/45	
42-94740	825	31	484	Big Dick	6/26/44	FTR-CR near Ghorherrn	Lt. James R. Porter
42-94741	826	62	484	Vivacious Lady	6/13/44	FTR-CR near Venedig	Lt. Robert L. Remington
42-94742	825	36	484		4/21/44	CR 4/21/44	
42-94746	826	56	484	Vicious Virgin	11/1/44	FLK-CR near Karencia	Lt. Robert S. Simkins
42-94747	826	57	484			ZI	
42-94751	827	85	484	Miss Snow Job	3/17/45	C/L 3/17/45	
42-94753	825		484			TX to 451st BG	
42-94755	825	33	484	Weary Willie	7/21/45	ZI 7/21/45	
42-95257	767		461		7/25/44		
42-95267	767		461		7/25/44	FTR-CR at Wolfsberg	Lt. Holland T. Olson
42-95275	824/827	82	484		1/15/45	FTR-CR near Prnjavor	Lt. Donald Bolagren
42-95282	827	77	484	Booby Trap	5/30/45	ZI 5/30/45	
42-95287	766		461	Strictly G.I.	11/19/44	FLK-CR near Duboj	Lt Arthur E Farnham
42-95304	766		461		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Agram	Lt Nicholas Sidover
42-95360	827	87	484	War Weary		ZI, Ex 8th AF	
42-95369	767		461				TX to 484th BG
42-95369	825	37	484		8/24/44	FLK-DIT/AD	Lt. Henry E. Dionne
42-95383	764		461		7/25/44	FLK-CR near Linz	Lt. Grover F. Mitchell
42-95396	825	37	484				
42-95623	826	500	484	Jean			ZI
42-95730			484		5/4/44	CON 5/4/44	
42-96369	825	37	484				
42-99851	825	14/44	484	Flak Strainer	11/20/44	FLK-CR near Plattensee	Lt. Ralph A. Brautigan
42-99858	766		461		8/11/44	CR	
44-48988	825	46	484	The Great Speckled Bird		ZI	
44-44044	767	77	461				
44-10484	826	63	484	Sweet Ginny Lee	7/7/45	SAL 7/7/45	
44-10549							
44-10550	827	73	484			ZI	
44-10557	765	27	461		6/15/45	ZI 6/15/45, ex 8th AF	
44-40357			484?				
44-40378	825	41	484			ZI	
44-40621	764		461		10/8/44	SBD	
44-40628							
44-40648	826	54	484		11/16/44	CR 11/16/44	

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
44-40674	766		461				
44-40896	764	4	461		10/4/44	CR	John C Bontempo
44-40896	824	4	484				
44-40941	824	22	484	Black Jack II		ZI	
44-41016	765		461		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Roehren	Lt Thomas K West
44-41039	764	1	461	Mail Box	10/4/44	HBB-CR at Mining	Lt. William M. Powell
44-41044	766	77	461		1/23/45	CR	
44-41046	764		461		12/1/44	DIT	
44-41062							
44-41065							
44-41069	767		461		9/25/44	MF-CR near	Lt. Ralph E. Newton
44-41091	764		461		3/23/45	FLK-CR near Vienna	Lt William R Baird
44-41093	766		461		10/16/44	FLK-CR near Gospic	Lt Roy F Kulman
44-41113			461		9/11/44	SBD	
44-41116	824	21	484		8/22/44	FTR-CR near Papa	Lt. John J. Ruthenberg
44-41120	766	61	461			TX to 484th BG	
44-41120	825		484		12/9/44	FLK-DIT/AD	Lt. Vern E. Compton
44-41136	824	33	484				
44-41139	825	30	484			ZI	
44-41140	767	76	461		11/15/44	CR	
44-41143	826	55	484			CR-4/1945	
44-41145	825	48	484		1/15/45	MF-CR near Kirchberg	Lt. James J. Ahearn
44-41147	827	71	484		1/20/45	FLK-DIT/AD	Lt. Milton A. Stansberry
44-41158	767		461		12/17/44	FTR-CR near Proesnitz	Lt Max M Hailey
44-41162	765	38	461	Stumpy Joe	11/20/44	COF-CR near Garensnica	Arthur R Hughes
44-41355	764	14	461			ZI	
44-4143?	826	55	484	What's Cookin	<i>See p. 28</i>		Bill Dipple
44-4149?	825	48	484				
44-42357	827		484				
44-48757	767		461		1/8/45	WEA-CR near St Oswald	Lt thomas R Wiley
44-48761	766		461		1/20/45	FLK-Cr at Linz	Lt Joseph M O'Neal
44-48823	765		461				
44-48828	826		484	Bells Of St. Joe	2/17/45	MAC-CR near Sibenik	Capt. Kenneth R. Larsen
44-48833	765		461			ZI	
44-48993	765	24	461	Genoa Hare Power	2/21/45	FLK-C/L Neunkirchin	Lt Dewey E McMillen
44-49038	765	30	461	Billie K		ZI	
44-49331							
44-49371			484				
44-49376							
44-49388	824	16	484			ZI	
44-49390	767	79	461			ZI	
44-49396	825	40	484			ZI	
44-49428	765	29	461		3/26/45	MF-CR near Pecs	Lloyd R Heinze
44-49501	767		461	Red Head	1/31/45	OOF-DIT/AD	Lt Edward K Delana
44-49511	764	15	461	Miss Lace	4/25/45	FLK-CR near Martinsberg	Lt Lawrence R Toothman
44-49534	824	26	484			ZI	
44-49572							
44-49580	825	31	484	Bona Venture	3/22/45	FLK-CR near Brezova	Lt. Robert E. Fritts
44-49584							
44-49586							
44-49611	826	202	484			ZI	
44-49623	767	78	461			Tx to 451st BG	
44-49641	764		461		3/26/45	MF-CR near Kingsted	Lt Raymon E Spehalski

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
44-49645							
44-49653							
44-49668	824	10	484			ZI	
44-49674		75	461			ZI	
44-49699	824	27	484			ZI	
44-49701							
44-49721							
44-49724	824	20	484			ZI	
44-49730							
44-49736							
44-49738	826	62	484			ZI	
44-49746							
44-49750							
44-49751							
44-49763							
44-49773	826	60	484			ZI	
44-49784							
44-49808							
44-49816							
44-49822							
44-49850							
44-49858	825		484		2/21/45	FLK-CR near Neunkirchen	Capt. Percy H. Kramer
44-49859							
44-49884	824	12	484			ZI	
44-49887	764	6	461	Bingo		ZI	
44-49889							
44-49890	826	56	484			ZI	
44-49913							
44-49918							
44-49924	826	503	484			ZI	
44-49925	766		461		2/13/45	FLK-CR Vienna	Lt Francis X Pink
44-49930							
44-49936	827	79	484	Hell's Hangover	3/1/45	FLK-CR near Pecs	Lt. William K. Sutton
44-49939	827	74	484	Roll Me Over		ZI	
44-49941	824	22	484			ZI	
44-49957	824	200	484			ZI	
44-49974	826	503	484				
44-49988	824	15	484	Painted Lady		ZI	
44-50002							
44-50239	826	502	484			ZI	
44-50319	825	31	484	Snuffie's Pubing Mission	ZI		
44-50363	824	29	484		6/16/45	SAL 6/16/45	
44-50364	826		484			ZI	
44-50386	767		471			ZI	
44-50401	824/825	14/400	484		3/23/45	FLK-CR near Torretta	CON 3/23/45 Robert W Kime
44-50403	824	28	484		3/27/45	CON 3/27/45	
44-50406	827	703	484			ZI	
44-50409	767		461				
44-50410	764		461		3/9/45	MAC-CR near Punit	Paul P Viliesis
44-50428	766		461			ZI	
44-50437	825	44	484		3/23/45	FLK-CR near Kecskemet	Lt. Richard C. Helms
44-50450			484	Maximum Effort		ZI	
44-50476	827	83	484	Peggy Ann		ZI	
44-50557	825	300	484	Moe's Meteor		ZI	
44-50616	765	39	461		2/13/45	CR near Torretta, 2nd report	Beitling Lt. Bob Kelliher



Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
44-50738	824/765	28/33	484/461		ZI	Tx from 461st BG	
44-50743	765		461		4/11/45	MIA	
44-50762	825	44	484		4/25/45	FLK-CR near Linz	Lt. James O. Denny
44-50816	826	51	484			ZI	
44-50821	826	61	484			ZI	
44-50825	827	79	484			ZI	
44-50831	824	11	484			ZI	
44-50852	824		484			ZI	
44-50871	824		484			ZI	
44-51116	824	21	484			ZI	
44-9896?	765	23	461				
44-9?	826	60	484				
	824	22	484	(Girl sitting on cushion)			
	824	10	484	(sawteeth)			
	825	28	484	(Sharks Teeth)			
	767	73	461	(Sharks Teeth)			
			484	Akward Angel			
	764	22	461	All American			
	765	192	461	Almami Amor			
	764	26	461	Arsenic and Lace			
			461	Bestwedu			
	2?		484	Black Jack		484	
			461	Bottoms Up			
			484	Broad Abroad			
	766	60	461	Bus ??			
	764	11	461	Cherokee			
	766	56	461	Cherokee			
			484	Cover Girl	11/16/44	CTO Torretta	
	826	61	484	Dry Run			
	825	44	484	Fargo Express			
	824		484	Fuel Cell Fanny			
	765	40	461	Full Boost			
			484	Hot But Not Smoking			
			484	Imagination			
	765	26	461	Irish Angel II			
	764	4	461	Irish Angel II			
	764	26	461	Irish Angel/She Wolf			
	764	23	461	Judy R			
		389	461	Jugg Butt			
			484	Mary Lou			
	764	5	461	Miss Kay			
	825	77	484	O1 77	12/11/44	FLK-CR Benkovac, Yug	Rueben J Kaiser
	764	11	461	O1 Bird			
			461	Omaho Ann			
			461	Our Hobby			
			484	Our Hobby II			
	824	14	484	Pagliaccio			
	765	28	461	Plastered Bastard			
	825	27	484	Pontiac Squaw			
	826	75	484	Pretty Mickey			
			484	Reddy Teddy Too			
	826		484	Robert E Manning USMC Sweet Revenge			
	826	63	484	Salvo Sally			
			824	Sweet Eloise			Lt Stanley V Olson
	826		484	The Flying Dutchman			
	765	37	461	Upstairs Maid			
	767	93	461	Wallow Bee			
	767	69	461	Zombie of the First			

Serial	Squad	No	Gr	Ship Name	Date	Disposition	Pilot
		827	484		5/18/44	FLK-CR over Belgrade	
		826	484		2/17/45	MAC-crashed Vis	Lt Abner Mc David
		764	461		3/9/45	MAC-CR near Punit	Chester J Lalewicz
		764	461		3/11/45	MAC-CR in Adriatic	Chester Laleweig
		827	80	484		CR Torretta, salvaged	
		764	10	461			
		824	12	484			
		824	12	484			
		825	130	484			
		764	14	461			
		764	15	461			
		764	9	461			
		764	18	461			
		764	19	461			
		824	191	484			
		824	20	484			
		824	20	484			
		825	26	484			
		825	28	484			
		765	31	461			
		825	32	484			
		765	32	461			
		765	33	461			
		765	36	461			
		765	38	461			
		764	4	461			
		826	41	484			
		765	43	461			
		765	46	461			
		765	51	461			
		825	51	484			
		825	52	484			
		765	54	461			
		825	54	484			
		826	57	484			
		826	60	484			
		825	61	484			
		766	61	461			
		826	62	484			
		825	623	484			
		826	628	484			
		766	64	461			
		766	65	461			
		764	7	461			
		827	700	484			
		827	702	484			
		766	71	461			
		827	72	484			
		827	73	484			
		767	75	461			
		767	76	461			
		767	76	461			
		767	78	461			
		764	8	461			
		827	82	484			
		827	85	484			
		827	86	484			
		767	86	461			

Serial	Squad	No	Gr
		825	890 484
		764	9 461
		827	88 484



Jimmy Ellis 827 59

42-52371 764-765 Squadrons. Carried two names "Fertile Myrtle and "Upstairs Maid"  
No disposition available, may have survived the war.

### A Summing Up

The military history is sometimes recorded by deeds of individuals and/or their units, but the politics of putting this to paper are often distorted because of the need to please those in higher commands especially if the historian preparing the work is himself in the military and subject to the orders of those he is writing about. The real truth is then difficult to ferret out. However when history is recorded via the equipment used, there is no need to please the machinery so to speak. With reporting devoid of politics a clearer picture of the actual events can be obtained. It is for this reason that many history buffs prefer writing about the weapons and equipment. With aircraft we can

often obtain dates, serial numbers, aircraft names and so on and piece together a history based on fact and not rhetoric. By examining the statistics carefully the truth can often be deduced.

With a work of this nature there are bound to be errors, double entries, and omissions. The editor hopes readers will catch some of these and send in corrections, and submit more data and photographs of B-24 aircraft that they were closely associated with. Please include the aircraft serial number, squadron number, and name, or describe the art work if known. We do hope you will find the list beneficial. Let us hear from you.

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# Letters To The Editor

Akron, OH

On 3/9/45 the B24s flown by Lt Paul P Viliesis, and Chester J Lalewicz collided. As I recall it was over the Adriatic and air sea rescue could find no trace of either aircraft or members of the two crews. Chester lived in the tent next to the one I lived in and was from Cleveland, OH. I have no idea what plane he was flying that day. John Beitling should be congratulated on this excellent listing and you for publishing it.

Very truly yours,

*Clair Alexander 764 Sq.*

Sierra Madre, CA

I received the FALL-WINTER edition of the FLYER a couple of days ago. I got to bed late that night because I couldn't put it down before I had read everything. It was really interesting all the way through!

I wanted to write to supply you with two corrections for the section on the B-24s lost in combat. The entry for 1/15/45 for the 824th Squadron: The plane was the "tail end Charlie of all tail end Charlies" on that day. We were the last plane in the operation put up by the 15th AF that day. We were on the way into Vienna having turned on to the bomb run from the I.P. We were probably a third of the way to the target when #3 engine was hit by FLAK. The Jerries with their 88s had a lot of opportunities to zero in on their targets by the time we passed over them.

Our crew saw no fighters in the area, and as far as I know, had not been alerted to the presence of fighters in the area.

Also, the pilot's last name had an unusual spelling. It was spelled BLOMGREN rather than the way it is shown on page 9. He was the only crew member whose life was lost. His chute failed to open when we bailed out just after we had crossed over from Hungary to Yugoslavia. Prynjavor was the nearest town of any size. The Partisans got seven of us together there within a couple of days. Then began the trek out to SPLIT and then VIS and then BARI. It took about a month. The first two out of the plane had landed in Chetnik controlled territory and didn't return to Italy for 75 days.

Better stop here for this could go on forever.

Sincerely,

*Hugh S Bell 824 Sq*

Richfield, MN

This is a crude way of corresponding but I am currently handicapped after knee replacement surgery Can't negotiate the stairs to my office equipment.

I must comment on how much I enjoyed the last publication of the Torretta Flyer, it was great. Having a lot of time on my hands at the present time, I began to lament on some of the articles., and surprisingly became somewhat bitter.

I scanned the mission record and compared it to my personal account, a lot of discrepancies as to the targets. I flew 33 sorties with not a record of any of them. Why you may ask? I was asked to fly as an engineer of a makeup crew to take a heap down to Gioia, and to pick up a reconditioned B-24 to be returned to the states.

We picked up the plane and flew to Rome to pick up some paintings purchased there by one of the officers. Naturally the plane was loaded with hitchhikers on the return trip. Guys were scrambling back to their various squadrons who were preparing to return home. A mishap occurred after take off from the Rome airport, the hinge on the right rudder trim tab broke resulting in everyone abandoning ship except the pilot, name unknown. The plane couldn't be controlled because of the vibration and broke in half.

I ended up in the Rome hospital with two bad legs and a burned face. After an investigation of possible sabotage I returned to our field in a B-17, sent there to pick up another engineer and me. My return to the squadron was full of surprises:

No flight records

My fellow crew members had already departed

No clothes

A few personal belongings

No records of two hospitalizations

No follow up on the crashed plane

No one knew anything.

I met Gordon Graham of Michigan briefly at one of the reunions, who remembered the incident but our time was too brief to complete the conversation. I wonder if anyone else remembers the incident.

Bud, if you are still with me, , I want to thank you for hearing me out.

Thank You.

*Warde Bernhardt, 824 Sq.*



Branch, MI

I am enclosing some photos of my crew in the 825th Squadron. Photo 1) They are from left; Robert L Boone-P, Vincent F Gallagher-NG, William A Kelly-UG, John M Roe-N, Robert J Schaefer-E, and Howard V Summerlin-CP. Photo taken after a soft ball game. 2) photo from left to right: Robert J Schaefer-E, Chandler D Porter -TG, Gerald A Lemiaux-BG, Vincent F Gallagher-HG, William A Kelly--UG, and kneeling John M Roe-N, and William J Neutzling-RO. Photo 3) Home-ward bound in ship #41 taken in the Azores.

*Robert L Boone 825 Sq.*

Photo 1)



Photo 2)



Photo 3)



San Antonio, TX

In the Spring 1986 issue of the flyer, is the story by M/Sgt Jacobs in regards to the crash of "What's Up Doc!" #34. At the time of take off for the mission I was in the operations tower and saw the plane go down. During the preceding night, I had personally fused all of the bombs of the 825th Squadron that were carrying the "Booby Trap" fuses. The story of ship 34 is essentially correct to the best of my memory. However there is an error in regard to the ground personnel involved.

M/Sgt Leo Matranga was the chief NCO of the 825 Armament Section. He was supervised by the Armament Officer, Capt. Scott. I, Clark Ecton 1st Lt. Ordnance department was responsible for the Ordnance Section and the Transportation Section. The chief NCO of the Ordnance Section was T/Sgt Hold, and the next ranking NCO's were S/Sgt Muratore and S/Sgt Crovoson. the truck with the A frame winch in the picture is the Ordnance Weapons carrier, and was most always driven by one of the three ranking Ordnance NCO's. Sgt Matranga was there and worked with my ordnance guys, but he was not in charge of them. They were supervised by Sgt Holt.

Bombardier O'Brien's recollection is probably very accurate, except for his impression of the bomb disposal. Some of the bombs, maybe not all, were dragged out on a long cable and individually disposed of by placing a 1/4 lb block of TNT in the nose cavity and triggered the explosive by a battery powered generator, you know like in the movies.

Keep well, As Always,

*Clark Ecton 825 Sq.*

Albuquerque, NM

Thanks for issue #22 of the Torretta Flyer. In regards to the back page, the Trotter photo, you may not know that the fellow directly below the picture of Col Keese is Norm Edwards. He was assistant S-2, 826 Squadron. he hails from Chattanooga, TN. Glad to see Creasman's picture. I flew with him in the States and as long as he was with the 826 Squadron. He lives in Spokane, WA. He has some good Arabian Horses.

*Jordan Glew, 826 Sq.*

Wilmette, IL 60091

I don't believe I've ever seen a picture of my own crew in the Torretta Flyer, so I'm enclosing a print of same. We flew mostly in an 825th Squadron ship called Imagination! "48".

By the way count Lois and I in on meeting your magic minimum number of twenty-five persons for your proposed tour of Italy in 1944 unless the cost should suddenly go through the roof. This August we're doing the inside passage to Alaska, and your group trip to Italy sounds like a natural for "94."

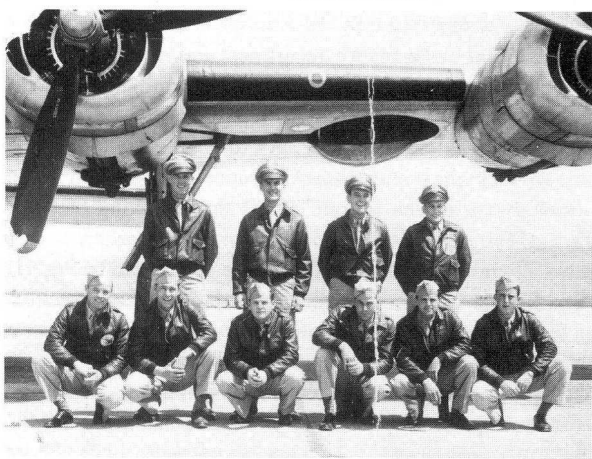
Thanks for your last Flyer. It was exceptionally fine as are all of them, However, in the earlier issue following the K.C. reunion where you pictured Lois and I- received some good natured flak from Erich Kothe's wife Dottie, 825th because she took the shots, but the flyer gave me the photo credit, lots of fun.

There's an exhibit currently at the Chicago Historical Society on Chicago's role in World War II. Though the city isn't what it used to be, I'll still try to get down there and see what I can glean that might be useful.

All for now.

*Emmett (Em) Goff, 825 Sq.*

Con't from previous page



**CORLEY'S CREW**

*Standing (back row) are left to right Charles B. Corley, pilot; James ("Shotgun") Ellis, co-pilot; Jim Wilhide, navigator; and Ross Billger, bombardier. Kneeling (front row) left to right are Matthew J. Pake, tail gunner; Ira J. Harris (D) engineer; Michael Regenda, radio operator; Claude Lunt,*

**Brooklyn, MI**

I have more information on "What's Cookin" Ship No 55, 44-41143 was originally assigned to William Bill Dipple in Topeka, KS. His crew had the nose art painted on the aircraft in the States. They then flew it to Italy. I don't think Bill cared too much for the plane because it used way too much gas on the trip overseas. When we got to the 826th, I think Bill was offered the ship and because it was a gas guzzler he turned it down and it was assigned to me (I wasn't given a choice) and to James "Tex" Yates, who was the crew chief. Tex went to work on her and what he did I don't know, but when he was done she was a great ship that brought us home with more gas than any other ships on the mission.

I don't know who was flying it but on a mission sometime in April of 1945 they ran low on gas and landed on the emergency strip at Ancona, Italy. The plane was left there. A few days later, we decided to go up to Ancona in another ship with some extra gas and bring her home.

You may remember Col Nothstein, who succeeded Lt Col Bush as Deputy Group C.O. He (Nothstein) was a P-38 pilot from the Canal Zone and had very little time in B-24s. Col Nothstein wanted to get some flying time in a B-24 and it was decided that he would take us up to Ancona.

There is a short strip at Ancona, half of the runway was hardpan and half was soft sand. He landed on the hardpan OK but rolled onto the sand. The nose wheel dug in and broke off. There we sat in the middle of the runway with a broken nosewheel and no help, blocking the runway so that nothing was going to land or take off. Both planes were salvaged, probably by the Italians. We found three tanks empty and 200 gallons in one of the main tanks on "What's Cookin."

As ever,

*Charles B Grose Jr. 826 Sq.*

**Palmyra Mo**

On Page 38 of The Torretta Flyer, Fall-Winter 1992 No 23, Ship#46 should read. Crew Chief M/Sgt Harry H Sanders, 38438771 of the "Great Speckled Bird" #46, 825 SQ. #46's revetment was just north, the first ship, of the Engineering tent Ship #35, STÜD HOSS M/Sgt Leonard L.Suiter 37500838 in charge. Stud Hoss the only ship I know of that went overseas with the 484th 825th and was not lost. At the end of the war, it still wore the original paint job.

Ship # 31 Big Dick, Crew Chief M/Sgt Harold C Jacobs, Asst. Crew Chief, Sgt Edward Carpenter. Those are 1000 lb bombs clearing the bomb bay. Stud Hoss's revetment was just north of the Engineering shack and across the taxi-way from #31 Big Dick

**Addresses**

M/Sgt Harry H. Sanders  
1606 Robin St.  
Big Spring TX 79720-4040

M/Sgt Leonard L. Suiter  
Springfield, MO

*M/Sgt Harold C. Jacobs, 825 Sq.*

**Minot, ND**

I attempted to call both Bill Kinyoun and Monroe J. Wall who were members of the 496th Air Service Squadron. I couldn't find a listing for either of these persons. I was hoping to find Frankel through them. I'm presuming that if I can find Frankel under our new structure he would still be eligible to join us. I'm also trying to locate George Gallant who was our mail clerk, so far no luck. Any info you may have will be appreciated. I will be most interested in seeing what type of insignia you come up with for our new association logo. I'm interested in using some of these logos on shirts and possibly on ceramics.

My son came up with some information from the Alexandria, Louisiana (Town Talk), newspaper. A Bob Weikers who is Chief Medical Administrative Service, Veterans Administration Hospital, Shreveport Highway, Alexandria, LA 71301. I think that their phone number is: 800-827-1000, but not positive. Mr. Weikers has or had a service called VETLINK for people to find each other through his computer link. Apparently This has cost him a great deal and he now has an unlisted phone number. My guess is that if you contact him it might do some good.

Incidentally Lt Redden was taken from us at Langley for Domestic Sea Search and FO Vinther was transferred to group soon after we arrived. and worked as a Pathfinder navigator. We were joined by Lt Albert Jorgenson Jr soon after we arrived at Torretta Field. He was a bombardier and just recovered from having ditched in the Adriatic. I think that he left us in April as he had completed his missions just a little ahead of us. I talked with Roy Foss on New Years Day and he hasn't suffered any problems since his fall at the hotel in Dearborn.

I hope that you can use some of this information and if there is anything that I can do to help you, please let me know. Happy New Year.

*Charles B. Lowell, 827 Sq.*

(Continued. from Previous Page)



Lowell's Crew

This is a photo of the crew I was on, which was taken at Casper, Wyoming in the summer of 1944, where our crew took RTU training. Our Crew number was 6464 if that means anything. Front row left to right is Joseph A.L. Gervais Copilot, Edmund J. McLaughlin - Pilot, John E. Redden - Bombardier, John A Vinther - Navigator. Standing left to right is John J. Horsley - Ball Gunner, Darwin M. Dennis - Nose Gunner, Charles B. Lowell - Engineer, Kenneth K. Wegner, Radio Operator, Matthew T. Bayshore -- Tail Gunner, Irwin C Blake - Upper Gunner.

Bowie, MD

SHORT HISTORY: I Entered service from Clarksburg WV June 1943. Completed radio school at Sioux Falls, SD and gunnery at Yuma, AZ then to Casper, WY for crew and B-24 training. Assigned to 484/825 1/45. Totaled 18 missions. Back to states 5/45. Discharged 10/45, Maxwell Field. Married 10/45. B. S. degree, West Virginia University, 1950. Worked for McNicol China, Clarksburg, W. Va. Was employed by Montgomery Ward, 1953. Retired From Ward's Eastern Regional Office, Baltimore, 1980.

Photo 1) "WEARY WILLIE" took us on our first mission to Maribor Yugoslavia. Engineer, Bob Schaefer, is topside. It was a "J" but a hand me down from the 8th AF, with open waist windows, armor plate (visible under co-pilot's window) and no tail ID. We flew "Willie" on at least two other missions Photo 2) Our company St.. Photo 3) NAZI ARMIES IN ITALY SURRENDER: T/Sgt W. J. Neutzling, left, and 1st Lt. John Roe, navigator, pose for pilot Bob Boone's camera.

May 1945 CLEANUP Cleaning out the tents prior to leaving Italy. Co-pilot, Slim Sumerlin is just stepping through his palace door.

*Bill Neutzling 825 Sq*



Photo 1 "Weary Willie, ex 8th AF B-24



Photo 2 May 1945 Cleaning out the tents prior to leaving Italy.



Photo 3 Nazi Armies Surrender

Durham, NC

I thought you might enjoy seeing the write up on Ellsworth Goodell in his home town paper. Slight error in referring to me as his commanding officer, but other wise thought it was a nice article. Best wishes to you and Bea.

*Vince O'Shea, 826 Sq.*

A retired Manchester letter carrier was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross last night, nearly half a century after risking his life in the fuel laden bomb bay of a B-24 over occupied France. Ellsworth E. Goodell, who is 72 and a 1937 alumnus of Central High School, received the medal he earned in World War II during a reunion of the 484th Bomb



Group in Dearborn, Mich.

The award was requested 48 years ago by Goodell's commanding officer Vincent W. O'Shea, who subsequently returned to the United States without knowing the outcome of his request. Until recently O'Shea didn't know his request for the prestigious medal had been lost in the shuffle, nor did Goodell know one had been sought for him. On Aug. 6, 1944, O'Shea was command pilot on the B-24 and "Technical Sergeant Goodell was radio operator/gunner on our missions and returned to the United States and lost track of each other," he said. "I heard no more concerning the disposition of my recommendation. " Eight years ago Goodell and O'Shea began to meet at reunions of the combat group. They located Barber and he attended a recent reunion. It was only at that point that the medal came up in conversation.

"Sgt. Barber informed us that the recommendation had been approved and that he had been presented with the medal when he separated from the service in 1945," O'Shea said last week. "However, Sgt. Goodell had never been informed or awarded the medal." O'Shea went home and started writing letters to the U.S. Air Force .

"We received heavy anti-aircraft fire which severed our main fuel line almost causing fatal damage to our plane," O'Shea recalled. "In a very heroic effort Sgt. Goodell and our engineer-gunner, Technical Sergeant John F. Barber, squeezed into a small space over the bomb bay and held the fuel lines together by hand until we were able to get to a lower altitude where we could make temporary repairs.



After what O'Shea terms "extensive correspondence", the 100 octane gasoline story received approval for the medal. The medal was sent to O'Shea. Goodell's memory of the mission is as clear as his commanding officer's. "We were on a bombing mission to Southern France, which was occupied by the Germans. Over the target heavy anti-aircraft fire was encountered and we were hit with exploding flak shells. Goodell dismisses the incident as if it were an everyday occurrence. "We noticed gasoline leaking out, like a mist, flying around inside the compartment," he said. "Sgt. Barber found some old rags and we wrapped them around the pipes where they were leaking, and held them until the pilot landed in Corsica."Although it was midsummer the temperature at the altitudes at which they were flying was down to 15 degrees below zero and the two men exposed to freezing cold causing severe burns over their bodies," O'Shea said.

By their outstanding devotion to duty they not only assisted materially in the destruction of an important objec-

tive, they also made possible the safe return of our aircraft to its base in Italy. "O'Shea immediately recommended both men for the Distinguished Flying Cross. "With winter garb, heavy flying suits, metal flak-jackets, and leather helmets with oxygen masks. The compartment was cramped and low. They had to lie face down on the floor, holding the fuel lines. Asked if he suffered burns Goodell admitted he and Barber "had to put some salve on our arms" later on. "This was my last mission," he said. "I shipped out 10 days later and apparently the information that I received the Distinguished Flying Cross never caught up with me. "I never knew about it until three years ago when I went to a reunion and I was talking about how I had accumulated the various points needed to qualify for discharge and Sgt. Barber commented that it didn't hurt, points wise, to get a DFC.

"I told him I didn't have a DFC," Goodell said.

Glen Ellyn, IL

In 1940 I was in the Illinois National Guard Horse cavalry. We were federalized in November of 1940 and went to Camp Livingston, Alexandria, LA in January of 1941 to get our year of Federal Service over. I must have been slow because it took me 5 years of service to accomplish that, but then before we could pack to go home December 7th came. in 1943 I took the Air Corps test for pilot training and went to San Antonio, TX , but was washed out in primary at Muskogee, OK. They wanted me to go to Bombardier- Navigator school, but it was pilot or nothing for me so I ended up as a nose gunner.

After crew assembly in Salt Lake City and crew training in Harvard, NE we arrived at Cerignola in April of 1944. I flew my first mission on April 20, and my last mission was to Munich on July 19, 1944. At the time of my service the Germans were attacking head on making for a shortage of nose gunners. When my crew was not flying I was. That was how I ran up 50 mission credits in just 10 weeks. Some weeks I flew five or six times.

In the beginning the tougher missions counted as two, so in reality I had only 37 take offs, not counting aborts and early returns.

On a mission to Ploesti Rumania. May 31, 1944, we were hit with flak but good. I am not sure of how many holes we had, but I know we got some in our gas cells, we almost had to bail out over the Adriatic and got as far as the bomb bay doors when we were recalled back to our stations, but I found out why I could never be a paratrooper in a hurry.

*Robert J Person 825 sq.*

Fairborn, OH

I am enclosing a photo of ship #41 showing flak damage to the right rudder and elevator. In photo 2) my crew is standing in front of "Broad Abroad," a ship we flew often. From left to right: Bill Johnson -E, Jim Pool-N, Don Anderson-E, Elvin Bush-P. The three ground crewmen shown kneeling and bending over are not identified.

*Jim Pool, 827 Sq.*

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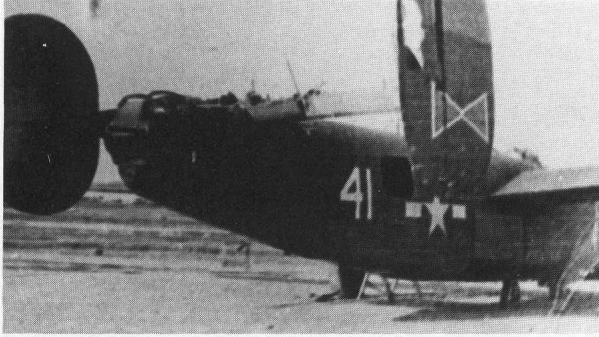


Photo 1) Battle Damage to ship #41



Photo 2) From left to right: Bill Johnson -E, Jim Pool-N, Don Anderson-E, Elvin Bush-P. The three ground crewmen shown kneeling and bending over are not identified.

Pampa, TX

Herewith is my story: Myron J. Porter graduate of Class 43G, Pampa Army Air Field, Pampa, TX Assigned to the 484th Bomb Group and deployed to Kjedi, Algeria

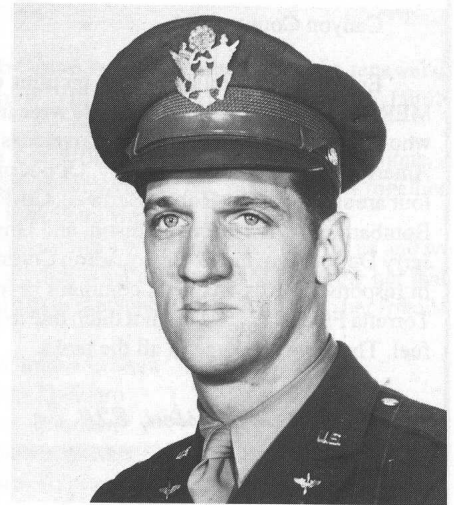
Of his war time experiences, Porter says, "We were flying missions nearly every day to somewhere in either Germany, Hungary, Yugoslavia France or Czechoslovakia. Some of the times after a long hard mission, the whole crew would spend 6-8 hours repairing the bullet and flak holes in their B24."

Lt. Porter while in combat landed five B24's with wounded aboard including himself one time. He landed his B24, at four different times, with flat tires. He landed his B24 with the tail half shot off and a wing tip gone. He landed three times with only 2 or 3 engines running. One time he landed on the runway and the fire trucks surrounded him immediately and put out an engine fire in one of his engines.

Porter flew five missions over Ploesti oilfields; six taking out the Marshaling yards at Munich, and also took one shot at Hitler's headquarters at Berchtesgaden, missing him because he had a flat tire and was late. He made three runs on refineries in Bucharest, Romania, three missions to Belgrade Marshaling Yards, two missions to Prague, Czechoslovakia, Marshaling Yards, three to the underground submarine drydocks at Toulon, Southern France and four to oil barges on the Blue Danube (which is not blue by the way).

The other missions were either support missions or missions that were carried out on smaller targets such as bridges, communication depots, troop concentrations and so on.

On a mission to Friedrichshafen (to knock out the ball bearing factory), the airplane was hit by heavy flak and Lt. Porter was struck in the

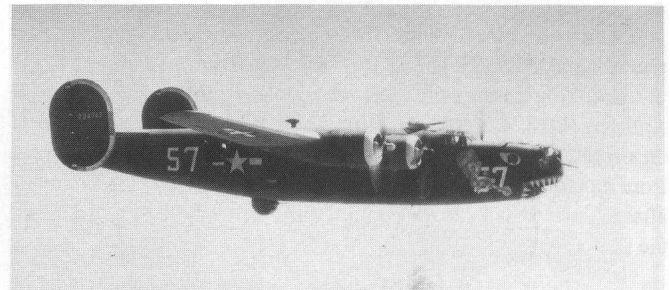


head and knocked unconscious. His co-pilot had flown only five hours in a B24 before this mission. When Lt. Porter came to, he was in a redout and could not see anything. With good first aid treatment by the navigator, sight was restored in his right eye. He took the controls and brought the plane back into formation, while the crew was shooting down two German fighters. With help of the co-pilot, radioman, and navigator, Lt. Porter was able to land the airplane back at the base before he was taken to the hospital to have the flak removed from the area around his left eye. Porter was told by his night surgeon that there would be a small piece of flak in the bone by his left eye forever.

After the mission to Friederichshafen, Lt. Porter was given a 10 day rest and recuperation time at the Isle of Capri. When he reported back for duty, he was made one of the very few ever to be selected as a combat instructor and flew crews on their 1st combat missions. On his 50th mission, he flew with Lt. Grose from Michigan. After having half of the tail shot off, he flew the plane back to the homebase. At the 484th Bomb Group Reunion in October, 1990, at the 826th Bomb Squadron meeting, Lt Grose introduced himself and said, 'I am here today because of Porter. After we were hit I wanted to bail the crew out and leave the airplane; but Porter said, sit still, the farther we fly the less we walk.'

Lt. Porter flew 50 missions from the 30th of April 1944, until the 6th day of September, 1944. During that time he was awarded the Bronze Battle Star for participation in the Southern France Campaign, the Unit Citation for the 484th Bomb Group, the European Theater Ribbon with 4 stars, the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart.

*Myron J Porter, 826 Sq*



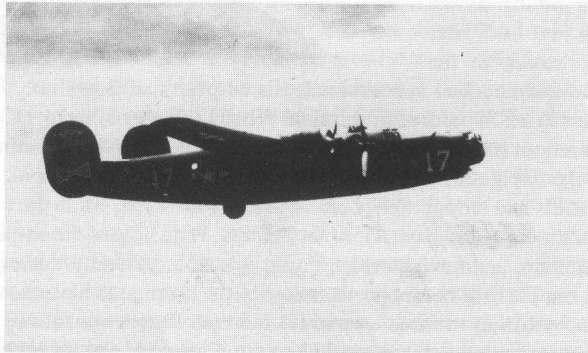
Ship 42-94747



Canyon Country, CA

Enclosed for publication are pictures of the "FEATHER MERCHANTS" No # 17 B24H. We were in the original group who trained in Nebraska and flew overseas via Florida, South America, Africa, and then to Italy. Of our original 824th crew, four are still left. Pilot Robert Bedwell, Co-Pilot Dennis Posten, Bombardier Aytch "Ace" Johnson, and Gunner Verlin Upton. Jerry DuFour was the 824th Squadron Commander at that time. In response to Rex Bennetts comment in his article (page 13, Torretta Flyer # 22), we did not ditch due to inability to transfer fuel. There was leakage in all the tanks.

*Dennis W. Posten, 824 Sq.*



*Ship #17 Feather Merchants"*



*Feather Merchants Crew*

Winthrop, MA

Once we got settled in at the Dearborn Inn , it was another great reunion, next time I'll surely make our reservations earlier

Looking through the memorial booklet I noticed one Robert R Anthony (D) 824 Squadron. I think he was our assistant crew chief on aircraft #20. Been trying to locate him for years. In 1944 he was from North Andover, MA. I met Vic Morretini for the first time after the war, what a thrill. Looking forward to the next reunion and the next flyer.

*George and Mary Rands 824 Sq.*



*The enclosed snapshot shows left to right: Harry Toomey, Vic Morretini, Lowell K Davis, and George Rands. Photo taken at the Dearborn reunion*

Lake Forest , IL

With all due respect to John Beiting he left out our crash on 8/7/44. Both Bob Dickie, my bombardier, and I believe ship #22 shown in Flyer No #11 was our ship (Page 31).

It was our 48th mission, the third time to Blechhammer. Midway on our return we ran out of gas on #3 engine. Phelps our engineer thought he might have missed transferring to No #3, so he put 3 and 4 on no 4 tank. I had an additional engineer flying top turret that day. When still far out from the base I asked them both if we had enough fuel to make a normal approach. They both agreed, you'll remember those undependable sight gages?

You will also remember we had one gravel runway and one dirt runway.. That day it had rained so much that the dirt runway was practically useless. Everyone peeled off as if we were not there which meant we would have to stretch the base leg. We were landing to the west and you will recall the little valley at the east end, meaning no landing short.

Phelps got No 4 going again off of No 2 tank. No 3 never did start again. We elected not to put down in a field or pasture thinking we could turn into the good engine and land on the mud runway downwind. So down we came, midway everything great, straight ahead and then, Spinney and Benson were lost in the ensuing crash, the rest of us came out quite well.

So all of this to simply say 824 lost a plane on 8/7/44, Code OOF/Cr. Pilot H K Ridgway.

Regards,

*H Keith Ridgway 824 Sq*



Silver Springs,MD

I am enclosing two photographs that I want to share with the guys. Photo 1) shows the old tail gunner ( me) standing by the new light weight tail turret that appeared on some late model B-24s. Photo 2) some of my crew from left to right: Dick Calkins-Pilot, age 20, Carl Couch-Navigator age 19, and Harold Fischbein Co/Pilot age 21.

*Hank Ronson, 824 Sq.*



Photo 1) Hank Ronson

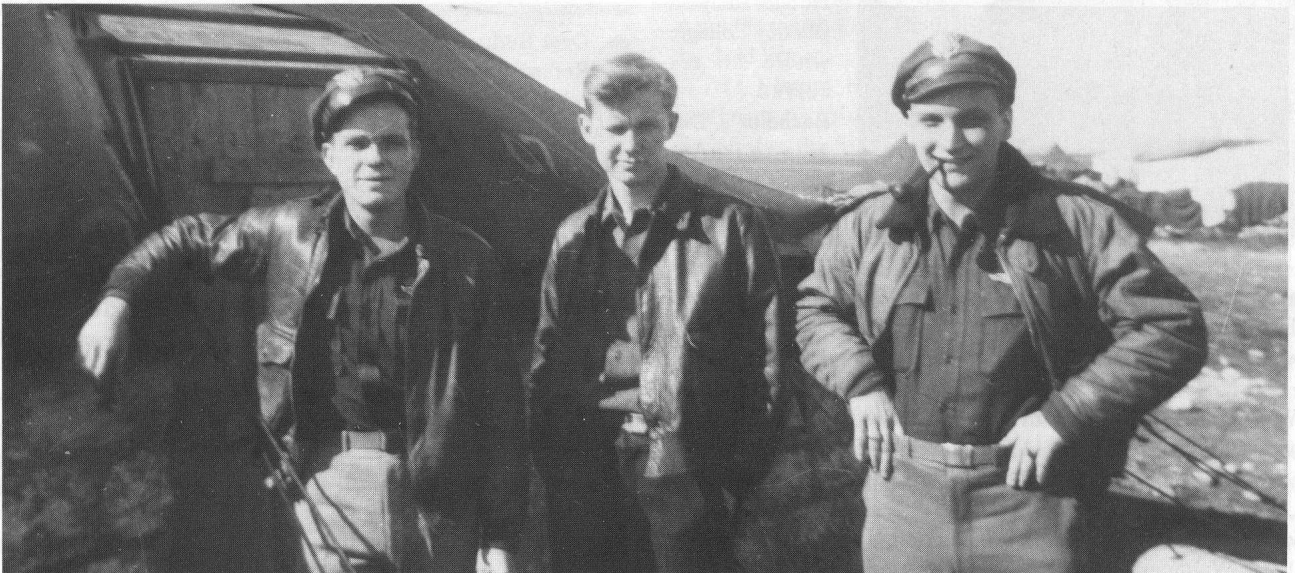


Photo 2) Dick Calkins-Pilot, age 20, Carl Couch-Navigator age 19, and Harold Fischbein Co/Pilot age 21.

Downers Grove, IL

The 484th bomb Group Association has led to the renewal of friendships began in WWII and started new ones with family members.

Beginning with the Williamsburg and Orlando reunions, a group of us have gathered each year to eat, play and pray together. If you saw one of us the others were not far away.

Alice Goodell (Ellsworth's wife) is no longer with us and we miss her friendship. We felt what better way of honoring her than providing a memorial gift to the Scholarship Fund from her friends.

Vince and Chickie O'Shea  
Joe and Betty Dondero  
Al and Ethel Solomon  
Bill and Martha Wilson  
Ed and Marie Schwartz

*Ed Schwartz, 826 Sq.*

Quossoc, ME

On page 38 of the Fall-Winter issue of the Torretta Flyer No#23 page 38 You show a Julius W Bleeker. I see he is not a member and comes from Corpus Christi, TX. He was in my tent.

*Ray Surrrette, 826 Sq.*

# The Last Mission

## ***Orrice A Barrett 826 Squadron***

Orrice A Barrett died in 1992. He was so pleased to have been able to attend the reunion in Kansas City.. He is survived by his wife Edra Barrett.

## ***Robert W Bell 825 Squadron***

Robert W Bell, the upper gunner on Barney J Melnor's crew died in November of 1992

## ***Edward J. Bouzan, 827 Squadron***



Edward J. Bouzan, 73, a retired accountant, died of cancer at his home in Newton Highlands MA . He was 73 and a life-long resident of Newton. Mr. Bouzan graduated from Sacred Heart School in Newton Center. He later attended Bentley College, where he received a Bachelor's Degree in Accounting in 1966. He worked for

Raytheon Electronics Co. as an accountant for 33 years. He retired from the Lowell branch of Raytheon in 1984.

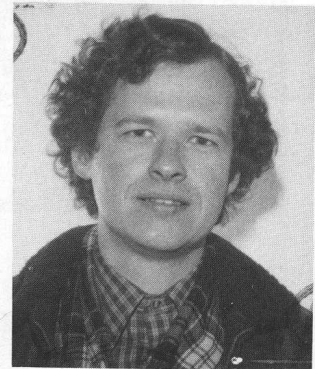
Mr. Bouzan was in the Army Air Corps during World War II. He was a member of the 484th Bomb Group in the 827 Squadron, and flew more than 50 missions. He was a member of the Carson VFW Post in Newton and an usher at Sacred Heart Church in Newton Center.

Mr. Bouzan leaves his wife, Phyllis A. (Burke); three daughters, Cynthia P. Fagan of Burlington, Vt., Laura A. of Orrington, Maine, and Marilee Lopez of Essex Junction, Vt.; a sister, Winifred Sehlin of Waltham; a brother, John of Upton; and four grandchildren.

## ***Christopher C. Bruner, (son of Charles Bruner, 764 Squadron, Deceased)***

Christopher C. Bruner, born 10 May 1950, Spokane, Washington, son of Charles W. and Dorothy Hale Bruner. He was a graduate of Admiral Farragut Academy, Pine Beach, New Jersey 1968 and Western Washington University 1972. He died 15 January 1992 of cancer, Bainbridge Island, Washington. His father was Sergeant/Armorer Gunner 764th Bomb Squadron, 461st Bomb Group W.W.2. Charles Bruner died 4 April 1960.

Christopher was a collector and historian, a specialist of German and US Armies of WW I and WW 2. He was a noted appraiser and dealer and proprietor of Bygone Warrior Militaria. He was a member of the Doughboy Historical Society, Company of Military Historians, Military Vehicle Preservation Society and other military societies. Chris was a member of the Association.



## ***Clarence C Bush, 824 Squadron***

Dear Bud:

Reference your much appreciated letter of April 1993. I have researched some of Clarence's war pictures etc. and do hope the enclosed will help. He was very proud of his Military Service and being part of your Association. I am pleased with my decision to have his ashes interred in the Florida National Cemetery, Bushnell, Fl. It's a miniature Arlington. His request was cremation and to scatter his ashes in the Gulf of Mexico. However, coming from an Irish-Catholic background, I just couldn't handle that portion. We had a wonderful marriage, no regrets as we traveled and did anything we wanted to do until he became ill two and a half years ago with Squamous cell cancer of the neck. The latest picture enclosed was taken on one of our many motor trips. He wanted to see Westover Field once again, and visited with Ralph Moore, his wife and Ned Sparks. Hope I have been of some help in your request. God willing will try and get to the next reunion. I've enclosed the following two pictures. ( see next page)

Sincerely,  
Mary C. Bush

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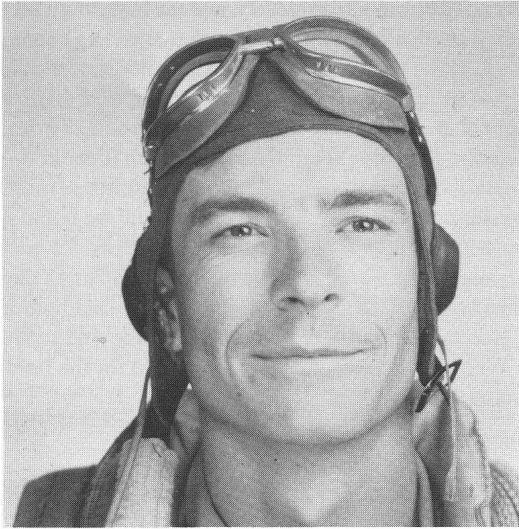


Photo 1) Clarence L Bush, taken apparently after graduation from gunnery school.



Photo 2) Sgt Sparks-R/O and Clarence L Bush

Harry a Gamauf 824 Squadron

Harry a Gamauf was the Bombardier on Earl Svela's "Tail Ender" crew. A massive heart attack felled him in May 1992 in Chicago. He is survived by a son, Harry, and daughter Gail, of the Chicago area. Harry felt a close bond with his WWII comrades and rejoined his crew and friends to enjoy several of the 484th Bomb Group's reunions. His cheerful "let's do it" attitude will be greatly missed.

### Alice T. Goodell

Alice T. (Gagnon Goodell, 57, of Manchester and Jefferson, died April 1, 1993, in a Manchester hospital. Mrs. Goodell was born in Manchester, the daughter of Albert H. and Diana (St. Jean) Gagnon. She resided in Manchester most of her life and in Jefferson for several years. Mrs. Goodell was a 1953 graduate of St. George's High School and was graduated from the Tewksbury Hospital

School of Nursing, Tewksbury, Mass., as a licensed practical nurse. She worked as an LPN for the Visiting Nurses Association and at Elliot Hospital before retiring in 1985. She was a communicant of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church. Family members include her husband, Ellsworth E. Goodell of Manchester and Jefferson, nieces, nephews, a grandniece, two grandnephews, and cousins.

Dear Bud and Bea: Thanks for your note of sympathy. I am enclosing a check for the Scholarship Fund in Alice's memory. She and I thought it was a great charity. However, just mention Alice's name in the Last Mission section of the Flyer will be enough. As you know we missed Nashville and Kansas City because of her health. But she was determined to attend one more reunion. She enjoyed seeing everyone in Dearborn. We will all miss her. Hope you both are taking care of yourselves.

Elsworth Goodell, 826 Squadron

Editor's Note: A beautiful tribute to Alice's memory is the Scholarship Memorial Fund donations made by Association friends .

### Ed Goree, 764 Squadron.

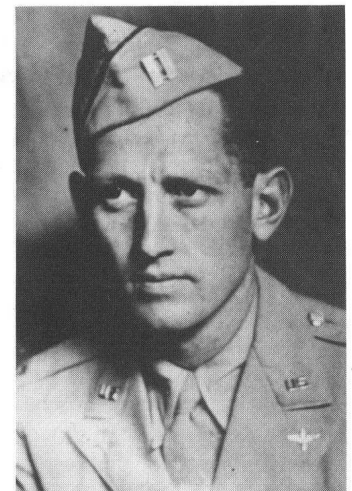
Lung Cancer has claimed the life of Ed Goree, one of our earliest members and supporters, he also served on the Memorial Scholarship Committee. He was a real friend of the Association and will be missed. The following story appeared in Torretta Flyer No #18 and is repeated here as a tribute to Ed's memory.

Plan Able arrived from Wing headquarters about midnight. The target was the Bucharest Chitilia Marshalling yards. The staff looked it over and began planning the mission. The lead crew which could picture the entire trip from memory were to have another chance, the fourth group effort to put the marshalling yards on the dead list.

Lt Elmore had the late weather report in hand. His prediction for the trip was bad enough to cancel the mission. But it looked like the big planners meant business concluding that the 15th would have to take weather losses if there was still a chance of destroying the vital target.

Not much time lapsed between planning and crew awakening hour. It was wet and dark when the trucks rolled out of the squadron area filled with crews bound for the briefing shack . The mission was still on as the long black ribbon indicating the mission route still stretched across Albania, Yugoslavia thru Rumania almost to the Russian front lines. Two hours remained before take off and most of the crews hoped that the bad weather would cause the mission to be cancelled.

However, two hours later, we took off. The low clouds covering the base prevented a normal group assembly. The crews were improving quickly with each mission so the assembly above the





stratus overcast was effected on schedule. But looking out, trouble could be seen out toward the Adriatic Sea as we started for the Wing rendezvous area. The high cloud build up at cruise altitude and the low cirrus below predicted a rough journey.

The lead crew had been to Bucharest twice before under extremely poor weather conditions so this mission did not pose any great problem.

Lt Veiluva, the Lead Pilot and Capt. Goree the Group Commander for the mission traded off on the controls at frequent intervals because instrument flying was more tiring in this haze which eliminated the horizon and a poor view of the surface. There was one mile visibility that allowed the Wing men to hold position. Lt De Witt did a superb job of navigating us through the flak areas enroute. The overcast below was still solid.

As we reached the Danube, the undercast began to climb to 20,000 feet. The lead group of the Wing was too low to make it, so they turned the lead over to us and left for an alternate target and home base. About the same time the radio was jammed by other groups advising they were abandoning the mission too. Someone in our group called up and asked if we were going to give it up. When they received our negative reply, he answered, "I don't go for this hero \_\_\_\_."

We went on feeling very lonely. Like the break of a cloudless day, the weather cleared about the middle of Rumania. We were to have a clear shot at the target, the reward for hanging on a little bit longer.

A few fighters began to appear but they weren't aggressive. After their first pass we assured them that we could defend our formation as we didn't have the aid of friendly fighter cover. The target was coming into range and we still had 30 miles to go.

Rotten luck hit the lead ship. The target was almost discernible, 12 minutes to and the nose section oxygen supply failed. Sgt Puss rushed two large walk around bottles up through the bomb bays to the nose section. This gave new life for Lt. Iconis and Lt. De Witt. It was the zero hour on the bomb run, when Lt Iconis discovered that the pilot's direction indicator wasn't working. He gave Lt. Veiluva, who was flying the ship at the time several oaths over the intercom that sounded like, "Left, God Dammit, Left." What looked like dark clouds ahead turned out to be barrage flak.

The sweetest words ever spoken, "Bombs Away" followed the last course correction from little Ike. Then we started a gentle roll or the maneuver called, "Let's get the Hell out of here." The flak was near now and the familiar sound of hail was in our ears as the spent shrapnel bounced off the skin of our plane, but it seemed we were successfully evading the worst part by our horseshoe turn (Or was it luck?)

Sgt. Kurawe called in from the tail to advise us to slow down for cripples. Sgt Zimmerman began reporting that the bombs were knocking hell out of the yards. He could see our first pattern, then the second which filled in all spare openings. With these words of encouragement, the dark trip home seemed unimportant for a minute. There was a solid feeling that comes from being under attack with the target well hit and the cripples all successfully covered.

As we approached the Danube, thunderheads began to take shape once again. This time the problem was in reverse. The group had to get down through the weather and back to the base. McQuillan dropped behind the second section. I could see Koska take B flight out wide as soon as he was called. The flight loosened up and about one hour later we were over the Adriatic in the clear. Everyone was accounted for and it looked as though the work was done for the day.

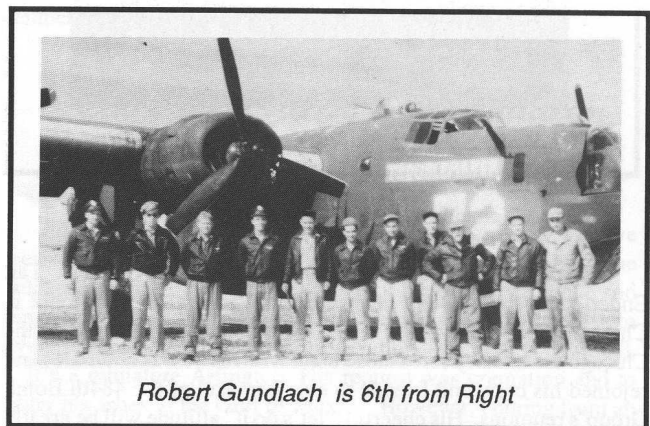
When we checked the ditching channel on the radio the Mayday calls came in all too clearly, and the long count for the radio fix and then another Mayday call. We contacted Big Fence and they gave us a heading from our position in the middle of the Adriatic to a point due south and 30 minutes away. We told them we could stretch our fuel and take up the search, we turned 180 degrees and started for the indicated spot. We had a hunch it could be no more than an oil slick on the smooth rolling sea. Within one minute of our ETA we spotted something. As we circled low we could make out two rafts with ten men. That was the most successful hunt we had ever been on. A spitfire came out to relieve us and mark the location before heading back to lead the rescue launch. One hour after first spotting the rafts, the launch pulled along side and took the men aboard. With our fuel low, we headed straight for the field to end a most successful day for all of us.

### **Jacob L Grim, 824th Squadron**

Jacob Grim died on a hunting trip for deer in 1992. He was an avid hunter and outdoors man. His sudden death shocked the whole family, but he did not suffer and went on his Final Mission doing what he wanted to do. He attended many reunions and was looking forward to the 1993 reunion in Harrisburg because it was so close to York where he lived. He is survived by his wife Sydney.

### **Robert Charles Gundlach, 827 Squadron**

Born May 20, 1914 ,Chicago, Passed away April 14, 1993, Las Vegas, Nevada



*Robert Gundlach is 6th from Right*

Robert "Bob" Charles Gundlach retired to Las Vegas in 1980 after 37 years at Illinois Tool Works as a machinist. He enjoyed bowling 5 leagues a week and won a Gold Medal in the Senior Olympics in bowling in Singles and a Gold medal in doubles.

The Torretta Flyer was like a breath of fresh air to him. He would look forward to each issue and not miss a word, and kept every copy. The people he really held close to him were his wartime buddies.

He was married for 51 years and had one son and two grandsons. His plane was on the cover of the Fall-Winter 1992 issue of the Torretta Flyer.

## George E Koch, 824 Squadron

George E Koch left a brother Alfred Koch, and one daughter Darlyn Vetrano. George died before receiving the last Toretta Flyer, not aware that he lived just 2 miles from the Williston, Morrison area in Florida, where new combat crews ferried heavy bombers over the southern route to Europe during WWII. In the States prior to overseas service, George flew in a B-24 named "Zat Zo."



diagnosed as Ankylosing Spondylitis approximately ten years ago. As I understand it, Ankylosing Spondylitis was not "discovered" by medical science until about twenty years ago.

We believe that this disease was triggered by trauma when my father parachuted from his B-24 over Austria. In spite of the fact that a VA orthopedist has written a report to this effect, the VA has denied compensability. We are continuing with the appeal of this denial.

Please let me know if I can provide you with any other information.

Sincerely yours,  
Sam F Lowe, III

Mr. Samuel F. Lowe Jr. 72, of Atlanta, a retired lawyer and former State Court judge, died of complications of emphysema. He is buried in Arlington Memorial Park.

He was retired from private legal practice and a former partner in Smith, Cohen, Ringel, Kohler, Martin and Lowe. Earlier, he was a judge of the Fulton County Civil Court, later renamed State Court, in 1950-55.

Samuel Franklin Lowe Jr. was born Nov. 9, 1918, in Sandersville. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel F. Lowe Sr. and Maude Hammock Lowe. The family moved to Atlanta and he graduated from Boys High and Mercer University.

He was a B-24 navigator in the Army Air Corps during World War II. He was disabled when he parachuted from his plane, shot down over Austria, and spent 11 months as a prisoner of war. He received a Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and Purple Heart.

Mr. Lowe was a fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers; a former chairman of a Grievance Committee of the State Bar of Georgia; and a former member of the Executive Committee of the Atlanta Bar Association. He also belonged to the Masons, American Legion, Disabled American Veterans.

Surviving are: his wife, Frances Brittain Lowe; two sons, Samuel F. Lowe III and the Rev. Jeffrey C. Lowe of Atlanta; two daughters, Linda Kelly of Greenville, S.C., and Janice M. Lowe of Atlanta; a brother, the Rev. Lewis C. Lowe of

Augusta; a sister Marion Hodges of Morrow; and five grandchildren.

P.S. I talked to Sam in October of 1990. He was on oxygen and could not talk long, he said he did not get his chute completely when he jumped and hurt his back, and had had no luck with the VA in spite of the fact Sen Sam Nunn was on his case.

Judson Moore, 766 Sq.

## Leslie H Kummer Jr 827 Squadron

Member Leslie H Kummer passed away in June of 1992 from adrenol cancer. He had undergone major surgery in 1987 and fought a losing battle since that date. He attended the 1990 reunion in Nashville and enjoyed it very much but his health prevented attendance at subsequent reunions.



From left to right: Don Rogers, Aaron Scharf, Clarence C Young, and Leslie H Kummer.

## Sam F Lowe Jr, 766 Squadron

(Letter from Sam F Lowe, III forwarded to the Association)

Enclosed is a copy of my father's obituary per your request. Since WWII, my father has had back problems culminating in a virtual fusion of his spine from arthritis. This condition was finally

## **Sam Lodato 766 Squadron**

Sam Lodato, the radio operator on W P Hettinger's crew has passed away. A longtime member and early supporter of the Association, he helped out at the reunions with a happy smile.

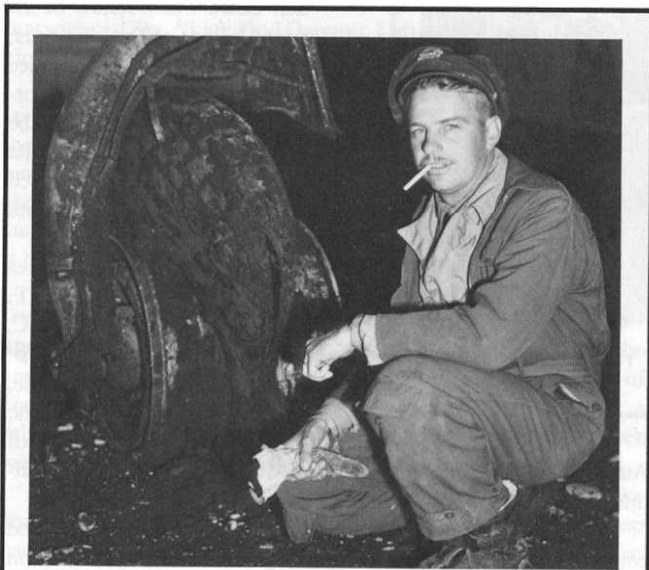
## **Stanley V. Olson, 824 Sq**

Stanley V. Olson, 74, of Corpus Christi, died May 2, 1992. He was a B-24 Pilot in WWII, serving with the 15th Air Force, 484th Bomb Group. He entered service in December 1942, and received his wings and commission 1943 at Ellington Field, TX. Lt Olson is a veteran of over 30 combat missions over targets in Germany, Italy, France, Rumania, and Austria.

He celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary with his surviving wife, Eloise Kuns Olson. They spent time together in Houston with their children. Other survivors include two daughters, Anita Louise Amos, of Kilean, Texas and Vicki Lynette (Richard Ray) Henegar, of Houston; one brother, John Manuel Olson of Wichita, Kansas, and four grandchildren, Shannon Kae Amos, Ryan Neal Amos, Samantha Lea Henegar, and Kyle Ray Henegar.

*'15th AAF In ITALY The crash alarm sounded and the motors in the waiting ambulances roared to life as the Lib circled the field to land. The tenseness of the scene was reflected in the faces of the waiting men. Although they had been joking and kidding each other a moment before, they had dropped their mask of casualness as they watched the big bomber come in to land.*

*The pilot of the plane, 2nd Lt Stanley V. Olson, of McPherson, Ks., had called the tower and said, "Our right tire is flat, get ready for a crash landing." The waiting knew that could mean anything from a mangled aircraft and inert bodies*



*Stanley V Olson, kneeling by the right main tire after it blew on landing." It was one of those times when I had to have a cigarette", he wrote on the back of the picture.*

*to safe landing and all hands walking away under their own power.*

*The Liberator was silhouetted against the sky for a moment as it glided down for a landing, one wing dipped to take the weight off the flat tire as it touched the muddy runway. For a few seconds the plane came straight down the landing strip, then the weight settled back to the right side, it skidded momentarily, slowly tilted over on the flat landing wheel and munched along like a big crippled bird. When the meat wagons came to a stop alongside the plane the crew were already on the ground looking over the damage and pumping Oley's hand for a swell landing. No one looking at these men would think they had flirting with death and serious injury just a few moments ago.*

*Stanley V. Olson, pilot of a B-24 Liberator in the 15th Air Force in Italy, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for "extraordinary achievement during aerial flights over enemy territory." Olson, a first lieutenant at the time of his award, has since been promoted to the grade of Captain.*

*Despite the crippled condition of his plane and an attack by more than 50 enemy fighters. Olson led his formation on a successful bombing raid on an underground oil storage plant at Vienna, Austria.*

*A short distance from the target, the number three engine suddenly "conked" out. Determined to get to the target he continued with three engines*

*In the next few minutes, the Liberator formation was jumped by 69 ME 109's- and FW 190s. The entire attack was well dispersed along the route of approach and lasted fully a half an hour.*

*In the face of intense anti-aircraft fire, Lt. Olson's plane bombed the target and inflicted grave damage on the installations. After leaving the target area, it was forced to return to its base alone and, without the protective cover of the formation. Thirty holes were counted in the Liberator, when it was safe on its own field.*

## **Parker C "Skip" Shaw, 827 Squadron**

Dear Bea and Bud:

It is with great sorrow that I am sending you Skip's obituary notice. He succumbed to the Multiple Myeloma cancer he wrote you about in August. The disease was first diagnosed in May of 1991 and though advised it was incurable, we were ever hopeful and he fought long and hard. We both were so glad to have been a part of the Association even for such a short time. I wish you both well, and do take care of each other.

Best regards  
Janet H Shaw

Bow, New Hampshire, Parker C. "Skip" Shaw, died December 1992 at his home. He was born in Marblehead Mass., and had moved to South Sandwich in 1926. He graduated from Laconia High School in 1940

He was a U.S. Eastern Amateur Association certified ski instructor and taught in Jackson and in Tamworth prior to and following service in the Army Air Corps in World War II as a B-24 combat gunnery crewman. He completed 50 missions, flying out of



Italy. He flew with the 15th Air Force, 49th Wing, the 484th Bomb Group, 827th Bomb Squadron, at Torretta, Cerignola, Italy.

After World War II, he became a flight instructor at Ferns Flying Service prior to and following serving in the Korean Conflict as a B-29 combat gunnery crewman. He completed 26 missions out of Okinawa.

From 1954 to 1960, he worked in child care with his mother, Marion G. Shaw, at the Rolfe and Rumford Home in Concord. He also had worked for the Concord Electric Co., retiring in 1983 as fleet maintenance supervisor.

He had worked as a ski-instructor at the Elgin Kibby Slopes and White Park. From 1960 to 1962, he was employed at Banks Chevrolet in the service department.

He is a charter member of the New England Ski Museum in Franconia; a member of 461st & 484 Bomb Groups Association; the Mount Washington observatory, a member of the Central, NH Corvair Association, the 15th Air Force Association; the Concord American Legion Post, the Audubon Society of New Hampshire; the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests; and a member of the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen

He leaves his wife of 41 years Janet (Hanson) Shaw of Bow, NH two nephews, D. Craig Shaw of Odenton, Md., and Dirk A. Shaw of Albuquerque, NM, aunts and cousins

He is buried in Evens Cemetery in Bow, NH

### ***Stephen Smith Jr 825 Squadron***

Stephen Smith Jr died in February of this year.

### ***Joseph J Student 766 Squadron***

Joseph J Student, a tail gunner on Ernest L Skinner's crew succumbed to a heart attack in December of 1992.

### ***James H Sullivan 826 Squadron***

James H Sullivan the co/pilot on James E Kennedy's crew is reported deceased.

### ***Charles E. Trinkle, 826 Squadron***

Charles Edward Trinkle, 71, of 8507 White Horse Road, Greenville SC, died July 14, 1992, at his home after 18 months of illness. He was a salesman for Reynolds Metal Co. until he retired, and a member of Christ Church Episcopal. He was a U.S. Army Air Corps gunner on a B-24 during World War II. Surviving are his wife Geri, and a half brother J Byron Settle

Bud Markel

Thank you for your kind letter of October last. I met my husband Charlie, after the war. He always talked of his crew with such deep feelings. As many couples in the 50's, we transferred many times with his company and we lost touch with most of the crew members.

After Charlie retired in 1984, he spent over a year tracing the crew. And they had a reunion in Columbus, Ohio in 1985. I am sending a picture of the 4 men who could come to the reunion. The pilot's widow, Eileen Mitchell and her oldest son was there. After all those many years, these men were together again and it was as if they had seen each other recently. It meant a great deal to all of them to see each other once again. And to me, it is a precious memory for always. Mr. Markel I cannot begin to tell you how many hours Charlie read the Flyer. He enjoyed each edition so very much. I would very much like to continue the membership. In this way I can keep the memories close to my heart.

Sincerely,  
Geri M. Trinkle



Charles Edward Trinkle ( shown 2nd from left bottom row)

### ***Mary Lou Watkins***

Mary Lou Watkins was born November 24, 1918 in Lakewood Ohio; died on December 3, 1992. She is survived by her husband Harry R. Watkins 827 Squadron, sons John Saunders, and James R. Watkins daughter and son-in-law, Marie Aleana and Baldev Chaudhari; grandchildren, Sanjay, Sara, Sunil, and Smita Chaudhari; her brother Frederick J. Schrenk of Fort Pierce, Florida and sister, Marcia A. Stack of Lorain, Ohio.

Mary Lou, an ardent supporter of the Association from our very beginning; was one of our two-lady Group Flag committee, and together with Mrs. Jay (Ginny) Dudley, was instrumental in making the 484th/461st Group Flags a reality.



42-95282 Sq No 77, 827 Sq. "Booby Trap," an ex 8th Air Force B-24, note the bullet proof glass cockpit windows. The aircraft is reported to have flown back to the States May 30, 1945.



John Dunn, 827 sq

Orville Hommert 827 Sq

Ship 48, 825 Sq. is shown landing at Torretta. The list shows this ship as both 42-50396, and 42- 50398. Reader comment is welcome.

### Additional Notes Regarding the B-24 Liberator Bomber

The 484th Bomb Group operated the B-24 Liberator Bomber during 1944-45. The 484th was assigned to the 49th Wing, 15th Air Force and was based at Torretta, Italy, about 12K SE of Cerignola in the heart of the Puglia District of Southern Italy.

The combat color of the 49th wing was red with the rudder tops painted in that color as well as the individual logos of each of the three groups painted just below the red top. The wing was comprised of the 451st BG, 461st B.G., and 484th BG. A solid red ball signifying the 451st, a red dash for the 461st, and a red bow tie for the 484th BG.

Some B-24 heavy bomber groups of the 15th Air Force including the 461st and 484th used two digit numbers to designate squadron assignments as opposed to the letter codes used by the 8th Air Force. Aircraft displaying three digits were designated "Micky Ship" so called because they carried navigation radar, or electronic counter-measure devices. The radar navigation ships carried a round radome in place of the ball turret that could be raised for take off and landing. Counter measure aircraft carried a variety of antennas.

Using the aircraft serial numbers the planes can be traced back to the factory of origin and manufacturing blocks. The practice during WWII was that each batch of aircraft within one block

would be identical to each other, as modifications were generally confined to separate blocks. Major modifications usually called for a new model designation.

The 461st and 484th BGs used the B-24 G through B-24 M model. An early model such as the B-24 D used in the first Ploesti mission of August 1, 1943 had been withdrawn from front line service, by the time the 49th Wing became operational. The origin of the B-24 was a twin engine seaplane that was designed to fly at lower altitudes. When the wings and tail assembly were lifted off a seaplane fuselage and placed on the slab sided B-24 in 1941, combat altitudes in Europe had doubled. Turbo supercharges were then added to subsequent models so the aircraft could fly higher. At high altitudes the aircrafts performance was sluggish. Attempts were made to improve the flight control response to the pilot's commands by the addition of a formation stick. This did relieve the efforts of the pilot, but was still not a major fix This was a device that worked off of the autopilot No other major modifications to the wings or airframe were made until the B-24 N appeared. Its flight characteristics were greatly improved over the twin tail. But it arrived too late to enter combat in Europe and was dropped from production in favor of its big brother the B-32 that did see limited service in the Pacific theater just prior to the end of the war with Japan.

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