

Shortly thereafter, he was teaching "raw recruits from Texas" at Camp Haan. (This is one of my recollections from my youth-- my Dad telling the tale how he as a little 19 year- old was teaching big, older Texans!) After going through several different training programs (Air Corps, glider school), he ended up graduating as a 2nd lieut. on Sept. 16, 1943 from Bombardier School.

Walt was a 2nd Lt. when he met his crew in October of 1943: pilot Alton McClung, co-pilot Robert Myers, navigator John Jackson, crew chief Emery Bouchee, gunners Rubin Englesburg, William Miller, James Owne, Robert Scott and Jack Sheppard (replaced Johnson) After final training in Nebraska, they were now the 484th Bomb group, 826 squadron. They got "their new B-24 'Miss Fire' then.

In March of 1945, they were headed for DeJeda, Africa (where he had his 22nd birthday). They started their missions in May 1944 and "his crew was lucky throughout." His crew completed their missions in Sept. and left. He finally finished up in October 1944 on "the big bombing raid against Bologne. " Of his 50 missions, the campaigns included Rome/Arno, Southern France, Northern France, Air Combat-Balkans, Germany, Po Valley and North Appenines.

Walt continued his service including completing CIC School in April '48, and served 3 years as a CIC Agent in Europe. He retired as a Major with 24 years' service in June of 1962. There were numerous commendations including the Distinguished Flying Cross.

My Dad kept every service-related paper that crossed his path. He's got every order he ever got, etc., and kept a high degree of interest in his fellow servicemen. I know he attended a number of reunions, and kept in contact with his co-pilot, Bob Myers, until Bob died. I believe he had hoped to attend the reunion in San Diego (96?), but his cancer progressed throughout the summer of '95. (He died on December 28, 1995.)

I know my family shares my pride for my Dad's military service and achievements. As young as 17 years old, he was proud to serve our country and fight, if need be, for its ideals. I can't imagine what it was like to be overseas in your early 20's, facing death by an enemy at any time.

Survivors include myself Beverly B. Havlik , Walter's wife Ellen, daughter Carol Sutton, daughter Sheri Harrison, and son Mike Bruesch.

Thank you for your interest.  
Very truly yours,  
Beverly B. Havlik

Enclosure: I have enclosed a letter written by my Dad to you in 1992. I don't know if he ever sent it to you or not.\*

*\*Editors note: This letter was addressed to Ned Humphreys, editor of the official news letter of the Bombardiers, Inc, "Crosshairs."*

Dear Ned:

In your CrossHairs of March 92, I noticed that you are looking for my buddy, Seymour Fannesbeck. We both were inducted

into the 40th Division 145 Field Artillery from Utah to San Louis Obispo 7 March 41. We trained on World War I French 75 mil guns and after Pearl Harbor we transferred to Army Air Force and were sent to the "Maytag Washout School" at Santa Maria, Calif. After a short time at Santa Ana, my football hero, Tom Harmon, was a few tents down the line and I remember how we were all restricted, but he would get in his Buick convertible and go to Hollywood to see his girl friend Allisa , who he later married and his son is the actor Harmon.

After we washed out, we were sent to Merced, California and were waiting for transfer back to our Field Artillery outfit but new orders came out putting us in the Army Air Force. Our job was to lite and place all of the pots on the runways at night for the Basic Training Cadets. We were supposed to start up the motor to light up the field but it never worked and boy you should of heard the ass chewing from the OIC ("Officer in charge") down to the sergeant. We were both corporals. Late in the morning we had to blow all of these pots out and by the end pots we didn't have any breath left. I got so dam mad I went in to the 1st Sgt. and applied for (1) paratroops, (2) Bombardiers, (3) Glider Pilots. I was called for Glider Pilots and Seymour stayed at Merced until he was called to Bombardiers. In the interim, I spent 5 months in Glider training when they called us in and a Col. from Pentagon said because of our flight training we would be sent into Basic Flying. We all brought to his attention that a law said no one failing previous as pilot could get back in.

Pentagon man said otherwise. Hearing the good news, we told the upper classmen to shove it when they tried to order us about. Much to our chagrin, the Col. came back and said we could not get back in flying; hence Bombardier training. I learned later in an Air Force Times that "Tom Harmon was the only man to wash out and then allowed back in."

I 'm sorry I bent your ear so long but when I saw the article on Seymour it brought all of this back. I last saw Seymour in Logan, Utah, in late 1946 and I checked the phone book when I went to Ogden for my 50th high school reunion in July 1990, but no Seymour. If you don't get any info up to date on him,

I 'll try again,  
Walt Bruesch.



"Missfire", note the feathered propeller and white nose cowl.