

would have been required at Arlington. With that out of the way, here is more grist for the Flyer.

Being one of those members of the group who was there from its beginning in the summer of 1943 in Harvard, Nebraska till the break-up in the summer of 1945 in Casablanca, Morocco. You published my account of the 484th trip by train from Harvard across the country to Newport News and the convoy across the Atlantic past Gibraltar to Italy. I gave you stories of the bomb dump fire, the not so great landings of some planes and the 24s blown up on their hardstands, probably by Italians

I realize that many members of the Association came over to Torretta as replacement crews. I gave refresher - courses to many of the operators. These people completed their required number of missions and went stateside. Therefore they were not privy to many of the events that occurred at the field. With the war in Europe winding down and our planes pretty much idle, we were told we might be going to Africa to join the transport command. We assumed that we would remain a unit, servicing cargo planes instead of bombers. We packed and crated equipment to be sent on ahead and never saw it again.

We were flown to Casablanca and were soon given an orientation speech by an Air Transport Command officer. Many ground personnel would be scattered to the ATC facilities from Dakar, Senegal, across North Africa to the Persian Gulf and India.

Above the moaning and groaning, a voice from the rear of the hall asked the Major for directions to the nearest Pro Station as he thought he had just been (insert the F word here) without a rubber. A sentiment shared by everyone in the hall. Some pilots, flight engineers and radio operators would also be sent to ATC stations. My original MOS had been for Radio Operator, high speed. I now had my fourth, which was for flight Radio operators/Mechanic. I understood that flight engineers and radio operators could wear crew member wings but most opted for the gunners wings. They were sexier. I made a few trips in C-54s, flying fifth army troops home from Casablanca to Dakar and Natal, Brazil where the ferry command took over.

The ATC tried to make us remove our 15th Air Corps patches and wear the Army Air Corps only. Maybe they were envious. We were not in favor of that and our senior officers raised a ruckus and a compromise was reached.

January 24 1998. We could wear the fifteenth patch on the right shoulder and the regular Army Air Corps on the left. I have a B-15 jacket with the patches which I wear during these chilly New England winters.

In Casablanca, I read a piece in the Stars and Stripes about the French having awarded the 484th a decoration which allowed the wearing of a certain shoulder braid. I never heard or read any more about that. I was transferred from Morocco to the hell hole of the world, Abadan, Iran. It was said to be the second hottest place in the world. I wont argue with that.

Having helped fly ground forces home earlier in the year, didn't get there till mid

November of 45, traveling from Cairo, Egypt by boat. C'est la vie.

In Abadan we flew cargo to Karachi, India in the Pregnant Whales, C-46s. I was also part time engineer, I had to check the wing tanks before take-off.

The End

*The above got separated from its envelope, will the member who submitted this letter please identify himself, the Editor*



*L to R -George Venslove, Edward Gauthier, William Knapp, and John Saganovich in Cerignola*



*The David Sheddon Crew See Obit on page 37. Back Row L to R : Del H Doblle-B, Jack Scott-C/P, David Sheddon-P, Pat Kinkade-N, Bttm row L to R: S Cross B/G, Emil W Wright-N/G, Charles Parr-W/G, R G Greaves-E, D G Fore-R/O, Ralph Hansen-T/G. Emil Wright Photo*