

## Continued Tales From The Internet And News Of The Association

objects, housed military offices, and 15,000 civilians found shelter there at times. In all the gun towers there were hospitals, some with more than 800 beds. Armament industries were likewise housed in the Flak towers, where they produced aircraft engines, electrical parts and ammunition.

### **Personal history:**

With Japan threatening the West coast in the winter of 1941-1942, fear of invasion and air raids was uppermost in the minds of most adults and children in the city of Portland, OR where I was born. While standing in the downtown Army recruiting office with other boys from city high schools about to take the oath of allegiance three months later in March 1942, (it took awhile to get my parents' permission to join up). I was unsure of what the future would bring to myself wondering if I was doing the right thing, and what effect this would have on my family, and America too.

A cavalry officer of Captain's rank entered the room impeccably dressed in first class uniform, a polished Sam Brown belt with brass hook to carry a sword was worn over his officer's blouse that showed no traces of wrinkles anywhere. I caught myself thinking how could this officer wear such a perfect uniform without getting wrinkles at the elbows and thighs. His highly polished cavalry boots could be seen under his matching brown pants ironed to a knife edge. Close cropped hair combed to perfection completed the picture. This was my first encounter with a person who had such a commanding presence, a presence whose very appearance was strong enough to slay dragons.

He assumed a ramrod military stance, feet slightly apart with hands drawn behind him. He had a fixed gaze that almost burned through me. I was so awe struck it took most of my self control to keep from fainting dead away. Then with eyes narrowed, he began to speak with uncompromising conviction, and pausing to emphasize each word slowly, "We Will Win This War!" I straightened up feeling a pride never before experienced. From that point on I never again had any doubt as to the outcome of the war. Years afterwards, I would recall this phrase when faced with adversity. Bud Markel 827 Sq.

Let me hear from you, our members, and family, of your own personal experiences.

### **Air Classics Magazine's Special Offer Discounts for Members and for the Association too.**

Challenge Publication's magazine Air Classics magazine will add \$5.00 for each discounted subscription placed through the 484th Bomb Group Association. Here is how it works, you pay the special price of \$19.95 for a yearly subscription to Air Classic, the Association remits \$14.95 to Challenge publications, earning the Association \$5.00 for each subscription of 12 monthly issues off of the special price of \$19.95. The regular subscription price is \$25.95. This looks like a win-win situation for all of us.

Air Classics magazine, now in its 34th year of publication has a readership of more than 76,000 aviation enthusiasts each month. Air Classics has proven itself the perfect vehicle in which

to make AAF/USAF veterans aware of service organizations and their annual reunions. The magazine publishes reunion notices free of charge to America's service veteran organizations.

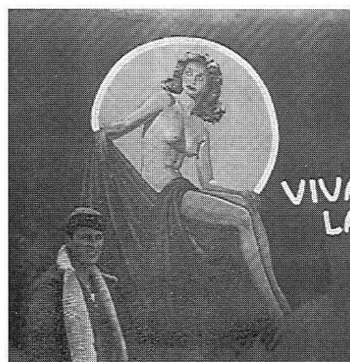
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### **WW29 Vets fought for their Special Ladies**

Your editor sent the following letter to the Wall Street Journal and it was published

January 9, 1998. Beatrice (co-editor) and I frequently send letters and E-mail expressing the point of view John Lehman's review of the book Citizen Soldiers by Stephen Ambrose ("How They Fought—and Won," Leisure & Arts, Dec. 22) struck a warm note with this humble Army Air Force engineer-gunner. Mr. Ambrose says in the introduction to his book



*Vivacious Lady*

World War II citizen soldier, whether enlisted or drafted, fought not only for cause or patriotism, but for the safety of his buddies and the pride of his unit.

I would like to add something else—the strong identification with our war vehicles. As a World War II veteran tells his war stories, inevitably his ship, tank, or aircraft is mentioned. In effect, our vehicle represented all of the people in our lives. That is the reason these vehicles were humanized. One could observe mechanics and air crew members pat the side of their aircraft and talk to it. A gunner might mutter under his breath, "Old girl, don't forget your promise to bring us home today."



*Knock Out*

We decorated the slab side of our venerable B-24 Liberators with paintings of scantily clad females or with mottos that were personally important. My own ship, a Ford-built B-24L, was named "Roll