

"Might-in-Flight"



303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC. "HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

VOLUME XI, NUMBER 2

Editor: Hal Susskind
2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704

FEBRUARY 1988

Where are they now?

Hell's Angels Ground Crew Identified

On Jan. 20, 1944, twelve men and Hell's Angels, one of the Eighth Air Force's most famous Fortresses took off for the U.S. under an archway of flares fired by an outpouring of members of the 303rd Bomb Group who were staying behind to continue the fight against the Nazi war machine.

Hell's Angels was the second B-17 to return to the States from the ETO to take part in War Bond Drives and war factories rallies. But Hell's Angels was the first to take back her ground crew. Of the dozen men who left that day, six were mechanics who established an almost incredible record for the ETO for servicing the bomber through 40 consecutive missions without a turnback due to mechanical difficulty--in air force terminology an "abortion."

The Angel had completed 48 missions and the proudest boast of the men at Molesworth was that no man who flew in the Fort ever won the Purple Heart.

The homeward bound bomber departed with hundreds of names scrawled in white paint all over the



Of the complete Hell's Angels ground crew, can you pick out the six who made the trip to the U.S.?

fuselage following a brief farewell ceremony attended by Brig. Gens. Robert Travis and Robert B. Williams and Lt. Col. Ben Lyon. Col. Lyon was a public relations officer who years before had starred in the movie, *Hell's Angels*.

The six combat crewmen to go back with the ship were: Capts. John R. Johnson, pilot; Donald F. DeCamp, co-pilot; Richard E. McElwain, navigator; 1/Lt. Lawrence E. McCord, bombardier; M/Sgt. Caryl Zeller, radio operator and

T/Sgt. Wayne E. Briggs, engineer.

The ground crew led by its chief, M/Sgt. Fabian Folmer, of Mansfield, Ohio who had just been awarded the Legion of Merit included: T/Sgt. Edward A. West Jr., Newport News, VA.; S/Sgts Kasmer Wegrzyn, Chicopee, Mass. and Ernest Touhey, Wichita, Kans.; Sgts. Wilson K. Fairfield, Southbridge, Mass. and John R. Kosilla, North Tarrytown, N.Y.

Grounded after the Dec. 13 raid on Bremen, Hell's Angels had taken part in a spirited race with two other bombers, Knockout Dropper and S for Sugar, to be the first in the theater to complete 50 missions. Knockout Dropper won on Nov. 16, when it returned from the raid on Norway.

Why I ran the picture and requested help in identifying the crew after some 40 years is a story in itself; and it's only half finished (Watch for Al Lehmann's article which will appear in the next issue of the Newsletter.).

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Might - in - Flight

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The 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc., a tax exempt organization under IRS Code 501 (c)(19), founded in 1975 is chartered in the State of Florida to perpetuate the history of the 303rd Bomb Group and to provide opportunities for 303rders to meet and do things together.

Because you are helping to perpetuate the history of the 303rd Bomb Group, your dues and/or donations to the 303rd Bomb Group Association are tax deductible.

The Association is open for membership to all persons, assigned or attached to the 303rd Bomb Group, from its activation in 1942 in Boise, Idaho throughout its war years at Molesworth Air Base in England to its deactivation in Casablanca in 1945. Spouses of 303rders may also become members. All other persons, interested in perpetuating the history of the 303rd Bomb Group and in furthering the aims of the Association, may apply for Associate status.

Membership years begin on the first day of January. In the future, the 303rd Bomb Group Newsletter will be sent only to paid up members. When you pay annual dues, the membership chairman will send you an updated membership card.

If you do not receive the 303rd Newsletter for a period of more than four months it means you are delinquent in your dues for that calendar year.

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Hell's Angel Newsletter
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HELL'S ANGELS FORUM

The Mystery is Finally Solved

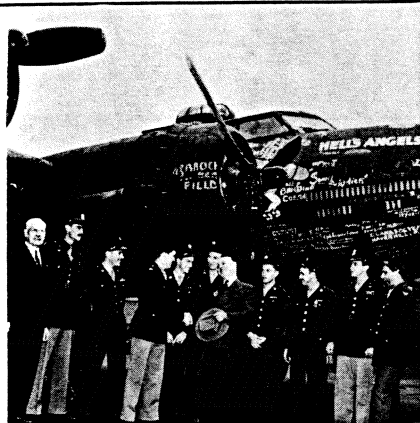
You probably have already received info on the two Hell's Angels crew pictures. In case there are any gaps in the info, I'll tell you all I know.

The picture was not taken in New York when Hell's Angels flew home since I am in the picture. The original flight crew met the six sergeants and the aircraft at Tinker AFB in Oklahoma City. After about a week, Capt. Johnson and I with M/Sgt Fabian Folmer (ground crew chief) acting as flight crew chief, flew H/A to Wright-Patterson AFB for overhaul prior to flying on the Industrial Morale Tour (not bond drive). Capt. Johnson and the six ground crew left on leave and I went back to duty at March Field. A month later, Capt. Johnson and I met at W.P. AFB with the six sergeants and started the tour again; Sgt. Folmer served as flight engineer. Mr. John Gorden, public relations man from the Pentagon went with us a good part of the tour. We flew to Newark, N.J. to start the tour. As I recall I think we landed at a field on Long Island (Floyd Bennett) which may be where the picture was taken. If the man I am shaking hands with is Mayor LaGuardia, I don't remember if it is or not. (My wife just looked at the picture and said it is Mayor LaGuardia.) I don't remember the man on the left. I think the officer (2nd from left) is undoubtedly a P.R. man stationed in New York. So the ones in the picture are from left to right:

1. unknown
2. unknown
3. M/Sgt. Fabian S. Folmer
4. Capt. Irl E. Baldwin
5. S/Sgt. Ernest Toughy
6. T/Sgt. Edward A. West, Jr.
7. Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia
8. S/Sgt. Kasmer Wegrzyn
9. Sgt. Wilson F. Fairfield
10. Capt. John R. Johnson
11. Sgt. John R. Kosilla

Irl E. Baldwin
Lt. Col. USAF (Ret)
Albuquerque, NM

Ed. Note. Baldwin also identified the people in the photo on page 10 of the Nov. newsletter. See Hal Godwin's letter which follows for info on that photo.



One half of the mystery is solved. But where are they now?

In response to the current newsletter, regarding the identification of the Hell's Angels crew etc., possibly I can be of some help, in part.

The cover picture of the plane, crew, and mayor LaGuardia can best be identified by Irl Baldwin (pilot) shown shaking hands with the mayor. Baldwin is an Assn. member as you may know, I'm sure he will follow up and reply.

The question regarding page 10, as to the identification of the crew members etc., and as to whether the 2 crew men at far right are brothers? I happen to be the person with my arm over Fred's shoulder. I will have to admit we do resemble one another in this picture. We were about the same age, weight and height. Nonetheless we were like brothers.

I, from California, and Fred, from Connecticut, we both enlisted in Jan., 1942 and met in Tuscon, Ariz. in basic training camp. We were assigned to the same tent of 12. We volunteered for gunnery school at Las Vegas soon after. Our friendship grew as we flew together on the same crew beginning at Boise, Idaho. Overall we were transferred to about 18 bases ending up even in the same barracks. Went to chow together, on liberty etc. We were split up for the first time at the war's end, where he was sent to the east coast and I to the west, then discharged. After almost 4 years we became real buddies, yes we were like brothers. Fred passed away about 6 years ago.

Crewmen on page 10, as follows: left to right.

- 1st Lt. Matson-Navigator
- T/Sgt. Russel Warren-Radio-gunner
- * Unknown-Co-pilot
- Capt. Irl Baldwin-Pilot

Capt. Donald Bone-Bombardier
S/Sgt. Harry (Jim) Brody
S/Sgt. Dennis Weiskopf-Left waist
T/Sgt. James Rodriguez - Eng. top turret
S/Sgt. Harold (Hal) Godwin-Tail gunner
S/Sgt. Fred Meddaught-Right waist

* Lt. Matson replaced Capt. Fulghum who went down on another plane. Matson finished out about 20 missions on H. Angels.

* Unknown Co-pilot replaced regular Co-pilot Ripley Joy on this mission. Joy put in about 25 missions on H. Angel's (must have been ill on this mission).

Near end of our tour Capt. Miller replaced Lt. Matson as Matson finished his tour ahead of the rest of the crew by a couple of missions. All in all 9 of the original 10 man crew did finish together.

About all for now, trust that this info, along with Baldwin's reply may help.

Hal Godwin
Lakeside, CA.

P.S. I had a great time (didn't we all) at Fort Worth. Saw Capt. Baldwin (Baldy) my pilot, for first time since 1944. Of our original crew, Baldwin, Rodriguez, and myself are alive. Rodriguez was unable to attend the reunion due to Alzheimer's disease, he's around 78 or 79 years old now. We called him Pops as he was at least 10 or 12 years older than most of us. He served in the regular Army and was transferred to the Air Corp in 1941. A career man, ex-boxing champ in the Army--"tuff" as they come, but he did mellow after a few missions!

Perhaps I can give a small piece of information about the picture on the front cover of November's newsletter.

On October 1943 I was assigned to the 358th squadron as a replacement ground crewman. My assignment was to the Hell's Angels crew. Hell's Angels, the first B17F in the ETO to complete 25 missions had been chosen to make a Bond Tour with the original ground crew. I was assigned to the crew when the ship had 39 or 40 missions. On the 49th mission Hell's Angels was stood by. A crew was quickly briefed when their ship developed problems. I believe there was a story about this flight last year.

FORUM

Fabian Folmer, the crew chief is the only one I remember by name. (third person in from the left) And it was his crew and plane that had completed the first 25 missions without aborting. To the best of my memory, the ship had completed all missions without aborting until her last mission.

In January 1944 I was assigned to another crew. In March I was shipped out and assigned to Eastern Command, U.S.T.A.A.F-USSR, where we maintained shuttle bombing bases.

Al Orth
St. Petersburg, Fl.

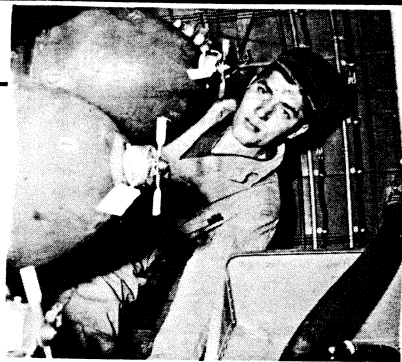
This Post (April 15, 1944 issue of the Saturday Evening Post) was among the many things my mother saved. It will identify some of the crew with Mayor LaGuardia. The paragraph on "Sweet Land of Liberty" states in a few short words how close the original air crews were with the ground men on their ship. Too close perhaps--only a few of the original nine crews in the 358th finished their 25.

At first, ground and air crews bunked together; later they lived separate. For almost three years we ground men in the 358th did all we could to put the best planes of the ETO in the air. It wasn't that we didn't have compassion but we had a job and they had a job. We thought the 358th was the best in the ETO and I still do. So many came and went so soon, that I for one didn't want to be as close to the air crews again.

As the article states, Hell's Angels ground crew were the bond salesmen touring the states. Along the way they had a great reunion with Capt. Baldwin and Capt. Bone, the ship's first combat crew.

Ben R. Spears
Bryan, Texas

P.S. Yes I have our tales. Like I caught S/Sgt. Ernest Touhy trying to steal the main fuse from "Jersey Bounce" when Hell's Angels had bomb-bay door trouble. Spent most of the night helping him. I flew as trouble shooter on Hell's Angels when first trial of Gen. LeMay's formation was tried. Was in bomb bay checking rack releases on the bombing run in Scotland. Lots I remember about some great pilots and leaders in the 358th--Mitchel, Watson, Lemon (sp) and



Folmer and some presents for the Nazis.

Dumika (sp) et. al. The greatest gunner in the ETO-bar none--was "Cussen" E. V. Bitter from New Orleans. He never made claims unless it blew up--just smoking didn't count. After the mission, he'd turn up back on the line to help me clean guns. E. V. is gone now but finished two tours; 25 and 30. Only guy I've known who was totally fearless.

Ed. Note; Ben enclosed a four page story on the "Six Sergeants Coming Home." The Sweet Land of Liberty paragraph told of the meeting between the Hell's Angels ground crew and Capts. Baldwin and Bone at Tinker AFB in Oklahoma. "Two officers broke through the guard line. They were Hell's Angels first pilot Capt. Irl Baldwin and Capt. Donald Bone, her original bombardier. The loneliness and terror left the sergeants then. They grinned and saluted, and then threw their arms about their old commanders like the long-lost brothers in arms they had been and were."

Thought you could use the enclosed picture. I was on the original ground crew before they put me in charge of servicing the breathing oxygen equipment on all the bombers in the 358th Sqdn. You don't have to return this picture. I don't know whether the Bomb Group was named after this bomber or vice versa. Hope you can use it.

Harry Steinmetz
East Liverpool, Ohio

Ed. Note: Harry sent a large colored photo of the aircraft Hell's Angels and her ground crew which possibly was the front page of the Jan. 14, 1944 issue of the New York Daily Mirror. It proved very valuable in identifying the people in the cover photo of the Nov. issue of the newsletter.

Ed. Note: Also many thanks to Bill Sweet, Don DeCamp, Loy E. Tingley and Christ M. Christoff for supplying valuable information which helped in solving the riddle of the names of the six sergeants who crewed the aircraft Hell's Angels.

More About Miss Lace

In a letter in the Nov. Issue under the heading of "Was this the End of Miss Lace," we inadvertently left out the name of the letter writer. It was from our membership chairman, Jim Reeves. Now read the rest of his story.

That was good story in the newsletter about "Miss Lace", except it was 88mm FLAK not J.U.s. The Germans were tracking us as we swung on the I.P. (190-88mms bearing on us over the target). They started about 2000 yards back at 6 o'clock level and just walked it right up on us, one through the right vertical stabilizer, one through the radio compartment and one into the forward end of the ship which exploded. It felt like we had hit a brick wall. I had reached for my chute when I saw the FLAK overtaking us and when the burst hit the forward part of the ship I wound up against the tail wheel well (chute in hand). I looked forward (we were in a dive) and could see the waist gunner (Hobgood) on his back holding on to a frame on the port side of the ship. I made my way down to him. He shook his head "OK" when I put my hand on him. The radio operator (O'Leary) had made his way to the ball turret to check Bricker (He was dead). We then made our way to the waist escape hatch by pulling ourselves up, using the frames to help. When I reached the hatch I pulled the red handle (which was suppose to pull the pins out of the hinges) nothing happened. So I had to kick the door until it let go. I waved O'Leary out then Hobgood, and when I looked at the ground the only thing I could see was city. So I hesitated hoping the ship (at that angle) would at least clear the edge of the town (Ludwigshafen) when the ship started to break up. I couldn't delay any longer so I rolled out. This may sound like it took a long time (and felt like it at the time) but actually was just minutes and seconds.

"Miss Lace" was damaged over Berlin March 18, 1945 and made her way over the Russian lines and a forced landing.

Jim Reeves
Brea, CA

The New Thunderbird

Here are a few pictures and clippings from our recent trip. The letter from London should be put in the newsletter. We all had the idea that we weren't too welcome over there. The people we met on this trip couldn't have been any nicer.

FORUM



Girman and the Bird at Duxford

I just found out that the March issue of the magazine "Wings" will have a 25 page story on our trip, color illustrated, done by Don Downie, one of our crew.

Gene Girman
Highland, IL

Ed. Note: Here's the letter from the English couple.

Dear Mr. Girman

I enclose a cutting from the London Evening Standard of the 10th of July.

Presumably you will by now have returned to the USA together with the B-17. I hope you had an interesting journey; albeit not so "adventurous" as your last trip in August 1944.

I am sending you a cutting just in case you didn't see a copy before you left these shores. The second reason is that I, and my family, have always held you and your colleagues in great esteem for what you did for this country in the war years. We did have the pleasure of meeting a good many Canadians and Australian aircrews as my late uncle was a warrant officer in the Royal Air Force. None of the family ever had met anyone from the U.S. Air Force so perhaps I may take this opportunity of thanking you for your efforts on this country's behalf.

I remember my late uncle's admiration for you and your colleagues; as he said, "Life over Europe is hell at night, God only knows what those chaps have to put up with in daylight."

Unfortunately my uncle was shot down over Belgium on the 21st of July 1944; about a month before you received some attention from the air defences of the Third Reich. He and all the other members of the crew of the Lancaster were killed.

A work colleague of mine who has recently retired was also shot down in February over Stuttgart. He was one of two of a crew of seven who managed to

bail out, the rest of the crew perished with the aircraft. I am sure he would wish to join me in wishing you well.

If you ever return to this country, my wife and I would very much like to meet you and of course it goes without saying that if there is anything that I can do for you over here then please do not hesitate to ask. Incidentally we live about five minutes drive from Heathrow Airport.

Our regards to you and yours.

James and Gloria Adkin
14, Candover Close
Harmondsworth,
West Drayton
Middlesex, UB7 0BD



The photos of the new Thunderbird were taken 16 July 1987 at Teterboro Airport, New Jersey. Jeff Ethell told me that the French government received the B-17 after the war had ended and of course it was never in combat.

My pilot, Jack Bailey reminded me that we had flown two missions in the original and was very proud of the mural at the Smithsonian. Actually I'm sure all of us are.

Merle Eckert
New York, N.Y.

Lady Luck Ground Checks

I read with interest in the "Hells Angels" Newsletter of July, the portion about "Lady Luck" ground checks in the 360th Sqdn. I was a buck sergeant in those days in the Armament dept. of the 360th M/Sgt. Edge Ed Edgington (sp). I was assigned to Lady Luck for the armament side of it under the watchful eye of S/Sgt. Holmberg.

Early on in the war, the navigators were saying there was a blind spot on the port side of the nose compartment and the German pilots had found it. Paul Rasiner and myself went to work making a new extra mount to hold a 50 cal. gun to go in the blind spot. We had Lady Luck in the hangar and worked nights on this. Capt. Lucey and Lt. Neimitz got us the necessary parts and the welding department made up the frames for the

new mounts to our specs.

The German pilots were surprised when next they approached the nose. Planes later came over from the states with these new positions already on.

I hear later in the war that a general got the Silver Star for the work we did.

John M. Hagar
11 Berkeley Crescent
Stourport-on-Severn
Worcester, England

Who Else Bombed Munich?

I don't believe we have met but we are fellow 'angels'. I cannot remember a news letter I have enjoyed more than yours of November.

The article that first caught my eye was 'did you ever bomb Munich' or Munchen as we say on the Continent. Did you know that Munchen means 'little monk'?

Our crew came to Molesworth as replacements in the latter part of June, 1944. We were Papa's Bears as Ken Baehr was our pilot. He rarely flew sober if he could help it. The only ones of our crew on the 'roster' are John King, co-pilot, Tom Peacock, navigator and myself, the bombardier. As I recall, the Group flew seven consecutive days to Munich beginning July 1 (?). Our crew flew the first four days, came home on the fourth on three engines and were stood down for the last three, thank you. So you might ask if we bombed Munich.

My wife and I first returned to England in Spring, 1978 on a one week tour to London. We hired a car and drove up to what we determined to be the remains of the 303rd area. When I say remains, I mean, remains. One old barracks had animals roaming in and out. Could not find the runway, but even so I felt like Dean Jagger in 12 o'clock High. Of course, the day we made our pilgrimage, the weather was like we used to take off in so many times. The Hertz car kept blowing fuses on the wipers--my wife was crawling up the side with riding the wrong way, so I felt we had done our part.

We went back to Ireland and England in 1983, and 1985. But your musings on the scratchpad really rang my bell. In 1984 our trip began in Amsterdam, drove to Cologne where we boarded a Rhine cruise ship and spent 8 days on the Rhine and Moselle rivers, debarking at Strasbourg and then by coach to Munich and Vienna. So you see, I didn't mean to be facetious when I told you what Munich meant.

FORUM

The most amusing thing about that trip was this experience. One of our table partners, a lovely gal from Mass., this couple had been everywhere, asked if I had ever been to Europe. I said 'many times' but never at this altitude. When I explained what I meant, I immediately became 'the local hero'--I only regretted I had not brought my strike photos. We attended Mass at the Cathedral in Cologne, and after Mass on the plaza outside our other table partner, a Navy man, showed one of the Germans the only damage to the exterior of Dom Cathedral which had been done by his fellow passenger (Me).

All in all, a most enjoyable trip--I could do it again. This was a TWA Getaway trip, while I have no affiliation with TWA, would recommend it highly.

With all respect, if you were with the 303rd in '43-'45 you are probably long in the tooth like the writer--don't put the trip off--do it now.

Thanks again for bringing back these memories.

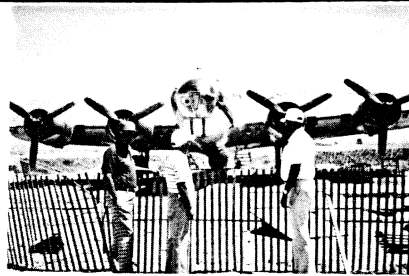
William H. Smith
Hazel Crest, IL

Ed. Note: I was more fortunate. I returned to Molesworth in June of 1970 exactly 25 years since I had taken off in a B-17 with Bill Heller to fly to Casablanca where the 303rd was deactivated. My story, "World War II Revisited-Memories of Molesworth" appeared in the November 1970 issue of Air Force Magazine.

B-17 at Hill AFB Museum

The latest issue of the 303rd newsletter sure looks great on coated stock.

In previous correspondence I mentioned that my own crew had held a reunion in Utah and that they were reconstructing a B-17 at Hill Air Force Base. You mentioned that you had been stationed there for some time after WWII, and thought you might be interested in seeing this photograph of the B-17 at Hill Air Force Base. I'm the guy in the blue cap on the left. Our engineer, Elliott Sherrill is in the middle, and our armor gunner, Al Ipsen (a Bishop in the Mormon Church) is on the far right. When this photo was taken the old bird was only partially restored and not open to the public. I'm sure by now the work has been completed and would be worth seeing.



They are building quite a museum at Hill Air Force Base, and any of our members traveling in that area would certainly enjoy touring this facility.

Charles A. Dando
Glenside, PA

They Helped Me Escape

The Vol. XI #1 is an excellent Hell's Angels' Newsletter. Scotty and I have read each line.

Scotty sent you a letter on June 24, 1987 including the picture of the evaders at the 303rd reunion and the one with four couples from one crew. They must have been lost along with the letter. Here they are again.

The new picture was taken at Pittsburgh during the fly-by at the 8th



A.F.H.S. reunion. Pictured are (l to r) Gen. Lewis Lyle, Scotty and David Clayton and Ralph Patton.

My book "They Helped Me Escape" came off the press December 15.

Clayton David
Hannibal, MO

Ed. Note: Contact Clayton for information on how to order an autographed copy of his book.

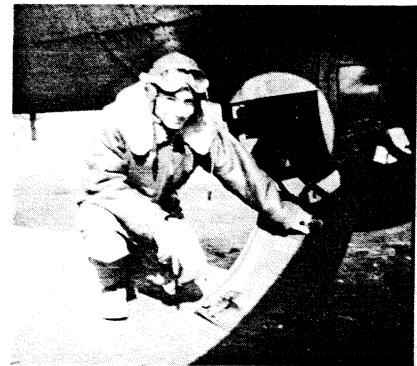
How to Find Old Friends

First off, I have to thank the Spitfire Pilot, E.A.W. (Ted) Smith - a.k.a. General Manager of KLB Radio for telling me that you, the paper and Associations exist. I have now sent in my life membership dues.

Enclosed is a bunch of mementos of from my stay at Molesworth (June '44 - Jan. '45). The only item that I'd like you to return is my crew's photo.

The field history and Mission data is better in your association's archives than mine. Hard work by above Ted Smith and Alan Cooper, London-based RAF Historian made it all possible.

Frank Boyle
Greenwich, CT



Boyle: A BTO in the ETO

Ed. Note: Ted Smith is the general manager of KLB Radio here in Austin. I sent him a copy of our newsletter and he remembered that his good friend Frank Boyle had been with a Hell's Angels outfit during WW II. We will take new members any way we can get them.

It's a small world. Boyle also included a photo of their tail gunner, Cal Turkington. Cal was the tail gunner who accompanied my original crew (Stoullil's crew) from Ephrata, Wash., through the phase training at Gelger Field, also in Washington, then over the North Atlantic on a stormy night in October of 1943, through the many phase training bases in England, and finally to the 359th Squadron of the 303rd Bomb Group. When we reported in, the tour of duty was twenty-five missions.

Hospitalized for wounds received on our nineteenth mission to Oberpoffenhoffen, near Munich on April 24, 1944--Cal fell behind the rest of the crew who finished their tour on D-Day plus two. I had finished my tour on the first of two missions I flew on D-Day. I volunteered for a second tour and returned to the 359th in September of 1944. I saw Cal quite frequently during this period. He was shot down by German fighters on Sept. 28, 1944 over Magdeburg on his 21st mission. His name is listed on page 298 in one of four books which list the names of dead U.S. Airmen in St. Clement Danes Church in the Aldwych section of London. The Church was restored and rededicated as the Central Church of the Royal Air Force in 1958.

FORUM

In your September memo, you asked for suggestions concerning future reunions, ideas on contacting other 303rders, etc.

First, I would like to suggest that a better arrangement could be used for seating at the banquets. That is, during the registration process, have a layout of the banquet room showing location, the table number, and number of places available at each table. As members register, they could then reserve a place or places for themselves and their guests. This could eliminate that mad dash for seating and/or the search for places that has confronted us in the past.

My second suggestion results from a recent successful search for a missing crew member. It had never occurred to me before that tax assessors could be such an excellent source of information in locating missing persons.

I'm enclosing a copy of a letter written by Kenneth Clarke who successfully located Jack Stevens through his tax assessor contacts.

Robert A. Finley
Al Hambra, CA

October 19, 1987

Gulf Coast Assessors Association
c/o Linda Bowen, President
2800 North Loop West
Houston, Texas 77292

Dear Linda:

This is just a "human interest" story I thought worthy of mention.

In 1944, I flew 32 combat missions with the 303rd Heavy Bombardment Group, 8th Air Force, out of Molesworth, England and over German occupied territories. Just last year I discovered that the 303rd has an "Association." In June of this year I attended a reunion in Fort Worth. The night of the banquet dinner Barbara and I sat at a table with Robert and Marie Finley of Alhambra, California. We had never met before.

In casual conversation, Robert mentioned that he had lost communication with his pilot who used to live in LaMarque, Texas. I told him that I might be able to help him. I was given his name, Joseph E. (Jack) Stevens, his old address, the fact that he was an engineer, and the fact that he worked for an oil or chemical company.

Knowing that Hugh Landrum had a similar past, I asked Hugh if he might know him. He did not but he checked several telephone directories in LaMarque, Texas City, Galveston area with no luck. I checked Houston with no luck.

I decided to call upon Nettie Watkins, Tax Assessor-Collector at LaMarque ISD giving her the name and former address and telling her that the address may be 10 years out of date.

Please read the enclosed reply from Nettie. I feel sure that this will lead to the answer and look at how far back Nettie went (1965) and how she followed up.

The main point is that Nettie (and Hugh) went beyond the call of duty to help Robert find a lost comrade and I appreciate it very much. The tax "fraternity" comprises a fine group of people. I intend to give a similar report to my bomb group Association. Many of us are looking for "lost" crew members. The whereabouts of five of the ten members of my crew is "unknown." Maybe I should give it to Nettie!

I thought that was the end of the story but Nettie's contact at Union Carbide informed me that they did not have an address but that Jack Stephens had retired around Athens, Texas. I then wrote to Jim Foreman, Chief Appraiser of Henderson County. Jim called a few days later with the address and telephone number of Jack Stephens. Jim had talked to Jack's wife (Jack was "out" momentarily) and she said they would love to talk to Bob Finley. I notified Bob and he soon wrote that he had called Jack and had a great "Reunion" on the telephone.

This is to express my thanks to everyone but I thought, also, that it would be an interesting story for our Gulf Coast Association members.

Kenneth Clark
Houston, Texas

My wife June and I both enjoyed the reunion in Fort Worth very much. While we were there, I met my co-pilot, James D. Moody and his wife Margie. We all talked about how nice it would be to get in touch with all the crew members we flew with in 1944. On checking the membership roster, we found the names of our pilot, our navigator and our bombardier.

When I returned home from the reunion, I wrote each of them. My pilot, Wendell Z. Ferguson's wife Lillian

answered my letter saying it was very timely since they were planning to visit his sister in Georgia sometime in November. They stopped by our house and visited a few days with us; we were delighted to have them. It was like having family visiting.

While they were here, we talked about the crew members for whom no address was available. We decided to make an effort to find everybody as best we could. The second night of their visit, we called Jim Moody, the co-pilot and Clyde Smithson, the waist gunner. We felt so good about talking to them that we tried to call Dusty Rhodes, our ball turret gunner at a last known address in Pennsylvania. We found a kind lady who turned out to be his cousin; she gave us Dusty's sister's phone number. We called and learned that Dusty had retired to Florida. We called him in Florida and had a great telephone reunion. We were so impressed with our success, we called the information operator in Roanoke, VA trying to locate our tail gunner, Richard Brooks. We found him with very little trouble and had yet another great telephone reunion.

We then called our navigator, James Brown in Colorado and got his home, but he was visiting in California. We then called Dr. Ralph Schmid in Connecticut, our bombardier and talked to him. We then called our radio operator, Bob Phillips in California. He was out but we talked to his wife Mary. By this time, we were determined to find everybody.

We wound up with phone numbers and addresses for all except for the original flight engineer. All I could remember was his name and that he might live in White Plains, New York. When Ferg returned home, he called White Plains information and as luck would have it, he found Bill Ferri, our original flight engineer. For the first time in 43 years, we have a living up-to-date roster of our entire crew.

My pilot, Wendell Z. Ferguson has suggested that our crew have a reunion in May 1988 at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. It occurred to me that maybe we could have it coincide with Armed Forces Day in the hope that it might be of some inspiration to the members of the 303rd Bomb Group in that the idea might suggest to others to locate some of their missing members and thus increase membership. A name, a general location, the telephone information operator was all it took for us to find 100% of the crew of the Floose flying in 1944.

FORUM

Hal, I know your efforts take a great deal of your time and I'm sure the other members appreciate you as much as I do. If you have any suggestions for the success of this once-in-a-lifetime event in the lives of our crew members, we would be grateful to benefit from your experience in this, our first face-to-face meeting as a crew in 44 years.

I'm enclosing a copy of the names and addresses of all our crew members; they all have indicated their interest in becoming members.

David R. Matthews
Loganville, GA

Dr. R.D. Schmid (wife-Colene)
545 W. McKinley Ave. (member)
Bridgeport, CN 06604

R.B. Phillips (wife-Mary)
983 Volante Dr.
Arcadia, CA 91006
(818) 446-8614

James F. Brown
6532 Lange Dr. (member)
Colorado Springs, CO 80918
(303) 593-0857

Clyde E. Smithson
6422 Trude St. (member)
Temple Hills, MD 20031
(301) 894-7890

James D. Moody (wife-Margie)
825 G. Oak Trail Dr. OTS (member)
Granbury, TX 76048
(817) 573-7604

Richard S. Brooks
5025 Bruceston Rd., S.W.
Roanoke, VA 24018
(703) 989-4081

Wendell Z. Ferguson (wife-Lillian)
705 Ave. D (Assoc. member)
Rock Falls, IL 61071
(815) 625-6899

David R. Matthews, Sr. (wife-June)
Rt. #4, Center Church Road (member)
Loganville, GA 30249
(404) 466-2003

K.C. (Dusty) Rhodes
3045 Yorkshire Dr.
Deltona, FL 32275
(904) 789-2072

William Ferri
40 Underhill Place
White Plains, NY 10104
(914) 948-3099

If you have not paid your dues for 1988 it means that this newsletter is being sent to you through the courtesy of a friend.

Just One Man's Opinion

Received your 303rd newsletter and you do a hell of a job. Thought I'd submit the enclosed. Just something different you might want to publish. It's controversial so if you don't want to print it, it is O.K. by me. Here again it's "just one man's opinion." But the guys might like to read something different.

We loafers are sure indebted to you for all the work you put into this first class publication.

John Casello
Cincinnati, Ohio

Unit Citation

The 41st Combat Wing which consisted of the 384th, 379th and the 303rd bomb groups, was awarded a Unit Citation for their performance during the Jan. 11th, 1944 raid on the ME 262 factory at Oschersleben, Germany.

Later in the war I was a member of an Awards & Decorations Committee whose duties it was to approve or reject nominations for medals for members of our command. Awards were easy to make. Decorations for bravery were a lot harder. I'd say 80 percent of the nominations for bravery incidents came about because there was a SNAFU to begin with. Quite often the nominee caused his own predicament. Sometimes his pilot did. Sometimes just circumstances. So do you award a guy for screwing up in the first place?

To be awarded a Unit Citation takes the approval of a lot higher committee than the one I was on. But I bet they agonized over approving it. The 41st Combat Wing did an astounding job way beyond what should be expected. For this the award was justified. But what put the Unit in that position so that in had to act "above and beyond" in the first place? SNAFU, clear and simple, plus some circumstances I'd credit to maybe 20 percent of the situation.

Take "circumstances" first. Four previous Berlin missions were scrubbed for one reason or another. So the Germans knew it was just a matter of time. The second circumstance is that Oschersleben falls

almost on a direct line between England and Berlin. So the Luftwaffe was going to defend its crown jewel, Berlin, with a maximum effort. I think to this day they don't believe that we were briefed for the Big "O", but for Berlin on Jan. 11th. They still think we were turned off to take a secondary target by their ferocious and multitudinous fighter attacks.

Now for the 80 percent. The entire effort for the Jan. 11th raids was scrubbed just as we were leaving the coast of England. We found out later that the weather on our return was predicted to be way below the minimums. By "entire effort" it also meant all the fighter support was scrubbed. But the 41st kept right on going in. General Bob Travis, C.O. of the 41st. Combat Wing was in the lead ship and was the Airborne Commander of the effort. The majority of the following Wings on receiving the recall returned to base.

The following is strictly my own opinion. The new ME262 Luftwaffe Jet fighters were appearing in more and more numbers. They were extremely fast, had 30 MM cannons and could out climb anything we had ever seen. This was a new and deadly threat to Bob Travis "boys" as he called us and I know for a fact he was concerned. I feel he wanted to go after the new menace very much and with the weather clear in the target area, why not go get them. And he did.

The weather as predicted was "pivot on the magnesium flare" when we got back. These conditions what with the wounded on board and the battle damaged aircraft called again for super effort out of the Unit, above and beyond.

As soon as the strike photos showed that we had destroyed the target, it was like winning the Super Bowl, even though we lost many buddies that day.

Several days later at a Division debriefing meeting for the Jan. 11th effort where all the participating group leaders are present, General Travis was asked why he didn't return on the recall instructions and he said "I received no re-call."

I sure hope our present Air Force has "3 or 4" like Bob Travis in the front trenches if it ever hits the fan again. "That's just my opinion."

John Casello



Then major Lew Lyle (2nd from left rear row) and lead crew return from mission to Helligoland Is. in Yardbird II on May 15, 1943. Yardbird II was shot down over Emden on Oct. 2, 1943.

FORUM

Ground Crew Comradeship

Just finished reading November 1987 303rd Newsletter, and I am writing to comment on some of the articles in the newsletter.

Chappie Slawson's open letter sounds good to me, great idea. I assume most of the guys in the 303rd association have sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, that can carry on, maybe not all but some may have an interest in the 303rd.

Maybe like the Daughters of the American Revolution (1890) or Daughters of 1812 (1892). These come to my mind. There's a probability many more associations that have lost their original members and still keep up the association, it may work out for us, don't know unless you try.

Ground Crew Ass'n

Sounds good to me--give you a few reasons:

First there's a different breed between the ground crew and the fly boys. Their jobs were different. We all worked to end the war.

The fly boys usually stuck together didn't mingle too much with the ground crew. Didn't bother me they were a team on the plane. I've been with the outfit since Boise and still have most of my ground crew friends. The fly boys came and went; they were lost in action or finished their missions. I know someone had to work on the planes and someone had to fly them.

At reunions (I've attended 6 of 'em) I've noticed everybody is friendly nice to one another but they don't talk the same language, one is flying and bombing and another is repairing and maintaining. As I said before we all had a job to do. I suppose by now you know I was a ground crew. Enclosed you will find a poem "The Forgotten Man." Also some other papers that I had and made copies of. You may keep them, they're original size. I just happen to run across them recently.

Dec. 1987 issue of Air Classics magazine has a story on Clark Gable flying with the 303rd and 351st.

By the way I liked what Lew Lyle wrote.

Christ M. Christoff
Merrillville, IN

P.S. The V letters were sent to my girl friend at the time. She became my wife and still is. (42 years).

The Forgotten Man



Roth and Fleming keep 'em flying.



Back in the air by morning.

Through the history of world aviation
many names have come to the fore
great deeds of the past in our memory will last
as they're joined by more and more.

When man first started his labor
in his quest to conquer the sky
he was designer, mechanic, and pilot,
and he built a machine that would fly.

The pilot was everyone's hero.
He was grave, he was bold, he was grand,
as he stood by his battered old bi-plane
with his goggles and helmet in hand.

To be sure, these pilots all earned it,
to fly then you had to have guts.
And they blazed their names in the hall of fame
on wings with bailing wire struts.

But for each of our flying heroes
there were thousands of little renown.
And these were the men who worked on the planes
but kept their feet on the ground.

We all know the name of Lindbergh,
and we've read of his flight into fame.
But think, if you can, of his maintenance man,
can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes,
Gabreski, Jabara and Scott.
Can you tell me the names of their crew chiefs?
A thousand to one you cannot.

Now, pilots are highly trained people
and wings are not easily won.
But without the work of the maintenance man
our pilots would march with a gun.

So when you see the mighty jet aircraft
as they mark their path through the air,
the grease stained man with the wrench in his hand
is the man who put them there.

(Author Unknown)



Ground Crew of the Knockout Dropper in Oct. of 1943.

Ed. Note: We edited the first part of Christ's letter since it contained info on the photo of the six sergeants on page one and the flying crew on page 10. But he raised a good question.

What ever happened to the six sergeants who were the ground crew on Hell's Angles. They are not members of our association. Anyone know where they are?

FORUM

I would like to thank you for the very nice letter that you sent to me. Possible I did not explain to you what is in our plans.

We are not going to have reunions or meetings other than at the regular 303rd Bomb Group reunions. At the group reunions we would just like to get together for about one-half an hour to talk.

**Joe Worthington
Chestertown, MD**

Ed. Note: Starting with the next reunion at Norfolk-by-the-Sea a meeting of ground crew personnel will be on the schedule. And as Joe so ably put it, "We have a certain comraderie that exists among us in which it does not include the flight crews, just as the flight crews have had experiences that the ground crews have not had; therefore we would like to sit around and talk about the things that we remember."

Info Needed on 359th



I need some information on the colors of the enclosed insignia. It is one used by the 359th BS 303rd B.G. stationed at Molesworth England in WWII. This is one of the two badges used by the 359th BS, both of which were never official so therefore no record is kept.

I need the colors of this badge to complete a painting of 42-5482. "CAT 0-9-TAILS" and ask if you could put this in your newsletter to try and obtain the colors and info about the "CAT-0-9-TAILS."

**John T. Gell
170 High Street
Reseley
Bedfordshire
England MK441DR**

If your mailing label is marked with a red dot it means you have not paid your dues for 1988.

Dues: A Chore or a Necessity?

By a vote of members present at the 1985 Reunion Membership Meeting in Bellevue, Washington, a set of By-Laws governing future operations of the 303rd Bomb Group Association was adopted. It became the first time in ten years that the organization was primed to operate under a set of By-Laws. Article XIII of those By-Laws prescribed that the dues shall be \$10 per annum payable on January 1st of each year.

Unfortunately when the By-Laws were amended in Ft. Worth, in June of '87, there was no fixed amount set in the By-Laws and the paragraph that presently applies is: "the dues of this association may be determined from time to time by vote of the membership. The Board of Directors will receive reports and recommendations from the Budget and Ways and Means Committee and in turn recommend dues and fees to the membership for approval by vote at national reunion meetings."

Under the amended By-Laws, spouses, widows or widowers of those who served in the organization during World War II are entitled to become members upon the death of the original member. They are not required to pay dues and may vote.

Since no one at the Fort Worth meeting recommended increasing the membership dues, it is still set at \$10 per year. I am also assuming that the time for the "grandfathering" of the \$2 per year dues has now run out.

For an association to prosper and grow there are certain administrative expenses that are inescapable. One of those expenses is the publication of a quarterly newsletter. Over the past two years the newsletter has grown in size, quality and popularity; it is possibly the glue that binds this organization together.

There are other expenses being incurred by the Association, e.g., researching the archives in Washington, D.C., is just one of them. Other administrative costs, screened by your Board of Directors, crop up from time to time that have to be paid. That's why the extra effort to pay your yearly dues is so important.

There is a question before the Board at the present time, whether we should continue to mail the newsletter to all members of the Association or only to those people who pay their dues to keep this organization viable. In most cases

failure to pay dues is just an oversight.

Since there may be some unusual circumstances whereby some members of our organization are not in a position to pay their dues, I hesitate to drop them from the mailing list. As far as I am concerned they paid their dues back in the 1942-45 era.

If anyone has a suggestion for a better method of collecting dues or for that matter to increase our yearly income so that we may take on more projects, please send it along. We will print all suggestions in the next issue of Hell's Angels Newsletter.

I like Gene McMahan's recent suggestions. He recommended that the Hell's Angels aircraft be the one featured in the letterhead. He also recommended that we come out with a "Super Grandfather Edition" of the newsletter; one that could be passed on to our grandchildren so that they can see what "Grandpa did in the big War." This booklet would be a paperback, in color, and be the successor to "The First 300." This would be a gigantic undertaking and could be accomplished by the 1989 Reunion with the proper support and backing. What do you think?

In the meantime, dues for 1988--for those who are not life members--are due now.

Shall We Recruit?

Dear Bill:

I have just received word that another one of our 360th Sqdn. members has completed his three score and eleven years. Lt. Col. Paul A. Roebrock died of a heart attack on 15 July 1987. He was the bombardier on "Crew 13" and I was the co-pilot. The pilot Henry Ford Glass died in 1974.

Five of our crew are members of the 303rd Ass'n. They are: Robrock, McMahan, Carbillano, Michael and Stellato.

The next five years will see many of our "over seventy" men completing their "Earth Bound" tours; maybe we should consider to start "recruiting" members from all Molesworth veterans such as the 582nd Air Resupply Sqdn. and even the current 303rd wing.

**Eugene A. McMahan
Beldan, MS.**

45 Years Ago I Hit the Ground Running

Dear Bill,
December 12, 1987 (45 years ago today I hit the ground running.)

After reading your letter of September asking for input by members of the 360th, as you are the director for the squadron, I decided to forward to you the following collection of writings that I have made in answer to requests by various persons, including a couple of Ph.D. candidates, as set forth in their letters and my answers to their questions.

I have read many of the "war stories" of raids and results of raids and even a few personal biographies of what happened to the crew members after they became prisoners, but perhaps this limited narration by me may help to present a broader picture of life in the prison camps that contained the bulk of the earliest enlisted personnel for the first year to year and one-half after we entered the aerial war over Europe.

For the first seven or eight months after I became Man of Confidence or Camp Leader I greeted many, many buddies from the 360th and a couple of fellow crew members that were shot down after me. Later we had many 303rds who became guests of the German government but I did not know most of them as they were replacements for the original crews.

I first started flying in about 1938, having been given rather loose instruction by a cowboy on the range where I was raised in an old American Eagle with a Jenner engine, but to say I was a pilot would be an error. With just limited experience chasing horses out of the badlands in Montana, the Army Air Corps in its infinite wisdom decided they would reject my application, so I enlisted with a desire to become a gunner on the theory that if I couldn't fly them, I could shoot them down.

My assignment after gunnery school at McCarran Field at Las Vegas was to the 360th in about early May at McGowan Field at Boise, Idaho. It sticks in my memory it was temporarily called Wheelless Field, but I could be in error. Needless to say, riding with practicing pilots in those days in the old "E" did give one lots of white knuckles, but they turned out to be pretty fair by the time we hit England.

We went down to Alamogordo later, I am convinced because the brass were discouraged with the way certain pilots would drop into Snake River canyon and the gunners would blow hell out of the environment.

From Alamogordo we transferred down to Biggs Field at El Paso and by this time I was contemplating joining the 7th Cavalry there as they had better quarters than the tents we slept in and their food was certainly better.

From El Paso we went to Battle Creek, Michigan at Kellogg Field and there things seemed to become more cohesive, the pilots were settling into a fine job of flying and navigating. Then to Bangor and on to Gander, Prestwick and on into Molesworth.

At Battle Creek our crew picked "Yardbird" as our aircraft's name. There was a reason for this, but it shall remain safe in

the knowledge of only nine men.

I had grabbed the position of tail-gunner early on and never relinquished it. Other members of our crew went on to greater things, Nick Hansen as boss of maintenance, Mike Cimbailack higher in maintenance, Eric Lindwell as squadron radio maintenance. The piloting firmed up under the capable hands of John Farrar and Joe Trojan.

We made whatever runs were made until about 4:00 a.m. on December 12, 1942, when some yardbirds awakened me with a request that I fly on the Wulfehound as tailgunner. I refused to go unless George Dillard of Fresno would go as ball-gunner. I later learned they only needed a ball-gunner, but George had said he would go only if I went as tail-gunner as we worked together well. Ah, them brass hats are tricky.

Too many years have passed so that I only remember the name of the first pilot, Flickinger. Norman Therrien, who had been a top rated First Sergeant all the way up to this time, was a gunner. Lee Fegette of Dallas was there on the crew, a lad named Olson as a gunner.

We finally got off that morning but was late due to fog that wouldn't lift. It was an uneventful trip until east of Paris on the way to Melun that the Luftwaffe tried one of the first head-on attacks and it was very successful. We fell out of formation with a couple of engines on fire or feathered and the fighters gave us hell for some time as we descended, and Flickinger and the co-pilot did a masterful job of going over some transmission lines and belly landed in a field full of French farmers.

There was, I believe, three French speakers on the crew, and with the persons they teamed up with, I understand they made it back to England over a period of time. Dillard and I wandered about northern and coastal France for some time and then were captured at Dijon trying to get through the line of demarcation between occupied and Vichy France.

After capture and after becoming Camp Leader many of my old buddies came into the various camps where we were then held, until the permanent camp of Stalag 17-B was established. Dying, becoming wounded, or becoming a prisoner-of-war in those first crews seemed to be the rule rather than the exception with the good old 303rd.

The authorities tell me that I was the longest term Man of Confidence or Camp Leader for enlisted men of the Army Air Corps. It just seems long when you are having fun.

After the war and a lapse of a few years I started a flight school and charter service, together with a pretty good maintenance shop and was fairly successful until 1979 when the Iranian Oil Crisis occurred and interest went from 8 percent to 18 percent. At that time I sold out to an eager well-heeled businessman locally who felt there was big money in aviation. The only big money I ever saw from aviation was when I sold out to him. He lost a pile of money in a short time and now gets a faraway look in his eye when anyone mentions aviation. I still have my own turf strip where we do some charter and flight training and still

have fun at it. It can be fun if you are not trying to make big money out of it. The strip was called Ranch Aero for many years, and that was the name of it on Waterloo Municipal when we were over there, but when I sold out we returned to the home field and renamed it East Waterloo Airport.

Several of my kids were or are into aviation, one holding an ATP and flies jets and turbines for companies, and the others hold a variety of ratings but are sensible enough to stay away from general aviation on a paying basis. They pumped too much gas and shoved too many planes around when growing up and listened to too many bitches in the game to want much more to do with it other than for their own pleasure or business. We had seven sons and three daughters and when they all grew up and moved away there was no way I could pay other people to do what they had done.

A number of my ex-students and hired pilots went on into the airline industry. This may account for many of the current rash of accidents, based on what I remember of their skill when they left me for the big money. I am still flying some but not like the 1500 hours a year that I did for so many years. One of our sons, Frank, was a well rated NASA engineer at Hugh Dryden Research Center and did a great deal of work on the F-15 engines until he was killed in a skydiving accident at California city in 1979.

While I am a life member now of the squadron and group that won the big war singlehandedly, I still have not been able to make a convention. We are pointing toward Norfolk in 1989 and hope to meet you there.

Thank you and all the other officers to the organization that have kept it going now for these many years. Without you we could not share memories with others that shared our adventure when we were young, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Joe Vieira was a friend of mine and I know how he worked for the 303rd to his everlasting credit.

Kenneth J. "Kurt" Kurtenback
Waterloo, Iowa

Ed. Note: In the November 1987 issue of the newsletter, Don Webster who was with the original group before it went overseas mentioned Kurt Kurtenback as being his Camp Leader at Stalag 17B. Although Kurt was shot down in an aircraft named Wulfehound with another crew, his own crew and his original aircraft Yardbird was also shot down on a mission to St. Nazaire on May 29, 1943 along with his original pilot, Joe Trojan then on his 20th mission. The navigator, P.W. Madsen, Jr., who is now a doctor in Concord, CA, was on his 22nd mission. I'm hoping Dr. Madsen will soon join our association. For your information Yardbird II was also shot down. This a/c by enemy fighters on Oct. 2, 1943 on a mission to Emden, Germany. Does anyone know if there was a Yardbird III?

Kurt was kind enough to send along two in-depth stories of his experiences in the PW Camps. We hope to run them in future issues of the newsletter. Because of his experiences several university students, working on their Ph. D.s in American Military History have requested his assistance in doing their dissertations.

It's Tax Time Again

In the December 1986 Newsletter, your Editor published a piece pointing out that dues and certain expenses related to Association activities are deductible as charitable contributions. This is an alert flare--there has been a change in the law.

The Tax Reform Act of 1986 evidently restricts the deduction of our members' travel expenses to reunions beginning in 1987. You will find this change expressed in the middle of page 23 in the Instructions for Form 1040 (and Schedules), under, You MAY NOT Deduct As Contributions. However, understand the restriction is subject to interpretation. It is not an open and shut prohibition. Do seek the advice of a competent tax expert.

"You MAY NOT Deduct As Contributions

• Beginning in 1987, travel expenses (including meals and lodging) while away from home unless there was no significant element of personal pleasure, recreation, or vacation in the travel."

On the face of it, and standing alone, that quotation would seem to rule against any of us deducting travel expenses to our Ft. Worth reunion. Would any of us have attended anticipating no enjoyment or pleasure, no recreation, and no relief at just getting away from home for a few days? Of course not. But was a significant element of pleasure, recreation, or vacation included? To answer that required an interpretation, a judgement. And individuals will have different answers depending upon their activities during the reunion.

On page 23 of the 1040 Instructions it is clear that contributions to veterans' groups are deductible. Also (in the paragraph just above the quotation) the IRS admits to charitable travel expenses including meals.

If your travel expenses are deductible, your deduction for meals is limited to 80% (of the cost of meals) effective in 1987.

One more thing. For 1987, you must itemize, filing a 1040 and Schedule A, to take this deduction.

The good side to this story. The very fact that the new law restricts things with respect to deducting travel expenses effective for 1987, confirms these expenses were deductible in earlier years. It's not too late to file amended returns (1040X) back as far as 1985, generally until 3 years from the date the original return was filed. Your state, if it has tax on incomes, probably has an identical provision. What's more, your refunds will include interest on the overpayment. Do it. It works.

Al Lehmann

If your mailing label is marked with a red dot it means you have not paid your dues for 1988.

NEW ADDRESSES/ROSTER CHANGES

Boyer, Wesley A., 11913 192nd Ave. N.W., Elk River, MN. 55330
Buddingh, Fred Dr., 4440 77th St., Lubbock, TX 79424
Brown, Elmer L. Jr., moved no forwarding address
Bober, Stanley, 14520 N. Crown Dr., Sun City, Tucson, AZ 85737

Collom, Edwin E., 1160 W. 15th #201, Eugene, OR 97402-3910
Cascio, Phillip Sr., 1834 Lake Manor, Greenville, MS 38701-7441
Cogdell, Clarence L., 1908 W. Main St., Greenville, TN 37743
Castle, Mrs. Jean C., 717 Tiana Lane, Mountain View, CA. 94091-2584
Cochran, Gomer W., 28870 Glen Heather Dr., Highland, CA. 92346-5336

Drewry, James A., 205 Hillcrest Dr., Durango, CO 31301-6516

Elliott, Jesse H., P.O. Box 1745, Destin, FL. 32541

Flesh, William R., 7001 Cleveland, Kansas City, MO. 64132-1622
Ferguson, Jack D., 6817 S. Downing Ave., Tucson, AZ 85706-9457
Force, James G., 7197 Crescent Branch, Golden, CO. 80403-0100

Gobrecht, Harry D., 505 Via Deseo, San Clemente, CA. 92672

Hubert, Douglas, 9081 Seward Park Ave. S #123., Seattle, WN 98118-6043
Hopkins, William B., 4200 Elizabeth Ave., Holiday, FL 34690 (Nov-April)
Hopkins, William B., P.O. Box 512, Nemo, SD 57759-0512 (May-Oct.)
Hoida, Donald J., 2970 Mossy Oak Circle #45, Green Bay, WI 54301-5963
Hammel, Norman, 1913 Coco Plum St., N.E., Palm Bay, FL. 32905-3355
Herrington, Mrs. Margaret, Deceased--(according to Post Office)
Hicks, James C., 10172 U.S. 41 South, Henderson, KY 42420

Juns, Frank Jr.--Moved no forwarding address

Kyle, George A., Moved several times; no current address

Leal, Raymond T., 4859 Galicia Way, Ocean Hills, CA 92056

Mayhugh, John C., 306 Arrowhead Trails Rd., Loveland, OH 45140-8589
Miller, William F., 1870 16th St., #210101, Newport Beach, CA 92663

McLaughlin, Jesse K., 1401 W. Gibson, Ozark, AR 72949-2503

Nestok, Frank--Moved no forwarding address
Nazarian, John K., 10850 Wilshire BL., #1075, Los Angeles, CA 90024
Neuner, Frank X., 14056 Waterview Dr., Pensacola, FL. 32507

O'Donnell, John J., P.O. Box 373115, Satellite Beach, FL 32937

Richter, George, 4145 Roble Way, Rocklin, CA 95677-1930
Reynolds, Ralph J., 7912 Sailboat Key Blvd. #307706, St. Petersburg, FL 33707

Vosler, Forrest F., Box 191, Baldwinsville, NY. 13027

Worthington, Joseph G., Rd 4, Box 384, Chestertown, MD. 21620-4384

Seidel, Harry S., P.O. Box 39845, San Antonio, TX 78218
Stouse, Mrs. June M., 2515 Country Club Dr. Riviera, AZ 86442
Svare, Neil J., 5341 Second St., St. Augustine, FL. 32084-7242
Saam, Mrs. Geraldine, 4249 SR 235, Ada, OH, 45810-9509
Stewart, Robert D., R.D.I., Box 308, Apalachin, NY, 13732
Smith, Victor H., 933 Central Ave., Ft. Walton Beach, FL. 32548
Stone, Vernon W., 75 Camino Del Rio, Port St. Lucie, FL 34952

Travis, Robert--Moved no forwarding address

2nd Air Depot Group--First US Tenants at Molesworth

On page 11, November 1987 edition, article by Lew Lyle refers to the 2nd Air Depot Group which first occupied this field; I would like to fill in a little more history of this 2nd Air Depot Group; which I went overseas with at the beginning of the war.

The 2nd Air Depot Group was formed at McClellan Field (near Sacramento, CA) in 1941; which I transferred into (from Stockton Field) in mid 1941, and was assigned to at the time of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

About a month after Pearl Harbor bombing this entire Group was temporarily assigned to the old Alameda Airfield, where plans were made for overseas shipment; none of us ordinary soldiers knowing where this would be.

About another month later we boarded a train near this airfield and spent a week enroute to New York. After a few days at another place (an Army Fort) we were all put aboard a British small ship; manned mostly by Indian crews (from India); by the name of Cathy on the 30th of April (1942).

From New York we went to St. John, New Brunswick; laying overnight there in the Bay of Fundy. The following day we left there in the first large convoy of ships of World War II and proceeded up the Canadian Coast towards Greenland, and then N.E. towards Iceland. Near this area our ship became hopelessly lost for about three days in the heavy fog. When the fog had cleared we discovered that we were all alone out there in the Atlantic, with no other ships in sight until later in the day we saw a destroyer coming full speed from the east at us with smoke billowing from its stacks.

The fog was so thick during this time that we couldn't even see any of the ships around us and all the ships kept sounding their fog horns every few minutes.

This destroyer led us back to the convoy; and, after two weeks at sea we finally arrived in the Belfast, Ireland harbor. Here the rest of the entire convoy unloaded, while our ship remained anchored at bay in the Irish Sea. The next day our ship (Cathy) sailed into Bristol Bay where we disembarked at Newport, South Wales.

Here the dock hands tried; in their accent; to get all of us G.I.s to put our canteens on a platform they had sent up by crane so that they could fill these with fresh water for us, as a friendly gesture. After several minutes finally one of us Americans understood what they were trying to say to us, and everyone around immediately placed their canteens on those pallets, which were then filled up by not only dockhands but by most everyone standing by down there to see the first American unit to arrive in England. This began our indoctrination to the English accent and English friendliness.

After being helped by all kinds of English folks onto a "little" train we stopped a few hours later at some little railroad station near Molesworth, where British lorries met us in convoys to transport all of us to Molesworth--arriving here on the 14th of May, 1942.

At Molesworth, we found that the British Airmen had moved out of their Asbestos Quonset Huts so that we could have these

buildings while they had pitched their little pup tents for themselves to sleep in; something I have often wondered about had this situation been in reverse would us Americans have been so generous under such circumstances?

A day or two later my company clerk and I decided we would sneak off and try to find London by hitchhiking a route some of the English at Molesworth had told us to get to the "Great North Road" (I believe was the A-1) by which was a straight route into London.

Hitchhiking along this backroad we were surprised; and angered somewhat; by the way all the British people who passed us up then would look back in curiosity to see what was that they had passed. After reaching the Great North Road we found a little cafe where we went in and ordered a cup of tea (and whatever it was they had to eat).

The several girls that worked there as waitresses, cooks, etc., stood in the background surveying us until one girl overcome with curiosity came over and asked us what army we were with.. When we told them that we were Americans immediately all of them gathered around and during our enjoyment in talking with them one of the girls asked us if we had sent over all officers; thinking that the drastic difference in our uniforms, compared to the British Army enlisted mens' uniforms from their officers' uniforms; thinking that we were officers.

Leaving this cafe we decided that we would take the first ride anyone offered us; either back to our camp or to London; when a Canadian lorry (with a special box built on it for transporting enclosed passengers) passed us by and about a couple hundred feet down the road stopped suddenly and backed up, and at the same time the rear door of this box opened up and a Canadian hollered at us "Hey, Yanks, how long have you been over here?"

They excitedly helped us into their truck and carried on a lengthy series of questions about how everything was back in America; which we hope we answered as best we knew how about things. During this ride they explained why the British cars were passing us up, was because they didn't know which army we represented, and that they were trained to not pick up people in strange uniforms since they had been expecting Germans to invade their country at any time, and that they thought that we could be invading German soldiers--which our uniforms would also lead them to believe.

One particularly friendly Canadian took us on a tour of the Canadian Club in London, introducing us to all of his friends and other Canadians there; and then took us to the American Eagle Club--which the Americans that had joined up during the war with the Canadian and British Air Forces and Armies had organized. Here my company clerk and myself signed up and paid for a membership in.

During our Canadian friend's tour of places around the downtown area of London many folks stopped us and asked the Canadian which army his two friends (us) belonged to, and all of them really thought that we were Germans and had been

captured by this Canadian. Taking advantage of this; and being able to speak German; I decided to have some fun with the next person that asked (which happened to be three English boys around 10 or 11 years old) where I would pretend to be a German and spoke German to these kids.

This little joke backfired when they backed up and surveyed me and then spit at me and told the Canadian to "kill him!" After that I don't think they really believed any of us when we told them that we really were Americans; but we did get past that episode alive!

Later in the late afternoon this Canadian put us on the Flying Scott train that let us off at its first stop of Peterborough; which was about 50 miles from there to Molesworth; and after about an hour to visit at the Cathedral there and some quick areas of the town we started out at sunset walking to Molesworth and getting in Molesworth just in time for reveille; with blisters on our feet.

A few days later a small detachment of us were sent into the town of Kettering, where we took over a warehouse from the Kettering Coop Boot Company and began storing it with American food that was now coming in by the trainloads; and sleeping in a couple of small quonset huts in the Kettering Park and washing at the park washroom facilities.

Some time later a colored company took over these stores and our small outfit moved on to Burton-on-Trent where we took over the Bass Brewery buildings which we now stocked up with clothing, which now was also coming in by the trainloads.

About two months later this small group caught up with the main 2nd AD Gp. at Burtonwood Airdrome. Later on the 402nd Quartermaster unit and a truck company and headquarters company moved on to a camp near Poynton (south of Stockport) which now was set up to receive all kinds of repair parts for vehicles and aircraft

This outfit had with it three Majors, the Matt G. Carpenter mentioned in Lyle's column, another Major Davis and Maj. Parker. I transferred out of this outfit around February or March 1943 to join a bomber outfit that was first at Huntington and shortly thereafter assigned to Poddington, which was the 92nd Bomb Group of the 40th Combat Wing.

About a year later a younger brother of mine came over and was assigned to the 401st Bomb Group at Deenethorpe, to which I applied for transfer (and got) to. The two of us flew in the same bomber as gunners - he as tail gunner and I as toggler and nose gunner--to a German airfield near Luxeuil, France. Later the two of us--in different crews --flew two missions to Hamburg, and to numerous other places. From here on this would be another story.

King Henderson
Moreno Valley, CA

If you have not paid your dues for 1988 it means that this newsletter is being sent to you through the courtesy of a friend.

FROM THE PRESIDENT



Pres. Dr. Carl Fyler greets 303rd Ken Hawes.

Gen. Lew Lyle would like to present the Ex-POWs from the 303rd their new medal at the 8th AFHS Reunion in Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 12-15, 1988. There are 27,000 Air Force personnel eligible for this award. We will try to keep you posted on how to apply for it and how the awards will be presented. If there are any more delays they could be presented at the 303rd Reunion at Norfolk-by-the-Sea in '89.

Out of the more than 1400 members of the Association, only five have completed and returned the questionnaires.

The Combat Air Museum at Forbes AB will accept WW II memorabilia, (I keep up the Kriegie Room there.) We accept B-17s on down to World War II Zippo lighters. I put a "German Armband" in for display and someone stole it one night. Forbes is planning a big two day airshow in May this year with 100 planes taking part from C5As down to World War II aircraft.

In the future, the widows of 303rd Bomb Group personnel will have a "spokesperson." Her name and address will be carried in a future issue of the Newsletter.

Plans are underway to build a home for The Mighty Eighth (WWII to the present time) at Barksdale AFB. The new plan has been approved by the Eighth's Board of Directors. Lt. Gen. James P. McCarthy, Commander of the 8AF at Barksdale is receptive to the plan.

About 35 members of the 303rd attended the Eighth's Reunion at Denver. Gen. Lyle asked me to bring a POW display. This I did along with many pieces of Memorabilia. He got some materials and photos from Dayton Air Museum, so we had a display measuring



303rd Fred Braves and friend Alice Graeser with Maquerite Fyler.

20 x 6 in the Wm. Penn Hotel. Gen. Lyle wants to help people correct their records and for the POWs to get the new medal they have waited almost three years for. March '88 is the new "hoped for date." Awarding the medal is not automatic. Forms have to be filled out to apply for it.

We are still trying to find out how many ministers, priests and rabbis we have in our Association. That is why filling out--and mailing in those questionnaires--is so important.

The airshow put on at the 8th AFHS Reunion was excellent.



The first 303rd Reunion in New York City on May 8, 1948. Several of these people attended the '87 reunion in Fort Worth.

THE 303RD P.X. OFFERS THEIR MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES THE FOLLOWING ITEMS FOR SALE AT A VERY MODEST PRICE, NONE OF WHICH ARE BEING OFFERED BY ANY OTHER GROUPS AT THIS TIME. COMPLETE THE ORDER FORM BELOW REQUESTING YOUR DESIRED ITEMS. PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT:
NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____ PHONE: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

CHECK DESIRED ITEM AND QUANTITY IN QTY. COLUMN		COST EA.	TOTAL
QTY.	DESCRIPTION		
_____	4" EMBROIDERED "MIGHT IN FLIGHT" PATCH	\$ 3.50	_____
_____	4" INTERIOR/EXTERIOR ALL WEATHER "MIGHT IN FLIGHT" DECAL	\$1.50	_____
_____	3" INTERIOR/EXTERIOR ALL WEATHER 303RD/8TH AF DECAL	\$ 1.00	_____
_____	B-17 FRANKLIN MINTED COIN (38MM) VERY RARE AND LIMITED	\$12.00	_____
_____	"FIRST 300" MISSION BOOK OF 303RD	\$ 7.00	_____
_____	1" CLOISONNE' 8TH USAF SHOULDER PATCH... THE ORIGINAL!! (PIN)	\$ 3.00	_____
_____	1" CLOISONNE' "MIGHT IN FLIGHT" 303RD INSIGNIA (PIN)	\$ 3.00	_____
_____	1/2" CLOISONNE' MEMBER PIN (TIE)	\$ 3.00	_____
_____	3/4" CLOISONNE' MEMBER PIN (LAPEL)	\$ 3.00	_____
** _____	1/2" CLOISONNE' LIFE PIN (TIE)	\$ 3.00	_____
** _____	3/4" CLOISONNE' LIFE PIN (LAPEL)	\$4.00	_____
_____	38MM (DOLLAR SIZE) CLOISONNE' USAF INSIGNIA (NOT A PIN)	\$4.00	_____
_____	38MM (DOLLAR SIZE) CLOISONNE' 303RD/8TH INSIGNIA (NOT A PIN)	\$4.00	_____
_____	B-17 BELT BUCKLE "50TH ANNIVERSARY" (NUMBERED & LIMITED EDITION)	\$20.00	_____
_____	SILVER OR GOLD MONEY CLIP WITH B-17 COIN (CIRCLE ONE)	\$21.00	_____
_____	SILVER OR GOLD MONEY CLIP WITH 303RD/8TH AF INSIGNIA (CIRCLE ONE)	\$14.00	_____
_____	SILVER OR GOLD BOLA TIE W/STRINGS 303RD/8TH AF OR USAF INSIGNIA. TIES: BLUE-BROWN-GOLD-SILVER... PLEASE CIRCLE ONE ON EACH LINE	\$16.00	_____
_____	SILVER OR GOLD BOLA TIE W/STRINGS B-17 MINTED COIN. TIES: BLUE-BROWN-GOLD-SILVER. PLEASE CIRCLE TWO OF THE ABOVE. COLORS DESIRED.	\$22.00	_____
_____	LADIES 1-1/2" PENDANT NECKLACE W/ 303RD/8TH AF OR USAF INSIGNIA	\$12.00	_____
_____	LADIES 1-1/2" PENDANT NECKLACE W/ B-17 MINTED COIN	\$22.00	_____
_____	ENGLISH LEATHERS: 4" X 8" BRASS ON BLACK. (CIRCLE ONE) B-17 OR 8TH AF PATCH	\$10.00	_____
_____	LEATHER KEY FOBS 1-1/4" X 1-1/2" WITH 303RD/8AF INSIGNIA	\$ 2.00	_____
_____	LIFE MEMBERSHIP PLAQUE WITH NAME ENGRAVED: 4"X6" BRASS ON WALNUT	\$12.50	_____

PLEASE NOTE ORDERS OF LESS THAN \$20.00 REQUIRE A CHARGE OF \$2.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

TOTAL AMOUNT PURCHASED \$ _____
SHIPPING/HANDLING \$ _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

** ABOVE MEANS SALE ITEMS TO LIFE MEMBERS ONLY!!!

SIGNATURE: _____ DATE: _____

SEND THE ORDER FORM WITH CHECK ENCLOSED (NO CASH PLEASE) TO:

ROBERT E. (BOB) KIDD
P.X. 303RD B.G.
P.X. ADMINISTRATOR
13214D FIJI WAY
MARINA DEL REY, CA 90292

ALL ORDERS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE AND NO SUBSTITUTIONS PLEASE. IN THE EVENT THE MANUFACTURERS' SUPPLY OR STOCK IS DEPLETED A REFUND OF THOSE ITEMS WILL BE MADE.



The Thunderbird with 303rd markings flies around the Statue of Liberty escorted by two of her "little friends."

In Memoriam

Jesse B. Warner passed away on Nov. 26, 1986. He was with the 303rd, 359th Sqdn., from Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho until the end of the war. He was an airplane mechanic working on the famed Duchess and later as Crew Chief of the ill-fated Big Wheel. He is survived by his wife, the former Lin York of Birmingham, England, a daughter, Mrs. Stephen Lynch and a son, Roy Warner, all of Scottsville, New York.

Edmund R. Thornton, 64, died March 27, 1987, at St. Petersburg, FL. He served with the 359th BS, 303 BG, in England. Seriously wounded, he bailed out over Rouen, France where he was captured on April 4, 1943 on his 10th mission. He is survived by his wife, Suzanne, six children and two grandchildren.

Charles F. Carlson, 358th Sqdn. passed away on Jan. 4, 1987 in Eugene, Oregon. He is survived by his wife Doris.

Beresford (Barry) Gilkes, M/Sgt, USAF (ret) age 64, died Aug. 29, 1987. He was a member of the 303rd during WWII. He is survived by his wife Helen, a daughter Karen and two grandchildren.

Howard W. Barriscale, 427th Sqdn. passed away in October of 1986.

Paul A. Roebrock, died of a heart attack on July 15, 1987. He served with the 360th Sqdn. He was the Bombardier on "Crew 13." The Pilot was Henry Ford Glass and Eugene McMahan was the Co-Pilot.

Thomas E. Mulligan, Jr., 67, Pilot with the 359th Sqdn., was shot down Aug. 12, 1943 over Germany's industrial Ruhr Valley on his 23rd mission, became a POW at Stalag Luft 7A until April 21, 1945. Died on April 22, 1985 at his home after a brief illness. His wife Antoinette died on Feb. 9, 1984.

James Haney, 358th Sqdn., a long time Life Member of the Ass'n. passed away in 1987.

Tribute to Fessler

Let me mention Elmer Fessler. He of all people was the flying man's "advocate." As an inspector, he made us maintenance men toe the line; not that we didn't make effort to do the best possible job but when Elmer inspected that airplane, if there was anything, that by chance we overlooked, Old Ed would find it and that isn't all, he'd write you up--friend or foe.

In his passing, the flying boys' good friend has gone down the valley. Our most in sympathy to Jean, a great lady.

Jim Hicks
Henderson, KY

Ed. Note: This is an excerpt of a letter from Jim. He also reported the passing of Jesse B. Warner.

Why Norfolk?

We were due to meet somewhere in the eastern third of the country. In '83 we met in D.C., '85 in Seattle, '87 in Ft. Worth. We have always tried to rotate locations so that all members have a chance to attend a reunion in their section of the country. As it turns out, just as many members seem to prefer a location far from home so they can make the reunion part of an extended vacation trip! Your committee contacted more than a dozen cities in the eastern part of the country and certainly there are some very interesting cities there. Some didn't have satisfactory hotel/meeting facilities for our group. Some didn't have adequate access. Many were too expensive.

Norfolk met all the requirements and is about as close to the center of the east coast as you can get. It has excellent access by highway, rail and air. You can even come by boat if you choose to cruise!

Norfolk is a reborn city. It has been cleaned up and dressed up. With a rich colonial and seafaring heritage, the city has combined an assortment of modern cultural and entertainment attractions. Our headquarters hotel, The Omni International, is one of the city's newest with 442 luxury guest rooms. It has all the amenities: fine meeting rooms, great restaurants, cocktail lounges, indoor/outdoor pool and, most important, it's located right on the water at the largest, most beautiful natural harbor in the U.S.A.

We often hear members who have never attended a reunion say, "I don't want to attend because I won't know anyone there". You may not recognize anyone when you arrive, but you'll know most everyone before you depart. First timers always comment about the great camaraderie that exists whenever and wherever Hell's Angels gather. You'll also often hear them say, "This was my first reunion, but I'll never miss another". So, if you've been holding back, decide now to join in the Reunion in Norfolk-by the Sea, Sept. 27 - Oct 1, 1989.

Reunion Committee

NEW MEMBERS

Savelle, Wilho A., 157 Kenwood Drive, Rutland, MA 01543
 Fryorchowski, John, 390 E., Union St., Nanticoke, PA 18634
 Bowman, Horace D., P.O. Box 1776, Borrego Springs, CA 92004
 Fisher, Jack D., Box 1026 222 S. Hall, Fairfield, TX 75840
 Black, Leslie K., Box 531, Fort Cobb OK 73038
 Van Duzer, Sheldon, Box 1647, Georgetown CA 95634
 Cornyn, John Dr. (Tex), 11301 Hollow Tree, San Antonio, TX 78230
 Kowalk, Francis M. (Pete), 5 Roper Mtn. Rd., Greenville, SC 29602
 Smith, William J., 2522 Chelsea, Kansas City, MO 64127
 Harms, Vernon H., 520 Elm Street, Box 334, Allison, IA 50602
 De Groat, Robert S., 21-B-3 Brookedge Court, Newark, DE 19702
 McCullough, Cheryl Reeves, 2555 Carin Ridge Court, Germantown, TN 38138
 Barnes, Frederick E., 5517 Piedmont Ave., Baltimore, MD 21207
 Spence, John W., 1565 Vinton, Memphis TN 38104
 Bowman, John J., 1710 Pennsbury Ct., Wheeling, IL 60090
 Boyle, Frank L. Jr., 24 Stag Ln. Greenwich, CT 06831
 Israelson, Elmer P., 2333 15th St. NW, New Brighton, MN 55112
 Casillas, Bart M., 14365 Joan Bridge St., Baldwin Park, CA 91706
 Hester, Lloyd Dee, Box 416, Hennepin, OK 74046
 Cuerto, Frank Z., 8633 Data Point Dr. #206, San Antonio, TX 78229
 Stevens, Joseph E., 144 Redondo Dr., Sandy Shores, Mabank, TX 75147
 Clark, Benjamin Jr., 24135 New York St., Dearborn, MI 48124
 Rendon, Rudolph T., Box 629 535 W. Main St., Port Lavaca, TX 77979
 Deyo, Lawrence, 3419 Airway, Overland, MO 63114
 Perez, Frank F., 86 So. Ocoola St., Beverly Hills, FL 32665
 Young, Warren I., 625 Scholl Rd., Mansfield, OH 44907
 Ellis, Richard R., 7964 Harder Ave., Downey, Ca 90241
 Kennedy, Herbert W., 4505 Meadow Lark, Laramie, WY 82070
 Schwaebbe, Harry A., 5521 Drover Dr., San Diego, CA 92115
 Ward, Grady B., 1020 Dixie Ave., Florence, AL 35630
 Kidd, W. Douglas, 455 Crestland Dr., Roanoke, VA 24019

Plans for holding a "mini" 303rd Reunion in Des Moines, Iowa on Oct. 12-13, 1988 in connection with the 8th AFHS Reunion, are being considered. In-depth details will be carried in the next issue of the newsletter. Also, anyone interested in joining the 8th Air Force Historical Society can do so through our membership Chairman, Jim Reeves. Five dollars of your first year's dues (\$10) will be returned to the 303rd for its own use.