

Hell's Angels Newsletter

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

JANUARY 1993



The "Brass" of Station 107 pose in front of the headquarters building in 1943. Front Row (left to right) Black, Von Holt, Barrett, Dougherty, Shumake, Lyle, Stevens, Stone, Behel, Ramsey, Kalman, Neimata and

Wheeler. Back Row (left to right) Livingston, Smith, Thompson, Higgenbotham, Shulstad, Rahn, Pew, Neff, Campbell, Donnelly, Gibson, Skoner, First, Effinger and Fawcett.

A Sentimental Journey to Molesworth

In May of '93 a cadre of 303rd Bomb Group personnel will depart the U.S. bound for England and RAF Molesworth to retrace the steps they originally took some 50 years ago.

The years between may have taken the spring out the steps of some of the veterans who are making the trip but the spirit and enthusiasm will be there just as it was some five decades ago when as young lads they made the trip to fight and defeat an enemy.

Many of the original buildings on Molesworth have been demolished due to the many changes of mission since the "Triangle C" Bomb Group departed for Casablanca in June of 1945. But the memories in the minds of the 303rd vets of what happened in those buildings and the hangars where the B-17s were restored to flying condition, will never be erased.

"A nostalgic return to Molesworth, England" is the way Tamarac Travel, Inc. features the May 19-28, 1993 trip. The ground package of 8 nights - 10 days, costs \$999 per person.

The tour includes 3 nights at the Holiday Inn, Cambridge; 2 nights at Stratford-on-Avon and 3 nights at the Copthorne, TARA Hotel in London. Also included on the trip will be visits to the American Cemetery at Cambridge, for memorial services, the Duxford Imperial War Museum and RAF Hendon. Free time in London will allow for visits to Harrods and Picadilly Circus, a gathering place for Yanks during the war years.

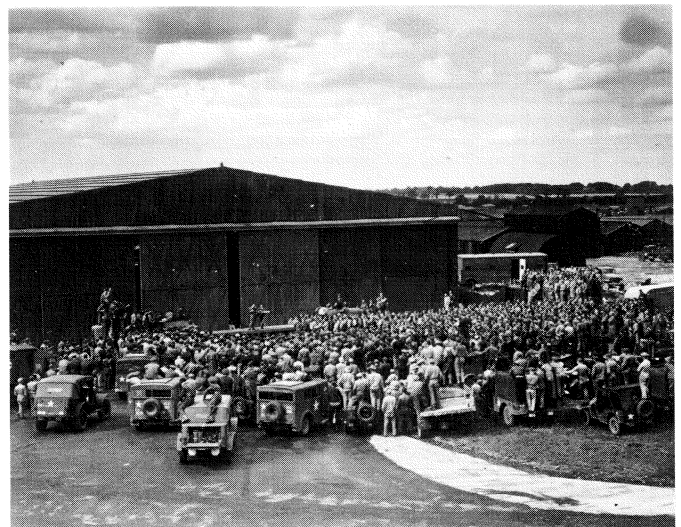
Ray Cossey, an honorary member of the 303rd and Robin Beeby, an associate member from Kettering are both involved in the local arrangements to make sure the trip is enjoyed by all returning 303rds.

According to Robin and Sue Beeby who have spoken to Col. Shaffer and also the base historian at Molesworth, the Red Carpet is being cleaned up for the visit of the 303rd vets. They are planning to have a museum on the base for the visit and the talk is that a hangar dance may be in the cards, complete with a Big Band.

For those who have yet to sign up for the trip, you are urged to contact

Mr. D'Amato at Tamarac Travel as soon as possible and also notify Jim Taylor, V/P for Reunions, so that an accurate count can be made of those

planning on making the "Sentimental Journey." At newsletter deadline time more than 40 have signed up for the trip.



Were you part of this crowd at Molesworth in July 1943 to see the Bob Hope show? Is this hangar still standing? Make the trip in May and see.



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

Editor: Hal Susskind

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In This Issue

Air superiority in the European Theatre of Operations (ETO) was the responsibility and the accomplishment of the men and women of the American 8th Air Force and its supporting units along with the 15th and 9th Air Forces.

The struggle for air superiority became the trench warfare of World War II. It was a battle of attrition. There was no place to hide except in the clouds. There was little finesse involved. It was kill or be killed, shoot down or be shot down, command the sky in big planes or little ones.

The climax of all of this was the Normandy invasion and the ensuing successful strategic bombing of Germany. (Excerpts from the book, "To Command the Sky").

But the price we paid to gain the superiority was staggering. This is brought out in the letter by 303rd Bill Cox in his letter on page 5 of this newsletter. In it he quotes some interesting facts which appeared in some back issues of the "Air Force Magazine."

"Between August 1942 and April 1945, the 8th AF lost more than 4,000 heavy bombers to all causes. Air combat losses were evenly divided between enemy fighters and flak. In 33 months, nearly 44,000 Eighth Air Force bomber and fighter crewmen were killed or missing in action, an average of 1,333 per month." As Cox points out in his letter, this is a higher average per month than for people killed for all causes in both the Korean and Vietnam Wars.

During "Blitz Week," 24-30 July 1943, one thousand 8th AF bombers struck at some 15 targets. That week's missions cost the Army Air Forces 97 aircraft, a loss rate of 10 percent. At the time the losses were exceeding the replacement rate. On the September 6, '43 Stuttgart mission the loss rate was 17 percent. The loss

rate for the October 14, Black Thursday mission to Schweinfurt, was 19 percent. GAF fighters flew 567 sorties that day, many were second and third missions.

Anti-aircraft artillery at its height in Germany in 1944 numbered some 900,000 men and women with 14,250 heavy guns (8.8 cm, 10.5 cm and 12.8 cm) 37,750 light and medium guns (20mm and 3.7 cm). At their prime the Fliegerabwehrkanonen (flak) Forces could fire 5,000 tons of shells per minute into the skies over Germany. A German General, responsible for wartime anti-aircraft artillery, estimated that it took upwards of 4,000 shells to down one bomber. Half of the American losses in the air were due to flak.

One of the crews which paid the ultimate price in helping the 8th AF gain air superiority was Lt. Robert Barrat's crew which was featured in the October '92 issue. As an update to the "Out of the Ashes" story, Uwe Benkel, the German businessman who found the crash site, just informed me that he sent letters to five of the people who witnessed the crash of Barrat's B-17. Of the three who answered so far, one person was absolutely sure that the pilot and his crew saved Eisenberg. Benkel has since talked to the Mayor of Eisenberg and there is still much interest in erecting a memorial to Barrat's crew. A tentative date for the ceremonies is sometime in May '93. Which makes it convenient for some of the people who are going to the reunion at Molesworth to hop over to Germany to attend the ceremonies at Eisenberg in what was East Germany. More details will be carried in the April issue of the newsletter. Additional photos of the crash site are carried on Page 12 in this issue.

Hal Susskind

Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

Thanks to Convention Committee

Hurrah for you. This was my first reunion and I had a great time. You done a whale of a job. It was a smooth running affair and the reminiscing rewarding, besides being educational for me. In the past year some of you received some letters from me regarding the aircrew - ground crew relationship. I found nothing amiss and will never know what effect my letters had. From now on when I can't swim I am not going to try and tell somebody how deep the water is. I can't predict if I will be in Savannah come next reunion but if I am still breathing I will put forth every effort to be there. Thanks for a wonderful time.

Maurice "Mountain Man" Paulk
205 W 12th
Wood River, NE 68883

Hitler's Dream

My husband, John (Jack) R. Hopkins and I were in attendance at the Idaho reunion this past September, 1992. My contribution to the activities was sharing the enclosed poem which was always a smash during the war whenever told.

Of course, everyone, British and Yanks thoroughly enjoyed anything derogatory about "Hitler the Nazi," so I have told this poem to many during the amateur entertainment programs we produced each weekend in WW II.

I was in the W.A.T.S. during the war effort and after falling in love with this handsome Yank, Hoppy, (a war bride) I provided copies of the poem at the reunion to as many of the ladies as possible, someone suggested that the gents would like to read my "Hitler's Dream" poem. I am enclosing a copy for your consideration to be included in the newsletter for those who didn't get a copy at the reunion.

Jack and Lucy Hopkins
2232 Neppel Street
Moses Lake, WA 98837

Ed. Note: Hitler's Dream is somewhere on this page. But of course it is more entertaining when it is recited with a British accent.

Anyone miss Bill Smith? He missed y'awl

I don't know if anyone missed me at the Boise Bash. Regardless, and

in the public interest I am going to tell you why I missed the party. Back in May, on a routine checkup by my doctor, he took this PSA blood test. My test came back extremely high which suggested a tumor in the prostate. After more blood work, sonogram, biopsy, bone scan and infinitum, it was determined mine was malignant but confined to the prostate. The options were surgery or radiation. Again, after consulting with cardiologists, EKG and stress test, I opted for the surgery. I had to give two units of my own blood and then required two more units in surgery. The surgery took place on Sept. 11 which is why I was not in Boise. Thankfully, everything went very well and the doctors feel they have gotten rid of all my problem. I feel twice blessed in that I survived 35 missions and now this.

The eerie thing about all this is that I had none of the problems usually associated with prostate. The doctor said I could have had the malignancy for 7 or 8 years. It's one of the most incidious disorders. Had I not had this blood test, who knows what the result would have been. **I urge all to avail themselves of this test.**

On the lighter side, I was quite surprised the other evening to find our 303rd TV personalities. I happened to turn to A&E's Time Machine, which featured the early days of the 8th in England. Was pleased to see Lew Lyle, Bud Klint and Carl Fyler as the ones involved and even showed some action shots in which the big 'C' was plane to see. Hope to see it again soon.

William H. Smith
3524 Golf View Dr.
Hazel Crest, IL 60429

Ed. Note: I know all of you wish Bill the best in his recovery and also thank him for sharing his experiences with us. I believe we should heed his advice about taking the PSA blood test in our next checkup.

Do you know a Bombardier?

The Bombardiers, Inc. is compiling information on all rated Bombardiers. If you have any information on your Bombardier as to his fate and present location, please contact: Bombardiers, Inc. at 500 Jackson St. #1407, Daphne, AL 36526-7035. Tel: 205/626-3920.

Ned Humphreys
Bombardiers, Inc.

Reunion Kudos

We, my wife Vada and I, returned shortly from the 50th 303rd Anniversary reunion at Boise. We wish to share our comments with you upon such a fine convention.

Truthfully this 50th was the first reunion we have attended and now we feel that we have been missing out for we had such a good time and everyone was so friendly and helpful. Accommodations at the hotel were excellent and "all in all" well planned. We were particularly impressed with the dedication of those with 303rd reunion responsibilities. They all worked like line crewmen. Examples: Jack Rencher and his wife, Louise and Robert Kidd and June of the P.X. Harry Goldbrecht never seemed to leave his. History of the 303rd desk; always there and helpful and many others too.

Again a heartfelt thank you to all the members attending. Good spirit prevailed and the convention was a great success with consideration extended to all who were involved in its production.

Glenn R. Canning
815 Tamarack Avenue
Carlsbad, CA 92008

Ed. Note: Glenn Canning is the composer and producer of the video "Hell's Angels, By Name, By Fame," the tribute song to the great 303rd. It was sold at the P.X. during the reunion at Boise along with a free 50th Anniversary imprinted cap. For information on the video contact Canning at the address above.



It still fits - Maurie Sjoberg (427th) shows Bud Klint he can still fit into his WW II uniform. He and Malcolm Magid were among the few, that I know of, who can still fit into their original uniforms.
(Photo by Bob Sheets)

HITLER'S DREAM

Here is a story, strange as it may seem, of Hitler, the Nazi and his terrible dream.

Being tired of the Allies, he lay down in his bed, and among other things he dreamt he was dead.

He left this world, and to heaven he went straight, and proudly he knocked at the Golden Gate.

But Peter looked out, in voice loud and clear, cried, "Hitler, the Nazi, you can't come in here!"

So Hitler turned back, and away he did go, on a very long journey to that region below.

But the lookout angel, was well worth his hire, far away he flew and gave Satan the wire.

Said Satan, "Now fellows, I'll give you a warning, I'm expecting Heil Hitler down here in the morning."

And I'll tell you straight, and I'll tell you clear, we're too damn good for that fellow down here."

"Oh, Satan, Oh Satan, in a loud voice Hitler cried, "I heard what you said while waiting outside."

"Please give me a corner, for I've no where to go," said Satan, "Oh no sir, a thousand times no!"

Then he kicked Hitler out, and then vanished in smoke, and just at that moment poor Hitler awoke.

And he jumped out of bed in a lather of sweat, crying, "Doctor, oh doctor, my worst dream yet!"

"To heaven I'll not go, that I can tell, but it's a damned awful shame to be kicked out of hell!"

Forum

Burials at Cambridge

I am forwarding the listing of burials and Wall of Missing at the Cambridge Military Cemetery Coton, Cambridge, England. They are in alphabetical order. I made a worksheet of the 53 burials listed in plot order and row order. The 303rd members should be advised about the exact location of our fallen comrades in the cemetery. The Hell's Angel newsletter should contain this information for the 1993 trip to England, and reference for future trips in the distant years.

Alvin Morton
301 Third Ave. Room 7033
Pittsburgh, PA 15222

Sweet Rose O'Grady

My name is Erinrose O'Grady, I am 15 years old and I am intrigued by planes used in the second World War, especially B-17s. My interest was sparked by the movie, "Memphis Belle" but my interest has gone farther. I've read numerous book-watched documentaries and I was able to see and touch a real B-17. Almost nothing can top that. Then one day I bought a book called "Fighting colors - B-17 Flying Fortress in Color," by Steve Birdsall. As I was reading I turned to page 15 and possibly came upon the most astonishing thing I had ever learned about a B-17; it was called "Sweet Rose O'Grady." My name is Erinrose O'Grady. I wrote to Mr. Birdsall and he couldn't give me any more information than what was already in his book except for your name and this address. Mr. Birdsall said you might be able to put me in contact with someone who flew in "Sweet Rose O'Grady." Would it be possible for you to please send me more information on "Sweet Rose O'Grady?" If this is not possible, could you refer me to someone who would be able to give me the information. I would greatly appreciate this.

Erinrose O'Grady
639 Roseland Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19111

Ed. Note: Since Sweet Rose flew 124 missions we must have plenty of people in the 303rd who flew quite a few missions on her. I recently came across a painting of Sweet Rose O'Grady called "Alone No More" painted by William S. Phillips. It shows Sweet Rose O'Grady returning from a mission with one prop feathered escorted by two Spitfires. You can get complimentary information about the painting by writing to: The Green-

wich Workshop, Inc., 30 Lindeman Drive, Turnbull, CT. 06611.

State contact person

The enclosed newspaper articles concern an event (a visit of both a B-17 and a B-24 to Rockland, Maine which drew a sizeable turnout of 8th AF vets) that we had this fall in the midcoast area of Maine. I know there is nothing in this material that you can use in the newsletter but it was an occasion to find some lost souls. I gave out several applications to the 8th AFHS, and one to a fellow who was in the 303rd Bomb Group.

If a contact person for the 303rd is needed for the State of Maine, I do not mind being that person. You put out a great newsletter; keep up the good work.

Bob Umberger
P.O. Box 92
W. Rockport, ME 04865

Ed. Note: I think your suggestion is a good one. Maybe the Board of Directors would like to appoint a contact person for the other states.

Another Associate Member

Thanks a lot for your response, and the copy of your newsletter. I've sent a letter to Bryant Sharp, as well as to Carlton Smith, to sign on as an associate member. By the way, I recently read a great book, called *Eighth Air Force Bomber Stories*, by Ian McLachlan and Russell Zorn. Zorn was a photographer with the Third Air Division, stationed in East Anglia. The stories, largely documenting crashes and emergency landings, are told by crew members and by residents of the English countryside. Although the 303rd is not one of the groups discussed, it makes for good reading.

Kerry M. Gavin
154 East Canaan Road
East Canaan, CT 06024

Another of the Original Cadre

Anne and I were very sorry we couldn't make the 50th at Boise, should we had, I may of remembered "Hal Susskind" even after all these years. Maybe after seeing a picture of you, things would come back. Of course I was "ground crew."

Anyway, first a little history. I tried to enlist the second day after Pearl Harbor - like a lot of us. At that time so many tried to get in at the same time, they only took as many as they could

handle. A few weeks later my number came up in the draft so I had to

wait to get in. Feb. 11, 1942 I was drafted.

303rd BOMB GROUPS BURIALS AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

Name	Rank	Sqd.	Plot	Row	Grave
Reynolds, Charles E.	2 Lt	358	A	1	27
Harris, David W.	TSgt	358	A	2	27
Newman, Clyde D	2 Lt	358	A	3	27
Boner, Allan M.	2 Lt	427	B	1	23
Long, Ralph L.	Sgt	360	B	1	58
Halligan, Robert W.	1 Lt	427	B	2	1
Reith, Fred J.	2 Lt	360	B	2	17
Rush, Cleve C.	Sgt	360	B	2	27
Brown, Lee E.	Sgt	360	B	4	17
Wright, Charles E.	1 Lt	358	B	4	45
Van Dyke, Alfred B.	Pfc	427	B	6	6
Russell, Francis H.	TSgt	358	B	7	37
Grace, Henry J.	TSgt	427	C	1	65
Jackson, Theodore M.	2 Lt	360	C	2	31
Johnson, Walter J.	SSgt	427	C	2	33
Foe, Kenneth D.	1 Lt	427	C	2	64
Royar, Frederick J.	TSgt	427	C	2	64
Roberts, Raymond K.	TSgt	359	C	4	68
Kesky, Leonard A.	SSgt	427	C	6	13
Harris, Edgar P. Jr	Sgt	360	D	1	12
Fugazzi, Gildo	Sgt	427	D	1	22
Bradford, Edward A.	Ssgt	360	D	1	59
Fitzsimmons, Kent M.	1 Lt	360	D	1	73
Johnson, Charles H.	Ssgt	427	D	1	82
Boyd, G. Howard	2 Lt	358	D	1	93
Lewis, Harold G.	2 Lt	360	D	2	12
Davis, Robert W.	1 Lt	427	D	2	22
Woodley, Robert F.	1 Lt	427	D	2	59
Stockton, Donald E.	Capt	427	D	4	59
Bruce, Miles R.	Sgt	427	D	4	66
Schock, Philip M.	Sgt	427	D	5	12
McClure, Richard H.	2 Lt	427	D	5	25
Tapley, Thomas W.	Sgt	360	D	6	45
Etheridge, Alvin	Cpl	360	D	6	54
Humphries, Olwin L.	Ssgt	358	D	7	10
Henry, Donnan D.	Ssgt	427	D	7	72
Rohrich, Robert E.	2 Lt	427	E	1	65
Lux, Andrew J.	2 Lt	359	E	2	64
Bartlett, Keith O.	1 Lt	360	E	2	70
Smith, Gene K.	TSgt	360	E	2	110
Browning, Richard C.	1 Lt	359	E	3	50
Jones, Dick W.	TSgt	360	E	3	61
Morse, Samuel B.	Cpl	360	E	4	81
Yager, Lamcine D.	TSgt	358	E	4	110
Kelly, William T.	2 Lt	F	1	26	
Stephen, Paul C.	1 Lt	360	F	1	37
Pursel, Stanley E.	2 Lt	427	F	1	54
Kuhn, Harold J.	2 Lt	360	F	2	7
Robinson, Walter B.	Sgt	427	F	2	70
Kissling, John P.	SSgt	358	F	3	36
Oliver, Sam	1 Lt	358	F	3	106
Stuphar, Stephen	TSgt	427	F	3	1211
Cotham, Willie C.	2 Lt	427	F	4	99
Scalco, Robert	Sgt	358	F	6	67
Loyewski, Telesphor	1 Lt	358	F	6	103
Hamilton, Claude A.	Ssgt	360	G	2	5
Drew, William F.	2 Lt	427	G	2	154
Thomas, Woodrow B.	SSgt	427	G	4	155

Total Burials 58

Forum

Did my basic training in Aberdeen, MD - ordinance. Seven weeks later I was shipped to Boise, ID and the 303rd was starting to form. From Boise we went to Tucson, Arizona, picked up more people, then to Alamogordo, NM, then to El Paso, TX. Late August '42, we went to Fort Dix, NJ. Two days later we boarded the Queen Mary and off to England. Arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, then a train ride to Thrapston and Molesworth. I think it was in the Middle of Sept. I was in the ordinance section: load bombs, guns etc. I spent the whole time in England.

Come war end, we were flown to Casablanca. Spent about 10 days to two weeks there, then flown to Dakar, Senegal to help ferry B-25 and B-26s back to the states. About the early part of September they talked of having us go to the Philippines to do the same; help ferry troops and planes. We put up quite a fight over that and they decided to discharge us. I got my records, got train fare to Fort Dix, NJ and discharged at that time.

In a nutshell, that sums up my 3 years plus spent in the 303rd. Of course I got a lot of stories to tell of the 3 years plus and I'm sure you and many others have your stories. I can only wish the good Lord will give me the chance to get together with all the 303rd, especially the 359th Sqdn. I met my wife Anne at the dances we had at our base. She was a Sgt. in the Womans' part of the RAF. I came home as stated in Sept. 1945 and in 1946 I went back to England and we got married. We've had a good life since. I joined the 8th AFHS in '85 but didn't know of the 303rd BGA until last year.

Anthony J. "Tony" Sacco
1100 Mohawk Trail
North Adams, MA 01247

Ed. Note: Our paths crossed many times. On Feb. 11, 1942, the day you were drafted, I took my exam for Aviation cadet. Assigned to the 359th, I was Navigator on Lt. Stoull's crew and we finished our tour on D-Day 1944. I started my second tour in Sept. 1944. I also went to Casablanca with the 303rd cadre. Being a Navigator I was also sent to Dakar and flew the run between Dakar and Natal, Brazil in C-54s ferrying troops home from Italy via the South Atlantic. I got exactly 6 minutes flying time in a B-26 when we wiped out the fence returning to the field at Dakar to correct some mechanical problems. The problems were fixed when we wiped out the aircraft. In the "Tall Tales" section of this newsletter read

Sacco's account of our first pig roast at Molesworth.



Anthony Sacco

"The Straggler's" Author Discovered

I am a member of the Associations for a couple of years now via the late Alex Czarny and Dearn Adams and also Sidney Newby of Houston, Texas. We were on the same 427th Bomb Sqdn. crew. Charles Lonski was the pilot.

The last and I believe prior edition of the Hell's Angel newsletter has had poems related to the publication via Mrs. Alex Czarny, later Mrs Dearn Adams, of "The Straggler" and a prior one were written to me by my wife during our tour at Molesworth, England. I am pleased that these two along with others of her authorship were brought to you and the readers attention by Mrs Czarny Adams.

Hal, were you at Kingman, Arizona for gunnery training and on a troop train from St. Vincent's College, LaTrobe, PA to Santa Ana, California in the Aviation Cadet Program? I recall at these times, a Hal Susskind in the same barracks in Kingman, Arizona - few card games etc. Also on a troop train and I lost a card game, "Red Dog," or some such name in which I had three kings and a queen and I went to Capt. Flynn and borrowed money to bet and your hand had three aces to beat me.

I do trust that it was you and I am so happy and pleased to congratulate you on your editorship of the newsletter and the layout and content. I would like you to put a brief comment inquiring if any of the Hell's Angels members live in the Richmond, Petersburg, Colonial Heights and Central Virginia area. I don't know of any personally.

Is it possible that the membership chairman can provide the names and addresses of people who live in that area. Also is it possible that someone has the names and addresses of Charles Lonski's complete crew?

Hal, I do pray and trust you are the same person that I knew in Kingman, Arizona.

Donald O. Campen, Jr.
7603 Hillside Avenue
Richmond, VA 23229

Ed. Note: Thanks for solving the mystery as to who was the author of the poem "The Straggler." On Aug. 15, 1942 I boarded a train in New York City which deposited me at the Santa Ana Army Airbase in California about four days later without stopping at Kingman, Arizona. So I'm not the culprit who had the three aces up his sleeve. As for the names and addresses of people who live in your area in Virginia you will have to wait until March when we come out with the new roster. It will contain the names of members both in alphabetical order and also by states.

Telling It Like It Is - or Was

As a member of the Air Force Association and a recipient of the monthly "Air Force" magazine, I feel that the following information taken from the April 1991 and July 1991, issues is of interest to we "old" WW II 8th AF members. I believe that many of our 303rd Bomb Group Ass'n. members do not see the current issues of "Air Force" so I thought I would share it with you.

"Between August 1942 and April 1945, the 8th AF lost more than 4,000 heavy bombers to all causes. Air combat losses were about evenly divided between enemy fighters and flak. In 33 months, nearly 44,000 Eighth Air Force bomber and fighter crewmen were killed or missing in action (an average of 1,333 per month)." Compare these figures to some 33,000 battle deaths for all U.S. forces in Korea, (which was an average of 919 per month for all services in that conflict).

Vietnam total losses were nearly 47,000 for all services, for the 108 months, 1964-73, of U.S. action in Vietnam, U.S. forces losses equaled 435 battle deaths per month, again for all services.

In summary the Mighty Eighth Air Force alone had monthly loss ratios much worse than the total of all services in Korea and Vietnam. The recent losses in Operation Desert

Storm are not even worth comparing to the violence of the air war over Europe.

I always listen in silence when I hear many of the Vietnam Vets complain about how tough it was in that conflict. However, if you are aware of the number of medals and awards given out for Vietnam in comparison, it really makes one wonder, how many of those awards were truly earned. I do not make light of either of these two military conflicts, because as a career officer (30) in the Air Force I flew combat missions again in Korea and Vietnam.

Bill Cox
358th Bomb Sqdn.
441 Sandstone Drive
Vacaville, CA 95688

Ed. Note: This confirms what I have been saying for the past five years. The 303rd was woefully short changed on awards for their actions in WW II. I too served in Vietnam. Unfortunately I was not given credit for Vietnam Service since I served between July 1963 and July 1964 and it was not officially declared a war until August of 1964. I guess the Administration thought the Viet Cong were firing rubber bullets then. I was in Vietnam when they assassinated the President of SVN and the President of the U.S. both in November of 1963.



Sgt. Kenneth Hawes poses near tail position after his 16th mission to Siegen.



**TARGET
YOUR
CALENDAR**

England Tour
May 19-28, 1993

Savannah Reunion
March 29/April 2, 1994

A One Way Trip for Miss Lace

By Robert Krohn

Lt. Krohn's crew was formed in the U.S. in October of 1944. They arrived in England and eventually joined the 427th Sqdn. of the 303rd on Feb. 26, 1945. They flew their first mission on March 12, 1945. Downed on March 18, 1945 on a small airstrip outside of Warsaw, Poland they arrived back at Molesworth three weeks later via Russia, Iran, Egypt, Italy and France. On April 8, 1945 they flew again. They completed 11 missions, the last one to Pilzen, Czechovakia on April 25, 1945 which incidentally was the last combat mission of the 303rd Bomb Group.

On our fourth mission, we were assigned the beautiful Miss Lace to deliver a few presents to Adolph. The date was March 18, 1945, and the delivery point was the dreaded Big B (Berlin).

As we reached the I.P., the target location was plainly visible by the concentration of flak thrown at the groups ahead of us. Bombs away! Just as the bomb bay doors were closed, we lost the prop. control on No. 1 engine. The set free prop. went to 3400 R.P.M.'s, causing a tremendous vibration. We slipped from our place in formation and were trying to keep up when we lost No. 3 engine. The 303rd was the last group over the target that day, so we were left alone.

M.E. 262's were making runs through the returning groups, so a decision had to be made. At briefings, we were told that if in trouble, turn East and visit the Russians, for they had driven to the Oder River. The decision was made to go East. Not long after we entered Russian held territory, two Yak fighters approached from the rear. One stayed at 6 o'clock high and the other pulled in very close on the left side; so close, we observed the pilot drawing our tail insignia on a note pad. He gave us a quick wave and was gone.

By this time, we were down to about 8,000 feet and noticed a cloud deck forming beneath us. Not knowing how far it extended and how thick it might get, we decided to get beneath it to be in position to locate a landing site when the time came. A break in the clouds afforded us a chance to spiral down, and in doing so, the windshield iced up with the moisture on the cold plexiglass. An occasional look out the opened side window until the ice dissipated, showed us there were no obstructions ahead. Cruising along on two fans at 1,000 feet over miles and miles of farmland created a very

peaceful scene, but we still had to put the Lady down somewhere.

Christen, the navigator, reported we should be nearing the Vistula River, and then we would turn South to Warsaw, where we should find a place to land. About 10 minutes later, we spotted a long line of trees bordering the river, and off to the right was Warsaw, what was left of it. Look! There's a plane, and another, and another. Small Russian biplanes were practicing takeoffs and landings on an airstrip. We circled the field until the planes had landed and out of the way. A red flare gave us clearance to land. What we didn't know, was when the Germans were driven from the area, they mined the field and blew it up. The Russians filled the holes and rolled it smooth so their small planes could use it, but Miss Lace would sink into each fill. This caused a tail up - tail down, each time the wheels entered a filled hole. In one respect, this was fortunate, for

without a hydraulic system, the brakes were useless and each hole slowed us down. As we rolled to a stop, the right landing gear was in a hole and by the time we exited the plane, the right wing was almost to the ground.

At that moment, a staff car drove up and out popped a Russian officer who turned out to be the commandant of that area. He wasn't particularly impressed with the name Krohn, a good German name on the flight jacket, and there was a brief thought of being shot on the spot. Fortunately, Minoff, our ball turret operator, conveyed to him that we were friendly Americans and soon all were smiling.

Next to the airfield were perhaps 25 or 30 homes and apartments, some two and three stories, which had not been destroyed when the Germans departed. It was in these units, occupied by Polish families, that we were billeted. Kindig and I were housed with a shoemaker, his

wife, and two daughters. Since all my grandparents were from Germany and often spoke in German, many words and phrases became known to me. Most Poles had a knowledge of the German language and thus we communicated.

We had meals, such as they were, at the Russian mess hall. They consisted of potatoes, black bread, carrots, and borscht. A party was held in our honor one night, and to the menu they added pigs knuckles and vodka. Their vodka tasted very similar to the result of sucking too long on the hose while siphoning gasoline. Those of us who drank, were asked to toast Stalin and Roosevelt by each Russian across from us, and being outnumbered, we proceeded to get staggering drunk.

The airfield was almost two miles from Warsaw proper, and to get there, we waited on the dirt road leading to the city to hitch a ride. It wasn't long before a horse drawn wagon came by and gave us a ride. At the edge of town lay the power station in shambles; twisted rails snaking some fifty feet in the air. An estimated 95 percent of the city was reduced to rubble and burned. Shortly after we left our transportation, a Polish man approached us and in broken English, asked if we were Americans. He immediately became our tour guide. One street which sustained minimum damage, had begun to show signs of becoming the town center with a few shops open for business. Our guide took us to where we could exchange English Pounds for Polish Zlotys. First stop was a shop to buy tobacco and papers to roll our own cigarettes, for by this time, we had exhausted our supply brought with us.

During the three trips into Warsaw, we probably never saw over 100 people in this area at one time, and they were extremely friendly when they discovered we were American flyers. They shook our hands, and



Lt. Krohn's crew - March 1945; (standing l to r) Henry O'Sullivan, toggler; Louis Christen, Nav.; Robert Krohn, pilot; Paul Kindig, co-pilot; Joseph Monyok, waist.; (kneeling l to r) Malcolm McKenzie, R.O.; Norman Peterson, Flt. Eng.; John Minoff, B/T and Arthur Morozas, T/G. Monyok was not on this mission.

One Way Trip for Miss Lace

even received hugs from some of the older women. It was through these contacts we gained the impression that the Poles hated the Russians even more than the Germans. At least when the Germans overran Poland they paid the people a living wage for their forced work.

Word finally reached our American base at Poltava, Russia, that our crew was in Warsaw, and on the seventh day, a C-47 arrived. The pilot said he was going on to Lodz to a fighter pilot, and would return the next morning to get us. He left us two cases of C rations and a case of cigarettes. This called for a farewell party! In the city, we had seen a shop with a small supply of red meat; a commodity very few people had the means to purchase. We bought the entire lot of perhaps five or six pounds, and with the C rations, made up a grand meal for about 20 people in the immediate area that evening. All the smokers got packs of cigarettes, and one of the older men produced a bottle of Schnapps that had been carefully saved for a special occasion. A wind-up Victrola provided music for dancing, and at that time, the war seemed to be far, far away.

The following morning, after a tearful good-bye with our hosts and new made friends, we departed for Poltava. There, we were provided with showers, clean clothes, and good food for the first time in a week. Even the G.I. bunk was like heaven, after the boards and comforter back in Warsaw.

Our next stop was Tehran, Iran. One would never know a war was going on here, for the Officer's Club had all the brands of liquor known,

and a three-piece orchestra playing dinner music in the dining room. It would have been nice to fight the rest of the war in Tehran.

From here we flew to Cairo, Egypt, and since our money was running low, we were able to replenish our supply at the American base. This prompted some of the crew to go on sick call, for there were sights to be seen in Egypt. First stop was the famous Shepherds Hotel and Bar, and sitting on the veranda drinking mint juleps. Then the Red Cross tour to the Sphinx and the pyramids were most interesting, including the ride on a smelly camel. Next was a visit to the British Museum, where all the ancient artifacts removed from digs and pyramids were kept. The gold and jewels were a wonder to behold, and each room was guarded by a soldier with a submachine gun. After two great days in Cairo we were "well enough" to travel.

We were on our way to Naples, Italy, the next day with a stopover in Tunis, Tunisia. Naples had been blacked out since the war began, and the night we arrived, the lights were turned on for the first time. Streets were packed solid with people shouting, singing, hugging and kissing. One would have thought the war was over.

The following day, we were on our way to London, with a refueling stop in Paris; just long enough to stretch our legs and no chance to see the sights. The following day, a bus ride completed our journey back to Molesworth.

The next morning, we rejoined the war effort. "Lt. Krohn, it is 4:30—breakfast in 45 minutes. Briefing 5:45."



Lt. Stouill's crew (359th) 28 Nov. 1943 (rear row l to r) Lt. Harold Susskind N; Lt. George Trawicki, B; Lt. Don Stouill, P; Lt. Ed Calahan, C/P and Sgt. William Brown, W/G. (Front row l to r) Sgt. Ken Holder, B/T; Sgt. George Greene, W/G; Sgt. James Owen, R/O; Sgt. C. Romer, E and Sgt. Cal Turkinton, T/G.

TALL TALES

* * *

Here is a tale that surfaced at the 50th Anniversary reunion. It seems that some ground personnel were driving a truck through some of the back roads surrounding the base one evening when they struck and killed a cow. Not knowing what to do they loaded the dead cow on the truck and took it back to the base. Afraid of what would happen to them if the dead cow was discovered they hid it in one of the hangars. Very early one morning when the ground personnel were bombing up the B-17s for a raid on Berlin, they rolled out the dead cow and lifted it up into the bombay of one of the aircraft. When the Bombardier called out "Bombs Away" over Berlin more than just bombs fell on Berlin. I guess you could almost call it a humanitarian gesture since it was delivering food to the enemy.

* * *

And how about the sergeant who had to fly an extra mission because he indulged in the dubious luxury of urinating in a B-17.

It happened in August of 1944 when a B-17 from the 427th Sqdn. aborted a mission while climbing to altitude over England. The pilot could not get any boost from the superchargers.

The engineering section of the 427th in its analysis said:

1. "Urine can 'accidentally' spilled in the camera well, shorting the supercharger amplifiers. An arced circuit in the amplifiers caused a short circuit in the inverters, consequently a loss of turbo boost took place." Since Sgt. X, a crewman on the aborted aircraft was held responsible for the urine reaching the amplifiers, he was ordained to fly an extra mission.

Seems to me that the paperwork calling for the disciplinary action originated quite readily in those days but the same people were rather remiss in generating paperwork to honor people who performed acts of heroism. Here we are 50 years later still trying to get awards for deserving people.

As my memory serves me, I remember a day in late Spring in '43. It was a beautiful day and no missions were scheduled. A few of us in the ordinance section got hold of a jeep and we were out looking to swap cans of peaches for fresh eggs at the nearby farms which bordered our field.

This day we saw this pig all alone in the field and someone said, "Let's have a pig roast." Well, that sounded pretty good so we liberated the pig. Near the 359th area, there was a place where they were going to erect a bomb shelter but somehow or other they never got around to building it. We made a pit out of the curved forms of cement, got a lot of coke (coal) and pretty soon we had a beautiful roasting pit put together. The pig was butchered and put on the pit which we had also manufactured. We got potatoes from the mess hall along with some celery and carrots. One of the cooks made a real good barbecue sauce.

When the pig was done to perfection, we all dug in. Somehow or other we also managed to get a keg of beer. So, roast pork, potatoes, carrots, celery and beer was the treat of the day. But there is more to this than just our first Bar-B-Q.

In the middle of our feast, who comes up but the M.P.'s, the town constable in his "funny" police hat and the farmer. The farmer said, "There's my 'bloody pig.'" Well after much debate, the farmer said it would be OK with him if he got paid for the pig. The M.P.'s said it was OK with them, so everybody dug into their pockets and came up with a couple of pounds each. I think the farmer made three or four times what he would have made if he had sold it at the market.

After the money was all paid out; the farmer, the British cop and the M.P.'s all got in on the act and helped us in our feast. So all turned out well. What a beautiful memory of that eventful day.

Anthony J. "Tony" Sacco

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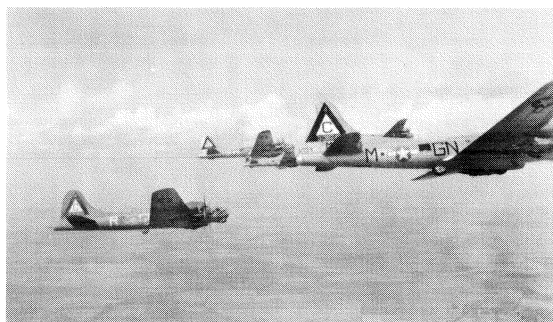
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505 Via Deseo
San Clemente, CA 92672-2462

The Peenemunde Mission 18 July 1944

By William Crawford



We are one of the new crews and we feel fortunate to have been assigned to one of the prestigious Groups in the Eighth Air Force. The 303rd Bombardment Group (H) (the Hell's Angels Group) stationed at Molesworth, England is one of the four original Groups in the Eighth and the record that they have established is going to be a challenge for us to attempt to live up to.

Yesterday we flew our third combat mission which was to Peronne, France; the old hands consider this to have been a "milk run", but Jerry seemed to have had a different opinion. He took shots at us! Now rumor has it that we're on the list for tomorrow, whatever that might bring. So, we'd better try to get some rest; they could be at us again in the morning.

Our Co-pilot, Doug Kidd, has the bunk next to mine; we pull the blackout curtains to make it a little darker (it is daylight until the late hours at this time of the year) but sleep is difficult to come by. I'm tired and I lie here, but my thoughts keep accelerating so that I'm more awake now than before: What will the target be tomorrow? — Am I going to be equal to the task that Uncle Sam has invested time and money in to train me for? — The crew seems to have complete confidence in Doug and me when flying the B-17, but how about combat? — It's been a little over a month since the Allies landed in Normandy; fighting in the hedgerows has cost the Allies 60,000 casualties in the first three weeks, including 9,000 killed. They still haven't been able to break through the German resistance. — Scuttlebutt has it that the average life span of an Eighth Air Force B-17 and crew is just fifteen missions. — During our training at MacDill hadn't we become a well-knit and happy crew? — Then, with the additional training for us at Langley in PFF B-17s hadn't we concluded that we might just be a little bit special? — Then hadn't we conquered the Atlantic almost to the day

of the month that Lindbergh had done it? How exhilarated we were! — Didn't our little world constitute the crew and that beautiful lady, the B-17? — How naive we were! — What a difference an ocean and a war have made for us! — As soon as we were assigned to the 303rd weren't we immediately awed by the enormity and complexity of this undertaking? — Aren't we grateful to have become even such a small part of it all; and has it been long since we chose an attitude of selflessness? — Have we learned that the men of the 303rd aren't supermen by any stretch of the imagination, but isn't it obvious that we're going to have a hell of a tradition to attempt to uphold?

Sleep has been hard to come by, and now the beams of a flashlight are in my eyes. I'm being shaken, "Lt. Crawford?" — "Yes" — "You're flying today. Breakfast at 2:30; briefing at 3:00." — Breakfast at 2:30! Whoever heard of such a thing! What are these people thinking of? The 303rd has a great tradition to uphold, but no rest? Will we be able to maintain this resolve? This must be what we can look forward to!

Doug and I convince ourselves that we're going to do this thing. We get dressed, and the routine seems to be; up the street for a cold shave, the quarter of a mile walk to the mess hall, then a ride to the briefing room where we avail ourselves of two places on a long back-less bench with the other pilots and co-pilots for the mission briefing.

Sharply at 3:00 A.M. we are called to attention as Colonel Kermit Stevens, Commanding Officer of the 303rd Bomb Group, makes his entry. We are then briefed by each of the officers in the categories that we'll need to know. Colonel Stevens will be heading the Lead Group of twenty B-17s today. Our B-17 will be part of the Low Group of twenty aircraft; we will be on a right outside position flying B-17, S/N 44-6124 (B-124 on the briefing board.) (we do not know it now but B-124 will be shot down by flak on 9-26-44 only thirteen days

after we will have flown her seven times, but we will not be aboard.)

When the draw-drape is pulled back the groans are instantaneous; the tape tacked to the map stretches into the Baltic Sea!

The briefing then continues: This will be a max effort mission to the experimental and testing complex for V-weapon development at Peenemunde on the Baltic Sea. — (this is the Wright Field of the Third Reich! Von Braun and his crowd are there! The flak is sure to be murderous! And this is just our fourth mission!) — Stations 03:50 — Start Engines 04:40 — Taxi 04:50 — Take-off 05:05 — Leave Base 06:02 at 7,000 ft. The bomb load for each aircraft is ten 500 lb. G.P.s. Fuel load is 2,700 gallons. A Mosquito aircraft will patrol the target area and will advise of weather likely to affect visual bombing. The weather is to be undercast most of the way but visual in the target area. Friendly fighter support is to be good. Moderate flak is to be expected in the target area. Little enemy fighter opposition is expected. Chaff to be released prior to the I.P. and until off the target. Our Radio Operator will use a camera in the target area.

We are then given a time "hack" to synchronize our watches, and dismissed to go to the equipment room for our flight gear. There is also a catholic and a protestant chaplain to provide a service for the men who wish words of comfort in the faith of their choice. Our crew meets for the first time at the truck which is to take us to the dispersal site where the B-17 is parked. Our crew for to-day (in order) consists of me, the Pilot; Lt. Doug Kidd, Co-pilot; F/O Clarence Kleppner, Navigator; S/Sgt. Ken Elmore, "Toggler", Chin turret gunner; S/Sgt. Lyle LeRoux, Flight engineer; S/Sgt. Bill Miller, Radio operator; Sgt. Dan Whitney, Ball turret; Sgt. Ray Patton, Waist gunner, and Sgt. Emmett (Em) Barder, Tail gunner. (today we have been assigned a "Toggler" in place of a Bombardier. He will use a "toggle" switch to release our bombs.) We arrive at the

dispersal site. It is now 03:50.

We are at our positions in the aircraft anxiously awaiting a flare from the tower which will signal "Start Engines". The flare is fired promptly at 04:40. — After running each engine up, the next flare at 04:50 signals "Taxi" and at 05:05 our Group begins their take-offs. — At 05:19 we have moved into take-off position and are beginning our take-off roll.

It is still dark and visibility is restricted; we make our climb on instruments to Harrington Buncher. Our Group is circling at 7,000 ft., firing flares which are color-coded for today; one of our crew calls, "There they are at nine o'clock, a little high!" — "O.K. I've got 'em." "Boy, we're getting just like we're old timers!" "O.K., that's enough."

The Group continues to circle the Base area until we depart on a round-about course for Louth, north of The Wash. The Group then takes up a heading for the 360 mile flight across the North Sea to the Danish peninsula.

At 07:51 we're about half-way across the North Sea at 10,000 ft.; the Group begins a climb to altitude and Doug gives the crew a call, "O.K. we're beginning our climb, let's have an oxygen mask check." Each crew member checks in from nose to tail, and all our systems are still "Go."

The weather has become a solid undercast before we reach the Danish peninsula at 08:45 and 22,500 ft. It takes us only sixteen minutes to cross the peninsula but even though there is a solid undercast we are greeted with moderate and fairly accurate flak. On getting out of the flak we hear, "Old Jerry is sure jealous of his territory! He doesn't want us trespassing anywhere over his area." — "That wasn't too bad, though." — "Yeah, but how about the flak we're going to get at the target?" — "O.K., knock it off! Let's save it for something important!"

The Group continues on an Easterly heading until we're over the Baltic. We're not too far from the Initial Point (IP) so Doug advises the crew

The Peenemunde Mission . . .

to put on flak vests and helmets, and we have another oxygen mask check. We continue over the Baltic at 23,000 ft. and make a sharp right turn onto the I.P. at 10:06. (this must be very difficult for the Group Bombardier since we're about thirty miles out from shore.)

As we approach land we make the observation that the flak in the target area seems more than moderate to us! It is black and both tracking and barrage types; it's as bad as we've seen. Finally our B-17 leaps up; our bombs are away at 10:14. From the I.P. to the target was eight minutes but it seemed a heck of a lot longer. I guess we were anticipating what we were getting into.

Coming off the target we're able to loosen up just a little. Some of the flak is tracking; the bursts come in a sequence of fours and progress along a line so that a crew member can predict where the next burst will occur. Em, in the tail, calls, "Take it left, Skipper! — Now take it right!" — We're soon out of the flak and are able to tighten back up.

The Group begins a gradual let-down to 22,000 ft.; we make a sharp right turn and take up a North West heading to lead us back to the Baltic Sea. We continue across the water to the Danish peninsula which is still socked in; we find that Jerry is waiting for us again and lets us know that he still doesn't cherish our presence.

The Group departs the Danish peninsula at 11:25 and we begin our let-down over the North Sea. The talk on the intercom takes on more of a temper of self-assurance as we continue towards home. At 12,000 ft. Doug advises, "O.K. you can come off of oxygen now." But Doug and I feel certain that they've had their masks loose some time. -

Our return route is slightly different and more direct to Molesworth. We come across the English coast at Cromer at 12:59 and 2,000 ft. We're back over the Base by 13:30 but it is 13:53 before we're on the ground and cut the switches. Lyle enters an 8:34 hour flight in the log book.

A truck has been provided for our trip to de-briefing. We learn that all of our Group B-17s have returned. Only three of our Low Group aircraft are classed as damaged, one major and two moderate due to flak. Enemy fighters were seen in the target area but none made passes on us.

Even the 303rd veterans class the mission today as a lengthy one; our crew feels that we achieved our obligation as well as any of the old hands. We're very tired, but this has been a good day for us!

Back in the barracks Doug and I are making an effort to relieve our tensions. "You know, Doug, we've still got thirty-one missions to go, but with some luck, and a lot of help from the man upstairs I'm beginning to believe we've got what it takes!" ■

From the Secretary

I would like to thank the following people for their help in my project to record "every person who served at Molesworth, during World War II":

Charles S. Schmeltzer — Who has been very active in looking for our "lost souls." He sent me a large package or orders. Charley's lists allowed me to input over 2,000 names.

Guy A. Lance — Who sent me several copies of orders

Melvin T. McCoy — Who sent me a roster of all the people who were assigned to the newly formed 425th Air Service Group. Mel's orders included over 600 people.

Howard E. Isaacson — provided at least 75 names.

Carlton M. Smith — Who sent me a pack of orders, issued by the 303rd Bomb Group, covering promotions, reclassifications, etc. His lists included another 150 to 175 names.

So today, I have over 3,800 names of the "Hell's Angels" gang recorded. With the help of the fellows who have the other squadron rosters, as well as a listing of the Headquarters, and 3rd Station Compliment, I should end up with around 7,000 to 8,000 people.

I plan on reviewing all of the newsletters for names that I don't have in the computer. And will look forward to the "Might in Flight" diary in June, so I can get the remainder of the flight crews.

I would hope that any and everyone who has a set of old orders, or rosters, etc., from the "old days," would send them to me, so that we will be sure and not miss anyone. I promise to return them in their original condition, if our Association members will provide me with them.

Ed Miller, Secretary
303rd Bomb Association, Inc.
422 S. Walnut Avenue
Tempe, OK 73568
(405) 342-5119

POTPOURRI

The second Schweinfurt Memorial Association was founded in 1975 to commemorate Mission 115, Black Thursday. The group is making plans now for a super reunion to mark the 50th Anniversary of this historic and costly mission. The reunion will be held in New Orleans, October 12-15, 1993. By coincidence, October 14, will again fall on Thursday in 1993. The 303rd played an important part in Black Thursday, sending 18 planes - 180 men - over the target. Of that number only 20 are current members of SSMA. If you survived Black Thursday, you will want to attend the 50th Anniversary reunion. For details and membership information, please contact Bud Klint, Secretary, SSMA, 5728 Walla, Ft. Worth, Texas 76133. Phone 817-292-1147.

★ ★ ★

A group has been formed in England to restore the last existing RAF Air Sea Rescue boat. They plan to establish a museum in Chichester to commemorate the activities of the RAFASR and the airmen that they "fished" out of the channel. This group is interested in hearing from anyone who joined the Goldfish Club by ditching and who was rescued by the ASR. If you fit into this group, please write to: Ken Rimell, 16 Gifford RD., Bosham, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 8LD, England.

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WANTED - WANTED: Ex-gunners for the Air Force Gunners Association (AFGA). The AFGA is a non-profit association composed of Enlisted Aerial Gunners, who served in the U.S. Army Air Forces,

of the United States Air Force, who flew on any type of bomber aircraft as a gunner, including radio operators and flight engineer gunners. AFGA was organized in 1986, and presently boasts of 1,300 members. The Air Force Gunners Association has Biennial Reunions alternating from the East, Central, and Western sections of the U.S. Their 4th reunion will be held July 15-19, 1993 at the Holiday Inn, Bethesda, Maryland. For more information, please contact: Jay E. Ingle, Membership Chairman, 35469 Colossians Way, Shingletown, CA 96088, or the AFGA, P.O. 844, Denair, CA 95316-0844.

★ ★ ★

The **Aviation Cadet Alumni Association** now in its seventh year of operation has passed the 24,000 member mark and is shooting for 25,000 by late summer. The non-profit, no-dues, no-fee effort was initiated by retired officers Harry Bradshaw and Bob White for the sole purpose of providing former **pilot cadets** the current addresses of flight school classmates. Operational expenses are provided by the two with the help of occasional contributions.

Former **pilot cadets** are eligible for membership by submitting their flight class, primary, basic and advance schools to either Harry Bradshaw, RFD 1, Newmarket, NH 03857 or Bob White, 54 Seton Trail, Ormond Beach, FL 32176. Both maintain identical information on their personal computers. Those desiring a printout of their classmates are requested to include postage.

IN MEMORIAM

Jon Schueler, American Abstract Expressionist painter, died Aug. 5, 1992 at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in New York, from pneumonia complicated by Parkinson's disease. He was a navigator with the 303rd. He is survived by his wife Magda Salvesson.

Benjamin L. Hope (360th) died Dec. 21, 1992. Helped form the first American Ex-POW Chapter in Kansas in 1974.

Robert Miller (358th) died Sept. 12, 1992 in Wicomico, VA. Survived by his wife Louise. Helped with Norfolk reunion.

Lawrence Friedland (427th) died Jan. 4, 1993
Norment Foley (360) — 1992
Roland Gilcrease (359) — 11 November 1992
Edward N. Lovelock (359) — 14 December 1992
Robert R. Retzlaff (427) — 30 October 1992
Carlos J. Silva (359) - 1992
Jon Schueler, 5 August 1992

In my 18 months at Molesworth, England during World War II, I met a multitude of wonderful, brave and talented guys but only one that I could readily classify as the most unforgettable character of the war.

I was fortunate or most unfortunate - depending upon his latest caper - to room with James McCall Kaiser aka Tailwheel for more than six months in exotic places ranging from Molesworth in England to Casablanca and Dakar in Africa to Natal, Brazil and finally to the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, California where we separated from the Service.

Back in New York City I enrolled in a number of creative writing courses at NYU. In one course my assignment was to turn in a story weekly. Being lazy I started to write about my experiences with Tailwheel and handed in a chapter a week. My instructor, intrigued by this unusual character, thought I was flak happy and that Tailwheel was a figment of my imagination.

Unfortunately I never finished the story before I was recalled to active duty and spent the next 25 years in the Air Force. Here for your reading pleasure, in installments, is my story of the most unforgettable character of World War II.

WORLD WAR II'S MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By Hal Susskind

"Cheers to you Agnes, I have brung you some winds," he said, and with those words I first met the most fabulous character of World War II.

It was a warm September afternoon in 1944; the scene was the debriefing room of the 303rd Bomb Group, Molesworth Air Base, England, following an 8th Air Force raid on a target deep in Germany. I was the Assistant Group Navigator and in between coffee, sandwiches and a shot of highly prized and carefully rationed Vat 69 Scotch, I, along with a weather officer, was interrogating navigators for the latest winds and weather conditions over the European continent, for possible use on the following day's mission.

I looked up from my maps to see who was doing the talking. Facing me, I saw the roundest looking soldier that I had seen in many a moon. It was "Mister Five-by-Five" himself, ruddy of face, eyes twinkling and hair tousled. He wore no rank insignia and his uniform looked as if it had been issued to him by a supply sergeant who had just spent a rugged weekend harrassed by his mother-in-law.

"Which wind would you care to have?" he asked. "The one at twenty thousand feet over Magdeberg, or would you like to know about the Cumulus Nimbus and Alto Stratus over the target area? Personally, I'd recommend the one at ten thousand

feet over the English Channel on the way home. It's apt to be more accurate because no one was shooting at me then. You know if those Germans aren't more careful with that black smoke that they are shooting up someone is liable to get hurt."

It was at this point, that the weather officer, who had been sitting next to me with an air of bewilderment on his face, started muttering to himself, got up and said, "I think I need a drink."

With this the round face of our new friend broke into a grin, and drawing himself up to his full five feet, he made the sign of V for victory, a la Churchill, and said, "Cheers to you, Agnes, I now leave you for a drink of skeetch." With this he waddled away leaving me still in the dark as to his identity, but it did look like the future debriefings were going to be anything but dull.

My meeting with the strange navigator left me very curious. I made a mental note to myself to find out who he was and where he came from the next time I was back at group headquarters.

About two a.m. the next morning as I was working on the navigation flight plan for the day's mission, I was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello, Group Navigation? Cheers to you. This is Captain J.M. Kaiser. Do you think any of the crews could use an aerial bookkeeper today?"

I reported no cancellations, thanked him and hung up. Then I realized I had been talking to the same little round man whom I had met the day before. My curiosity aroused, I began calling the various squadrons until finally the 358th squadron grudgingly identified him. He was Captain J.M. Kaiser, freshly arrived from the States where he had been a group navigator at a navigation school and yesterday was his first mission with our group. With this information I replaced the receiver and said a silent prayer to myself "Please God, let this war end soon."

Chapter II

Life in England was running smoothly, the American Army was fighting its way across France, and according to the press, the German Air Force was only a shell of its former self. But it seemed that the Luftwaffe wasn't reading the newspapers. After each story about their decline as a first rate air power, they would appear stronger than ever and shoot the hell out of us.

My little fat friend was flying regularly and was putting gray hairs in the head of the weather officer by his classic reports of the weather over the continent. Meteorology was set back to the seventeenth century when "Mr. Five by Five" put his talents to use in reporting atmospheric conditions. His scoop of a "blessed event"-

the birth of an Alto Nimbus somewhere over Germany- sent the weather officer packing for what he said was a much needed pass to London. His frequent morning phone calls to me had me looking up those timetables to London also.

One evening in the site three Officers Club after a rather hectic mission, the boys were drinking up their liquor ration for that evening in double time. My little rotund friend who by now was a regular on the elbow bending team, stepped back from the bar, tripped over a rug, fell to the floor and rolled over and over . . .

"Looks like one of the 'Forts' lost its tailwheel," said one of the fellows around the bar. .

"Gee! He rolls just like a tailwheel," said another.

"Tailwheel Kaiser, cleared to land on runway two four," said another.

Tailwheel, grinning at his newly acquired name, got to his feet slowly and said, "Cheers to you, Agni, and I use Agni because I am addressing more than one of you. At least, I didn't bounce as many times as some of you aerial jockeys do when you land." With those classic words uttered solemnly, he resumed his place at the bar. Quickly he ordered another double, followed by a double double. When he finished his drinks, he stood there licking his chops and looking like the proverbial cat.

Then, suddenly, came his nem-

esis; "The Puckers"...The Puckers, a term which was to become as familiar to the flying personnel of the 303rd as "bombs away." The Puckers was a strange condition which affected "Tailwheel" more than a bomb run on Berlin and now the men of the 303rd were seeing The Puckers for the first time.

There was Tailwheel, standing at the bar frozen solid. A statue. His face was white, the lips drawn and gray. A cigarette dangled from his lips and smoke from the tip of the cigarette drifted dreamily in weird curlicues to the ceiling. An eerie silence gripped the room as we stared at the usual bundle of energy. He was standing at the bar as if he were rooted to the spot. Only his eyes moved. They were trying to convey a message to us. Unable to move his lips, he was trying to speak with his eyes. What was he trying to say? We all stared dumbfounded. Then just as quickly as he had gone into the paralyzing trance, "Mr. Five-by-Five" started to move, turned and addressed the bartender, "Cheers to you, Agnes, I'll have another double."

The rest of us still stared, gulped down our drinks and made our way back to our huts in double time. We hit our sacks, all of us hoping that we would not have a Puckers' nightmare. Sleep was precious then, but I don't think that any of us rested too easily that evening.

Very early one morning I was on duty in group headquarters watching the field order come in over the teletype. The target was an important one and the 358th was scheduled to lead the group. I thought this was a good opportunity to use Tailwheel as we now called him, as one of the lead navigators. However, this time I was not going to wait for his phone call.

I ran out of the headquarters building into one of those typical black English mornings, hopped into a jeep and pointed it in the direction of sit three. After bouncing around half of the English countryside, I finally found Tailwheel's hut.

I opened the door and walked in. I had only walked about two steps when I was hit between the eyes with something very hard and very cold. I finally found the light switch and turned it on. There in the center of the room, suspended from the ceiling by a rope, was a half filled bottle of whiskey. Snoring peacefully, in upper bunks, on each side of the room were Tailwheel and his bombardier. I awakened Tailwheel and angrily informed him that it was possible that he might be taking part in today's mission. Then I asked him what the hell the contraption hanging from the ceiling was?

"That," said Tailwheel, "Is the Air Force's newest secret weapon. It is our answer to the German V-2 Rocket."

With that he gave me a demonstration. Drawing the bottle towards him, he took a big swig and let it go with a push. It swung gently in an arc over to the bed of his bombardier and then swung back to him.

"See," he said. "Everytime they send over a V-2, we take a big gulp and don't give a damn whether it hits here or not."

With that explanation, I thanked him for his demonstration, forgot all about my original reason for going to his barracks, and returned to group headquarters wondering about my chances of getting a transfer to the China-Bermuda-India (CBI) Theatre of operations if the war in Europe didn't end soon.

CHAPTER III

"Brrring," went the telephone, as I lay in my upper bunk staring at the ceiling and debating with myself whether or not I should answer it. But since I was the only occupant of the hut I didn't seem to have much of a choice.

"Brrring, Brrring," went the telephone again and it seemed to have a more insistent ring about it.

"Brrring, Brrring, Brrring," as I dropped out of the bunk and put my bare feet onto the cold floor of that English contribution to the war effort, the Nissen hut.

"Captain Susskind," I said, as I tried to make myself understood and still keep my teeth from chattering.

"This is Sergeant Johnson. You are wanted down at group headquarters immediately."

With that, I replaced the phone and reached for my trousers. He said immediately, so that meant no time for formal dressing. Trousers and shirt were quickly put on over my pajamas. Shoes and socks were put on equally as fast. Out the door I went, trying to fasten my tie with one hand and carrying my hat and jacket in the other.

No jeep was available, so that meant that I had to hoof it to headquarters. Many thoughts raced through my mind as I walked down the road. Did I screw up in my flight plan for this mornings mission? Was I being transferred? Was I going back to the States for reassignment to a B-29 outfit? Well, good or bad, I would find out in a few moments.

Slightly out of breath, I arrived at group headquarters and made straight for the Group Navigation office. I knocked, opened the door and walked in. Major Jim Jones was seated there and he motioned me to take a seat.

"Things have really been happening around here since the group took off on the mission this morning," he said. "The Colonel hasn't been satisfied with the results of our last few missions and he has made some changes. He has made the 359th a lead team squadron. Since you are on your second tour and probably one of the most experienced navigators in the group, you have been selected as the squadron navigator. You will have a lot of work to do setting up a training schedule for the navigators assigned so we are giving you an assistant. Lots of luck to you."

Relieved to find out that I didn't screw up on this morning's mission, I thanked him and went back to my hut to pack and move into new quarters.

My new barrack was a big improvement over the previous one. It was a Nissen hut divided by a wooden partition. A rug covered the floor and a table was set up in the middle of the room. The former occupants had even hooked up an oxygen tank as a water tank and had installed a heater under it, which meant that I would have hot running water. The place appeared to be really comfortable and I looked forward to spending many a cozy evening there. Suddenly, I was stirred out of my day dreaming by a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

The door opened, and in walked what appeared to be a barrack bag carrying another barrack bag. The top barrack bag slid to the ground, and I looked into the smiling face of my little fat friend.

"Cheers to you Agnes," he said. "I'm your new roommate."

I stood there, dumbfounded, and then I realized that Tailwheel was my new assistant. Visions of the "Puckers" and those bottles swinging from the ceiling passed through my mind. I guess it was almost a minute before I was able to say, "Welcome to the 359th squadron."

"Ha, I see you have rolled out the welcome mat," he said, as he appraised the rug on the floor. With that, he walked around inspecting the walls and furniture. This place has possibilities, Tailwheel remarked, eyeing the board in the middle of the ceiling. He reached into the barrack bag and came up with a bottle of scotch.

"Let's drink to a new combination, which will send Adolph back to his paper hanging business," said Tailwheel pouring out two good size belts.

I took the drink but couldn't help thinking that if the people back in the States could have seen this new combination, they most certainly would have torn up their war bonds and headed for the hills.

To be continued in April Newsletter



The start of today's mission. Group Headquarters personnel look at the field order coming in over the teletype. Can anyone identify the personnel in the photo?

Faces, places and planes in the News



Ground crew one of the group's aircraft with the most infamous nose art. Can anyone name them?

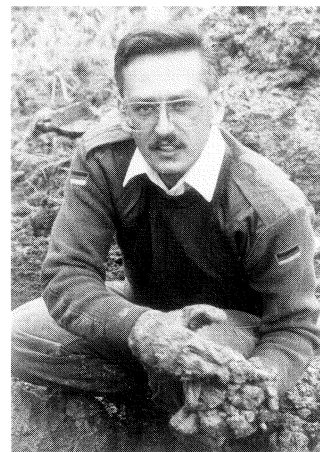


Pictured is the complete nose-art on the aircraft that Lt. George Stallings flew out to sea and bailed out from on June 25, 1943. (Jan. 1992 issue)

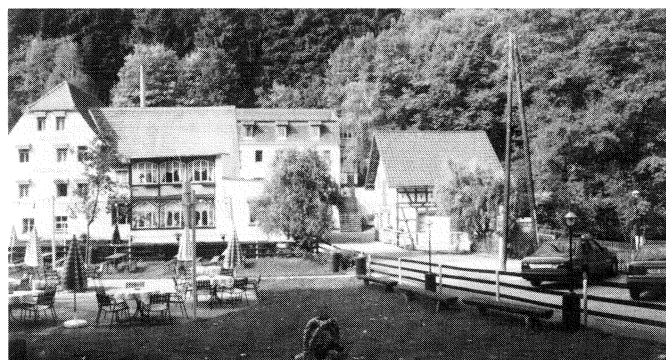


For those going to England in May '93, this is the market square in Northampton. The market was held one day a week. It was also the place where the truck used to park on the Liberty runs in the evening. (photo supplied by Tony Sacco)

On the night of Feb. 9, 1945 Lt. Robert Barrat's crew was listed as missing in action on a raid to Lutzkendorf, Germany. But it took Uwe Bunkel, a German businessman to determine how and when they died some 47 years later when he discovered their crash site in Eisenberg in East Germany. Here are some photos taken at the site. (See story in Oct. '92 issue of the newsletter).

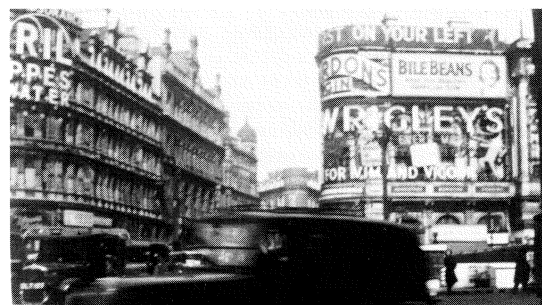


Jorg Peterman of Weissenberg (l), Jurgen Heuer of Eisenberg (c) and Mr. Tocchetti from the Army mortuary at Frankfurt/M look over parts of aircraft found at the crash site of B-17 which crashed Feb. 9, 1945, near Eisenberg in East Germany.

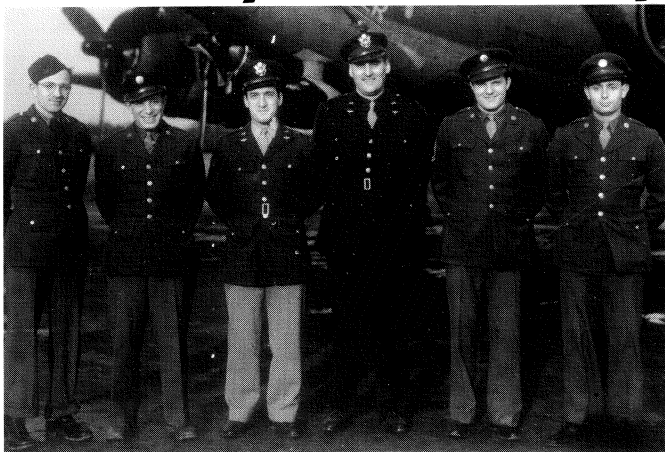


The Hotel-Restaurant "Pfarrmuhle". The crash site was behind the building at the right and up the hill. The pilot was trying to make the field above the tree line but he did not have enough altitude to clear the trees.

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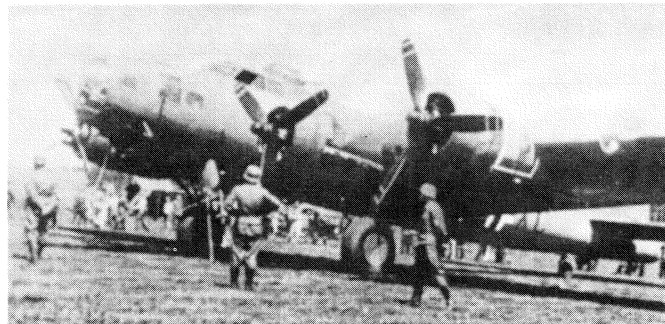
Faces, places and planes in the News



359th Sqdn. Intelligence Section-27 Jan. 1944 – (l to r) unk., Sgt. Green, Lt. Peter Curry, Capt. McMillan, Sgt. Joe Weinheimer and Sgt. Howard Seidler.



(Seated l to r) Howard Seidler, Jerry Reddick, Carl Lamb, Ray Grinroth, Tom Basden, Joe Schultz and Claude Whitson. (Standing l to r) Roy Buis, George Christenson, Jim Sackel, Rowland Eng and Milton Klabe.



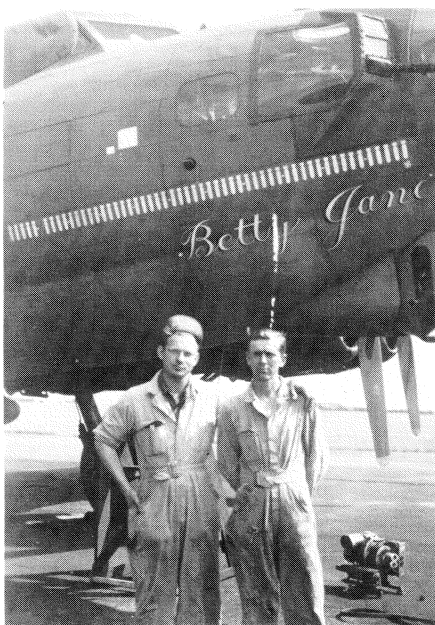
Wulf Hound, a B-17F (41-24585) the second aircraft lost by the 303rd had the dubious honor of becoming the first American bomber restored by the Luftwaffe. Wulf Hound provided the Germans a wealth of information on the capabilities, defensive armament and the vulnerability of the "Terror Bomber," as Nazi propaganda referred to the flying Fortress. (photo: Peter Petrick, courtesy B-17 Combat Crewmen & Wingmen)



Robin Beeby placing 303rd BFA wreath at the Wall during Memorial Services at Madingley Cemetery in '92. Attendance at this year's Memorial Day service is part of the agenda for the visit - Molesworth in '93 trip.



(L to R) Wedland, Hooper, Allen and Brown



Hirth and Fojt



Can anyone name these ground crewmen?

303rd BOMB GROUP MISSIONS
8th BOMBER COMMAND MISSIONS

MISSION			TOTAL NO. OF PAGES	TOTAL COST	MISSION			TOTAL NO. OF PAGES	TOTAL COST
NO.	DATE	TARGET			NO.	DATE	TARGET		
243	10-7-44	Dresden	81	8.10	277	11-26-44	Altenbeken/Osn.	105	10.50
405	8th B.C.		114	11.40	443	8th B.C.		173	17.30
254	10-9-44	Schweinfurt	54	5.40	278	11-27-44	Offenburg	67	6.70
406	8th B.C.		109	10.90	444	8th B.C.		123	12.30
255	10-11-44	Wessling/KOB	72	7.20	279	11-29-44	Misburg	67	6.70
409	8th B.C.		134	13.40	445	8th B.C.		122	12.20
256	10-14-44	Saarbrücken	49	4.90	280	11-30-44	Zeitz	76	7.60
412	8th B.C.		77	7.70	446	8th B.C.		138	13.80
257	10-15-44	Cologne	40	4.00	281	12-2-44	Oberlahnstein	60	6.00
413	8th B.C.		52	5.20	447	8th B.C.		127	12.70
258	10-17-44	Cologne	67	6.70	282	12-4-44	Soest	67	6.70
414	8th B.C.		107	10.70	449	8th B.C.		126	12.60
259	10-18-44	Cologne	63	6.30	283	12-6-44	Merseburg	76	7.60
415	8th B.C.		86	8.60	450	8th B.C.		139	13.90
260	10-19-44	Mannheim	63	6.30	284	12-9-44	Stuttgart	62	6.20
416	8th B.C.		108	10.80	452	8th B.C.		132	13.20
261	10-22-44	Brunswick	68	6.80	285	12-11-44	Mannheim	89	8.90
417	8th B.C.		76	7.60	545	8th B.C.		169	16.90
262	10-25-44	Hamm	76	7.60	286	12-12-44	Merseburg	65	6.50
420	8th B.C.		121	12.10	455	8th B.C.		121	12.10
263	10-26-44	Münster	89	8.90	287	12-18-44	Koblenz	68	6.80
421	8th B.C.		143	14.30	457	8th B.C.		124	12.40
264	10-30-44	Hamm	66	6.60	288	12-19-44	Kall/Blankhim	55	5.50
426	8th B.C.		125	12.50	—	8th B.C.		37	3.70
265	11-1-44	Gelsenkirchen	88	8.80	289	12-23-44	Ehrang	54	5.40
428	8th B.C.		144	14.40	460	8th B.C.		47	4.70
266	11-2-44	Sterkade	88	8.80	290	12-23-44	Merzhausen	66	6.60
429	8th B.C.		150	15.00	461	8th B.C.		165	16.50
267	11-4-44	Bottrop/Hamm	72	7.20	291	12-27-44	Euskirchen	67	6.70
431	8th B.C.		136	13.60	463	8th B.C.		175	17.50
268	11-5-44	Frankfurt	57	5.70	292	12-29-44	Bullay	65	6.50
432	8th B.C.		131	13.10	465	8th B.C.		72	7.20
269	11-6-44	Bottrop/Hamm	66	6.60	293	12-30-44	Kaiser Lautern	58	5.80
433	8th B.C.		147	14.70	466	8th B.C.		76	7.60
270	11-9-44	Metz	68	6.80	294	12-31-44	Neuss	61	6.10
435	8th B.C.				467	8th B.C.		97	9.70
271	11-10-44	Cologne	92	9.20	295	1-1-45	Kassel	69	6.90
436	8th B.C.		161	16.10	468	8th B.C.		95	9.50
272	11-11-44	Gelsenkirchen	68	6.80	296	1-3-45	St. Vith	55	5.50
437	8th B.C.		117	11.70	469	8th B.C.		101	10.10
273	11-16-44	Weisweiler-Echweiler	79	7.90	297	1-5-45	Nieder-Breisig	61	6.10
—	8th B.C.		74	7.40	470	8th B.C.		101	10.10
274	11-20-44	Gelsenkirchen	91	9.10	298A	1-6-45	Cologne	99	9.90
—	8th B.C.		154	15.40	298B	7-7-45	Kall	57	5.70
275	11-21-44	Merseburg	75	7.50	472	8th B.C.			
440	8th B.C.		115	11.50	299	1-8-45	Schweich/KOB		
276	11-23-44	Gelsenkirchen	47	4.70	473	8th B.C.		123	12.30
441	8th B.C.		86	8.60	300	1-10-45	Bonn/Brillon		
					475	8th B.C.	156	156	15.60

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

We always receive many generous donations and memorials with the dues payments. The Association deeply appreciates this support from its members and I hope you will excuse me if I don't write a personal note of thanks when I send the membership cards. I am now receiving and processing about 20-25 letters and dues payments per day and time will not permit a reply to each. I must register my thanks and that of the organization's by listing the names in this column.

If you haven't heard or seen them yet. There are a few changes dealing with dues payments. First, the dues for all overseas addresses is now \$15 per year to keep up with increasing postal costs. Secondly, the symbol on your address label indicating dues paid in 1993 is an asterisk (*). Remember this just indicates the year *in* which the dues was paid, not the year *for* which it was paid. Most labels will show "3X" ('93 dues paid in 1992) or "3*" ('93 dues paid in 1993). Also check your address label for your squadron designation. If it is not included, it is because I don't have it in the computer file. Please let me know what it is so we can include it in the new Membership Roster soon to be published. Thirdly, most of you regular annual members are receiving the new membership card. Still a white card but with a slight change of wording on it. Our Associate members are now receiving a yellow card with wording that more specifically identifies the Associate status. All you Life Members and Super Life Members will continue to receive the blue laminated cards with your number in the upper left corner. The difference between the Life and Super Life status is reflected in the letter preceding the letter L or S.

Occasionally I am receiving membership applications which are quite out-of-date. All members are encouraged to distribute the applications in quest of new members, but please be sure they display my name and address as shown at the end of this column — and the correct dues of \$10 per year for regular membership. I will be glad to send these latest application forms to all who request them. And now another record-making list of names and these are as of 10 January 1993.

CARLTON M. SMITH
12700 Red Maple Circle #54
Sonora, CA 95370

NEW MEMBERS

- 1752 Hubert E. Miller, 6817 Kirk Dr., Ft Worth, TX 76116-8006 (358)
 1753 Miles B. Jones, 415 St. Ann St., Owensboro, KY 42303
 A-161 Elizabeth Hill, 2880 Antler Trail, Green Bav. WI 54313
 A-162 Serge Lebourq, 38 Allee de Pasteurines, 33200 Bordeaux, FR
 1754 Shuble A. Boling, 412 Arlington, Road, Savannah, GA 31419
 A-163 James W. O'Leary, Jr, 2660 Marilee 67B, Houston, TX 77057
 A-164 Michael S. O'Leary, P.O. Box 448, Manhattan, MT 59741
 A-165 Henry G. Schneiderman, Jr, 268 Dekard Rd, Ltl. Suamico, WI 54141
 A-166 Sandra J Edgerton, 6327 S Independence St., Littleton, CO 80123
 A-167 Richard K. Gobrecht, 609 Wicker St., Streamwood, IL 60107
 A-169 Thomas D. Gobrecht, 5650 Via Ceresa, Yorba Linda, CA 92682
 A-169 Debra J. Lange, 406 W. Mueller, Arlington Heights, IL 60004
 A-170 Kerry M Gavin, 154 E. Canaan Rd, East Canaan, CT 06024
 1755 Roy P. Malone, P.O. Box 5934, Greenville, SC 29606-5934 (359)
 A-171 Eugene R. Prieto, 49367 Park Ave., Morongo Valley, CA 92256
 1756 Richard Minick, Rte I, Box 2307, Middleton, VA 22645 (358)
 A-172 Katherine Mason Ritter, 5631 NW 27th St., Gainesville, FL 32606-2041
 A-173 Leona Best Deckard, 7498 Auburn Rd., Rockford, IL 61101
 A-174 Michael Darden, 9428 N. Meridian Rd, Rockton, IL 61072
 A-175 Jim Herring, 2002 N. Shorewood, Upland, CA 91786 (LM)
 1757 Denver Dalton, 1745 Kinqs Hwy, Waddy, KY 40076 (358)
 A-176 Arnaud Mananet, 24 Place Saint Saens, Villiers-Le-Bel, France 95400
 A-177 Joyce Link Carringer, 2211 N 14th St., Boise, ID 83702
 A-178 Dennis S. Smith, 141-A West Aqua Caliente Rd., Sonoma, CA 95476
 A-179 Mary Maier, 141 Gingerdale Dr., Edwardsville, IL 62025
 A-180 Don H. Pratten, 695 Jasmine Pl, NW, Issaquah, WA 98027
 A-181 James J. Pratten, 4685 Greenhill St., Cocoa, FL 32927
 A-182 Robert A. Pratten, 313 S McKinley, Champaign, IL 61821

- A-183 Carol Pratten Smith, 1057 Terrace Dr., St Louis, MO 63117
 1758 Robert F. Coughlin, 16 Mariette Pl., Albany, NY 12209-1215 (360)
 1759 Arnold H. Hansen, 322 Emerald Bav Circle, #X7, Naples, FL 33963 (427)
 A-184 Ken Tashian, 1528 Buchanan St., Novato, CA 94947
 A-185 Renee Lawson, 3255 Bowens Rd., Tobaccoville, NC 27050

UPGRADE TO LIFE OR SUPER LIFE MEMBERSHIP

- L1718 Anderson, Clarence E., 11 Franklin Estates, Export, PA 15632 (358)
 LA-109 Beeby, Robin J., 40 St Catherine's Ad., Kettering, Northamptonshire, EN NN15 5ENL
 1629 Braden, Richard, 49 Fairground Ave., Dayton, OH 45409-2608 (359)
 L1158 Brauchle, John G., 258 Porter Ave, Biloxi, MS 39530-2914 (360)
 L658 Brown, Arthur J., 12125 Maryvine St, El Monte, CA 91732 (427)
 L1626 Charron, Raymond H., 19701 Abrahm, Mt Clemens, MI 48043 (359)
 L1621 Clark, Jimmie W., 3269 State St, Salem, OR 97301 (444)
 L1313 Coyle, Arthur J., 17 Arleigh Dr., Albertson, NY 11507 (427)
 L733 Dooley, Patrick, 1151 Deerfield Rd, Prescott, A2 86303 (358)
 L1275 Duggan, William W., 9486 Haitian Dr, Cutler Ridge, FL 33189 (427)
 L1284 Fitzsimmons, Kenneth P., 2445 Londin Ln, #210, Maplewood, MN 55119 (359)
 L1655 Fleck, Peter, 3611 I St. NE #80, Auburn, WA 98002 (358)
 L020 Genovese, Illic V., 2131 Dewev Ave, Rochester, NY 14615 (359)
 L911 Guerrieri, Josphe C., 8214 Palencia Dr., Port Richev, FL 34668 (358)
 L1697 Heckman, W. L. "Mac", 2766 York Rd., Columbus, OH 43221-3241 (359)
 L1463 Kennedy, Herbert W., 4505 Meadowlark Ln, Laramie, WY 82070 (359)
 L1694 Lardie, Thomas D., 18420 Center Rd, Traverse City, MI 49684 (360)
 S676 Lee, Gareth G., 796 St James Ct, West Deptford, NJ 08066 (358)
 L1380 Mitchell, Robert C., 344 Audubon Ln, Hudson, WI 54016 (359)
 L1669 Ney, Russell L., 418 Marilyn Dr, Clearfield, UT 84015-1040 (358)
 L1664 Niemann, Walter T., 10508 E 33rd Terr, Independence, MO 64052 (444)
 L952 O'Dell, Ben L., 1808 North Roan, Johnson City, TN 37601
 L952 O'Hearn, Donald W., 2888 Siblev Hills Dr, Eaqa, MN 55121 (427)
 L1454 Paris, Russell C., 15561 Eden St, Westminster, CA 92683 (360)
 S1631 Pierson, Lawrence C., 518 So 29th St., South Bend, IN 46615 (360)
 L831 Smith, William H., 3524 Golf View Dr, Hazel Crest, IL 60429 (360)
 L1449 Van Duzer, Sheldon, 4401 Fish Hatchery Rd., Grants Pass, OR 97527 (HDQ)
 S191 Watson, Jack W., 2058 Mystic Bay Ct, Indianapolis, IN 46240 (358)
 S235 White, Van R., 3156 La Ronda Pl. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87110 (358)
 S549 Yelsky, Fred B., 861 E 27th St., Brooklyn, NY 11210 (359)

DONATIONS

- L614 S. M. Andriessen (427)
 L401 Irl E. Baldwin (358)
 L796 Roger K. Bates (359)
 L487 Joel A. Berly, Jr. (360)
 1319 Irving Birken (360) Memorial
 L175 Eugene C. Blum (358)
 L1687 Robert C. Bogert (?)
 S1590 Gilbert C. Borges (359)
 L1547 Robert D. Brassil (359)
 Widow Dorothy W. Brown (427) Memorial to Howard Brown
 L105 William J. Cline (359)
 1672 Harry J. Cook (358)
 L1313 Arthur J. Coyle (427)
 S178 Charles A. Dando (359) Memorial to Harrison K. Beder,

Charles D. Haynes and Galt L. McClurg
 L602 Clayton C. David (358)
 A-173 Leone Best Deckard
 417 Vincent A. DeLiso (427)
 L182 Clyde L. Dewald (359)
 S015 Lee E. Dolan, Jr (358)
 399 Clyde V. Engholm (359)
 L1491 Raymond A. Espinoza (444) Memorial to Frank Intersimone
 Widow Rosalie L. Ferris (358) Memorial to James Ferris
 L718 Joseph F. Fertiitta (358)
 L1284 Kenneth P. Fitzsimmons (359)
 L140 William C. Fort, Jr (358)
 1104 Edward W. Gardner, Jr (427)
 L1741 Frank O. Garrett (427)
 L020 Illic V. Genovese (35)
 S639 Harry D. Gobrecht (358)
 L802 Edward F. Goggin (360)
 124 Robert A. Hand (360)
 S385 Ralph S. Hayes (427)
 L024 Harry H. Heller (HDQ)
 L1352 Charles L. Herman (427)
 L1495 Herman H. Hetzel (427) Memorial
 L1399 Les Hilliard (427)
 L1624 Robert E. Hoke (359) Memorial
 S1478 Robert B. Hoyt (359)
 S863 Warren G. Hubley (360) Memorial
 S1005 Robert L. R. Huck (358)
 1549 James W. Hughes (360)
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 S829 Robert W. Krohn (427)
 A0162 Serge Lebourq
 L583 Arthur Lorentz (359)
 Widow Irene Loy (427) Memorial to Vernon Loy
 S222 Lewis E. Lyle (HDQ)
 L073 Charles O. Mainwaring (359)
 1545 Tom Mays (358)
 Widow Opal McCoy (359)
 L121 Samuel Minkowitz (358)
 S069 William J. Neff (HDQ)
 L1582 Henry P. Nicklas (360)
 1045 Jack O'Donnell (360)
 L316 James W. O'Leary (427) Memorial to Harold Katz
 075 W.E. Olson (427)
 S1046 George D. Pearson (360)
 1511 Paul Pesetsky (360)
 1244 James H. Pleasant (358)
 L584 Leslie C. Pratt (358)
 938 Henry Pratten (1114)
 Widow Glenna E. Prussman (359) Memorial to Henry Prussman
 L283 Victor C. Quebbeman (359)
 Widow Betty V. Regis (358) Memorial to Donald DeCamp

716 George K. Richter (427)
 L809 Milton S. Riley (359) Memorial
 S1015 William J. Roche (360)
 1657 Anthony J. Sacco (359)
 L570 Coleman Sanders (359)
 L917 Anthony J. Savastano (359)
 S1121 Charles S. Schmeltzer (358)
 1638 Orin H. Schopplein (359)
 S275 Russell D. Seaton (359)
 056 Herbert Shanker (359)
 L086 John R. Shoup (359)
 L206 Merritt O. Slawson (HDQ) Memorial to Chaplain Skoner
 S1147 Carlton M. Smith (HDQ)
 1632 Richard N. Snyder (360)
 760 Francis A. Stellato (360)
 1623 Thomas H. Struck (444)
 A-135 Charles Sykes
 A-129 Vicki Sykes
 S530 James B. Taylor (358)
 L144 Joseph B. Taylor (444)
 Widow Beatrice Thompson (427) Memorial to Frederick Thompson
 L061 James P. Thompson (359)
 174 Lawrence W. Tichenor (427)
 548 Robert E. Wade (360)
 1746 Clarence V. Walenta (?)
 446 Arnold A. Wedlund (427)
 1685 Paul Winkleman (427)
 A-121 Jack D. Woodul

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