

Heroic 303rd Crew Honored

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 24, 1993

It gives me great pleasure to join the citizens of Eisenberg, Germany, as they honor the memories of the eight brave American airmen of the 303rd Bomb Group.

It is important that we pay homage to those who made the ultimate sacrifice so that future generations could enjoy the fruits of liberty. The 303rd served the cause of freedom with special honor and distinction during a crucial period in history. Their final heroic actions, occurring under the most dire of circumstances, saved many civilian lives. These eight airmen embodied the spirit of pride, professionalism, and accomplishment that makes us proud today, and our grateful nation will always remember their courage and their selflessness.

I am pleased to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the citizens of Eisenberg for their lasting memorial to our American heroes.

Bill Clinton

by Hal Susskind

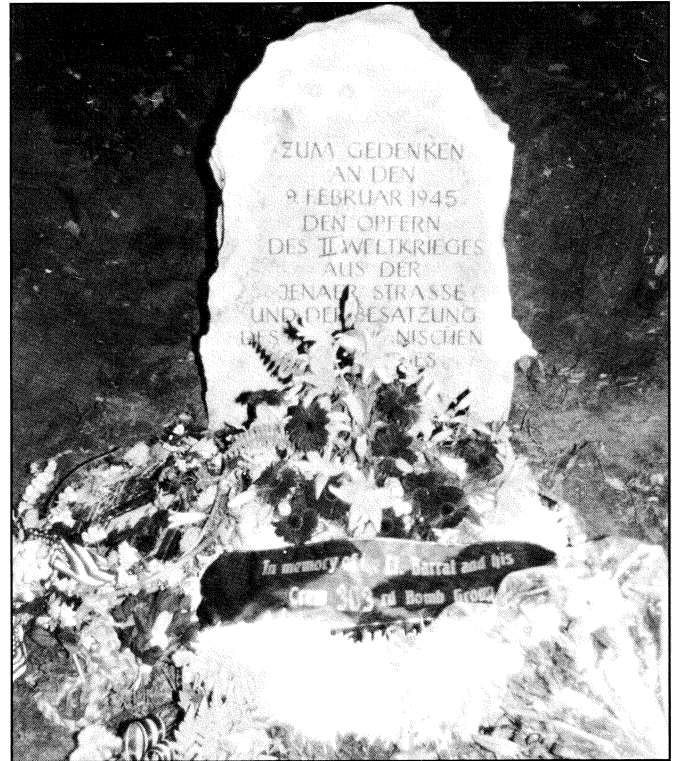
EISENBERG, Germany - Sept. 25. - As the strains of the hymn "Tantum Ergo" played by the U.S. Army-Europe's Band permeated the cathedral like atmosphere of the piney woods, I couldn't help but think what this place was like 48 years ago when a flaming B-17 of the 303rd Bomb Group in a humanitarian act — rarely seen in war — was deliberately diverted to this area which became the final resting place for it and its crew.

Thus the town of Eisenberg was saved from destruction by the skillful maneuvering and unselfish act of the B-17 pilot. But eight brave American airmen and 10 German civilians perished together when one of the bombs dropped safely in an open field skipped across and accidentally hit their house.

Today we are back here to pay tribute to these unfortunate victims of war. To commemorate the occasion, Uwe Benkel, Jorg Petermann and Jurgen Heuer have erected a stone memorial to the Feb. 9, 1945 incident and chose today to dedicate it.

German citizens Uwe Benkel, from Kaiserlautern, along with Jorg Petermann and Jurgen Heuer, military archivists from Eisenberg, told how they found the site in 1991 and what happened in the interim. They are responsible for all the actions that led up to the events scheduled for today. They found the site and the rings, they interviewed witnesses to the crash, they ascertained to whom the plane belonged and who made up the crew.

The 303rd Bomb Group Association



tion owes a debt of gratitude to these individuals who gave of their time and money to see that this brave crew got the recognition they so rightfully deserved.

In his remarks written for this occasion, President Bill Clinton paid homage to the eight brave American airmen of the 303rd Bomb Group who made the ultimate sacrifice so that future generations could enjoy the fruits of liberty. He also made reference to their final heroic actions, occurring under the most dire of cir-

cumstances, which saved many civilian lives.

He extended his heartfelt gratitude to the citizens of Eisenberg for their lasting memorial to our American heroes.

Dr. Michael Lippert, Thuringen Interior Minister, in his welcoming remarks pointed out the close relationship which presently exists between the United States and his unified Germany. He also made frequent references to the unselfish heroic act performed by the American aircrew.

His "closeness" remarks were confirmed moments later as the sound of Taps echoed throughout the woods and George Emerson, the lone survivor of the crew and Uschi Weik who was a six-year-old witness to the crash lifted the drapery covering the memorial and joined hands over it as the sound of Taps continued. They were soon joined by the next-of-kin of Sgt. Herbert Link and Lt. Robert Barrat. Colorful wreaths were then laid at the memorial stone whose polished front contained this inscription: "In memory of February



Jorg Petermann, Uwe Benkel and Juergen Heuer

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

Editor: Hal Susskind

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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.

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UPDATE

The publishing of the October issue of the newsletter was slipped until November so I could include a story on the dedication of the memorial at Eisenberg, Germany. It was an outstanding undertaking and I wanted to use it while it was still newsworthy.

Shirley and Coleman Sanders are already planning the publication of the Savannah '94 Reunion Book. Coleman hopes to print 90 pages of photos. Give them your support.

Jim Taylor and his reunion committee are busy with plans to make the "Savannah-in-the-Spring" Reunion one of the best we ever had. His program of activities is almost completed. Look for your reunion packet sometime in January. Our "quarters" for the activities is the Hyatt Regency Savannah which has an ideal location on the Riverwalk.

THANK YOU

On behalf of the 303rd Bomb Group Association, I would like to thank the many people who were involved in putting on a very moving ceremony which honored members of Lt. Robert Barrat's crew for their heroic sacrifice on Feb. 9, 1945. First is the trio who located the wreckage after 47 years and made possible the ceremony which took place on Sept. 25, 1993; Uwe Benkel, Jorg Petermann and Juergen Heuer. The wonderful musical program put on by the U.S. Army, Europe and Seventh Army was led by Major Allison and Sgt. First Class Fletcher. We would also like to thank their Commander-in-Chief General Maddox.

Thanks also go to B/G. Thomas Swain, HHB VCA 25212, for assigning a very remarkable color guard of Sgts. Alicea and Kaplan and Specialists Letts, White and Martin. Our thanks also go to Thuringen President Dr. Bernhard Vogel and members of his staff; Herbert Frischolz and Mrs Barbara Kirstein. We would also like to thank Thuringen Secretary of State, Dr. Michael Lippert for his most welcome remarks. Thanks also go to Uschi Weik, eye witness to the crash and Bernd Suss for finding and holding the ring for 20 years until he could meet the next-of-kin of Lt. Robert Barrat; Col. McGuire who represented the commander of USAFE; Hans-Ulrich Kohler, member of the German Parliament, Brian J. Siler, U.S. Vice Consular from Leipzig and the German Eisenberg Rifle Team.

I would also like to thank the many attendees who traveled long distances to honor the deceased members of the 303rd Bomb Group; among them were; Bud Emerson, John and James Barrat, John Barker, J. Carringer, Marlene Hobbs and Karen Link and my wife Rae. If I missed anyone, I apologize. But I'll remember you in the next issue of the newsletter.

REUNION HIGHLIGHTS

Some of the Reunion Highlights as put together by Jim Taylor include: a Welcome Reception hosted by the Hyatt Regency; paddle boat ride to Fort Jackson where we will experience an evening of food and entertainment; a tour of historical Savannah; a 1st Saturday festival with entertainment and food; an evening Haunted House tour by carriage; a video presentation of the ceremony at Eisenberg, Germany and many other surprises. Plan on receiving the Reunion Mailout the first week of January.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year

The Welcome Mat is Out!

On behalf of all the men and women at the Joint Analysis Center at RAF Molesworth, I want to thank you for making 22 May '93 a day we shall never forget. It was a real pleasure and distinct honor for us to host your return, to meet you, to share in your wartime exploits, and to relive a very important part of military history. Your return is without a doubt the most significant and proudest event in the Joint Analysis Center's brief history. Our new Heritage Room will forevermore remind us of the heroic actions and extraordinary valor of the 303rd Bomb Group. Even now, mere words can not adequately describe what a thrill it was for us to share this very special moment in your lives.

Enclosed you will find a copy of the signed poster I promised you and a color JAC patch which many of you asked for. I also included copies of articles from the RAF Alconbury base paper, the Spartan Spirit, about your reunion. I want you to know that you are always welcome at RAF Molesworth and I look forward to seeing you again. If I can be of any assistance to you or your family, please call me - dial (0480)84-2496 in the U.K. or 011-44-480-84-2496 from the States. Once again, I hope you enjoyed your return to RAF Molesworth as much as we enjoyed having you. Thank you and God-speed.

Glen D. Shaffer, Colonel
USAF Commander

Name that building!

For the benefit of those who did not attend the reunion at RAF Molesworth in May, here's an exchange of correspondence between Col. Glen D. Shaffer, Commander of the Joint Analysis Center and Bill McLeod, President 303rd Bomb Group Association relative to naming the new Headquarters Operations Building at Molesworth in honor of an individual or group decided upon by the 303rd Bomb Group Association.

United States European Command

During the 303d Bomb Group reunion at RAF Molesworth last May, I announced that we would like to have the JAC's new Headquarters and Operations Building, which is currently under construction, named after a 303 BG member. I am writing you this letter to formally ask the 303

BG Association to designate who that individual will be.

As you know, there are two RAF Molesworth buildings already named after 303 BG Medal of Honor winners — the Vosler Dining Hall and the Mathis' Headquarters (the previous 303d Tactical Missile Wing HQ). Our new building, expected to be completed in the fall of 1994, will be the largest facility at Molesworth except for the hangar. It will have about 35,000 square feet of work space, and house most of our operations and all our headquarters functions. The conference room and hallways will be decorated with 303 era photographs and memorabilia.

The only criteria we have regarding who the building should be named after is that the individual had been assigned to RAF Molesworth. Other than that, the 303 BG Association can select whomever they choose — living or dead, air crew or ground crew, officer or enlisted, hero, leader, famous or not — it doesn't matter. We will invite the BG Association to participate in the building's opening ceremonies and dedicate a plaque to the person who you select.

We look forward to hearing from you. In order to prepare the plaque, we should have your selection by 15 June, 1994. Please feel free to write or call me at any time — the commercial phone number here is country code (44) 480-84-2546.

GLEN D. SHAFFER, Colonel, USAF
Commander Joint Analysis Center
Unit 8845, Box 285
APO AE 09469-5285

303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

Thank you for your recent letter advising me of your desire to name the new Headquarters and Operations Building at Molesworth after a 303 BG member. We appreciate this honor and look forward to giving you our decision. I have heard from a number of our members who attended the mini-reunion at Molesworth last May and they advised me of this honor, for which we thank you. I wanted also, to thank you personally for the hospitality and attention shown our members and their spouses while at Molesworth. Please extend our thanks to your Staff and members of your Command for also showing such great attention to our members.

Getting back to naming the building, I would like some clarification on part of your letter where you mention a number of times naming the

building after an individual. Is there some policy of regulation about naming buildings after individuals? The reason I ask this is that the overwhelming consensus about naming the building does not include another person's name. There is a strong feeling that all the members of the group should be honored rather than another individual.

I have a committee of Past Presidents of the Association working on a suggestion to be presented to the Executive Committee for final action. We need your guidelines before proceeding further and would appreciate your clarification. I foresee no problem with the 15 June 1994 deadline and I'm sure there will be a number of members present for the dedication.

I look forward to hearing from you again regarding the clarification.

William S. McLeod, Jr.
President

I just got your letter regarding the building name. We'd be happy to designate the building any way you choose. It can be named after an individual or group, whatever ... the most important thing is we want the 303d BG Association to decide.

You may want to remember one building at RAF Molesworth is already numbered 303. You may also wish to consider how the name itself sounds — but most importantly, we simply want it to honor whomever or whatever the Association designates.

Glen D. Shaffer, Colonel, USAF
Commander, JAC

Can you top this?

In 1989, five members of William C. Davis' crew (1944) had a crew reunion in Columbia SC, the home of waist gunner Joe Rogers. This was the first meeting of some since 1944. We resolved to find other members of this 358th Sqdn. crew.

Our bombardier, Raleigh Alderson, dug out some old orders showing service numbers and mailed them to me. Using the I.D. numbers, I contacted Veterans Records in St. Louis. By the fall of 1990, I had found three other members of the missing five. Our pilot, Bill Davis, was retired living outside Navasota, Texas only about one and a half hours drive from Houston. Our co-pilot, Edward Graham, was living outside Bishop, Georgia. Ed for many years had been head of PBS at the University of Georgia. Our tail gunner, Robert Hiland, was in Vail, Colorado building homes.

Really, the point of my story is that we agreed to have a reunion Nov. 1-3, 1991 in Shreveport/Bossier City, LA primarily because the 8th Air Force Museum is there at Barksdale AFB and partly because it was somewhat central.

Shortly after finding Bill Davis; Raleigh Alderson, Ralph Roseland and myself met at Bill's house where we started talking about the reunion that wound up at Barksdale.

While at Bill's he gave me a small photo negative and asked me to have some pictures made. One of my sons-in-law, Stephen Zamadics, who does a good bit of developing took the small negative and blew it to



(l to r) Lt. Gen. "Buck" Schuler, CEO of the Heritage Center, Joe Mahany, Chatham Commission Chairman and Lew Lyle.

With the signing of the development agreement with the Chatham County Board of Commissioners, the Board voted to fund the construction of the Heritage Center through the sale of revenue bonds. Site preparation could begin as early as December 1993 with actual construction commencing in early 1994. "The opening of the Heritage Center for visitors in 1996 is within reach," said Lew Lyle.

Start identifying the memorabilia you wish to donate to the Heritage Center. On March 29 - April 3, 1994 the 303rd Bomb Group will hold their 11th reunion in the city where the Mighty 8th Air Force was born in 1942 thus becoming the "First Onsite Bomb Group" to add their support to the \$11.7 million Air Force Heritage Center.

11"x14" without distortion. You can count the rivets in the plane. He made copies for all and on another rendering I wrote a few nostalgic words. My artistic daughter, Stephen's wife, drew a B-17 and a BE(ME)-109 in the upper corners. I gave each crew member a copy of each.

Harold D. Rigg is the curator of the Museum. He was very cooperative. I showed these renderings to Buck and asked if the Museum would have any interest in having copies. I had it framed in a double window matting that turned out very well. I delivered it to Buck in Feb. 1992.

Since the museum is somewhat featuring the 303rd Bomb Group, it occurs to me that each crew could do this at very little expense to one, or all crew members combined. These might cover a "wall of famous or infamous" at the Museum and be a great contribution to it and the 303rd.

The Museum is getting quite a collection of planes outside. Their inside exhibits are still quite fledgling but they are acquiring more room now. I sure they would like any other memorabilia one might offer.

Could we consider a mid-continent 303rd reunion there some time in the future? This might be a case of our helping someone else instead of ourselves.

Our reunion, including wives was enjoyable. Eight of ten crew members is a good showing. We have not found the other two, Robert Garrett, navigator and David Sandler, radio operator. If anyone can help us locate these two, I shall appreciate it.

Incidentally, we flew 32 missions in 67 calendar days. Can any crew top this?

Kenneth Clark
3504 Plumb

Houston, Texas 77005

Ed. Note: As for meetings in the central part of the country; we met at Ft. Worth in 1987; Sept. 1990 we erected the memorial at Barksdale AFB in Louisiana; April 1991 we dedicated the mural at the Lonestar Museum in Galveston, TX. and in May 1991 we had a full blown reunion in Chicago. Right now many museums are competing to get 303rd memorabilia. Duxford Air Base in England, RAF Molesworth and the new Heritage Center soon to be built in Savannah, GA. are just a few. The question is do we make donations individually or do we make a giant contribution as an Association? It's something to think about in the future.

Request for information

My late husband who was a B-17 pilot was madly in love with "Minnie the Moocher." He talked about it all the time.

Since his death on May 11, 1993, I have been trying to trace his steps while he was in the military. I have found out that "Minnie the Moocher" was lost on Sept. 28, 1944, which was before my husband started active combat. Therefore, I am assuming my husband's "Minnie" was unofficially named by the crew after the plane was lost.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have any memories or pictures of either "Minnie the Moocher" #2 or of my husband. He was 1st Lt. Robert G. App, pilot, assigned to the 360th BS on 10/4/44. He completed his operational tour of 35 missions on a mission to Berlin on 2/26/45. He came from Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

I am trying to put together a notebook of Bob's military life for our children, so any small bit of information would be appreciated. Anything he had was lost in a flood years ago.

Mary T. App
4422 Forsythe Rd.
Saginaw, Michigan 48603
(517)792-4876

My father, James Watson, told me you flew combat missions with him in the war. Dad didn't talk much about the bombing runs but when he did we were all ears. He shared with me once about the mission over Hamburg when a flak burst in the right wing and of nursing the plane back over the English Channel to England where the crew bailed out. "Qui-9-Bitter Dose" I believed the ship was named.

We were saddened to hear of Capt. Stallings' passing. Recently dad suffered a stroke which has left him unable to speak and is incoherent much of the time. Dad never had been real expressive about his wartime experiences.

We, my brothers and sisters and I were wondering if you would be willing to tell us the story of the Hamburg mission and any other experiences you'd care to share with us. Dad told of crossing the Atlantic by way of Africa where the crew gathered oranges in duffle bags. After arriving in England, where the townsfolk hadn't seen much citrus for months, he said you gave them to chefs and rolled them down the street where kids would chase them down. If you would be willing to share

some of these accounts with us, either on cassette or even video, we would be much appreciative of your time.

Mike Watson
Proud son of T/Sgt. James Watson

We're new members of the 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association and tonight I was reading my children the story of the "B-17 that refused to die." I saw your name in the article and I am quite sure my father James A. Watson was the engineer/turret gunner on "Qui-9-Bitter Dose."

Dad had a stroke 10/91 and has been unable to communicate since that time. I'm concerned that my children not forget their grandfather and his time in the war. I know his list of missions was from 4/4/93 through 9/16/43 but he never spoke much of the war. The records also say he was recommended for a Silver Star 6/28/93 presumably for the 6/25/43 Hamburg raid written up in the newsletter.

I'm hoping you knew dad and am asking if you would be willing to record a video or an audio tape of any memories you have of him of your time at Molesworth or of any crew pictures. I am being presumptuous I know but I dearly love him.

Stephen G. Watson
6464 Langdon Ave.
Van Nuys, CA 91406

Ed. Note: The letters above were sent to our Secretary J. Ford Kelley. I was so impressed with them and also Ford's answer that I thought I would share them with the rest of the "303rd family." It also brought home the fact that I have been remiss over the years in not sharing my experiences with my family. How about you? Following is Ford's letter to Watson's sons.

It was good to hear from you. I can tell that you and your family are proud of your dad. You should be. He's a great guy who put his life on the line for our country.

I didn't join up with your Dad's crew until about April 1943. The navigator that trained with the crew in the U.S. and flew to England with them was wounded on their first mission. I had flown about five missions with another squadron and was transferred to fill the vacancy on your dad's crew. That was very fortunate for me as that crew with George Stallings' leadership and the overall efficiency was special.

Your dad as aircraft engineer was responsible for the mechanical func-

tioning of the plane while airborne as well as coordinating all firepower. He was very proficient in those duties and was very calm and brave during critical and dangerous situations. Believe me every mission we flew in those early days of WW II was extremely dangerous. We had no friendly fighter escort over the continent. I don't remember a mission that didn't involve damage from enemy fire to our plane.

Our most notable mission was to Hamburg, Germany on June 25, 1943. After we dropped our bombs we were hit by flak and fighters near the target.

We immediately lost altitude at a great rate and started to go into a spin. George Stallings rang the bail-out bell, but shortly after that he was with many severed controls and your dad's help able to bring the plane under control at about 7,500 feet. (We were over the target at 26,000 feet) Our entire tail assembly was shot out and we were alone and being pursued heavily by enemy fighters. The battle was furious with approximately 35 fighters trying to finish us off. Your dad directed the firepower by spotting direction and altitude of attacking planes. We were able to survive by ducking into cloud formations across Germany (we passed near Emden) and over Holland and across the North Sea. I remember the sensation of hearing the ground fire striking the bottom of the plane. It sounded just like the noises you hear in a car when you travel over a road with loose gravel. We made our way across the North Sea and George Stallings was able to make a slow turn over East Anglia so that the crew could bail out. George was the last out and landed in the North Sea and was able to swim to safety. Dick Jones our radio operator was killed shortly after we left the target and he went down with the plane.

Following are the awards presented to our crew for this one mission: George Stallings, British DFC (very rare for an American to receive); James Watson, Silver Star; James Ford Kelley, Silver Star and Purple Heart; Joseph Klasnik, Silver Star and Purple Heart; Dick Jones, Purple Heart (Posthumously); Joe Bradbury, DFC and Purple Heart; Robert Yattaw, Purple Heart; John Stickler, Purple Heart and Mike Hlastala, Purple Heart. The totals were: One British DFC, three Silver Stars, one DFC and seven Purple Hearts awarded to one crew for one mission. I don't know if it is a record but I never heard of anything like it.

I wish I could remember more personal anecdotes about your dad and the crew. He was very popular in the squadron and received respect from all ranks.

I pray your dad makes a full recovery. He deserves it.

Ford Kelley
7073 Fairway Bend Lane
Sarasota, FL 34243

I'm an historian and I research the airwar over my home country during the years 1944-45. At the moment I research the 13 April 1944, I found crashplaces from B-17. Has the 303rd BG loses in the vicinity of Trier?

I would like to exchange mutual information with flight crew members who flew on this day's mission. The local county government is planning a publication about this airwar activity.

Thank you for your time and assistance.

Hans Hauprich
Bruchhausenstr. 15
D-5500 Trier 1
Germany

Ed. Note: The 303rd put up 20 crews on 13 April 1944. The target was the ball bearing works at Schweinfurt. We lost one aircraft. The route to or from the target may have passed over Trier.

Another mystery

On Sunday, Jan. 3, 1943, a U.S. bombing plane has been shot down by the German anti-aircraft defense and sunk at sea in the south of Le Croisic Cape close by the three stones buoy at about 11:40 a.m.

A fishing boat, named "Coccinelle" home port Le Croisic (France) was on the fishing spots about 7 miles, steered immediately to the crash area.

After half an hour of researches, it found out, floating on the sea, two U.S. flying men; they have been immediately hoisted up aboard.

Unhappily, one of them did not show no sign of life; we do not know his name. When the war was over his body has been handed over to his family or buried at the U.S. Cemetery in Brittany 50250 St. James.

A fisherman has recovered his bracelet-watch (Gruen watch) fifteen Jewels which we wish to send back to the family.

Fortunately, the other was in good health and according to the particulars I have obtained, he was flying officer (lieutenant) and name Willy Wagner. The town of Le Croisic wish to get in touch with him.

As soon as the boat arrived in Le Croisic, the German authorities took both flying men in charge.

As I am looking after those two U.S. Air Force members' identities

since several years. I am taking the liberty to write you today to request you to help me in my researches.

According to the U.S. Military authorities, three bombardment units were steered over St. Nazaire on Jan. 3, 1943, the 91st, the 303rd and the 306th.

It is quite possible that Willy Wagner is a member of your Association. On the contrary, could you insert a notice of researches in your newsletter.

I thank you beforehand of the particulars you can give me about that aircraft crash, the family addresses of the deceased flying men and Mr. Willy Wagner's address.

Michael G. Lugez, President
American Memorial Association
13 rue de la Ville Etale
44600 Saint Nazaire, France

Ed Note: According to our historian we lost four aircraft that day; three to fighters and one to anti-aircraft fire. Lugez makes reference that the flyers that were picked up in the water came from an aircraft that was shot down by A/A fire. We did have an engineer named S/Sgt L.E. Wagner on a/c # 41-24608 that was lost due to A/A fire, but according to our historian Harry Gobrecht, S/Sgt Lloyd E. Wagner was killed and his remains were buried in the American Cemetery at Cambridge and later his body was returned to the U.S. Both the 91st BG and the 306th BG had no one named Willy Wagner. It was a rough and unusual mission. We lost a squadron C.O., Major Charles C. Sheridan who was the first squadron commanding officer lost to enemy action on 303rd BG combat missions. "Snap! Crackle! Pop" Navigator, Lt. G.M. Herrington, had lost his leg to enemy gunfire. He was captured upon landing and was sent by train to a Paris Luftwaffe hospital and then an interrogation center. He later became one of the first AAF men repatriated. After an arduous journey through four countries, he arrived at a Washington, D.C. hospital. The nurse who treated him later became his wife.

The waist gunner, S/Sgt Allan Magee sustained some 28 wounds and was tossed out of his burning B-17 without a parachute. Blacked out he fell about 20,000 feet and crashed through the roof of the St. Nazaire railroad station. A German doctor saved Magee's arm which was nearly torn off and also put his badly damaged teeth, leg, knee and ankle back into good shape. He was treated well by the Germans in the hospital and remained a POW until

war's end. He summed up his miraculous survival by stating that he was found on the roof of the railroad station and "I don't know how I got there, but here I am, thanks to God." (Stories and facts like this appear in "Might in Flight" the 303rd Bomb Group, 880 pages Daily Diary Book. Have you ordered your copy yet?)

A testimonial

I wanted to let you know about the death of one of your original members. Milton Conner (427) died September 18, 1992 in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Conner was bombardier on B-17F 41-24587, Bad Check. A member of Capt. Southworth's crew from origin in Boise.

Mr. Conner related that while in Bangor, Maine, awaiting to fly overseas they named their aircraft "Bad Check." He said, "we named it Bad Check because bad checks always come back." It was also in Bangor that the Bugs Bunny character was painted on the aircraft. "Somebody went into town and came back with patches to sew on our flying Jackets." Mr. Conner was unaware that this Bugs Bunny patch became the 427th squadron insignia.

He completed seven missions from St. Nazaire on Nov. 18, 1942 to Hamm on Feb. 4, 1943, until grounded for an inner ear problem. Later he was transferred to 8th Bomber Command Headquarters before returning to the states to train B-29 crews.

I was fortunate to spend a long evening with Mr. Conner which went into the night talking about the 303rd. He was interested in the Association but his ailing health did not allow enough time. He fondly recalled many old friends of the group such as his pilot Capt. Southworth, co-pilot John Dillinger and most of all Kermit Stevens. Mr. Conner was a

very kind man who was greatly interested in passing on his memories to another generation. I was very honored to be the one he shared them with.

Troy A. Mulvaine (A-131)
442 Forest Ave.
Dayton, OH 45405

Old Thunderbird

I am enclosing a picture of the "Thunderbird." This was taken by our St. Paul newspaper and it was a thrill to see it on the front page. I don't think this is the "Thunderbird" that we had in England, as it had a few too many trips to the hangar for us in the 444th Sub. Depot to repair. But it still was a thrill to see the Triangle with the "C" in it. We had to go and see it at the Confederate Air Show at the Holman Field, St. Paul, Minn. I bought an 8 x 12 print from the paper and the picture is one I took of it.

I also want to tell you that I had a very good time on the trip to England, and enjoy showing the pictures that I took. I'll be showing them at a 444th Sub. Depot reunion that we are having on Oct. 15, at Grand Island, Nebraska, from there I'll go down to Tucson for the winter. Thank you for the many enjoyable "Hell's Angels" magazines.

Henry G. Johansen
2046 Nortonia Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55119

Ed. Note: The original Thunderbird finished with 116 missions. This is the "Thunderbird" that Gene Girman flew home from France. It is usually housed in the Lone Star Museum in Galveston, Texas.

Mark your calendar now!
Mar. 29 – Apr. 3, 1994
11th Reunion
Savannah, Georgia



Thunderbird flying over St. Paul, Minn. Flown by the Confederate Air Force it is based at the Lone Star Museum in Galveston, Texas.

Heroic Crew... cont. from page 1

9, 1945 to the victims of World War II of Jenaer Strasse and the crew of the American aircraft."

Laying wreaths at the stone were: Lt. Col. Hal Susskind, USAF (Ret) who along with Mrs. Link Carringer carried the 303rd BGA Memorial wreath; Brian J. Siler, U.S. Vice-Consular from Leipzig, representing the State Department, placed flowers at the site. Mrs Link Carringer also placed another personal wreath at the site.

Participating in the program in addition to the Army band led by Major Allison and Sgt. 1st Class Fletcher, were: Hans-Ulrich Kohler, member of the German Parliament; a five-man U.S. Army color guard from HHB VCA; and Col. McGuire, Director of Public Affairs, Ramstein AB/Germany, representing the commander of USAFE. He also placed flowers at the site.

Human remains, plus many parts of the aircraft are still being found at the site. The remains are being turned over to the Army Mortuary team for further disposition at a later date. It has just been learned that when the flaming plane crashed, water was not used to put out the smoldering aircraft. Instead it was buried under loads of dirt. Thus the wreckage, partially because it was located in East Germany, was never really dug into until Uwe Benkel and his crew dug into it in October of 1991. Metal parts of the aircraft are still strewn throughout the site.

Mr. Joseph Barrat who attended,

along with his two sons and sister, received his brother's ring — one of the two found at the site. However Mr. Barrat's ring was actually found at the crash site some 20 years ago by Bernd Süß of Kursdorf, near Eisenberg, who held the ring all this time in hopes that one day he could turn it over to a relative of the pilot. After 20 years his wish was granted.

Since Mrs. Leone Best Deckard couldn't make the trip to Germany to accept her brother's ring it was carried back to the States by Hal Susskind who has made arrangements to make sure she receives it in the very near future.

For George Emerson it was a very emotional weekend. It meant returning to the town of Eisenberg where he landed in a field when he fell out of the aircraft — luckily he was wearing his chute — after the mid-air collision. When he was captured, he was kept in a garage until the police arrived. Now, almost 50 years later, he walked through the same streets, that he did as a 19-year-old, and visited the same police station. He was shown the same cell he was kept in for safekeeping, until he could be turned over to the German military and shipped off to a POW camp. For George, the war is finally over.

Although the ceremony was well covered by more than 50 members of the German press, it was not considered newsworthy by the U.S. press which was conspicuous by its absence. Even the former WW II newspaper, the Stars and Stripes was "a no show." Irony isn't it?



Color Guard includes Sgts. Alicea and Kaplan and Specialists Letts, White and Martin.



U.S. Army Europe and Seventh Army Band play hymns to start services.



Mrs. Emerson, George and Uschi Weik join hands over the memorial stone.



Heroes All!

Lt. Robert J. Barrat
F/O. Shirl P. Best
S/Sgt. Matthew Lazarowicz
Sgt. Herbert D. Link

Lt. Dean Harvey
S/Sgt. William T. Karp
S/Sgt. Raymond F. Reiss
Sgt. Louis N. Linhart



Standing in front of "Pfarrmühle" are (l to r): James Barrat, Joyce Link Carringer, John Barrat, Edith Barrat Barker, George and Mrs Emerson, Joe Barrat and Juergen Heuer.

The Jan. 23, 1943 entry on sheet No. 3, War Diary, 303rd Bomb Group(H), 358th Bomb Sq. said simply, Aircraft #606, Lt. Oxrider, made a landfall over the English coast with two motors out. Shortly thereafter a third motor went out and Lt. Oxrider ordered all members of his crew to bale out. Lt. Oxrider then attempted to land his a/c in a football field, but was prevented from doing so by a number of children who ran out on the field. He then proceeded to land with wheels down in a field on a hillside. All members of his crew landed successfully. Lt. Earle A. Steele suffering two cracked ribs when his parachute opened. When T/Sgt. Frederick B. Ziemer tried to open his chute, the chord broke and Sgt. Ziemer fell 3,000 feet, while he pulled out the pins and opened the parachute. When S/Sgt James K. Sadler's parachute opened, the shock shook off his flying boots. Sgt Sadler landed successfully in his bare feet.

On Saturday Jan. 23, 1993, the Rev. Everett Dasher, returned to Dartmoor in South England where T/Sgt. Dasher, radio operator bailed out of his crippled B-17 fifty years ago to the day. He was given a hero's welcome. Here's what one English newspaper had to say about his return.

SOUTH WEST NEWS

Brave pilot tells of WW2 escape over moor

Gunner Dasher drops in again

A US serviceman who bailed out over Dartmoor during the Second World War returned yesterday after 50 years to the spot where he landed.

Gunner Everett Dasher, a technical sergeant and wireless operator, bailed out of his B17 Flying Fortress, nicknamed Werewolf after it was struck on a bombing raid over France.

Three of the B17's four engines were put out of ac-

by NIC COMPTON

tion and nine of its crew bailed out after reaching the British coast.

When Mr Dasher landed at Kemon Hill near Gidleigh he was greeted by Monica Hill (now Monica Alford) and two boys who mistook him for a German paratrooper and tried to arrest him.

After discovering that he

was indeed a US soldier, Monica, then 19, took him home on the back of her horse and gave him tea and apple pie.

The pilot of the plane went on alone to land the plane under one engine in a football field near Langdon Hospital between Starcross and Dawlish.

The ex-servicemen, now the Rev Everett Dasher, said: "After I jumped out, I was swinging back and

forth and I thought, 'I'm not going down'. Then the ground rushed up at me and I realised I'd landed," he said.

"Mrs Alford was out on the moor with a couple of lads riding their horses. When the boys saw me, one of them came and stuck his pen-knife in my jacket and said, 'If you're German, I'll stick you!'"

Mrs Alford said: "His voice was trembling so much, I thought he was German. But he was in a state of shock. Then he showed me his dog tag and I realised he was American."

"I was trembling just as much as him."

Mr Dasher was later awarded the Purple Heart after being injured in action a few months later.

He was hit by a cannon shell, which fortunately ricocheted off his parachute buckle, but the ensuing wound put him in hospital for nearly a year, after which he returned to the USA.

He and Mrs Alford have kept in contact and have visited each other several times.

Speaking after visiting the moor on Saturday, Mr Dasher, a Lutheran pastor in South Carolina, said: "It brought back a lot of memories. It was a very special day."

Mrs Alford said: "It didn't seem like 50 years had gone by. It was wonderful." She still lives at Ensworthy, near Gidleigh.



REUNITED: Everett Dasher and Monica Alford on their trip to Dartmoor.

If it's Mission 246: It must be Osnabruck!

by William C. Crawford

Today is 26 September 1944.

It has been six days since we flew our last mission to Hamm, Germany. Every morning since then we've awakened with the realization that we weren't aroused during the wee hours to get ready for another test of our fortitude.

After a cold shave and a walk to the mess hall we're served a regular breakfast which is the norm when we're not scheduled to fly, so we assume that we have the day off. But, at 0800 we learn that briefing is set for 0900 hours. That's what one gets for assuming anything. I had learned as an enlisted man to never assume anything; that to assume something tends to make an ASS out of U and ME.

Doug Kidd and I get to the briefing room soon enough to grab a couple of places on a long backless bench and are as ready as any of the bunch when we're called to attention.

Major Shumake, Group Operations, walks back and pulls the drawdrap which has been covering a map of Europe to reveal our target for today. The route has been marked with a ribbon tacked to the map. Group Intelligence is represented by Captain McQuaid, Group Engineering by Captain Hargrove, and the Weather Officer is on hand.

Major Shumake begins the briefing: "Our mission today will be a fairly short one; we're getting off a little late but at this season of the year; we'll have plenty of daylight left by the time we return. Thirty-nine B-17's from our 303rd Bomb Group, here at Molesworth, will hit the railroad marshalling yard at Osnabruck, Germany. We'll be the 41st "A" Combat Wing (CBW) and will be joined by 39 B-17's of the 41st "B" CBW from Grafton-Underwood and 39 B-17's of the 41st "C" CBW from Kimbolton; so this should be a good show. Meager-to-moderate enemy fighter opposition may be expected, but our little friends are scheduled to accompany us all the way in and out. Flak at the target is not known. Each B-17 will carry five 1,000 pound bombs. The gas load is 2400 gallons. Chaff will be dropped as usual."

The Weather Officer has a few words, "Weather should not be a problem. You should encounter scattered clouds en-route, but the target should be visual."

Major Shumake ends the briefing with, "Stations 1025 hours, Start Engines 1115, Taxi 1125, Take-off 1135, Leave Base 1246." He gives us a time-hack to synchronize our watches and we're dismissed.

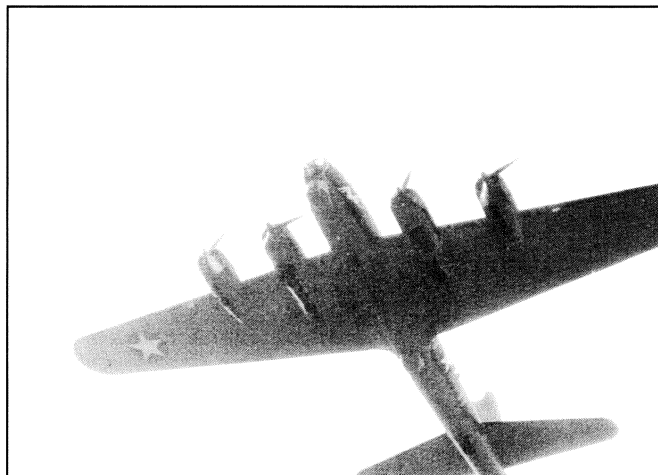
A truck is provided for our crew and we pile our gear and ourselves aboard for the trip out to the hardstand where our B-17 is parked. Today we've been assigned one of our favorite aircraft, B-17G, Serial Number 43-37930 (F-390). We don't fly the same airplane on every mission but this aircraft and B-17G, Serial Number 44-6124 (B-124) are our favorites. Lieutenant Paul Bennett will be flying B-124 in the formation just off our left wing.

We get all our gear aboard, do our pre-flight inspections, — and then we sit and wait. Waiting until we get the green flare from the tower is nerve-racking. But, after getting this far we hope we won't get a red flare, the signal to scrub the mission.

Finally the green flare is fired which is a little ahead of schedule so we get the engines cranked and running. Everything checks good and soon we get the next green flare, the signal to release brakes so we begin to taxi. We fall in line behind C-861 and move towards the take-off position; at 1109 we're beginning our take-off roll.

We're part of the Lead Group formation and we join them at 14,000 feet over Harrington Buncher beacon where we continue orbiting for over an hour in order that all the Groups can get formed so that we can fall in line with the rest of the armada. This assembly procedure is tedious, time consuming, fuel consuming and costly in lives lost. Records will indicate later that approximately 300 aircraft will be lost to mid-air collisions during assembly due to the number of aircraft and proximity of the bases.

Finally, we depart on course at 1227 hours and begin a climb to 20,000 feet where the Group departs the English coast near Louth at 1308. Over the North Sea we begin another climb and before we testfire our guns we check to see if any formations are below us. We don't want our spent rounds



screaming down through them. We've had it happen. It takes just 42 minutes to cross 185 miles of the North Sea; we've got a helluva tail wind!

Our entry over the Dutch coast is at 1350 hours at 27,000 feet. We head East for 12 minutes and we pass 15 miles North of Amsterdam to avoid the flak in that area. In just 21 minutes from the time we reached the Dutch coast we're making a left turn at the Initial Point (IP) onto the bomb run. We feel sure that this tailwind is a good omen; the bomb run is 43 miles to the target and our ground speed is about 275 miles-per-hour.

The closer we get to the target the more intense the flak becomes. When we're almost to the target it has become fierce. Those Jerries down there are sharpies today! The black blossoms that are a ways off are interesting but bursts that are close enough for us to hear the deep thud and almost feel the concussion are too close. When we speed through the smoke from a burst we know just how close that one was; fear overpowers us and we wonder, "Is this going to be it, right now?"

Lieutenant Bennett in B-124 is flying off to our left. Someone calls, "B-124 has been hit! He's going down!" Bennett has gotten a direct flak burst and the B-17 blows up on the way down. The eyes of the Group stay focused on the catastrophe but no parachutes are seen. We are stunned! B-124 and F-930 (that we're flying) are our favorites. — "We've been hit!" — "Where have we been hit?" — "We've got a hole in the trailing edge of the right wing." — "It hasn't affected our trim. Keep your eye on it." — But, we're almost at the target! — Keep your mind on the formation! — Our B-17 leaps up, relieved of its 5,000-pound payload, and our Bombardier, Lieutenant Sudderth, calls, "Bombs away! — Now let's get the hell out of here!"

The group makes a diving turn to the right off of the target and loosens up to get away as quickly as possible; a burst of flak hits the nose of our lead B-17 and wounds the lead Bombardier.

The Group then makes a wide left turn to keep us clear of Osnabruck and we take up a heading to lead us back towards the same route we had used coming in.

Our route is now towards the West and the wind plays havoc with our ground speed; it's now only 132 miles per hour. It seems we're not making much headway but our thoughts are still racing from the events of the past few minutes. We can't accept the fact that we've lost our sweet-flying B-124, the special B-17 that had initiated our crew to combat. True, Doug and I had flown as Co-pilots on separate B-17's on two short "milk-runs" barely into enemy territory but we felt virtually like we were passengers on these.

We consider our first real combat mission to have been to Leipzig on 7 July, 1944, in B-124. On that one Doug and I were in command of our own B-17 with our own crew for the first time. And, what an introduction to combat for the crew; a long rough one to Leipzig! We were all uptight and we sure didn't want to screw-up on that first one! — But we did just fine and by

the time we were safely back at Molesworth I believe we all had the feeling that maybe we might just be equal to the routine ahead of us. — And, B-124 had been an instrumental part of that day.

B-124 had also taken us and brought us safely home on missions to Leipzig, Abort to Etaples, Peronne, Abort for WX, Peenemunde, Munich, Crepul, Berlin, Anklam, Ludwigshafen and Eisenach; and with never a mechanical problem.

Who says a mortal can't fall in love with a piece of machinery? But, B-124 didn't die with a piece falling off of her here and there; she went out in grand style. And, we pray that her crew did the same.

The twelve 50-caliber machine guns which the B-17 is armed with are for defense against enemy fighters and do offer some protection for a single aircraft. When this airplane is part of a formation the mass firepower offers considerable defense.

But, against flak all of our machine guns are useless. Flak is an insidious thing; it is by far the greatest fear of the airman. There is nothing that our B-17 can do about it except to creep through it and trust that somehow the next bursts will be no closer. Today was a perfect example of this.

We're still in a state of emotional upset as we depart the Dutch coast at 1533 hours at 23,000 feet. Our let-down over the North Sea brings us over Great Yarmouth at 1620 at 1700 feet. The Group is back over our base at Molesworth by 1701.

It's 1754 hours after we land and are back at the hardstand. We log a 6:45 hour flight; not a long one as missions go.

As soon as we've shut the engines down, we hear the bottom hatch open



REMEMBER WHEN? and how we huddled around those coke stoves? I'll bet (l to r) Taylor, Dickerson, Spring, Taylor and Franklin (rear) do. (Photo by Tom Struck)

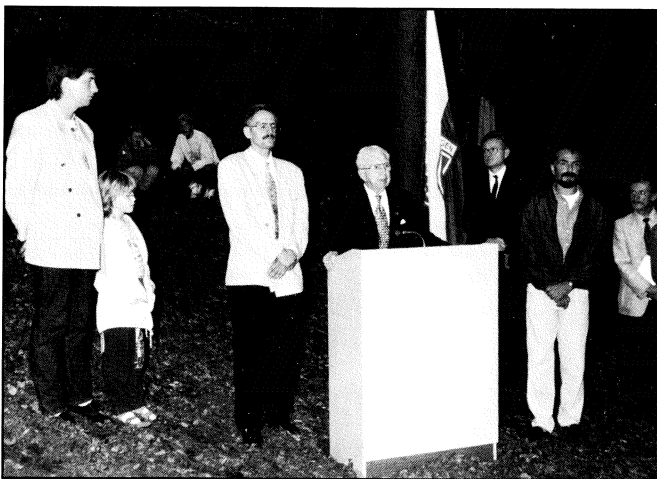
and someone goes out. It's Lieutenant Sudderth, our Bombardier; he swings down and when I look to see what's happening he's down on the hardstand kissing the ground.

Doug and I swing down through the hatch and there's Sudderth displaying a broad smile. He throws his arms around me and then Doug and excitedly tells us, "You've just brought me safely back from my last mission!" Sudderth isn't a regular member of our crew but he has flown with us previously. He's managed to keep today's secret from the crew; any talk about it would have only added to the tension for all of us until he was safely back on good old terra-firma.

Bombing results were fair. Hits were made but the marshalling yard was not completely taken out. — There were no enemy attacks. Our fighter support was good. B-17, Serial Number 44-6124, Lieutenant Bennett, failed to return. It was seen to blow up over the target. Nine men are missing. — In addition, four men were wounded. — Intense and accurate anti-aircraft gunfire was encountered in the target area. — Six B-17's sustained major battle damage and six minor damage.

When we shut the engines down today we had no way of knowing that this would be our next-to-last flight with this sweet-flying B-17G, Serial Number 43-37930 (F-930). Two days from now she will be flown by another crew and they will be shot down by an enemy fighter. We had flown her to Peronne (France), the St. Lo area (twice), the Brest area, to Wiesbaden and today to Osnabruck.

B-124 and F-930 were our favorite B-17's.



Flanked by finders of the crash site, Jorg Petermann, Uwe Benkel and Jurgen Heuer, Hal Susskind (at podium) addresses audience on behalf of the 303rd BGA. (Photo by Laverne Benkel who deserves a big "thank you" for her help during the entire project.

----- (DETACH HERE) -----
Please reserve _____ copies of the 303rd Bomb Group (H)
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NOMINATING COMMITTEE
MALCOLM MAGID, CHAIRMAN
2307 BRIARWOOD HILLS DRIVE, N.E.
ATLANTA, GA 30319

LISTEN UP !!! ALL 303rd MEMBERS

As time marches on we desperately need members who are willing to be nominated and serve, if elected, as officers to run our excellent 303rd B.G. (H) Association. Please fill out this questionnaire and indicate your willingness to serve. It will go in a permanent file for subsequent nominating committees and I will use them for our 1994 Savannah, Ga. reunion. In the years ahead, they can be used to contact you to assess, at that time, if you are still willing and able to run for elective office. Also you will be helping to cut down the cost and "wear and tare" of finding nominees. I am aware that we were warned, some fifty years ago: NEVER, NEVER volunteer for anything, but we do need your help. So, THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP and mail the completed questionnaire to me at the above address.

NOMINATION QUESTIONNAIRE

- [--] YES. I would be honored to accept nomination to an elective office, and will serve for the full term, if elected.
[--] NO. I cannot accept nomination at this time.

Please indicate the choice of office you would accept:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| [--] President | [--] Vice-President - Administrator |
| [--] Vice-President - Reunions | [--] Secretary |
| [--] Treasurer | [--] Any of the above |

PERSONAL HISTORY RESUME

NAME: _____
First assigned to 303 BG at _____ Date: _____
Squad or Unit (1st) _____ Duty: _____
Ditto (2nd) _____ Duty: _____
Highest Rank at Molesworth _____

Military Career after Molesworth
Years of Service: _____ Date Retired: _____
Rank at Retirement: _____
Theatres of service (1st) _____ Duty: _____
(2nd) _____ Duty: _____

Civilian Career
Profession, Business, or Craft _____
Type of Employer _____
Employer's Name: (optional) _____
Years employed: _____ Date of Retired: _____

303 BGA experience. List offices and other duties, with dates.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

THE 303RD B.G. PX ORDER PAGE

Check Desired Item and Indicate Quantity in "QTY" Column

Qty.	Description	Cost Ea.	Total	Qty.	Description	Cost Ea.	Total
_____	303rd Bomb Group, blue cap, one size fits all with 8th AF emblem mounted on white background.	\$5.50	_____	_____	1/2" Cloisonne Life Pin* (Tie)	\$3.00	_____
_____	Ladies White Cap	\$5.50	_____	_____	3/4" Cloisonne Life Pin* (Lapel)	\$4.00	_____
_____	4" Embroidered "Might in Flight" Patch	\$5.00	_____	_____	Silver or Gold Money Clip with 303rd/8th AF Insignia (Circle One)	\$14.00	_____
_____	4" Interior/Exterior All Weather "Might in Flight" Decal	\$1.50	_____	_____	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	_____
_____	3" Interior/Exterior All Weather 303rd 8th AF Decal	\$1.00	_____	_____	Ladies 1 1/2" Pendant Necklace with 303rd/8th AF or USAF Insignia	\$12.00	_____
_____	1" Cloisonne "Might in Flight" 303rd Insignia (Pin)	\$3.00	_____	_____	Gold and Silver Belt Buckle with 303rd/8th AF Insignia	\$16.00	_____
_____	3/4" Cloisonne Member Pin (Lapel)	\$3.00	_____	_____	Leather Key Fobs 1 1/4" by 1 1/2" with 303rd/8th AF Insignia	\$2.00	_____

***These items will be sold to Life and Super Life Members Only!**

DIRECTIONS: Check quantity of each item desired and enter the **total** of each entry in the right hand column. Add the cost of the ordered items and place this amount on the total cost line below these directions. Add the postage and handling charge (if cost is under \$20.00), write in the total amount due and PRINT your name and address. When ordering, please be sure to send this entire page with your check to the 303rd BG at the address below.

TOTAL COST Of items ordered \$_____

Mail to: **Morton Luman**
3015 SW Underwood Drive • Portland, OR 97225

For Postage and Handling, when total cost is less than \$20.00, add \$2.50 \$_____

TOTAL AMOUNT DUE (To 303rd). \$_____

Signature: X _____

Date: _____

Your Name: _____

Street: _____

World War II's Most Unforgettable Character

During World War II as a member of the 303rd Bomb Group, I met a lot of wonderful, heroic and talented guys. But just one stood out as "World War II's Most Unforgettable Character." Formally he was addressed as Captain James McCall Kaiser but to the entire U.S. Army Air Forces and possibly some of the Allied Air Forces he was known simply as "Tailwheel." Here is part three of my recollections of that character as I jotted them down some 47 years ago. Was he a legend? Or was he just a figment of my imagination?

By Hal Susskind

With the actual bombing missions put on hold, at least until Supreme Allied Headquarters took inventory of the progress of the ground troops, the training schedule proceeded at an accelerated pace. Orders came from the U.S. Army Air Force Headquarters outside of London to train the navigators on overwater hops using celestial procedures just in case they were needed in the Pacific Theatre.

Tailwheel was one of the first to volunteer for extra training and scheduled himself for an overwater night flight. He filed his flight plan for the hop and then quietly shuffled out to his waiting aircraft.

Just as the B-17 was getting ready to taxi out for takeoff, the radio came alive with the excited voice of a sergeant who was on duty in the tower. It seemed that the coordinates that Tailwheel had filed as his destination in the flight plan were for a spot within five miles of the coast of Norway which was still in German hands. Tailwheel with a sheepish grin on his face said, "Well, it is nighttime and it's overwater isn't it?" He then proceeded to Ops to file coordinates for his new destination.

The new coordinates that he filed turned out to be the location of the Site Three O' Club bar. By the time that the tower personnel had rechecked his new coordinates, TW was well on his way towards the puckers.

Chapter 6

Ever since the Pilzen raid, the group intelligence officers were the most important men at Molesworth. Everyone haunted them wanting to

see the latest communiqués to find out how things were going at the fronts. The Russian Army was fighting its way towards Berlin and Patton and his Army were racing through Germany like water through a garden hose. The Group hadn't flown any actual combat missions in two weeks, but the training schedule was clicking on all cylinders. We were fighting a paper war now and our targets were flying hours and statistics. The brass at higher headquarters wanted our training schedule expanded and our local commanders were determined to give them what they wanted. In fact on occasions we were flying training missions in weather when even the birds were walking.

While walking out to the flight line one day, I happened by chance to overhear "Old Thunderbird" saying to another 359th aircraft, "You look sort of droopy. Where have you been on a raid to Berlin?"

"No, it's this damn training schedule," was the reply. "We are so rushed, we never have time enough to even change our makeup."

This statistical war was becoming

tougher on us than the real one. However, the war bulletins were getting better every day and the crowds milling around group headquarters every day, seeking information, were bigger than those at a department store during a sale of the then hard to get silk stockings.

Finally, the big climatic day came and as the words "Germany Surrenders," came over the teletype, a loud cheer erupted from headquarters personnel. Quickly, like a raging forest fire, the news spread throughout the group.

This was the day that all personnel — both ground and air — had been fighting and praying for.

"What happens now," seemed to be the question on everyone's lips. The C.O. supplied an interim answer when he declared a holiday and confined everyone to the base. I guess he figured there would be enough confusion around the countryside, without unloosing a pack of howling, happy Yanks on the English people who had also been waiting for this day for even a longer time.

There was another matter that required our immediate attention.

Some time ago, some one anticipated a day such as this. Stored away in one of the hangars were quite a few kegs of good beer and they were now being rolled out, under the expert supervision of our resident connoisseur, "Monsieur Tailwheel." There was such a similarity between the little round man and the beer kegs, that a person had to look closely to identify which one they were actually rolling out.

Ground and air crewmen joined each other in celebrating the successful completion of a job that had been thrust upon them years ago. Home did not seem so far away now, and the fellows spoke freely of what they expected to do when they returned to the States. Capt. James McCall Kaiser seemed to be a part of all conversations. He was a sight to behold, as his pudgy form waddled from one group to another, with a glass of beer in his left hand and his right hand saluting all with his now familiar, Churchill's V-for-Victory, greeting.

Now the question, "Where do we go from here?" was on everyone's mind. When it was answered a few



Lead crew after Merseburg mission of 30/11/44 includes (front row, far right) Capt. James "Tailwheel" Kaiser as second bookkeeper." (Rear row, 1 to r) Lt. Ray Gorham; 358th Sqdn. CO, Major George T. Mackin, "1st bookkeeper" Capt. Norman Jacobsen, Mickey Operator, Lt. Larry Lifshus; and pilot Capt. Bill Bergeron. Identity of others in photo not known. "It was a rough mission," said Bergeron. What mission to Merseburg wasn't?

days later it turned a happy and proud group into a gloomy one. Information had been passed down from Headquarters 8th Air Force which recommended abolishing the 303rd B.G. and assigning the remaining crews as replacements for other B-17 groups stationed around England.

The news that the most famous group of the Eighth Air Force was to be split up was a shock to everyone at Molesworth. This closely knit group that had completed 364 missions and had fought with the best that the German Air Force could send up, was never going to fly again as a unit. Even raids on Oschersleben and Magdeberg, where collectively 21 planes failed to return, did not depress the fellows of the 303rd as much as the knowledge that they would never fly again as a team.

Day by day, men and planes took off and did not return. But this time, they were not being replaced. There would be no more young flyers coming up to replace the famous veterans of the Hell's Angels Group. The base was rapidly taking on the appearance of a ghost town, and soon there were no more planes in the dispersal areas. Just the memories of famous aircraft like the "Duchess," that had carried Jack Mathis to glory and of the "Eight Ball" were left on the flight line.

Pretty soon only a small cadre of the group remained and speculation about where we were going ranged from returning to the United States or being assigned to Gen. LeMay's outfit in the Far East. Finally the news came informing us to pack for shipment to North Africa where we were to join the Air Transport Command. I, along with my close friend, Tailwheel, were being sent to Casablanca, the scene of his early successes. Maybe I would finally find out how he earned the Silver Star, but on the other hand, what else could he bring home at night? An Agnes or a Butch? Or a ...? Oh, no, he wouldn't bring home one of those? Come to think of it, he could and would do almost anything. Africa with Tailwheel was certainly a challenge to look forward to.

The day before we were to leave, we took inventory of the liquor that was left in the clubs at Molesworth. We decided to hold a party to see if we could drink it all up in one night; sort of a bon-voyage party.

The party was in full swing, when someone suggested a race with jeeps around the perimeter track that encircled the now silent runways. About 10 fellows, Tailwheel among them, piled into one of the jeeps. How they did it without the aid of a shoe horn is still a mystery. The race

started and Tailwheel's Jeep went into a short lead. Faster and faster they went. All of a sudden, while rounding a turn, one of the jeeps overturned and bodies flew out in all directions. Fearing the worst, us bystanders, hurried to the crash scene to tend to the victims. There they were, all scratched up and badly shaken by their narrow escape, but miraculously, none were seriously hurt.

When we got back to the club and started to discuss the accident with the survivors of the overturned Jeep, someone shouted, "Where's Tailwheel?" In the confusion we had all about forgotten him.

Fearfully, we hurried back to the scene of the accident to look for him. He was nowhere to be seen. The English countryside was barren of any round object that could have been Tailwheel. Suddenly, someone yelled, "There he is!" and pointed to a round object lying at the bottom of a ditch. There he was lying flat on his back with arms outstretched. He looked very white, lying there in the bright moonlight. A strange morgue-like silence gripped the crowd as we all stared at the still body. Moments ago, that body had been full of fun, a bundle of energy. Now it was very still lying at the bottom of a ditch. Had fate decreed that this fellow who had gone through all three theatres of operations without a scratch had become a victim of an accident like this? Finally, one of the fellows broke the silence and said, "Let's move him over to the infirmary; maybe they can still save him."

We climbed down into the ditch and as I bent over to help lift up the still white form, a lump caught in my throat. Suddenly, the still form moved and sat up! "Cheers to you Agni," he said. "My, but you are a droopy looking bunch of Angels."

With that famous utterance, our spirits were lifted a thousand percent and we all returned to the Club. A few minutes later we watched in amazement as Tailwheel matched about six doubles of scotch with an almost exact number of cases of the puckers.

The next morning I watched Tailwheel take off for Casablanca, North Africa. This time he was going as a passenger, because the CO was still a little bit skeptical of his methods of navigation and was afraid he would land in Hirohito's palace in Japan. As I watched his plane fade in the distance I couldn't help but reminisce that life in England with Tailwheel had certainly never been dull. Now I wonder what experiences lay ahead in the continent south of the Mediterranean. Only time could provide an answer.

Chapter 7

Casablanca, as viewed from the nose of a B-17 for the first time, is an impressive sight. But Casablanca, I was later to learn, as seen in the company of Tailwheel can be a sight that defies describing.

The flight from England was more like an excursion trip. It was the first time that I had ever flown as a "passenger" in a B-17. As I hopped out of the Fortress into a hot dust storm at the Cazes Airport, I couldn't help feeling that I was starting on a new adventure. Our baggage was loaded on trucks and soon we were on our way to our "quarters." On the way we were routed through the outskirts of the town. The sights and assorted odors were something not often experienced in this world. The most popular dress of the Arabs seemed to be a baggy, barracks-bag type garment, worn as trousers with a drape shape effect. Somehow when I first saw the native outfits, I had the feeling that Tailwheel had or would soon have an influence on their dress.

We finally arrived at our quarters and as I started to sign in, I was informed that I had a place all reserved for me. I was then shown to my accommodations by an Arab porter whom I would not care to meet socially in a dark alley, or any other place for that matter.

My quarters was a tent that looked as if it had taken part in the invasion of North Africa. I went inside and there, stretched out on his bunk in a pair of shorts, that fairly screeched, was Tailwheel.

"Cheers to you, Agnes. I bid you welcome," he said. Motioning towards another bunk, he continued, "As soon as I pack some of those clothes, you can have this bunk."

"What hit here? A cyclone?" I asked. "You had most of those clothes packed in your barracks bag when we left England."

Drawing himself up to his full five feet and a fraction and looking very dignified, Tailwheel said, "My dear fellow. Down here in Casablanca, there are no such things as duffel or barracks bags, I believe you are referring to sport slacks."

Looking through the tent flap, I saw two Arabs pass by wearing the latest style in sport slacks but somehow or other, they looked suspiciously like Tailwheel's barracks bag, especially since they had the name Capt. Kaiser stenciled across the seat.

Tailwheel was just a fashion expert at heart, or else he was out to revolutionize the dress of the natives. I was pretty sure of the latter when I returned from breakfast the next

morning to find my mattress cover missing. Tailwheel had designed a new outfit for formal wear by cutting a hole in one end for the head and a slit in each side for the arms to go through. His latest creation was selling for two thousand francs, and with Tom Collins selling for twenty francs, that could mean an awful lot of puckers.

The next morning as Tailwheel and I rested on what was left of our bunks, I said, "Say Tailwheel, you were down here before, how about showing me the town?"

"Be more than glad to," he replied with a grin. "How about a tour of the Ancient Medina? It's off limits, but the Army doesn't frown on it if you go through on a guided tour."

We hopped a truck to town and just caught the tour as it was leaving the M.P. headquarters. It was by far a very strange looking procession. Strung out for two city blocks were about twenty carriages of ancient vintage, drawn by the most melancholy and ribby horses that I had ever seen. The driver of our cab was an Arab with a movie villain mustache, and we spent half the ride seeing the sights with both hands on our wallets.

The deluxe tour included a drive around the city, a visit to the Sultan's Palace, without a look at the old boy's wives, and finally a tour through the crowded narrow streets of the Ancient Medina. The latter was as interesting to the nose as it was to the eyes. The streets were teeming with Arabs of all descriptions, all shapes and dress. The only thing they seemed to have in common was their desire to avoid soap. Water must have been a luxury, because their favorite washing places were puddles in the streets and it was not uncommon to see groups of natives, squatting by a puddle, rubbing water on their hands. Their lavatories, and I use that term very loosely, were in very convenient places. Their locations depended upon the time the and place the native got the urge to perform life's most natural and necessary functions. Casablanca was certainly a lot different from what Humphrey Bogart had made it seem.

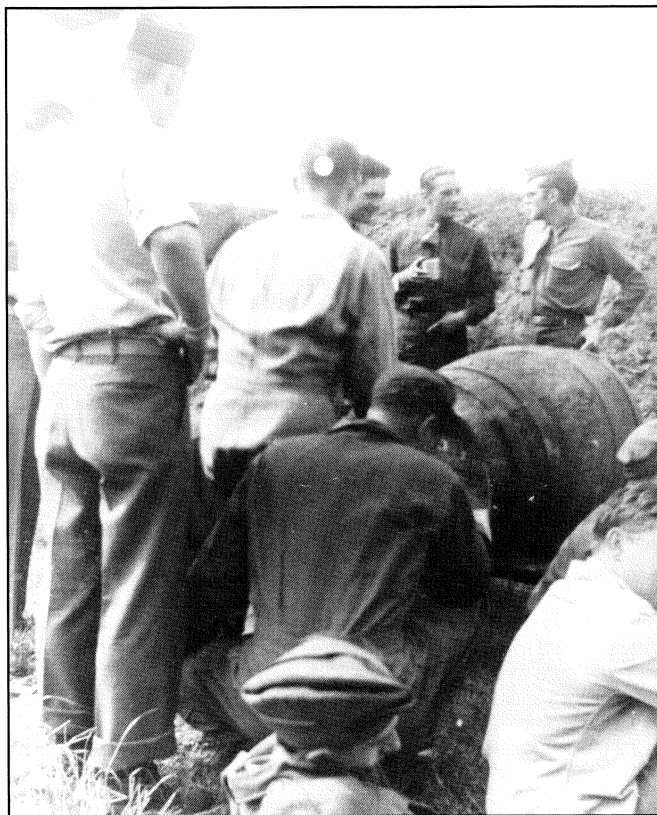
Soon the clippity-clop of the stallions came to a halt and we found ourselves in front of a nearly white walled structure which was built to resemble a fort. The only entrance was through a heavy wooden door which was being ably guarded by a huge Senagalese in a white uniform carrying a vintage type rifle.

We were admitted through the door in a single file. We stepped through the archway into a squealing bedlam of females cavorting in a little more than the altogether. Their

ages were as mysterious as the girls themselves. Some were very pretty, but to others beauty was just a memory. Their dress was mostly odds and ends and there were quite a few ends that weren't covered by the odds. Who were these girls, and why were they here? I tried to find out the answers as we walked through the narrow alleys, which were lined on both sides by a series of what were once white one-story huts. Heads popped out of doorways, with different and enticing propositions, all followed by the same old international question, "Any cigarettes, Yank?"

It certainly was a funny sight to see more than two dozen Yanks, all hardened veterans of the war in Europe, grouped together for protection. The girls seemed to delight in poking fun at us. They tried to pick our pockets, steal our pens and pencils or take anything of value that they could lay their hands on. Their biggest delight seemed to be in making life uncomfortable for fellows with a little too much avoirdupois and my round friend filled that category to a "T."

Tailwheel was the target of hundreds of exploring hands that day. The way that the claws of those anxious females disappeared into parts of TW's anatomy was a sight that would have made Mandrake, the Magician, envious. When we were within 50 feet of that very welcome



There's the Victory Celebration Keg, but where is Tailwheel?

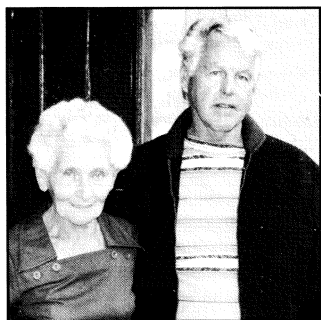
exit, my sidekick disappeared into the midst of that squealing bedlam. There he was, cut off from the rest

of the group with two towel-clad girls on his back and more than a score surrounding him. Somehow, he re-

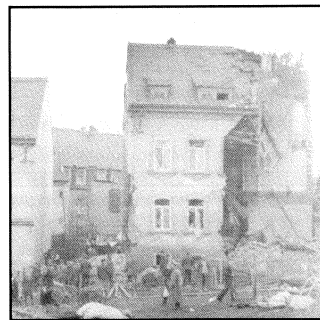
minded me of a crippled B-17 separated from the formation and being attacked by enemy fighters coming in from all directions. I walked back to see if I could help him but he assured me he needed no assistance. So there he was, with a grin from ear to ear, talking to the girls in his own version of the French language and pointing to the towels they were wearing. I then realized that Tailwheel had been in Casablanca before and was quite familiar with their routine and that this creator of fashions had sold them the towels they were wearing. But whose towels were they? Throwing caution to the winds I moved closer to get a good look at the towels. They were mine. Tailwheel had sold my towels.

I stepped through the doorway into the other world of Casablanca. I returned to our cab, thankful to be able to sit down and recover my breath and also to take inventory to see if I had lost anything else to the nimble fingers of the girls of the walled city, besides my towels and dignity. The cabs returned to the starting point back through the native section, past Ricky's, but no Ingrid Bergman and finally back to our PX to replenish my towel supply. Who knows, Tailwheel, the French fashion designer and I may decide to make another trip to the walled city.

(Next issue: Tailwheel learns that sometimes rank has no privileges.)



George Emerson with Marianne Serfling one of three survivors in house on Janear Strasse (photo r) on Feb. 9, 1945.



303rd Memorial at Gowen Field. Mrs. Joyce Link Carringer and Sgt. Herb Link's family put flowers on the monument on Memorial Day 1993.

TALL TALES

The following small blurb in the Akron Beacon Journal of 17 August 1943 is a good example of the bombing accuracy of the 303rd Bomb Group during WW II.

Tiny Parachute Lands on House

Mrs. Walter Bickerson, 674 Carlsyle St., had a souvenir from the Army today that she received unexpectedly. It is a little parachute which was dropped from a four-motored bomber as it flew low over her house Tuesday afternoon.

The chute landed on the house roof. Weighted down with a small piece of metal. It is only a foot square and two and a half feet high when inflated.

The culprit who did the bombing was none other than Gen. Travis' favorite pilot, Bill Eisenhart. I'm sure Gen. Travis could have testified to his accuracy but unfortunately he was not along on this flight.

Bill's crew left Scott Field on 17 August, 1943, for the trip to England. "We purposely flew over Akron, Ohio

and my home in particular," said Bill. "Naturally, to buzz my house there we almost scored the crew's first bomb "shack." A parachute was rigged from a bed mattress cover and fifty caliber links were used for weights for the drop. The drop was made at very low level (50 ft) and it hit on the roof of a neighbor to my family's home. It caused a little excitement and thus, the article in the Akron Beacon Journal."

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NEW MEMBERS

- A-200 James Barton, 21 Rushton Rd., Rothwell, Northants, England NN14 2HG – Was not printed in the July issue.
- 1794 Rollin J. Bender, 19 Camino Real, Edgewater, FL 32132 (358)
- A-205 T/Sgt Brian McIntosh, JAC PSC 47, Box 3245, APO AE 09470
- A-206 S/Sgt Mitch Weber, JAC/DOIE PSC 47, Box 1128, APO AE 09470
- L1795 Clayton R. Bagwell, 16522 Thames Ln, Huntington Beach, CA 92647 (358)
- 1796 Joseph M. Eby, 61 Foxanna Dr., Hershey, PA 17033 (358)
- L1797 James Brooks, Box 171, West Pawlet, VT 05775-0171 (359)
- A-207 Robert V. Sanderson, 2016 Brookcreek Ln., Kirkwood, MO 63122
- 1798 John C. Hill, Jr., 539 Camino de Encanto, Redondo Beach, CA 90277 (444)
- A-208 Allan Ritchie, 891 Eastern Ave., Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex, U.K.
- 1799 Richard M. Vincent, 16218 Kiser Rd., Louisville, NE 68037
- A-209 Hurst Weber, Burgstrasse 9, Niederstedem, Germany D – 54634
- 1800 Thomas J. Amici, 661 Spencer Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850 (427)
- A-210 William F. Adams, 91 Pelly Rd., Plaiston, London, England E13 ONL
- A-211 Chastity Barwick, Rt 11, Box 331, Lake City, FL 32055
- 1801 Paul R. Ellis, 127 S. Central Ave., Campbellsville, KY 42718 (427)
- A-212 Michael J. Hardin, 259 Dartmouth Ave., Spring Hill, FL 34609
- L1802 Leo W. Michalski, 2924 Johns Dr., Saginaw, MI 48603 (444)
- A-213 Donald R. Nardone, 5592 Gulf Pointe Drive, Sarasota, FL 34243
- 1803 Ellis J. Sanderson, 5424 E. Bellevue, Tucson, AZ 85712 (359)
- L1804 Herb Bauer, 42 DeForest Dr., Branford, CT 06471-1258 (360)
- A-214 Nancy O'Leary Nowell, 2242 W. Nichols Rd. #C, Arlington Heights, IL 60004
- A-215 Richard W. O'Leary, 22057 Holly Branch, Tomball, TX 77375
- 1805 Arthur F. Chance, 6202 Lakehurst Ave., Dallas, TX 75230 (359)
- A-216 Dolly Jolly, 37 Islington, Titchmarsh, Nr Kettering, Northants, NN14 3CD England

ADDRESS CHANGES

- L1609 Alfred Barrios, 3580 So. Oceanshore Blvd., The Nautilus #705, Flagler Beach, FL 32136-4146
- L106 Oscar A. Deen, 7 Brophy Way, Sp. #18, Shady Cove, OR 97539
- Wid Ann DeFilippis, ZIP 19122; Phone 215-739-5799
- Wid Adeline Doherty, 7430 244th Lane, NE, Stacy, MN 55079-9708
- L328 Jesse H. Elliott, phone 813-775-7880
- L227 Howard J. Frohman, phone 619-483-4543
- 1607 Thomas A. Henn, 2130 N. Harwood St., Orange, CA 92665
- 849 Grady H. Hodges, 2010 S. Union Ave., No. 316, Tacoma, WA 98405-1068
- 200 Carl A. Hokans, Sr., phone 414-352-0233
- 599 Kenneth W. Jencks, 5396 Gulf Blvd., Apt. 1010, St. Petersburg Beach, FL 33706 (November thru April)
- 5419 Anthony R. Kray, 48 Kozley Rd. –POB 85, Tolland, CT 06084; phone 203-875-9329
- L1249 Martin J. McGuire, phone 602-585-7033
- L626 William E. Meleski, (May to October) 105 N. Country Ridge Dr., Amsterdam, NY 12010
- L1583 Maurice E. Ogborn, ZIP 88310-47126
- L286 Robert J. Sorenson, 2702 N. McColl, Box 1-12, McAllen, TX 78501-5530 (October thru April)
- L1357 Richard J. Tracy, 720 Wellington Ave., #410, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007

Note Correction to Membership Directory: The phone area code for Hemet, Morino Valley, Norco, Perris, Redlands and Riverside, California should be 909 instead of 714.

IN MEMORIUM

- Robert G. App (360) - 11 May 1993
- Leonard O. Barwick (359) - 23 August 1989
- James W. Kearney (358) - 22 May 1993
- James E. Whitaker (427) - 1993

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Many donations are coming in to help pay for the new Membership Directory. Please understand when you don't receive a personal thank you note in reply. We surely do appreciate your support and generosity, but I cannot reply to all receipts and stay up with the other paperwork. I thank you all by this column and list your names below. Obviously the Directory is not entirely accurate and complete. That is because many dues payments, new and upgraded memberships, address changes, death notices, etc. were received after the copy went to the printers. Watch for the corrections and additions in this column, but remember, I can't make those changes unless you notify me of them. I will also be in Savannah to accept your inputs.

Hal Susskind continues to receive address changes in spite of our numerous notices to send them to me at the address below. Only stories and pictures for the Newsletter should be sent to Hal. In order for all mailing and roster changes to be recorded and effective they must reach me so I can update the computer. I then write the copy to be published in the Newsletter. I make the mailing labels for the Newsletter distribution. Please do not bother Hal with these administrative matters.

Bill Heller will be sending out a call for dues and donations in a month or so. In his notice he will again remind the membership that those who are unable to pay their dues will be kept on the active roster anyway because other members have volunteered to make extra contributions to pay for them. This is accepted Association policy, but the implementation needs some clarification. In order to retain your name on the active roster and to keep the Newsletters coming, we must be specifically notified by telephone or letter that you wish to remain active, but cannot afford to pay the dues. If we do not receive your annual dues by 1 May 1944, we cannot automatically assume it is due to financial hardship. If we did, we could end up sending the quarterlies to deceased personnel or to those who no longer care to be members and we wouldn't know it.

MISCELLANY CONCERNING THE DIRECTORY: Marty McGuire was planning to form a 303rd chapter in Scottsdale, AZ. Then he received the Directory and saw that he was the only member there. He reports that the chapter meets regularly at his home and is always 100% in attendance.

Fred Crissman was the first to take advantage of the pre-addressed envelope to send both his donation for the Directory and his 1994 dues. Hope there will be others who follow his lead.

We very much appreciate the \$10 (cash) recently received, but there was no note to identify the donor nor a return address on the envelope. It was mailed from Indianapolis on 18 October. I will send it on to Treasurer Bill Roche, but I'd also like to give credit to the donor in this column. Can anyone help me?

The Directory gives us a pretty good handle on our active membership, but I still have approximately 275 names on an inactive list. These are our comrades with whom we have lost contact. It may be due to a lost address, delinquent dues or a death, but we haven't heard from some in five or six years. You may want to see the names and learn of the last known addresses. In our next issue of the Newsletter we shall print the Inactive Roster.

The lists that follow in this issue are as of 23 October 1993.

CARLTON M. SMITH
12700 RED MAPLE CIRCLE #54
SONORA, CA 95370-5269
PHONE: 209-533-4033

UPGRADE TO LIFE OR SUPER LIFE

- L305 Warren E. Barnts, 455 Esta Ave., Crescent City, CA 95531-9720 (359)
- L436 James F. Donnelly, 10200 Westwood Dr., Columbia, MD 21044-3906 (427)
- L1111 Peter F. Kearns, 66 Benchmark Village, Tooele, UT 84074 (427)
- L1440 Arthur A. Marozas, 855 Winter Park Dr., New Lenox, IL 60451 (427)
- L186 Don J. Schwarzenbach, 337 Benton St., Council Bluffs, IA 51503 (358)
- L1357 Richard J. Tracy, 720 Wellington Ave., #410, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007 (358)

DONATIONS/MEMORIALS

Wid Mary T. App. - Memorial to Robert G. App
 1598 Robert E. Abbott (427)
 S64B Paul Barton (359)
 S007 Forrest E. Barton (360)
 S284 Harold A. Belles (359)
 L1629 Richard Braden (359)
 S377 George V. Broderick (359)
 L658 Arthur J. Brown (427)
 L876 Henry J. Brudzinski (358)
 L335 Robert C. Campbell (427)
 1596 Frank J. Caporusso (358)
 S361 John J. Casello (360)
 1507 Alfred B. Chiles, Jr (427)
 S1358 Louis M. Christen (427)
 S149 Ralph F. Coburn (358)
 L1313 Arthur J. Coyle (427)
 088 Fred T. Crissman (360)
 S178 Charles A. Dando (359)
 L1271 Charles R. Doback, Sr (358)
 A-145 Iris Drinkwater
 S670 Albert L. Dussliere (427)
 S543 John W. Ford (359) - Memorial to Leonard O. Barwick
 L227 Howard J. Frohman (360)
 S444 Thomas H. Hardin, Jr (360)
 S385 Ralph S. Hayes (427)
 L1156 James K. Good (427)
 L650 Alexander W. Gray (359)
 L1624 Robert E. Hoke (359)
 Wid Charlotte I. Jaouen
 599 Kenneth W. Jencks (360)
 Wid Mabel H. Kearney
 S563 J. Ford Kelley (359)
 L1463 Herbert W. Kennedy (359)
 257 Russell A. Knudson (360)
 1763 John R. Kosilla (358)
 1531 Ted Lappo (358)
 1699 Roger C. Lee (427)
 S877 Lloyd I. Long (427)
 Wid Corine B. Lovelock
 L1375 Robert B. Lubbers (427)
 1777 Anthony Magnano (359)
 Wid Edith Bates Mason
 L1678 Tom McGiffin (360)
 L1249 Martin J. McGuire (360)
 S255 William S. McLeod, Jr (358)
 S177 William D. McSween, Jr (358)
 1789 Henry H. Means (427)
 L875 Thomas F. Miller (358)
 L316 James W. O'Leary, Sr (427)
 588 Thomas I. Peacock (360)
 L585 Sylvester H. Rape (360)
 L184 Robert A. Rettinhouse (359)
 L699 B.L. Runnels (360)

1657 Anthony J. Sacco (359)
 S1121 Charles S. Schmeltzer (358)
 L1001 Orvis K. Silrum (427)
 S1147 Carlton M. Smith (HDQ)
 L1027 Gordon F. Smith, Jr (359)
 L286 Robert J. Sorenson (360)
 L1146 Hobart H. Steely (358)
 L137 Harry Steinmetz (358)
 1623 Thomas H. Struck (444)
 Wid Phyllis I. Vastine - Memorial to Robert E. Vastine
 S005 Joseph Vieira (359)
 L878 Robert J. Volz (427)
 L047 Ralph Walder (360)
 S235 Van R. White (358)



Cambridge, England - Pictured (l to r) are Jim O'Leary, life member and his daughter, Kathleen O. Streifling (A187) and his grandson, Jeffrey (A188). Jim has sponsored more Associate Members (6) than any of us in the Association.

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