

Hell's Angels Newsletter

645

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

NOVEMBER 1994

303rd SPIRIT LIVES ON AT MOLESWORTH

by Hal Susskind

It has been 50 years since a Hell's Angels B-17, loaded with bombs, took off from Molesworth's runways to do battle with the enemy. And now, personnel from the Joint Analysis Center, its present occupant, are determined to maintain the strong wartime bond that existed between the 303rd Bomb Group and the RAF Molesworth community.

Last year when 125 members of the 303rd Bomb Group family returned to Molesworth to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of their wartime activities, Col. Glenn D. Shaffer, then commander of the JAC, informed the visiting group that two of the newer buildings on Molesworth had been named in honor of two 303rd BG Medal of Honor winners; Lt. Jack Mathis and T/Sgt. Forrest L. Vosler. Col. Shaffer also informed the group that a new Administrative Building was under construction and that he was anxious to name it in honor of someone selected by the 303rd Bomb Group Association.

Today that wish has become a reality. On August 15, 1994, in a very colorful ceremony, with six 303rd Bomb Group veterans in attendance, Building 100 was officially named: "303rd Bomb Group (Heavy) Memorial Building, 'Might in Flight,' 1942-1945".

To start the ceremony, the six 303rd Vets were "Rung In" by having their names called individually, and having them pass through a double file of saluting Service personnel of the JAC. This was staged with bagpipes playing in the background.

The acting C.O. of the JAC, Capt. R. Duncan, USN, gave a stirring speech lauding the accomplishments of the 303rd with special emphasis on the missions flown from Molesworth on August 15, 50 and 51 years ago. Capt. Duncan concluded with, "Your sacrifices and contributions in the name of freedom and in defense of our way of life are unparalleled, and we sincerely appreciate the opportunity to contribute in some small way to preservation of the 'Hell's Angels heritage and maintenance of the



"Might in Flight."

strong bond between the 303rd Bomb Group and the RAF Molesworth community."

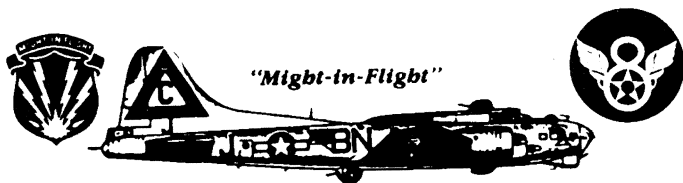
Ford Kelley, President, 303rd Bomb Group Association, emphasized that it was teamwork that made the 303rd such an outstand-

ing outfit. "It was the blending of all the different disciplines into one great team effort that accounted for the successful accomplishment of our duties that led to victory."

M/Sgt. Robert Holder, President, JAC TOP-3, presented a Cer-

emonial Sword to the 303rd Bomb Group. The beautiful sword which is approximately four feet in length was made in Toledo, Spain. A plaque containing all the presentation particulars accompanied the

(Continued on page 9)



303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

"HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

Editor: Hal Susskind

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NOVEMBER 1994

The 303rd Bomb (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 statuses.

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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IN THIS ISSUE...

We tried to do an in-depth story on the ceremonies which took place when the JAC named their new Administrative Building in honor of the 303rd Bomb Group. I can imagine the feelings of the 303rd veterans when they passed through the double file of saluting Service personnel. From all indications, RAF Molesworth is in very good hands and its future looks very bright ... Read about the **Raffle** of two round trip tickets on Delta Airlines from a getaway city to London, England. The lucky winners will be announced just in time for them to make arrangements to attend the last big 50th Anniversary celebration in Europe on V-E Day. Madingley Cemetery Celebration is scheduled for May 7, 1995. Look for the Raffle form in this issue of the newsletter ... **Art-for-Sale**. In connection with the building naming ceremony, UK artist, Keith Hill, was commissioned to do two appropriate paintings. Lithographs of these fine paintings can be ordered direct from the JAC at very reasonable prices. Look for photos of these paintings and an article on how to order them in another section of this newsletter. Tailwheel, the Most Unforgettable Character returns to these pages after a two issue hiatus. In the Febru-

ary issue read how he vanished from his barracks in Dakar, Africa only to turn up at the V-J Day celebration in New York City. **Feedback** ... I was disappointed in not getting any feedback on the story on "the wheels up landings." Since four aircraft were listed, were there two incidents? The so called "pilot" passengers story has a Swiss Cheese aura to it ... I was also disappointed in not getting any feedback on my suggestion that the Association erect a plaque or some other appropriate award to honor the citizens of Le Cloître, France for giving their lives to aid the survivors of Lt. Harry Robey's crew. This is your newsletter. Its success depends on your comments, both positive and negative. Let's hear from you ... Speaking of Raffles, Don and Mary Smith who won the Grand Prize at the Savannah Reunion - a 12 day Royal Cruise Line cruise from Italy to London with a stop at Normandy to attend the D-Day ceremonies, were so pleased with their prize that they have donated \$200 to be used as a Raffle prize at the Colorado Springs Reunion. If you know of anyone who would like to donate a prize for the Colorado Springs Raffle have them contact Ed Miller.



Ford Kelley being "Rung In" during Ceremony.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN, APPOINTMENTS

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Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

The Last Hurrah!

This is an open letter to members of the 444th Sub-Depot.

Have you looked at the clock lately? It's later than you think. If we want recognition as a unit or if we have wished to see an old buddy in the 303rd organization we are going to have to do it now! I attended the reunion in Boise in '92 and the ground crew of the field (no counting the bomb squadrons) had poor representation. I also heard that Savannah was no better. This may be a morbid suggestion on my part but look at the "Taps" section in your local Legion paper. There seems to be quite a few who have finished their mission on this "earthly field."

Before I tell you a solution, let me first say that we had a 444th reunion in Grand Island on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of September. The first one I called in September of '90, we had 12 members show up. In '91, '93 and '94 there were seven in attendance. Each year there was at least one new member. This year the members that came were Olen Obar, Joe Freedman, (supply officer), Bill Kruetz, Fred Gruenberg (fuel), and myself, all from A/C Supply. Allen Untiedt, (clothing supply) and Mel McCoy, (Engineering Officer) was the new one this year.

The solution - join us - we plan (the seven of us) to meet at the reunion in Colorado Springs and have our own get-together there. My understanding is the dates are 12-15 September. (As of now, official dates are 12-17 September according to Eddie Deerfield V/P for Reunions). The 12th is on a Tuesday and since the first two days are made up of tours and board meetings, we decided that those days would be a good time to meet. To be assured of getting rooms in the hotel with the meeting rooms, be sure to call for reservations the day that you are notified of the time, place and cost of them. They usually list an alternate hotel but it is usually some distance from the reunion hotel.

Here is an incident that, as the "feller" says, "It wasn't told to me, I only heard." As the story goes, a 2nd Lt. Bombardier came into the Ordnance Office and asked what those little tags on the bombs were for. The Ordnance Officer, (don't remember his name) told the Lt.

they were on the fuse safety pins. The Lt. said, "Oh, I see," and started to walk out. The Ordnance Officer stopped him with, "Lt., what have you been doing with them?" "Oh nothing," was the reply. The next day an order appeared for the return of all tags at the debriefing after each mission. Does anyone remember that one? I sure can't prove its veracity.

Maurice "Slim" Paulk
205 West 12th
Wood River, NE 68883

ED Note: Times are usually set aside during the reunions for individuals to hold meetings so they don't conflict with the group business meeting. An alternate hotel is only used when a sizable number of requests for rooms come in after the cut-off date. To accommodate these people a nearby alternate hotel is selected and usually some method of transportation is set up to get them to and from the reunion hotel at the appropriate times.

Did you know Lt. G.S. McClellan?

My first cousin was 1st Lt. G. S. McClellan. He was a member of the 303rd Bomb Group, 427th Sqdn. He was the pilot of the B-17F #41-24587, "Bad Check." He and his crew were shot down on Jan. 11, 1944 on the raid to Oschersleben. Six members of his crew survived. Sterling (McClellan) was reported killed in action. There have been some conflicting reports as to what actually happened to my cousin on this raid.

I was born nine years after Sterling died so I never knew him. I have always thought of him as a genuine hero. In the last year or so I have had the desire to research his life and find out as much as I can about him with the hopes of eventually writing a history about him.

Is there anyone out there who remembers him? I would greatly appreciate them contacting me and sharing their memories of Sterling with me. I may never be able to find out exactly what happened to Sterling when "Bad Check" was shot down but my information on his life while a member of the 303rd will be greatly appreciated.

Rick Collier
731 N.E. 8th Court
Pompano Beach, FL 33060

(305) 946-3098

Ed. Note: Everyone who flew on that mission to Oschersleben on Jan. 11, 1944 was a hero.

"Baseball - England - 1941-45"

Writer desperately needs to contact anyone who played on any unit teams in England/ETO during the war, especially those of Air Corps. Need any team photos, games in progress, photos or related material. All material will be returned at owners request and author's expense plus copy of book upon publication.

Richard Bruce
11417 St. RD. 535,
Orlando, FL 32836

"Ode to a first Love"

Thought you might wish to share the attached article, "Ode to a First Love," with the rest of the 303rd BGA. It was a wonderful experience to be able to fly in a B-17 again after all these years. Members might want to write to: The Collings Foundation, River Hill Farm, Stow, MA 01775 to find out when the B-17 or the B-24 will be in their area.

Bill La Perch
7200 Walnut Canyon Road
Moorpark, CA 93021

Ed. Note: Bill's article is on Page 8 of this issue.

A mountain in Wales

In the May newsletter, under Forum, Ian Evans of Wales, England, was seeking information concerning one of our planes crashing near his home town of Bala on Aug. 4, 1943. Ford Kelley and I corresponded with this young 303rd Bomb Group enthusiast and visited him and his family on our recent trip to England for the Molesworth building dedication.

I was in the 427th Engineering section at the time of the crash and was ordered, along with the Flight Surgeon, Capt. Louis Lame, to investigate this ill fated training mission of Lt. Pratt and his crew. I am attaching a copy of our orders. Sidney Larson was Crew Chief of the plane and he too has written Ian.

Our trip was highlighted by Ian meeting Betty and Ford, and Virginia and me in Chester, England and taking us by car to his home in Bala. We were given a royal welcome by his entire family, including wife, mother and father. After a luncheon we were driven to the foot of the mountain crash site.

We did not attempt a trek up the footpath to the mountain summit where the monument is erected at the crash site. Fifty years makes a difference when it comes to mountain climbing. It was not an easy job the first time.

Ian Evans is now an associate member of the Association and it is



Bala, Wales, August 1994 (l to r, front row) Ian Evans with his father, mother and wife. Hargrove and Kelley in back row.

gratifying to see people like Ian who still appreciate our war efforts.

Quentin Hargrove
18 Bill Rogers Dr.
Texarkana, TX 75503

Ed. Note: Our list of foreign associate members grows larger with each issue. We welcome their interest in our Association and always look forward to receiving their very interesting letters.

Regarding "Idaliza"

Page 10 of the August issue, requests shedding some light on Norman A. Cote, crew chief of "Idaliza." We were on the same ground crew prior to Cote becoming a crew chief. A great guy and a one hundred percent gentleman. I doubt if he named that aircraft. If the plane had a French name, I'd say Cote named it.

My diary refers to Cote on March 8, 1944 as follows, "We sent five to Erkner (Berlin). Lost Cote's ship (Doolittle's Destroyers); Joe Klasnick and W. Sharp on board, McGrath's crew." It was 42-31471. I assume "Idaliza" was a replacement for the plane that went down.

I spent a few days with Cote in 1946. I was in Augusta, Maine on business and Norm worked in the local bank. We told the usual number of lies before I left town. We corresponded for a few years then stopped. I can't imagine why he never joined the Association. I do know there was a problem with a child; some rare ailment.

His wife's name was Elaine. As of 1946 they lived at 4 Swan Street, Augusta, Maine. There are more Cote's in that phone book than there are Smiths. Sorry I can't offer more info.

Again, many thanks for the effort that you put into the newsletter.

It still ranks #2 in my quest for libido.

Ralph Walder
188 Brown St., Box 149
Sea Cliff, NY 11579

Ed. Note: Thirty-two of our members live in Maine. How about some of you trying to locate Cote. In the meantime does anyone know who named that aircraft "Idaliza?" and what was the inspiration?

A thank you from Wales

I would like to thank everyone

that helped me with the information I requested regarding the loss of B-17F 42-3124 near Bala, North Wales on Aug. 4, 1943. To Harry Gobrecht who provided me with the initial information to Sidney Larson, the crew chief for the aircraft for his interesting letter. To Quentin Hargrove for his memories of the incident and the copy of the orders directing him to the site. Quentin, his wife Virginia, Ford and Betty Kelley all spent the day with us at Bala on August 22. It was a special day for me, my wife Valerie and my parents - a day we will always remember. There will always be a special welcome to the four of you at Bala.

Ian Evans
Creigle, Craig-Y-Fron
Bala, Gwynedd, North Wales
LL23 7UW, Great Britain
 P.S. Oh yes, thanks for a great newsletter.

"Phyllis" aka "Tugboat Annie" VS "Vicious Virgin" aka "The Scarlet Harlot"

I thought I had solved the mystery of "Tugboat Annie" but your note in the August Newsletter has me confused. I remember the "Vicious Virgin" but not the "Scarlet Harlot."

I suggest you contact Mel Schulstad - if he is available or Harry McDaniel (Little Rock, Arkansas) who may still be among us. It can't be difficult now that all statutes of limitations have more than expired. I remember Harry and I'm sure he would tell the actual story, in fact it will give him a laugh. I enjoy my copy of the newsletter and even share it with some USAAF guys (303th BG (H) who do not have such a great publication.

Marty McGuire
Mountain View
24745 N. 117th St.
Scottsdale, AZ 85255

Ed. Note: You say you are confused. Why should you be any different than the editor. First the serial number of Phyllis aka Tugboat Annie was 429020. The serial number of Vicious Virgin aka The Scarlet Harlot was 425341. Now my dear Watson, I have four aircraft names and two different serial numbers. The \$64 question is: "were there two wheels up landings?" Anyone want to venture a guess?

Spider Smith hears from his fans?

The August issue featured a story by Dick Smith. I was Smitty's radio man and we still stay in touch. Jim Cummins, our Bombardier, is still living in London, Ohio. The three of us talk to each other from time to time, even though we haven't laid eyes on one another for fifty years. We still maintain contact. I don't have to explain this sort of thing to you, especially.

I'm writing to you to request that a copy of the newsletter be mailed to Frances Nafius, our pilot's widow. Yes, we all stay in touch. I've written to her about his story and I'm sure she'd enjoy reading it and seeing his photo.

The newsletter is really great. I look forward to receiving it. It never fails to transport me back to "those days." Keep up the good work. Thanks for sending the copy to Frances.

Irv Birken
8502 N. W. 82nd St.
Tamarac, FL 33321

I would appreciate it if you would see to it that a copy of the last newsletter be sent to me. I failed to receive it for some reason. I understand in talking to a fellow crew member (Irv Birken) that the letter included an article about my co-pilot, Dick Smith.

Dick, Irv and I are the only living crew members and we still keep in touch so I would like to have the newsletter for my file.

You and your staff are doing a great job, a special salute to all.

James E. Cummins
168 Washington Ave.
London, OH 43140-1241

Ed. Note: The editor is the staff. Although I'm smart enough to employ a typesetting firm which has a very talented graphics person. All the copy is inputted into a word processor for yours truly. I'm responsible for all the mistakes. Some of them are put there on purpose to take care of the readers who jost look for mistakes. Please believe me, the job has never been boring. All the success of this publication is due entirely to you, the readers. Your letters, especially the ones from Ralph Walder are what makes this paper unique. This newsletter is a forum where you can sound off.

Might in Flight Addendum

I have received a copy of the Minutes of the Minutes of the Board of Directors' Meeting at Savannah, Georgia, 2 April 1994 from Jack P. Rencher, Secretary.

Under New Business was the following statement, "A discussion ensued concerning an addendum to "Might In Flight" as only "Lead Crews" were named and many people felt "left out." Ground crews need more recognition. We need to work out a system to have everyone write out their experiences with the 303rd. Tell what you would like to see in the records about you.

It was brought out we tried this 4 years ago but didn't get any letters.

I have read "Might in Flight" by Harry D. Gobrecht. The author did an excellent job. However constructive criticism would be that the ground crew echelon had been excluded.

The Soldiers Medal for Heroism awarded to Kenneth Shanahan and Clyde V. Engholm of the 359th Bomb Squadron should be mentioned. The 359th had five sets of brothers. Adams, Kennedy, Mathis, Morton and Triffo. S/Sgt. Vernon Morton and Sgt. Alvin Morton who are twins, reunited in Boise, Idaho through the efforts of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The camaraderie, patriotism, courage, immeasurable contributions, and finding strength in difficult times to bring conclusively "Unconditional Surrender" ending World War II was tribute to the airmen and ground echelon comprising four bomb squadrons and supporting units of the 303rd.

There is an old saying, good organization tends to produce effective results in the greater achievement of goals and better organization tends to produce even greater efficiency.

I suggest developing an Organizational Chart for the 303rd Bomb Group, and individually the 358th, 359th, 360th and 427 Bomb Squadrons summarizing various departments' responsibilities. We have an opportunity to make a contribution so that publications in the future will historically and accurately record facts about the Engineering Department recognizing Line Chief, Crew

Forum

Chiefs, Asst. Crew Chiefs, and individual names of their crews; Administrative Personnel, Parachute Riggers, Armors, Mess Cooks, Intelligent, Medical, Supply Personnel and yes - our Squadron Barber.

I sincerely believe using collectively our minds and esprit-de-corps of youthful hearts our 303rd Bomb Group Members hopefully can contribute much knowledge of information toward achieving successful results for their squadrons. The 359th can set a standard.

It's getting late and time is running out. "Let's do it."

Alvin L. Morton
301 Third Avenue, Room 703
Pittsburgh, PA 15222

Alvin also followed up with a short note which follows:

The 359th had at the start of operation in 1942, nine crews, and only two survived. The original crew chiefs (Sgts. Guthrie, Thompson, Ruark, Yaniga, Ashlock, Pafford and Hansen) are now accounted with the additions: M/Sgt. Fletcher and M/Sgt. Leonard Gray. However in the course of time, the new organizational plan created 3 flights with eight planes to a flight. M/Sgt. Yaniga became Flight Chief, M/Sgt. Clyde L. Dewald, and M/Sgt. James Hicks, Crew Chiefs; M/Sgt. Elmer Fessler, Aircraft Inspector; M/Sgts. Jesse B. Warner, Hoffreiter and Defense Crew Chiefs.

It is apparent to account for all personnel will probably be unattainable. However developing an organizational chart could be possible. Those knowledgeable 303rd ground echelon could be encouraged to write their duties and opinions, etc.

I received a booklet from James Hicks titled, "What I see when I look at a B-17." I found it excellent reading. To get people to write down anything nowadays is next to impossible. There is a lot of good history out there and it's a sad commentary not to record it.

The 303rd is a special group and of course I feel especially honored at the privilege of serving as Memorials Committee Chairman. I feel getting people really wanting to do something is the essence of leadership.

ALM

Ed. Note: Several years ago we inserted a questionnaire in the

newsletter seeking information from all 303rd members on their exploits during the war. Only ten were filled out and returned. The wealth of information available in the 303rd Bomb Group section of the 8th Air Force Heritage Center will depend upon the deposits made by its members. Whether we are rich or paupers will depend upon you. I'd also like to point out that "Might in Flight" contained 918 pages of information which was assembled by one person. Anyone having any ideas on developing an organizational as outlined by Alvin Morton are encouraged to submit it to the Association Secretary so that it could be acted upon at the Board Meeting at the Reunion in Colorado Springs in 1995.

50 Years Ago

It hardly seems possible that 50 years ago this month (Sept.) I landed at Molesworth as the Bombardier on Hank Embrey's crew.

We flew our first mission on 7 October to Dresden. Over the Dutch coast we took an 88mm shell through the left wing. If it had exploded, we would have bought the farm. Wow. My wife Jean and I are now retired from our fly fishing shop in Minnesota. Nothing to do but fish for trout. Please accept my thanks for the great job you continue to do for the 303rd BGA.

Stay well.

Robert Mitchell
101 10th Street
Belgrade, MT 59714

P.S. I received "Might in Flight" shortly after asking you about it. What memories it brought back. Thanks to all who had a hand in it.

Seeking information

In reference Harry Gobrecht's book "Might in Flight" page 647, four survivors were listed on 1st Lt. A. K. Nemer's crew. They were: Lt. H. H. Schultz, T/Sgt. H. H. Gannon, Sgt. F. S. Bohrer and Sgt. P. L. Kerr. Any information about these people would be appreciated; addresses, friends or whatever.

George Emerson
(Lt. Barrat's crew)
Apto Postal 64
Todos Santos B.C.S.
Mexico 23300

Aerial Birthday Present

The enclosed story appeared in our local newspaper. The plane trip was given to me by my three children as a birthday present. (The story told of his 70th birthday present a flight in a 1943 Stearman PT-17, the same type of bi-plane he first trained in).

Four of us from the crew of the B-17, "Old Black Magic," got together for the first time in almost 50 years at the Reunion in Savannah. We plan on attending the next one in Colorado Springs in '95.

Pictured in our WW II photo are: (back row l to r) Jim Tarvid (P), Moulton Webber (B), Lou Grandwilliams, (CP) and Vince Hudson, (N). (front row l to r) Carmen Root (RO), Richard Dimick (TG), Gale Muchmore (BT), and Maurice Jenkins (E).

Attending the reunion were: Vince Hudson, Gale Muchmore, Moulton Webber and Lou Grandwilliams.

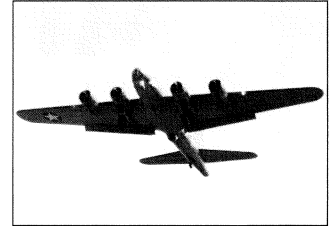
Always enjoy reading the newsletter.

Lou Grandwilliams
1107 Huckleberry Road
North Bellmore, NY 11710-1917

"Sally B" pilot writes

May I then, just simply, say a very sincere "Thank you" to all of you at JAC for your kind thought and gift which I shall long treasure. The entrance hall and stair-well of my little stone cottage is a modest aviation art gallery. These two commemorative lithos, suitably framed, will occupy a special place and be much admired.

Those of us who fly "Sally B" are very conscious that we are the privileged custodians of a piece of his-



tory. "She" is the star, the living and flying memorial to all those who gave so much. We take part in many displays in the course of a season, but those we do for the Veterans are "kinda special."

In all your hard work, putting together the Molesworth ceremony, I'm sure you must have become aware that the "Mighty Eighth" still lives over here. The "Brits" don't forget, and the 8th is remembered with affection by many. Organizations like FOTE (Friends of the Eighth) will keep that memory alive for many a year.

If you, Brian, or any of your team happen to be at Duxford for the show on Sunday, 11th September, "Sally B" should be flying after our display at Farnborough. I would be pleased to meet up with you. Our "B-17 Shed" looks like (and was) a WW II double garage, between the westerly hangar and the Military Vehicle Museum (right next to the big Gibraltar gun). Just ask for me.

Thank you once again. I'm pleased if my small contribution was of some use to your event and helped bring pleasure to old and young alike (not forgetting the 'in-betweenies').

Sqdn. Ldr. P.M. "Jim" Jewell,
RAF (Ret)
Hayne Cottage, Buckland
Nr. Faringdon
Oxfordshire SN7 8QT



Lt. Jim Tarvid's crew in WW II photo.

World War II's Most Unforgettable Character

By Hal Susskind

During World War II as a member of the 303rd Bomb Group, I met a lot of wonderful, heroic and talented guys. But in my humble opinion, just one stood out as "World War II's Most Unforgettable Character." Formally he was addressed as Captain James McCall Kaiser but to the rest of the U.S. and Allied Air Forces he was known simply as "Tailwheel." Here is Part Five of my recollections of that character as I jotted them down a half century ago.

Although we won the war in Europe we didn't fare as well in Casablanca where a female Lieutenant decided we didn't know how to navigate so she decided to ship us off to Dakar, Africa for further training. The fact that Tailwheel learned how to navigate in flying boats out of Miami in the very early days of the war didn't cut any ice with Miss Congeniality who decided that Casablanca would be a much better place to live if we were in Dakar. The fact that she got promoted to Captain while we were discussing our qualifications made us realize we were fight a losing battle so we went back to pack for our journey to the Westernmost city in Africa. To Tailwheel it was just another adventure to look forward to.

Captain Rogers, our favorite pin-up girl in Casablanca, was still to have the last laugh. When our orders came through to report to Dakar, Tailwheel and I were due for another surprise. Tailwheel was ordered to report to Dakar immediately, while I was left to cool my heels in Casablanca for another week. So once again I said goodbye, temporarily, to Ohio State's favorite son with instructions to him to save a sack for me.

One week later I sat in the Navigator's compartment of a C-54 waiting for clearance from the Cazes tower to take-off for Dakar.

"Army 2775 cleared for take-off." With those instructions from the tower, the C-54 rolled down the runway and became airborne. Looking out a side window, I waved goodbye to the city of white buildings, barrack bag zoot suits and girdle wearing captains. Winging southward over the hot desert with its white sand and funny sounding towns, Safi, Tindouf and Atar, I wondered what adventures lay ahead in the City of Dakar.

The air was very rough and our passengers were getting sicker by the minute. There were many green looking veterans of the Italian campaign aboard and they were all looking for convenient foxholes to climb into. My only regret was that Captain Rogers was not on board as a passenger, but she probably would have told me that the passengers' food wasn't expendable.

After several hours of bouncing, the air finally became smooth, and we started out let down to Dakar. It was getting dark when we arrived over the airport and circled to come in for a landing. Casablanca had looked like a dream city compared to this city in the middle of nowhere. We finally touched down and taxied to the terminal, and I use that word loosely. I stepped out into the night air which was hotter than a blast furnace. So this was Dakar!

Deplaning, I loaded my baggage onto a waiting truck and directed it to Transient Headquarters. After riding for about 10 minutes through the darkness, over the bumpiest road in Africa, we arrived at a run-down building. It was hard to distinguish its size or shape in the darkness, so I opened the screen door and stepped inside to the poorly lit interior. The walls were painted a khaki color, but then, they could have been green as those 25 watt bulbs didn't help too much. The

place looked as if it had been a warehouse that had certainly seen better days. Directly in front of me, was a long counter that stretched from wall to wall. On the other side of the counter was a corporal who motioned to me to sign in. As I finished writing my name, the corporal said, "Welcome to Dakar. Captain Kaiser has a bunk for you down in barrack 4."

I thanked the corporal and asked him the way to barrack 4, and also for some help with my baggage.

"Lots of help down here, Captain. Just watch."

With that, he turned towards the sidewall and called, "Hey Joe, hey you." I turned to see to whom he was talking and noticed a long bench running along the side wall. On the bench were seated eight of the darkest looking natives that I had ever seen.

"Nothing like this back in the E.T.O. was there captain?" said the corporal. "No," I answered, but there certainly isn't any sign of Picadilly Circus around here either."

I turned around to find two of the porters he had called, loading my baggage in their arms and motioning for me to follow them. One fellow was balancing my foot locker on his head and also carrying suitcases in his arms. I followed him in amazement as he led me to a long, low, stone building. I followed him in through the screen door and found myself inside a barrack which was as poorly lit as the first building that I had entered. There were no windows, and the only other means of exit was through a door at the other end which was kept closed. There were about six bunks, all covered by mosquito netting, lining the walls on both sides of the hut.

I noticed an empty bottle at the foot of one of the beds, and letting

my eyes wander to the bed, I saw a rather plump form sleeping very peacefully. Those loud colored shorts were the trademark of only one character, Tailwheel.

"Anybody want a drink?" I shouted. The sleeping form sat upright with the speed of lightning. "Cheers to you, Agnes, and welcome to Dakar," said Tailwheel. "Tip you redcaps and come over here while I explain the mysteries of Dakar."

I turned around to find my Senagalese porters standing next to me with their palms extended outwards to me. Standing close to them, I realized that they were even blacker and much bigger than I had first noticed. So I made sure I tipped them generously for they were a little too big to argue with and discretion, even in Africa's westernmost city, seemed to be the better part of valor.

"Step over to my private suite and I'll indoctrinate you in the mysteries and doings of this resort on the shores of the South Atlantic," said the wearer of the circus colored shorts. "First of all, let me get dressed and I'll escort you over to the mess hall and let you partake of some mess, er, I mean food. That is if you are able to."

Soon TW completed the job of covering his blimp like form and we started out into the darkness to the mess hall. After 10 minutes of stumbling all over the area, I finally spied a light up ahead and said to my little guide, "I hope that's the mess hall, because I'm starved."

"You won't be for long," said the wise one. Somehow or other I didn't quite like the way he said it.

We arrived at the lighted building, opened the screen door and entered. The interior of the mess hall was the same typical Army mess hall I had always known, but somehow or other, it seemed to be different. Maybe the lights were not

as bright or maybe it was that awful paint job again. "Where do we sit, Tailwheel? I'm starved."

But my friend didn't answer. He just looked at me and grinned that mysterious grin of his.

We picked our seats and I was no sooner seated when a black hand reached over my shoulder for the glass in front of me and a voice boomed in my ear. "Nuwa?"

"Nuwa? What the hell is Nuwa, you little Sphinx?" I said to Tailwheel, who was sitting next to me trying to keep a straight face.

Finally the Sphinx answered me. "What's the matter? Are you ignorant? Aren't you familiar with the language in our better class restaurants? The waiter is simply asking you if you would care to have a glass of water."

"Nuwa means water?" I asked. "Boy, anything can happen here from now on." "It will," was the answer from my friend.

"I'll have some water," I said to the waiter and as he poured out the liquid, I finally got a chance to look at him. He was a young fellow, about fifteen years of age, very black and of medium height. He was dressed in brown cotton shorts and shirt to match. He wore no shoes and his feet would never get into a rowboat less than a size 12. On his arms and legs were quite a few leather bracelets and around his neck he wore a triangular shaped necklace made of leather.

"What are those things?" I asked Tailwheel.

"Those things are giddy-giddys, and what they stand for has so far evaded me so you will have to find out for yourself."

I looked around the messhall and noticed a few more waiters all about the same age and all similarly dressed. They seemed to be looking our way and talking. I guess I was as curious to them as they were to me.

Our waiter came towards us carrying my food in one hand and scratching very vigorously with the other and he wasn't being very particular where he scratched. In fact after each scratch I could feel my appetite slowly leaving me. When he set the plate of bacon and eggs on the table in front of me and deposited his thumb right smack in the middle of the green yoke of my fried eggs, my appetite flew away on jet propelled wings.

"Looks delicious," said Tailwheel, as he sat next to me smacking his lips. "Now to wash it

down with a cup of delicious Maxwell House coffee."

I reached for my coffee, but my cup never reached my lips, because there in my cup, was a liquid the shade of Shamrocks in Erin. Green Coffee! That was the end of my appetite forever, I thought.

"Let's get out of here before I start seeing pink elephants," I said to TW as I started to make for the exit very rapidly.

"Pink elephants are no novelty to me," said Tailwheel. "In fact, I've never seen any other color, but I think I remember your saying you were hungry when we entered this high class restaurant."

"Do you mean to say that this place is always like that?" I asked. "No, it's a little better at night. Wait until you see it in the daylight, was his reply.

"Those damn petticoats," was all I could answer."

Tailwheel and I stumbled back to our room in the windowless barrack and discussed our duties and our chances of getting transferred out of this outfit, which seemed to be the Siberia of the U.S. Army Air Forces.

"Tell me, Tailwheel. Just what kind of an outfit did we get Shanghied into?" I asked the wise little man.

"Well, It's a long story and an unusual one. This camp is really two outfits. One is composed of the so-called, permanent-party personnel, who live on the other side of the flight line, live in permanent buildings and eat in a clean mess hall. The other outfit is made up of guys like us, the so called transients, the ex-combat boys, who really are assigned here permanently but must live here on this side of the 'tracks.' We are really down here to fly the combat infantrymen home from Italy. They come in via Marseille, Port Lyautey and Casablanca, but in order to cross the ocean they must take on aerial bookkeepers, like us here in Dakar, to guide them over the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil. The funny part of it all is that we get paid per diem, at seven dollars per, for every day we spend crossing the ocean from this base.

"Seven dollars a day extra, with no one shooting at us?" I inquired. "Boy, that's quite a set up, but when do we fly?"

"Oh, you will fly as an assistant naviscratcher one of these days. You'll fly with a Second Lieutenant, who will gripe all the way to Brazil and back, about his still being a Second Lieutenant, and about his

having to teach a Captain how to navigate. He will tell you how rough it was flying the Atlantic during the war, and how tough it was sleeping in tents in Africa while we had nice beds in England. Just tell him to go to the Chaplain and get his TS ticket punched or ask him who was shooting at him during those trans-Atlantic flights at seven dollars per day. You will find that he will suddenly go very quiet after that. The closest those lounge chair navigators have been to actual fighting is reading the Air Force magazine. I guess they need a "wake-up" call down here, so it's up to us to do something about it."

"How do we go about reforming this outfit that the Air Force forgot?" I asked.

"Just leave everything to yours truly, and now I have to make like a bird, for tonight I get my second lesson in the art of navigation a big iron-assed bird over the Atlantic Ocean. These trans-ocean hops present many problems and the first is how to beat that Second Lieutenant to the sack after the plane takes off. Now off I go to Brazil and the Wonder Bar and *cherchez la femme*."

It was two days before the stout one returned to Dakar, but when he did, we got news to move into one of the new barracks just completed. This one was a vast improvement over its predecessor, for this building had screened windows every 10 feet. The walls were white and wonder of wonders, the toilets were in the building, something that hadn't happened since we left the Army barracks back in the United States.

As the man from Ohio looked at our new quarters, his only comment was, "Quite an improvement, but we can still do better. I guess we will have to start getting in somebody's hair and we start right now."

We caught the intra-camp bus, which was still an Army truck no matter how hard you tried to camouflage it, and rode over to see how the other part of the camp lived. The other part lived quite well. They had an up-to-date P.X., a movie house, a nice looking Officers' Club that served good liquor, and a clean mess hall where the coffee somehow looked brown in the cup, not like the green sea water that we had served to us every day on the "other side of the tracks."

My wise friend looked over the surroundings and said, "We will start our campaign in the Officers' Club."

So we returned to the O' club to lay our plans for getting transferred back to the States or anywheres else as long it was leaving Dakar.

We, rather I should say Tailwheel, made a very big hit at the bar during the course of the evening, when a high ranking officer of the camp's staff stepped up to the bar without shedding his hat. The quiet of the room was shattered by the booming voice of my friend, who said, "Will the so-called gentleman, with the chickens on his shoulder, kindly remove his hat when at the bar?"

At once the room took on a tomb-like silence, as everyone looked towards the Colonel. The officer grew red, removed his hat, and went over and hung it up. He returned to the bar and approached Tailwheel and said with a smile, "I see where this outfit has gotten some new blood. Will you join me in a drink?"

That drink and those that followed, without any sign of the puckers, led to a long conference mostly on how to improve living conditions, namely ours, on the base. The talk plus Tailwheel's personality produced results.

The next morning Tailwheel and I were moving to our new quarters on the "right side of the tracks." This time we had a private room with a screen enclosed porch and a two tone painted wall. We were soon treated to another surprise, when a young Senagalese boy, about 12 years old, entered our quarters and proudly announced that he was our house boy. Tailwheel greeted our newcomer and asked his name.

"Me name Bartholomew," answered the smiling boy.

"O.K.," grinned Tailwheel. "From now on your name is Butch."

The young boy's pearly white teeth showed through his good natured smile, as he walked around the room pointing to himself saying, "Me Bootch, Me Bootch."

That night I took off for my first flight as a student navigator. I also drew a Second Lieutenant as my so called instructor. I didn't have any trouble beating him to the sack, because he was so afraid I would get lost somewhere around the Equator, that his nerves kept him awake. Little did he know that there may have been justification to his fears. But that's getting ahead of our story.

ODE TO A FIRST LOVE

by Bill La Perch

Being with one's first love after nearly fifty years was incredible. Would she be as beautiful as I remembered her? Would our joy together be as overwhelming today as it had been then? Oh, the places we had been and the things we had done together – Texas, England, France and Germany; the exhilaration of our bonding together. And now, the moment was here; and we were to be together again!

As I drew near, THERE SHE WAS!! Sitting there in the sun, she was as beautiful as I remembered her. Perhaps, there were a few wrinkles in her skin, but nothing could detract from her timeless beauty.

She was the Queen of the Skies – the magnificent Flying Fortress, a B-17G dressed up in the war finery of the Eighth Air Force with the decorations of the, "Nine-O-Nine," a legend among the legendary airplanes. She had flown 140 combat missions. She had never had a crewman killed or wounded and had never failed to complete a mission.

It had been February 28, 1945, when I flew my last mission, my 35th. Our target had been the marshalling yards at Hagen, Germany. Walking away from my aircraft, I thought that I would never fly in her again. With the fickleness of youth, I had volunteered to leave B-17's and to be trained in B-29's and then join the air campaign against Japan.

Now as I remembered the exhilaration of battle and the pervasive fear (but well-concealed) of death in facing the enemy day after day; of hearing shrapnel bursts from German flak guns piercing our thin aluminum skin with a sound like a giant kicking a monstrous oil drum, and of seeing 17's mauled by fighters go down in spirals so tight that no parachutes would emerge.

My mind was crowded with memories of transmitting bomb strike messages to Headquarters indicating the time of Bombs Away and informing them of the results in terms of accuracy.

When not operating the communications system, I often flew in

the Ball Turret, that little bulge under the belly of the aircraft. From that vantage point, one could swivel the turret with its twin .50 Browning Machine guns in every direction. What a show! Ahead and behind us was an armada of a thousand planes, each carrying a crew of ten men – a total of ten thousand men going into battle as had the soldiers at Gettysburg, the army at Chateau Thierry, and the marines at Iwo Jima.

And now, 1994, I was going to relive those memories and fly from Camarillo airport to Riverside.

Entering the aircraft, everything was as I had remembered – bare aluminum skin, control cables exposed and running overhead – none of the sissified comforts of a civilian aircraft. This was a combat aircraft, and everything was designed to make her the Queen of Battle.

Setting down in the radio compartment, I heard each engine roar into life. Each engine grumbled a little at first, but then settled down into a reassuring roar. The smell of heated oil and hydraulic fluid made a mixture that could not be duplicated by Chanel.

At the end of the runway, the throttles were advanced, and like a bear awakening from hibernation, our ship began to slowly lumber down the runway. Then, the speed increased logarithmically, and faster and faster, we clawed our way into the sky. Like a leviathan unleashed, we shed the restraints of earth and were airborne. The wheels retracted, the flaps came up, and our plane, which had been beautiful on the ground, became breathtaking in flight.

Closing my eyes and resting my forehead against her skin, I was in communion with her and transported in time to the past. Once again, flak bursts thundered against her; the intercom crackled with the chatter of a combat crew at work – "... Fighters at nine o'clock high ..."; "... flak intense and accurate in the target area ..." Navigator to Pilot, we are at the IP (Initial Point from which the Bomb run begins ...) "... Pilot to Bombardier, you've got it ...". At this point, control of the aircraft passed to the



"Sally B" flies majestically over RAF Molesworth.

Bombardier who controlled the movement of the plane by keeping the target in the cross-hairs of his bombsight. It was essential that the plane flew straight and level to give the Bombardier a stable bombing platform, no evasive action nor weaving to avoid flak or fighters from here to the target. The bomb-bay doors swung open, and there, 25,000 feet below us was Germany. After what seemed an eternity, the words, "BOMBS AWAY" came over the intercom as the plane leapt slightly skyward, relieved of the bomb load. We used to joke that until those magic words, we were doing what the government paid us to do. Now, it was time to save our own skins and get the heck out of there safely.

Banking sharply to get out of the flak zone, we regained some of the ability to take evasive action. Depending upon the length of the mission, we might or might not have U.S. fighter support. When we had those beautiful P-51's, it was the rare German fighter that was able to get past our, "little friends," and attack us. Without them, the German Luftwaffe could maul us at will like a skilled matador tormenting a bull until it was bloodied, and one or more aircraft was sent cart wheeling down to earth.

Finally, the English Channel; and in a few minutes, the White Cliffs of Dover. Yes, they really are white.

Then, the whine of hydraulics and the thud as the wheels came down. I left my world of remembrance and awoke to reality as we touched down at Riverside, not Molesworth, England.

Gone are my comrades – Bill Sachau, our Bombardier; Rex, our Navigator, Chad Brodzinski, our waist gunner. My wife and I are celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary, and we have invited Werner Goering, our pilot who flew the plane the way a concert violinist plays a Strad; Jack Rencher, our co-pilot from Arizona, whose laconic cowboy drawl made Will Rogers sound like a city slicker; Gus Gustafson, our engineer and top turret gunner; and Tex Mahan who sat in the very lonely tail position, protecting us from enemy fighter attacks from the rear.

Oh, we were a great crew – from Texas, Utah, California, New Jersey and Minnesota. Were we unique? No, we were but one crew of thousands of our generation who helped bring Germany to her knees.

So, as I walked from that beautiful lady who had brought me safely home again, I pray that she be preserved forever so that future young Americans will look at her and dream of valor, of adventure and combat above the skies, or, in future years, the depths of outer space to defeat tyranny and evil wherever it arises.

We will not fly again, my dear companion, but you shall live in my memory forever.

To my dear children, Kirk and Dorann, who arranged and paid for the flight, my loving thanks.

For those interested in preserving this B-17G and a sister B-24 and to find out where you can fly in their contact:

The Collings Foundation, River Hill Farm, Stow, MA 01775 (508) 562-9182.

303rd Spirit Lives On

(Continued from page 1)

sword which was presented to Ford Kelley. For the time being, the Sword and plaque will be hung in the 303rd Historical Room in the new building.

Ford Kelley, assisted by B/Gen. Hayden, Hq. USEUCOM, and Capt. Duncan, JAC, and 303rd veterans, Gene Girman, Carlton Smith, Harry Gobrecht, Quentin Hargrove, and Malcolm Magid, pulled the lanyard unveiling the gigantic sign which stands tall in front of the new Administrative Building.

There followed a spectacular fly-over by the B-17, "Sally B" which made about 12 passes at low levels. The "Sally B" crew wanted to put on a special show at the ceremony. Thanks to pilot, Keith Sissons and co-pilot, Jim Jewell they succeeded. As one observer said, "You could count the rivets on the B-17 as it passed over." "The concern and professionalism of both Sissons and Jewell to do an outstanding job was very impressive," said an observer who admitted to shedding quite a few tears as the B-17 paid tribute to the 303rd.

As part of the celebration, the JAC commissioned Keith Hill, 8th AF artist from the UK to do two paintings to hang in the new building. Mr. Hill completed a painting showing 303rd B-17s in formation, with the first four aircraft represent-

ing the four squadrons of the 303rd, as well as different models they flew during the war and their color schemes. Robin Beebe, 303rd BGA Liaison Officer in the UK, worked with Mr. Hill to ensure historical accuracy (the painting depicts actual aircraft from the four squadrons). Mr. Hill also painted a B-17F (Hell's Angels) being serviced on the ground at Molesworth. The originals of both paintings were unveiled at the ceremony and are now displayed prominently in Bldg. 100.

The pictures that now hang in the Heritage Room in Building 320 will be hung throughout Bldg. 100. The Heritage Room itself will be reestablished in the new conference room in Bldg. 100. The JAC also purchased photo murals of paintings done by Keith Ferris, the Air Force Art Chairman. These will also be hung in Bldg. 100. One of the murals is a copy of the mural, "Fortresses Under Fire" hanging in the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. Mr. Ferris attended the ceremony at Molesworth as did Mr. Hill and Mr. Beebe.

Lithographs of the two Keith Hill paintings are now available for purchase. Information on the price and how to go about ordering them is contained in another article printed elsewhere in this newsletter.



303rd veterans applaud the unveiling of new sign in front of Building 100.



The six 303rd veterans who attended the August 15th ceremony are; (l to r) Gene Girman, Carlton Smith, Harry Gobrecht, Quentin Hargrove, Malcolm Magid and Ford Kelley at the podium.

Presentation by Ford Kelley RAF Molesworth, England 15 August 1994

General Hayden, Captain Duncan, Members of the Joint Analysis Center, Members of the 303rd Bomb Group Association, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen.

It is a distinct honor for me to be back at RAF Molesworth representing the 303rd Bomb Group Association on this very special occasion. The 303rd has historically been long on performance and short on rhetoric and I promise to continue that practice today.

Last year 150 members of our Association held their 50th Anniversary reunion at Molesworth. During that visit Colonel Shaffer showed them two buildings which had been named in honor of Lt. Jack Mathis and T/Sgt. Forrest L. Vosler, two Medal of Honor winners of the 303rd Bomb Group. At that time Colonel Shaffer told them of the construction of a new Administration Building which he was anxious to name in honor of someone selected by the 303rd Bomb Group Association. After due deliberation by members of our Board of Directors and a poll of the members of the Association, it was decided to name it in honor of all who served with and in support of the 303rd during the wartime years at Molesworth. Therefore the consensus was to recommend the name:

303rd Bomb Group "Might in Flight" Memorial Building 1942 1945

so that all who served in that period of time both in the air and on the ground would be equally recognized.

Since the end of World War II much has been written about the air activities of the "Hell's Angels" outfit. We flew the most combat missions, dropped the biggest tonnage of bombs on the targets, had two Medal of Honor winners, and lost 180 B-17s in combat. Unfortunately not enough credit has been given to the people who held unglamorous jobs at Molesworth yet helped enormously in bringing the war to the enemy. More than 6,000 people blended together to make all this possible. Molesworth housed one great **team effort**. I would like to emphasize that it was **teamwork** that made the 303rd such an outstanding outfit.

To recognize all of the contributors to the 303rd Bomb Group's accomplishments, I will ask our 303rd veterans who are here today to stand and be a symbol of recognition for all the work groups that served at Molesworth in 1942-45. In sequence I'll call their names and ask them to stand and remain standing until all of the disciplines have been acknowledged.

Gene Girman represents the administrative people. The squadron and headquarters' staffs that kept us in supplies, issued orders, saw to our food, delivered our mail, did the painting, electric and carpentry work and made sure the combat crews appeared on time for the briefings by waking us up in the morning and telling us we were tasked to fly today's mission.

Carlton Smith represents the intelligence people who prepared the briefings, identified the target, briefed us on expected enemy opposition, trained us on escape and evasion tactics, did post strike interrogations, interpreted the strike photos and assessed the damage.

Harry Gobrecht represents the flying personnel both officers and enlisted men who dodged the enemy fighters and flak to fly the 364 missions, including the 817 killed in action, 754 who became POWs, the 67 evadees and the 29 internees.

Quentin Hargrove represents the supply, maintenance and transportation people. The men who maintained our aircraft (best results in the 8th AF), loaded our armament, who serviced and operated our ground transportation system to make sure we got around the base and to recreational areas and were responsible for looking after our flying clothes and parachutes.

Malcolm Magid salutes our medical personnel, both doctors and dentists, and their nurses and no less important were the people who manned the weather station, finance people who made sure we got paid and the fire fighters who were always on station to handle our emergencies both in the air and on the ground. Last but not least were the Chaplains who took care of our spiritual needs and were always there to comfort us.

Thank you gentlemen for standing in recognition of all the personnel of the 303rd Bomb Group and Support Groups who made up that great team that occupied Molesworth in 1942-45. The team that contributed greatly to the Allied victory over the Axis Powers in May 1945.

I would like to thank the personnel of the Joint Analysis Center for the honor they have bestowed on the 303rd Bomb Group and also for their wonderful hospitality and outstanding program they have arranged for us today. It has been an honor to be here representing the 303rd Bomb Group Association. We all stand very tall today.

**Presentation by Capt. Robert Duncan, USN
Acting Commander JAC, RAF Molesworth**

... Air Commodore Symonds, General Hayden, Air Marshall Sir John Kemball, Colonel Corbett, Group Captain Bruce, Captain Fragomene, veterans and families of the 303rd Bomb Group, officers, men, women, civilians and families of the Joint Analysis Center, ladies and gentlemen, it is a privilege to welcome you today as we name the JAC Operations Building in honor of the 303rd Bomb Group which 50 years ago flew combat missions from this base over enemy territory in Europe. And it is a particular honor to welcome six returning veterans of the 303rd, Mr. Ford Kelley, Mr. Carlton Smith, Mr. Quentin Hargrove, Mr. Malcolm Magid, Mr. Gene Girman, and Mr. Harry Gobrecht and their families. Mr. Kelley, Mr. Girman, Mr. Gobrecht and Mr. Magid were crew members from the four squadrons that made up the 303rd Group and between them flew over 110 missions over enemy territory. Mr. Smith was a photo interpreter with the Bomb Group staff, and Mr. Hargrove was an Engineer officer with both the group staff and the 427th Bomb Squadron. Mr. Hargrove also was stationed with the 303rd during the group's entire 2 1/2 years at Molesworth.

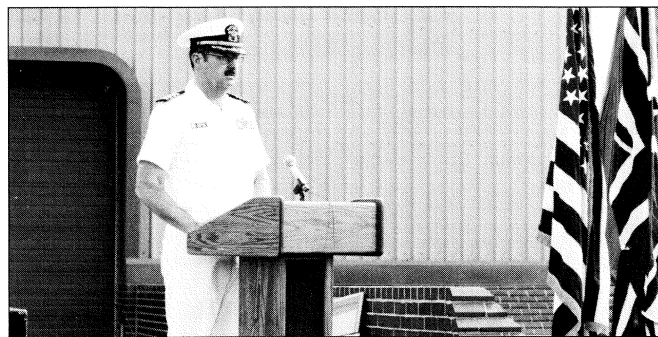
The 303rd Bomb Group has a distinguished record characterized by success, valor and commitment. The group flew 364 combat missions and over 11,000 individual sorties, more than any other bomb group in the Eighth Air Force. The B-17 "Hell's Angels", the namesake of the 303rd, was the first heavy bomber to complete 25 missions, and the equally famous B-17 "Knock-out Dropper" was the first to achieve 75 missions. The 303rd was also the first 8AF bomb group to reach 200, then 300 missions. The first Medal of Honor in 8AF was awarded to Jack Mathis of San Angelo, Texas, a 359th Squadron bombardier, and Forrest Vosler, a 358th Squadron radioman later became the second 303rd member to win the award. Teamwork was the byword of the 303rd, and although seemingly taken for granted in the day-to-day activities of the group, was a matter of life and death. Aircrews of the group set records, and more importantly returned safely from many difficult missions because of the miracles performed by ground and support crews. No fewer than eleven crew

chiefs in the 303rd kept their B-17's flying safely for over 100 missions, an extraordinary record. For example, MSgt Fabian Folmer, crew chief for the B-17 "Hell's Angels", achieved over 40 consecutive missions by his aircraft without an abort due to mechanical difficulties.

Unlike many bombardment and fighter groups that had several homes in the United Kingdom, Molesworth was the only base from which the 303rd operated during its entire two and one half years in 8AF. Our ceremony today is intended to ensure that the 303rd's storied legacy of commitment, valor, courage and sacrifice continues to be honored, and the group's close tie to RAF Molesworth remains unbroken.

For the next few moments, I'd like to take you back over 50 years and try to recreate the activities of the 303rd at this very base on this very day on 15 August 1943, and again on 15 August 1944. Although most of you weren't even born then and can only try to imagine what occurred here, the six men sitting in front of you were intimately and totally involved in events like those I am about to address, and only they can describe their thoughts, feelings and emotions of those days and times. Ironically, the events of these two days, although one year apart, represented the opposite ends of the spectrum for the airmen who flew with and supported the 8AF from East Anglia against the Third Reich.

The 15 August 1943 mission occurred during a period when 8AF losses were severe, when the Luftwaffe was stronger than ever, and before P-51 fighters were available to provide long range fighter escort for the big bombers. At 1630 that evening, on a beautiful, warm afternoon, twenty 303rd Fortresses took off from the runway just to your left, joined over 200 other 8AF B-17's and pushed toward six German airfields in occupied France. The navigator of one of those B-17's, from the 303rd's 360th Squadron, was Ford Kelley, who sits before you today. Flak was scattered, no German fighters were seen; Mr. Kelley and his comrades dropped nearly 400 bombs in the target area and successfully returned to Molesworth, thereupon completing Ford's 25th and final mission. The 303rd lost no aircraft that day, yet only two days later 8AF aircraft hit Schweinfurt,



Capt. R. Duncan, Acting C.O. of the JAC.

Germany, and lost 60 bombers. 29 303rd B-17s participated in that strike and although no "Hell's Angels" were lost, a waist gunner from 427th Sqdn was killed and several others wounded.

The mission flown by the 303rd exactly one year later, on 15 August 1944, represented the opposite extreme. On this very day fifty years ago, 877 8AF bombers conducted visual attacks against airfields in western Germany and the Low Countries, with 303rd B-17's targeted again Wiesbaden. At approx. 0415, Carlton Smith, the group photo interpreter, gave a special briefing to group bombardiers. Crews were at their stations about an hour later, started engines at 0640, and launched shortly after 0700. 30 303rd B-17s, after rendezvous with other 8AF acft, crossed the enemy coast about two hours later and, at this very hour, were flying between the coast and Wiesbaden at 20,000 feet. Over the target at 1122, the formation encountered meager but accurate flak at several locations and was subject to German fighter attacks as it egressed German airspace. About 20 minutes after completing their strike, and with no warning, the low formation was attacked from behind by 20-25 German fighters, and nine B-17's were shot down. Seven of those were from the 303rd's 358th Squadron, and two from the 427th Squadron. Only four of the original 13 Fortresses in the formation remained airborne, one of which, the "Thunderbird", contained Radioman Gene Girman of 359th Squadron, who is directly in front of you now. The remaining 30 303rd acft returned to Molesworth about seven hours after takeoff. Of those, ten sustained major damage and five minor damage. Carlton Smith's photo analysis showed the entire target area blanketed by bomb hits. Although the 303rd returned to the air just three days later, Quentin Hargrove and the other 303rd en-

gineer officers and men were busy the next week repairing the damage acft and checking out replacement B-17s. Ironically, Gene Girman, who I just mentioned, was shot down nine days later and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner of war.

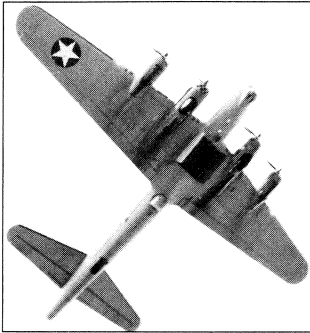
The events I have just discussed represent only two days in the life of a distinguished and fabled outfit. From its beginning at Savannah, Georgia, in Jan. 1942 until deactivation in Casablanca on 26 July 1945, the 303rd was uncommonly successful. The history of the 303rd is the story of many individuals taking uncommon pride in their duties and contributing their all to mission and defense of their country.

Ground crews often worked with little or no sleep to repair damage and keep their acft safe and ready, the intelligence staff flew combat missions to gain first-hand experience. 303rd aircrews dropped over 26,000 tons of bombs, destroyed 378 enemy aircraft and probably destroyed or damaged nearly 300 more. They participated in one of the first strikes on Berlin, conducted missions as far east as Poland and provided aerial support on 6 June 1945, D-Day. Along the way, over 800 were killed and 750 became prisoners of war.

Mr. Kelley, Mr. Girman, Mr. Magid, Mr. Gobrecht, Mr. Hargrove and Mr. Smith, on behalf of all Joint Analysis Center personnel, it is our privilege to name the JAC Operations Building in honor of every man and every family member who is now or ever has been associated with the 303rd Bomb Group. Your sacrifices and contributions in the name of freedom and in defense of our way of life are unparalleled, and we sincerely appreciate the opportunity to contribute in some small way to preservation of the "Hell's Angels" heritage and maintenance of the strong bond between the 303rd Bomb Group and the RAF Molesworth community.

A Journey to Big "B"

by William Crawford



"Sally B" with bomb bay doors open, a sight which many Nazis witnessed during bombing raids in WW II.

The door to our barracks opens at 0300 hours and the men on the mission list are greeted with, "Breakfast at 0315, briefing at 0415." Instinctively we know that this is going to be a big one. And, even though it's August when we roll back the blankets the chill of the English night penetrates through to the bone.

After the almost automaton routine of getting dressed, then up the street for a shave, the walk to the mess hall, and the ride to the briefing room, where we're seated and are as ready as we're going to be to hear the details of our fate for today.

Lt. Col. Lewis Lyle is to be Air Commander of the 41st "A" Combat Wing and he will be in the lead B-17 today. He steps forward on the stage and begins the briefing. There are several crucial targets in the Berlin area that are to be hit by the Eight Air Force today, but the primary target for our 303rd Bomb Group is to be the aircraft engine factory at Genshagen which is a suburb of Berlin, on the South side of the city. This is the largest aircraft engine factory in Germany and is the main manufacturer of the Daimler-Benz 603 and 605 engines. They also produce jet engines. If we can knock out this factory we will have eliminated the engine power for the German fighter aircraft. To put it in the vernacular of our English friends, "If their aircraft don't have engines it

makes it terribly difficult for their aircraft to become airborne."

The weather is to be good en-route and at the target. Flak is predicted to be moderate at the target, but if we have to hit the secondary, which is Berlin itself, it will be intense. This is a long mission and each B-17 has a full fuel load of 2700 gallons. Our Low Group and the High Group are armed with thirty-eight 100 lb. bombs per aircraft. The Lead Group is carrying eight 500 lb. bombs in each aircraft. Friendly fighter escort for the entire operation is scheduled to be very good. The Initial Point (IP) is 18 miles South-Southeast of Berlin so our bomb run will be on a heading towards Berlin.

Today 6 August 1944 we are to be part of the Low Group and will be flying B-17G, Ser. No. 44-6124 (B-124), an airplane that we're becoming attached to. We have flown her three times previously and are to fly her a total of seven times before another crew will take her and get shot down by flak.

Our crew meets at a truck where we load all our gear aboard for the ride out to the hardstand where our B-17 is parked. We get all our gear aboard and it's still not 0620 hours, the time we're to be at the aircraft. After our pre-flight inspections are completed we still have the timeless wait until 0710 hours when a flare from the tower will signal Start Engines. Why they get us up so soon beats the h—out of everyone! The waiting is more depressing than the mission itself.

But, we've got the engines running now and everything looks good. We begin taxiing at 0720 hours. The first Group off is the High, then the Lead, and our Low Group is in the air at 0731.

We assemble the Groups at 5000 ft. over Harrington buncher beacon and depart our base, Molesworth, at 0824 hours. At 0859 we depart Felixtowe to begin the 350 mile flight over the North Sea to Germany. We stay clear of the Netherlands and make our entry into Hitler's fortress at 1100 hours and 19,750 ft. at the mid-point between Wilhelms-

haven and Bremerhaven.

Our Intelligence has studied the enemy's flak defenses and this seems to be the point that's the most advantageous for us to make our entry and avoid his heaviest concentrations. In fact our entire route to the target, our approach to the IP, the bomb run, and the route back are all planned for the same reason. We never take the obvious route. We evade Hamburg to the South, then our course is towards Berlin on the North side of the city.

On this leg our Air Commander, Colonel Lyle, reports seeing about 100 enemy fighters ahead of us but our P-51's intercept them and they all wind up having at each other.

The Group begins a wide right turn around the East side of Berlin until we approach the IP which is 18 miles South-Southeast of Berlin. We make the IP in good shape and begin our bomb run, but we're interrupted by two Groups of B-17's who fly between our Low Group and the Lead Group. This causes our Bombardier quite a bit of difficulty dealing with the prop wash from these gate-crashers. However, we don't alter our course and we stay in tight formation on the bomb run for a total of eight minutes, which seems a lot longer with all the activity that's happening in the target area. The flak is moderate but accurate, and one of the B-17's in our Group is hit but he remains in formation.

A thought comes to my mind during this confusion. This concerns a commitment that Air Marshal Hermann Goring has made to his Fuhrer a while back, "If a single Allied aircraft ever gets over Berlin, you can call me Meyer." Today we almost need someone to direct the traffic!

Our bombs are away at 1238 hours at 25,000 ft. The Group is fortunate to be able to make a sharp left turn off the target to preclude the intense flak that we can see ahead of us in the Berlin area. Bombing was visual but there is quite a bit of haze in the area from all the activity that's happening.

On our return we fly West from Berlin but we stay clear of Magdeburg to avoid the flak in that area. Then we take up a heading back to where we had entered Germany, between Wilhelmshaven and Bremerhaven. The Group departs the German coast at 1337 hours at 19,000 ft. and we begin a let-down over the North Sea. At 12,000 ft. we come off of oxygen, and we have our little snack, in which the Hershey Bar is always frozen and crumbly.

As usual, the apprehensions begin to ease and the talk over our intercom begins to take on an aura of confidence the closer we get to the English coast.

The Group reaches the English Coast at Lowestoff at 1514 hours at 2000 ft. and we're back over the Base at Molesworth at 1545 hours. But by the time most of the B-17's have landed it's 1610 when we're on the ground and our engines have been shut down. This has been a long one; our mission today was 8:32 hours.

One of the men who didn't make the mission is on hand today and takes a couple of pictures of our crew after we're on the ground in front of B-124.

The news of our mission is reported and there were no casualties. The bombing results were good. Flak was moderate and accurate at the target but was only observed at different places en-route. One B-17 sustained major battle damage and five minor damage due to flak which has become our main worry at this stage of the game. Quite a few enemy aircraft were seen, some of them were jet propelled, but no attacks were made on our Groups; probably due to the excellent P-51 fighter escort that we had today.

The mission today did it; our crew has definitely taken on an air of being veterans. Today completes the 14th mission for Doug and me; and the 12th for the rest of the crew. I had decided after our mission yesterday that we have finally earned our place as part of the tradition of the 303rd, "Hell's Angels." Now I'm sure that we all feel it.

They dig for Allied World War II aircraft

Although the war in Europe ended almost 50 years ago many of the aircraft, especially Allied bombers, lost in the 1942-45 period still lie buried under tons of dirt in all parts of Europe from the English Channel to Russia.

Almost daily, someone in the 303rd Bomb Group gets a letter from a person in England, France, Germany or any of the other European countries requesting additional information on an aircraft they dug up recently. Strange as it may seem the writer has usually done his homework before he contacts us because he frequently has the downed aircraft serial number, the group and squadron it was attached to, and the names of the crew members aboard the ill-fated aircraft even to whom survived the crash and became POWs, who evaded and who perished. Usually they would like to have information on how to contact the survivors. Jaromir Kohout from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia (now Czech Republic) has been one of those people.

Mr. Kohout and five other young men from Pilsen have formed an organization called SLET. This

group is devoted to locating Allied World War II aircraft. This is a Czechoslovakian word meaning "reunion," or a gathering of people from many places. Like a class reunion or a 303rd Bomb Group Reunion.

Whatever the real Czechoslovakian meaning of the word might be, it still spells out some remarkable respect on the part of some very young Czech men for a generation of people they never knew. Since most of the group are in their 20s, they must have learned about "Fortresses," "Liberators," "RAF," "bombing missions," "crash sites," "I.P.s," "bomb runs," "air battles," etc., from their history books but being under communist domination for so long I question the accuracy of the books.

Since SLET was formed in 1985 by two brothers from Pilsen named Jaromir and Martin Kohout, the group has grown to six. Since the day they found parts and pieces from their first discovery, a B-24J, they have records and findings from more than 370 crash sites. Rounding out the group of six are: Jaromir Kveton, Lubos Mokriz, Jindrich Sperl and Radek Kuchera. All live in or in the proximity of Pilsen. I un-

derstand the group has grown to eight.

The organization has assembled a display of their findings in Pilsen, and is currently working on a history of the many air battles over Czechoslovakia.

The Kohout brothers are employed by the famous Skoda Works, where leader Jaromir is a welding instructor. He is the only one of the group who speaks and writes English. Early in their crash site search campaign, Jaromir wrote this on behalf of SLET -

"We do this work because we would so that people know of young boys which flew and were shot down over our country."

Not exactly perfect English, but the message is clear and inspiring.

The last aircraft lost by the 303rd Bomb Group was B-17 #44-83447 of the 427th BS piloted by Lt. Warren Mauger. It was mission 364 for the 303rd Bomb Group and the last day of 8th Air Force bomber operations. The date was 25 April 1945 and the target was the Skoda Armament Works.

Lt. Mauger's aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire immediately after "bombs away." Flak hit in the #3 engine nacelle and flames shot up enveloping the entire nacelle. The Fortress fell out of control. Lt. Mauger righted his aircraft and ordered his crew to bail out. Before



Seat and oxygen bottle from Lt. Mauger's B-17 which crashed in 1945.

he could bail out, the aircraft exploded and Lt. Mauger found himself tumbling towards earth. When he landed a farmer assisted him and gave him directions to the friendly battle lines. He spent 10 days evading capture by the Germans before he found friendly forces.

Lt. Mauger's aircraft fell near the target west of Pilsen. His aircraft was dug up by the SLET group. A Czechoslovakian museum has an exhibit containing information about his crew. Parts of his aircraft are also on display. (Thanks to the 398th Bomb Group Memorial Association for providing information on the SLET group).

POTPPOURRI

The Arizona wing of the Confederate Air Force is seeking donations to restore the B-17 named "Sentimental Journey" to flying condition. The aircraft which rolled off the Douglas Aircraft Company assembly line in 1944 and saw service in the Pacific Theater is being readied for a return trip to the McDonnell-Douglas plant at Long Beach in March 1995 for a 50th Anniversary celebration. Donations can be sent to the Arizona Wing, P.O. box 2969, Mesa, Arizona 85214 or you can visit the Wing's Museum at 2017 N. Greenfield Rd., Mesa, Arizona.

There were 166 aircraft and 1532 crew members who were interned in Switzerland during WW II. Twenty-nine came from the 303rd Bomb Group. Victor A. Fabiniak of the Swiss Internees Association is anxious to contact any of them to see if they are interested in joining their organization. To date they have 474 members. If you are interested in joining the Swiss Internees Association, contact Fabiniak at, 2310 E. Liberty, Vermilion, Ohio 44089.

The U.S. Postal Service recently released their hardbound stamp album "1944: Road to Victory." The article contains an article by Walter Cronkite. His article mentions the fact that he flew on the D-Day mission with the 303rd Bomb Group. Another article in the album contains a photo of the 303rd BG (H), 359th BS, B-17F, The '8' Ball, #41-24581. The photo caption pays tribute to the fact that "The crew of The '8' Ball" flew in the first U.S. raid on Germany in early 1943. The Post Office stamp album can be obtained at most Post offices.

Send a card to ...

Gene Girman who underwent a three-way by-pass on his return from the Molesworth celebration. He is recovering at home and would like to hear from some of his friends.

Ingvald Iverson is recovering from a stroke and is undergoing physical therapy at his home in Minnesota. No trip to Arizona this year.

REMINDER - SALES OF "THE PSY-WARRIORS" TO BENEFIT 303RD WIDOWS AT REUNIONS

The August, 1994, edition of the Hell's Angels Newsletter reported that all profits from the sale of Eddie Deerfield's new novel, *The Psy-Warriors*, to 303rd members would go into a special fund to help defray some of the costs of widows attending future reunions.

Deerfield is waiving all royalties and Northwest Publishing, Inc., is providing the book at printing cost to the group. It's estimated that approximately \$7.00 will go into the fund for each book sold.

Deerfield said his book is a fictional account of psychological warfare during the Korean War, and one of the characters is based on Bob Cogswell, his 360th Squadron pilot who was killed on a B-29 mission in Korea.

To order *The Psy-Warriors*, make out a check or money order for \$11.00 payable to the 303rd Bomb Group Association. This will cover the bookstore list price, postage and packing. Mail it to Charles Sykes, 303rd PX Manager, 16281 North 31st Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85023. Be sure to include your own name and mailing address when you send the order.

Charles Sykes, 303rd PX Manager
16281 N. 31st Ave. Phoenix, AZ 85023

Please send me a copy of **The Psy-Warriors**.

I am enclosing a check or money order for \$11.00 made out to **The 303rd Bomb Group Association** to cover the book cost, postage and packaging. I understand all profits from sales of the book will go into a special fund to pay part of the expenses of widows attending future reunions.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE INACTIVE ROSTER

Last February we published the beginning of the Inactive Roster, the first 55 of the 250 names on the list. Since that time Membership Chairman Carlton Smith has made a concerted effort to contact everyone on the list to learn of their interest in the Association and to confirm their address. Several were deceased. Many returned to the active membership, some as Life Members. In view of these changes we now publish the revised roster which is about 25% smaller than it was six months ago. This listing is current as of 15 October 1994 and includes only those who requested the inactive status or those for whom we have no valid address.

Addison, Bill J (360)
 Albright, Glenn N (?)
 Anderson, Donald W (427)
 Andreason, Joseph G (360)
 Andresen, Edmund F (?)
 Armstrong, Henry L II (?)
 Barder, Emmett R (360)
 Bason, William A (427)
 Beal, Donald L (427)
 Beane, Leo (360)
 Belcher, Marshall L (360)
 Bohle, Loren W P (358)
 Brackey, Carroll H (427)
 Brownlee, Leon W (358)
 Buchanan, Paul A (360)
 Buonpane, Vincent A, Jr (427)
 Burkey, Paul E (HDQ)
 Butcher, Robert C (359)
 Cantor, Milton (359)
 Carocari, Roger P (359)
 Celich, Nicholas J (358)
 Chance, Arthur F (359)
 Chapple, Harry (358)
 Clark, Byron F (359)
 Clark, Jay R (427)
 Clarke, Benjamin, Jr (360)
 Cole, Edgar W (360)
 Contos, Spiros P. (358)
 Cowan, Roland (HDQ)
 Cox, James D (360)
 Dahnke, Leonard L (360)
 Dalton, Denver (358)
 D'Angeli, Roy P (360)
 Danford, E J (359)
 Daum, Maurice C (358)
 Deyo, Lawrence (?)
 Di Noto, Sam (360)
 Dickinson, M (?)
 Duab, Roy E (359)
 Early, Edward M (359)
 Eby, Joseph M (358)
 Elliott, Harold C (359)
 Elmore, Kenneth L (360)
 Erdmann, Robert A (?)
 Erickson, Robert L (358)
 Evans, Don M (?)
 Evans, Ernest (360)
 Fambray, Lew (360)

Ferri, William A (358)
 Fisher, William M (359)
 Flammia, Joseph E (360)
 Frankewich, A (?)
 Gentry, Robert (359)
 Gilbert, Bill A (358)
 Goldsberry, Bob (359)
 Gordley, Damon A (360)
 Graham, Edward (358)
 Griffen, Loyd D (360)
 Hainlin, Neal E (427)
 Hargrove, Walter (358)
 Harms, Vernon H (360)
 Harter, Frank C (358)
 Hayes, Terry (359)
 Heil, Lee C (427)
 High, Eugene W (359)
 Hodges, Alva E (360)
 Hoida, Donald J (427)
 Hop, Harry W (?)
 Huges, Bert H (358)
 Humphries, Wayne (358)
 Isham, Lawrence (358)
 Israelson, Elmer P (358)
 Jacques, Warren L (427)
 Jenson, Horace B (1199)
 Johnson, Danny D (?)
 Johnson, Vernelle V (360)
 Johnson, Walter K (358)
 Jones, Miles B (359)
 Kaber, Harvey N (360)
 Kamstra, Walter W (358)
 Kennedy, William J (359)
 King, Roy L (360)
 Klein, Robert J (427)
 Koran, William C (359)
 Krizman, Art (427)
 Kuhne, Fred (?)
 Lakaszcyck, Emil (444)
 Latz, Leslie L (427)
 Leas, Harry D (427)
 Lemon, James M, Jr (360)
 Lenox, John (360)
 Lewis, Marion B (358)
 Macauley, Edward H (?)
 Manning, John P. (359)
 Mars, Charles W (427)
 Mason, Millard E (360)
 Matthews, James D (358)
 Mattison, Robert L (359)
 Mauger, Warren (359)
 Mavy, Elsmore C (HDQ)
 McCall, Lamar H (427)
 McClung, Guy H (360)
 McCormick, James E (427)
 McDonald, Billy L (359)
 Metsopolus, William (?)
 Michael, David O (360)
 Middleton, Arthur S (359)
 Minosh, Dominick A (358)
 Morgan, Earl L (360)
 Morgan, Robert L (359)
 Moser, Clinton (359)
 Moyer, Kenneth J (360)
 Nichols, William A (358)
 O'Connor, Oran T (358)
 O'Lena, Harry (360)
 Overholtzer, Paul M (358)

Page, Frank N (360)
 Paolino, Anthony (360)
 Parrott, Robert G (444)
 Penn, Hunter (?)
 Perry, Robert (360)
 Pollack, Eugene J (?)
 Poole, Lawrence E (358)
 Preidecker, Paul W (359)
 Prendergast, Bert T (359)
 Proud, Rex (360)
 Reed, William (359)
 Reeves, William M (983)
 Reimche, George K (358)
 Relford, Robert R (360)
 Rice, Laurence (427)
 Richeson, Marvin G (359)
 Rogers, J S (358)
 Romstad, Al (359)
 Rumpf, Charles (?)
 Russel, H Lundy, Jr (427)
 Sanderson, Clarence (?)
 Sanderson, Ellis J (359)
 Schmid, Ralph D (358)
 Schueler, Jon (427)
 See, Cecil (359)
 Seidler, Howard A (359)
 Semonick, Martin A (360)
 Shanafelt, Arthur S C (360)
 Sheeler, Donald (359)
 Simmons, T Lamar (360)

Simon, Lawrence E (427)
 Sinopoli, Louis B (360)
 Smallwood, Mark H (360)
 Smith, Forrest (358)
 Smith, William J (427)
 Sprague, Wendell (359)
 Stephan, Kenneth R (359)
 Stewart, Charles R (360)
 Stoy, Arthur M (360)
 Sydor, Joe (427)
 Tapp, Leonard Z (360)
 Taylor, Robert L (360)
 Sharp, Wallace (360)
 Thomas, Edward H, Jr (360)
 Tractman, B Larry (427)
 Tracy, R C (358)
 Tremelling, Claude C (360)
 Turner, Duane (359)
 Van Zandt, Roland (359)
 Veigel, Edward J (360)
 Viles, Ernest A (360)
 Vogel, Sebastian L (427)
 Wall, J Albert (360)
 Warner, Robert J (360)
 Wheeler, Roland E (444)
 White, John B (358)
 Wilhelm, Ray G (358)
 Willard, Harlow E (427)
 Wilson, Warren J (358)



Gene Girman, Malcom Magid and Quentin Hargrove signing painting lithographs

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Time To Renew. Annual Dues Are Due. If you are not sure whether or not you owe dues for 1995, check the expiration date on your membership card. If it shows the date of "31 December 1994," your dues are due on 1 January 1995. Pay early if you wish. It will surely help to spread out the workload at this end. NOTE: Widows, Life Members and Super Life Members do not pay this annual dues. Your voluntary donations and memorials are always welcomed, but no dues payments are required.

I have had several complaints during the past year that members are not being reminded when dues payments are due, but two or three reminders are sent out every year. This is the first for 1995. There will be another in December when Bill Heller and I publish the annual flyer sent to all our personnel. The third is that expiration date on your membership card. I will send additional notices by personal letter to some of you, but I hope we can hold this latter to a minimum and save postage costs.

Hats off to Joe Szudlo (Member #907) for starting the process. The check for his 1995 dues was received on the 6th of October – the first one to come in and without a reminder. Thanks, Joe!

The following lists are current as of 18 October 1994.

NEW MEMBERS

- A-254 Steven L. Atterbury, 856 Missions Hills Ct., St Louis, MO 63141-7824
- L1859 John C. Arasin, RD1 Box 24A Rte 392, Marathon, NY 13803-9623 (358)
- A-255 Mary Lou Gunson, POB 306, Davenport, OK 74026
- L1860 Michael W. Pasquarelli, 41783 El Camino Dr., Hemet, CA 92544-7526 (First member from the 202nd Finance Section?)
- L1861 Fred T. Clark, 7001 Interbay Blvd., Lot 5096, Tampa, FL 33616-1726 (360)
- L1862 John J. Geyten, POB 235, 10439 Sawyers Bay Rd., Henderson, NY 13650 (360)
- 1863 George K. Greif, 17801 Twilight Ln., Encino, CA 91316 (359)
- 1864 Robert L. Murray, 1726 Pennsylvania Ave., Augusta, GA 30904 (359)
- A-256 Joseph G. Barrat, POB 1622, Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1622
- A-257 Rick Fry, PSC 46 Box 1117, APO AE, 09469
- A-258 Robert S. Mack, 6929 SW 8th Ave., Portland, OR 97219
- 1865 Charles W. Smith, 4000 Nottaway Rd., Durham, NC 27707
- A-259 Steve Carter, 11 Muriel Close, Papworth Everard, Cambs. England CB3 8UJ
- A-260 David Hall, 50 Long Bow Cir., Monument, CO 80132
- 1866 Stanley Gurka, 582 92nd Ave. N, Naples, FL 33962 (359)
- 1867 William M. Callicott, 30 Rockridge Rd., Rome, GA 30165-4225 (427)
- A-261 Glenn R. Collier, 731 NE 8th Court, Pompano Beach, FL 33060
- S1868 Joseph A. Murphy, 8 Hecker St., Staten Island, NY 10307 (358)



(l to r) Brian S. McGuire, JAC, poses with Carlton Smith and Ford Kelley in 303rd Heritage Room in Building 320.

UPGRADE TO LIFE OR SUPER LIFE MEMBERS

- L1199 Harold K. Ludlow (Sqdn ?)
- L115 Peter L. M. Packard (358)
- LA-178 Dennis S. Smith
- L1640 Donald R. Wilson (427)

ADDRESS CHANGES

- L308 Louis Considine, 227 Barker Rd., Apt 100, Michigan City, IN 46360
- L1406 Earl B. Douglas, Jr, POB 1604, Cashiers, NC 28717-1604 - May thru Dec
- 1305 Charles W. Dunlap, Jr, 1414 Moselem Springs Rd., Hamburg, PA 19526 – June thru Sept
- A-166 Sandra J. Edgerton, 321 W 5th, Hastings, NE 68901
- L227 Howard J. Frohman, 2188 Blackmore Ct., San Diego, CA 92109
- 1764 Dalton R. Hutchins, 610 Point Rd., Mussle Shoals, AL 35661
- L1380 Robert C. Mithcell, 101 10th St., Belgrade, MT 59714
- L429 Gerson Nadell, 5450 Whitney Pk Terr., Apt 912, Bethesda, MD 20814
- L758 Walter E. Ringen, Jr, 6108 Edenhall Dr., San Jose, CA 95129-3006
- 1667 Walter J. Schlecht, 15090 SW 74th Ave., Miami, FL 33158-2123
- L214 George A. Torrey, 383 Courtney St., Galesburg, MI 49053

DONATIONS/MEMORIALS

- 166 John L. Beringer (359)
- S015 Lee E. Dolan (358)
- L717 Charles R. Grice (427) - To the L'Orient Memorial
- A-242 Robert S. Haley
- L1031 Warren L. Hedrick (358)
- S222 Lewis E. Lyle (HDQ)
- S1015 William J. Roche (360)
- S1147 Carlton M. Smith (HDQ)
- L164 Martin Yaniga (359) - Memorial to Chester & Bobbie Green

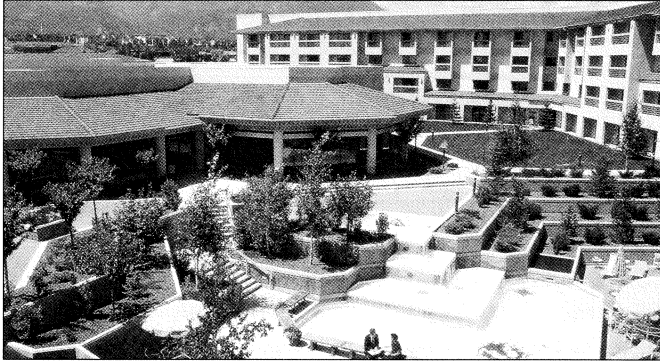
IN MEMORIAM

- 1042 Chester Green (359) - June 1994
- L121 Samuel Minkowitz (358) - 30 March 1994
- 1430 Bill A. Smith (359) - 1994
- 1617 Frank F. Forve (359) September 1994



M/Sgt. Bob Holder reads inscription on plaque which accompanied the Ceremonial Sword presented to the 303rd BGA.

PLANNING UNDERWAY FOR GALA REUNION IN COLORADO SPRINGS



Reunion Hotel in Colorado Springs.

Colorado Springs is the target city for the 303rd Bomb Group's next reunion, and planning is well underway to make the gathering one of the most memorable in the group's history. Mark your calendars for September 12-17, 1995 at the Red Lion Hotel!

Reunions Vice President Eddie Deerfield and his local committee of Lee Faulkner, Dick Lutz and Tom Sullens have been making the contacts, and all systems are "go" for an affair to remember. Pre-registration packets will be in the mail to all members in April.

Highlights of the reunion will include a day at the U.S. Air Force Academy, a tour of the U.S. Olympic Training Center, a cowboy-style barbecue at the Flying W Ranch, a visit to the awesome Garden of the Gods, a cog rail trip to the top of Pikes Peak for the hardest among us, casino gambling in the quaint "Old West" atmosphere of Cripple Creek for those interested in that sort of thing, and shopping trips to Old Colorado City.

At the Academy, the 303rd will hold its memorial service in the stunning cadet chapel, tour the grounds and facilities where some of our best young men and women are molded into the leaders of tomorrow's Air Force, have lunch at the Officers Club, and conclude with a rededication of the Hells Angels bronze memorial plaque and remembrance ceremony on the cemetery grounds.

The visit to the U.S. Olympic Training Center will be particularly timely since the next Olympic games will begin less than a year later. The Center is dedicated to helping American athletes achieve that "winning edge" necessary to succeed in international competition. We may see some of our future medal winners in action!

The Flying W Ranch offers authentic chuckwagon suppers and a traditional western music stage show. It's an actual working cattle and horse ranch, with over a dozen restored buildings in the style of a turn-of-the-century western town.

The Garden of the Gods is 1,350 acres of magnificent red sandstone rock formations, sculpted for over 300-million years by erosion. A bus tour is planned, with ample time for strolling and picture-taking.

The cog wheel rail trip to the top of Pikes Peak is a bit of an adventure, but it may be dangerous to a World War II veteran's health! The summit is at 14,110 feet, and oxygen masks are not issued as part of the excursion. The event will be offered as an option.

Another option which may have some effect on our members' financial health is the junket to Cripple Creek. It's a gambling town with the flavor of the old west, packed with casinos offering slot machines and a variety of gaming tables. The casinos will provide free bus transportation and lunch to those opting for the trip.

Old Colorado City deals mostly in antiques, and this activity will be coupled with a visit to The Citadel, a more conventional shopping mall.

Golf is another option for the group's duffers, and the reunion committee is also looking into a visit to NORAD.

The Red Lion Hotel is proving to be an outstanding reunion partner, providing a wide range of complimentary benefits to the 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association and to its members attending the reunion. American Air Lines is offering a special group rate for travel. Details will be covered in future editions of the newsletter.



303rd Memorial at U.S. Air Force Academy

Raffle for two round trip tickets from U.S. to London, England

One of the top prizes offered in the raffle at the Savannah Reunion was two round trip tickets on Delta Airlines from a gateway city to London, England. The winner of this great prize was Jim Hicks. The tickets had to be used by November 30, 1994. Unfortunately, because of Mrs. Hicks' ill health, they were unable to use the tickets.

In an exchange of correspondence between Ford Kelley and Mr. Jim Hefferman of Delta Airlines, Delta has agreed to extend the tickets validity through June 30, 1995. Additionally, Delta has allowed us to transfer this award from Mr. Hicks in order for the tickets to be used by another lucky member of our Association.

Therefore, we are going to run another raffle to be kicked off by this notice in this newsletter. Because the renewed tickets have a cut-off date of June 30, 1995, it is imperative that we start this raffle immediately with a cut-off date for purchasing raffle tickets set at January 30, 1995.

All members, both regular and Associate, wishing to participate are asked to send in a check or

money order for five (5) dollars per chance or twenty (20) dollars for five (5) chances.

The money is to be sent to Ed Miller, 422 S. Walnut Ave., Temple, OK 73568. (Tel. 405-342-5119). Ed is V/P for Administration and also Raffle Chairman.

As the checks are received Ed will list all the names along with a number from the second half of a raffle ticket. The computer listing will be to make sure that everyone was satisfied that they would have an equal chance in the drawing. Ed will take all the names as they are sent in and put them on a computer listing along with the ticket number. A copy of the listing will be sent to all people who request it.

The widow of the Bombardier on the original Hell's Angels crew, Lt. Donald Bone will be asked to participate in drawing the winning number. Mrs. Bone lives in Temple, OK. Several witnesses will be on hand to verify the winning ticket.

The winner of the tickets will be notified by phone ASAP. The winning name will also be carried in the next issue of the newsletter.

RAFFLE

Two Round Trip Tickets to London

Enclosed is a check or money order for \$ _____

For _____ chance(s) in Raffle
(Make check or money order to: 303rd Bomb Group Association)

Your Name _____

Address _____

City, State and Zip _____

Mail to: Ed Miller
422 S. Walnut Avenue
Temple, OK 73568

Do Not Send Cash



Bagpiper



Molesworth Dawn



(l to r) UK artist Keith Hill, Clive Basset, UK historian and 303rd Carlton Smith.

303rd Dedication Paintings Available for Purchase

In connection with the ceremony naming the Joint Analysis Center Administrative Building "Might in Flight," JAC officials commissioned well known U.K. artist, Keith Hill, to do paintings featuring the 303rd Bomb Group in honor of the occasion.

The paintings are entitled: "Might in Flight" and "Molesworth Dawn." "Might in Flight" represents

a bombing mission which has taken off from Molesworth. The four B-17s in the foreground actually flew with the 303rd, and, although different squadrons would not normally form in this manner, are shown as they represent each of the four squadrons, as well as different models and paint schemes used by the 303rd during the course of the war.

The aircraft shown in the paintings and squadrons they represent are: 358th BS, "The Hunting Club"; "359th BS", "Scorch II"; "427th BS", "My Yorkshire Dream"; and "360th BS, Bow-ur-Neck-Stevens." Also included in the painting is "G.I. Sheets" from the 427th BS.

The other painting "Molesworth Dawn" is a painting of B-17F, "Hell's Angels" being serviced on the ground at Molesworth.

The originals of both paintings will be displayed prominently in the "Might in Flight" Building at Molesworth for visitors to see from now on.

Lithographs of both paintings are available for purchase at a very reasonable cost. Prices are \$30 for one and \$45 for the pair. This includes the postage and handling charges. To order please send check or money order made out to

Brian S. McGuire
JAC
PSC 46 Box 404
APO AE 09469

If ordering just one litho, please be specific in the one you choose. (See photo on page 1)

Mr. McGuire, a Senior Systems Analyst at the JAC handles visitor and honors at Molesworth. He is acting on behalf of the 303rd BGA in handling the sales of the lithographs. Mr. McGuire was actively involved in the visit of the 125 303rds to Molesworth last year and was even more active in the dedication ceremony this year.

If you want further information or have any questions on the sale of the prints please contact the editor of the newsletter.

IN MEMORIAM

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1042 | Chester Green (359) - June 1994 |
| L121 | Samuel Minkowitz (358) - 30 March 1994 |
| 1430 | Bill A. Smith (359) - 1994 |
| 1617 | Frank F. Forve (359) September 1994 |

303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

c/o Hal Susskind
2602 Deerfoot Trail
Austin, Texas 78704

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