

Hell's Angels Newsletter

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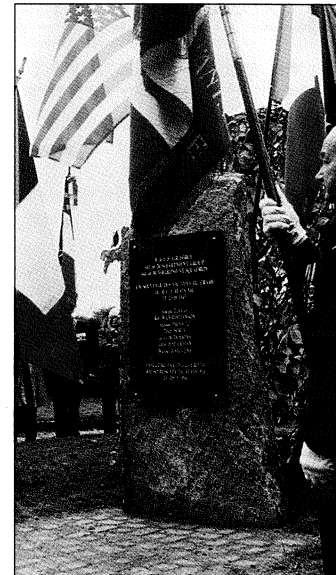
303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

FEBRUARY 1995

303rd BOMB GROUP HONORED BY FRENCH



Dedication Ceremony at Pluvigner, France, Nov. 5, 1994 - (Left to Right) Jean Charles Mace; M. Eugene Le Couviour, Maire de Pluvigner; French Embassy Officer; Charles L. Roth; Capt. Marvin Walworth, U.S. Embassy Officer; Col. Mel Schulstad; Guy Matthews, President de Souvenir Francais and Suzanne Pierre, Professor d' Anglais.



Color Guard

by Hal Susskind

Although this event really happened some 50 years ago when 21 aircraft from the 303rd Bomb Group lifted off from the runway at Molesworth, England to bomb the U-Boat pens at Lorient, France, the true story of heroism and sacrifice only began to unfold in 1992 when a 16 year old French lad digging at the crash site of an American bomber in the woods near Pluvigner, France made some interesting discoveries.

In his excavation of the site, Jean Charles Mace unearthed parachute buckles and harness buttons, helmet headsets, a 5-pence money piece, some instruments, live ammunition and miscellaneous aircraft parts but the prize find was a dog tag that belonged to Antone Pacheco.

But who was Antone Pacheco?

After a great deal of research, starting with the U.S. Embassy in France and the U.S. Army Memorial Affairs Division, Mace was able to ascertain that Antone Pacheco was a crew member on a B-17, Flying Fortress from the 360th Sqdn., 303rd Bomb Group based at RAF Molesworth in England. The aircraft

was #41-24567, named "Beats Me". It was lost on a mission to bomb the sub-pens at Lorient, France on Jan. 23, 1943. Some other unusual information that he came across was that the pilot of the aircraft was Lt. Joseph E. Haas who was flying with a strange crew. It was strange in the sense that Lt. Haas was a 358th Sqdn. pilot flying with a 360th Sqdn. crew. This rare circumstance was due to the fact that the original pilot of the crew of "Beats Me" was Lt. Louis M. Schulstad who was hospitalized with the flu and Lt. Haas, although a 358th Sqdn. first pilot, was made available to fly on the mission.

But Mace still thirsty for information on what happened to the crew on this flight, had one of his friends who was going to the U.S. contact the 303rd Bomb Group Association Historian, Harry Gobrecht. Harry filled him in on all the information on the mission that was available. He also advised Mace to contact Charles Roth, one of the three survivors of the unfortunate crew.

In March 1944, Mace, now 18, wrote to Charles Roth seeking additional information on the mission. In his letter Mace said he was seeking information on the cause of the

crash of the aircraft. According to Mace, people had told him that the plane was shot down by two FW-190s, others said it had been hit by flak but the official report mentioned that "Beats Me" was hit by a bomb dropped by a friendly aircraft flying above them.

Mace also asked why only three members of the crew were able to bail out. He also asked Roth if he had received any help from the citizens of Pluvigner when he landed. He also inquired about the status of Lts. Embach and McCright who had bailed out with him.

(Continued on page 10)

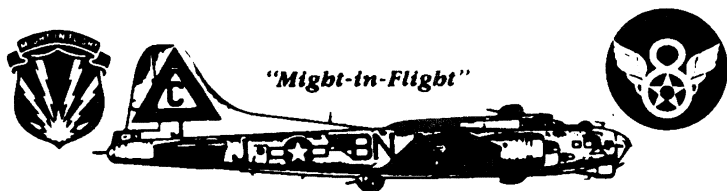
RECOGNITION CERTIFICATE READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

A "Recognition Committee" is hard at work designing a 303rd Bomb Group certificate, the first of which will be awarded to members of the Association who attend the reunion at Colorado Springs in September 12-17, 1995.

The certificate is the brainchild of Maj. Gen. Lewis Lyle, one of the original members of the 303rd, who has long felt that there was a need to identify and recognize all the members, regardless of rank or position, who served honorably and conscientiously, with the 303rd Bomb Group at Molesworth during the period 1942-45.

Association President appointed a committee headed by Ed Miller, Vice President for Administration with instructions to come up with an outstanding certificate that all members would be proud to possess. Other members of the committee are: Harry Gobrecht, Carlton Smith, Mel McCoy and Hal Susskind.

After the initial distribution at the reunion, the rest of the certificates will be mailed to all who served at Molesworth. In the case of a deceased member, the certificate will be mailed to the next of kin. Therefore it is very important that the membership chairman has an accurate address of all members of the Association.



303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

"HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

Editor: Hal Susskind

VOL. XVII, NO. 2 2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704 FEBRUARY 1995

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...

As the courageous acts of our World War II veterans are being slowly forgotten in the United States, our French and English Allies are still taking time out of their busy days to honor and pay tribute to the "Yanks" who came to their aid 50 years ago ... Examples of this are contained in two stories in this issue. One took place in the early days of the Air War and gives you another inside look at the 303rd's mission to Lorient (see August issue). In retrospect it was probably one of the roughest missions of the 303rd when you consider the number of planes launched versus the number of our people who were killed, wounded or became POWs. Of course, the French people who tried to assist our crews paid a terrific price ... "On top of Cheviot" points out that not only were our bombing missions rough because of German opposition from the ground and in the air but weather also presented many problems. This is another story of courage and sacrifice ... The latest honors paid to

one of our crews at Pluvigner, France brings the number of memorials to our group in Europe to 13; probably a record for any bomb group ... **At long last**, the Association had designed and printed an **outstanding certificate to recognize** the contributions made by all **members** of the 303rd Bomb Group who served with the Group at Molesworth between 1942-45. The initial distribution will be made at the reunion at Colorado Springs, September 12-17, 1995. Those not attending the reunion will receive theirs in the mail; providing the membership chairman has a current address ... We hope you are making plans to attend the **reunion in Colorado Springs**. The packets will go into the mail in April. The committee promises an outstanding schedule of events. One of the highlights of the reunion will be the memorial services at the Air Force academy Chapel. The next issue of the newsletter will round out my **10th Anniversary as editor**.

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.

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Rev. Charles G. Rice, Jr., Road 2, Box 18, Greenville, NY 12083

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Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

Pleased with the name

In as much as I was the one that voiced out about the Boise Memorial falling short of representing the whole of the Group, I feel that I now have other words that are in order.

I want to commend President Kelley and the Board that when they were asked for a name for this building at Molesworth, they most justifiably chose the name of "303rd Bomb Group (H) Memorial Building."

This speaks for all who served there whether it be for a short time or for the whole of the war, as many of us did.

This plaque is very nice and will stand as this Memorial for decades to come. I can see this picture on the front of the November Newsletter being copied and placed in the favorite displaying positions of many of the members of this 303rd BG Association.

James C. Hicks
10172 U.S. 41 South
Henderson, KY 42420

Veterans Honored

I took a trip to Europe last September. Had a week in England, a week in Holland and Germany, then back to England for my final week. Needless to say I enjoyed the whole trip. Visited Molesworth and Alconbury. While in Holland I visited the American Cemetery at Margraten and I found it a most beautiful – if you can call that so – place. The day I was there, every grave had an American flag with a Holland flag. Also the children from the area placed a flower on each grave. The reason for all this was due to the 50th Anniversary of the liberation of their country by American troops which was September 16-18, 1944.

While at the cemetery I looked up many graves of our 303rd members. A real touching experience. I asked a man in charge if I could have a list of the 303rd men buried there. Enclosed is the list. Don't know if you can use it for any reason but I thought it could be used for research.

Please excuse my writing. I just had open heart by-pass surgery. Happy to say I'm coming along.

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

Ed. Note: Thanks for the list of the 303rd buried at Margraten. Charles Palmer, brother of 303rd pilot Joe Palmer who is buried there, wrote a wonderful story about Margraten which appeared in the January 1989 issue of our newsletter. Hope you are well enough to make the reunion in Colorado Springs.

Support for a French Plaque

I am writing concerning your note in the November issue of the newsletter regarding not receiving any response to your suggestion of erecting a plaque or some other appropriate award to honor the citizens of LeClotire, France for the sacrifice they made to aid the survivors of Lt. Harry Robey's crew. I think your suggestion is an excellent one and should be supported by the Association.

I apologize for not responding, but I must have missed reading your suggestion. In any event I am willing to contribute to whatever action is deemed appropriate by the Association.

Walter J. Ferrari (427th)
2 Pineridge Drive
Newman, GA 30263

Demise of Tugboat Annie

I have received my copy of "Might in Flight" and I'm enjoying every page. I have one small correction; I believe that upon close examination of the photo on page 810, far right hand corner, the man on the left is Capt. Harry M. McDaniel.

As to the history of the crash of "Phyllis" on 7/24/44, I am sure the official record is accurately reflected on Page 491, however, my recollection is somewhat different. It is not important at this late date that the facts be corrected, if indeed any

correction was ever required, but for your edification as a historian and perhaps to have an interesting tidbit for some old timers to smile about over a beer, I will relate the incident as I recall it. Of course one must preface this tale with the caveat that the memory of an incident of almost fifty years ago may be subject to error and I confess that many things I recall as being so, may not have been so at all. In any event the passage of time has obliterated all questions, if any existed, of fault, blame or impropriety by anyone concerned. Then for what it is worth, this is my recollection.

On Saturday night, July 23, 1944, there was a party in progress at the O'Club. Among the guests were a group of nurses from Lilford Hall. One must assume some drinks were consumed, and some youthful exuberance involved, when a dozen or so of the ladies indicated a desire to experience the thrill of a ride in a B-17. Not at all unusual in that they had witnessed the comings and goings of bomber streams and may even have cared (or should I say treated) for some of the officers and men of the 303rd. In recognition of their admiration and dedication to the men of the Mighty Eighth, a ride around was initiated. A combat aircraft was out of the question, but the stripped down B-17, Phyllis, was available to a staff or field grade man. Capt. Harry M. McDaniel, the man in the photo on Page 810, was not possessed of wings and was not flying personnel but always up for a lark, but more, he was the man in charge of the control tower, went along as co-pilot or at least sat in the seat on the right. The tower illuminated the flare path and off went Phyllis, a.k.a., Tugboat Annie, into the Wild Blue with its happy group.

After a bit of a fly around just after midnight the flare path was again illuminated and Phyllis made her approach. As luck or fate would have it, the landing gear remained in its retracted position. The ensuing belly landing created a hell of a noise and a long shower of sparks from metal on concrete, alerting all in the vicinity, prompting the tower to dispatch the crash crew and its escorts. Upon arrival no fire was found and thankfully no injured. The nurses were evacuated from the site with some haste as more and

more people arrived upon the scene. It was then that some concern as to finding some explanation as to the hows and whys of the escape and crash became apparent.

An older head, a M/Sgt. line chief come forward and with the wisdom of all old soldiers entered the beached tugboat, Flash light in hand he entered the cockpit and returned with a bulb in hand pronouncing it to be the landing gear warning light and defective.

Presto! An explanation and exoneration, if one did not consider the now absent nurses, and the parties involved returned to the O.C. to rejoin their guests.

The next morning there were some army green under panties flying from some of the B.O.Q. huts. Considering the unusual and exciting landings, some of the ladies may have been unable to control their bladders, or there may have been some other explanation that I am unaware of.

This is my recollection of the loss of Phyllis or the demise of Tugboat Annie. As I said my memory is not perfect but I was there.

In any case why not ask the Major at the next reunion, or better ask Capt. Harry McDaniel, it was one of his rare flights and I'm certain a most memorable one.

Marty McGuire, Esq.

Down Memory Lane

The Keith Ferris 25' x 75' Mural of the Boeing B17G Thunderbird is of extra-ordinary significance to me. I was the Flight Engineer on George McCutcheon's crew manning the top turret as I did throughout my tour of duty (35) missions flying out of Molesworth.

The 358th Bomb Squadron, 303rd Bomb Group put up twelve B17's and the 427th Bomb Squadron put up one B17 to fill out the 39th aircraft that the "Group" put up for the raid on the airfield at Weisbaden, Germany. As I recall we were the Low Squadron on that mission. Just as the book, "THE NATIONAL AIR and SPACE MUSEUM" states, our bombs had been delivered and we were headed for home when I reported to the crew,

(Continued on page 4)

Forum

(Continued from page 3)

"50 BANDITS 6:00 O'clock" and ordered Russell Kinsman our Tail Gunner to commence firing. I did likewise. The German fighters flew right into our formation destroying nine of our thirteen plane squadron. Only four aircraft returned to our Base at Molesworth.

I have a vivid memory of a Focke Wulf 190 just off our port wing tip, my twin 50's were pointed directly at the German pilot. I could not kill him for fear of shooting a B17 directly in my line of fire. He rolled over and headed for the earth. I have no idea what happened to that pilot. He did manage to hit our outboard engine on the port wing. In retrospect, had I killed that pilot I might not be writing this letter.

It is a devastating sight to see a B17 on fire from wing tip to wing tip. The Germans had a field day. I firmly believe that our firing at the "Bandits" early in their attack kept them from shooting us down. We all lived to fight another day. Not one of our crew which consisted of Lt. George McCutcheon, Lt. R.L. McGilvry, Lt. Fred Keisel, Lt. Ben Starr, Tail Gunner, Russell Kinsman, Ball Turret Gunner, James Alexander, Waist Gunner, Don Foulk and your truly, John O. Burcham, All Non Commissioned Officers, received a scratch.

This explains the significance of the beautiful mural to me and my family.

John O. Burcham
12204 E. 40th Street S
Independence, MO 64052

The Poltava Incident

The shuttle mission to Poltava (May 1994 issue of newsletter) which began on June 21, 1944 was to prove very interesting. Gen. Ira Eaker developed the plans for the mission which enabled the 8th Air Force to bomb deep inside Germany then continue on to Russia instead of returning to England. The target at Ruhland was just south of Berlin and the bombing by 114 Fortresses with an escort of 70 Mustangs went off as planned and the formation pushed on to the fields in Russia, located at Mergerod, Piryatin and Poltava. Unfortunately

when the formation landed at Poltava they were not aware of a trailing German He-177 which observed their landings and then flipped away in the clouds.

Major H. E. Kalhoefer (formerly 359th Sqdn. Ops Officer) was the Operations Officer at Poltava, Russia, when the Luftwaffe tried to bomb it out of existence on the night of June 21, 1944. The Germans without the loss of a single aircraft, succeeded in destroying 43 B-17s and damaging 26. Fourteen P-51s were demolished and others damaged.

In a letter telling of the incident, Kalhoefer said: "During the 4 1/2 hours of bombing and strafing under the shower of flares which lit up the airfield like daylight, Lt. Thelma "Cokie" Coughenour, RN, and myself shared a 'slit trench.' I pushed her down as a plane that was strafing came over; dirt flew everywhere and she got all over me for getting her hair dirty. I told her, 'If you don't keep your head down, you won't have to worry about your hair.'

After the raid, I test flew the B-17s the crews patched together. Lt. Coughenour or Sgt. Hatch was my co-pilot on these flights. On one plane they did a very poor job of adjusting the controls and it turned out to be a very hairy experience. (Then I found out why the Pope kisses the ground after landing from a flight).

To clear the field of bombs, the Russians line up shoulder to shoulder, poking at every hole and exploding all the anti-personnel bombs that were buried. They lost a lot of people but they sure cleared the airport of anti-personnel bombs.

When the time came to leave Russia for the next leg of the shuttle, of the original force, the 8th was able to get 71 B-17s and 55 Mustangs off the ground on June 26."

H.E. Kalhoefer
P.O. Box 21
Bowie, TX 76230

P.S. Cokie and myself have been married for many years.

Ed. Note: Kalhoefer also included a copy of a painting he did of Lt. Jack Mathis bending over his bombsight and dropping the bombs on Vegesack. Lt. Mathis, although mortally wounded, dropped his bombs on the target, then fell over dead. For this he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Idaliza

Thank you for sending the additional copies of the Hell's Angels newsletter. I appreciate it very much. I must say, this is the most newsworthy, interesting, and informative publication I have ever read.

Best wishes to all for 1995.

Mary Lou Gunson
P.O. Box 306
Davenport, OK 74026

Happy New Year!

Many thanks for the August and November issues of Hell's Angels newsletters which I received yesterday. I am amazed how efficient you folks have been in answering my requests in such a short period. I enjoyed reading your very informative compilations in the newsletters. Again many thanks for all your help.

Norman A. Cote

Ed. Note: Norman Cote was the crew chief of Idaliza and was recently found by one of our Associate members. He is now a member of the Association. Now he can answer the question, who named his aircraft "Idaliza" and where did he get the photo of Mary Lou to paint on the nose? A copy of that photo is somewhere on this page.

Many thanks – received the two newsletters of August & November '94 which I have read several times and enjoyed every second. I was amazed at the contents of "Nose Art" – (August issue) good research – brought back memories of many occasions which had faded but not forgotten. I cannot remember Mr. Adam's beautiful carving of "Idaliza" his work must have been done years later after our departure from Molesworth.

(Regarding "Idaliza" newsletter Nov. '94, page 4, written by Ralph Walder). Wish I had half his memory – can't imagine him remembering his visit in 1946. Met many great Air Corps men in the service and Ralph is at the top of the list. His writeups in your newsletter got things rolling as pertains to my becoming a member of the 303rd Bomb Group (H) Ass'n. Inc. The American Legion magazine has a section for reunions – names and dates; however, I've not been able to find the 303rd Bomb Group listing.

Ed. Note at the bottom of "Regarding "Idaliza" does anyone know who named that aircraft "Idaliza?" and what was the inspiration? I remember seeing a movie "High Sierra" with Humphrey Bogart and "Ida Lupino." To me Ida reminded me of a favorite cousin (her facial

(Continued on page 5)



Copy of original photo of Idaliza

Forum

(Continued from page 4)

expressions especially her eyes) whom I was very fond of at that time. I was very impressed by Ida and never forgot her. An ido on a pedestal and Ida, blend well as "Idaliza." Fifty years, — a very long time and my memory has diminished some. However, as described above, it is still functioning fairly well. As crew chief of B-17G, "Idaliza," #42-97546, 360th Bomb Sqdn., PUE, the name Idaliza was my inspiration.

Norman A. Cote
12 Kittredge St.

Augusta, Maine 04330-5328

P.S. Robert S. Haley, an Associate member contacted me re: the writeups in the newsletters.

Ed. Note: Still left unanswered is how did the photo of Mary Lou Gunson which was taken at Lowry Field in Colorado get on the nose of B-17 #42-97546? Was the nose art done at Molesworth or before the aircraft left the U.S.?

A Waldergram

On Nov. 19, 1994 I attended the third annual 8th AFHS luncheon at West Point. Always a great place to visit. There are nine from the 303rd in the Southern Wing of this Chapter. Sat next to a friend of yours. (At least he claimed to be a friend) ... Seymour Cohen of Westbury. Seated at an adjoining table was Lou Grandwilliams. Lou is a member of the 303rd and he wrote about the aerial birthday present that his family gave to him in the form of a flight in the PT-17 (page 5 of the Nov. newsletter). The festivities included each member standing and giving a brief history ... name, outfit, position, ... etc. With all due respect, it does get a bit tiresome listening to, "pilot, 25 missions; radio, 35 missions; navigator, 35 missions, etc." For some reason there seems to be an abundance of navigators and the word was quite repetitive. As you know, not too many ground crew personnel attend these functions, so when I stood up I decided to wake up a few of the old warriors. I said "Ralph Walder, 747 agitator, 364 missions, and I never left the ground." I guess I was not too offensive inasmuch as I was asked to be a candle lighter during the recognition ceremony.

Bill Crawford's "A Journey to Big B" strikes a familiar note. Bill and I met at the Savannah reunion. I did not remember him from Molesworth nor did he remember me. I should have remembered him because he flew seven or eight missions on 44-6124. I was a "747" on this aircraft and crewed it from womb to tomb. Plane's first mission was June 21, 1944, Berlin. It was lost on its 31st mission, Sept. 26, 1944 to Osnabruck ... Lt. Bennet and crew. Bill Crawford and I have been in touch and I have been able to give him some data on a few missions that he made on aircraft that I crewed.

Bill is writing a book and from what I have seen, it will make good reading.

I suppose I became blasé, tired, hardened or what have you. About the middle of 1944 my diary entries were sort of one liners. Compare Crawford's report on the Aug. 6, 1944 mission (November newsletter) to my diary entry "Crawford — Berlin — #17 for 124."

Here is a brief story about the color brochure of the B-29, BocksCar. The painting is titled "War's End" and was commissioned by the pilot, Maj. Gen. Chas. Sweeney. (A major at time of mission).

I was enjoying a morning cup of coffee in the local deli when a complete stranger approached me, pointed to the Hell's Angels emblem on my jacket and asked, "what outfit was that?" After I told him, he introduced himself ... Attila Hejja (real name). He said he was an aviation artist; had painted covers for various publications, etc. After a few more chance meetings he invited me to his studio to inspect his past and present projects. His major current work was the painting of BocksCar, the B-29 that bombed Nagasaki, Aug. 8, 1945. I had never seen a B-29 and here I am answering questions, making suggestions, etc. The artist has an extensive reference library and my library offered some help on some of the detail.

After the painting was completed, Attila met with the General in Boston for the print signing ceremony. It was at that time that Attila told the General a few of the "war stories" that I had told him. One of the stories revolved around this

young peach fuzzed sergeant (me) that lightly chewed out a pilot that neglected to toggle off the pitot tube heater on the ground. (It burned out). As the pilot retells the story, it appears that the peach fuzzed sergeant is an old iron ass sergeant, that has smoke and fire coming out of his nose, mouth, ears, etc. Lt. J. B. said that from that day forward he never forgot to toggle off the heater.

I must assume that the General enjoyed the story because I was given a print, signed by the General who also wrote: "To Ralph Walder, The Old Iron Ass Sgt. Keep 'Em Flying" signed, Chas Sweeney, Major General, USAF, (Ret). The artist's comment on the print is, "To my good friend Ralph Walder, thanks for all your advice and encouragement. Best wishes."

Just goes to show you can never tell what will happen when you expose a Hell's Angel emblem.

I have an 8th AFHS license plate holder and I display a 303rd hat and 8th AF hat on the rear deck of my auto. Some day I'll tell you the full story of what happened when a certain young lady followed me home after seeing the Air Force items in my vehicle.

Once again, thank you!, for bringing pleasant memories to so many septuagenarians.

Ralph Walder
P.O. Box 149

Sea Cliff, NY 11579

P.S. Is it iron ASS or iron ASSED?

Ed. Note: It all depends on how long you've been a pain in the ass. For only a short time, you are a iron ASS; but if you continue for quite awhile, you are an iron ASSED.

Info Wanted

I am looking for any flight crew members who flew with my dear relative, Jay R. "Bobby" Sterling of the 427th BS in Spring 1943. I have enclosed his aircraft number and downed aircraft report.

John L. Neill is reported to be living in San Diego, but I haven't been able to find him. Is there anyone out there who knows where John is? Perhaps you could ask your readers for anyone who remembers Bobby or has a picture of him or his B-17F, "Black Swan."

Thank you for producing such a worthwhile newsletter. It is a wonderful source of information.

John Sterling

1081 N. Mitchell

Boise, Idaho 83704

Ed. Note: Bobby Sterling's a/c # was 42-5780. He was lost on May 1, 1943 on a mission to St. Nazaire, France.

Behind the Wire

By Arnold A. Wright

©Copyright 1993, 500 pages
8 1/2x11 soft cover

This book is about Stalag Luft III, South Compound, Sagan, Germany, based on ledgers kept by Ewell Ross McCright.

On his third mission as a bombardier with the 303rd Bombardment Group, McCright's B-17 bomber was hit by flak over the target in France, killing seven of the 10 man crew. Forced to bail out of the burning plane, he was captured and became a prisoner of war.

Later on, receiving bad news from home, McCright became severely depressed. Upon being informed of this by friends of McCright, Lt. Col. A.P. Clark assigned him the task of keeping records on all POWs in the South Compound. This proved to be life saving for McCright, as it occupied his mind and restored his will to survive.

Of the 500 pages, 44 are devoted to the experiences of Ewell Ross McCright, including how he smuggled four ledgers of information past the German guards on the long forced March. The remaining 456 pages include the name, rank, serial number, circumstances of capture, treatment, wounds, decorations, marital status, religion, blood type, etc., of 2,200 American POWs in the South Compound, including 60 crewmen from the 303rd Bomb Group.

Arnold A. Wright, the author, advises this is the first time this information has been put on paper and the first time many of these men will know about the ledgers kept by McCright while he was a POW. McCright died on April 24, 1990. He left a note to give all the POW info to Arnold A. Wright.

The cost is \$13.00 plus \$1.91 postage to all former POWs of Stalag Luft III, South Compound, or their families. Order from:

Arnold A. Wright

515 Ruth Street

Benton, AR 72015

360th Armament

I have come across a photo of the 360th Armament Section. I thought it might be interesting for a future Hell's Angels Newsletter so I had it copied. I have enclosed a diagram of the names of the fellows in the photo.

John Hagar
11 Berkely Cresent,
Stourport-on-Severn
Worcestershire DY13 OHJ
England

P.S. I heard from Capt. Jack Lucey with regards to the appeal you presented for me in the August issue.

Another Mystery!

I am trying to find an answer to I hope the last piece of the puzzle of what happened to the crew of the "Shak-Hack," on February 16, 1943. My uncle T/Sgt. Stanley A. Putala was a member of the crew, so finding the answer is important to me, and he also seems to be the lost piece of the puzzle.

I think I have found most of the answers about the mission itself, when, where, and how the plane went down. It's the listing of the names on the wall of missing that is still a mystery to me, and I guess to many others, as I have been trying to find this answer for quite a few years.

Nine of the crew members of the "Shak-Hack" are listed on the Wall of Missing at the Brittany American Cemetery and Memorial, St. James, (Manche) France. My uncle, the tenth member of the crew, his name is listed on the Wall of Missing at the Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial in Cambridge, England.

Why should his name stand alone, not in France with the rest of his crew? Is it common to have crew members names on different memorials, in different countries? If they all went down together, it seems to me they should have all been memorialized at the same place.

I have written to Washington, D.C., Cambridge American Cemetery in England, and many WW II Veterans ... no one seems to know the answer. I am finally turning to the members of the 303rd Bomb Group to find the answer. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who would give me the true answer to this question, or any information as to where to get the answer.

This is a brief accounting of the mission reports from that day: "The aircraft was crippled by enemy fire or flak or both, at about 12:00 hours, dropped out of formation with one engine gone, the second on fire. Descended under control. Some reported one chute to open, others reported two chutes opened. The plane leveled off and turned towards the coast of France, landing in the channel, exploding on impact. It was reported all crew members aboard "Shak-Hack"

were missing in action; one year later to be listed as killed in action."

Please help me to find the answer to this last piece of the puzzle ... What really happened on February 16, 1943 to Stanley A. Putala? Why isn't his name with the rest of his crew?

Marie Leduc
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Burnham Museum

I have been helping with a project at our local Junior school here in Burnham, about the war years and about life in Burnham during the war. I saw it as an opportunity for the children to learn a little about the 8th Air Force. Some of the children have written letters to a few of the veterans with whom I have been corresponding and their teacher says it has given them a real insight into the war years. Their parents and grandparents have also taken a great interest in the project. Some of them had served in the armed services during the war, whilst others can remember some of the G.I.s who had been stationed in and around the town.

In addition, work is in progress on an underground military museum, nearby, and I am being given a section which I shall dedicate to American forces of WW II. Initially it will be in the form of a photographic display, but I hope to en-

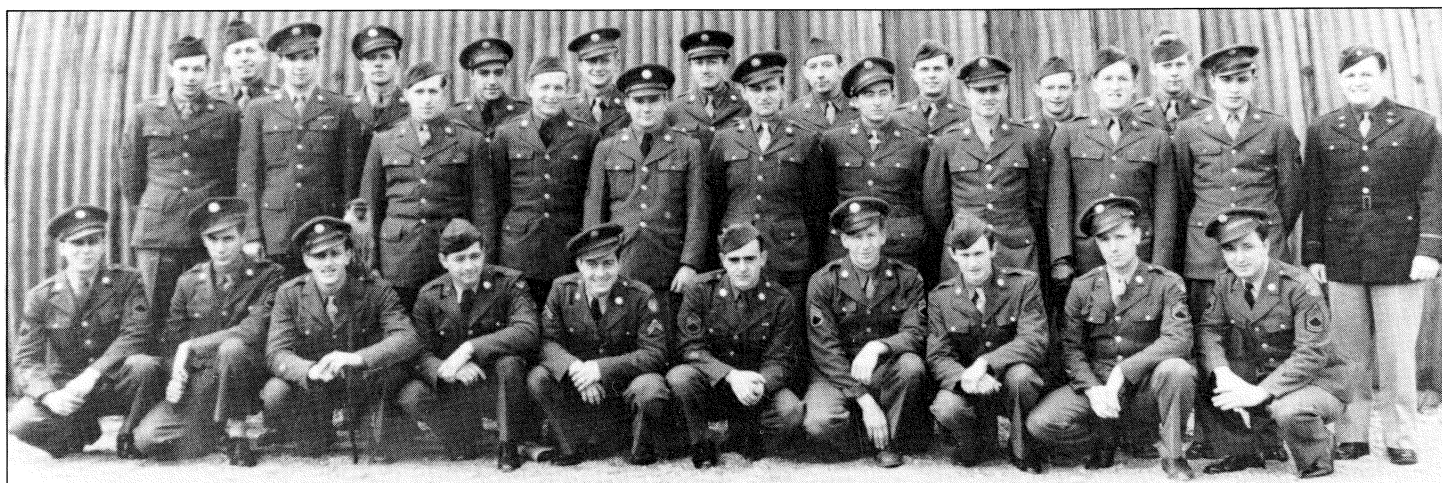
large on it as time goes by. We are hoping to find combat uniforms in order to set up the display. If all goes well, the museum will open around April of 1995.

Iris Drinkwater
55 Adam Street
Burnham-on-Sea
Somerset TA8 1PQ
England

Ed. Note: What can the 303rd Bomb Group Association do to help with the museum. I'm sure we have duplicates of quite a few photographs.

NOTICE

The reunion packets will go into the mail in late April or early May. For those planning to attend the reunion and to give us time to have your name printed on the new 303rd Certificates, please make your reservations early.



360th Sqdn. Armament – (Front row l to r) M/Sgt. Edgington, George Lawyer, Jerry Hartz, Eugene Barnhill, unk, John Holmberg, Rod Hanson, Martin Donovan, R. B. Smith, Val. (second row l to r) Jack King, unk, W. E. Gritton, Ray Gillie, Brondle Kinyon, W. L. Doputrek, unk, Paul Rasener, Fred Crissman, unk, Capt. Lucey. (third row l to r) Ken Jencks, Al Heitemar, Art Polaro, unk, unk, unk, John Hagar, unk. Photo taken 11 Feb. 1944.

Changing the face of the war at Saint-Lo

25 July 1944

by William Crawford

My first awareness is that I'm being gently shaken with the light of a flashlight close to my face. In the reflected light I can barely distinguish the features of Sergeant Fluke as he informs me, "Lieutenant Crawford, you're flying today. Breakfast at 0400. Briefing at 0500." He's attempting to sound very impersonal but the tenor of his voice betrays him. He doesn't relish bringing this news any more than we look forward to hearing it, but he's got a job to do and he's doing it just like we all are. I almost feel sad for him as he departs to advise the next man on his list.

When Colonel Stevens, the Group Commanding Officer, and our Deputy Commanding Officer, Lt. Colonel Lyle, both show up at the briefing we know that we've got another important mission on our hands. Major Schulstad, S-3, (Group Operations), pulls the draw-drape to reveal the large scale map of Europe and begins the briefing, "I'll be leading the three Groups from our 303rd Bomb Group which will become the 41st Combat Wing "A" Force. It's been seven weeks since D-Day on the 6th of June when our troops assaulted the beaches of Normandy. They've been able to battle their way inland as far as the area around Saint-Lo but the Germans have refused to budge an inch there, so our mission today is to support the U.S. First Army assault, Operation COBRA, with saturation bombing in the VII Corps area in the Marigny-Saint-Gilles region just west of Saint-Lo. Over 1400 heavy bombers from the Eighth, along with a A-20 and B-26 aircraft from the Ninth Air Force, who are to precede our B-17's and B-24's over the same area, will be involved. If we're successful it will mean that our ground forces will finally be able to break through the German defenses and fan out to bring this thing to an end. Friendly artillery is to mark the target area with red smoke bombs and the First U.S. Army will begin an advance sixty-minutes after our time over the target. None of our B-17's is to make a second run, to preclude the

bombing of our own troops. I don't need to warn you of the congestion in the target area. If you think we had a bottleneck yesterday, it's going to be worse today."

We get the rest of the briefing, the weather, a time hack, etc. and note that we've got B-17G, F-930, again today. We'll have Flight/Officer Leon Nurock as our Navigator and S/Sergeant Ken Pleasanton again as our "Togglier." We'll be in the High (Second) Group with Captain Shuknecht leading.

The truck deposits us at the hardstand where F-930 is parked at 0635 and we load all our gear aboard. This is the tenth mission for the crew and the routine is beginning to come almost naturally. Can it be that we're becoming accustomed to this thing?

After everyone has finished his pre-flights we begin our wait. We've almost come to accept this fatiguing monotony which lasts until it's time to start engines. After the long wait the green flare signals that the thing is really on, and the R-1820's begin their coughing and discharging smoke as they come alive over all areas of the base.

At 0735 the next green flare goes up. We rev-up and our B-17 begins to move out of the hardstand to follow G-196 in the long procession as we advance slowly towards the take-off position. At 0753 runway control is giving us the green light, prompting us to get moving. We begin to roll as we advance the power to take-off.

Our climb is slow but steady. We recognize the coded flares being fired by our High Group leader and we join the other B-17's in our Group at 17,000 ft. over Harrington Buncher. The three Groups assemble in good order and we depart on course at 0919 hours. Major Schulstad advises, "Cloud cover over the target is reported to be down to 14,000 ft. We're beginning a let-down to 15,000 ft." The Group moves in trail of what we believe to be the 94th Combat Wing and we ask them for identifying flares but if they fire them we're unable to make them out.

At 1006 we're abreast of the 94th "C" Combat Wing as we depart the English coast. We're already in the weather and have to fly formation in the clouds part of the time over the Channel. It becomes apparent at mid-Channel that we'll have to decrease our altitude. Major Schulstad advises, "We're letting down to 13,000 ft." Now we're able to see the vast assemblage of craft below us in the Channel and the magnitude of the operation is awe-inspiring.

Our first view of France is to our right again, and this seems odd because that's to our west, but it's the Cherbourg Peninsula and we're right on course for our target twenty miles inland from Omaha Beach in the Saint-Lo area.

Our High group begins our bomb run but there are too many aircraft trying to occupy a small area at the same time. We're being crowded out of position by several other Groups and our Group Bombardier is unable to identify the target in time to get his bombsight set up with all the smoke and haze below.

Our High Group leader, Captain Schuknecht comes on the VHF, "We're not permitted to make a second run today so we're going to look for a target of opportunity. First we're going to begin a let-down to see if we can get below this stuff." At 11,700 ft. we're still flying in-and-out of clouds which means we're covering the ground too fast at this low altitude for our Bombardier to pinpoint at target. Doug gives Danny, our Ball Turret Gunner, a call. "Danny, how're you doing down there at this low altitude? Are we about to scrape your rear end?" "I'm O.K. but I feel like we're going to get small-arms fire at any time." "Bill Miller, our Radio Operator, chimes in, "Any time I'm not freezing my butt, or don't need to be on oxygen, we're too damned low!"

Captain Schuknecht comes back on, "We're going to return to base with our bombs." The group takes up a westerly heading and we depart the west coast of the Cherbourg Peninsula at 1052 hours at 11,700 ft. Near the Channel island of Jersey we re-join the Lead and Low groups and re-

turn with them to Molesworth.

Our Group is over the base at 1239 hours but getting our High Group in makes it 1259 when F-930 touches down. We've been in the air 5:06 hours and each of our B-17's in the High Group landed carrying thirty-eight 100 pound fragmentation bombs without a mishap.

Results of today's operations show:

Due to personnel error, bombs from thirty-five heavy bombers fell within U.S. First Army lines. This tragic error resulted in the loss of lives of 100 U.S. troops and of Lt. General Lesley McNair, the Chief of U.S. Ground Forces.

Twenty-seven B-17's in the Lead and Low Groups dropped a total of ten hundred forty six 100 pound fragmentation bombs on their assigned targets. The first pictures indicate that results were good. The High Group did not bomb because it was on a collision course with other Groups on the bomb run, and it could not positively identify the target in the short time remaining.

No enemy aircraft were seen, and enemy anti-aircraft gunfire was only observed.

A tragedy occurred today, but our saturation bombing attacks paralyzed the Germans facing the First Army. Seventy percent of Hitler's panzer division personnel were killed, wounded or stunned and most of his tanks and artillery were knocked out. Two days from now a clear breakthrough will be achieved, and Lt. General George Patton's Third Army will enter the picture.

We didn't realize it today but Saint-Lo was an important turning point in the campaign to restore France to the French people. After four years of German occupation, Paris will be liberated on 25 August 1944 and by the middle of September the Germans will be pushed out of France and Belgium almost entirely.

Before Saint-Lo the Germans were considered almost unbeatable. There's still plenty of fighting to be done, but now the outcome is certain; it's a matter of time.

Air power has changed the face of war.

On top of the Cheviot

by Hal Susskind

At 1315 hours (GMT) December 16, 1994, two USAF F-15E, "Strike Eagles" from the 48th Fighter Wing, RAF Lakenheath, passed over a spot near the Cheviot, the highest point in Cheviot Hills, Northumberland, where 50 years ago, to the minute, a B-17 from the 303rd Bomb Group crashed.

The flyover, was in honor of the 303rd Bomb Group crewmen who died in that crash, those who survived, and the British shepherds who risked their lives in successfully saving the surviving crewmen.

As the flyover passed over Wooler, pupils at the Glendale Middle School stood out on their school playground and formed the number "50" as part of the tribute.

Now let us turn the pages of our calendar back to December 16, 1944 when 39 aircraft of the 303rd Bomb Group took off from Molesworth, at 0815 hours, in pea soup fog, to bomb the railroad marshalling yards at Ulm, Germany. The formation climbed through three layers of clouds before they reached assembly altitude at 8,500 feet. At 1015 hours, shortly after they left the assembly point, the group received information that the weather was so bad ahead that it was impossible to safely continue the mission. The group was instructed to drop their bombs, "safe" into the North Sea. After the bombs were dropped, they were instructed to break formation and return, individually, to an alternate airfield at RAF Kirmington, since fog made it impossible to land back at Molesworth.

Lt. George A. Kyle, Jr. in aircraft #44-6504, proceeded with the formation towards the point where the bombs were to be jettisoned but due to bad weather he became separated from the formation before the point was reached. Shortly after becoming separated from the formation, the "G" equipment in the aircraft became inoperative. Trouble was also experienced with the radio compass which would not settle down to any splasher. Lt. Kyle attempted to jettison his bombs

through a break in the clouds, but observing shipping below, he did not. This was tried several times but each time a ship was seen and so the decision was made to retain the bombs and return them to the base.

During these attempts, the faulty radio compass was followed while the radio operator, Joel A. Berly, attempted to get an accurate fix. At 1230 hours he got a vague fix which indicated that the plane was over northern England. At approximately 1300 hours, the radio operator received a first class fix and gave the coordinates to the navigator. Likewise at this time, the radio compass finally settled down, giving a bearing on what the navigator believed was splasher six. The navigator then gave the pilot a course of 135 degrees to fly to reach Molesworth. At this time they were flying at approximately 3,000 feet. Some 15 minutes later while still flying a course of 135 degrees, the West Hill of Cheviot at 2,500 feet loomed out of the snowstorm.

Kyle jerked back on the stick. But it was too late. The Flying Fortress had struck.

The pilot's instinctive gesture saved most of the crew. The big plane skidded across the bog that makes up West Hill. The peat served as a cushion and absorbed the shock and filled the bombbay still loaded with bombs.

The nose section crumpled on impact, instantly killing togglier, Sgt. Frank R. Turner, Jr., and the Navigator Lt. Fred Holcomb.

Flames erupted in the bombbay. Incendiary bombs exploded and touched off fluid from ruptured hydraulic and fuel lines. Co-pilot James Hardy pulled the emergency release on his window and pulled it back in with his hands. After getting out of the plane, he went back and pulled out the pilot, Lt. Kyle who had suffered a shattered jaw. At this point, the three survivors, Flight Engineer Ernest Schieferstein, Kyle and Hardy, assuming the rest of the crew were dead, wandered down the side of the Cheviot until they found a farm house. But they were nearly shot by the farmer who had

never seen American flyers before. When he saw their green flying suits, he took them to be German paratroopers. After receiving first aid treatment from the farmer's wife, Mrs. Cowan, Hardy was given a ride on a motorcycle into town so he could summon help. This he did. An ambulance soon arrived at the farm house and the three survivors were taken to the Royal Air Force first aid station near Berwick.

Back at the B-17, Berly in the process of trying to put out the fire in the bombbay and getting out of the aircraft, jammed his foot through the flywood flooring and became entangled in a mass of peat. Waist gunner, William R. Kaufman, regained consciousness in time to pull Berly free. He then helped ball turret gunner, George P. Smith, from the plane. Outside the aircraft the three found tail gunner Howard F. Delaney, wandering around in deep snow. He was bleeding from a severe head wound.

The four crew members hurried away from the flaming wreckage, in fear of exploding bombs. Two of the four, with their flying boots and socks blown off, limped barefoot through the snow. All found temporary refuge in a peat bog hole which resembled a lone foxhole on top of the mountain.

Since the two barefoot airmen were unable to descend from the mountain, all four decided to remain in their "foxhole" improvising shoes from their parachute silk and awaiting the end of the storm.

Two shepherds, noticing the bomber floundering in the blizzard, anticipated the crash and organized a searching party among other shepherds. The two men, John Dagg, 63, of Dunsdale Farm and Frank Moscroft of Southern Knowle Farm, led the party in a three hour climb up the mountain in the heavy storm.

The searchers finally reached the wreckage but were unable to find the survivors until the dog which accompanied the shepherds started barking at the edge of the peat bog. She found the cold four airmen.

Dagg's collie, Sheila, then led the group through the blizzard to Dagg's cottage and just as they reached the door, the plane blew up with a window-shattering explosion. Dagg's daughter ran two miles through the storm to the nearest telephone to summon help. Later in the night, the four men were taken to the same RAF hospital that their comrades had found earlier.

Kyle, the most seriously hurt was transferred the next day to a larger RAF hospital at Newcastle.

Turner and Holcomb were buried at the American cemetery in Cambridge. The other six survivors convalesced until January when they reported back to their squadron at Molesworth. They were promptly given rest leave, but as they passed through London, Smith collapsed on the train platform with spinal meningitis.

During his stay at the 150th Station Hospital, another unusual drama unfolded. Smith "died" and was taken to the morgue.

The last doctor to examine him before an autopsy was a Major Hill, who noticed that Smith's tag indicated he was from Louisville, Hill's home town.

The doctor decided to listen to Smith's heart once more and detected a faint beat. He managed to revive him, and when the war ended, Smith had fully recovered and was on his way to the Pacific theater.

Dagg and Moscroft were awarded the British Empire Medal in July 1945 at ceremonies on the Cheviot and Sheila became the first civilian dog awarded the Dickin Medal for animal heroism. Dagg's medal was his second for rescue efforts during the war.

By February of 1946 all seven survivors had returned to civilian status. But their story continued. That same year, Mrs. Frank R. Turner, Sr., bereaved mother of the togglier, wrote Dagg to thank him and the dog for their efforts. She wrote that her son's death had come just three months before his only son was born in Columbia, S.C. She asked that if the collie

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(Continued from page 8)

Sheila, ever had puppies, could she buy one?

A few months later, the Royal Air Force flew Sheila's first puppy to South Carolina as a gift. Named Tibbie, the dog lived for 11 years as the adopted town pet in Columbia.

In the summer of 1967, 23 years after the crash, boys from St. Michaels Church Choir Club in the village of Alnwick, unearthed the wreckage of the B-17 at Cheviot Hills.

The Club had been formed to provide a creative outlet for members and one of their projects was the investigation of nearly 100 bomber crashes; American, British and German, in their area in WW II.

Rummaging through the wreckage of the B-17, buried under years of undergrowth and peat, the boys found two microswitches from the bombardier's panel. The switches were sent back to Honeywell in the U.S. where tests revealed one of them was still in working order. In the meantime, the boys in Alnwick – they called themselves, The Reivers, an ancient name for border raiders – embarked on the arduous task of building a memorial.

Cement was carried up the rugged terrain to the site chosen for the memorial. One propeller was freed from the wreckage and planted in concrete, pointed towards the grave of the buried bomber. The inscription on the memorial reads: "Erected by the Michaels Church Choir Club to the men of the U.S.A.A.F. who fought for our freedom, 1941-1945."

It was Turner's son, Roderick Turner Merritt, 23, in New York City with the seven survivors and high-ranking military guests, who actually unveiled by remote control, the memorial on the Cheviot. By pressing the microswitch, found by the boys, he set an impulse racing 3,500 miles to slip the blue and yellow drape from the memorial. Among those participating in the transatlantic hookup from New York were retired Generals Carl S. Spaatz and Ira Eaker and Air Vice Marshal David-Crowley Milling, RAF Air Attache in Washington, D.C.

High in the Cheviots, the Invocation was pronounced by the vicar of St. Michaels in Alnwick.

The last member of the B-17 crew to speak from New York was aircraft commander Kyle, who then turned the microswitch over to Turner's son for the remote unveiling.

On the Cheviot, "Last Post" was

sounded on a bugle by a bare-headed Reiver as four F-100 fighters from the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing at Wethersfield, England, streaked across the sky in the "missing man" formation.

Then as the planes faded from sight, the Reivers turned the monument topped hill back to the wind and the skylarks.

The 1994 Fiftieth Anniversary tribute to the heroic crew and the gallant Shepherds of the Cheviot was made possible through the cooperation and coordination of many people including our Historian, Harry Gobrecht and one of our newest Associate members, Peter Clark of Alnwick, Northumberland, Great Britain who climbed to the crash site to observe the flyover.

"Those of us who were to walk to the crash site drove to the farmhouse at Dunsdale, the point nearest the crash site that can be approached by vehicle," said Clark. "This was where John Dagg, one of the shepherds, lived in 1944. We walked to the crash site by approximately the same route John Dagg and Frank Moscroft would have taken 50 years ago. We took one and a quarter hours to reach the site, but it must be remembered that we were not hampered by drifting and/or falling snow and had the benefit of modern lightweight clothing. It was incredibly cold at the crash site – so cold that the camcorder battery had to be held next to somebody's body to keep it operative. It was this time that we all began to realize what conditions must have been like for survivors and rescuers 50 years ago."

"The very summit of the Cheviot had become covered by a cap of cloud at about 1130 hours and we began to wonder whether the flyover would take place. However, at about 1255 hours this cloud began to 'burn back' in the bright sun and shortly afterwards we noted two F-15Es approaching from the south at high altitude. They turned east toward the sea."

"Suddenly, about 10 minutes later we wandered about among the relics of the B-17, there was a shout of, 'Here they come.' We turned toward the east and watched with some awe as the two F-15s approached the site in perfect, close formation, slowly gaining altitude as they flew about 500 feet above the rising contours. It was a very impressive sight. They passed exactly over the site at precisely 1315 hours. Nobody said a word for a few

minutes – I think each of us had our own thoughts but I think they were all along the same lines."

"As we made our way back down, we all agreed what a fine piece of flying it had been. We also diverted to a site where a few relics of a Vickers Wellington which crashed in January 1942 remain. John Dagg had also helped the three survivors of that crash to safety – also in a blizzard."

"We all agreed, despite the cold, that it had been a great experience and I, for one, was extremely proud but humbled to have been apart of the tribute."

The crews of the F-15s from the 48th Fighter Wing who did such an excellent job were: in lead ship, "Resist 21," the pilot was Lt. Col. Bruce Teagarden and Capt. Rick Nelson was aboard as weapons system operator (WSO). The second aircraft, "Resist 22," was flown by Capt. Keith Miller, with Capt. Brett Plentl as WSO.

The 303rd Bomb Group Association would also like to thank: Major General Andrus, Commander, Third Air Force; Col. David

MacGhee, Commander, 48th Fighter Wing; Col. Philip Marcum, Commander and Brian McGuire of the Joint Analysis Center and the students at the school in Alnwick who stood out in the cold to salute the flyover by forming the figure "50".

In his tribute, Col. Marcum Commander, JAC said: "The men and women of RAF Molesworth, the wartime home of the 303rd Bomb Group, join the 48th Fighter Wing in honoring the brave airmen of the 303rd Bomb Group, and the courageous British shepherds who risked their lives to successfully save the American crewmen."

The 50th Anniversary tribute to a brave crew and courageous shepherds was put together with inputs from Harry Gobrecht who flew behind and to the left of Lt. Kyle on this unfortunate flight, Brian McGuire, Peter Clark, Col. Philip Marcum, Lt. Gen. J. H. Doolittle, Commander, Eighth Air Force who signed the scroll thanking the shepherds of Cheviot and the "Stars and Stripes."

Headquarters Eighth Air Force Office of the Commanding General A.F.O. 634

To the Shepherds of Cheviot

On behalf of the men and women of the United States Eighth Air Force I wish to express our gratitude to the Shepherds of Cheviot, to the people of Southern Knoyle, and to Mr. John Dagg, Mr. Frank Moscrop, Mr. William Scott, Sergeant R. Graham, and all those who took part in the rescue and care of members of the crew of a Flying Fortress in December 1944.

Your gallantry, skill and kindness in searching for our men, conducting them to shelter and caring for their needs will ever be remembered.

You showed towards them in fullest measure the friendship and helpfulness which has marked our partnership with the people of Britain. Your deed has drawn closer the bond between us and enriched our common heritage for which we have fought.

J.H. Doolittle
Lieut. General USA
Commanding

The above scroll, presented in 1945, is mounted in a glass frame and is displayed in the Community Hall in College Valley at the foot of the Cheviot, along with a page from the local school daily record book signed by senior officers of the U.S.A.A.F. and the RAF.

(Continued from page 1)

Mace also asked Roth if he could come to France sometime in the future since the citizens of Pluvigner were planning to build a monument to the memory of the crew of "Beats Me" who had died in helping to liberate France from the Nazis.

It is inconceivable that more than 50 years have passed since that Jan. 23, 1943 when Roth and others in the 10 man crew, were part of a 70 plane formation nearing the I.P. and starting on their bomb run to the target, the German sub-pens at the harbor in Lorient.

Roth, who was the radio operator and gunner on the B-17, "Beats Me," said the crew encountered heavy flak and light fighter resistance on the way to the target.

"We weren't hit until we were on the bomb run," said Roth, a 20 year old Staff Sergeant at the time.

"For some reason the pilot of "Beats Me," Lt. Joseph Haas crowded under the plane above," said Roth. "Beats Me" was hit from above by a friendly bomb which did not explode but tore off the tail section and killed tailgunner Wayne Stevens."

When hit by the bomb from above, the plane turned upside down. Roth almost went out the top of the radio room but the gun kept him inside. He was pretty sure that they had dropped their bombs by then.

When the plane was righted again, Roth fell back down, and his first job was to help the ball turret gunner, Pete Soria, out of his turret and help him put his chute on. He told Soria to get the escape door off in back of the plane. "I then noticed the engineer, Antone Pacheco, coming back through the bombbay," said Roth.

"From there I proceeded to help the right waist gunner, John Sherman. As I approached him, he fell away from the plane. Because of the plane's violent maneuver, Sherman had been hung up on the .50 caliber gun outside the plane. When I got to him, his boot was there, but he fell from the plane, unconscious or dead," Roth said.

Roth then took over Sherman's position because German fighter planes were shooting at the crippled Fortress.

"Beats Me" flew for about 10 minutes after the pilots had righted it, but all of a sudden the plane quit flying," said Roth. "One of the German fighters killed both Haas and the copilot R.W. Christianson. The plane

nosed over and went into a slow spin. I knew at that time, it was time to get out of there," said Roth. He headed for the escape door, but the ball-turret gunner had failed to remove it. He had either passed out or had been shot.

"I got the door off and was half way out of the plane when I hesitated at the door. Suddenly something came off the wing of the plane and struck me on the head and pulled me out of the aircraft," said Roth.

He opened his chute, maybe too fast, as it ripped a 6 or 7 foot hole in the material. The crooked chute was not easy to control and he began to swing to and fro. During the descent, one of his boots came off as did a glove. Consequently one foot was frozen and his right hand was frost-bitten.

He thought he was falling too fast since it only took about 10 minutes to hit the ground. The place he touched down was Pluvigner, France. He landed in a "brown patch" barely missing a deep hole in the ground. There were about 8 to 10 Frenchmen standing in a circle waiting for him.

Roth was taken to a nearby barn until dark, when a lad came in and took him to their farmhouse. The family was there and they offered him some wine and bread. Less than 10 minutes later, a truckload of German soldiers came in and took him to a prison in Vannes.

"While there I could hear the German soldiers shooting Frenchmen who had resisted. I thought my turn was going to come quick," Roth commented.

On the third morning after the crash, Roth was reunited with the bombardier, Lt. E.R. McCright, and navigator, Lt. J.H. Embach, whose parachutes Roth had seen, about five miles off in the distance as he was touching down in Pluvigner. Actually, after bailing out of the aircraft, Lt. McCright had allowed himself to free fall as long as possible before opening his chute. He landed in the Bay of Biscayne with the Germans waiting for him to drift ashore, before they captured him. He had been wounded in the heel but he received little medical attention.

Roth, Embach and McCright spent 27 months in various German prisoner of war camps before they were rescued by American troops.

Mace's prediction to Roth that the people of Pluvigner were planning to honor them came true.

On November 5, 1994, Com-

mandant Guy Matheus, President du Comité Cantonal du Souvenir Français, welcomed U.S. guests, Colonel Louis M. Schulstad and Mr. Charles Roth, to the dedication of the plaque at Pluvigner, France honoring the crew of "Beats Me" who gave their lives for the Liberation of France.

There was a color guard, brass band, and the mayor of Pluvigner, Eugene le Couviour and Pierre Le Neillon, Adjoint au Maire were also in attendance.

The plaque had several purposes: First it commemorated the contribution made by Roth and his crew to the liberation of France during WW II. Second, it impresses upon French children that liberty does not come cheaply, and the price paid for that freedom should never have to be paid again. Third, it helps Roth and Schulstad remember their roles and the people who were lost in the crash.

Many questions still remain as to whom were buried where? According to a report issued on 27 April, 1947, crew members Lt. Roy W. Christianson, Sgt. John H. Sherman and Peter Soria, were disinterred

from the cemetery at Plescop and reburied in Blosville Military Cemetery. But where is Blosville Military Cemetery, and who is buried there? Lt. McCright revisited the crash site in 1947 and did quite a bit of research on the mission. It is hoped that we can get a copy of his report in time to publish it in the May issue of the newsletter. Unfortunately, Lt. McCright passed away on April 24, 1990.

The mission to Lorient was a costly one. Twenty-one aircraft took off from RAF Molesworth. Only 12 of the 21 aircraft returned to Molesworth. Several had one engine feathered. One aircraft had two engines out and feathered. Five were damaged by flak and enemy aircraft, three extensively. Four aircraft landed at other fields. Five aircraft were lost over the target.

This was the Group's 11th mission. Before the war ended they went on to fly 353 more. And paid a tremendous price in men and planes.

Compiled by inputs from Harry Gobrecht, Charles Roth, Florence Reminder, Daily Sentinel, and memoirs of McCright.

Ladies and Gentlemen

We are here today to welcome our US guests, Colonel Louis M. Schulstad and Mr. Charles Roth and, the members of their family who accompanied them.

Some of you have heard about what happened over Keronic on the 23rd of January 1943.

Others have seen what was going on in the sky; an air fight ended by an aircraft crash in the forest of Keronic. It was the US Flying Fortress, B-17F "Beats Me" coming from Molesworth, England to bomb the German submarine base in Lorient.

Ten crew members were flying this mission.

Unfortunately, they never reached their target. That mission ended over the forest of Keronic, in a small French village of Brittany.

Only 3 survivors out of 10 crew members.

Mr. Roth, radio operator, was one of these airmen who landed in Pluvigner before being captured and sent to Germany as a P.O.W. until the war ended.

Colonel Schulstad, the usual assigned pilot of "Beats Me," was in the hospital with influenza on that fateful day. I would like to say how much I understand what he suffered as a leader in such a situation, being not with his crew.

But it was destiny, Sir, you did what you had to do, a real good job, since you have been credited with 44 combat missions and, twice awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

All we have to say is: "thank you very much, Colonel Schulstad; "thank you very much, Mr. Roth."

Thank you for coming so far away from your home-land to defend freedom threatened by an inhuman ideology: Nazism.

Your, "Beats Me" crew and many others have shared the burden of the struggle for freedom, and human dignity, and paid a very high price for it.

Veterans and Ancients (old people) are the memory of the Nation.

All together we have to tell the new generations what happened 51 years ago, on that fateful day of the 23rd of January 1943 and shout **REMEMBER!**

Remember "Beats Me."

Remember Joseph Haas!

Remember Roy W. Christianson!

Remember Antone Pacheco!

Remember Peter Soria!

Remember Jerry W. Dobbins!

Remember John H. Sherman!

Remember Wayne O. Stevens!

These men have given their lives here for Liberty and for our Country.

They will never be alone, **Pluvigner** will remember and take care of them.

Guy S. Matheus
President du Comité Cantonal
du Souvenir Français

An eyewitness to history

by Pierre Le Neillon

Here are the events which happened to me on January 23, 1943.

On that day, it was a Saturday, early afternoon, nice weather for the season. Hardly any wind, clear sky, apart from a few white clouds here and there, high in the atmosphere, temperature around 12 degrees Celsius.

Around 1:30 p.m., I could watch a few German fighters which flew in circles above the region. These fighters – Messerschmitts – based at Meucom airport, near Vannes, used to do a lot of training, but never flew as high as that particular day.

Around 1:30 p.m., I started hearing a huge humming coming from the Northeast. A few minutes later, I saw two combat box formations which I identified straight away as being B-17s.

If I remember well, the first group included 43 planes and the second group, slightly boxed to the right, had 27. It was really impressive.

I realized they flew straight towards Lorient. A few minutes later, a terrible cannonade could be heard. I could see quite clearly the black shell splinters of the Flak of Kervignac, and of Kernours, in Riantec. It was the barrage fire in which the group of 43 planes entered.

At that time, I saw a plane coming out of the middle of the box formation, turning round to the left and diving towards the Northeast. I thought the plane was hit by the Flak and was trying to go back to her base.

Some time later, a terrible deflagration could be heard. Later, I heard that the bombing had been done by the aircrew and that it had crashed on the village of Kergolve in Laudaul. Luckily, the village itself was preserved, but outside in Kergolve, everything had been reduced to powder.

The Terpuéc family, farmers in the village, were busy working in the fields – all of them had just finished their lunch and left the house a few minutes before the crash, surely avoiding death. However, an old lady doing the housework inside, was killed in the terrible explosion and we never found any traces.

The plane, still flying away, I saw two German fighters coming towards her, one after the other, from the back. I clearly saw the back machine-gunner of the B-17 shooting.

Sometime later, I was told that one of the fighters didn't manage to get

back to her base at Meucom and that she had crashed at Locmaria-Grandchamp. Soon after the event, I saw three parachutes opening out, one after the other, at about 7,000m above Pluvigner. Later, I heard that at the same time, one of the B-17 doors had crashed in the street, opposite the actual post-office.

I realized that the plane was about to crash, although the B-17 went on flying straight ahead. She actually lost speed until she reared backwards and turned on her left wing, then finally dived towards the ground. Her engines made a terrible noise. For a few minutes, as I saw her getting bigger and bigger, I thought she was going to fall on my head! Eventually, she crashed at 500m from where I was – in a terrific explosion. A huge black cloud rose high in the sky, whereas the earth was shaking under my feet. I was astounded and scared; nevertheless, I decided to run towards the spot. People came from all around.

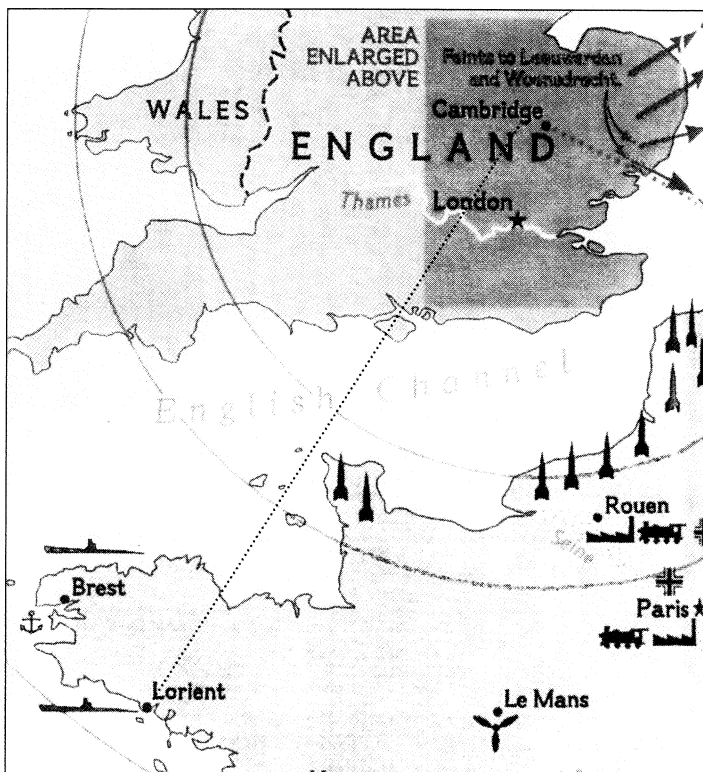
As I came near, I could see the wreckage, and some flames covering a large surface. Shot guns exploded in the fire.

Five fuming bomb craters showed the impact on the ground, the one of the fuselage was the deepest (3 meters deep), the ones made by the engines explosions were about two meters deep. The plane had crashed right into the hedge along the forest. Big fir trees had been knocked down, and the fire which had started on the outskirts couldn't develop because the weather was cool and wet at that time of the year.

There were so many pieces of wreckage lying around that I didn't know where to look. I picked up a few pieces, here and there, threw them away and picked them back up again and so on.

At one moment, I found a furred boot, and as I put my hand inside it, I could tell that it was still warm. Further away I could see ragged clothes hanging on the branches, and as I came closer, I recognized human remains. As you can imagine all this has remained deep-rooted in my mind.

As I had picked up a few pieces of wreckage, as a souvenir, I saw German soldiers coming across the field. They shouted to frighten us. They shot in the air and everyone ran away. The soldiers had arrived on the spot within 30 minutes.



As I came back home, in Mane-lhuel, I met a group of people (a policeman and some neighbors). They were looking at a dead aviator, whose head had burst out; he was there without his parachute. The body was lying at about 150m from the village, and 500m from the plane crash, on a pile of stones. The man looked rather tall. The Germans had noticed us so they asked everybody to leave immediately and ordered one of the soldiers to stay to faction near the body so that no one could approach him. I didn't manage to identify the man.

The next day, it was Sunday, January 24th, around 9 a.m., the Germans took the body to an unknown destination. That same Sunday morning, at 10 a.m., I heard a German fighter, Focke Wulf, in the little valley, near the village. She flew at about 10 meters high above our heads, and made a few hedge hoppings. I supposed it was one of the pilots who had taken part in the shooting of the day before and who came back to enjoy his victory.

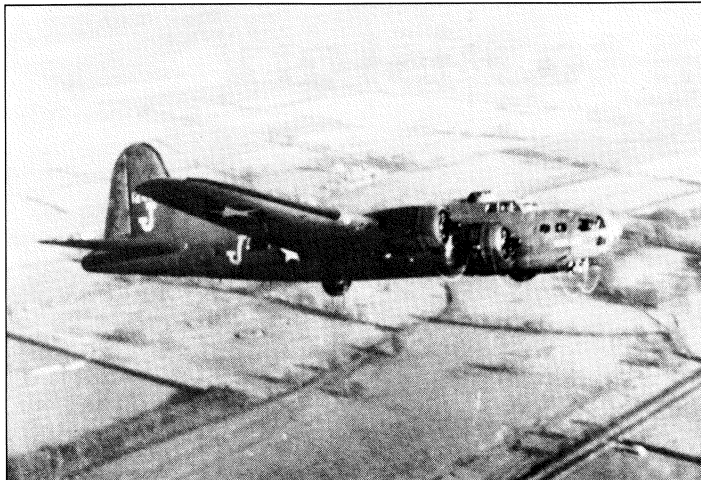
In the evening on Saturday, the 23rd, a group of 12 German soldiers, coming from Meucom, took hold of a barn in the village to establish their camp. Their mission consisted in keeping the area during the taking off of the wreckage by lorries. It lasted one week.

I wasn't very pleased to see them there, because at that time, in Germany, the STO was in practice. As I was born in 1922, I was most closely concerned. So, when I saw them leave our village, I was relieved.

When these undesirables had left, my father (who had been injured by the Germans during the 1914-18 war) and I built a fence meant to protect the rocks where the poor aviator had died. I fixed a small wooden cross on the ground, and I dug into it a few bones. For several years, the place has been regularly flowered. It is also the parachute of that same man which was found in the path, near the bridge, on Lanouioic road, and which was taken away by the Germans.

The three parachutists I had seen before, had eventually landed. It took them a long time, which is quite understandable, as they had jumped from 7,000 meters. I also saw one of them coming down through the clouds. All three of them landed at 4km from the other; one near the village of Kerwoy, one near the village of Kermoisan, and one in Lagroix-Courte on Brandivy road.

Today I'm still looking for witnesses in the village, who could give me more information. Unfortunately after 50 years, a lot of them have died.



B-17 "Beats Me" flying over England in December 1942.

These men
have given their lives here
for LIBERTY
and for our Country.
They will never be alone,
Pluvigner will remember
and will take care of them.

Guy S. Matheus
du Souvenir Francais, President



Plaque unveiled on Nov. 5, 1994 at Pluvigner, France, contains names of crew who were killed on Jan. 23, 1943.



Jean Charles Mace (L) was 16 when he started digging at crash site. His findings led to the memorial ceremony on Nov. 5, 1994.



Another plaque unveiled on Nov. 5, 1994. Where it was hung is unknown at this time.

IN MEMORIAM

L1206 Donald D. Bowles (HDG) – 1991
 522 Kenneth L. Elmore (360) – 18 August 1994
 S471 Oldrich Fojt (427) – 12 September 1994
 1617 Frank F. Forve (359) – 17 September 1994
 1846 William W. Gray, Jr. (359) – March 1994
 L1111 Peter F. Kearns (427) – 1 February 1994
 1420 Roy L. King (360) – 1994
 491 James P. Mayfield (358) – 8 December 1994
 L197 Fulton R. Meyer (359) – 24 June 1994
 984 Lawrence E. Poole (358) – 5 December 1994
 1126 Francis J. Ryan (359) – 20 December 1994
 L1224 Joseph J. Seelock (359) – 2 March 1994
 159 Ben Spears (358) – 28 November 1994
 1029 J. Albert Wall (360) – 1994
 L1085 Theron S. Tupper (359) – 28 March 1994
 1430 Major Bill Smith (359) – 12 September 12 1994
 Marie B. Shipley – 9 November 1994

I am writing to report the death of my husband, Fulton R. Meyer on June 24, 1994. He was a longtime member of the 8th AF organization as well as the 303rd Bomb Group. Perhaps his friends in the latter group would be interested.

Mrs. Fulton Reynolds Meyer
840 North Drive, Sunset
Parkway
Seymour, Indiana 47274

This letter is to inform you that I lost my dearly beloved Peter F. Kearns on Feb. 1, 1994 to a sudden heart attack. Pete was stationed at Molesworth, England from 1942 to 1945. My life is so lonely without him. We were married 53 years. He loved his time in the Air Force.

Anne D. Kearns
Benchmark Village #66
Tooele, UT 84074

As editor of the "Hell's Angels newsletter," I want to report to you the death of my husband Theron Stuart Tupper. He was a life member of the 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

He was born in Flint, Mich. on April 27, 1915 and died in Reedley, CA on March 27, 1994.

He served with the 359th Sqdn. He was a member of the crew of the first "Duchess." When it was being repaired, he flew on "The 8 Ball" at least once. He had enlisted in the Air Corps in Michigan on Oct. 23, 1941 and received his discharge in Florida on Sept. 26, 1945.

He leaves besides his wife, one

daughter and one granddaughter.

I like the newsletter and you should be congratulated for the good job and the hours that you must spend on it. I would like to continue to receive it.

My full name is Hazel Louise Tupper. My husband and I both, were known to our friends by our middle names.

(Mrs.) T.S. Tupper
P.O. Box 422
Orosi, CA 93647

My father, Major Bill Smith spoke often about the Hell's Angels Bomb Group and the missions that he and all of the men performed in World War II. He was very proud of the job that he did for the 303rd as Navigator and he spoke fondly of it all of his life. He retired as a Major and earned a Purple Heart and Flying Cross.

After a six year fight with Prostate Cancer, Dad passed away on Sept. 12, 1994. He was buried on Sept. 15, 1994 with military honors. I wanted to contact you regarding his passing.

Terry L. Smith
(817) 237-3005

If possible I would appreciate a mention in the next newsletter of my beloved friend and sweetheart: Marie B. Shipley passed away on Nov. 9, 1994. She never forgot the kindness that was extended to her in New Orleans.

Frederick E. Barnes
5517 Piedmont Ave.
Baltimore, MD 21207-6159

Bracelet returned after 50 years!



Bracelet returned – After 50 years, Cyril Sherman (r) brother of Sgt. Sherman who was killed in the crash, returns Lt. Jokerst's bracelet to his next-of-kin, his sisters, (l to r) Mrs. Bernice Harding and Ursula Jokerst. (Photo was taken by Lt. Col. M. R. Harding, USAF, (Ret)).

On 23 October 1943, Lt. L. E. Jokerst, 360th BS, took off in "Miss Patricia" #42-29930 on a night local training mission. The aircraft crashed shortly after take-off at Keyston. Cause of the crash was unknown. Eight crewmen died in the crash.

1st Lt. L. E. Jokerst (P)	Sgt. E. A. Churan (Gun)
2nd Lt. T. M. Jackson (CP)	Sgt. R. L. Long (Gun)
S/Sgt. W. H. Stephen (E)	Sgt. H. R. Sherman (Gun)
Cpl. S. B. Morse (RO)	Pvt. R. V. Morgan (Pass)

In 1993 we visited Molesworth with the 303rd Bomb Group and met Robin and Sue Beeby. They showed us parts of the aircraft they had uncovered and also a bracelet which belonged to the pilot, Lt. Jokerst. I told Robin I would find the family of Lt. Jokerst for him. After a lot of phone calls some to Lt. Jokerst's original co-pilot, W. H. Bergeron who said his pilot had come from Missouri; and phone calls to the U. S. Monument Commission, I found both his burial site and his family in 1994.

At the 1994 reunion in Savannah, Robin and Sue brought the bracelet and gave it to me to return to his next-of-kin. I returned the bracelet to Lt. Jokerst's sisters, Mrs. Bernice Harding and Ursula Jokerst.

Cyril Sherman
Brother of Sgt. H. R. Sherman



Down memory lane – Savoy Hotel, London, January 1945. Reception for newlyweds, Bill and Mary Eisenhart (center on sofa). Bill and Mary returned to the Savoy in January 1995 to celebrate their 50th Anniversary. The Savoy treated them like royalty. They were also "piped aboard" at Molesworth. "We were taken to the Heritage Room where we were briefed on the mission of JAC and shown the historical record of the 303rd. The photos on the walls of the room were outstanding, some of which I never seen before. The effort that has gone into this project is fantastic. We were overwhelmed," said Bill. On behalf of the 303rd Bomb Group Association, "Happy Anniversary". Can anyone name all the people in the photo?

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

If I may borrow a Navy term: NOW HEAR (see) THIS. It is the last call for the 1995 dues. If there is a red circled four on your address label, we are awaiting your payment and if not received by April, this may be your LAST NEWSLETTER. I am sending the address labels to Hal Susskind on 30 January so if you sent your dues in on or after that date, disregard the red circled four.

Thanks to about one-third of our annual dues payers, we saved a little postage this year. About 35% of the '95 dues was received before the end of the year so I was able to send out the new membership cards under the old postage rates. The dues continue to arrive and we are at an all time high in membership in spite of our increasing death losses. That reminder notice that Bill Heller sends out the last of each year (at no expense to the Association) is working better than ever. Some are not reading it carefully however. Remember – you make the checks out to 303

BGA and you send them to me, Carlton Smith, 12700 Red Maple Circle, #54, Sonora, CA 95370-5269. Please do not send them to Bill Heller or Hal Susskind.

The year's end always means a traffic jam of incoming dues and outgoing membership cards, with some requiring a specific reply, in addition to normal correspondence. As a result I didn't have time to send replies to all you good buddies who sent special cards and greetings with your dues payments. Hope you will understand my situation. Your kind thoughts were much appreciated and those donations, memorials, address changes and death notices were duly noted.

The following lists are as of 25 January.

Carlton M. Smith
12700 Red Maple Cir., #54
Sonora, CA 95370-5269
209-533-5033

NEW MEMBERS

- L1869 William Latshaw, 269 Hathaway Ln., Wynnewood, PA 19096 (358)
- A-262 Peter D. Clark, Roddam Home Farm, Wooperton, Alnwick Northumberland, Great Britain NE66 4XY
- 1870 Ernest G. Schieferstein, POB 2031, Sag harbor, NY 11963 (360)
- A-263 Francois Cadic, 54 Rue Louis Pasteur, 29100 Douarnenez, France
- 1871 Donald M. Rusk, 120 Franklin Ave., Redlands, CA 92373 (427)
- A-264 Daniel W. Townsley, Rt. 1, Box 201-G, Coupland, TX 78615-9625
- A-265 John H. Sterling, 4201 Lenora Dr., Boise, ID 83704
- 1872 Frederick E. Ocamb, 7343 Quaker Rd., Orchard Park, NY 14127-2010 (444)
- A-266 Michael D. Miller, 1011 Pennsylvania #D, Denver, CO 80203
- A-267 Thomas H. Gano, 784 Kealahou St., Honolulu, HI 96825
- A-268 John M. Craven, 7574 Brookstone, West Chester, OH 45069
- L1873 Harvie L. Collins, 12434 Willow Tree Ave., Hudson, FL (360)
- A-269 Andrea L. Goudy, 323 Illinois Ave., Batavia, IL 60510
- A-270 Richard A. Bourque, 115 Mt. View Dr., Etters, PA 17319
- 1874 Norman A. Cote, 12 Kittredge St., Augusta, ME 04330 (360)
- 1875 Horace J. Miller, 1002 W. Noblitt St., Livingston, TX 77351 (358)
- A-271 Kerry Brown, 2340 Sugar Ridge Rd., Spring Hill, TN 37174
- A-272 Kirk Brown, As above
- A-273 Dr. Walter Brown, As above
- 1-274 Wanda A. Seile, 405 Spring St., Lee, MA 01238
- 1876 C. Ramsay Younglove, 2102 Upper Red Lake Ln., Grand Island, FL 32735 (15 Nov. to 30 Apr.). 13326 Adams St., Omaha, NE 68137 (1 May to 14 Nov.) (360)
- A-275 Michel Lugez, Rue de la Ville Etable #13, Saint Nazaire 44600 France

The winner of the Delta Airlines round-trip tickets for two to London was Van R. White, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. His number was the winner out of 363 chances that were sold.

Mr. Virginia Bone, the widow of Donald R. Bone, a Bombardier on one of the original 303rd B.G. crews, pulled the winning number. The 303rd Bomb Group Association raffle was conducted by Ed Miller, V/P for Administration.

The Association and its Executive Committee, sincerely thank Mrs. Bone for her gracious support of the Association.

UPGRADE TO LIFE MEMBERS

- L961 J. Charles Abeyta (427)
- L252 Kurt Bachert (359)
- L1397 Rex Chambers (358)
- L1419 Charles L. Coons (360)
- L1388 Elbert S. Cox, Jr. (359)
- L088 Fred T. Crissman (360)
- L1311 William A. Denison (427)
- L218 James A. Durkin (359)
- L916 Lee Faulkner (360)
- L342 Raymond B. Gradle (358)
- L1107 James F. Green (359)
- L1843 George E. Hiebeler (360)
- L1825 John L. Holloway (360)
- L1549 James W. Hughes (360)
- L1764 Dalton R. Hutchins (360)
- L1082 Allen L. Ipsen (359)
- L1856 James W. Johnson (HDQ)
- L1474 John "Vic" Jones (358)
- L1644 John B. Kahle (358)
- L322 John T. Kernodle (427)
- L1172 Robert R. Kerr (427)
- L317 Eugene W. Lavalleur (360)
- L1675 Charles A. Leidy (360)
- L336 Samuel P. Maxwell (358)
- L1527 George E. McCutcheon (358)
- L1543 Harry A. McLeod (359)
- L1752 Hubert E. Miller (358)
- L1192 Chester N. Oranges (427)
- L1427 Robert Plummer (360)
- L1808 Harvey M. Salk (359)
- L500 Bryant M. Sharp (359)
- LA-189 Cyril Sherman
- L1851 Ben L. Spindler (360)
- S1093 Blaine E. Thomas (427)
- L1788 Donald E. Vanlier (358)
- L1072 Douglas Van Weelden (359)
- L1746 Clarence V. Walenta (360)
- L1118 Harrel A. Waltmire (360)
- L079 Thomas L. Weems (359)
- L1774 Otis W. White (359)
- L644 Daniel F. Whitney (360)

DONATIONS/MEMORIALS

- L614 Sibley M. Andriessen (427)
- L1245 Clifford O. Bachman (360)
- S740 Frederick E. Barnes (359) – Donation to Assn. Memorial to Marie B. Shipley
- S1379 Edwin B. Barry (1114)
- 1822 Joseph F. Bauer (Sqdn?)
- A-125 Robert C. Bejna
- L487 Joel A. Berly, Jr. (360)
- 1319 Irving Birken (360) – Memorial to our absent friends
- L175 Eugene C. Blum (358) Memorial to Joe Worthley
- L1687 Robert C. Bogert (Sqdn?)
- L125 Alexander Bourque, Jr. (360)
- L1629 Richard Braden (359)
- L658 Arthur J. Brown (427) – Memorial to Oldrick Fojt
- Widow Mrs. Dorothy W. Brown – Memorial to Howard T. Brown
- L335 Robert C. Campbell (427)
- L1596 Frank J. Caporusso (358) – Memorial to Clyde E. Freeman
- L1433 William D. Cargill (359)
- 1709 Seymour Cohen (359)
- L1422 George H. Counts, Jr. (359)
- L1313 Srthur J. Coyle (427) – Memorial to Robert F. Berkemer and Edward Meixner
- Widow Mrs. Eva Cozzo – Memorial to Lawrence Cozzo
- L1304 John R. Craven (HDQ) – two

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14)

L1622 Eddie Deerfield (360) – Memorial to Paul J. Davis
 S182 Clyde L. Dewald (359)
 S015 Lee E. Dolan Jr. (358)
 L436 James F. Donnelly (427)
 A-145 Iris Drinkwater – Memorial to Dave Matthews
 1581 Walter J. Ferrari (427)
 S1194 Philip G. Fleming (360)
 L671 J.W. Fredericks (360)
 S337 Joseph T. Freedman (444)
 Widow Mrs. Dorothy M. Friedland – Memorial to Lawrence Friedland
 1815 Fred Gano (427)
 1104 Edward W. Gardner (427)
 1095 Billy A. Gaumer (359)
 S639 Harry D. Gobrecht (358)
 L802 Edward F. Goggin (360)
 1325 William F. Goudy (359)
 L717 Charles R. Grice (427) – Memorial to Countess Genevieve de Poulpique
 1354 Norman D. Hammel (360)
 621 Robert B. Heiliger (360)
 L1352 Charles L. Herman (427) – Memorial to Bill LeFevre
 L1495 Herman H. Hetzel (427) – Donation to Assn and Memorial to Lt. Larry Dunnica
 1848 Kenneth C. Hildebrand (358) – Memorial to Claude Shaw
 Widow Mrs. Maxine L. Holper – Memorial to Ralph M. Holper
 L1549 James W. Hughes (360)
 L982 James D. Kelley (427)
 S563 J. Ford Kelley (359)
 L1280 Wayne E. Krouskup (358) – Memorial to Gloria Krouskup
 L610 Frank E. Kulesa (360)
 L209 Edward S. Levandoski (360) – Memorials to Billie L. Staner and Fred E. Schieber
 L1375 Bob Lubbers (427) – Memorial to the Peter F. Cureton Crew
 S222 Lewis E. Lyle (HDQ)
 S255 William S. McLeod (358) – Memorial to Ben Spears
 L1752 Hubert E. Miller (358)
 1834 John J. Nicstro (358)
 1078 Maurice J. Paulk (444)
 L1750 Art H. Pentz (359)
 1506 Robert Phillips (444) – Memorial to Danny Dimartino
 L938 Henry Pratten (1114)
 L283 Victor C. Quebbeman (359) – Memorial to Savannah
 492 B. B. Reese (359)
 L809 Milton Riley (359)
 A-124 Alan R. Rogala – Donation and Memorial
 L147 Jack G. Rolfson (427)
 L1065 Edward E. Ross (427) – Memorial to Richard Waggoner
 L1849 James A. Ross (360)
 1734 Richard E. Rowan (359)
 1657 Anthony J. Sacco (359)
 L412 Harold Scheer (360)
 L186 Don Schwarzenbach (358) – Memorial to Ben Spears
 S1147 Carlton M. Smith (HDQ)
 L1386 Roland M. Smith (360)
 1632 Richard N. Snyder (360) – Memorial to Savannah
 L1851 Ben L. Spindler (360)
 1623 Thomas H. Struck (444)
 L1592 Warren Tashian (360)
 S530 James B. Taylor (358) – Memorial to A. J. Mack, C. M. Hall and W. G. Dulin
 L174 Lawrence W. Tichenor (427)
 Widow Mrs. Phylis I. Vastine – Donation to Assn and Memorial to Robert E. Vastine
 A-202 Sylvia M. Vinyard
 Widow Mrs. Frances W. Vogel – Memorial to Cletus H. Vogel
 L548 Robert E. Wade (360)
 L1746 Clarence V. Walenta (360)
 S1092 Robert E. Wherry (360)
 L1774 Otis M. White (359)
 1685 Paul J. Winkleman (427) – Memorial to Oldrick Fojt

ADDRESS CHANGES

Widow Mrs. Jacqueline Baker, 181 Trade Winds Dr., Boulder Creek, CA 95006
 009 Norwood Borrer, 9100 Hwy. 78W, Okeechobee, FL 34974 – until May 1995
 L1626 Raymond H. Charron, 19701 Abrahm, Clinton Twp, MI 48035
 L308 Louis Considine, 227 Barker Rd. #100, Michigan City, IN 46360
 1852 Keith E. Day, 1801 Cortez Ave., Escondido, CA 92026
 1081 Francis H. Dietrich, 3 Aztec Cir., Ft. Meyers Beach, FL 33931-2501
 L427 Morris Dimowitz, 8376 Van Port Ave., Whittier, CA 90606-3308
 L752 Truman K. Eldridge, 7300 W. 107th St., #706, Overland Park, KS 66212-6607
 S1314 Richard C. Fortunak, 2440 Harvest Dr., Crown Point, IN 46307
 L1521 William D. Foster, 203 W. North St., Apt. 2, Abingdon, IL 61410-1147
 1815 Fred Gano, 1021 8th Ave. E., Jerome, ID 83338
 1828 Robert E. Greene, 4501 Lake Zack Ct., Mount Dora, FL 32757
 124 Robert A. Hand, Sr., 6197 97th Court South, Boynton Beach, FL 33437
 1843 George Hiebeler, 1500 Meadow Ln., Brenham, TX 77833
 1106 George F. Hoffman, 109 NW 2nd St., Box 279, Leon, IA 50144
 545 Billie E. Hudler, PO Box 19241, Indianapolis, IN 46219-0241
 L1644 John B. Kahle, 19476 Pleasant View Dr., Abingdon, VA 24210
 S1353 Robert J. Lynch, 3100 Gulf Shore Blvd. N., Apt. 601, Naples, FL 33940
 Widow Mrs. Louise Miller, 4244 Beasley Ct., Virginia Beach, VA 23462-3168
 S069 William J. Neff, 1221 Hillsboro Mile, Apt. 48A, Pompano Beach, FL 33062-1429
 1045 John J. O'Donnell, 52 Charles St., Tappan, NY 10983
 L1498 Norman O. Peterson, 467 Snead Dr., Fairfield, Glade, TN 38558
 As 427 Sqdn. Rep: Norman O. Peterson, 7685 Found Lake Rd., St. Germain, WI 54558
 A-180 Don H. Pratten, 10705 SE 29th St., Bellevue, WA 98004
 A-181 James J. Pratten, PO Box 549, Mims, FL 32754
 L620 Ralph D., Schnabel, 5422 Love Ln., Indianapolis, IN 46268-4023
 Widow Mrs. Lynn Seelock, 17922 53rd Ave., NE, Bathell, WA 98011-1849
 L500 Bryant M. Sharp, 181 Doubloon Ln., Summberland Key, FL 33042-4229
 S286 Robert J. Sorenson, 3677 S. P. M. Hwy., Lot #5, Ludington, MI 49431 (1 June to 1 Sept.)

The 303rd Bomb Group Association has awarded a special recognition plaque to Brian McGuire, Joint Analysis Center at Molesworth.
Brian has been our contact at Molesworth, including the handling of the reunion visit in '93 and handling of the "Might in Flight Building" arrangements in '94. He has also been handling the processing of the Keith Hill lithographs. Every day Brian posts the activities of the 303rd as they happened 50 years ago. He enjoys meeting and greeting former 303rd on their visits to Molesworth. "We have a great friend at our old base," said 303rd BGA president Ford Kelley.

USAF Academy Visit Tops 1995 Reunion Events

by Eddie Deerfield

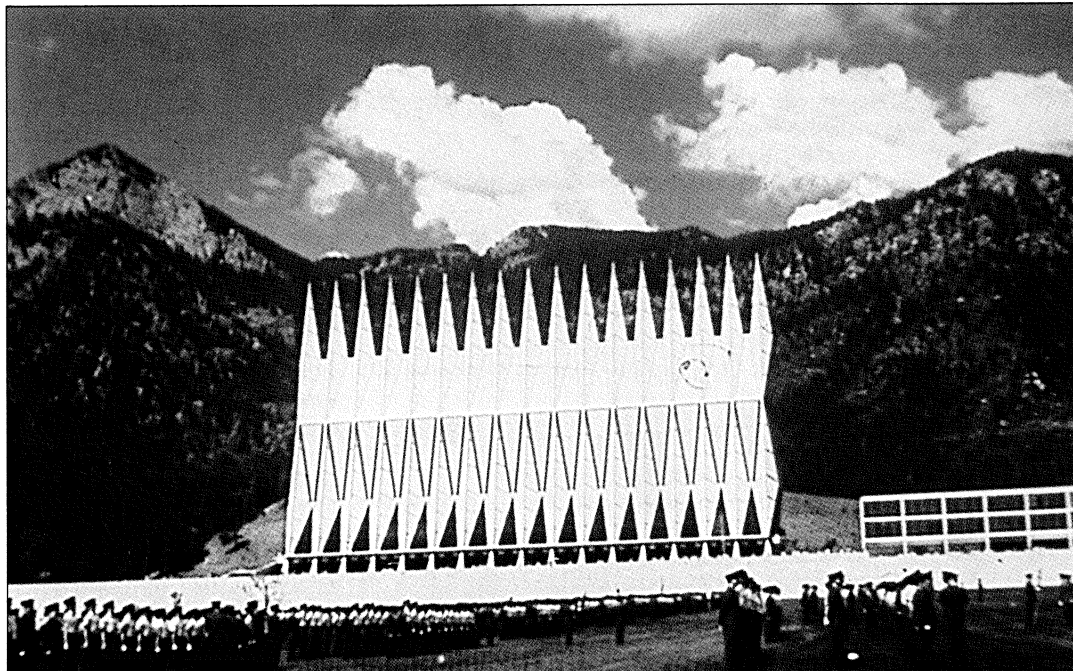
A full day at the U.S. Air Force Academy, "the West Point of the Air," will highlight the 303rd Group's 1995 reunion set for 12-17 September at the Red Lion Hotel in Colorado Springs. Although likely to be the most memorable of the events scheduled for the reunion, the visit to the Academy is only one of many activities on the program calendar.

The USAFA day will open with a service in the stunning cadet chapel to pay homage to our departed comrades. Next, a guided tour of the Academy's facilities, where our finest young men and women are learning the skills to lead tomorrow's U.S. Air Force. Lunch will be served in the Non-Commissioned Officer's Club and the Association of Graduates Building, followed by a brief stop at the Visitor's Center for souvenir hunting. Bill Eisenhart's son John, a graduate of the Academy, is helping with the luncheon arrangements. The day at the Academy will end with a unique ceremony on the cemetery grounds to rededicate a bronze plaque honoring the 303rd's "might in flight" against the Nazi enemy during World War II.

The registration packet for the 1995 reunion is in the making, and should be ready for mailing by the end of April. It will include a daily itinerary, sign-up sheet for group and optional events, hotel reservation form, information on Red Lion services such as its free airport shuttle, a road map, across-the-street dining alternatives at Perkins and Shoney's, details on a travel discount offered by American Air Lines, and data about Colorado Springs and weather conditions expected at the time of the reunion.

The reunion calendar also features a visit to the U.S. Olympic Training Center, and such optional offerings as Garden of the Gods red sandstone park, cog rail to the top of Pikes Peak, a "Flying W Ranch" barbecue, the casinos of Cripple Creek, the antiques of Old Colorado City, and an 18-hole golf tournament.

In support of Lew Lyle's magnificent effort to have each member of



The Cadet Chapel at the U.S. Air Force Academy where the 1995 reunion service will be held.

the 303rd Bomb Group who served at Molesworth record his living history and wartime recollections on videotape for the 8th Air Force Heritage Center, a VCR studio with appropriate backdrop and lighting will be open at the hotel throughout the reunion. Members who haven't done so yet will be encouraged to sign up for a session in front of the camera. Aside from the immense historical value in these oral accounts, our children, grandchildren and their offspring through the generations will be able to put our names into a computer at the Heritage Center and view our personal remembrances of the way things were.

As a special feature of the reunion's general meeting of all units, the 303rd's ground personnel at Molesworth will be honored individually with richly deserved "Combat Team Recognition Certificates" signed by General Lewis E. Lyle. Identical combat team certificates will

be awarded air crew members at squadron meetings or at other times during the reunion.

The Presidential Suite of the Red Lion has been reserved as the group's Hospitality Room, and John Ford will handle staffing and stocking. With John's proven track record, all attending the reunion can be assured of the very best in hospitality cheer.

Bill Beasley, one of the 303rd's better duffers, will manage the golf tournament, while Bill Roche, in addition to his duties as Association treasurer, has volunteered to organize the raffle activity.

Frank De Cicco, the Board's audit committee chairman, is exploring among his many excellent contacts for a possible B-17 visit to Colorado Springs to add greatly to the nostalgia of the gathering.

Also deserving of pats on their collective backs for essential ongoing contributions to the success of the 1995 reunion are the three-man local committee - Lee Faulkner of Colorado Springs, along with Dick Lutz and Tom Sullens of Denver.

In the next issue ... The Hell's Angels Newsletter will review the 13 memorial plaques and monuments honoring the 303rd Bomb Group that are presently located in various places in Europe ... Also planned are book reviews of "Night of the Intruders," the story of the 22 April '44 mission to Hamm and "Wrong Place, Wrong Time," by George Kuhl, the story of the 305th Bomb Group and the 2nd Schweinfurt raid, Oct. 14, 1943 ... and the editor looks back at the last ten years of editing the newsletter ... What lies ahead?

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