

# Hell's Angels Newsletter

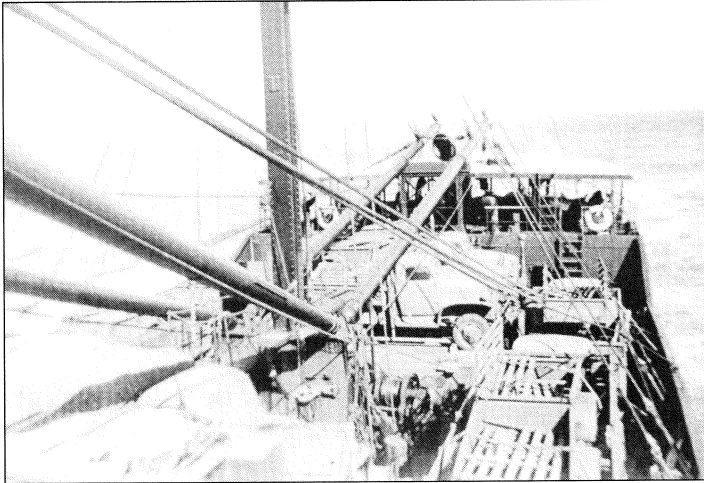
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303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

MAY 1996

**Robert E. Abbott**

## He was seized by the Japanese Navy



Miscellaneous Army Cargo crowds deck of SS Malama

On Sept. 6, 1941, the decision of the Imperial Conference of Japan was to prepare for war. As part of that plan "Sentai 24" was organized. "Sentai 24" was composed of two new High-speed passenger/cargo ships, "Hokoku Maru" and "Aikoku Maru" which would have the mission of attacking lines of communications and destruction of shipping once the war began. When built these ships were given strengthened decks having provisions for mounting guns and torpedo tubes and were also fitted with special heavy-duty booms for handling float seaplanes. The sister ships at 10,500 gross tons could attain speeds of 21.5 knots.

On November 22, 1941, the ground echelon of the 38th Recon. Sqdn., 19th Bombardment Group, consisting of eight officers, two aviation cadets and 233 enlisted men departed from Albuquerque Army Air Base, New Mexico, enroute to PLUM via San Francisco.

The ground echelon reached San Francisco on November 24th and remained there until December 5th, at which time they boarded the U.S.A.T. "President Johnson" and set sail for Hawaii at 12:10 a.m. on December 6th.

The voyage was uneventful until the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was received about 11:30 a.m. on December 7th. The

ship turned back and arrived back at San Francisco early in the morning of December 9th. Off loaded the contingent eventually wound up at a camp at Bakersfield, California on December 17th.

About a week before the ground echelon of the squadron sailed from San Francisco, five members of the 38th, including Sgt. Robert E. Abbott, were detailed to sail earlier on the "S.S. Malama" which departed San Francisco on Nov. 29, 1941 bound for Manila via Honolulu. The vessel had a cargo of miscellaneous Army supplies and equipment, including a full deck of Army trucks and heavy machinery. The crew totaled 33 men and the five military were considered as passengers.

Passage from San Francisco was routine until December 7, 1941 at which time the vessel was a day out of Honolulu. At approximately 10:00 hours on December 7th, a message was received from Pearl Harbor stating that they were being attacked by Japanese warplanes and ordered all ships to execute "forty-six against Japan."

On receipt of the official communication that hostilities had commenced and that enemy ships were in the vicinity of Hawaiian waters, zigzag courses were set and all other precautions were taken. They calculated arrival off Makapuu at



S/Sgt. R.E. Abbott enroute to Philippines via Hawaii, December 1941

0600 hours. The vessel docked at Honolulu at 0900 on December 8, and remained there awaiting further orders from Washington. During this time the ship was repainted and all emergency equipment was checked and overhauled.

The "Malama" departed at noon on December 16th in an escorted departure group of six independently routed ships which proceeded on their separate ways when their group was dissolved that evening. The 3,275 ton "Malama's" final destination was changed to Wellington, New Zealand.

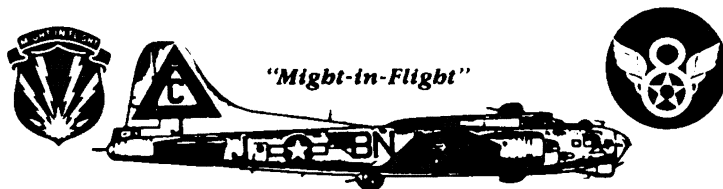
On the afternoon of December 31, the "Malama's" bridge watch sighted a single-engine, twin float bi-plane approaching from the west. It circled the ship several times and then flew off to the eastward. The master Capt. Malcolm R. Peters, noted that it was painted in molted camouflage colors of brown, gray and yellow. It had a large white block letter Z with the Arabic numeral 2 on its tail, but it carried no international markings. Its appearance was similar to aircraft he'd previously seen on board Australian cruisers, and as its actions did not seem hostile, he ordered recognition signals hoisted. The Z and the A suggested that the aircraft might be from the New Zealand cruiser "Achilles," possibly with new orders for the "Malama." Before long the

same plane returned and again circled the ship twice before flying off to the west. As the plane had made no response to his recognition signals on either occasion, Capt. Peters now more suspicious, ordered an evasive change of course to due south at sunset. On board the "Aikoku Maru" anxiety grew as sunset drew near and her search plane, due to return at 17:30, had not put in an appearance.

At 18:10, it was reported as overdue and Admiral Takeda immediately formed a scouting line to commence a search for the plane and its crew of three. The search continued throughout the night, favored by a full moon. At 07:00, the next morning, New Year's Day, the "Hokoku Maru" hoisted out her ready aircraft to assist and to expand the search area.

At 09:10, a different float-plane, marked Z1, began to circle the "Malama" slowly at low altitude. Having carefully examined the ship and deck cargo, the plane abruptly fired two quick bursts from its machine guns across the "Malama's" bow and flashed "STOP" with a signal light. Having intercepted the "Malama's" distress calls and their re-broadcasts, Takeda ordered the plane to return, be serviced, and bomb the "Malama," which was 130 miles distant, lest she try to escape.

Continued on page 10



## 303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

### "HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

Editor: Hal Susskind

VOL. XVIII, NO. 2 2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704 MAY 1996

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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(412) 765-2532

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Palm Harbor, FL 34684-5016  
Local Committeemen - James  
McCoy, James Taylor, Bill Heller,  
Ken Tashian

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### Protestant:

Rev. Charles G. Rice, Jr., RR #2, Box 18, Greenville, NY 12083  
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Rev. Warren L. Hedrick, 14 March Drive, New Durham, NH 03855  
(Wife's name: Alma)

# Hell's Angels Forum

## Your Chance to Sound Off!

### A correction of note

I owe to my old friend Willie Wolff (x) whom I first met on or about 2 January 1944, to read Hal Susskind's article on the B-17 SN. 42-39795 downed at Cerfontaine, Belgium, 30 Dec. 1943. It seems the article appeared in the November 1995 issue of the Newsletter.

Mr. Susskind quotes at length from a brochure produced by both Mr. Lepine and myself back in 1993, in time for inaugurating a monument commemorating the event. May I indicate here my disappointment at having been totally ignored in his write-up even though about 70 percent of it stems from my own part (pages 31 to 48) of the brochure.

I should add that as an intelligence agent closely connected with the crash (as clearly shown in pages listed above), and later as a pilot, this writer is the one who provided the main first-hand account as well as the aerial expertise and the historical background for the brochure.

A correction or post-scriptum would be appreciated and I am grateful for that in advance.

(x) Willie Wolff was top turret of the B-17 and now lives in Tobacoville, NC

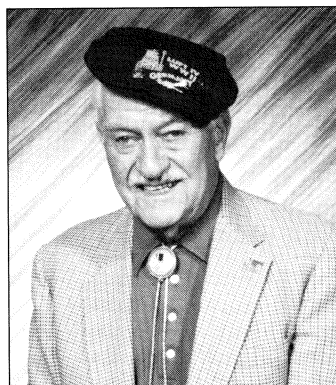
**Roger M. Anthoine**  
ex-OSS agent  
later 0-1263888  
and air historian  
Genevra's Haut Peron  
F-01630 (France)

*Ed. Note: The letter above was sent to Lt. Col. (Ret) Eddie Deerfield as V/P Administration of the 303rd BG Association and technically my boss in the chain of command...Nothing like going through channels. . . Actually it was just an accident that the brochure came into my hands. Jack Jernigan sent the brochure to Bill Heller, the 360th Sqdn. Rep. and Bill recognized its value and thought it would make a good story so he sent it on to me. Unfortunately Bill, to make sure it didn't get lost, taped Jernigan's mailing label to the front page of the brochure and it covered both Lepine and Anthoine's names, so when I wrote the story and wanted to give credit to someone for the quotes I picked the name of Lepine since he was listed as the secretary of the S.I., the organization which erected the monument "so that generations to come would remember the incident*

*that took place on Dec. 30, 1943'. I apologize for overlooking the important role that Mr. Anthoine played on that day and also in helping to compile the very informative brochure that gave a very comprehensive account of what happened to the crew of "Woman's Home Companion." Mr Anthoine is the author of "Fortresses over Europe" and his latest is called "Evaders to Switzerland" for which he spent eight years researching.*

### The Advent of the Delta wing

My name is Frederick E. Barnes. I was an engineer-gunner on Lt. Truman K. Eldridge's crew. We were shot down on Aug. 24, 1944 on a mission to Merseburg, Germany. I was interned at Stalag Luft IV at Kieheide, Germany, located on the Baltic in the Province of Pomerania.



During incarceration in Lager D, Stalag IV, there was not much to occupy your time. There were two ways of passing time; (1) shining shoes, everyone tried to outshine each other. To this day I do not know where all the shoe polish came from. This was our morning exercise (2) In the room were pine walls and in some of the boards there were pitch knots or sticky resin. I would cut a piece of toilet paper in the shape of a Delta Wing with a three inch front or leading edge. Then at certain points along the leading edge we would place some of the pitch. Then we would catch some flies without injuring them and delicately attach their feet to the pitch. You could make a two or four engine Delta Wing plane. It flew gracefully doing all kinds of acrobatics. The two engine "plane" flew gracefully and more straight. This operation took time and patience but the results were very

gratifying and rewarding. On Feb. 6, 1945 we were evacuated and walked 87 days in very primitive living conditions. Eventually we were liberated.

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

### Taps for Ralph Walder

In the Winter 1996 issue of "The Mighty Eighth Heritage" newsletter I was shocked and saddened to read that our humorous and knowledgeable contributor — Ralph Walder — to the Hell's Angels Newsletter had died in October 1995.

I met Ralph at our Savannah reunion and was immediately attracted to him since he was a ground crewman on our favorite B-17 which we flew 11 times. Ralph and I corresponded and he furnished me with several entertaining stories of life at Molesworth which I have included in a book that I have written. He will be sorely missed.

**Bill Crawford**  
2901 Woodgate Court, N.E.  
Marietta, GA 30066

*Ed. Note: I echo Bill Crawford's sentiments. One thing I could always count on when I published each issue of the newsletter was a humorous letter from Ralph. He was one of the 303rd Bomb Group Associations best Ambassadors.*

### 303rd's Thunderbolt

Shortly after I was appointed Commander of the 303rd Bomb Group, higher Headquarters decided that one Group of each division would fly everyday in all kinds of weather -rain, snow, sleet, etc., The 303rd was selected as the 1st Division Group to fill this mission.

At about this time I had an occasion to visit the RAF base at Farnborough. There I met the Commander and his staff. During this meeting the Commander informed me that he had an American Fighter plane in one of his shelters. He said it landed there about two months ago, out of commission. He was waiting for someone from the U.S. Army Air Force to come and pick it up.

I asked if I could see the aircraft and he took me to where it was sheltered. I looked it over and it looked like a new aircraft. He told me that the pilot made an emergency landing and reported that the

prop was out of balance and upon landing learned that the aircraft had no brakes. The aircraft was left and the pilot said that the USSAF would pick it up. It was still there after two months. I thanked him for the visit and returned to Molesworth then called General Howard Turner at higher Headquarters and asked him if I could get a fighter plane for use as a weather aircraft to assist in our mission. He told me that he didn't know how he could get me a combat fighter plane and pointed out the problems involved. I asked him if I could get one on my own. After listening he agreed to let me try.

I then started to get the paperwork through headquarters to authorize me to pick up the P-47 at RAF Farnborough.

Then I took three of my most experienced mechanics, one engine man and one radioman as well as one specialist to cover the aircraft structure, flight controls, etc. I arranged for them to go with me to Farnborough to look over the P-47. I asked them to get in touch with me and give me their advice on the possibility of putting the aircraft in flyable condition.

It took them three days to make this assessment and put it into flyable condition. When I came down, we tested it. We pushed it out of the hangar and I started the engine. The aircraft wheels were held in place with blocks. I tested the controls, flaps and everything I could think of for the flyability of the aircraft...At that point I decided that I would attempt to get the aircraft into the air and fly it home. I told the Farnborough Base Commander of my intentions and he came to see me off.

We pushed the aircraft to the take off area and put the blocks in front of the wheels. I started the engine and checked it out again and then we had a time getting it away from the blocks, but with effort we got free and I taxied out and took off and headed to Molesworth.

I flew north and checked everything out on the way. When I arrived at Molesworth, I told the tower that I had no brakes and would try to land near the end of the strip and that I would take a left turn into the grass at high speed and ground loop. This I did and shut the engine off and coasted to a stop. The ground crew came out and towed the aircraft to the hangar.

I instructed the Group Maintenance Crew what I had in mind for the aircraft. I wanted the guns re-

# Forum

moved, the aircraft camouflage paint removed, and the 303rd Triangle C put on the aircraft. When they finished and the aircraft was fit for flying; it was beautiful.

I had the Group Navigator (Ltc. Jim Cheney) make me a packet for navigation that I could strap to my leg and put the Group Identification indicator of all the airfields within 100 miles of Molesworth as a navigational assist.

All airbases in England had individual identifications. This consisted of an approximate 20 foot square outlined in white on which was a smaller square which indicated the specific base ID., to include the code ID for the base. This was always positioned in front of the control tower. For example: if AD etc was used then that indicated the name of that base. With my packet I could identify the base I was flying over and direct myself toward Molesworth.

When I returned to England and got down below the clouds, I flew to the nearest airfield and flew over the tower. In the box in front of the tower I could read the specific identification for that base. In my leg pouch, I looked up the identification and got instructions for flight to Molesworth, what heading and how many miles I was from home.

I would like to mention that when I flew with the combat planes on missions, the P-47 was included in the field order to notify the other Fighter and Bomber Groups of my participation in the operation.

The aircraft was still in the Group when I was assigned to higher headquarters.

**William S. Rader**  
1108 Key Drive  
Alexandria, VA 22302

*Ed. Note: Does anyone have a photo of the P-47 with the 303rd markings on it? Jim Cheney later became a Maj. Gen and Judge Advocate of the USAF. Besides being a member of the 303rd Bomb Group Association he is now President of the 306th Bomb Group Association. Congrats Jim!*

## Remembering our comrades

It was wonderful to hear from you. I wish my father was alive to attend the reunions. He would have really enjoyed it. My children have most of his pictures, his flight cap, etc., from the war. We enjoy looking at them and talking about them. My

son is especially interested since they were young when he died. I shared your letter with them and my brothers I would love to receive the certificate for my father. We were very close and I miss him. Please let me know of any other information you have about my dad and your group. I am really interested and would have attended the reunions with my father so it is wonderful to hear from you. I admire your group. Thank you for searching for us. It is great keepsake and the dates are wonderful to have. I am keeping everything I receive about my dad together for my children to have and remember even if it is in the form of stories about him. Please keep in touch and again thank you for thinking of me through my aunt. I am honored.

**Laurie Smith**  
108 Springdale Way  
Hampton, VA 23666

P.S. If there are any contributions to your group I could make in my father's name, please let me know. I understand from my aunt that you have a newsletter at times and I would like to receive it and mailing and printing are expensive. Again thank you from the bottom of my heart. It is wonderful to hear about my dad. It makes him come alive.

*Ed. Note: The above letter was written to Ford Kelley. Laurie is the daughter of Robert H. Yattaw, waist gunner on George Stallings's crew of the 360th Sqdn. I think it serves as an excellent incentive for us to try and locate other lost comrades.*

## Out of the blue!

Enclosed is \$10 for membership for Ben Starr. He was a navigator in the 358th Bomb Sqdn (1944). I just located him alive (and kicking) in Los Angeles, CA. Ben tells me his is going to plan on attending the '96 reunion in San Francisco, this August.

**Bill Cox**  
441 Sandstone Dr.  
Vacaville, CA 95688

*Ed. Note: Carlton Smith informed me we listed Ben Starr among the deceased many years ago.*

## "Better late than never"

Just received your February '96 newsletter. What stories - 20,000 feet and not a chute, etc. On page 5 of the newsletter, "Better late than

never," Simeon Oxendine joined our crew after I took over Lt. Jokerst's crew and he was a 'Jack of all trades.' He was my ball turret operator but he had also flown as a waist gunner. He told me that he had transferred from another bomb group. When Col. William Travis (41st CBW) and I finished the Lechfeld mission on 18 March 1944, it was my 25th and last mission of my first tour. Oxendine and a couple of more of the crew also finished their 25 missions. In the "might in Flight" book under the tables of those finishing 30 missions on 18 March '44, he was listed as a 'nose gunner' but he was my ball turret gunner.

**Bill Bergeron**  
1118 Melissa Drive, Castle Park  
San Antonio, TX 78213-2027  
P.S. I did 38 missions to get 25 combat missions.

*Ed. Note: In the 30 Jan. 1944 mission to Brunswick, Germany, S/Sgt. Simeon Oxendine was listed as a waist gunner, so I guess he was truly a "jack of all trades." The Lechfeld mission was my 17th after which I and the rest of our crew (Lt. Stoullil's) were traded to the 305th to become the 303rd's representative in the PFF business.*

## How many crews are left?

Although two of our crew died on the last mission over Dresden, 17 April 1945, the seven members of the Blaine E. Thomas crew that survived WW II are all still alive and doing quite well. I've often wondered if we are the only "bunch" that are still alive and going strong. As yet we all haven't made it to a reunion of the 303rd together but six of us did make it to Savannah.

Perhaps you could do me a favor by printing this letter in the next issue of the newsletter. Who knows, maybe there are other crews who did survive the war and are still all alive and are members; if so, they might be mentioned in an article in the newsletter.

The two crew members who lost their lives were: Edward Eschinger (waist) and Melvin Carlson (tail). Both are buried in Liege, Belgium.

**Roger C. Lee**  
10342 Bon Oak Dr.  
St. Louis, MO 63136-2202

*Ed. Note: B-17, #42-102544, "Sack Time" was on its 110th mission when it exploded north of Brux. According to the crew list on page*

704 of "Might in Flight," besides the two that were KIA only six other names are listed. They were Lt. Thomas, Lt Bartholomew, F/O Bonanno, Sgt. Haynes, Sgt. Smith and Sgt. Contreras. Did someone fail to list Roger Lee on the manifest? Or did they only fly with an eight man crew? Does anyone have the answer?

## A million thanks!

Please find enclosed, some photos of Randal in his new electric wheelchair that the members of "Hell's Angels" so generously donated funds to help me to obtain for him. He is absolutely delighted with it and wants to thank all of those who took part in "Operation Wheelchair" as Stanley Fitterer so aptly put it. Many thanks from Mrs Hagar, my wife, as well.

**J.M. Hagar**  
11 Berkeley Crescent  
Stourport-on-Severn  
Worcestershire DY13 0HJ  
England




## From the PX

Your 303rd BG Associate Members thank you for your overwhelming response to the PX at the Colorado Springs Reunion. This was the first time the PX had been run by Associate Members. We are already working to improve its operation. Your many suggestions for new items to be offered were greatly appreciated. We hope to have many new items in San Francisco and at future reunions. **HELP.....** We are looking for volunteers to work in the PX at SF. If you would be interested in helping out, please contact Charlie Sykes, the PX Administrator at (602) 993-8015, as soon as possible. A large turnout is expected and we need help to keep the PX running smoothly. ➔



# 303rd B.G. PX MAIL ORDER PAGE

DESCRIPTION	COST EA.	QTY.	TOTAL
Sport visor, white with 303rd BG/8th AF insignia, one size fits all	\$4.00		
Cap, Blue & White with 303rd BG "Might in Flight" insignia, one size fits all	\$6.00		
B-17 Earrings for pierced ears, Gold Electroplate (Gold color)	\$12.00		
B-17 Earrings for pierced ears, Rhodium Electroplate (Silver color)	\$12.00		
B-17 Lapel Pin, Rhodium Electroplate (Silver color)	\$5.00		
B-17 Lapel Pin, Gold Electroplate (Gold color)	\$5.00		
3/4" Cloisonne Lapel Pin, 303rd BG Life Member (Life and Super Life members only)	\$4.00		
1/2" Cloisonne Tie Tack, 303rd BG Life Member (Life and Super Life members only)	\$3.00		
1/2" Cloisonne Lapel Pin, 303BG/8th AF insignia	\$3.00		
1-1/2" Cloisonne piece, Blue with the 8th AF insignia (This is not a pin)	\$3.00		
Key Rings, Plastic with 303rd BG 50th Anniversary insignia	\$1.00		
Key Rings, Leather, 1-1/4" x 1-1/2" with 303BG/8th AF insignia	\$2.00		

DESCRIPTION	COST EA.	QTY.	TOTAL
Decal, 4" Interior / Exterior All Weather With 303rd BG "Might in Flight" insignia	\$2.00		
T-Shirts, White/On front-8th AF insignia. On back 303rd BG "Might in Flight", all squadron insignias, support groups (X-Lge only, but they run small)	\$5.00		
T-Shirts, White - Hanes 50 / 50. <b>SIZE:</b> Medium 38-40	\$10.00		
8th AF insignia and Drawing of the B-17 "Hell's Angels"	\$10.00		
X-Large 46-48	\$10.00		
Children's T-Shirts, Hanes 50/50. <b>SIZE:</b> 10-12	\$8.00		
Light blue with 8th AF logo & Drawing of the B-17 "Hell's Angels" on Front	\$8.00		
License Plates, with 8th AF insignia and a Drawing of the B-17 "Hell's Angels"	\$8.00		
License Plate Brackets, Plastic-White w/ red print			
Top Line: U.S. 8th Air Force			
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## Unannounced

# *I dropped in on Denmark*

*by Robert Kerr*

April 29, 1944 started early, with a 04:00 wake-up, breakfast at 04:30, and briefing at 06:30 hours. It was to be a maximum effort for the 303rd Bomb Group, part of a "thousand plane" mission to Berlin. Good fighter support was expected, both enroute to the target and on the return flight back home. Intense enemy action was expected, from both ground fire (flak) and by fighter defenses. Meteorology forecast no adverse weather, but some lower cloud cover enroute, and possible over the target.

The 427th squadron was leading our group with Gen. Robert Travis 41st CBW Commander, flying in the lead, PFF, aircraft. Our crew, with Lt. H.J. Bohle as pilot and myself as co-pilot were told that our position in the formation was to be on the left wing of the lead plane in the division, with the deputy lead plane flying on the leader's right wing. This seemed to be a desirable position for us, until one reflects as to just where the enemy guns would be concentrating their firepower. It was the fourth mission for Lt. Bohle and the second for me and the rest of the crew except, tail gunner, S/Sgt. Michael Musache who was on his 27th mission flying as a substitute for Cpl. Charley F. Brock who was in the hospital.

Takeoff and form up of the group and then the division was without incident. The formation climbed to altitude enroute, so that by the time we crossed the coast into enemy territory we were at the designated cruise altitude of 23,000 feet. Enemy action was minimal until we reached the IP (Initial Point: start of the bomb run). Anti-aircraft fire (flak) became quite intense, and several minutes into the bomb run our plane received a direct hit in the right wing, immediately behind the number three engine, by what appeared to be an 88mm anti-aircraft shell. Fortunately the Germans did not use either contact or close proximity fusing on their shells, but rather chose to utilize altitude set-

ting (or sensing) shells, for the shell that struck our plane went completely through the wing and exploded some distance above us. It did considerable damage to the wing, the most serious being the destruction of two main fuel tanks, plus damage to the number three engine, such that it became necessary to feather the engine at once. With the loss of one engine it became impossible to maintain position in the formation, even after salvaging (dropping) our bomb load, so we gradually fell behind until finally we were all alone. It seemed most prudent to reduce speed, sacrificing speed for maintaining altitude. At this point it became obvious we could not expect to successfully return to our home base, or even to England, due to severe loss of fuel.

Consequently, it was unanimously agreed that our best hope of survival was to head for neutral territory, either Switzerland or Sweden. Sweden appeared to offer the best hope for safety, since the rugged terrain in Switzerland offered fewer possible landing places. Accordingly a course was taken that Navigator Jake Brown felt would take us to Sweden. At that time we were above a solid cloud cover, so an exact position could not be determined with any degree of accuracy.

We knew our line of flight would probably take us over Rostock, a heavily defended seaport on the German Coast of the Baltic Sea, but there was not much alternative, given our options at this point. Some friendly P-51 fighters picked us up and flew escort for a short time, then broke off and headed for home. We continued on without incident for a short time until Brown told us that he was just not sure of our position, since we were still above a solid overcast, and he was not confident of the validity of winds forecast we had received at the morning briefing, particularly as we were now well north of the planned

track. He reminded us that we could be in trouble if we over flew Sweden and wound up in Occupied Norway, so we elected to start a let down, with ultimate goal of getting below the cloud cover, when Sgt. Musache, the tailgunner, called on the intercom that an aircraft was approaching from 6 o'clock. He was told to hold his fire until the aircraft could be positively identified, as we knew it was customary for the Swedish Air Force to send up fighters to challenge foreign aircraft, and such aircraft were to signify their intention to land by lowering their landing gear. Almost immediately Sgt. Musache called that the plane was a German Focke Wulf 190 which was firing on us, and he was returning fire. It became obvious that the fighter had been sent up to verify what had been seen on German radar, for after the enemy fighter had made a pass at us, the flak guns opened fire, with accurate results, for we received several direct hits almost simultaneously.

Flying in the pilot's seat, I looked out the left side window and saw the accessory section of number two engine get blown away, then the number four engine caught fire, and a hit in the tail section locked the controls (and apparently killed Sgt. Musache) so that the decision to abandon the aircraft was mandatory. I hit the alarm bell and prepared to bailout. We were wearing flak vests and helmets, so they were quickly taken off. Our parachutes were British chest type, consisting of separate harness, worn while airborne, and 'chute pack, which was kept under our seats (pilot and co-pilot). I grabbed the 'chute pack and snapped it on the harness and headed for the escape hatch, immediately beneath the flight deck. Pilot Bohle was experiencing some difficulty exiting the right seat, so I helped him down, then followed him out the hatch. I believe I was the last survivor to leave the plane, as it spiraled down trailing thick smoke. As I went out

the escape hatch head first in the prescribed manner, my sunglasses were swept from my eyes by the slipstream, and I remember thinking: I should have removed them before jumping. Almost at once I was tumbling through the clouds, for what seemed an eternity but I'm sure was only minutes, wondering just how far down the clouds extended. I finally decided to pull the ripcord, thinking to delay might bring me too close to the ground for safety. The 'chute opened, then seconds later I broke through the clouds, and to my dismay I was still about seven thousand feet in the air, directly over water. Several other parachutes were seen, including that of the attacking German fighter pilot. (Their 'chutes were easily identified by the darker colored material used). Apparently our gunners had scored a disabling hit on his aircraft as he made his pass on us. The 'chutes of other crew members could be seen below me, quite scattered out, but could not tell which member was which. As I descended I managed to tear up all papers in my flight suit; target maps, etc. Fortunately I was able to maneuver by vigorously pulling on the "chute risers so that I floated over land, finally coming down in a freshly plowed field for a relatively soft landing. A farmhouse was close by, and a young lad standing by the house had watched me descend and land. No other persons were seen, so after gathering up my 'chute I walked over to the boy and attempted to find out where I was, and if there were any Germans in the area. Unfortunately he did not understand English and I could not make out anything he was saying. By pantomime (goose stepping etc.) I thought he indicated which way the Germans might be, so I took off in the opposite direction. I stuffed the 'chute in a ditch, then proceeded to walk along a hedgerow, toward a road in the distance. As I got closer to the road I saw a man approaching from the

road. He was not in uniform, but still I was somewhat reluctant to trust him. He made signs of wanting to be friendly, and I figured that, since there was only one of him, I could at least see what he was up to. He could speak English, enough to let me know he was a local farmer, that I was in Denmark on the Isle of Falster, and that I should accompany him. We walked quite a ways and came to his home where he invited me in. I told him I was reluctant to enter his home, as it would put him and his family in jeopardy, should the Germans discover he had provided shelter to an American airman. He insisted, so I decided to briefly accept his hospitality. His name was Freidricksen, he was married, and had a young daughter small enough to be in a highchair. They asked if I would like something to eat, and of course I said yes, as it was now about one-thirty in the afternoon, nine hours since breakfast! First he wanted to know if I would like a Schnapps, as it must be obvious I was under stress. When I said yes, he poured what appeared to be a shot glass full of a clear liquid and gave it to me to drink. I was not aware that the accepted way of consuming Schnapps was by sipping slowly, so I took it like a shot -"down the hatch." It was literally breathtaking! It acted on me like spinach always was depicted as reacting on Popeye, i.e., going out to all extremities, to the very finger tips. They were surprised, then amused at my reactions, but then prepared a sumptuous meal; fresh eggs, Danish ham, toast and coffee. After eating Freidricksen said he would take me to a secluded place on the farm where I should remain hidden until dark. They prepared sandwiches for me to take, placed them in a basket, together with two bottles of Carlsberg pilsner beer, then he led me to a remote corner of the fields, where there was a deep undergrowth of bushes. He told me to crawl into the center of the patch, and that he would come for me at dusk. I burrowed into the brush and lay as still as possible. I could hear in the distance what I was sure were search parties looking for me, and overhead German aircraft could be heard flying low altitude search patterns. Needless to say I remained very quiet, although I periodically experienced the "shakes," as one would with severe chills.

Just before dark I heard Friedrichsen approaching, being very careful to identify himself to me. He had



**Rattlesnake AAB, Texas, February 1944 - (l to r) Lt. H.J. Bohle, Lt. R.R. Kerr, Lt. J.K. Brown, Lt. J.J. Nevills. Rear row (l to r) Sgts, H.J. Jensen, L.W. Rice, Cpl. C.F. Brock, Sgts. P.J. Mulhearn, J.A. Dersch and F. Gorgon.**

a complete change of outer clothing, except for shoes. He explained that he had no shoes that would fit me. I changed, leaving all my military clothes in the woods. (He assured me he would return in a day or two and dispose of them.) He had two bicycles for us to ride, and he explained that we were to ride to some friends who were expecting us. We rode for what I estimated was 10 to 12 kilometers (6 to 7 miles), passing two separate German patrols enroute, finally arriving at a crossroads with several houses. We went to one of them, the home of a young school teacher and his wife, where I was invited and welcomed. After some brief conversation we retired, as by this time it was rather late. I was put up in the upstairs guest room, in a great soft feather bed, where I seemed to sink almost out of sight. I had no trouble sleeping, and when I came down in the morning I found a small American flag in the center of the dining room table. It had been brought in that morning by a neighbor lady, who then later came over to meet and talk to me. She had lived in the U. S. for many years and had returned to Denmark to live following the death of her husband. Of course she was eager to talk to me and learn what I could tell her about the U.S. and the war. Additionally, she served as an excellent interpreter, for while my hosts could

speak elemental English, they were quite limited in their understanding of the "American" English the neighbor and I spoke. After a delicious breakfast they informed me of the efforts already being made on my behalf by the Danish Underground to move me to Sweden. It at first appeared that I would be taken to the village of Stubbekobing on the island's north coast, there to be put in care of a fisherman who would take me to Sweden, for a substantial fee of course.

This plan was abandoned because they reasoned that if the fisherman, whose loyalty they were unsure of, would agree to this dangerous undertaking, might he not then accept additional money from the enemy and turn me over to the Germans. It was finally decided to send a coded message to the Underground in Copenhagen about me, which they did by telephone, telling them they had obtained "some American cigarettes." Late in the afternoon a woman arrived from Copenhagen to accompany me on the train to the city. In the meantime my hosts had obtained a new pair of shoes for me, as I obviously could not get on the train wearing my GI high shoes, as they would be an obvious giveaway.

A first class train ticket was purchased for me, and we went to the station, at the town of Eskilstrup I believe, to catch the evening train to

Copenhagen. My instructions were to follow the woman, not to walk beside her. If either of us were stopped or challenged, we would not acknowledge knowing the other. The electric train arrived on time and we boarded. It was then I discovered the train had originated in Germany, for the car we entered contained mostly German soldiers, apparently returning to duty from leave. The railroad car was divided into Coach, or Third Class section, and First Class compartments. We had First Class tickets, but had to walk down the aisle, through the Coach section, to get to the compartments. Walking that aisle between the many German GIs was without a doubt the most nerve wracking part of the whole experience, for I was certain they would see me as an American. No one paid any attention to me, for I'm sure the last thing they expected to see getting on the train was a U.S. Airman! Upon getting to a compartment we took our seats, my guide sitting across from me. I had a newspaper and pretended to read it but did not understand much of the Danish I was "reading." After a bit the conductor collected the tickets but asked no questions, then I feigned sleep for the rest of the trip.

Sometime after nine p.m., the train stopped in the southern suburbs of Copenhagen, and my guide got off, so I followed. We passed two men standing under a light on the platform with their coat collars turned up, like something out of a spy novel. As we walked past the two, they intercepted me and then took me to another track, where we caught a local train. I never saw my woman guide again. We rode the train to the suburbs north of the city, getting off at a station that seemed to be about thirty kilometers from the city limits.

We walked a short distance to what turned out to be the home of Elo and Sigrid Greiffenberg, at Nørjomsbødsvej 22, Copenhagen 0, Denmark, with whom I would be spending the next week or so. They were a middle aged couple and very active in the Danish underground. They owned and operated what was known as a "green-grocery" market in the main part of the city, selling fruits and vegetables. He was Danish but she was from Oslo, Norway, and they often kidded one another as to which country was best, much as Americans are apt to do concerning different parts of the U.S. We got along just

Continued on page 8

fine, especially considering their limited English. We often played cards, and many times their friends and fellow underground activists stopped by to visit. During such visits they described some of the activities they were involved in, particularly publishing of an underground newspaper. The printing presses had recently been found by the Germans, so a new facility had to be found. One of the activists was name Ida Rasmussen, and she and her fiancé were quite concerned that the Gestapo was getting too close to them for comfort. I learned later that he was arrested by the Gestapo, but do not know what happened to him. We always included discussions concerning plans being considered for getting me to Sweden, and it soon became evident that the timing of any plan was of paramount importance. We were alerted several times that a move was imminent, but conditions apparently were not just right.

Then on the ninth of May we received word to be ready to go, and late in the evening two escorts arrived to accompany me to the city. We rode the train to a station in the outskirts of the city, then met a taxi that had been arranged for. The taxi, an old model Ford, was powered by a gas created by an on-board generator, mounted on the rear, which I believe used charcoal as fuel. It was a poor substitute for gasoline, for the taxi was so underpowered it could barely make it up the slightest grade. We were dropped off near the university, then made our way to the home of a professor. I was told we had to wait until it was considered safe to proceed. We had supper and engaged in a most interesting conversation concerning the existing conditions in Denmark, the activities of the underground, and much more. One of the gentlemen I met was Robert Jensen. He was said to be the owner of a radio manufacturing company, supplying radios to the Germans, but using proceeds to fund the underground activities. Finally, just after mid-night, it was decided to proceed, so we again boarded the taxi and were driven to a boat yard on the waterfront, where I was guided to a small fishing boat moored at a dock. A small group of people was gathered near the boat, and I soon learned they were to accompany us on our journey. The group consisted of both Danish and Norwegian members of the underground who had been identified by the Germans as activists, and thus were destined to

be arrested, prosecuted and probably executed. They were instructed to get into the compartments on either side of the front (normally used to store the days catch of fish) which they reluctantly did, as the odor was quite fishy, then the covers were put in place. I was invited by the captain to join him in the cockpit, which also contained the engine, and told to lie down, out of sight, beside the engine. I immediately recognized the engine as a four cylinder, Model T Ford engine, of somewhat ancient vintage. The engine exhaust was directed into a length of stove pipe, which protruded above the cabin roof, and when the engine was started it was obvious there was no muffler. In fact I was sure the noise it made would be heard all over the country! We got underway about five or six o'clock in the morning, although the sun was not up yet, it was quite light out. We proceeded cautiously out into the bay, stopping every few minutes so the captain could observe. The strategy, as had been explained to me previously, was to make the run while the German patrol boats were in port for the change of shifts. At last the captain accelerated the boat and we were out into open water. While we were getting on board and waiting to get underway I was cold and shivering, but now, with the engine running at what must have been its full power I was quite warm and getting warmer. Shortly thereafter the captain indicated it was all right to stand up, as we were well out in the channel between Denmark and Sweden. A short while later the engine was stopped and the boat was anchored. A short distance away was a warship, which turned out to be a Swedish destroyer. We were out of sight of land, midway between Denmark and Sweden. The captain explained that now we would wait for a boat to come out from Malmo, Sweden, for if he were to take us all the way into Malmo his boat would be confiscated. It was a bright, sunny morning, and all the refugees had come out on deck from the fish storage holds, happy to take advantage of the fresh sea air and sunshine.

After some time a boat approached from the east and hailed us. Upon being recognized we quickly transferred over to it and got underway. This boat was considerably larger than the first one, and later I learned they were both owned by the same man, Robert Jensen, whom I had met earlier that night. Finally the Malmo harbor came into view, and as we proceeded into the entrance we were

hailed by a patrol boat, that then came alongside. A uniformed man came aboard and asked if there was an American on board. I identified myself, and he said to come with him. As I boarded the patrol boat the officer said, in English, "Welcome to Sweden." We went directly to a dock where I was placed in a police car and taken to the Police Station. After questioning they gave me lunch, then a doctor checked me over and following this I was placed in a cell and told to wait. Being in a jail cell was another new experience for me, but I don't believe that it was a bad experience, as it was immaculate, light and airy- but still a cell. At last in mid-afternoon I was given some papers, released and told that a taxi would take me to the American Consul. I was dropped off at the door and walked up the stairs to the Office of the United States Consul. As I looked up the stairway there was a large United States Flag displayed, without a doubt the most welcome sight I had seen in a long time.

After welcoming me, the Consul, whose name I can't remember, told me that I would be taking the overnight train to Stockholm, and in the morning would be reporting in to the American Embassy there. In the meantime he invited me to his home in Malmo, and we went there in his small car, which I saw was fueled by a gas that came from two long cylindrical tanks mounted on the car's roof. He explained that the gas was acetylene, and, while barely adequate to propel the car, was one of the few gasoline substitutes available to the Swedish civilians. After a pleasant dinner, during which he brought me up to date on the status of the war, he drove me to the train station, bought my ticket, then made sure that I was in the right car and compartment. The accommodation was in a "Bad Vagen" or sleeping car, and turned out to be very comfortable. The train locomotive was electric, hence clean and quiet. Departure was about nine or ten o'clock, and we arrived in Stockholm around seven in the morning. The bed was comfortable and I slept soundly throughout the trip, as I was exhausted by the previous twenty four hours of activities. An employee of the U.S. Embassy met me and took me first to the Hotel Continental, which was located opposite the central railway station, where I had been assigned room # 302, then to breakfast. Next we went to the Embassy, where I was introduced to the Ambassador, then to Military Air Attache, Lieut. Colonel Felix M.

Hardison, to whom I was told I would be reporting for the duration of my stay in Sweden. To my surprise one of the first things done was to give me my April pay, which I would have received on April 30th at Molesworth, had we made it back. Payment was made in Swedish Kroner, and at the prevailing exchange rate (four Kr to one U.S. dollar, as I recall) gave me quite a stack of strange looking currency. It was then decided that I needed clothing and some personal items, as up to now I had been traveling rather lightly, so I was taken to the Nordiske Company, the largest department store in Stockholm, and outfitted from head to toe, from the skin out. A shaving kit and a small, inexpensive suitcase were purchased for the planned trip back to Britain, although it remained to be seen just how or when that would be accomplished. I was told that it would be necessary for me to report in to the Embassy office every morning, Monday through Friday, to receive such information or instructions as there may be for me. Otherwise I was free to sightsee around Stockholm, or just to relax. Sweden was of course a neutral country, so it was quite a change from both England and Denmark; no real evidence of a war, such as the blackout at night, or rationing. There also were embassies there for our enemies, including Germany and Japan. I recall going to lunch with fellows from our Embassy and we might find men from either the German or Japanese Embassy sitting at an adjoining table. We knew that they all understood English, maybe even studied in the U.S. or England, so we would make it a point to discuss our opinion of them in no uncertain or flattering terms; it at least made us feel good. Stockholm is a lovely city, and I enjoyed seeing as much of it as I could, usually by riding the street cars that covered the principal streets very well.

After a week or so I was informed that a plan to evacuate me had been developed that sounded quite interesting. Sweden was recognized as a major supplier of precision ball bearings, a very critical item to the war industry, and had been a supplier to Germany for some time. What wasn't generally known was that they also furnished bearings to England as well, and the method of getting them from Sweden to England was quite unique. An unarmed RAF Mosquito bomber, piloted by a member of the Free Fighting Polish Air Force (really!), would fly into Stockholm by first climbing to high altitude (typically 25,000 feet) over England, then make an ultra high

speed descending approach over Norway (which was occupied by the Germans), thus eluding both the fighter and anti-aircraft fire. After loading the plane to the maximum with ball bearings, the pilot would take off, climb to altitude while over Sweden, then make a high speed descending departure again over Norway, leveling out low over the North Sea and proceeding on to land in Scotland. Using this technique, no planes or crews were lost, insofar as I know. I was told that I could expect to be a passenger on one of these flights, and to be ready when notified. The opportunity to use this means of leaving Sweden never materialized, so another plan was advanced. This involved use of a larger aircraft, such as a "heavy" bomber, capable of carrying a number of persons. The reason for this was that quite a few members of the Norwegian and Danish Underground made their way to Stockholm and it was imperative that they be evacuated as soon as possible. The aircraft used would be unarmed and would not have sufficient oxygen for any extra passengers (these planes were not pressurized). Thus the strategy planned was to depart in the middle of a night when weather conditions over Norway were just right for creation of heavy ground fog, a situation that would keep German fighter aircraft on the ground. Several times I was alerted for departure, then canceled at the last minute. Finally on May 26, word came that we were going, and about midnight I was driven out to the Stockholm Airport. It should be noted that the nights were rather short in Stockholm at this time of the year, so our "window of opportunity" was rather narrow, hence time was of the essence. The aircraft turned out to be an American B-24 Bomber, but had British markings, identifying it as British Overseas Airways, or some such subterfuge. The crew was American Army Air Force, and included a rather famous pioneer airman, Col. Berndt Balchen. Col. Balchen was a veteran arctic pilot, who had been with Admiral Byrd on many Arctic Expeditions, and was responsible for much of the airport development on Greenland, during and after the war. A most interesting gentleman; I only wish I could have been able to talk at greater length with him. The bomb bays of the B-24 had been modified by installing seats lengthwise along both sides, and by the time I arrived nearly all seats were taken by Norwegians and Danes. The crew advised me that there was no room

for me on the flight deck until after takeoff, then the navigator could go forward into the nose when the landing gear was raised. So I seated myself next to the door leading from the bomb bay to the flight deck and tried to be relaxed, for it was quite apparent that very few, if any, of the other passengers in the bomb bay had ever been in an aircraft before. This was made more obvious when the engines were started and the plane began to taxi. The pilot applied the brakes to slow the plane down, at which point the hydraulic pump, located just above my head, was automatically actuated, resulting in an intense high pitched squeal for the short time it operated. I was certain that many of the passengers would have jumped out at this point if they were not restrained by seat belts. We got off the ground without incident, climbed to intended altitude and proceeded on course. I took my place on the flight deck when advised there was room, and looking out the window discovered it was a clear night, no ground fog, as was hoped. The flight engineer went back to the tail position, normally occupied by a tail gunner, to observe, watching for any kind of enemy action. Of course the plane had no guns of any kind, with the possible exception of a Vary pistol, a device used to fire colored flares, so we could only hope that we would not be detected. Sometime later, when we were well past the mid-point of overflying Norway, The flight engineer advised the pilot on the intercom that he thought he had detected some ground fire from anti-aircraft guns, so immediately the pilot initiated evasive action, which I'm sure must have seemed like a wild roller-coaster ride to the passengers in the bomb bay. No further incidents were experienced, and, just as it started to get light, we crossed the coast and were out over the North Sea. The pilot descended until we were just above the water and continued at a minimum altitude until reaching the area near the Scottish coast where it was felt the threat of enemy action was minimal. At about 06:00 a.m., we landed at Leuchars Fife Royal Naval Air Station, located quite near Edinburgh. As we made our approach to land, just to the north we could see the famous Saint Andrews golf course, but it was obvious that no one was playing the course that early in the day. It certainly was a good feeling to set foot on English soil once again, for there had been times not too long ago when I wondered if it would be possible. After clearing

through British Customs, just as though we were tourists, I was put aboard a small U.S. twin-engine plane for a flight to London. Enroute we flew over Loch Lomond, a pretty highland lake well known in song and verse. On arrival in London I was taken directly to a United States Special Reception Center, 63 Brook Street, London W.1, located just off Grovesnor Square, in the city center. I was told I was under a form of quarantine and thus confined to the premises until such time as I could be positively identified, to preclude someone coming into the country by assuming my identity. The next day, May 29th, an officer from my squadron, Lt. Shirley W. Estes, came to London and certified that he knew and had been associated with me, thus identifying me to the satisfaction of G-2, Army Intelligence, and a paper so stating was drawn up and a copy given to me. I was still in civilian clothes, but with this form I was allowed to leave the Center and see some of London. I was told that my personal effects were being held at my squadron, having just missed being sent to the U.S., which was the usual procedure when personnel were "Missing in Action." It seems that upon my arrival in Sweden the word was passed to Army Air Corps Eighth Air Force Headquarters, my unit was notified and a hold put on my things. On June 4th, I traveled to Molesworth, site of my unit, retrieved my things, and got back in uniform. I stayed at the squadron until returning to the Reception Center in London on June 7th. Having been on the base on June 6th, which of course was D-Day, I witnessed an incredible sight, as the 303rd Bomb Group flew almost continuous missions, albeit short missions, in support of "The Invasion." I had to decline several offers to accompany crews on missions, as I had been instructed that under no circumstances was I to fly over enemy territory, the reason being that should I be shot down and fall into enemy hands, I would be treated as a spy, since my previous evasion had afforded me opportunities to observe certain German military activities. Back in London I was asked to report on some of the things I had in fact seen while traveling about in occupied Denmark, and to that end was sent to be interrogated at RAF Intelligence Headquarters. The office I was directed to was located in an old building in central London, several levels below the street. A senior RAF officer questioned me at length on what I had been able to

observe, but mid-way thro **741**  
session we were interrupted by a young WAF (Womens Air Force) carrying a tray with our morning tea. All work stopped for tea while we engaged in idle chit-chat, then we resumed our serious intelligence discussions. It was a most interesting experience, indicative of the British attitudes towards values and priorities. The next day I learned I was to return to the U.S. and received copies of orders authorizing the travel. That evening I boarded a train bound for Glasgow, Scotland and was given a bedroom accomodation. The room was quite comfortable and contained an actual bed, rather than a bunk, which was what I expected. The train was a fast express, and I slept through most of the night. At about five a.m. on June 9th, I was awakened by the conductor stating we would be arriving at our destination in about forty-five minutes. He had brought me a cup of tea which he placed on a fold-down shelf above the bed, quite a civil way to be awakened. On arrival at the station I was met and driven to Prestwick Airdrome, from which we would depart later in the morning. The designated aircraft was a U.S. Army Air Corps C-54 (Douglas DC-4) operated by MAC(the Army Air Corps Military Airlift Command). Departure was on time, and our route over the North Atlantic included refueling stops at Reykjavik, Iceland and Gander, Newfoundland, before arriving at the final destination, Washington National Army Air Base, Washington, D.C. I was temporarily assigned to the Pentagon "for the purpose of interrogation," presumable for the same type of information I had previously given the RAF in London. Toward that end, the next day I was driven to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, to meet with Army Intelligence. Following the briefing I was driven back to the Pentagon, where I learned I was to report next to Fort Sheridan, just north of Chicago for reassignment. This was quite fortuitous, as I hoped to be able to spend some time in the greater Chicago area. Upon reporting to Fort Sheridan on June 14th, I received orders to report to the AAFPersonnel Distribution Station at Miami Beach, Florida, for processing and reassignment. A delay enroute of 23 days was authorized, so I was to report on or about July 14th. These orders had the effect of giving me three weeks leave, which were most welcome and spent visiting with family and friends.

Continued on page 10



or evade a surface pursuit by his force.

At 14:15, after what one crew member termed "a wonderful New Year's dinner" (it was their last decent meal for the next 45 months), float-plane Z1 reappeared, circled the ship at 500 feet and flashed the order "abandon ship," firing a long burst of machine gun fire across her bow for emphasis.

The chief engineer was immediately ordered to execute, "scuttling ship plan."

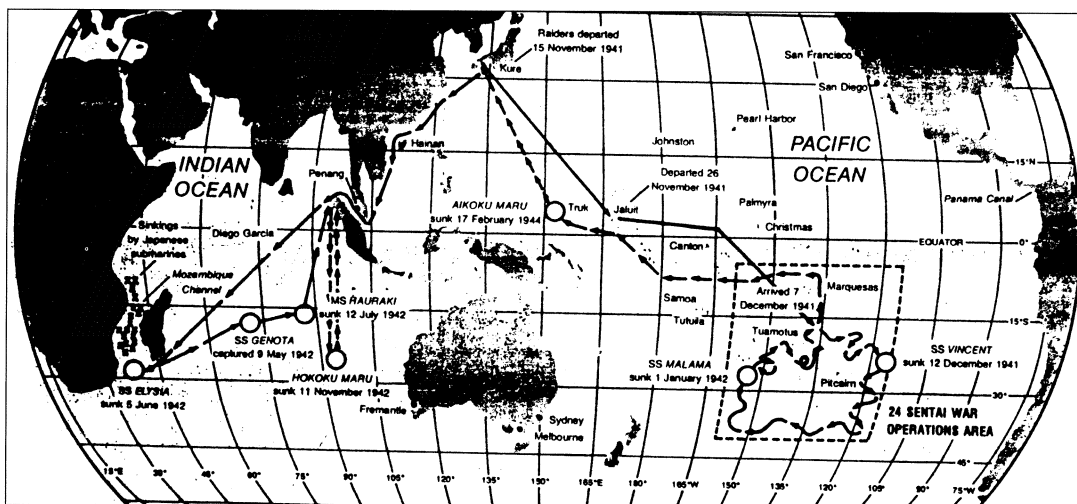
Orders were given to abandon ship at 14:30 and both lifeboats were launched. All the ship's papers, log books, code and confidential papers were destroyed. With all hands accounted for, the lifeboats cleared the ship; immediately the plane commenced the attack. Four bombs were dropped on the ship, the bombs appearing to be of about 100 pounds, one of which was apparently an incendiary, for on contact, the ship burst into flames.

The lifeboats were not able to make headway due to adverse sailing conditions and at 17:30 a ship hove into sight followed later by a second vessel. The ships proved to be the Japanese Raiders, "Aikoku Maru" and "Hokoku Maru." Lifeboat crews were hailed by the "Aikoku Maru" and ordered to come alongside. At 18:30 all personnel and passengers of the "S.S. Malama" were taken on board the raider.

The period of imprisonment on the raiders was from Jan. 1, to Feb. 13, 1942 a total of 42 days confined to the lower cargo hold with starvation rations of rice and fish.

From Kyushu, Japan they were transported by rail to Omita, Japan where they were put on a Japanese collier for passage to Shanghai, China. The 76 prisoners were herded into a small coal bunker and subjected to extreme cold and wet conditions with starvation rations of fish and rice. The treatment accorded the men during confinement were not as honorable Prisoners of War, but that of criminals to be punished.

While Abbott was confined to the POW camp at Shanghai, most of the 38th Recon Sqdn. personnel were transferred to Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho on March 24, 1942. On April 22, 1942, the 38th was redesignated the 427 BS of the 303rd Bomb Group. Thus while Abbott was interned as a POW of the Japanese, he was technically a member of the 303rd Bomb Group.



## Return to Denmark — Fifty-one years later

One day in March 1995, I received a telephone call from the Military Attache at the Danish Embassy in Washington, D.C., asking me if I'd like a free trip to Denmark in early May. The Danish government was celebrating the 50th Anniversary of their liberation from German occupation on May 5, 1945 and wanted to recognize U.S. Airmen and other foreigners who were in Denmark during their occupation.

I was to be one of the 38 foreigners from nine countries who were invited. The Danish government invited "foreign nationals who had in so many ways assisted us during the occupation and helped us regain our freedom."

Accompanied by my wife(she paid her own way) we attended many social events covering the three days of celebrations. Most events were also attended by members of Denmark's Royal Family.

While in Copenhagen, I was presented with a book entitled, "Fallen Allied Flyers 1939-45," published by Odense University. Although written in Danish, an English summary was provided. I was able for the first

time to ascertain details as to the ultimate fate of the other four members of the crew of "Spirit of Wanette" who did not survive as a result of coming down into the Sea of Smaland. Low water temperatures there during April made it almost impossible to survive exposure much beyond about 30 minutes. The four found on the Danish coast and buried at Svino Church Cemetery were: S/Sgt. Henry J. Jensen, found near Stubbekobing and buried on May 2, 1944; Sgt. Paul J. Mulhearn, found near Orehoved and buried, May 22, 1944; Sgt. John A. Dersehan, found at Valse Vig and Sgt. Frank Gorgon, found near Eno. Both were buried June 9, 1944.

Page 149 of the book contained the notation that the aircraft's co-pilot reached Sweden via Roskilde aided considerably by the Danish Resistance.

In answer to my query as to his ever going back and trying to locate any of the people who helped him get back to England during the war, Bob Kerr has this to say. "In 1979 we traveled to Denmark and made

a concerted effort to locate any of my helpers, with no luck. I did locate the station where I boarded the train for Copenhagen that day in May 1944; it looked just the same as I had remembered it. Then, during a visit to the Resistance Museum in Copenhagen, I saw an award, made posthumously, to Robert Jensen by President Harry Truman in 1946, in recognition of the aid Jensen had given to U.S. airmen. Jensen provided the boats and crews that transported me (and others) to Sweden. He was executed by a German firing squad in July 1944, just two months after I had met and talked with him, prior to departing Denmark."

*Ed. Note: The co-pilot of the lead PFF aircraft that day was B/G. Robert Travis and the pilot was Lt. Don Stoullil and I was one of the lead navigators. Gen. Travis did get the Purple Heart on this mission when flak came in the co-pilot's window and nicked him over the eye. In air combat during World War II, sometimes your fate was determined by just a matter of inches.* ➔

The chart outlines Kerr's route from Molesworth to Molesworth which took some 37 days and covered four countries and overflew one.



# From The President

I have just spent the last two hours re-reading the February 1996 Newsletter. Wasn't it an outstanding issue? I hope you are as proud of our Newsletter as I am. What a blessing we have, in Hal and Rae Susskind. Our sincere thanks to you both, for such a "Top-Notch Newsletter." No other Group in the Eighth Air Force can compare!!!

One of the nicer things about being President of this Association is that I have the opportunity to talk with you two or three times a year. But, more important it gives me an opportunity to tell you what we are doing or thinking about.

Over the past three months, your leadership has been diligently working on six of the goals that were outlined at Colorado Springs, and included in the last Newsletter. Two of the goals have been completed. But now, we have added another goal to be completed this year.

It is the goal of: Designing and Planting in the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum's Memorial Gardens, a beautiful Memorial. It will be "Dedicated to All who served with the 303rd Bombardment Group at Molesworth, England."

This Memorial will stand 6 and 1/2 feet tall, and 4 feet wide, of white Georgia Marble, and polished to perfection. On the upper part of the side that is facing the Museum, will be our 303rd Bomb Group "Might-in Flight" emblem, and our Triangle "C." In the middle section will be a 36 by 24 inch Bronze Plaque, with an Eighth Air Force patch in color, outlining the "Hell's Angel's" World War II accomplishments. Besides the Bronze Plaque will be the 6 x 6 inch Bronze Plaques portraying the insignias of the four operating squadrons, two on each side.

A large Bronze Plaque listing all of the units that made up the Ground Support Team that served at Molesworth, will be placed on the side of the Memorial that faces the Wall of Honor and Reflecting Pool.

The white Georgia marble will be placed on a slab of black marble that will accentuate the white marble. There will be shrubs and flagstone placed around the Memorial on 13/14 May 1996, when the Heritage Museum is opened to the public.

Mr. Brian McGuire, our Honorary Member who works for the Joint Analysis Center at Molesworth, is bringing a "sack of Molesworth dirt" that will be sprinkled on the site by

all members of the 303rd Bomb Group Association, that are in attendance at the dedication.

My compliments to Harry Gobrecht, our outstanding Historian for researching and preparing the written material that will appear on the two Bronze Plaques. I would also like to thank our Associate Member, Dr. Walter Brown, from Spring Hill, Tennessee. Walter is a Director of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum. He has worked diligently with the Museum Staff, to provide a choice location for our Memorial.

I am reporting on this Memorial, with a great deal of pride, and hoping that when you see it, or have seen the pictures, you will be equally proud. I would like to repeat myself, in that the Memorial will be dedicated to "All who Served at Molesworth."

Several weeks ago, the San Francisco Reunion packet arrived in the mail. It was distributed by Eddie Deerfield, our Vice President for Administration, and this year's Reunion Chairman. I called Eddie and complimented him on the work he, and his wife, Mary Lee, have been doing to make San Francisco, an even better Reunion than we had at Colorado Springs. A big order, but I do believe that Eddie and Mary Lee will pull it off. Do not delay in getting your hotel reservations. Over 100 of the rooms were already reserved by late March, no doubt as a result of our urging in the last Newsletter.

My wife Jill, who is Chairman of the banquet seating committee, asked me to urge everyone to fill out the seating form, that will be contained in the registration packet you will receive upon registering at the Marriott. Please return the form to her committee, as soon as you can fill in the names of those who you wish to sit at your table. Again, like last year, the tables will be numbered and drawn from a hat. It worked extremely well last year and we hope, with your cooperation, it will be successful in San Francisco.

Since being Membership Chairman back in the early 1980s, I have had a consuming goal to get every one of our members involved in attempting to locate some of their "lost comrades."

Last week, I received a telephone call from Stewart Ackerman, and he told me that I had helped him locate two of his crewmen. Unfortunately, one of them had passed away, but he was extremely happy to have lo-

cated them.

Now this was the result of Stu giving me the names of four of his crewmen, so I could search the computer C/D ROM phone listing of over 80,000,000 names. The computer ran off the different listings it had for each of the names given to me by Stu. In most cases, the listing also contains the street and city addresses, as well as the phone listings. When he received the listing, Stu made about 15 calls, and was rewarded.

Of course this method has its limitations, especially if the names of the "lost comrades" turns out to be Smith, Brown, Jones, Miller, etc. But I have a listing of all of the guys that went through Molesworth, and in most cases I have their full first name and middle initial, so that will limit the search considerably. If you can provide me with the information on where your "lost comrade" lived before the war, I can concentrate on that state or general locality. So, for those of you who are still wondering where and whether, "he" is still around, drop me a line, with as much information as you have, and I will send you back, a listing of where those persons, having the same name, are living.

There is some bad news that I must pass along to you. On 9 February 1996, while vacationing in Alabama, our Secretary, John M. Ladd, experienced a massive heart attack and died before they could get him to the hospital. His wife, Tele, advised that he was laid to rest at his home in Ilion, New York, on February 14, 1996. John also served as Treasurer of the Association, during the late 1980s. He will be missed by everyone.

At the Memorial Gardens, they are establishing a "Wall of Honor" and we plan to have John's name placed on this Wall, when construction has been completed.

It has been my honor to select Richard R. Johnson, from Deale, Maryland to serve out John's remaining term. His selection has been approved by every member of the Board of Directors. Many of you know of the untold hours that Dick, the late George Stallings, Ralph Adams, and others, spent at the Suitland, Maryland, Records Center, duplicating our World War II Mission Reports. Please try to get better acquainted with Dick and his wife, Marjorie, when you meet them in San Francisco.

In closing, would you please take

the time to send a note of "Well Wishes" to Ford Kelley, our past President, and to Bev Mayer, wife of Walt Mayer, our "longtime leader and doer. I know you are aware of many others, amongst our family that are experiencing health problems. Please take the time to give them a call, or send them a "love Note."

Jill and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in San Francisco. ➔

Ed Miller



When the 303rd's golfing fraternity received the 1996 reunion registration forms in the mail in April and focused on the \$100 per person green fees, cart and bus transportation costs, there were probably some collective gasps from members not accustomed to playing on links in the San Francisco area.. Believe it or not, that's about the average charge for playing 18 holes.

Thanks to yeoman efforts by Ken Tashian, however, who worked closely with Bill Heller on the golf project, the group's duffers will not have to take out a second mortgage in order to play. Through his contacts, Ken has managed to book the magnificent Lincoln Park course for a 10 a.m. tee time on Saturday 24 August for a total charge which will not exceed \$70, and will include the added bonus of a light snack!

Lincoln Park is one of California's most beautiful golf courses. The fairways surround the Palace of the Legion of Honor, a memorial to American soldiers who lost their lives in France in World War I. The views are spectacular, especially the 242 par three 17th hole, where the Golden Gate Bridge shimmers in the distance.

Members who have already sent in their payments of \$100 for the golf option will receive refunds for the excess amounts. Those who now feel they can participate without waiting to win the State Lottery or the Irish Sweepstakes should send \$70 per person to:

1996 Reunion Committee

P.O. Box 1386

Palm Harbor, FL 34682

...to be sure of a place in the tournament.

# The 303rd Bomb Group Association salutes Michel Lugez

Over the years, in many issues of the Hell's Angels Newsletter, you have seen the name Michel Lugez.

He sent us information on the fate of the crew of "Black Swan" which crashed in the commune of St. Pere-en-Retz near St. Nazaire on 1 May 1943. He sent a map showing the locations where members of the crew were found after bailing out and also included a photo of the memorial erected in October of 1984 to honor the members of the crew of the "Black Swan."

He was at Pluvigner in November of 1994 to welcome Col. Schulstad and Sgt. Charles Roth to the dedication ceremonies which honored the crew of "Beats Me" which crashed on 23 January 1943.

In the February 1996 issue of the newsletter you read about Alan Magee and his wife being welcomed to France by Michel Lugez who acted as their escort throughout the many ceremonies honoring Magee and the crew of Snap! Crackle! Pop! which crashed near St. Nazaire on January 3, 1943.

## But who is Michel Lugez?

Officially he was President of the French Committee for the Reconstruction of the American Monument of St. Nazaire which was destroyed by the Nazis in the early days of World War II. The monument originally dedicated on June 26, 1926, with General John J. Pershing in attendance, displayed a bronze statue of a helmeted American Soldier.

The soldier appeared with arms outstretched, standing on top of the back of an American eagle whose wings were full open in flight. The 69 foot monument was located at the port city of St. Nazaire to commemorate the arrival of the first American troops on June 26, 1917. A convoy of 15 troops ships departed New York City on June 14. They carried nearly 15,000 soldiers and 103 nurses. The first four troop ships entered the port of St. Nazaire on June 26.

On December 13, 1942, after Hitler declared war on the United States following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the German forces occupying St. Nazaire, blew up the monument. The three commemorative bronze plaques, one of which said, "They came on the wings of eagles," were found after the liberation of France in a building occupied by the Wehrmacht.

In October of 1986, a committee headed by Michel Lugez studied the possibility of rebuilding the memorial. He felt that his generation should rebuild it so that future generations could be reminded of the sacrifice of 117,000 young American soldiers who had come to the side of France in WW I. Unfortunately the original drawings of the monument had been burned in the bombings. Luckily he found some newspapers that were published in 1926 which carried the essential measurements and he was able to draw plans to scale. He then got in touch with sculptors and founders. He estimated it would take approximately \$500,000 to rebuild it. During the next two years his committee succeeded in raising the money and they rebuilt the memorial which was dedicated on June 23, 1989, 72 years after the arrival of the first American troops in 1917.

"On May 29, 1994, two new plaques were added to the monument to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the U.S. troops landing in Normandy," said Lugez. "The plaques, one in English and one in French, read, 'To the memory of the American airmen, sailors and soldiers who died for the liberation of France 1942-1945.'"

Michel Gaston Lugez was born on September 7, 1926 in Lille, in the northern part of France. When he was 12 years of age his father was killed in the war.

His family was among the many who lived close to the Belgium frontier and were affected by the wars which steeped the area in blood from 1870. "My parents lost all in 1939-45; my grand parents in 1914-18, and my great grandparents in 1870-71 when the Germans set fire to Lille before evacuating it.

My mother who had lived under the German occupation between 1914 and 1918 decided to leave Lille. So with my brother and two suitcases we left for Pornichet, a country town situated 12 kilometers from St. Nazaire, at the outbreak of the war on September 3, 1939.

In July 1944 after finishing a secondary school, I was arrested by the Germans because I refused to fall back with them towards the east. Consequently, I had to work in a camp at La Baule Les Pins as a common laborer for which we received a very reduced allotment; no bread, no butter, no

milk and no electricity in the evening. In February of 1945 I escaped from the St. Nazaire pocket to join the Free French. In May the war in Europe came to a successful conclusion.

"In November of 1945, I went to work for Saga International Company, a shipping agency which had branches throughout the world. I carved out all my career at Saga, up to my retirement in September of 1986. Among the many management positions at Saga, I was also regional manager for Saint Malo, Brest, Lorient, Nantes and St. Nazaire."

Mr. Lugez was also president of many companies as well as Administrator of Nantes-St. Nazaire Port Authority and an elected member of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of St. Nazaire. He was also honored by the State Ministry of the Sea in Paris in the Order of Maritime Merit for his 41 years of service in the shipping business.

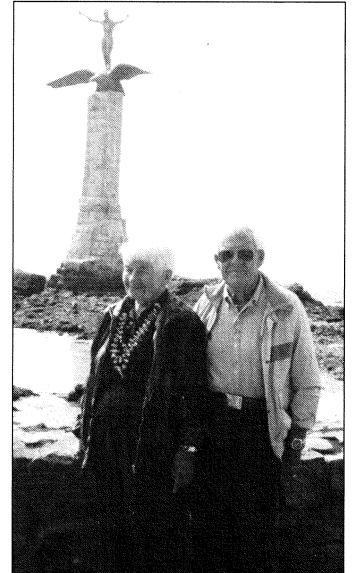
He says he was happy that Presidents DeGaulle and Adenauer succeeded in bringing about a "reconciliation" between France and Germany in order that their children do not know such tragedies of the war, but it is difficult for his generation to pardon or forget those tragedies.

For the past two years, Mr. Lugez has had the opportunity to greet and receive many delegations of

American War Veterans including many of the U. S. Air Force.

On behalf of the 303rd Bomb Group Association, I wish to salute Mr. Lugez and his countrymen for the many sacrifices they made during the war in helping many of our downed fliers escape capture by the German authorities.

Mr Michel Lugez is a true and valued friend of the 303rd Bomb Group Association. →



Helen and Alan Magee pose in front of the American Memorial Monument at St. Nazaire on Sept. 25, 1995.



DEDICATION - (l to r) Yvette and Michel Lugez, Alan E. Magee and Mr. Michel Rolland, President du "Souvenir Francais, 23 Sept. 1995 at memorial to crew of "Snap!Crackle!Pop!"

## 303rd Bomb Group Association praises Unsung Heroes of French Resistance!

I wrote my "There I was" story in 1991, published in 1992 in the book "Through the Eye of the Needle." Since then from a French Historian, Francois Cadic, I have learned the names and fates of many of the French participants. The young men who picked us up on the first night were Francois Moal and Jean LeBaut. Both were sent to concentration camps. LeBaut was executed there. Moal's mother, Annaick, and father Jean Louis Moal, were sent to the concentration camps. His father was executed by a cyanide injection on Christmas Eve, 1944. Our French escorts on the train from Chateau de Trefry to a small village, Moulin-De-La-Pie, were Georges "Geo" Jouanjean and "Sebastian" Bach. In Paris the safe house where we were taken was the home of Countess de Maudhuit. From Paris to Tours our escorts were Louis "Saint Jean" Nouveau, Madame Gerard and Jean "Double Metre" Weidt. These three were caught with us and were sent to the concentration camps. We and our French helpers were betrayed twice, first by a neighbor of the Moals and later by a resistance member, Roger Le Neveu, who also worked for the Gestapo. The neighbor was later killed and his farmhouse torched. There were bad relations between the neighbor and the Moal family.

I also learned the respect and care that the French people of Brittany gave the bodies of our pilot and bombardier. The body of the pilot, Harry Robey, was on view at the LeCloître City Hall until his funeral on Jan. 25, 1943., two days after we were shot down. A mass was celebrated at the church by the Abbot, Jean Garrel, rector of the parish. Three German airmen then followed the procession to the cemetery where, with a gun salute, they rendered military honors to Robey. At this time, in spite of the fact that it was strictly forbidden by the Germans, the people deposited armloads of flowers on and around his grave among which were tucked, hidden away, small French flags. The Germans did not appreciate the attitude of the people who had clearly shown where their hearts were. After the war, his wife went to France and brought him back to Utah.

The Germans took the body of our bombardier, Roy R. Moser, from our crashed B-17 and put it in a chicken coop. That night the French retrieved his body and took it to the church at Edern. After the services, he was buried withing three feet of the church. I like to believe that there the French thought he was closer to God. After the war, he was moved to the American cemetery at St. James near St. Lo.

I recently learned the fate of the traitorous double agent, Roger LeNeveu, from a book "Des Capitaines Par Milliers" by Louis "Saint Jean" Nouveau, chief of the underground in Southern France and captured with us at Tours. Some time after betraying us LeNeveu was traveling by car with two other members of the resistance. Their car broke down and they were working on the magneto. Roger pulled out of his pocket, a small screwdriver attached to a key chain. Also on the chain was a small silver swastika pendant. Seeing that alerted the suspicions of the other two and a fight broke out. Roger was shot twice in the stomach. He was taken to a house in a small village on the outskirts of Clermont-Ferrand in southern France. The chief of resistance in that area was sent for. Roger, weakened by the two bullets in his stomach, wished to avoid the rough interrogation and was cautious. Before being executed, he admitted to betraying at least eighty of his fellow Frenchmen and had killed 26 himself. The author Louis Nouveau, in discussing Roger's character, said he considered him more amoral than immoral.

I am writing this so that those who have read my story and also the article in the August 1994 issue of the newsletter will know the names of those heroic French people who put their lives and freedom on the line for us. Their sacrifices will never be forgotten.

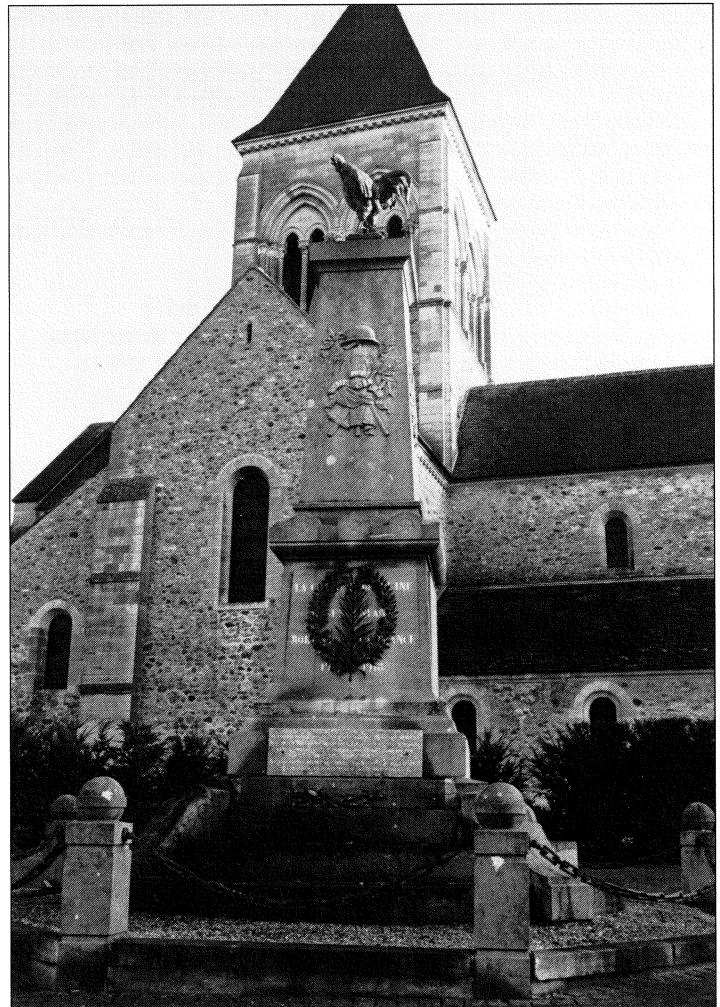
**Charles R. Grice**

Many of you are probably not aware that **John M. Ladd** our Secretary passed away on Feb. 9, 1996, while vacationing in Alabama..

Services were held at Ilion, NY on Feb 14, 1996. He is survived by his wife Tele. John served the Association extremely well, during his tenure as Treasurer, in the late 1980s and as Secretary.



**SAN FRANCISCO 1945** — Pictured at a San Francisco restaurant in August of 1945 are (l to r) Capt. Harold A. Susskind, Major William Heller, Bill Heller's younger brother, Major Robert Hullar and Capt. William Bergeron. The baby who is eating Susskind's steak is unknown. They were part of the 303rd contingent who had been transferred to Hamilton Field, Calif. from the North African Division of ATC. Others transferred but not pictured were: Capt. John Tulloss and Capt. "Tailwheel" Kaiser. The baby in the photo would now be about 52 years old. Time marches on. Bill's younger brother, Robert Hullar, John Tulloss and Tailwheel Kaiser have all passed on but they will be remembered at the Memorial Services in San Francisco on Sunday, 25 August 1996.



**MEMORIAL** — The tablet on the front of the war memorial at Beine-Nauroy, France dedicated on April 21, 1990 in honor of Lt. Lawrence M. Wolf, Bombardier who was killed by a 20mm shell. His a/c crashed at Beine-Nauroy. (Photo by Michel Lugez)



## FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

I am happy to announce a couple more special donations. Fred Barnes (S740) donated \$1000 last November to the 8th Air Force Historical Museum as a memorial to his crewmates (Pilot: Lt. Truman Eldridge, 359th). Since it was not sent to the 303rd BGA, I had no way of knowing about it until now, but I am glad to announce it at this time and thank Fred for his thoughtfulness. New Life Member Tom Williams (L1940) recently donated \$200 to the Association. This was a follow up to the Christmas gift he received from Claude Sherwin. You may recall that Claude made Tom and five other crewmates Life Members (See my column in the February 1996 Newsletter, page 14). Tom wanted to help others in reciprocity for his gift. We thank you gentlemen.

About a year ago I received a postcard with nothing on it but "231 - 21st Street NE, New Phila, OH 44663." I have been waiting for a name and message to go with it, but so far — nothing. Does anyone recognize this address? Please help me identify my mystery correspondent.

We have a new membership application (See sample on page 15). The heading is a little smaller but the important printing is a little larger. It should be easier to read and fill out. Now containing less working, it is primarily an application, not a questionnaire. The old forms may still be used as long as they have my name and address on them, but please DO NOT use the forms with

Jim Reeves' name on them. If you want copies of the new form, call or write to the address or phone below.

About 10% of the checks received must be held up for clarification. Life members submit a payment for annual dues, annual dues payers submit payments twice, widows pay unnecessary dues. I must admit it is better to get too much rather than too little or none, but it does cause delay in processing the checks, extra work in writing follow up letters and additional expense in postage. Some members have done this for two or three consecutive years, but it can easily be avoided. Is your membership card blue and laminated (yellow in the case of a Life Associate)? Does your address label have LM or SLM on the top line? Are you one of our widow members? If so annual dues are not required. Donations and memorials are always appreciated, but please mark your check and the accompanying form accordingly. PS: That dues, donation, memorial, address change or death notice should always be sent to me at the address below. Please DO NOT send this correspondence to Hal Susskind, Bill Heller, Treasurer Bill Roche or your squadron representative.

The lists that follow are current as of 6 April.

**Carlton M. Smith**  
**12700-54 Red Maple Circle**  
**Sonora, CA 95370-5369**  
**209-533-4033**

## NEW MEMBERS

1942 Theodore R. Beiser, 115 Oak Ave., Fairhope, AL 36532 (427)  
 1943 John B. Coffey, P.O. Box 568, Moore Haven, FL 33471 (427)  
 A-362 Lance Baldwin, 3058 Highway 47, Los Lunas, NM 87031  
 A-363 Mark S. Praplaski, 201 Fairfax Ct., Wayne, PA 19087  
 A-364 Michael E. Praplaski, 1 Tunbridge Ln., Malvern, PA 19355  
 LA-365 Keith Wheeler, 822 So. Langley Ave., Apt. 105, Tucson, AZ 85710  
 A-366 Rich Christie, 15101 Mountain Lily Rd., Sonora, CA 95370  
 LA-367 Alan E. Mayer, 2409 Greenwood Ave., Morro Bay, CA 93442  
 LA-368 Robert W. Miller, 1249 Deerpark, #265, Fullerton, CA 92631  
 A-369 Pat De Meo, 558 Palisade Avenue, Yonkers, NY 10703  
 A-370 Laurie Smith, 108 Springdale Way, Hampton, VA 23666  
 1944 Ben Starr, 1506 So. Bentley #311, Los Angeles, CA 90025  
 LA-371 Dana C. Barnes, 10285 Lake Summit, Moreno Valley, CA 92557  
 L1945 Joseph E. (Jay) Trojan, 12003 Kirkbriar, Houston, TX 77089  
 1946 John E. Zabelicky, 6 Tournament Dr., Leonardo, NJ 07737  
 A-372 James L. Deerfield, 1726 N. Hudson Bay Rd., Palatine, IL 60074-1722  
 A-373 Richard R. Deerfield, 1416 Touhy Ave., Chicago, IL 60626  
 A-374 Scott Deerfield, 1416 Touhy Ave., Chicago, IL 60626  
 A-375 John G. Long, 1884 Pepperell Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23464-8949  
 1947 Edward J. Pawlowski, RR 2, Box 123, Alfred, ME 04002  
 A-376 Richard F. Cody, P.O. Box 150, Frederick, MD 21705



**Haas and Adams' crews** – The photo was taken at Molesworth in October 1942 by Alan Magee. Back row (l to r) Hart, Union, Sherman, Milam, Pacheco, Durant, Roth and Easter. Front row (l to r) Semonick, Gordon, Levin, Soria, and Stevens. Adams' crew with Magee as waist gunner was shot down over St. Nazaire on Jan. 3, 1943 and Haas' crew was lost over Lorient, France on Jan. 23, 1943

L1948 Thomas H. Morrison, 4648 Curtiss Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23455  
 L1949 Harold W. Gunn, 10584 N. 4370 W., Highland, UT 84003

## DONATIONS MEMORIAL

L1530 James E. Aberdeen (358) – Memorial to George "Russ" Kinsman  
 L1888 Milton Abernathy (358)  
 A-103 Martin Ashley  
 A-254 Stephen L. Atterbury  
 S401 Ira E. Baldwin (358)  
 Widow Mrs. Imelda W. Box (358) – Memorial to Charles M. Box  
 Widow Mrs. Helen Branham (427) – Memorial to William R. Branham  
 L1564 Milbury C. Charlton (427)  
 A-376 Richard F. Cody  
 1943 John B. Coffey (427)  
 L055 William H. Cox (358)  
 S1622 Eddie Deerfield (360) - three  
 A-145 Iris Drinkwater  
 S670 Al Dussliere (427)  
 S665 Lawrence E. Furey (427) – Memorial to Helen Furey  
 L1479 William H. Gast (358)  
 S639 Harry D. Gobrecht (358) - four  
 L802 Edward F. Goggin (360) - Donation and Memorial to John Ladd  
 L888 Dwight W. Gonser (359)  
 1614 Benny J. Gorchesky (427)  
 Widow Mrs. Ann Goulding (359) - Memorial to Traynum Goulding  
 L1143 John J. Grocki (358) - Memorial to Max Fountain and John Olsoj  
 A-255 Mary Lou Gunson - Memorial  
 124 Robert A. Hand, Sr. (360)  
 L023 Lester C. Hansen (359) - Memorial to James P. Thompson  
 Widow Mrs. Shirley Henn (358) - Memorial to Thomas A. Henn  
 L1399 Less Hilliard (427) - two  
 L1549 James W. Hughes (360)  
 Widow Mrs. Rosa Jacobs (359) - Memorial to Michael T. Jacobs  
 A-157 Katherine A. Johnson  
 S563 J. Ford Kelley (360)  
 Widow Mrs. June Kidd  
 S803 Yale Lasker (359)  
 A-243 Maryan J. Malone  
 L1048 William G. Mayer (359)  
 L1722 Richard N. Miessler (359)



S681 Campbell Miller (358)  
 S428 Edgar C. Miller (360)  
 S806 Morton M. Moon, Jr. (359) – Memorial to Tsgt Harold Dunham  
 Widow Mrs. Mary Norris (360) - Memorial to Loy R. Norris  
 S316 James W. O'Leary, Sr (427)  
 L1542 Edward M. Praplaski (359)  
 Widow Mrs. Betty De Camp Regis (358) - Memorial to Donald F. DeCamp  
 S1015 William J. Roche (360)  
 1469 John W. Spence (359)  
 Widow Mrs. Christian T. Stephens (358) - Memorial to Chad W. Stephens  
 S530 James B. Taylor (358) - Four  
 Widow Mrs. Beatrice Thompson (427) - Memorial to Frederick A. Thompson  
 L1940 Tom Williams (358)  
 LA-121 Jack D. Woodul

### ADDRESS CHANGES

Widow Mrs. Patricia Benigno, 74 Rt. 521, Newton, NJ 07860-9410  
 L241 Bill Clem, 805 Wolverton, Ardmore, OK 73401  
 1707 Luis Contreras, 160 N. Linden Ave., Apt. 38, Rialto, CA 92376-5477  
 A-292 Greg Dortch, 10809 Wyatt St., Dallas, TX 75218  
 L1049 Milton Hammill, 5416 Ledgestone Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76132  
 L891 Alfred G. Kemmerer, 421 N. Wild Olive Ave., Daytona Beach, FL 32118  
 1767 George A. Kyle, 2415 NE 33rd Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305  
 S803 Yale Lasker, 1300 Adams, 120 Costa Mesa, CA 92626-5424  
 A-236 Elwood B. Ligon, 100 Judge Rd., Tryon, NC 28782  
 A-193 Patricia O. Little, P.O. Box 528, Gallatin Gateway, MT 59730  
 L559 Richard McGilvray, 400 So. Elm St. #E-18, Arroyo Grande, CA 93420  
 L1756 M.R. Minick, 1871 Reliance Rd., Middletown, VA 22645  
 Widow Mrs. Frances Moore, 822 So. Langley Ave., Unit 105, Tucson, AZ 85710  
 1717 Harold E. Nelsen, 9856 Brandywine Dr., Navarre, FL 32566  
 A-148 Barbara O'Leary, 802 Spartan Dr., Missoula, MT 59801  
 A-215 Richard W. O'Leary, P.O. Box 12, Waterloo, NE 68069  
 A-181 James J. Pratten, 5570 Bob White Trl., Mims, FL 32754  
 Widow Mrs. Sylvia Reeves, 125 Pacifica, Suite 270, Irving, CA 92718  
 L917 Anthony J. Savasatano, 690 Woodbury Rd., Woodbury, NY 11797  
 1350 Harold L. Scott, 444 Hemingford Grey, Ft. Mill, SC 297815  
 1552 Edwin Siegel, 14530 Benefit St., Apt. 101, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403  
 LA-314 Lance Stoner, 11422 W. 70th St., Shawnee, KS 66203  
 L1786 Harold R. Timm, 1207 Kirkwood Ct., Windsor, CO 80550

### UPGRADE TO LIFE MEMBERS

LA-300 Arthur L. Bale  
 L1776 Joseph E. Bradbury (Sqdn.?)  
 L786 Lloyd B. Bever (437)  
 L1305 Charles W. Dunlap, Jr. (427)  
 L1301 James P. Johnson (358)  
 L891 Alfred G. Kemmerer (427)  
 L1777 Anthony J. Mangano (359)  
 L1306 Norton B. McNeal (358)  
 L1722 Richard N. Miessler (359)  
 L1933 Frederick L. Rowan (359)  
 L039 Mel Schulstad (HDQ)  
 LA-129 Vivki C. Sykes  
 LA-135 Charles R. Sykes  
 L464 William E. Wolff (359)

### IN MEMORIAM

L638 Joseph C. Bialobrzkeski (360) - 7 March 1994  
 L175 Eugene C. Blum (358) 3 Mar 1996  
 — Robert A. Brigdman (360) - May 1995  
 — Stanley M. Claster (359) - 26 Aug 1985  
 S149 Ralph F. Coburn (358) - 22 Feb. 1996  
 986 Spiros P. Contos (358) - 18 Apr. 1990  
 613 Paul S. Coyle (360) - 11 Nov. 1980  
 L066 John D. Crowley (360) - 4 May 1989  
 L669 Harold C. Froehlich (359) - 21 Jan 1996  
 — Vern Hellesvig (427) - 18 Jan 1996  
 1607 Thomas A. Henn (358) - 9 May 1995  
 1128 William P. Jones (380) - 16 Apr. 1991  
 641 Robert E. Kilroy (358) - 13 Jan. 1996  
 — George "Russ" Kinsman (358) - Dec. 1994  
 L416 John M. Ladd (427) - 9 Feb. 1996  
 — Angelo L. Longo (Unk)  
 L1290 John W. Mason (360) - July 1994  
 — Ewell R. Mc Cright (Unk) - 24 Apr 1990  
 229 William S. Moody (360) - 16 Jan. 1996  
 — Jason Murphy (360) - 16 Sep. 1994  
 L1860 Michael W. Pasquarelli (202) - 24 Nov. 1995  
 L620 Ralph D. Schnabel (HDQ) - 23 Oct. 1995  
 1770 Wendell P. Sprague (359) - 6 Sep. 1995  
 — Johseph L. Steen (358) - Nov. 1982  
 960 Leonard Z. Tapp (360) - 1 Sep. 1995  
 493 John R. Turner (360) - 20 Mar. 1995  
 — Edmund B. Warchol (444) - 3 Mar. 1995  
 — Robert H. Yattaw (360) - 1991



## MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

### 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

*"Hell's Angel's – 'Might In Flight'"*



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

SQDN.303rd Duty \_\_\_\_\_

#### Membership Type

☐ Regular

☐ Associate

☐ Life \*

☐ Super Life

#### Dues Schedule

\$10 per calendar year

Foreign addresses \$15

\$10 per calendar year

Foreign addresses \$15

60-64 yrs. \$75; 65-69 yrs. \$60

70-74 yrs. \$45; 75-77 yrs. \$30

Life dues plus \$100

#### Payable To:

303 BGA

#### Mail To:

Carlton M. Smith

12700-54 Red Maple Circle

Sonora, CA 95370-5269

Phone: 209-533-4033

Recommended By: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Application: \_\_\_\_\_

\*Regular and Associate

## San Francisco reunion may shatter All-time 303rd attendance records!!

Seems like the older we get, the better we get! On March 28, the same day the 1996 registration packets went into the mail, the reservation desk at the San Francisco Airport Marriott called to report that one-third of the group's block of 300 rooms on peak nights had already been snapped up by members. The tidal wave of early registrations was triggered by the story in the February edition of the Hell's Angels Newsletter which urged members to climb aboard without delay. The pace of hotel reservations at this stage exceeds the near-record Colorado Springs turnout.

Here's the bottom line - if you haven't made your Marriott reservation yet, do so now. An effort is being made to expand the room block, but the hotel has already indicated that it may not be able to accommodate an overflow at the remarkable \$73 rate. If the room block capacities are exceeded, the Marriott may refer members to a nearby back-up hotel.

The same criteria applies to the options listed on the 303rd's 1996 reunion registration form. Spaces for the luncheon sightseeing cruise on a luxury yacht and for the city sightseeing tours by bus at the group's special prices are also limited. Sign up early!

Other highlights of the San Francisco reunion include a jazz performance on the night of the annual banquet by the 20-piece U.S. Air Force Band of the West, a slide-film presentation by Boeing's Don Sachs on "The B-17 - A Legend in its Time" and a video program by Brian McGuire of Molesworth on how the base looks today.

John Ford, the 303rd's genial Hospitality Centre manager, has an ideal location at the Marriott in which to entertain members. It's a large parlor with a built-in solid walnut bar

with brass footrails, and picture windows overlooking the bay. It'll be known as "The 303rd Bomb Group Pub" for the duration of the reunion.

Jim Taylor has searched the area around the hotel for nearby restaurants and take-out cafes for alternate dining, and his findings will be included in the literature handed out in San Francisco at the time of registration.

Once again, Dr. Carl Fyler will conduct his clinic for former POWs, with an update on developments since the last reunion.

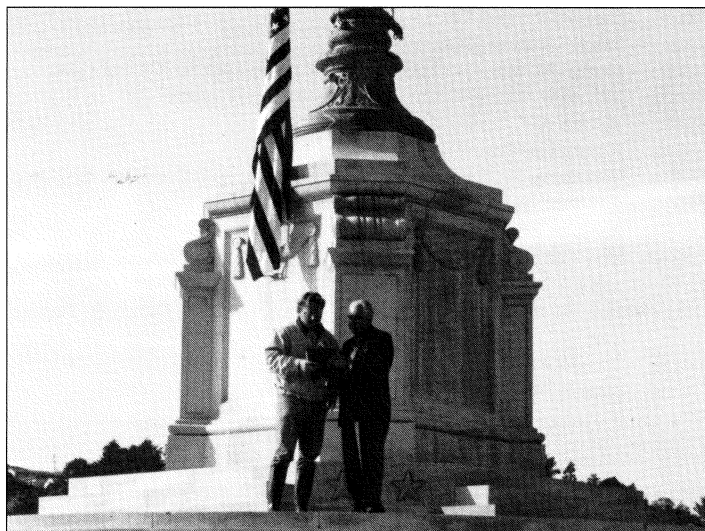
Raffle arrangements are in the hands of Lee Faulkner, who did such an outstanding job in a wide range of assignments during the Colorado Springs reunion. Ditto for the indefatigable Ed Gardner who's hard at work behind the scenes computerizing the reunion.

Charlie and Vicki Sykes are gearing up for what promises to be one of the finest arrays of PX merchandise in recent years.

Jim McCoy has the responsibility for nominating the local VIPs who will be guests of the 303rd at the farewell banquet.

Last but far from least, Mike Ripley has promised an even better memorabilia display than the one which drew so much praise from members at last year's reunion. He's a real artist when it comes to collecting and displaying artifacts which have a particular meaning to those who served at Molesworth during the war years.

Memorial services, always the emotional highlight of a 303rd Bomb Group reunion, will be held at the Golden Gate National Cemetery on a pavilion surrounding a marble tower from which a flagpole soars 60 feet high to fly the Stars and Stripes. The ceremony is scheduled for the afternoon of Sunday 25 August.



**TO HONOR OUR DEPARTED - Bill Livingston, Director of the Golden Gate National Park, confers with Reunion Chairman Eddie Deerfield at the site for the 1996 memorial service in San Francisco.**

### Boeing's Don Sachs to Present Program on "The B-17 Legend"

The 303rd's love affair with the B-17 will be given another nostalgic lift when Boeing's Don Sachs takes the microphone on Monday evening, 26 August, at the San Francisco Airport Marriott hotel. He'll thrill reunion guests with a stirring slide and film presentation titled "The B-17 - A Legend in its Time."

Sachs, who served in positions of increasing responsibility with the Boeing Company over a span of 40 years, will trace the development of the B-17 Flying Fortress from concept to modern times. He'll describe how the idea for the heavy bomber was born, the antecedent aircraft that led to the prototype model 299, evolution of the model into the B-17, the combat record in

World War II and what happened to Flying Fortresses after the war.

Aside from his years at Boeing, Sachs' special familiarity and love for the B-17 stems from his experience as an Eighth Air Force co-pilot on the bomber. His aircraft was shot down on his 20th Mission, and he finished the war as a POW in Germany. His wartime experience led to a lifelong interest in and dedication to preserving the historical significance of the B-17.

Sachs commented recently, "One of my most exciting projects for Boeing was responsibility for the company's celebration in 1985 marking the 50th anniversary of the first flight of a B-17. It was a gratifying experience!"

The 303rd has been advised that AARP members may be entitled to a 20 percent discount on Marriott Hotel Restaurant meals. **Bring your AARP card.**

**303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.**  
c/o Hal Susskind  
2602 Deerfoot Trail  
Austin, Texas 78704

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