

Hell's Angels Newsletter

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

JUNE 1990

Was the 303rd short changed on awards?

"What price glory" was the name of a movie that graphically portrayed heroism in the trenches in World War I. It played many years ago but the title seems to be still appropriate today when I try to write about some of the heroic actions performed by members of the 303rd Bomb Group in combat during World War II.

Unfortunately the price paid by members of the 303rd whose heroic actions have been brought to my attention, far outweighed the glory. In a majority of the stories that I have come across as editor of our newsletter there was no glory or even a hint of recognition of the heroic deed performed by the individual. Which prompts the question, "Why?"

The answer is in a majority of the cases is that no one bothered to do the paperwork. Which prompts another "Why?" I guess the answer to that question is that it depended upon the circumstances as to where and when the heroic action took place. If it took place in the air and the plane crashed in enemy held territory or if it happened on the ground in enemy held territory it was never reported and consequently no paperwork was submitted.

Two heroic incidents that happened in the 1942-45 period prompted me to look into the matter of awards more closely. One was the case of Lt. Robert S. O'Connor who was killed in a crash of his aircraft on July 4, 1943 after being shot up over Le Mans, France. He and his co-pilot Donovan B. Manifold steered their stricken aircraft away from the town of Malicorne-sur-Sarthe to avoid casualties to the townspeople. Lt. O'Connor never got out of the aircraft. A monument to his heroic deed was erected by the citizens of this French town. As far as I can find out no comparable award was ever made to the family of Lt. O'Connor by the U.S. Government.

If you read Carl Fyler's article in the July 1989 issue of the newsletter you will know of the second incident. It told of the super-



MISSION TO BREMEN, 29 Nov. 1943—The photo above was taken from a/c 42-29894 at 27,000'. The formation appears to be spread out and under fighter attack. There are 21 aircraft in this photo.

human heroic deed of S/Sgt. Joe Sawicki on November 29, 1943 on a mission to Bremen. When their plane was shot up, Sawicki the tail gunner, had his arm shot off. No longer able to fire his guns, he came out of the tail as the alarm for bailing out was given. He put chutes on both waist gunners who had face wounds and a broken arm apiece. He pushed them both out, hoping that with their good hand they could pull the rip-cord. Sgt. Stachowiack who survived the jump and became a prisoner of war told the story to the pilot, Lt. Carl Fyler in the Camp Lucky Strike Hospital where they had gone for treatment after they had both been liberated from their respective POW camps. After he heard the account of Sgt. Sawicki's heroic action, Lt. Fyler stated that he put Sgt. Sawicki in for the Congressional Medal of Honor. Whether any action was even taken on Lt. Fyler's recommendation is still an unanswered question.

When I first read the story before publishing it in the newsletter, my first thoughts were: "What happened to Sgt. Sawicki?" I queried the Air Force Historical Research Center and they provided me with

an extract which briefly described the mission on Nov. 29, 1943 but they were unable to tell me whether Sgt. Sawicki survived the mission. However, they did provide me with the service numbers of both Stachowiack and Sawicki. They also recommended that I contact the Total Army Personnel Center in case he did not survive the mission. This I did.

After several months I was contacted by the Army Mortuary Office with the information that Sgt. Sawicki was killed in the crash and his body was interred in a German grave. After the war, Sgt. Sawicki's body was returned to the U.S. to his next-of-kin, his father, in Detroit, Michigan. He was re-buried in the Holy Sepulcher Cemetery in Oakland County, Michigan with no mention of his heroic action. The Army Mortuary Officer in answer to my question confirmed that the remains, when found, was mission an arm.

I firmly believe that Sgt. Sawicki deserves to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously. At the present time I am trying to locate Sgt. Martin G. Stachowiack. I have no information on S/Sgt. G.C. Fisher, the

other waist gunner who was also helped out of the stricken aircraft. Since Lt. Fyler did start action on the award for Sgt. Sawicki I do not believe we are bound by the 1951 cut-off date for WW II awards.

Even though we are presently copying all the mission reports at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., I doubt whether they will tell the complete story of the air combat role of the 303rd unless we check every mission and make sure they contain all the minute details which were not known when the information was filed.

I'm sure that there are hundreds of other heroic incidents that have gone unreported, like the story of Sgt. Jesse McLaughlin who went into the bomb-bay to kick out a 500 pound bomb that had hung up in the bomb run on Oschersleben, Jan. 11, 1943. The plane was still at altitude and under flak attack from the Frisian Islands when he performed his deed. How about the Nov. 21, 1944 mission to the Merseberg oil refinery when the 303rd, one of the few groups to bomb the primary that day, went down to 16,000 feet to obliterate their assigned target.

I am sure there are more stories of bravery out there. Won't you share them with us so that we can come up with a complete history of the 303rd Bomb Group.

I believe our Association should form an active and I repeat active committee to investigate all unrecognized acts of heroism and prepare the necessary paperwork to see that the awards are secured for those deserving them. It will be a rewarding and time consuming project for the people who get involved since it usually takes several months to get an even simple question answered. But above all, the committee must have the intestinal fortitude to ask "why" when someone tries to tell them to ask another agency for the information they are seeking. We now live in an era of "passing the buck."

"What Price Glory."

Hal Susskind



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

VOL. XIII, NO. 2 Editor: Hal Susskind
2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704 JUNE 1990

The 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc., a tax exempt organization under IRS Code 501(c)(19), founded in 1975, is chartered in the State of Florida to perpetuate the history of the 303rd Bomb Group and to provide opportunities for 303rders to meet and do things together.

Because you are helping to perpetuate the history of the 303rd Bomb Group, your dues and/or donations to the 303rd Bomb Group Association are tax deductible.

The Association is open for membership to all persons assigned or attached to the 303rd Bomb Group, from its activation in 1942 in Boise, Idaho, throughout its war years at Molesworth Air Base in England to its deactivation in Casablanca in 1945. Spouses of 303rders may also become members. All other persons, interested in perpetuating the history of the 303rd Bomb Group and in furthering the aims of the Association, may apply for Associate status.

Membership years begin on the first day of January. In the future, the 303rd Bomb Group Newsletter will be sent only to paid up members. When you pay annual dues, the membership chairman will send you an updated membership card.

If you do not receive the 303rd Newsletter for a period of more than four months, it means you are delinquent in your dues for that calendar year.

303rd Officers

President

Wilbur (Bud) Klint
5728 Walla
Fort Worth, TX 76133
(817) 292-1147

Vice President/Administration

Peter Michael Curry
166th Dist. Court
San Antonio, TX 78205
(512) 220-2554

Vice President/Reunion Planning

Harley E. Cannon
North Louis Street
Mount Prospect, IL 60056
(312) 255-8045

Secretary

Carl L. Dubose Jr.
2601 Loma Vista
Victoria, TX 77901
(512) 573-9226

Treasurer

Charles S. Schmeltzer
E815 Central Ave.
Spokane, WA 99207
(509) 487-7983

Headquarters

Carlton M. Smith
3219 Cobblestone Drive
Santa Rosa, CA 95404
(707) 546-3655

Membership Chairman

Jim Reeves
28101 Tefir
Mission Viejo, CA 92692
(714) 951-1247

PX Administrator

Robert E. (Bob) Kidd
13214D Fiji Way
Marina Del Rey, CA 90292
(213) 823-1592

Newsletter Editor/PR

Harold A. Susskind
2602 Deerfoot Trail
Austin, TX 78704
(512) 441-6475

444th

Melvin T. McCoy
4873 Rogue River Hwy.
Gold Hill, OR 97525
(503) 582-1902

358th

William S. McLeod Jr.
1676 W. Mesa
Fresno, CA 93711
(209) 439-8922

359th

Charles J. McClain
6265 Anchor Lane
Rockledge, FL 32955
(305) 639-0073

360th

William Heller
P.O. Box 3006
Half Moon Bay, CA 94019
(415) 726-6686

427th (Historian)

E.C. (Al) Lehmann
29844 Knoll View Dr.
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274
(213) 832-5830

Advisor to Board

Lewis E. Lytle
Belvedere City Club
207 Ridge One
Hot Springs Nat'l Pk. AR 71901
(501) 321-1956

From the President:

Barksdale Dedication Set

Plans for erecting a 303rd BGA memorial stone at the 8th AF Museum, Barksdale AFB, LA are progressing on schedule. The formal dedication will take place on Friday, September 14. A full day of activities is being planned with a tour of Barksdale AFB in the morning, the dedication ceremony, with the Commanding General of the 8th AF, in the afternoon, a fly-over by aircraft based at Barksdale and a reception and dinner at the Officers Club. Our memorial will be installed opposite the B-17 which sports our Triangle C on the tail.

We have tentatively booked the Sheraton Bossier Inn as our headquarters hotel. We are planning for arrivals on September 13 since our scheduled activities on Friday will run from about 10 AM until 8 PM. This is an important event for our group and we want to have as many members as possible in attendance.

A special mailing will go out to members living in nearby communities in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma once all details have been finalized, but block out the dates now. Plan to be at the Sheraton Bossier Inn on September 13-14. This is also the start of the Super Derby Festival at Louisiana Downs, Bossier City's thoroughbred race track so you may want to stay over for a day at the track on Saturday, September 15.

Everyone is invited and urged to attend this dedication, but it simply isn't possible to make a general mailing to all members. If you live outside the four state area and want to plan to attend, please contact Bud Klint. He will see that you receive registration and reservation information.

Quentin Hargrove and Bill

McSween are working on the committee to finalize this dedication event. They promise it will be a memorable event! See you in Bossier in September! Make it a week-end event and then head from there to Vegas for the 8th AF reunion!

Alvin Morton has agreed to continue as Chairman of our Memorial Wreath Committee. He arranged to have a 303rd wreath placed at the Memorial Chapel of the American Cemetery at Cambridge, England on Memorial Day. We have no other commitments at this time. Alvin would still like to see our Group establish a Floral Decorations Fund to cover other placements as outlined in the December 1989 issue of the newsletter.

The 16th Annual 8th Air Force Reunion will be held in Las Vegas, Nevada from 30 September through 4 October 1990. I am interested in holding a 303rd Bomb Group Association mini-reunion in connection with this event. The July issue of the 8th AF News will contain a schedule of events. I am also checking the possibility of holding a 303rd Board of Directors meeting during this reunion. I would appreciate hearing from anyone planning to attend this mini-reunion so that we can adequately plan some 303rd events.

Work is still progressing on the copying of the 364 combat missions of the 303rd BG at the National Archives. When work is completed we hope to be able to provide information on a specific mission to anyone who requests it at 7½¢ a 8½ by 11 inch page. Some missions are covered in 5 pages, others like Schweinfurt cover 238 pages.

Bud Klint



WERE YOU THERE? Members of the 359th Sqdn and guests at squadron party on March 22, 1945.

Drive to Locate "Lost Souls" Sputters

The drive by the Board of Directors to sign up volunteers to help in a drive to locate former members of the 303rd never got out of first gear.

President Bud Klint received only one answer to our request which appeared in the March issue of the newsletter. We need 50 volunteers, one

from each state, to spearhead a statewide media campaign to find other members in their own state by the end of 1990.

It will be a painless task since a "How to Kit" will be sent to volunteers who agree to participate. All those interested are once again asked to contact Bud Klint.

Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

A Yank in the RCAF

I look forward to receiving the newsletter of the 303rd Bomb Group. When it arrives and I scan it my mind drifts back to that period of my life when I was assigned to a crew and sent through Fort Dix, New Jersey on the Queen Elizabeth to England—the land of my mother's birth—and was assigned to the 360th Squadron at Molesworth.

England for me represented some harrowing experiences at times at 23,000 ft. over the continent and some pleasant times too. One such pleasant experience occurred when we were forced to land at an RAF base in Yorkshire named Marston Moors. It was used primarily for OTU purposes. We were forced to remain there about seven days one of which was New Year's Day. We slept in the RAF billets, ate their food and partook of their spirits in their clubs where we made some friends. It was interesting to me to see these young men representing many different countries all coming together as part of the common effort. Their shoulder emblems described them as coming from Great Britain, Eire, Australia, New Zealand, Argentine, Canada, South Africa and Poland.

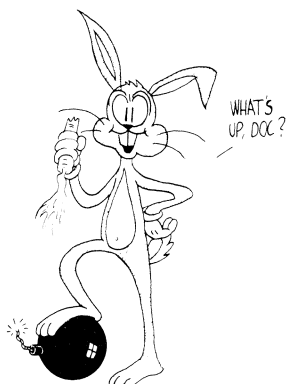
After about four or five days our heated suits began to become very dirty and on New Year's eve (after a few drinks) a group of their people and I all decided it would be nice to go to York and party. But, how to get off the base for me. I was told I could never leave the base with my flight suit on.

Why not have me don an RAF uniform one suggested? Someone suggested with my tan skin I didn't look very English (which bothered me) that since I looked part Indian it would be better to put on an RCAF battle jacket and if stopped say I was either a Canadian or an American in the RCAF. That decided upon I was outfitted in an RCAF uniform and all seven of us went to York on the bus. There followed a couple of interesting experiences which space prohibits me from describing. Suffice to say that after I took a young lady home and returned to the spot where we were all to meet. Since I had returned too late to catch the last bus all seven of us, generally a grumpy lot by then, walked five

miles back to the base. It was during this walk that the pilot, a South African, told me they were scheduled to have a standby inspection at 8:00AM on that New Year's day. That greatly surprised me. Suffice to say we just did make it in time with of course no sleep for anyone. There was no time to spare however. I had just finished changing back into my uniform and was going out the back door as their CO was getting ready to enter the front door to inspect the troops. It was a very interesting experience indeed.

Jim Lemon
P.O. Box 994
Golf Shores, AL 36542

"Whats UP Doc?"



It was a real coincidence, your running a photo of a 427th aircraft with Bugs Bunny on its nose opposite my letter about Bugs (March newsletter). The person perched atop the aircraft is S/Sgt. Garrett. Maybe someone knows the whereabouts of this superb ball-turret gunner.

Jack Gardner
5147 Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh, PA 15232

Memorial Wreath Fund

I enthusiastically encourage everyone to support Alvin Morton's effort, approved by president Klint, to activate a permanent floral memorial wreath fund for floral decorations to be placed in American military cemeteries where members of the 303rd are interred. This is something that should have been put into action years ago, but thanks to Alvin Morton, a living endowment program dream is blossoming into reality. Alvin

suggests contributions of \$100, \$50, or \$25 to develop a living endowment program. . . a small price to perpetuate the memory of your fallen comrades. We are quickly approaching the completion of our "tour of duty." It will be gratifying to know that our "replacements" will always remember the proud legacy of the 303rd.

Charles A. Palmer
141 Laurie Dr.
Pittsburgh, PA 15235

Another "Virgin" Admirer

The Norfolk reunion issue of Hell's Angel Newsletter (Dec. 1989 issue) contained a most interesting and excellent coverage of the Memorial Service. Betty and I enjoyed our time in Norfolk and were happy to see Larry and Marge Peacock, Tom and Betty Sullens and Frank and Mary Neuner. I hadn't seen Frank since we parted from the 303rd. I'm sorry Bob and Colleen Sheets couldn't make it. Whenever possible we try to make the reunions, i.e., San Diego, Seattle, Dayton, Miami and New York. Sad to say I haven't been able to participate in the organizational activities due to a heavy work-load and family obligations. I know you've heard that story before. To make a long story short, I was one of Bob Sheets' crew and flew with Bob on most all missions. The one photo shown in the (Dec. '89) issue; "Vicious Virgin" was one to either the Jan. 11 Oschersleben or Feb. 22, 1944 to Aschersleben, Germany. Both were rough. So per the photo listed here are the additional crew members (Back, row, l to r) Sgt. Jim Donnelly, Lt. Orvis B (?); Capt. Duebell, C/P; and Capt. Bob Sheets, P. (Front row l to r) Sgt. Frank Neuner, E; Sgt. Leonard Smith, Sgt. Joe Gervais, Sgt. Fred Koehl, and Sgt. Earl King.

After completing my tour and assigned as 427th gunnery instructor, attended school at Kenham, England for two weeks. Then shortly returned to the States and continued as instructor at Las Vegas, Nevada as air-to-air gunnery instructor flying in converted B-24s to B-29 configuration, that is Central Fire Control (CFC) until V-J Day. Would you believe I liked the B-24s and had approx. 200 hours. After V-J Day back to civil-

ian life and advanced into aircraft and missile engineering. I retired at age 67 in 1983.

I have other crew photos when as a member of a lead crew; one with Col. Jim Travis, Col. Lyle, Major Snyder, etc. To sum it all up I thank God for his favor of coming out alive and in good health.

Jim Donnelly
10200 Westwood Dr.
Columbia, MD 21044

Ed. Note: Was Pappy Flowers one of the unknown in the photo of the "Vicious Virgin?" Also xerox copies of photos do not reproduce clear enough to use in our newsletter. We need originals which will be returned if requested.

Send a Card

Dana A. Hodge who was a member of Brabant's crew and also a crew chief from May to December 1944 is quite sick and would like to hear from some of his old friends from Molesworth days.

Editor

More About the Dropper

I enjoyed your story of Knockout Dropper especially as I was one of the original crew members. Enclosed is a photo of the flight and ground crews who made the 75th mission. To continue on with the story of the ground crew; Sgt. Pafford went back to the States. Sgt. Moon went off to crew other B-17s in the 359th Sqdn. Sgt. Trant went to Air Sea Rescue; Sgt. Strasburg went to Russia; Sgt. McShaane went to another crew and Sgt. Jacobs took over the Dropper and got her ready for her journey back to the States.

When the Dropper was ready, it took off in the morning and her replacement arrived in the afternoon and took over the same pad as the Dropper. The name of the replacement was Old Black Magic. It followed in the footsteps of old Knockout Dropper and completed 129 missions by the end of the war. I, Sgt. Jacobs of the original crew of the Dropper went through the war without losing a plane. Knockout Dropper with 75 and Old Black Magic with 129 missions accounted for 204 missions without

Forum



Champ of the ETO

a loss; a record of which I am very proud.

Stanley Jacobs
1567 Great Plain Ave.
Needham, MA 02192

Ed. Note: 204 missions without the loss of an aircraft is an enviable record. Is this a record for the 303rd? Which aircraft in the 303rd flew the most missions and who was the crew chief?

Info Wanted

I was shot down over the Bay of Biscay on May 1, 1943 after bombing the sub-pens in St. Nazaire, France. The crew that I was with was not my original crew. I was a member of Chester Jacques' crew. They were on leave and I volunteered for the crew I was shot down with on May 1, '43. Are there any records available as to when Jacques' crew was shot down?

There were three survivors from the crew I was shot down with. We ditched in The Bay of Biscay. I do not know the name of the pilot but Lee was the last name of the engineer; David S. Lee from Natchez, Miss. He has since passed on. I heard the pilot ended up repatriated and was in a hospital in Mineola, Long Island, N.Y. Is there any way I can find out about him?

Anthony J. Perlinsky
40 Don Lee Drive
Wheeling W.V. 26003

Ed. Note: The name of the pilot you were shot down with was V.X. Walsh the name of the a/c was Joe Btfsplk. Jacques was shot down on May 14, 1943, in the next aircraft lost by the 303rd.

I am researching an incident which occurred on the 22nd Feb. 1944 — the collision of B-17 42-38041, (Lt. Steulmer 358th BS) Hell's Angels II with an aircraft of the

384th B.G. One crew member, Sgt. Miller, from 041 escaped. Through your newsletter is it possible to request, either an address for Miller or accounts from anyone who remembers this particular incident?

A.G. Wilson
56, Pullman Lane
Surrey, England
GU7 1YB

You are my last resort. I have written to several people in the 8AFHS seeking my former crew members but to no avail. Perhaps if you printed the attached picture in your magazine somebody might respond. I haven't heard from any former crew members since Feb. '45. We were in the 359th Sqdn. from Sept. 3 to Dec. 24, 1944. We flew together on 33 of our 35 missions on "Ol Black Magic." On the other two, I flew on "Thunderbird."

The only recollections I have is that Frazier came from Provo, UT, Barlow from Hollywood, CA, Campbell from Wisc. or Minn., Trainor from Iowa, Anderson from FL, Borges from Mass. and Charron from MI.

Here they are with service numbers: Barlow-0772808; Burges-31066253; Charron-36885568; Frazier-0763990; Campbell-0556512; Trainor-17097726; Anderson-34792397; Zielinski-32463052 and McCulloch-38535585. None are listed in the roster.

Andrew T. Goettman
Rt. 1, Box 1323
Young Harris GA 30582

I need some help from the members on some aircraft serial numbers. I am presently doing some research on ships from the 303rd Bomb Group. Here are the names: Chesire Cat; Green Mountain Rambler; Old Black Magic; Duffy's Tavern; The Avenger; Neva, the Silver Lady; Ain't Misbehavin; Sky

Duster; Queeny; Lucky Linda; Queen of Hearts; Old Crow; Bad Penny; Myasis Dragon; Connecticut Yankee; Flying Bison; Kicking Horse; Yardbird II and There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder.

Jim Reeves
28101 Tefir
Mission Viejo, CA 92692

Ed. Note: For starters here are some numbers: The Avenger ©42-5390; Sky Duster ©42-31386; Old Crow ©42-31200; Bad Penny ©42-31183; Yardbird II ©42-5260. All were shot down in combat.

I was given your name and address when we visited Quentin Bland at Grafton Underwood. He told me you knew all about the 303rd and perhaps could help me to trace anyone who could remember the late Sgt. Max Westfall from Wichita, Kansas. He was stationed at Molesworth, December 1942 until he had completed his 25 missions in June 1943. Then shipped home and subsequently stationed at Mountain Home, Idaho from where on a training flight he was killed in an air crash at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Max was a waist gunner in Flying Fortress "Sky Wolf." I wondered if any of the crew members of "Sky Wolf" or indeed anyone who remembers those days at Molesworth know what became of that plane. I would dearly love to know what happened to her and if she retired in one piece. Was that possible in

those troubled times?

We in England will never forget the young men who came to help us and the young men who never made it home. My husband and I visit the American graves in Cambridge and also make trips to most airfields in this area; Poddington, Kimbolton, Polebrooke, Chelveston, Harrington, Grafton Underwood and of course Molesworth but it is still a protected airfield so can't get close to it.

I take flowers two or three times a year to Grafton Underwood because they have erected a beautiful memorial stone on the runway.

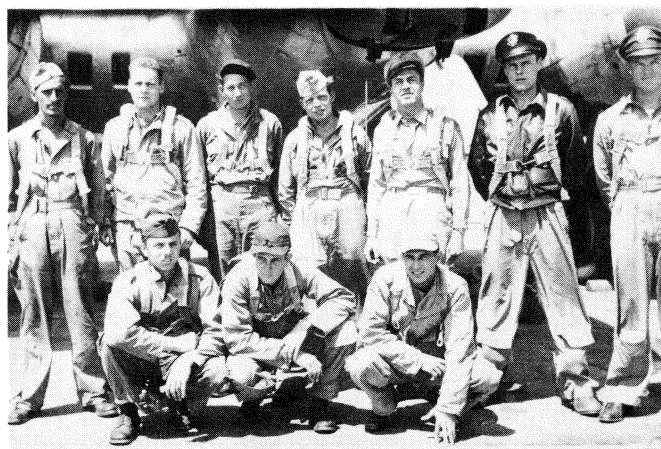
I have to thank you for reading my letter and perhaps with your help I can find some old friends and maybe make some new ones.

Mrs. Jean "Bako" Brown
Northampton, England

Patches

My name is Jim Perry and I live in North Pole, Alaska. My purpose for writing concerns the patches you wore as a member of the 303rd Bomb Group during WW II. I collect patches, especially bomb groups, and I'm always trying to add to my collection which contains over 1200. It would be an honor to add the 303rd to my collection. If you are unable to fulfill my request maybe some of the members in your organization could help me.

I recently retired from the Air Force after 21 years and only wish I had started collecting many years



'OL BLACK MAGIC CREW — (359th Sqdn. Sept. 3 to Dec. 24, 1944) (Top row l to r) W.J. Zielinski (WG) Lt. L.H. Campbell (CP) L. McCulloch (TG) D.G. Trainor (RO) Lt. A.T. Goettman (N) Lt. R. Barlow (B) Lt. E.C. Frazier (P); (Front row l to r) R.C. Charron (BT) E.R. Anderson (WG) and G.C. Borges (E).

Forum

ago. I got your name and address from Air Force Magazine's list of unit reunions. I hope my letter doesn't offend you or anyone in your organization and that you can fill my request.

Jim Perry
Box 55575
North Pole, AK 99705

"Lucky Linda"

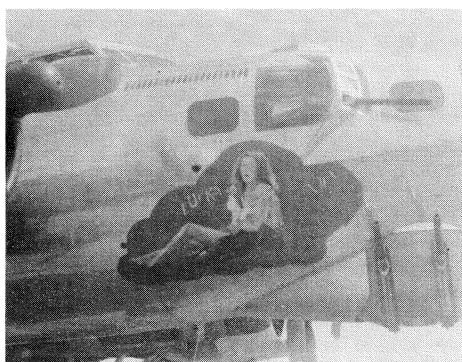
Yesterday I received the March issue of Hell's Angel Newsletter and to put it mildly I was highly elated; on page 3 someone inquired about "Lucky Linda." Well I flew quite a few missions in that B-17 as Flight Engineer and top turret gunner from April through August of 1944. The aircraft #853 was named after Linda Darnell, a movie starlet at that time. I am sure the crew chief had it painted on the nose of our plane. Can't remember his name at present. I was stationed at Molesworth, 360th Sqdn., a veteran of over 30 missions and "Lucky Linda" was our favorite. After we finished our missions, I remember someone saying the plane was missing after a short raid over Europe. Enclosed is a copy of a photo taken after a May 17, 1944 raid over Berlin. Lt. McMillen was pilot; Lt. Polozoes, C/P; Lt. Shaw, N; Lt. Prince B; plus Sgts.; DeBannes, Herr, Cox, Karp and Cain.

Any crew members out there, let's get together. Call or write.

Allen Herr
306 Walnut St.
St. Marys, PA 15867
(814) 834-3727

P.S. I still have my original A-2 jacket issued in 1943—can't get into it though.

In answer to your request for information on the plane "Lucky Linda" in the March issue of the newsletter, I was on the ground crew and it was named after the popular actress of that era, Linda Darnell. Her picture was in the center fold of the "Yank Magazine" and I cut it out and asked our squadron artist Sam Rodman to paint it on the nose of our plane, which he did. It was a great plane and flew 50 missions over Europe, only to crash land while on a routine training mission over England in 1944. It had received many flak holes during that time but nothing serious.



Enclosed are two snapshots I took of the plane which are part of my memory photos.

Dick Lund
10 Norman Road
Leominster, MA 01453

Locating a Friend

As a long-time member of the Association, I have one request. I would like to find an old buddy of mine from our cadet days, before we arrived at Molesworth in August 1944. His name is: Laurie Hudson Campbell.

Campbell was assigned to the 427th Bomb Sqdn. He was Co-Pilot for Lt. Eugene C. Frazier's crew. He was a flight officer, serial #T-3211. The Bombardier on the crew was Lt. Richard B. Barlow. Campbell finished his 35 missions and went back to the states in late Jan. or early Feb. 1945. I last heard from him with an invite to his wedding to Jeanne Martha Schreiber on August 1, 1945, in San Francisco, CA.

If anyone knows of his present whereabouts I would like to know and also get him to join the 303rd BGA. (Look in your phone books or city directories).

William H. Cox
441 Sandstone Dr.
Vacaville, CA 95688

In Retrospect

I was certainly glad to get your card. I would be glad to join the 303rd Bomb Group again. A Capt. Black was my flight surgeon, a Sgt. Richard Fortin was part of the medical attachment as was a Private named Valley. Corp. Joseph DeRail was also a fellow medic. A Jesuit Catholic Priest was Base Chaplain. Certainly some of the 303rd must have had



The left photo above shows how the Lucky Linda nose art appeared on the aircraft. Photo on right shows squadron artist Sam Rodman copying the photo that appeared in centerfold of "Yank Magazine." Lucky Linda flew 50 successful bombing missions only to end her career in a crash landing while on a routine training mission. Photo mentioned in Allen Herr's letter was a copy and wouldn't reproduce satisfactorily for our newsletter.

contact with him. His name was Capt. (Father) Flaherty.

Before Boise in 1941, I was a medic attached to a Recon Squadron at Westover Field, Mass. Then the squadron or cadre from the squadron went to Pendleton, Oregon to an air base there in late 1941 or early 1942. After a week or less, we went to Boise. At Boise we apparently formed the 303rd or else joined the 303rd or else we became the 303rd Bomb Group at Pendleton. That part is hazy as it seems to me we spent a few months at Boise then moved to Alamogordo in 1942 as I figure it. I may be wrong but when I was at Alamogordo I had the impression that the base was quite new; that we, the 303rd was the first outfit to use it. It had tar paper barracks with clean white sand all over the floor, piled in little hills beneath the windows—all so fresh and sunny.

I never did get beyond Alamogordo with the 303rd but believe me, my time spent with that outfit is deeply imbedded in my memories and your card made me feel as though it were but yesterday that I was with the outfit.

Looking forward to seeing all of you again in Chicago in 1991.

Joseph Kennedy
400 South Jefferson St., #236
Springfield, MO 65806

Answers

A quick answer to the question under the photograph on Page 5 of the March 1990 edition of the

Hell's Angels Newsletter. The aircraft pictured is B-17F #4124619, S/Sugar of the 427th Sqdn. The undersigned was flying the navigator's position on T.L. Simmond's Crew on Jan. 11, 1944 when the A/C was shot down over the Hartz Mts. The identity of the airman on the nose is unknown to this writer.

A partial answer for the request of Herr Jaap van der Kuylens's letter is contained in the book "Strangers in a Strange Land" by Hans-Heiri Stapfer. It has some excellent photographs and commentary on the crash of S-Sugar obtained from German sources after WW II.

I will be glad to answer any further questions if I can.

William L. Ciyatt, Jr.
5116 Beacon Road
Palmetto, FL 34221

Ed. Note: I hesitate to recommend Stapfer's book because in some instances he never checked the accuracy of some of the German reports. He took propaganda for the truth. In the case of the downing of the A/C Wulf-Hound on Dec. 12, 1942 he insulted the integrity and bravery of a 303rd crew. The incident and inaccuracy of the story was brought to his attention by K.J. Kurtenbach. He apologized to Kurtenbach and the Wulf-Hound crew as well as the entire 303rd B.G. for not checking the accuracy of his original story. But that story is still in print.

We Called it Mission 12A...

My name is Maurice Hackler, former bombardier/navigator of the Army Air Force, better known to friends and acquaintances as "Hack". In the summer of 1944 I was a member of the Milton C. Butler crew assigned to the 360th Sq., 303rd Bomb Group, 8th A.F., stationed at Molesworth, England. This is a story about a fine young navigator that joined our crew for mission 12A. (We didn't call it thirteen until later.)

Following our ninth mission our crew navigator was grounded and shipped back to the States to be discharged from the military. We never knew why, but that is another story. I don't remember the name of the navigator assigned to our crew for this mission, but for the purpose of this story I'll call him Mike. He was a very likeable young man and I was very comfortable and pleased to have him as my partner in the nose compartment of the B-17 in which we would spend the next few hours of our lives as we flew our assigned mission over Nazi Germany.

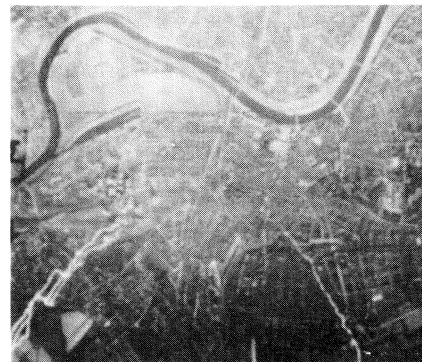
Our target this day was to be into Czechoslovakia but was to be bombed by visual means only, which meant if the target was not visible thru the Norden Bombsight we were not to drop our bombs and would proceed to a secondary target within Germany - in this case Dresden. Since this was Mike's first combat mission and with people he had never met before, he was somewhat apprehensive and confused as to what was expected of him relative to preparing himself and his station for the mission. He was readily accepted by the crew and joined in the preparation activities and the usual light talk.

The take-off, rendezvous and flight across the Channel into France and deep into Germany was normal and uneventful until we reached the Czechoslovakia border where the

weather was 10/10 solid undercast cloud cover preventing any visual bombing of the primary or secondary targets within Czechoslovakia. The formation turned to a north heading and selected the Dresden Marshalling Yards as the new target. The weather was clear without a cloud in the sky. No other flight formations could be seen, including fighters (ours or theirs), and from my position a beautiful panoramic view could be seen of highways, country villages, wooded areas and in the distance the Marshalling Yards of Dresden.

We were flying in position three of the element such that the pilot was in the co-pilot seat for better formation visibility and all I had to do was drop my bombs when the lead dropped his. We were on a north heading at approximately 25,000 feet altitude with severe clear weather and all the time needed to make a good run, and no interference until just a few minutes before bombs away. Little Ludwig was manning the 88's and 105's that day and he was good since all he needed was a good telescope to see his target which included which plane in the formation he wanted to hit. The flak was intense and accurate and the strike photos showed the bombs landed, for the most part, in the middle of the heaviest concentration of tracks in the yard.

As we cleared the target area the ball turret gunner (Don Miller) came on interphone and requested the waist gunner (Robert Peterson) to help him out of the ball, as he had been hit. Pete responded that "I can't, I've been hit too." My thoughts were "My God the whole back end is shot off," and since my bombing duties were completed and I was unofficially designated as "Doc" for the crew, I began disconnecting my life lines to the ship's systems (oxygen, electrical, heat and intercom) discarding my flak helmet and flak suit and plugged into a "walk-around" oxygen bottle



Dresden, not a cloud in the sky.

which was supposedly good for 10 minutes of use.

As I passed the navigator I looked into his eyes for any sign of problems and with my thumb and forefinger asked the question, "OK?" He returned my stare and gave the "OK" sign and I proceeded on thru the tunnel passed the pilots (Milton Butler and Brook Lovell), flight engineer (Harry Bird) and radio operator (Don Christ) checking on them to see they were still there. Since I was not on interphone I did not know if anything was being said between crew members as I made my way back to the ship waist and ball turret gunners.

It was always interesting to enter the bomb bay area since it wasn't possible to wear a parachute along the cat walk past the "V" braces. You could carry it, but not wear it attached to your harness. When pulling the cotter pins from bomb fuses (2 per bomb) it was sometimes necessary to straddle the bomb bay doors and bend down on my head to reach that bottom bomb. My thoughts at that time were "don't step on that door." To this day I don't know if it would have held my weight or not, and I'm glad I never found out.

When I reached the waist position I was surprised to find Miller (ball turret) lying on the floor beneath the waist window and curled up against the armor plate that extended from beneath the window to the floor. Pete (waist gunner) was standing at the window looking out and apparently in the same position as over the target. Since Miller was lying on the floor, and he was the first to say he was hit, I began inquiring by sign language as to where he was hurt. To my surprise he gave me the "OK" sign and assured me he was all right. My thought at the time was, "If you're all right and not hit, what are you doing lying there?" In retrospect I can't say I could blame him. Hanging outside the bottom of the aircraft in a very cramped position is a very unnerving thing, and I can almost imagine what it would be with shells bursting below you. I know I'd want out of there. I found out later that the springs attaching the ammo chute to the turret guns had come loose and popped him in the thigh, and he thought he was hit.



BUTLER CREW—(Top row l to r) Brook "Hap" Lovell, C/P; Milton Butler, P; John Holden, N; Maurice Hackler, B. (Bottom row l to r) David Johnson, T/G; Harry Bird, E; Robert Peterson, W/G; Donald Christ, R/O and Donald Miller, B/T.

But After We Landed We Called it 13

Pete was just staring out into space with his thoughts all to himself. As I turned my attention to him he held out his elbow to me and I could see his heated suit had a small tear in it where something had penetrated the cloth. Looking across at the opposite waist window I could see where something had also penetrated the plexiglass causing it to spall off the inner side. I obtained a "rubber life-raft" knife (which looked like a sickle with the tip rounded off so that it couldn't puncture or cut the rubber) and proceeded to fold Pete's heated suit between my fingers and with the sickle knife began to cut. As I did so, sparks flew everywhere. His electric heated suit was still connected. Disconnecting his suit (the temperature must have been around -40°F at our altitude that day) and cutting away all clothing and expecting the worst, I was surprised again. As I looked at his elbow all I could see, other than a normal elbow, were two little red dots about ¾ inch apart. If you hold your arm straight the skin at the elbow is loose and flabby, which was apparently the position Pete's arm was in when he was hit with a little piece of shrapnel the size of a "B-B". The "B-B" had penetrated the waist window behind Pete and gone in and back out of this loose fold of skin on his elbow. For this he received the Purple Heart. On a previous mission he had been hit in the middle of the back about 4 inches above the bottom of his flak suit with a piece of shrapnel about the size of an average man's thumb, which bent and tore several steel plates out of his flak suit and left a black and blue bruise mark on his back. He sent that piece home when he told his folks he had received the Purple Heart. Having cut up Pete's heated suit and wrapping him up with any loose parkas or other warm clothing we could find, we sent him to the radio room to try to keep warm.

I plugged into intercom and called for an oxygen check and received an answer from everyone except Pete and the tail gunner (David Johnson). Johnson had a bad habit of disconnecting his interphone connection accidentally as he shifted around in his close quarters. Whenever this happened Pete would pick up a spent 50 cal. shell and throw it back to the tail to get his attention and signal him to connect his interphone. Following this procedure (Johnson) informed us that everything was "OK" at the tail position. On another mission (his last) he let his pant leg rise up and got his bare leg against the fuselage metal frame. The last time I saw him he was in the hospital with a moderate case of frostbite complaining about the fact that Uncle Sam had spent all that money on him, training him to be a gunner, and he had completed his tour of duty without ever firing at an enemy fighter. I told him I was very happy about the whole thing.

Returning to the nose compartment I found that my oxygen system had been shot out and

my supply was reading zero. Since my 10 minute bottle was now approaching 15 minutes, I looked around for another source and found a bottle replenishing connector above the navigator's table whose oxygen system was apparently all right. As I started to plug in my empty bottle to his supply, Mike put out his hand to stop me.

Since I hadn't as yet connected my intercom I returned to my station up front and connecting my interphone I asked him what was the matter. He informed me that if I made the connection it might stick open due to the low temperature and deplete the oxygen supply. He was right, it might, but on the other hand, what were my choices? I didn't answer him. Instead I disconnected my interphone and moved past him where I plugged into his system while he watched.

I had just completed disconnecting my bottle from the ship's left side oxygen system (without any problem) when we ran into more flak. From where I was coming I didn't know and since I was still disconnected from the ship's systems, without flak suit or helmet, and sitting on the navigator's floor of armor I reached for my flak suit, threw it up in the air and crawled under it. Mike remained standing, leaning against the compartment structure forward of the pilot's compartment. He just stood there staring at me lying on the floor and I motioned him to do likewise. (That's one thing I could never understand about the navigators I flew with. They always stood up looking over my shoulder while on the bomb run instead of hugging the 5/16" armor plate floor on which they were standing. I had a quarter inch of plexiglass under me which was the access cover to the twin fifties of the chin turret. I also patched up two navigators who received flak hits while standing up. One was hit in the arm by a small piece that left a red mark but didn't break the skin, and the other was hit in the thigh, scooping out a table-spoon of skin and muscle before ricocheting off and lodging in his chute harness webbing. I dug the piece of flak out of the webbing and gave it to the navigator as a souvenir. I never saw him again.)

In response to my hand waving and my example action of hugging the floor, Mike did a very slow deep knee bend keeping his back vertical while assuming a squatting position. His eyes (which is all that can be seen of a person's face while wearing an oxygen mask and flak helmet) gave me the impression that he was completely bewildered by my actions and the events of the mission up to that time. Nothing more was said and after clearing the flak attack I climbed back into my seat, put on my flak suit and plugged into interphone and called for an oxygen check. All stations reported in and things returned to normal — well, almost. The tail gunner remained on interphone and the ball turret gunner was sure hugging the armor plate beneath the waist



FLAK LEAVE—Lts. Lovell, Hackler and Butler pose with Red Cross Hostesses at R&R home on "Flak Leave."

window. I and the rest of the crew except for Butler, Lovell and Byrd (pilot, co-pilot and engineer) didn't know until after we landed that the pilot and co-pilot had switched positions since the right hand seat would be easier to fly for close formation. Butler was flying formation on the bomb run when a large piece of flak penetrated the right-hand window upper track area striking Butler on his helmet's right-hand ear flap hinge spot-welds, knocking off the ear flap, and knocked him over into the aisle and off the controls.

Lovell took over the controls and no one in the crew except the three in the pilot's compartment knew anything had happened. Lovell said Butler sat back up in his seat with the left-hand ear flap covering his face, he turned his helmet back to the normal position, shook his head, and took over the controls. Nothing was said, but I understand Lovell started wearing his flak helmet — which he hadn't done before. Butler wasn't hurt. The rest of the mission was uneventful except for what happened after landing at base and the reason for writing this story.

Following engine shut down and changing out of flight suits, pulling guns, etc., and while waiting for the truck to pick us up to take us to interrogation (and refreshments supplied by the lovely ladies of the Red Cross) we were missing the navigator. One of the crew reported he had seen the navigator leave the plane without changing clothes and flag down a jeep that passed by while the rest of our crew went through the motions of cleaning up and doing whatever you do following a mission. The navigator didn't show up for interrogation and no one knew of his whereabouts.

To close the story down and get to the point, it seems that Mike had gone directly from the shop to see the Priest, whom I presume was Father Skoner. What occurred after that I do not know and we never saw Mike again. I presumed he went on flying and hopefully completed his tour of duty. I do know that our mission number 12A, and Mike's mission number 1 left serious doubts in his mind about his future, to the extent he felt the need for reassurance from someone other than his fellow crewmen.

(Cont'd on Page 10)

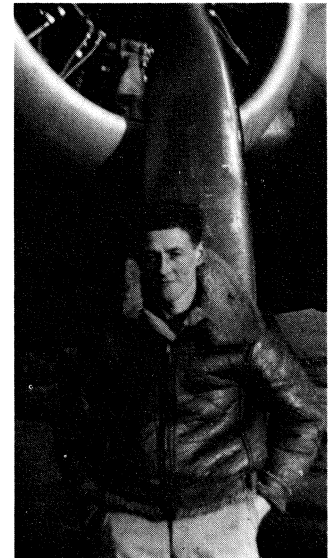
The Ground Crews



360th Daddy's Delight



Armament Section with goods on hand.



Lester J. Voth, 427th Sq.



Ground crew of Yarbird



Brandt, Belk, Harmon, Henderson, Doughty and Sipfell



Gay Kirtley and Mush Middleton and a 2000 pounder

"We couldn't take off on a mission without 'em"



"Daring Young Man on a Flying Trapeze"



(L to R) Mickiewiz, Walters, Capt. Evans, Lloyd and Lt. Fisher.



Miss Lace with admirers

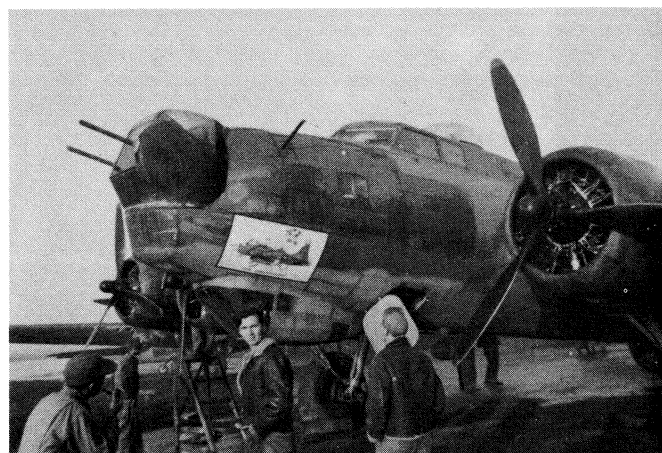


(Front row l to r) Bever, Rundes, Kusmerik, Ross. (Back row l to r) Wilson, Soule, Milliken, Burkett and Brannon.

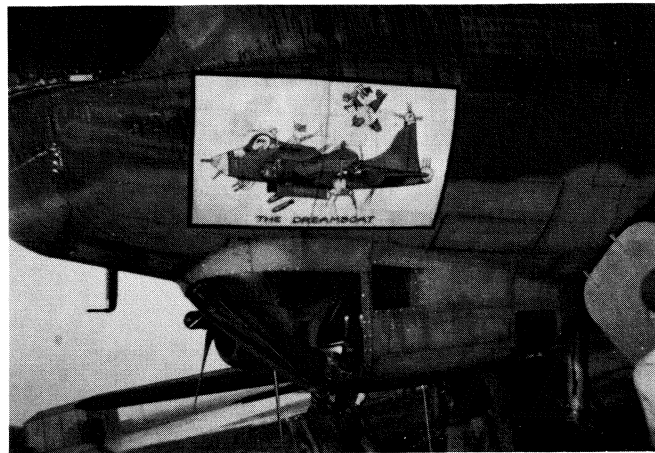


GRAVEL GERTIE—Lt. Richard Greenbaum congratulates crew chief Sgt. Weaver as D. Dalton, Ed Balkcom, Leonard Bruce and Patrick Dooley look on. (photo by Kenneth Hawes)

Who knows anything about a B-17 named "Dreamboat?"



A B-17 With A Nose Job



The Bombardier's Bathtub

This Fortress Came Home: But How?

A half hour after he got back on the ground, Lt. Arni Sumarlidason still had perspiration streaming down his face and so might you had you been aboard his Flying Fortress "Yankee Doodle Dandy" on the trip to Hamburg on July 25, 1943."

Two ball turret gunners aboard the plane were knocked out temporarily, the co-pilot nearly lost his foot in some machinery and the Fortress nearly cracked up in landing at Molesworth.

The "Yankee Doodle Dandy" had just taken off on the mission when ball-turret gunner Sgt. Bruce Clemens got sick and had to leave his guns and climb up inside the ship.



S/Sgt. Richard C. Grimm

Radio operator/gunner Sgt. Richard C. Grimm took Clemens' place in the ball turret. But soon something went wrong with his oxygen supply and he felt himself

passing out. He called over the intercom for help. Grimm passed out because his walk-around bottle ran out before he could plug into the system. He never got a chance to plug in his electric suit.

Clemens tried to lift him out but Grimm's parachute harness caught on some fixtures and he couldn't be moved. They were in the thick of a battle with 200 German fighters and it was a half hour before anybody could come to help Clemens with Grimm.

Co-pilot Louis Benepe started climbing back to help, but got his leg caught in the base of the top turret-revolving rapidly as Sgt. Stanley Bachio whammed away at German fighters — and except for a very lucky break would have lost his foot.

Meanwhile Clemens opened up some oxygen bottles and dumped them into the ball turret to give the unconscious gunner some air.

When Navigator Lt. Raymond J. Cassidy and waistgunner Sgt. Edward J. Cassidy got to the ball turret, Clemens had one oxygen tube up Grimm's nose and another in his mouth trying to revive him.

They lifted Grimm out of the turret and carried him to the radio compartment. Cassidy said, "He'd been out for 45 minutes, and I thought sure he was dead." But they hooked him up to an oxygen bottle and brought him around.

Finally, over the English Coast and all straightened around, they



BENEPE'S CREW — (Rear row l to r) Lt. Richard A. Sager, B; Lt. Raymond J. Cassidy, N; Lt. A.L. Emerson, C/P; Lt. Louis "Pappy" Benepe, P and Lt. Arni Sumarlasan, I/P. (Front row l to r) S/Sgt. George Buske, T/G; S/Sgt. E.J. Cassidy, RWG; S/Sgt. Stanley J. Beckiel, E; S/Sgt. "Pappy" Stender; T/Sgt. Bruce Clemens, BT; and S/Sgt. Richard C. Grimm, R/O. This crew amassed more than 12 Purple Hearts, six on the so called "Milk run" to Gilze-Risen on 19 Aug. 1943.

breathed a collective sigh of relief but too soon. As Sumarlidason brought the plane down on the field, they hit the prop-wash of another plane. It tossed them around and number four engine ran out of fuel and went out. The ship went into another plunge, only inches off the grass. Eddie Rickenbacker and Col. Kermit Stevens who were standing near the end of the runway to "Welcome Home the Boys" had to dive into the mud on the side of the runway to avoid the wing. It was a messy affair.

But Sumarlidason got the ship up again and gained enough altitude to circle the field and come in for a smooth finale.

Ed. Note: The above AP story was forwarded by Richard Grimm whose comments added considerably to the original story. He said his claim to fame is the fact that he is probably the only flier in the 8th AF who slept through an entire combat mission. He completed 35 missions with the 8th AF and about 50-60 in the Korean War.

12A/13th Mission (cont'd)

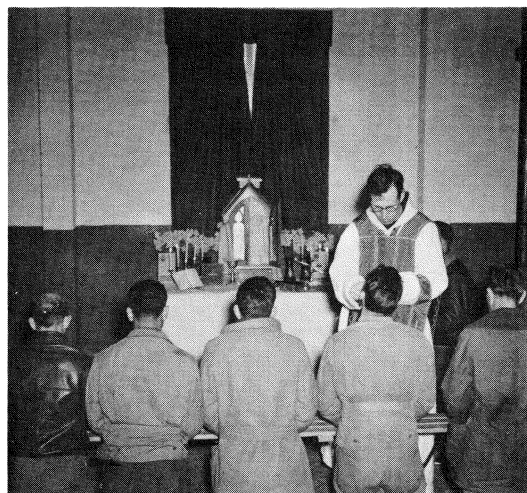
While attending my first 303rd reunion in Washington, D.C. in 1983, I was introduced to Chaplain Slawson and in my surprise I blurted out, "Thank heaven I didn't need you." It was the above story that immediately came to mind and caused me to make such a stupid statement for which I sincerely apologize to Chaplain Slawson and the members of the 303rd. At the time (after 40 years) I could not immediately remember Chaplain Slawson, or of attending services while at Molesworth. Since then I've been able to recall attending services and communion in the theatre near the N.C.O. club of the 360th Sq. I even have a mental picture of the Chaplain, his portable sacrament table and even his appearance and mannerisms as he gave his sermon. I don't remember the exact words, but I do remember that what he said was a comfort to me. Need him? Of course I did — we all did.

Maurice G. Hackler
Norman, OK

SEQUEL



Chaplain Slawson
at Molesworth.



Early Morning Mass and Communion

The Record of A Champion



DROPPER'S 75th MISSION — Ground crew (On the wing, l to r) Milton Bigley, James Fisher, Wayne Trant, James McShane, Stanley Jacobs and Buford Pafford. Flight crew (Standing l to r) J.M. Savage, P; R.K. Marsh, CP; M.J. Walsh, N; J.D. Joyce, B; G.A. Minks, R; E.B. Davis, E. (Kneeling l to r) W.D. Mahaffey, Photo; J.E. Munson, Ball; W.G. Rogers, Waist; R.J. Moessner, Tail and R.N. Dean, Waist.

Here is the mission record of "Knockout Dropper" #41-24605

Date	Target	Pilot			
Nov. 18, 1942	St. Nazaire	Capt. Jack Roller	Aug. 31	Amiens-Glisy	Mattison
Nov. 22	Lorient	Roller	Sept. 6	Stuttgart	Capt. C.W. Campbell
Dec. 6	Lorient	Roller	Sept. 9	Vitry-en-Artois	Lt. V.J. Loughnan
Jan. 3, 1943	St. Nazaire	Roller	Sept. 16	Nantes	Loughnan
Jan. 13	Lille	Roller	Sept. 23	Nantes	F/O T.J. Quinn
Jan. 23	Lorient	Roller	Sept. 27	Emden	Lt. W.R. Hartigan
Feb. 4	Hamm	Capt. T.S. Smith	Oct. 2	Emden	Lt. P.J. Manning
Feb. 14	Hamm	Roller	Oct. 10	Coesfeldt	Lt. R.L. Phelps, Jr.
Feb. 26	Wilhelmshaven	Smith	Oct. 14	Schweinfurt	Manning
Mar. 4	Rotterdam	Roller	Oct. 20	Duren	Quinn
Mar. 8	Rennes	Capt. Harold Stouse	Nov. 5	Gelsenkirchen	Manning
Mar. 12	Rouen	Roller	Nov. 17	Norway	Manning
Mar. 18	Vegesack	Roller	Nov. 26	Bremen	Manning
Mar. 22	Wilhelmshaven	Maj. Wm. R. Calhoun	Nov. 29	Bremen	Lt. D.M. Reeder
Mr. 28	Rouen	Col. C.E. Marion	Dec. 1	Selingen	Reeder
April 4	Paris	Marion	Dec. 11	Emden	Maj. Richard H. Cole
April 16	Lorient	Col. E.A. Romig	Dec. 13	Bremen	Capt. Geo. T. Mackin
April 17	Bremen	Roller	Dec. 20	Bremen	Capt. Mackin
May 13	Meaulte	Roller	Dec. 22	Osnabruck	Lt. N.E. Shoup
May 14	Kiel	Roller	Dec. 24	Vacqueriette	Lt. R.H. Bolsover
May 15	Heliogoland	Roller	Dec. 30	Ludwigshafen	Lt. J.F. Fowler
May 21	Wilhelmshaven	Roller	Jan. 4, 1944	Kiel	Lt. N.E. Shoup
May 29	St. Nazaire	Roller	Jan. 11	Oschersleben	Shoup
June 11	Wilhelmshaven	Roller	Jan. 14	Pas De Calais area	Shoup
June 22	Huls	Roller	Jan. 29	Frankfurt	Shoup
June 28	Beaumont Le Rojer	Maj. G.E. Hagenbuck	Jan. 30	Brunswick	Shoup
June 29	Villacoublay	Capt. G.H. McClung	Feb. 4	Frankfurt	Shoup
July 4	Le Manns	Capt. G.H. McClung	Feb. 6	Lijon	Shoup
July 10	Poix	McClung	Feb. 8	Frankfurt	Lt. E.W. Young
July 17	Hanover	McClung	Feb. 20	Leipzig	Lt. G.N. Bech
July 24	Heroya, Norway	McClung	Feb. 21	Wern	Lt. B.M. Goolsby
July 26	Hamburg	McClung	Feb. 22	Aschersleben	Lt. N.W. Newell
July 29	Kiel	McClung	Feb. 24	Schweinfurt	Lt. J.N. Savage
Aug. 15	Amiens-Glisy	Capt. R.L. Mattison	Feb. 25	Stuttgart	Lt. N.E. Shoup
Aug. 16	Paris	Maj. E.E. Snyder	Mar. 2	Frankfurt	Lt. J.N. Savage
Aug. 17	Schweinfurt	Lt. J.S. Nix	Mar. 26	Wizerman, Fr.	Lt. B.M. Goolsby
Aug. 19	Gilze-Rijen	Capt. R.L. Mattison	Mar. 27	Chartres, R.	Lt. J.N. Savage
Aug. 27	Watten	Mattison			

IN MEMORIAM

Eugene A. McMahan (360th) died Jan. 15, 1990 after a long illness of diabetes. He is survived by his wife Laura, one daughter Sandra and two grandchildren.

William B. "Hoppy" Hopkins (358th) died in Holiday, Florida. He was a navigator at Molesworth. He is survived by his wife Ann, and one son Peter. He was 72.

Harold E. Godwin (358th) died Jan. 9, 1990. He was 70. While at Molesworth he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal. Survivors include his wife Elaine, a daughter Donna and three grandchildren.

Carino J. (Cutty) Colancecco (358th) Crew Chief. Died March 11, 1990. He is survived by his wife Helen and sons and daughters and grandchildren.

Antoni Bednarchuk (427th) died recently in North Smithfield, RI. A long time member of the Association, he was also a long time member of the 303rd. In 1942 he attended gunnery school in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was a tail gunner and finished his tour of 25 mis-

sions which was the quota in the early days of bombing of Fortress Europe. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross, Legion of Merit award and the Air Medal. He is survived by his wife Maysie.

Richard R. Ellis (360th) Engineer on Verner Nafius' crew passed away on Feb. 18, 1990.

Jean Fessler widow of Elmer Fessler, long time workers with the 8AFHS, died on Dec. 12, 1989. Her father was the mechanic on the Spirit of St. Louis, the aircraft in which Charles Lindbergh made his famous flight across the ocean to Paris, France in 1927.

Joseph J. Ramaika (360th) Passed away. No further information available.

William R. Branham (359th) Died on October 27, 1988 after a long illness brought on by a brain tumor. He was cared for by his wife of 43 years and his children. Survivors include his wife Helen and four children; Cora DeLoach, Barbara McCaffery, Debra Daly and Kenneth Branham and 12 grandchildren.

Dues: Unpopular but necessary

Paying dues, like taxes, is an unpopular chore. But the simple truth is that we need your financial support as well as your physical support.

In our latest survey taken in March of this year we found out that only 714 out of 1389 paying members were paid up through 1990. Now we realize that a small minority of you are not able to pay your annual dues. This is not a problem because a group of members have pledged funds to take care of the dues of those who are not able to pay.

But what about those who can

afford to pay but refuse to, for some reasons unknown to us. Some have not paid since the Seattle reunion in 1985 when the Association's first set of by-laws was adopted which called for yearly dues of \$10.

But we need the same kind of support now that we received from all of you during those hectic days at Molesworth when the 303rd Bomb Group led all other groups in the number of missions flown.

We were tops in 1945. Why not make us tops again in 1990. Send you dues in today to Jim Reeves.

ADDRESS CHANGES

Bachman, Clifford, 5308 S. Theresa, Dennison, TX 75020
Relford, Robert R., 4707 S. SR 709, Anderson, IN 46013
Smith, Donald R., 8307 Woodland Dr., Black Hawk, SD 57718

MISSING ADDRESSES

Does anyone have current addresses for the following?

John L. Garvey, Jr. (360)	Weldon D. O'Brien (427)
Joseph Gross (358)	Oran T. O'Connor (358th)
Harry Hofreiter (359)	Phil W. O'Hare (427)
George A. Kyle, Jr. (360)	Carlos J. Silva (359)
Junius Leonhirth (359)	Robert Travis (359)
Albert J. Lunday (359)	Robert H. Humphreys (427)

NEW MEMBERS

Bixby, Kenneth, (359) 16 Darlington Dr., Hawthorn Woods, IL 60047 (708) 438-4343 (Pearl)
Marker, Vernon G., (444) 609 Lantana Ave., #15, Camarillo, CA 93010 (805) 482-4498 (Becky)
Reed, William (359) 2672 Maplewood Ave., Ann Arbor, MI 48104 (313) 971-2983 (Bobbie)
Swensen, Glenn R., (359) HCRI Box 82T, Marcell, MN 56657 (218) 326-8437
Maggia, Edmond A., (359) 3200 NE 36th St., #1417, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308 (305) 561-1091
Hill, John D., (359) 212 Highland Dr., Moore, OK 73160 (405) 794-4328 (Nadene)
Harlan, Vivianne W., (A) 141 Atkins, Shreveport, LA 71104
Broshear, John H., Box 621, Alviso, CA 95002 (408) 262-6115 (Louise)

Be a King for a Day At Chicago/Schaumburg in '91

One day while we were in England doing our stuff, I was flubbing around upstairs slow timing an engine in one of our B-17s when we found ourselves over Windsor Castle and looking down I thought; "Wow, what a way to live!"

Well come next spring-Memorial Day week — all of you 303rds that come to Schaumburg will have a chance to live like royalty and enjoy "The Sport of Kings" for a day.

You will enjoy a superb brunch in a private palatial dining-room with a beautiful view of one of America's most modern and lovely race tracks. Comfortably seated and protected from Chicago's windy weather, you can watch some of the world's best thoroughbreds pound down the stretch to a classic "won by a nose" finish.

Don't miss it. You will all enjoy spending an afternoon at the Arlington Race Track at our next reunion in '91.

I'm looking forward to seeing you all at the \$2 window counting your winnings.

Harley Cannon

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

C/O Hal Susskind
2602 Deerfoot Trail
Austin, TX 78704

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
Paid
Round Rock, TX
Permit #861

Forwarding and Return Postage Guaranteed
Address Correction Requested

Chicago/Schaumburg in '91