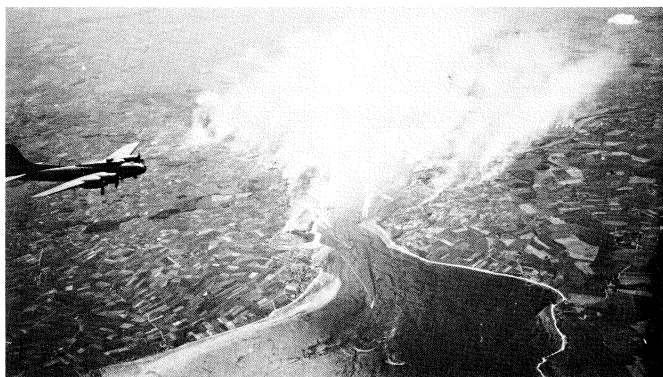


Hell's Angels Newsletter

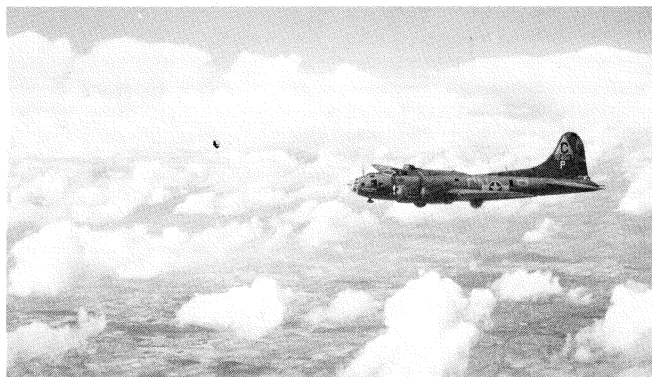
303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

DECEMBER 1990

303rd Lost 181 Aircraft on Combat Missions



How long before the law of averages catches up with you? Photo above shows a B-17 approaching Kiel on May 19, 1943 as German smoke pots try to obscure the sub-pen target. Photo was taken by 303rd a/c 41-24562, "Sky Wolf" at 26,000 feet. Sky Wolf was later shot down by fighters at Oschersleben, Jan. 11, 1944 on her 60th mission. (Upper right) Serenely returning from an earlier mission over Germany is a/c 41-24587, "Bad Check." Bad Check was bounced by fighters at Oschersleben on her 45th mission.



The 303rd Bomb Group was one week into the war, on its fourth mission, when it suffered its first aircraft loss. The date was Nov. 23, 1942 and the pilot was Lt. A.E. Reddig, 359th Sqdn., who was flying in Lady Fairweather when he was shot down by an enemy aircraft on a mission to St. Nazaire.

By the time the war in Europe ended in May 1945, the Hell's Angels Bomb Group—and this depends on which set of tables you choose to believe—lost upwards of 181 aircraft as a result of combat missions. A breakout of the losses according to the Mission Summaries lists 37 aircraft lost to enemy air action, 70 lost to flak and 56 lost to other causes. The Honor Roll lists 181 aircraft and crews—approximately 1810 men—lost because of enemy action, both in the air and from anti-aircraft guns on the ground. Planes that ditched and crash landed were not always carried on the Honor Roll.

During the 364 combat missions, spanning some 30 months, the following four dates of the enemy's reactions were especially noteworthy; Jan. 23, 1943 we dispatched 21 aircraft to the Lorient/Brest targets and the 303rd lost 3 aircraft to enemy air, 2 to flak and 2 crash landed; Jan. 11, 1944 on the mission to Oschersleben we lost 10 aircraft and 11 crews out of 37 dispatched, all due to enemy air action; Aug. 15, 1944, on the group's 229th mission, target Wiesbaden, we lost 9 crews to enemy fighters and on Sept. 28, 1944 on a mission to Madgeburg, 11 crews were shot out of the sky by the Luftwaffe.

But the men of the 303rd besides dropping tons of bomb accurately on their assigned targets also gave a good account of themselves in the air action over Fortress Europe by destroying 378 enemy aircraft, probably destroying 104 and damaging 182. The biggest shoot-outs occurred on Aug. 17, 1943 at Schweinfurt when we destroyed 20 aircraft; Aug. 19, 1943 at Gilze-Rijen, we destroyed 21 of Goering's best; Oct. 14, 1943 again at Schweinfurt we destroyed another 20 aircraft and on Jan. 11, 1944 enroute to Oschersleben we shot down 30 of the Luftwaffe.

Some of our aircraft were even lost under mysterious circumstances as in the case of Lt. L.E. Jokerst who was lost on a local night flight on Oct. 23, 1943. It was theorized that he could possibly have been shot down by a German fighter operating over England.

The last aircraft lost by the 303rd in combat was piloted by Lt. W. Mauger who was shot down by flak on a mission to Pilsen on April 25, 1945. It was the 303rd's last mission of the war.

A list of aircraft lost in combat according to the Honor Roll is carried on page 8.

FAMOUS FLYING FORTRESS GIVES THE GROUP ITS NAME

In 1943, following several weeks of suggestions, debates and arguments, the name "Hell's Angels" was adopted by the 303rd Bomb Group. At that time the numerical designation of bomb groups in England was still on the secret list, and the men of the 303rd wanted some name that was simple, descriptive and appropriate for one of the Eighth Air Force's top organizations. The name was taken from the old B-17F, "Hell's Angels," one of the group's original planes that had already made an impressive record of dependability, endurance and mechanical efficiency.

It is not clear who originally named the aircraft but the inspiration came from the movie "Hell's Angels" which was devoted to the heroics of the World War I aviators. It starred Ben Lyon.

The old Fort helped make the group famous by running up a total of 25 missions without returning early—the first heavy bomber in the Eighth Air Force to reach that mark—and went on to the 40th mission before a slight mechanical failure forced an early turnback. At 48 missions "Hell's Angels" and her ground crew of six men were selected from the Eighth Air Force to return to the U.S. for a tour of the war factories. On hand for the sendoff ceremony was Ben Lyon, then a Lt. Col. in the USAAF on the staff of Gen. Ira Eaker, commander of the 8th AF.

On this tour "Hell's Angels, both as an airplane and a group, became famous all over the entire United States as the crew told hundreds of thousands of war workers of the trials and hardships of the early days of daylight bombing missions and pointed out the patches that covered the old Fort from nose to tail. They were very proud of the fact that no member of its air crew was ever wounded in action.

Although this record was surpassed many times by many aircraft during the later years, "Hell's Angels" was the champion of the early days and always will be the champion in the eyes of the 303rd.





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

Editor: Hal Susskind
VOL. XIII, NO. 4 2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704 DECEMBER 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 303rds 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.

From the President:

Your Board of Directors voted to proceed with erecting a memorial at the Lone Star Flight Museum in Galveston, Texas. The museum opened on November 16, but the A/C Thunderbird will not be ready until sometime in December. We are going to have a photo copy of the Keith Ferris mural "Thunderbird Under Attack" made and installed at the museum. We are planning a memorial service for early 1991.

The Board voted to ask Bill Heller to invoice all members who pay their dues annually. The invoice should go out in late December or early January. Bill did a yeoman job in collecting dues in 1990.

It is time to start the countdown for Reunion '92 in Schaumburg/Chicago. We need the support from all the members in getting the word out in their respective states to see if we can find our missing buddies. We also ask your help in seeing if you can locate lost buddies by forwarding their name and service number to the Insurance Division of the VA in hopes of finding out whether they are alive or not and more important to get their latest address. With your help we should up our membership to 2000 by 1992.

Help Locate A Lost Buddy

One of the purposes of the 303rd Bomb Group Association as outlined in its first by-laws adopted at the reunion in Seattle in 1985 is: "To seek out and reunite former 303rd Bomb Group members."

According to my crystal ball, there are about 1000 "Molesworthites" that, up to now, we have never located. We now have two golden opportunities to rectify our previous shortcomings. One, is to get the full name and serial number of a former buddy and query the Life Insurance Division of the VA for his address as outlined in Bill Cox's letter.

The second method is to use the media to locate former buddies. We ask you to send the following "Letter to the Editor," to the periodical which you read regularly, be it a daily, weekly, monthly or quarterly. (Your library will give you the name and address of all the periodicals in your state).

"I am trying to locate former Army Air Corps personnel from this area who served with the highly decorated 303rd

Bomb Group at Molesworth Air Base in England during WW II, to help us celebrate the 49th Anniversary of the group at a reunion in Schaumburg, Illinois, May 24-28, 1991.

Anyone who served with the 303rd, in any capacity, during WW II is asked to contact the undersigned.

Sincerely,

**Your name, address,
phone number**



Ground crew of Hell's Angels.
Where are they now?

In This Issue:

One of the nice things about being editor of the Hell's Angels Newsletter is that you get to communicate with a lot of people. Granted, not all the communication is nice but you learn to take the good with the bad. One of the recent contacts resulted in this issue's feature story, "The First Mission."

It all came about when a Washington based correspondent for the New York Times was doing a story on the "Reunification of Germany" and wanted some inputs from some people who actually engaged in combat against the German war machine. The writer was David Binder, the younger brother of Carroll "Ted" Binder, a lead navigator with the 358th Sqdn. who was shot down on May 24, 1944 on a raid on Berlin. That was the only aircraft we lost that day and the cause was listed as unknown. It was later established that some 40 minutes from the target, the first three bursts of flak that came up that day scored direct hits on No. 2 and No. 3 engines and the last one was in the cockpit. Ted was his 27th mission. The pilot was Lt. J.R. Worthley, on his 25th and the Bombardier was Lt. A.J. Mack on his 28th. The only survivor of the mission was the tail-gunner, Sgt. Elmer E. Simpson.

Dave was kind enough to loan me a book entitled "One Crowded Hour," written by Jenane Patterson Binder, Ted's wife of a few months and also a copy of Lt. Binder's diary which traced his career in the military from his

aviation cadet days through his tour at Molesworth. Lt. Binder was a talented writer as you will discover when you read his account of his first combat mission.

Also in this issue is the Honor Roll, a list of all the 181 aircraft lost by the 303rd B.G. on combat missions from November of 1942 until the last loss on April 25, 1945, which incidentally was the last mission of the war. In most cases the name of the aircraft is also listed.

When I took over as editor of the newsletter in 1985 we had about 1050 members; we now have about 1550. It has always been my goal to increase our membership to about 2000 and make us the strongest Association in the 8th AF. This was based on my belief that the 303rd had about 6,000 personnel during its wartime years. Even though we tried media blitzes during our reunion years we are still short of our goal. But I believe Bill Cox has come up with a solution. (The first letter in the Forum section). If you follow Bill's instructions, every member of our association can become a potential member getter. Now's the time to dig through your old footlockers and come up with orders that contain the names and service numbers of your old friends. Once you locate a former member, give us his name and address and we will send him the latest issue of our newsletter. Let's see if we can find them so that they can attend the next reunion in Chicago.

East Anglia Plans USAAF Reunion

As we all know, 1992 will be the 50th Anniversary of the 8th and 9th Army Air Forces' arrival in East Anglia, England. In England, we are planning to commemorate this anniversary and would like you to return and join in the celebrations. Special events are being organized and special heritage trails will be available for 1992, in the hope that as many veterans and their families as possible will return to East Anglia, re-visit old haunts in happier times and see what is happening at your old airfield now. The events will take place between May and Thanksgiving, so that whenever you return, during that year, there will be something for you to see and do. Flying Displays, Glenn Miller type concerts and dances, special film shows and exhibitions, street parties and special memorial services.

The East Anglia Tourist Board is co-ordinating the USAAF Reunion 1992 and is organizing special rates with tour operators and hotels. If you would like further information or help to plan your trip in 1992 contact Jane Sullivan, Dept. USAAR, East Anglia Tourist Board, Topesfield Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk, England IP7 5Dn. Besides listing your name and address, also include the group you were with and the airfield you operated from.

Jane Sullivan

Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

Important Info

I want all your "Hells Angels" newsletter readers to know of a method and address to use when trying to locate old crewmembers, military friends, and former buddies of WW II whom they have not heard from in many years. It worked for me when many other methods failed, i.e., too old an address last known to the VA, etc.

In most instances every past serviceman kept their G.I. Insurance after being discharged or retired from the service. If you can still remember their enlisted or first officer serial number plus their full name, then try this method to obtain a current address in locating the person.

Call the Life Insurance Div. of the VA Dept. in Philadelphia, PA., toll free number 1-800-669-8477, or write to Dept. of VA, P.O. Box 13399, Philadelphia, PA 19101, Attn: 292E1, Anne McDonnell.

Again because of the privacy act they can only say if the person is alive or dead and is on their records and if they kept their old insurance in effect. Of course then they do have a current address, because of the constant yearly dividend paid out to them. They will instruct you how to address a letter that you enclose in the letter to them, for the individual you are trying to locate. The big thing here is, they have current addresses on the person, not old 1945-50 years when most people used their G.I. Bill to buy a home or go to school.

I located my old cadet friend and 303rd, 359th Sqdn. members after trying all methods, including writing to three different VA offices across the country.

Bill Cox

**441 Sandstone Drive
Vacaville, CA 95688**

Ed. Note: Thanks Bill for a great suggestion. How about every member trying to locate at least one 303rd that you haven't heard from in many years and tell him about the next reunion in Chicago.

Air War Over Europe

Every so often I drag out Cronkite's "Air War Over Europe" and marvel again at the tenacity of the human psyche! How any of you came back with your heads on straight is a miracle! Each was tampered with, tested and tempered . . . then thrown back in-

to reality without time to readjust or really understand. Shoved into an irregularly-shaped container, made to conform to all the hidden corners with a gigantic hydraulic press, sealed up, then placed in a pressure cooker for 8-10-12 hours before being released again on the earth. And when the can was opened, you were expected to spring out, bounce back into your original shape, and prepare for the next test. How many of you did exactly that has to be one of the most unbelievable stories in the continuing saga of man's inhumanity to man. And man's ability to endure the unendurable.

I am so very proud to be associated — however loosely — with all of you.

Rick Kiefer

Box 34865

Juneau, AK 99803

ED. NOTE: Rick, a very capable and outstanding news and PR person and a close friend for 30 years is an associate member of our Association.

A Friend — Pilot Goering

Just received the September issue of *Hell's Angels Newsletter*. A fine job! I'm the Co-Editor of the *94th Nostalgic Notes* to better identify myself.

Of particular interest was the LaPerch letter on page 3 and his reference to his pilot Goering. The last address I have for him was 6632 Los Leones Dr., Tucson AZ 85718; ph. 602/299-1900 as of 1977 in case you aren't in touch with him, though am not sure he is still there. His name is Werner J. Goering and I believe he was the nephew of Hermann rather than the cousin. Werner and I were instructor pilots at Bolling AFB DC shortly after the Big War and he later headed up the CAP in Utah if memory serves me correctly. I later met him in Wiesbaden in the early 50s when he was the East Zone Liaison Officer while I was serving in USAFE Ops. I still have a fine pair of Carl Zeiss binoculars that he picked up for me in Leipzig. He told me that he had flown 49 missions with the 358th BS.

I last saw him in Germany. I tracked him down in 1977 when a set of 94th orders with his name on them made me believe that he may have served in the 94th. I

understand that he was transferred through the 94th on the way home. We had hoped to see him on a trip through Tucson some years ago but were unable to make connections.

I am glad to exchange publications with you and pass along your newsletter to our President. Help keep him up to speed on what other outfits are doing. I exchange with about 30 other 8th AF related organizations.

Frank Halm

94th Bomb Group Mem. Ass'n.

433 N.W. 33rd St.

Corvallis, OR 97330

In Retrospect

Enjoyed article about you and William Heller in *N.Y. Times*, Sept. 28, 1990. Yes, I was in Pendleton, OR, end of 1941. I enlisted in the USAF, July 1, 1941, eight days after Germany went into Russia. Was sure Russia would not last long after the poor showing in Finland.

Was stationed at Westover Field in Fall of 1941 where I flew to the Grand Banks as a radio operator to help the RCAF. Pilot was Major Metheny. Later we (34th B.G.) went by train to Pendleton, stayed there a short time and next stop was Boise, IA — 358th Bomb Sq. at Boise while loading boxed telephone cable, we discovered a large rattlesnake under a box. That slowed loading a bit. After Boise was Alamogordo, next was El Paso and Fort Dix. When we arrived in Molesworth I was taken off combat-over age (30) and put in charge of Radio Station ZN6 and "Sabbo." Station was in back of Clapton Church. Stayed there 1942-45.

Was alert one dark and stormy night/evening Jan. 1945 which earned me the Soldiers Medal. General Ira Eaker gave me same before we ended up in Africa bound for Japan.

Am 78 and still enjoy Vermont. Was former New Yorker.

Remember fondly: Capt. Aquila Hughes, Capt. Curtis LeMay, Capt. Wm. Higbee, Sgt. Seymour Feldman, Sgts. Dolan and Holland, Sgt. Van R. White, Chris Cristoff, who became a top notch truck driver overnight and Al Slakash, Penn State champ ball player.

God bless all you 303rd folks.

Anthony Kray

Main Street

Putney, Vermont 05346



Bernie Kastenbaum and friend

My sister gave back to me the enclosed photo. I did not know it was extant. I remember the friend in the picture with me, but I've forgotten his name. My name is Bernie Kastenbaum and after Chanute and the Boeing School in Seattle, I was assigned to the 358th cadre in Boise. We then went to Alamogordo, then to Biggs Field and onto Molesworth.

I originated and painted the "Hell's Angels" insignia and also the "Sky Wolf." You had a picture of the Sky Wolf plane and crew in the September issue of the newsletter. I did a few more but cannot remember the names of the planes.

Someone with draftsman's abilities was needed in the intelligence section of the 1st Air Div. Headquarters in Brampton. I was sent there on temporary detached duty which became permanent.

Bernie Kastenbaum

304 Desota Drive

Richmond, VA 23229

Writing History

I don't know if you should question fellow group members about what goes into our newsletter and I don't know if you have time to screen articles but I wish you would re-read J. Charles Abeyta's letter in your last issue.

Thirty-five missions in forty-three days seems impossible! Three hundred and eighty combat flying hours was impossible! A three day pass (two days common) to London cut the days to forty.

On your print out of total 303rd missions you show only one to Posen, Poland. I was on that mission and so Charles must have been flying about the time that I was flying my tour.

The most intensive flying done by the 303rd was from about the time I began (May 11, 1944 — Saarbrücken) until about the time I finished (July 16, Munich) and I

Forum

flew 32 missions. Thirty-two missions because at the time they raised a tour to 35 missions; they gave one free mission for every six already flown at that time. Since I had flown nineteen, I received three free missions. My 32 missions included two on D-Day and to the best of my knowledge this is the only day that the same people flew two missions.

I have scanned your total missions list in this most intense flying period and do not see a time period in which 35 missions could have been flown in 45 days assuming every possible mission had been flown. By "possible," I mean that no one flew two missions in one day except on D-Day. Could I be wrong? Another point I would make is that it would be highly unlikely that anyone flew every possible mission during this time period. I did not because I had two 2-day passes during that time. One per month was the policy during that time. Excluding pass days, I still did not fly every possible mission. I doubt if that was group policy.

The issue of flying time is easier to document. Three hundred eighty hours in 35 missions is an average of 10.85 hours (10 hours, 51 minutes) per mission. You have recorded only one mission with that flying time. Could the 380 hours be a typographical error? Even if it was 280 hours, he could not have flown it in 35 mission.

This is not to criticize Charles because the memories of all of us can dim; nevertheless, we can try to point out that which we distinctly know as opposed to what we think could have happened. In a real way, we are writing history.

Kenneth Clarke
3504 Plumb
Houston, TX 77005

ED. NOTE: See letter below

After I saw the article in the newsletter, I realized I made a very bad mistake. I'm sorry — it's 180 hours. I want to apologize. I had just come in from work. I work as a courier for a corporation flying on Southwest Airlines to Phoenix, AZ four days a week to make check deposits to a bank clearing house. I leave early in the a.m. and back by 11:00 a.m.

I'm the last of the old timers flying as a courier. I'll soon be 72 years old and still going. I believe the more active we stay, the bet-

ter we feel.

I'm sorry for my big mistake.

J. Charles Abeyta
11701 Palm Springs NE
Albuquerque, NM 87111

44th Subdepot Mini-Reunion

The 44th Subdepot (mostly A/C Supply) had a mini-reunion at the 180 Holiday Inn at Grand Island, Nebr. on 21-22 Sept. 1990. By letter and phone, I contacted 15 from supply and 5 from the engineers of the 444th Subdepot. Five from Supply and four from the Engineers weren't able to make it. In my search I verified that seven from the Supply had died and I heard in Latrine A that one person had gone to Brazil.

In attendance with their wives were: Joe Freedman, Maurice J. Paulk, Loy Ramsey, Wiley Buckner, Robert "Moose" Wilson, Walter Nieman, Allen Untiedt, Joe Clay, Theodore Essock, Wilhelm "Willie" Krutz and Fred Gruenberg. Olen Obar also attended. Non-stop eating and talking lasted for two days.

I think here would be a good place to say to those that were unable to attend, for whatever reason, you missed a good time and I do hope that if it was a medical problem, that you and yours are much better and do look forward to the next one. As for those who made other commitments earlier I hope you had as much fun as we did at this, our first reunion of the 444th. It won't be the last — so keep in touch.

There is no way a person can convey by words or letter, the feel-

ings of 12 guys that were fairly close for three years and had not met for 45 years. Of the 12 only 6 are Association members and I think we will have some new ones as a result of the reunion. If my count is right there are 30 444th members. That doesn't seem like a very high percentage. So let's locate some of our buddies and put the pressure on. You members — watch your mail about next January for a letter. The next reunion will include you too.

Maurice J. Paulk
205 W. 12th
R.R. 3 Box 280
Wood River, NE 68883

Ed. Note: The letter was a joint effort of Paulk and Obar. Why not have your next get-together at the 303rd Reunion in Chicago in May?

Short Changed On Awards

Your article "Was the 303rd Short Changed on Awards?" in the June issue of the Newsletter was very appropriate and coincidental. For many years I have felt that our pilot and co-pilot deserved recognition for extraordinary performance of duty in combat on two successive missions in 1945. Last year I received copies of mission reports for the two missions I referred to from the National Archives. In addition I obtained MACR about two of our crew members and copies of reports from other sources. Using the material on hand and information from surviving crew members I plan to write an article about our experiences and attempt to obtain recognition for the pilot and co-pilot.

I have the information and the will to do what is necessary but at this point I do not know what the next step is. You mentioned that our Association should form an active committee to investigate all unrecognized act and prepare the necessary paperwork to see that the awards are secured for those deserving them. Where can I obtain the necessary forms or papers to complete? Where do I go from here?

Rather than just ask for the information and have someone else do the work I will be happy to offer what assistance I can in forming or being a part of the committee you suggested should be formed.

Al Dussliere
1901 5th Street
East Moline, IL 61244-2421

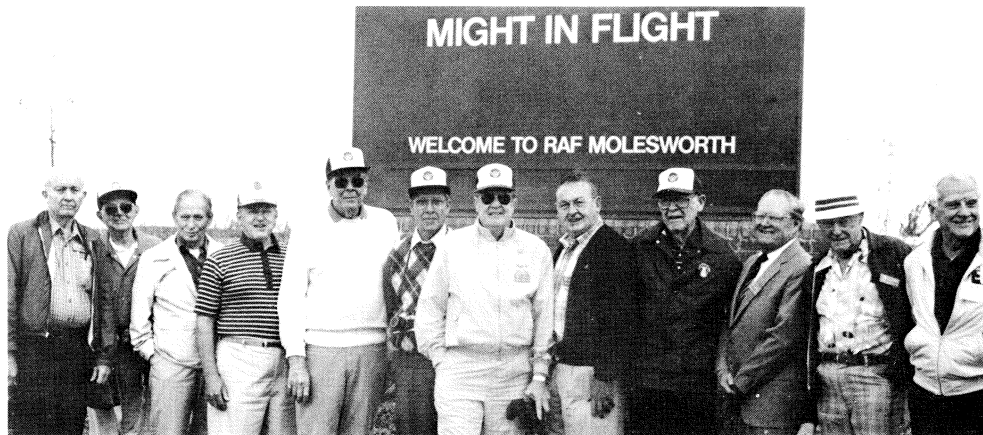
303rd Short Changed

Arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri on Jan. 7, 1942. After my boot training I was shipped to Pendleton Field to a Bomb Group Headquarters. I was there for two weeks — B17s were flying there then — and I was shipped to Perry Institute at Yakima, WA to mechanics school; Mar. 9-May 30, 1942.

Left Yakima on June 1, and arrived at Boise, IA on the 2nd. Assigned to the 358th Sqdn. On June 5, 20 B17s flew into the base. The rest is history.

The 303rd was short changed on awards and honors.

Louis F. Torretto
3311 Rancho Miguel Rd.
Jamul, CA 92035



Return to Molesworth — (l to r) Chester Whisman, Henry Johansen, Charles Austin, Donald Foulk, Richard McGilvray, Harry Payne, Frank DeCicco, Robert Brassil, Fred Yelsky, Dick Lutz, John Buschmeyer, Harold Lanigan. (Photo was forwarded by Dick Lutz)

That First Mission

From the diary of
Lt. Carroll "Ted" Binder

There was a loud knock on our door, and it was opened noisily. A moment later the lights were snapped on and four sleepy combat men were blinking at a harassed looking corporal in the doorway.

We knew what his mission was — I, at least, had been lying awake for over an hour, worrying about the day ahead as I used to do before an exam at Harvard — and so it was no surprise to us when he read off: "Lt. Hofmann; Lt. Binder; Lt. Israelson. Flying with Lt. Gorman in ship 739. Breakfast at 0330. Briefing at 0430."

We had known, too, that Jim Gorman, a veteran of fourteen missions, would be our pilot on our first expedition. It was squadron policy to break in new crews with experienced pilots, so we had already had a week with Jim in the pilot's seat and Ray in Brothers' regular spot on the right hand side of the cockpit.

The room was cold as we rolled out of our warm, comfortable beds, so cold that our chattering teeth throttled any inclination to talk we might have had. But uncomfortable as it was, I could think only of the things I knew I mustn't forget. Dog tags? Yes, I must have put them on when I first got up. I could feel that cold metal against my chest. Wallet? Yes, I'd remembered to take that out of my pocket and hide it in my bureau drawer. Money? The intelligence officer had said that English pounds could perform miracles in occupied Europe. I felt in my flying pocket suit to make sure that the five pounds I had put there were still in place. Papers? Yes, my pockets had been properly purged of everything that might interest the Hun. As far as I knew, I had thought of everything.

At breakfast it was interesting to note the different expressions on men's faces as they ate. Watson, who had lost two engines and bailed his crew out in Holland, then brought the ship back by himself, had so completely recovered that he was wisecracking all through the meal. Henderson, who had had to ditch twice in the North Sea and now went on every mission knowing that he was going to die that day (he was shot down three days afterwards), looked grim even when he asked for the marmalade. Sturmer, who had completed twelve missions successfully, looked and talked as if he had nothing more ahead of him than a practice flight to Hereford and back (two days later as we were leaving on pass, we heard a loud explosion south of the field. One waist gunner was the only survivor of Sturmer's collision with another Fort). And Binder, who had no idea what was coming, tried to look nonchalant and laughed nervously but loudly whenever anyone said anything.

Another cold truck ride brought us to the main briefing building where crews from all the squadrons were given all the information that could be of value to them that day. Pilots and co-pilots, navigators, bombardiers, and radio operators, each had their own private briefings, with the other gunners lumped together in one large room. After collecting my set of maps, I walked into the navigator's room, where the colossal map of western Europe had already been

covered with the transparent material on which our mission route was marked. Up to now I had felt the usual first mission jitters, but when I saw the target I felt a strange sense of exhilaration. Berlin was still the Great Untouchable for the Eighth Air Force, but it could not have had more interest for me than Leipzig, which I knew to be one of Germany's greatest manufacturing cities and one of the least attacked of her major war centers. I had expected a short run to a French air field, and I had been afraid. But when I found that it was to be one of the longest runs yet undertaken by the Eighth Air Force, and one of the most important targets yet attacked, my satisfied ambition made me forget my fears, and I knew that I wouldn't be battle-shy on my first mission. From then on I positively glowed inside.

Navigator's briefing began with the reading off of a flight plan for all of us to copy. Every course, distance, drift and ETA from departure to return had been worked out by the group navigator, and if metro (meteorology department) winds proved correct, there would be no work at all to be done on the mission.

Next on the platform was an intelligence officer who had the latest information on hazards. Every flak town on our route was pointed out to us, along with those airfields which the Germans thought worth defending. At the target, we were told, there were empty-eight guns, only empty-six of which could bear on us if we stayed on course. As for fighters, there were — hundred twenty single engined, — hundred sixty-twin engined fighters within range of our course. I wondered how intelligence could say that it was sixty-six and not sixty-seven. It seemed doubtful that the best spy network in the world could cut it that close.

A more pleasant subject was the fighter support. We were given the exact points at which we were to be met by our Thunderbolts, Lightnings, Mustangs and Spitfires, so that we would not be expecting the various kinds at the wrong times and consequently make the fatal and often-made mistake of calling an FW a P-47 or a 109 a Mustang.

The weather man was next to be given an audience. In spite of the abuse to which he had been subjected for recent mistakes, he spoke confidently of the 3/10 altocumulus to be expected at the target, of the eighty knot wind that would complicate our navigation, of the unlimited visibility in central Germany that day. Each of us was given a weather report to be made out at a specific time to aid in the weather forecasting that night.

I was beginning to think that there was nothing else we could be briefed on when another intelligence officer took over and spent ten minutes describing how to identify the target and how to orient oneself on the bomb run. We were to follow a railway all the way down the run, so it looked like a hard one to miss. The fac-

tory was certainly distinctive enough to stand out.

Navigator's briefing always lasted at least half an hour longer than anyone else's so we had little time in which to dress. Electric suits, flying suits, life vests (called Mae Wests by both RAF and AAF), and parachute harnesses were on in a matter of seconds. Equipment bags were checked to see that we had the electric shoes, gloves, oxygen masks and helmets necessary for a long flight at high altitude. Then back on the trucks and out to our planes.

We were flying a brand new ship which, for want of a name, was known by its call-letter, P for Peter. By the time I arrived on the scene, Ray and Jim had gone over every detail with the crew chief, making sure that all four engines were in perfect shape, that radio equipment was functioning properly, and that oxygen and gas load would be adequate for the long journey ahead of us. Gunners had done their preflight work, putting in their receivers — the fifty-calibers they had cleaned the night before, then hand-charging them to make sure they were ready for action. Only Shorty, the ball turret operator, was still at work on his guns. The rest had joined the officers around the coal stove in the ground crew's tent.

Noticing that forty minutes remained until engines were ready to be started, I quickly checked my own guns, laid out my equipment, and then made for the tent and broke into the circle around the fire. It was a good feeling to be together a few minutes before going to our separate, almost lonely stations in the plane. I must have sounded like a football coach giving a last-minute pep talk, but I think the others knew I meant it when I said we were lucky to get in on so important a raid, and when I pointed out that with our fighter cover we would not have too hard a time. I don't think I was the only one who left our huddle in the best of spirits.

Outside, daylight had broken and unfriendly-looking clouds were hanging low over the field. We climbed into our ship, and in a moment one after another of our engines was sputtering, then catching and throwing out a stream of flame and black smoke.

Before long our plane was on its way down the runway, gaining speed until, the airspeed meter reading 125 M.P.H., Jim pulled gently back on the wheel and the ship nosed into the air. Around the field once at eight hundred feet, then out on a heading of 310° and up through the clouds at four hundred feet per minute. Every man on the crew was at his station, straining his eyes into the mist to make out the forms of approaching planes. In eight minutes the first traces of blue appeared above us. In ten we had broken through and were skipping along the tops of the higher strato-cumulus clouds. And a minute later we were high enough to see a plane ahead of us turning back toward the field, where we were to assemble around the radio beacon. All we had to do was follow him, for his markings identified him as a member of our own squadron.

Take-off had been at 0730. By 0835 the six

ships in each squadron had taken their positions in neat three-plane V's and the three squadrons had occupied their respective lead, high, and low spots in the group.

"Navigator to pilot."

"Go ahead."

"Leaving base on course, two minutes behind schedule."

"Roger."

A moment later, Iz (the bombardier) was on interphone to tell the crew that we were now at 10,000 feet and would have to put on our oxygen masks. In quick succession everyone checked in — tail gunner, left waist, right waist, ball turret, radio, and top turret. To make sure that no one succumbed to anoxia, either Iz or I ran an oxygen check every five minutes from then on, a precaution that had already saved several lives in our squadron.

Just as our squadron had joined others to form a group, our group now took up its position with others to form the wing, and by the time we reached the coast, the wings, too, had taken their assigned posts in the air division. It must have warmed the heart of much-bombed Great Yarmouth to see us in the bright sunlight, streaming eastward to avenge the wounds of the free world, and to make it possible for a new and better society to rise. But if it didn't impress Great Yarmouth to see formation after formation head out across the water, it certainly impressed me.

Half-way across the North Sea I went on interphone to tell the crew it was time to test-fire guns. "For Christ sakes watch out for planes when you shoot, and those of you who can, fire into the water." Everyone checked in to let me know the message was understood, and a moment later I could hear and feel — short bursts fired from all parts of the ship. My own guns barked satisfyingly.

It was now time to put on flak suits if we were to be prepared for the enemy coastal batteries, now only twenty miles off. It was time, also, to be looking out for our Thunderbolt escort, and for enemy fighters from fields that dotted the Dutch coast.

Iz and I helped each other wiggle into the awkward flak suits. They hadn't seemed heavy on the ground, but even at 19,000, a moderate enough altitude, the eighteen pounds of protective armor had become a formidable burden. When I had finally managed to clip mine on properly, I surveyed myself a little ruefully. Holy smoke! The Luftwaffe would be the least of my worries. Flak too for that matter. My real problem would be just to move amid the tangle of wires and tubes that were necessary to keep me going — the thick, awkward oxygen hose, the wire to my throat mike, the wire to the earphones sewed into my helmet, the plug attachment for my heated suit. Yes, it would be a battle to get through today even if I never saw a German plane or a flak burst.

It was just at that moment that I saw out ahead of us a small cluster of black puffs. "Flak at twelve o'clock low," I called nervously on interphone. An equally nervous "Roger" came from the cockpit.

It didn't look like much to worry about — not much of it and too low to hurt us. So I forgot my initial fear and pressed my face against a

window to get a good look — that thrilling first look — at enemy territory. Just off our right wing was Haarlem, where our pilgrims first experimented in living abroad and where they made their history-making decision to sail for the new world. On the coast near Haarlem was Ijmuiden, where a year before a dozen marauders had attacked and a dozen had been shot down. And off in the distance at two o'clock, bordered by rivers, canals, and the Zuyder Zee, now nearly four years the capital of a nation in chains, was Amsterdam. Knowing that the crew always liked to know where were, I got busy on interphone with the latest bulletin. "Navigator to crew. We're on course just north of Amsterdam. That's the Zuyder Zee ahead of us. Let's all check in." Everyone was really on the ball now. I don't think it took three seconds for the six gunners to answer. It was a good sign.

I was just beginning to wonder where our fighter escort was when I heard Jim's husky voice on interphone. "Contrails at nine o'clock high." And sure enough, there they were. Too far out for the planes themselves to be visible — I could make out three groups of vapor trails, thin wisps of white against the deep-blue February sky. The wisps seemed to be extending themselves parallel to our course.

I had hardly focused my eyes on the fighters to the north of us when right waist sang out: "Contrails at three o'clock high." I could see these, too, and they were close enough for me to make out four wisps in each flight of planes, a little black speck at the head of each wisp.

"Let's keep an eye on those babies," called our battle-wise pilot. At Oschersleben the Germans had flown along parallel until Fortgunners, thinking they were friendly, began to relax. Then they had come in closer and closer, finally committing themselves and attacking when it was too late to stop them. The January 11th communique had reported: "From these operations, sixty of our bombers are missing."

So long as the sky remained cloudless and visibility unlimited, I knew that I had no need to worry about navigation, so I put my maps aside and strained my eyes out into the distance, looking for a speck that might prove a fighter. Occasionally my glance would wander to the ground, or rather to the water of the Zuyder Zee. It was now possible to make out a convoy of small ships making their way up the stream shore.

The country of the Zuyder Zee was flat, honeycombed with canals, and covered with light snow not quite deep enough to reflect the bright sunlight. There were brilliant flashes now and then, though. They came from the guns at Zwolle.

We had left the Zuyder Zee fifteen minutes behind us when I called the crew to report we were now in Germany, four minutes behind schedule. I had worked out a hasty ETA for the initial point and target, now told the crew how much longer we would be carrying our load.

"In another hour and forty minutes, we'll be getting the lead out of our pants," I said, and for a reason I cannot now comprehend, I felt quite witty and proud of myself.

Moving across to the other side of the nose, my eye fell on my log, and I noticed that I hadn't had an entry in fifteen minutes. Pacing off

roughly forty-five miles with my glove-covered fingers, I looked up for a land-mark that would pin-point me quickly. There was a good one about fifty miles from my last check point a big forest with a railway along its eastern edge. I looked out my left window, and there it was off our wing. We were going faster than I had calculated.

"We're now over the Teutoburger forest," I called on interphone. "A Hun named Hermann licked the — — out of the Romans here."

"What is this, a Cook's Tour?" moaned the bombardier.

"O.K., I'll shut up. Just wanted to let everyone know we're in fighter alley now. Let's all stay right on our toes because for the next two hours we'll be in range of the Berlin fighter defenses. The chips are down, so let's give 'em hell."

"Roger Dodger," came enthusiastically from every man on the crew.

A minute later the bombardier spotted two fighters at eleven o'clock low. By the time I had picked them up, they had attacked the group ahead of us, peeling off and diving just before they reached the lead plane. They were a mile below us, well out of range, before we reached the scene of battle. Iz fired a couple of hopeful bursts their way, but I confined my activity to entering two silver Focke-Wulfs in my log. We were now crossing the Weser, so I took advantage of the lull to work out a good ground speed and a new ETA to target. Just a — — secretary, I thought to myself.

Then an exciting thing happened. Three Mustangs that had been circling high above us dived on the planes on our left. The odds were even numerically, but the Jerries high-tailed it for home, two of them dodging away from their faster pursuers. The third exploded with a bright yellow flash, leaving a cloud of black oil smoke where he had been. So thorough had been the explosion that not a fragment of the plane was visible, and I knew that little pieces of Hans would be floating down river to Bremen for days. It was two minutes after twelve when I entered Hans' demise in my log. Fifty minutes to the target.

Fighters were all around us now, most of them attacking other formations but still near enough to shoot at us if they veered toward us for ten seconds. How I cursed the flak suit that weighed me down as I followed planes from side to side.

The group ahead of us really seemed to be getting it now. One Fort dropped out of formation with a wing on fire. Seven chutes came out of it before a blinding explosion finished off the plane and crew. Another "Seventeen" which must have had a hit in the gas tank exploded while still in formation. Fighters, too, were going down; a few from Fortress guns but mainly from combat with other fighters. Our Mustangs seemed to have the upper hand, pursuing FW's and Messerschmitts right down to the ground and then climbing up for more action. There weren't enough of them to keep all the vultures off us, but they could break up any attempt at a mass attack. That was what really mattered. So long as the Jerries couldn't sit out of range and fire rockets into us, or queue up and come in simultaneously from several directions, we were fairly safe (especially when they were concentrating on someone else). It was strange how detached

from the whole battle I felt. I experienced no more emotion when I saw a Fort with ten men in it blow up than I used to experience when such a scene was enacted in the movies. I just couldn't feel I was part of the drama going on in the arena around me.

I had seen Magdeburg as we passed it — I'd even remembered that it was the laws of Magdeburg that German settlers carried to eastern Europe centuries ago and retain to this day. I'd seen Berling off in the distance to our left, and wondered when we would be going there. But it was only when we had turned south toward Torgau that I realized how quickly the time had passed.

Hastily I called the bombardier and pilot to tell them we were now ready to turn on the initial point, then made sure that the waist gunners were ready to throw out chaff. I was particularly interested in the chaff because I'd been told by old combat men that it did wonderful things to flak.

The lead group, a little ahead and to the right of us, was turning. A moment later we were swinging sharp right to keep pace and regain our position. There were no enemy fighters to harass us now, so it was easier for the pilots to concentrate on getting into bombing formation. A lot depended on concentration of pattern.

From the minute we turned at Torgau it was possible to see Leipzig off in the distance. Smoke had risen from the city to well over 15,000 feet, a black cloud foreboding future evil as well as recording previous disaster. Fresh streams of smoke poured from every part of south Leipzig, good evidence that the fires started in the night's R.A.F. raid were still blazing. I found myself hoping that we could do as well.

Bomb doors on the lead ship were swinging open now, followed a minute later by the doors on all the other planes.

"Five minutes to the target," I called on interphone. "Let's start throwing that chaff out now." Waist-gunners came back with quick "Rogers."

I had hardly spoken when I realized that it was well I hadn't put off the signal any longer. Not far ahead of us, at the bend of the railway line we were following on our bomb run, I could see distinctly the outlines of our target, streamlined looking factories in a group just north of the city. And directly above the target hung a seemingly impenetrable wall of flak, an almost solid cloud of little black bursts. My flak suit didn't feel so heavy after all.

Everyone was tense now. The lead ship, which had been doing mild evasive action, now settled down to a straight and level course, making only one perceptible correction as the bombardier picked up the target in his sight. We were sitting ducks for the flak gunners and we knew it.

I don't believe I'll ever live a day that seems as long as those last two minutes before bombs away at Leipzig. The bulk of the flak had lowered, forming a kind of floor of black puffs below us, but our chaff had not had its effect on several batteries, which continued to pump quantities of lead into our formation. "Easiest thing is not to look at it," I thought to myself, so with unaccustomed zeal I proceeded to record heading, altitude, and air speed. I didn't envy Iz, who had to sit up front with his eyes glued to the lead ship lest he miss the moment of bombs away.

But then my curiosity got the better of me, and I leaned over Izzy's shoulder to get a good look at the target. Yes, it certainly looked as if we were heading right for it. But of course it was impossible to tell at this altitude.

Just then came the long-awaited moment. A swarm of bombs streamed out of the lead ship, and almost before they had cleared the plane, Iz had flicked his toggle switch and our own bombs were on the way. His relieved voice called triumphantly "Bombs away" on interphone, and a minute later Berman called to report that the bomb doors were closing.

Meanwhile the group leader, who had almost run into four flak bursts as the bombs were released, had swerved off to the right and led us through evasive action so violent that it was all Jim could do to keep us near our squadron. In less than three minutes we had drawn out of range of the last 88 millimeter and were all heaving a sigh of relief so heartfelt that P for Peter must have sighed with us. It was only a matter of seconds before we had tightened up our formation and turned our course for home. The temptation to feel that the danger was over was almost irresistible even though I had a flight plan in front of me that told me we still had two hours and a half over enemy territory.

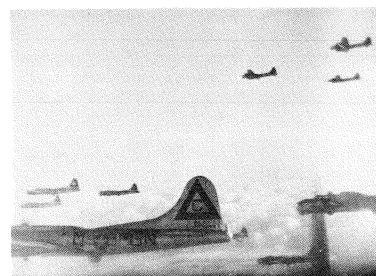
For half an hour after the target we plowed south and west toward the Rhine without encountering a single fighter, friend or foe. Then, just as the undercast was beginning to break a little, Blakeney in the top turret spotted four, then eight black specks in the distance. We watched them carefully as they approached, climbing to get well above us. According to my gun-sight they were just over a mile away when they flipped over on their sides to give us a good look at them. They could hardly have been mistaken. They were our own lovely P-38's.

It was only now that I dared relax enough to check in the crew on oxygen, something I hadn't done since the target. All seemed to be well.

Then I noticed two things almost simultaneously. One was that I had to screw up my face in to a funny position in order to breathe — had, in fact, been doing it ever since Magdeburg. The other was that I felt terribly tired. Checking my oxygen mask, I found that all I had been breathing for the past hour had been the thin air at 19,000 feet — my facial contortions had not let me breathe through my mask, but around it. The mask itself had frozen solid and not a pinhole was left for air to come through.

The realization that I should now be in a state of collapse made me twice as weak as I had been before I'd thought about it (like people who faint an hour after donating blood). I suddenly found that my flak suit was more than I could carry, so I sat down. Knowing that the air at that altitude was not enough to keep me going, I made vain attempts to break the ice out of the sponge pores in my mask and to suck air through them. And knowing that I must now be in a state of collapse, I looked at my fingernails and found them blue.

By now I was just sitting still, breathing hard but thinking little. But I finally got the bright idea of tapping Iz on the shoulder and showing him my predicament. As on every other occasion in the air Iz knew what to do. We had an extra mask, and he tried that. It turned out to be a high



pressure type mask, did no good with our low pressure oxygen system. So Iz reached for the outlet hose, held it to my mouth, and turned on the emergency handle. The pure oxygen that poured into me was so effective that within a minute I was transformed from a useless grinning idiot into a navigator reasonably able to keep up with his job — as able, at least, as he had been at the beginning of the mission.

The rest of the trip seemed terribly dull after what had gone before. Just inside Belgium we were met by swarms of Thunderbolts, and from then on we were always in sight of at least a dozen of them. Occasionally, too, we caught a glimpse of the Spitfires which, three miles below us, were keeping a constant patrol around German fighter fields.

A layer of strato-cumulus clouds lay on the ground, so we got only an occasional look at Belgium. Only at the coast did we get a good view of the ground, and what we saw was a fitting climax to an exciting day. Below, and a little to the left of us, were the beaches of Dunkirk, spotlighted by the afternoon sun shining down between the clouds. I looked carefully, and I could almost visualize armies of half-dead men hiding behind the pathetic little dunes as they waited for the next boat — or the next bomb. Occasionally I could see the flash of a flak gun, but it only served to emphasize the contrast between the hammerblows Germany was striking at our side in 1940 and the puny little pot shot she could take at us now.

There's no question that the German flak guns were ineffective that afternoon, but nevertheless I felt mightily relieved when, Dunkirk safely behind us, I was able to call the crew and announce that flak suits could now safely be discarded.

"Hallelujah," said the tail gunner.

"Amen," said left waist.

And the others echoed similar sentiments. I myself felt as I used to feel after putting down my canoe at the end of a long portage, so light my feet hardly seemed to touch the ground.

Across the channel to Clacton we kept a constant look-out for planes, but we knew that the fighting was over. The day when Hun intrudes could wait for tired Fort crews over England had long since passed. A Spitfire or a Mustang was now safer than a Focke Wulf over Brussels, let alone London. So we joked on interphone all the way across the water, stopping only occasionally to call off Thunderbolts or Spitfires. By the time we reached England we had dropped to 7,000 feet, so oxygen too was no longer necessary. The mission was all over but the shouting, and we munched sandwiches the rest of the way home.

continued on page 10

Honor Roll

Members of the 303rd Bombardment Group (H),
Lost in Combat Against the Enemy

Pilot	Date	Target	A/C #	A/C Name
1. Reddig, A.E.	23/11/42	St. Nazaire	41-24568	Lady Fairweather
2. Flickinger, P.F.	12/12/42	Rouen	41-24585	Wulf-Hound
3. Frost, W.N.	12/12/42	Rouen	41-24582	One O'Clock Jump
4. Witt, O.S.	20/12/42	Romilly	41-24566	Zombie
5. Goetz, W.H.	03/01/43	St. Nazaire	41-24517	Kali
6. Adams, A.I.	03/01/43	St. Nazaire	41-24620	Snap Crackle Pop
7. Saunders, F.F.	03/01/43	St. Nazaire	41-24608	Yehudi
8. Clark, J.B.	03/01/43	St. Nazaire	41-24526	Leapin Liz
9. O'Connor, O.T.	23/01/43	Lorient	41-24580	Hell Cat
10. Sanderson, E.J.	23/01/43	Lorient	41-24603	Green Hornet
11. Haas, J.E.	23/01/43	Lorient	41-24567	Beats Me
12. Robey, H.A.	23/01/43	Lorient	41-24584	Svsfv
13. Reber, E.H.	23/01/43	Lorient	41-24607	Jerry Jinx
14. Cole, R.L.	04/02/43	Osnabruck	41-24569	Memphis T6
15. Breed, W.H.	16/02/43	St. Nazaire	41-24967	Shak-Kak
16. Dunnica, L.G.	16/02/43	St. Nazaire	41-24541	Spook
17. Plocher, H.E.	06/03/43	Lorient	42-5262	(No name)
18. Austin, C.N.	18/03/43	Vegesack	41-24558	Hunga Dunga
19. Bartlett, K.O.	31/03/43	Rotterdam	41-24559	Old Soljer
20. Dunn, J.R.	31/03/43	Rotterdam	42-29573	Two Beauts
21. Eyster, E.F.	04/04/43	Paris	41-24609	Holy Mackerel
22. Sterling, J.R.	01/05/43	St. Nazaire	42-5780	Black Swan
23. Walsh, V.X.	01/05/43	St. Nazaire	41-24610	Joe Btfspik
24. Bales, R.C.	14/05/43	Kiel	42-5243	FDR's Potato Peeler Kits
25. Jaques, C.D.	15/05/43	Heligoland Islands	42-29481	(No name)
26. Trojan, J.E.	23/05/43	St. Nazaire	41-24602	Yardbird
27. Haines, R.M.	11/06/43	Wilhelmshaven	42-5430	Good Enuf
28. Jess, R.W.	22/06/43	Huls	42-5432	The Hunting Club
29. Palmer, J.F.	25/06/43	Hamburg	42-5390	The Avenger
30. Mack, D.W.	25/06/43	Hamburg	42-5382	Witches Tit
31. Stallings, G.V.	25/06/43	Hamburg	42-5468	Qui-Nine, The Bitter Dose
32. O'Connor, R.	04/07/43	Le Mans	42-5732	The Mugger
33. Van Wie, J.A.	25/07/43	Hamburg	42-29606	Butch
34. Pentz, A.H.	12/08/43	Gelsenkirchen	42-29640	Old Ironsides
35. Nix, J.S.	19/08/43	Gilze-Rijen	42-3192	(No name)
36. Quillen, L.H.	19/08/43	Gilze-Rijen	42-5392	City of Albuquerque
37. Crocket, G.W.	27/08/43	Watten	42-29754	Shangrila Lil
38. Monahan, W.J.	31/08/43	Amiens Glisy	42-29635	Augerhead
39. Tippet, P.S.	02/10/43	Emden	42-5260	Yard Bird II
40. Loughnan, V.J.	04/10/43	Frankfurt	42-29846	(No name)
41. Clifford, B.J.	05/10/43	Anklam	42-5221	(No name)
42. Sanders, R.C.	14/10/43	Schweinfurt	42-29477	Joan of Ark
43. Hendry, J.W.	20/10/43	Duren	41-24629	(No name)
44. Hartigan, W.R.	20/10/43	Duren	42-29571	Charley Horse
45. Grant, A.G.	05/11/43	Gelsenkirchen	41-24565	Ramlin Reck
46. Cote, A.A.	26/11/43	Bremen	42-29955	Mr. Five by Five
47. Fyler, C.J.	29/11/43	Bremen	42-29498	Dark Horse
48. Brumeloe, F.A.	29/11/43	Bremen	42-5483	Red Ass
49. Luke, G.W.	01/12/43	Solingen	42-39781	(No name)
50. Leve, F.	20/12/43	Bremen	42-31233	(No name)
51. Alex, A.	20/12/43	Bremen	42-39764	Santa Anna
52. Osborn, W.C.	30/12/43	Ludwigshafen	42-39705	Womans Home Companion
53. Humphreys, F.C.	04/01/44	Kiel	42-31526	Sweet Anna
54. Burkitt, B.J.	05/01/44	Kiel	42-31441	(No name)
55. McClelland, G.S.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	41-24587	Bad Check
56. Emerson, A.L.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	41-24562	Sky Wolf
57. Schwaebe, H.A.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-5369	War Bride
58. Carothers, J.W.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-3131	Flak Wolf
59. Hallden, R.H.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-37896	(No name)
60. Simmons, T.L.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	41-24619	(No name)

	Pilot	Date	Target	A/C#	A/C Name
61.	Dashiell, W.C.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-39794	(No name)
62.	Pursell, W.A.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-29894	Baltimore Bounce
63.	Campbell, P.W.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-30865	(No name)
64.	Eich, H.J.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-3448	(No name)
65.	Watson, J.W.	11/01/44	Oschersleben	42-29524	Meat Hound
66.	Hungerford, M.R.	14/01/44	Le Meillard	42-3029	Walleroo
67.	Fowler, J.F.	29/01/44	Frankfurt	42-39786	G.I. Sheets
68.	White, G.A.	03/02/44	Wilhelmshaven	42-37927	(No name)
69.	Bass, J.E.	06/02/44	Dijon-Longvic	42-97498	Padded Cell
70.	Steurmer, J.W.	22/02/44	Aschersleben	42-38041	Hell's Angels II
71.	Underwood, G.E.	22/02/44	Aschersleben	42-29931	Devils Workshop
72.	Moffat, J.	22/02/44	Aschersleben	42-5052	Mizpah
73.	Crook, C.D.	22/02/44	Aschersleben	42-31399	(No name)
74.	Morrin, J.R.	22/02/44	Aschersleben	42-5788	Pluto's Avenger
75.	Smith, M.L.	24/02/44	Schwiefurt	42-31239	(No name)
76.	Henderson, J.H.	24/02/44	Schweinfurt	42-31562	(No name)
77.	Shoup, N.E.	28/02/44	Bois-Coquerel	42-5306	(No name)
78.	Elder, D.C.	02/03/44	Frankfurt	42-97509	Old Hickory
79.	McGrath, L.B.	08/03/44	Berlin	42-31471	Doolittle's
80.	Mars, C.W.	26/03/44	Wizernes	42-31929	Tennessee Hillbilly
81.	McGarry, J.J.	09/04/44	Marienburg	42-31616	The Spirit of Flak Wolf
82.	Viets, J.B.	13/04/44	Schweinfurt	42-97617	(No name)
83.	Holdcroft, L.L.	18/04/44	Oranienburg	42-97552	(No name)
84.	Seddon, J.R.	22/04/44	Hamm	42-39807	Nero
85.	Larson, R.A.	22/04/44	Hamm	42-39785	Thru Hell and High Water
86.	McClure, J.R.	24/04/44	Oberpfaffenhofen	42-38204	(No name)
87.	Stewart, P.C.	24/04/44	Oberpfaffenhofen	42-107200	(No name)
88.	Hofmann, F.	24/04/44	Oberpfaffenhofen	42-31669	Shoo Shoo Baby
89.	Bohle, H.J.	29/04/44	Berlin	42-31241	Spirit of Wanett
90.	Fisher, J.H.	29/04/44	Berlin	42-3158	Max
91.	Long, J.A.	11/01/44	Saarbrucken	42-97260	Bow-Ur-Neck Stevens
92.	Roth, E.L.	19/05/44	Berlin	42-31386	Sky Duster
93.	Worthley, J.R.	24/05/44	Berlin	42-97787	(No name)
94.	Determan, A.G.	28/05/44	Leipzig	42-107028	(No name)
95.	Van Weelden, D.C.	30/05/44	Halberstadt	42-31213	Pistol Packin MAMA
96.	Oliver, S.	10/06/44	Nantes	42-37893	Bam Bam
97.	Eisele, R.	12/06/44	Cambrai	42-107048	(No name)
98.	Parker, J.T.	20/06/44	Hamburg	42-31997	(No name)
99.	Allen, C.R.	21/06/44	Berlin	42-97096	(No name)
100.	Way, H.G.	21/06/44	Berlin	42-32037	(No name)
101.	Morningstar, T.H.	21/06/44	Berlin	42-107002	Mairzy Doats
102.	Erickson, R.W.	22/06/44	Wizernes	42-97405	Nary Cary
103.	Fisher, D.M.	22/06/44	Lille	42-31432	Old Glory
104.	Farthing, H.C.	24/06/44	Bremen	42-37654	(No name)
105.	Wardowski, S.	28/06/44	Juvincourt	42-31200	Old Crow
106.	Roy, A.K.	29/06/44	Leipzig	42-38051	My Yorkshire Dream
107.	Long, P.H.	13/07/44	Munich	42-97905	(No name)
108.	Boyce, M.S.	19/07/44	Hollriegelskreuth	42-31583	Little Princess
109.	Miller, C.M.	23/07/44	Creil	42-97622	Paper Dollie
110.	Cook, H.S.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-97622	(No name)
111.	Litman, A.S.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	43-37838	(No name)
112.	Clark, M.C.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-3423	Jigger Rooche
113.	Charnick, R.P.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-97085	(No name)
114.	Smith, A.I.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	44-6291	(No name)
115.	Cathey, J.L.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-102680	(No name)
116.	Larson, O.B.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	44-6086	My Blond Baby
117.	Goss, A.L.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-31183	Bad Penny
118.	Smithy, S.C.	15/08/44	Wiesbaden	42-31224	Helen Heaven
119.	Eldridge, T.K.	24/08/44	Merseburg	42-97994	(No name)
120.	Hillary, J.R.	24/08/44	Merseburg	42-97291	(No name)
121.	Hallum, B.C.	27/08/44	Esbjerg	42-37841	(No name)
122.	Yarnall, W.L.	27/08/44	Esbjerg	43-37629	(No name)
123.	Newton, J.A.	09/09/44	Ludwigshafen	43-38323	(No name)
124.	Clemensen, R.L.	12/09/44	Brux	42-31177	Lonesome Polecat
125.	Mehlhoff, A.B.	12/09/44	Brux	42-107196	Temptress
126.	Walker, L.M.	13/09/44	Merseburg	44-6076	Liberty Run
127.	Heleen, C.M.	13/09/44	Merseburg	42-32037	Betty Jane
128.	Bennett, P.K.	26/09/44	Osnabruck	44-6124	(No name)
129.	Miller, W.F.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	42-97187	Miss Umbriago
130.	Matheson, J.A.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	42-97893	Minnie the Moocher

	Pilot	Date	Target	A/C#	A/C Name
131.	Michaelis, A.D.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	42-97329	Flak Hack
132.	Lay, W.P.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	43-382026	Silver Fox
133.	Shields, E.F.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	44-8330	(No name)
134.	Hahn, J.T.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	42-97805	(No name)
135.	Glasgow, C.G.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	44-8335	(No name)
136.	Howard, V.L.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	43-37930	(No name)
137.	Mayer, W.I.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	43-38176	Bouncing Betty II
138.	Gillespie, G.H.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	43-38186	(No name)
139.	Railing, C.F.	28/09/44	Madgeburg	43-38572	(No name)
140.	Lord, T.R.	11/10/44	Wesseling	43-38200	(No name)
141.	Price, E.C.	11/10/44	Koblenz	42-31739	(No name)
142.	Gaines, E.W.	15/10/44	Cologne	43-38604	(No name)
143.	Davis, J.T.	02/11/44	Sterkrade	42-97881	Eight Ball III
144.	Pursel	09/11/44	Metz	43-38057	(No name)
145.	Davis	09/11/44	Metz	43-37666	(No name)
146.	Boulter, R.A.	10/11/44	Cologne	42-31830	Marie
147.	Stephan	11/11/44	Gelsenkirchen	44-8422	(No name)
148.	Chance, A.F.	21/11/44	Merseburg	42-102484	Heller's Angels
149.	Glass, L.E.	21/11/44	Merseburg	44-6503	Lady Alta
150.	Cureton, P.F.	21/11/44	Merseburg	43-38705	(No name)
151.	Virag, A.R.	21/11/44	Merseburg	44-6600	(No name)
152.	Jameson, C.H.	26/11/44	Osnabruck	42-97972	(No name)
153.	Rose, J.W.	13/01/45	Mannheim	44-6166	Red
154.	Eisenhart, O.R.	13/01/45	Mannheim	43-38689	(No name)
155.	McGinnis, M.S.	13/01/45	Mannheim	42-107099	Old 99
156.	Duffield, R.B.	21/01/45	Aschaffenburg	44-8137	(No name)
157.	Tasker, R.F.	21/01/45	Achaffenburg	42-97058	Scorch II
158.	Woodson, W.H.	22/01/45	Sterkrade	43-38530	(No name)
159.	Bailey, J.W.	09/02/45	Lutzkendorf	43-38764	(No name)
160.	Barrat, R.J.	09/02/45	Lutzkendorf	42-39149	(No name)
161.	Nemer, A.K.	09/02/45	Lutzkendorf	42-31060	Pogue-Ma-Home
162.	Goering	15/02/45	Dresden	44-8590	(No name)
163.	Wertz, R.M.	16/02/45	Langendreer	43-39061	(No name)
164.	Perkins	26/02/45	Berlin	44-8316	(No name)
165.	Nester	08/03/45	Essen	43-38238	(crash landed)
166.	Richardson, T.W.	15/03/45	Zossen	43-9220	(No name)
167.	Cassels	18/03/45	Berlin	44-6921	(No name)
168.	Krohn	18/03/45	Berlin	42-102411	(No name)
169.	Griffith	19/03/45	Plauen	43-39011	(crash landed)
170.	Taub, F.R.	20/03/45	Hamburg	43-39160	(No name)
171.	Moore, T.L.	20/03/45	Hamburg	43-38767	(No name)
172.	Frederickson, C.A.	28/03/45	Berlin	43-3824	Jigger Oochi II
173.	No name	28/03/45	Berlin	43-38451	(crash landed)
174.	No name	28/03/45	Berlin	42-97281	(crash landed)
175.	Shumake, G.P.	30/03/45	Bremen	44-8484	(No name)
176.	Lacker, H.C.	06/04/45	Leipzig	44-8647	(No name)
177.	Alderman, M.	06/04/45	Leipzig	43-38958	Green Hill Belle
178.	Murray, R.I.	10/04/45	Oranienburg	44-8427	(No name)
179.	Thomas, B.E.	17/04/45	Dresden	42-102544	Sack Time
180.	Kahler, T.F.	17/04/45	Dresden	43-37597	Earthquake McGoon
181.	Mauger, W.	25/04/45	Pilsen	44-83447	(No name)

FIRST MISSION . . .

For the remaining half hour conversation like this went on the interphone:

"Navigator to bombardier, you can crawl out of that oxygen bottle now. We're out of range of enemy flak guns."

"Bombardier to navigator, if you didn't have your head buried in the fire extinguisher, you'd see I haven't been hiding since Dunkirk."

We were back over the base at 1715, on the ground ten minutes later. We piled out of our planes like a football team leaving the field after a great victory — very tired but very happy. A moment later a truck was whisking us away to interrogation in the main briefing room, where our yen to tell the world about our mission was satisfied by an intelligence officer with a lot of questions to ask. Sipping coffee or tomato juice, or gulping the shot of Scotch issued "for medic-



Coming in for landing.

inal purposes only," we chattered like high school girls, telling all we knew and more, about flak, fighters, enemy installations, and bomb damage. Shorty, who had never spoken an intelligible word from his ball turret, now had some astounding information to reveal. He had seen

the bombs hit "right on target," no small feat when the target was covered by clouds when our bombs hit; he had seen rocket-firing JU-88's, unobserved by anyone else; and he had counted a hundred enemy planes, while others had been so blind as to see only twenty or thirty.

Interrogation finished, we piled back on our truck for the rough ride back to the plane. It was only now that we got a chance to look over P for Peter. With what pride we counted those nine flak holes! Yes, we'd really been in combat.

I was more exhausted that I had ever been in my life when I finally climbed into bed. But I was happier than I had ever been, too. I knew that at last I was part of a war I had wanted to fight ever since the International Brigade first stopped the Fascists at Madrid. And, almost equally important to me, I had a feeling that I was not a coward.

Minutes of 303rd Board Meeting

A meeting of the officers of the 303rd Bomb Group Association was held at the Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev. on Oct. 2, 1990 in conjunction with the annual meeting of the 8th AFHS. Members present were: Bud Klint, president; Carl DuBose, secretary, Al Lehmann, 427th representative and historian; Carlton Smith, headquarters representative; Walt Mayer, reunion committee representative; Bob Kidd, PX administrator; Jim Reeves, membership chairman; and Malcolm Magid, nominating committee chairman.

President Klint reported that William McLeod had agreed to serve on the Budget and Finance Committee and that the treasurer is preparing a financial statement. Discussion of investment of funds did not result in any recommendations for change. There was some concern that reunion profits might be excessive, but the group agreed to leave the fee structure with the reunion committee.

Robert Kidd presented a financial statement for the PX. For the fiscal year beginning July 31, 1989 to July 31, 1990, the PX has returned a net of \$2333.50 to the treasury and has a paid inventory of \$6,049.30 (cost) and \$2,170.21 cash, \$2,000 of which will be sent to the treasurer soon. The approximate profit for PX items is 40 percent. PX funds were authorized to be used for reimbursing an individual who had paid for refreshments in the hospitality room at the meeting. Donations were expected to reimburse the PX.

After some discussion on the availability of life memberships for associate members, Jim Reeves stated that one is available for those who are over 60 years old.

Discussion of the 1991 dues collection effort indicated that the Association continues to experience difficulty. Carlton Smith reported that 400 members are not current. Of approximately 1300 members 900 are paid. Bill Heller had volunteered in a letter to the president to continue invoicing. Suggestions presented were: an insert in the next newsletter, followed by a mailing, and a suggestion to the editor that he remind individuals to read their newsletter label which shows when their dues are payable.

Jim Reeves reported that we have signed up 39 new members this year. He reported 514 life members. 118 super life members, and 22 associate members.

Al Lehmann moved that on Nov. 1 or as soon as practical, an invoice go out to all non-life members to let them know their dues are payable on Jan. 1. Motion seconded and passed. It was suggested that Carlton Smith send a letter to Heller, with Heller mailing as soon as possible.

President Klint gave a report on the Schaumburg reunion. Harley Cannon had been advanced \$2500 which was used primarily for deposits on various events of the meeting. He has a current balance of \$475.75. The group authorized Cannon to raffle chances on a Franklin Mint model B-17 "Shoo Shoo Baby."

A report on the reunion in Boise in 1992 revealed that initial contacts look good and arrangements are progressing. A tentative date of late September, 1992 is being finalized.

There was some discussion on the use of complimentary rooms given to the group at reunions. Cash in lieu of rooms is not an available option. Suggestions made by Lehmann to have recipients pay the treasurer was not acted on. Action deferred until the next general meeting.

Lehmann gave a report on the National Archives Retrieval Project. Although the project has been inactive, Stallings is now ready to proceed. Some of the duplicated records need to be shipped to final destinations. Discussions of dispersal: one copy to the vicinity of Savannah, GA. project, one to the historian, and one to a third site to be used for distribution of copies to individuals. Magid will check on a Georgia site, and Lehmann will make arrangements if needed.

A report by Klint on the memorial and the ceremony at Barksdale indicated that the event was well-done, well-received, and attended by approximately 70 people. Total cost to the group was \$2370 plus 5 percent to the 8th AF Museum there for maintenance. This was under budget.

The Lone Star Flight Museum in Galveston has received the B-17 "Thunderbird" and is currently restoring the plane. It will be flyable when restoration is complete, but will be permanently in the way of a memorial there. Klint presented a proposal of a photographic print

of the Keith Ferris Mural in the National Air and Space Museum. This print would be approximately 12 ft. long and 3 or 4 ft. wide. Carlton Smith moved that we place a memorial in Galveston, seconded by Walt Mayer. Motion passed. Klint was advised to provide the specifications and proceed with the project, approximate cost to be less than \$3,000.

In response to a written request by Alvin Morton that the group place wreaths in various cemeteries, it was agreed that we could partially fund his suggestion. Motion made by Mayer, seconded by Smith that we pay for a wreath at Brington and the Morton be asked to present his suggestion at Schaumburg. Motion passed.

Malcom Magid gave a report on progress of the nominating committee. Although he was not ready for a final report, he suggested that the office of secretary and treasurer not be limited to two terms, since this would allow for continuity in these positions. A By-Law change is required.

Walt Mayer recommended that the group change the By-Laws to allow for more than two terms for the secretary and the treasurer. Mayer also recommended that the group recognize past-presidents, who have not been previously recognized, with a plaque or similar award.

Carl DuBose
Secretary

The 303rd Bomb Group Association Inc. Summary of Financial Operations Fiscal Year Ending August 31, 1990

	THIS YEAR	LAST YEAR	INCREASE (DECREASE)
GENERAL OPERATING FUND			
CHECKING ACCOUNT	\$ 2597	\$1964	\$ 633
MONEY MARKET ACCOUNT	26423	000	26423
SAVINGS ACCOUNT	000	2852	(2852)
	<u>\$29020</u>	<u>\$4816</u>	<u>\$24204</u>
TRUST FUND			
CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT	\$52738	\$32261	\$20477
TOTAL IN TREASURY	<u>\$81758</u>	<u>\$36728</u>	<u>\$45030</u>
SUMMARY OF CHECKING ACCOUNT			
BEGINNING BALANCE 9/1/89			\$ 1964.63
TRANSFERS FROM MONEY MARKET ACCOUNT			\$8000.00
TRANSFERS FROM SAVINGS ACCOUNT			2852.19
INTEREST			2617.48
DEPOSITS			22385.11
DISBURSEMENTS			(35222.10)
ENDING BALANCE 8/31/90			<u>\$ 2597.31</u>
SUMMARY OF MONEY MARKET ACCOUNT			
BEGINNING BALANCE 9/1/90			\$ 000.00
TRANSFER FROM CHECKING ACCOUNT			5000.00
INTEREST			1717.22
DEPOSITS			22385.11
REDEMPTIONS			(11760.50)
ENDING BALANCE 8/31/90			<u>\$26422.58</u>
SUMMARY OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURES FISCAL YEAR 1989/1990			
INCOME			
NORFOLK REUNION (INCLUDING RAFFLES)			\$17764.86
PX PROFITS			4000.00
INTEREST			5278.56
DUES (INCLUDING LIFE AND SUPER LIFE MEMBERSHIPS)			26525.00
MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS			283.55
TOTAL INCOME			<u>\$53851.97</u>
EXPENDITURES			
ADVANCES 1991 REUNION			\$2751.43
CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT			21218.00
MEMBERSHIP OFFICE EXPENSES			212.02
TRANSFERS			5000.00
NEWSLETTER & ROSTER & INSERTS			5625.28
EXPENSES WILBUR KLINT			86.49
EXPENSES DR. CARL FLYER			243.88
MEMORIAL WREATHS			85.00
TOTAL EXPENDITURES			<u>\$35222.10</u>

IN MEMORIAM

Howard Montgomery (359) died on July 3, 1990. He is survived by his wife Deana.

Raymond J. Kowatch (427) passed away on Jan. 17, 1990. He was 76. He joined the 303rd B.G. on June 19, 1944 and was shot down over France on the 28th of June. He was a POW until the end of the war. He was a life member of the AX-POW and the 303rd BGA. He is survived by his wife Alice, a grandson and two grand daughters.

Bonnie Hope, 64, wife of 303rd BGA member Ben L. Hope, passed away on Oct. 21, 1989. Besides Ben she is survived a son and

daughter and two grandsons and a granddaughter.

Richard S. Brooks (358) passed away in February 1990. He was a tail gunner on Wendell Ferguson's crew.

John W. Hendry (358) died in September 1990. He was shot during the war and was a POW at Luft III. He is survived by his wife Cloris.

Calder L. Wise (358) died on Nov. 8, 1989. He is survived by his wife Ruby.

Peter A. Benigno (358) No further info available.

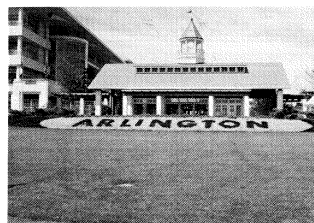
Dwight A. Phillips, Jr. (360) died Oct. 11, 1990. No further info available.



Memorial — Monument erected at 8th AF Museum at Barksdale AFB, LA, honoring 303rd B.G. In background is a B-17 with red triangle C. Event held on Sept. 14, attracted 70 Hell's Angels.



Reunion — Countdown has started for the May 24-28, 1991 reunion. Pictured above is the Schaumburg Marriott home for the May reunion along with the beautiful Arlington Park racetrack scene of the May 26 brunch. Look for registration forms which will go into the mail early in '91.



303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

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

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Address Changes

Blank, Paul; Spoede Woods, Creve Coeur, MO 63141
Bradley, Clyde, W. Jr.; 3713 Everest Drive, Montgomery, AL 36106
Burcham, John O.; 12204 E. 40th St., Independence, MO 64053-2417
Chambers, Rex; P.O. Drawer 8920, Albuquerque, NM 87198
Davis, Johnson E.; 7845 NE Bayshore Dr., Miami, FL 33138-6352
Evans Don Marlin; Unable to forward, need new address
Ferrari, Walter J.; 2 Pine Ridge Drive, Newnan, GA 30263
Ferri, William R.; 10 Penelope Ct., Mahopac, NY 10541
Gilmore, Mrs. Clare; Unable to forward, need new address
Greene, George; 8201 S. Sante Fe Dr., Littleton, CO 80120-4314
Hardin, Thomas H. Jr.; 2374 Port Marnoch Ln., Spring Hill, FL 34606
Hopkins, Mrs. Ann; 39650 U.S. Hwy 19 N #221, Tarpon Spgs., FL 34689
Intersimone, Frank; 5309 Daniel Dr., Rohnert Park, CA 94928
Jones, Marlow; 3808 S. Concord St., Davenport, IA 52802
Kyse, Walter; 6445 Mesa Oaks Cir., Santa Rosa, CA 95409
Livingston, Robert P.; 6606 Crown Ridge, San Antonio, TX 78239
Matthews, David R.; 5530 Center Hill Church Rd. SW, Loganville, GA 30249
Mess, John C.; RD #1 Box 1568, Three Springs, PA 17264
Morgan, Robert L.; 1305 Memorial Dr. #20, Baytown, TX 77520
Morin, Donald P.; 356 Northwest Rd., East Hampton, MA 01027
Nicklas, Henry P.; 5619 Willis Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91411
Ogborn, Maurice E.; 1813 Corte Del Ranchero, Alamogordo, NM 88130
Parker, George F.; 7252 Paige, Warren, MI 48091
Patterson, Charles A.; 915 Maple Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15218
Relford, Robert R.; 4707S S.R. 109, Anderson, IN 46013
Schulz, Mrs. Verna; 2105 Neal Ave., Kingman, AZ 86431
Seidler, Howard A.; 655 Buckstone Dr., Southampton, PA 18966
Sheridan, S.J. T/Sgt.; Unable to forward
Smolar, Max, 942 N. Negley Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15206
Supornick, Meyer; 535 S. Lexington Pkwy. #201, St. Paul, MN 55116
Swank, Verden D.; 6710 Ellenton Gillette Rd. #87, Palmetto, FL 34221
Telford, Don R.; 36 Eagle Dr., Novato, CA 94949
Torley, Donald W.; 21 Delaware Dr., Pontiac, MI 48341
Wiggins, Warren S.; 1860 Rogalo Dr. #105A, Vero Beach, FL 32960
Wise, Ruby; P.O. Box 276, Dickinson, TX 77539

New Members

Barr, Gordon, E.; 642 Webster St., Needham, Ma 02192
Fawcett, Jack B.; 2229 Knolls Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95405
Humphries, Wayne; Rt. 1 533 E. 1200 N., Shelley, ID 83274
Nardine, Howard H.; Box 636, Altadena, CA 91003
Binder, David (A) 3921 Oliver St., Chevy Chase, MD 20815
Borges, Gilbert C., 34 Perry Ave., Somerset, MA 02726
Romstadt, Al, 1042 Kelsea Cir., Ladylake, FL 36259
Tashian, Warren V., 241 W. passaic #14B, Rochelle Park, NJ 07662
McCall, Lamar H., 285 Brumby St., Reidsville, GA 30453
Jennings, Jeffrey L., (A) 16 E. Linwood Ave., Akron, OH 44301

Thank you for including the 303rd Mission Summary in your last newsletter. That list alone is worth more than the cost of membership to me. I had not known before that we took such heavy losses on the day our aircraft was

shot down, 23rd of January 1943. Percentage wise that was the 303rd's worst day of the entire war, seven of 21 aircraft.

Charles R. Grice
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