

Hell's Angels Newsletter

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

APRIL 1992

GRIMM AWARDED DFC AFTER 47 YEAR WAIT



S/Sgt Richard C. Grimm

To former T/Sgt. Richard C. Grimm I'm sure the words of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "All things come round to him who will but wait," have a significant meaning.

It took 47 years but Sgt. Grimm

was finally awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroics during World War II in ceremonies at Hanscom Air Force Base, Massachusetts on 6 February 1992.

Grimm was first recommended for the award in 1945. The paperwork was lost or misplaced. When Grimm's former operations officer learned two years ago that the medal had never been awarded, he restarted the recommendation process.

The award which was presented by Hanscom Base Commander Col. Thomas McGurk, reads "Technical Sergeant Richard C. Grimm distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a radio operator-gunner from July 24, 1943 to April 11, 1945."

During the war Grimm flew 35 combat missions in a B-17 Flying Fortress while assigned to the 303rd and 306th Bomb Groups. He flew six missions with the 358th Sqdn. and 29 with the 367th Sqdn. His heroic actions were many as he had the opportunity to face harm and death on many occasions.

Only a miracle kept Grimm alive during a 1943 bombing run with the 303rd Bomb Group as a malfunctioning oxygen and heating system left him unconscious and frozen for about 30 minutes. "It was a wonder I survived that," Grimm 69, said this month from his home. "But it's even more of a miracle that I ever got this award."

Sgt. Grimm's six missions with the 303rd ranged from the July 24, 1943 mission to Heroya, Norway to the

August 19, 1943 mission to Gilze-Rijen, Holland. His tour of duty with the 306th began on Feb. 19, 1945 and ran through April 11, 1945.

Probably his most unusual experience took place on July 25, 1943 mission to Hamburg, Germany when Grimm was unconscious for more than 30 minutes. He had no discernible heartbeat, suffered multiple lacerations on his forehead and had swallowed his tongue. Further his eyes were frozen shut and his body virtually frozen. He was immediately transported to the base hospital at Molesworth upon landing and recovered shortly thereafter. (See June 1990 issue of newsletter.)

Grimm also flew ten missions as radio operator with the Air Rescue Service in Korea.

MoH WINNER VOSLER DIES

Forrest L. "Woody" Vosler, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor after overcoming critical injuries to help fellow airmen survive an attack by German fighters during a World War II bombing raid, died on Feb. 17, 1992 in Titusville, FL.

Mr. Vosler, who died after suffering a heart attack, was 68. He was one of only 3,394 people awarded the Medal of Honor, the highest military honor, since it was established in 1863 during the Civil War. To qualify for the Medal of Honor, a person must show gallantry beyond the call of duty and risk his life in a deed so daring that no one would criticize him if he failed to act.

The role of hero was thrust upon then T/Sgt. Vosler on Dec. 20, 1943. He was a member of the Army Air Corps with the 358th Bomber Squadron, 303rd Bomb Group. He was a radio operator/gunner aboard a B-17 on a bombing mission over Bremen, Germany, when he acted to save his crippled aircraft despite wounds he received.

"T/Sgt. Vosler's actions on this occasion were an inspiration to all serving with him," the official citation reads. "The extraordinary courage, coolness and skill he displayed in the face of great odds, when handicapped by injuries that would have incapacitated the average crew member, were outstanding."

Until Dec. 20, Mr. Vosler was flying daily bombing missions from England against German submarine bases and ball bearing plants.

"It was pretty scary because the Germans had a lot of anti-aircraft guns aimed at us," Vosler told the Syracuse Post-Standard in 1988. When his plane was hit, he remembered thinking it was his last day on earth.

According to the official Army citation accompanying his medal, Sgt. Vosler's plane was severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire after it had dropped its load of bombs on the target. The plane was forced out of formation by the damage and was set upon by German fighter aircraft.

During the repeated vicious attacks by the enemy fighters, a 20mm cannon shell exploded in the radio compartment, painfully wounding Vosler in the legs and thighs. At about the same time, a direct hit on the plane's tail disabled the rear machine guns and gravely wounded the plane's tail gunner.

Sgt. Vosler realized the danger his airplane was in and, unable to stand, sat on the edge of his table in the radio compartment and kept up a steady stream of machine gun fire to cover the vulnerable tail.

A second cannon shell exploded in the radio compartment shortly afterward and Sgt. Vosler was again

wounded in the chest and face and pieces of metal lodged in both eyes. He continued firing even though his vision was so impaired he could only aim at blurred shapes. He refused first aid during the air battle.

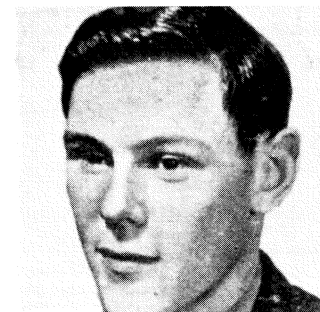
After the attacks ceased, the pilot announced that the plane would have to be ditched in the sea. Using just his touch, Sgt. Vosler repaired the radio equipment that was damaged in the battle and sent out distress signals. He then begged his fellow crewman to throw him overboard in the hope that the plane might make the English coast minus his weight.

After his plane did ditch, Vosler managed to get out on the wing of the plane and hold the wounded crewman to keep him from falling into the water until his fellow crewmen could help him into the dinghy. They were rescued by a Norwegian fishing boat because of Vosler's radio messages.

Bill Simpkins, who served as flight engineer on the plane stayed in contact with Vosler over the years. Simpkins was 18 years old at the time, the youngest on the plane.

Simpkins admits his memory was fading but the events of Dec. 20, 1943 were indelibly imprinted. "We were buddies since the crew formed at Rattlesnake Bombing Base in Texas," Simpkins said recently. "We had some fun together, you know."

"Jersey Bounce, Jr. was the plane



T/Sgt Forrest Vosler

we sank in December," he said. It was really hectic when you're fighting a battle like that. Sgt. Vosler got hit by a 20mm shell, Buskey, the tailgunner, got hit in the stomach. I was wounded. It was a way of life back then."

In 1944, President Franklin D. Roosevelt awarded T/Sgt. Vosler the Medal of Honor. The shrapnel that wounded Vosler's face took his sight. An operation restored his vision in his left eye but he lost his right eye.

Survivors include his wife Virginia, whom he met at Syracuse University, and two sons Stephen and Jeffrey, a daughter Susan and his mother Lottie Vosler of Livonia, N.Y. (This obituary was written with information supplied by Robert A. Baker, Syracuse Post-Standard and Bill Simpkins, 303rd Bomb Group)



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"HELLS ANGELS" NEWSLETTER

Editor: Hal Susskind

VOL. XVI, NO. 1

2602 Deerfoot Trail, Austin, TX 78704

APRIL 1992

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

The 50th Anniversary Reunion of the 303rd Bomb Group in Boise will have special recognition for those individuals who started out with the Group there. Many of these men were members of the support squadrons. They went overseas with the group and remained until they were sent home after the cessation of hostilities. This is a good time to recognize the contributions of all of those who supported the mission of the 303rd in many ways, yet have not received the accolades they deserve. The flying crews came and they left, but the operation of the Group as an outstanding unit continued. It was all possible due the effort of each man performing his assignment to the best of his ability. These individuals must go down in history as a vital part of our great organization.

Let's Have Your Ideas!

The Reunion Committee will next meet in Boise, May 6. Plenty of time remains for any 303rd member to let the committee know what's needed for our reunions. The customer is always right, and we will try to please!

We're planning a bigger and better Hospitality Room with a 40's Sing-Along one or two times. Bridge for both men and women with Sue Lehmann and Joanna Tressler in charge. War stories by our ladies (no men allowed at this meeting). Our British Bridge, Iris Ann Magid, will chair this lively gathering and our leader's wife will speak on the "Social Life" at Rattlesnake Army Air Base, Pyote, Texas during the early 40's. We're planning a most appropriate Memorial Placing at Gowen Field, where it all started in February 1942. Special recognition of those original members, and for those who served long and hard—the ground support troops. Widows will be our guest for dinner at our banquet. There's more, and I'm requesting both the Mayers and Renchers provide you with items of interest in their great style about "Back to Boise in 92" and our "50th Anniversary Celebration."

Jim Taylor

V/P for 303 Reunions

Heritage Center Update

The past 12 months have been very active by the organization since the hiring of Mr. Dan Massey, the former City Manager of Pooler, GA. Not only has the organization of a professional staff been able to improve the use of volunteers in our relationship with the Chatham County, Savannah and Pooler officials and agencies but we have developed a mailing list of over 75,000 and mailed out over 50,000 letters.

The move of our operation from an old hospital complex in Savannah to the site location at I95 and US80 intersection has given us the capability to attract visitors from the one million cars per month that pass that point. We have a state-of-the-art computer operation, administrative offices as well as a small gift shop and display room to explain the project and its objectives.

We have now reached the point in the community where our credibility is attracting all kinds of support including money to assist in the operation.

Our main objective is to begin construction by the fall of 1993 and become operational in 1994. We are bringing on some former commanders of the 8th and other professional people with high visibility in their field to expand and improve the Board of Directors to further enhance the credibility and ability to secure major contributors needed for construction money. A major fund raising agency will be used to improve our ability to target and solicit funds. Current studies indicate that the cost of expert help will not exceed 27 percent of money raised.

In the final analysis the help from 8th AF veterans will be the key to the success of the project. We need your support in all aspects of this effort to build a "Home for the 8th" where our heritage will last forever.

The Air Force we knew is rapidly disappearing and we must insure that our story is never forgotten.

Our new address is: 1020 E. Hwy 80E
Pooler, GA 31322

Mail should be addressed to: P.O. Box 1992
Savannah, GA 31402

Our new telephone number is (912) 748-8888. The 800 number is the same 421-9428.

Take exit 18 at Pooler, GA and give us a visit.

Lew Lyle

Ed. Note: Lew just called with the names of the new directors. They are: Generals W.K. Martin, E.B. Shuler and Gerald Johnson also Ramsay D. Potts, publisher of Air Power History and Dr. Walter Brown of Nashville, TN.

Hell's Angels Forum

Your Chance to Sound Off!

SHADES OF 007!

Being a member of the 358th Bomb Squadron ground crew, I read with great interest the account of the Wiesbaden mission of Aug. 15, 1944 by Bill Crawford. It was one I will always remember because of the severity to the 358th's tragic loss. The 427th lost two crews.

Prior to this mission, I recall the 358th was on standby status several days. The Group had been hit pretty bad before. The 358th was able to send seven planes on this mission and, we of the ground crew, sweated out their return as usual. It was quite a shock, to all of us, to learn of our tragic loss of seven B-17s from our squadron with 70 men and two planes from the 427th and 20 men.

The following day, seeing all the belongings of these missing airmen sitting outside of their barracks waiting to be picked up to send home to their loved ones, was further testimony of our great loss.

Starting from then on, all air personnel were instructed not to mention the scheduled target of the day to anyone other than those who would participate in the coming action. It was evident that we had a "spy" within our midst. Like many others, it really troubled me as to who it might be. Ruling out that it might be a member of our Group, I began thinking about the civilian workers who worked daily doing field maintenance on our airfield. Drawing to my own conclusions as to who it might be, I asked Sgt. John Simpson, crew chief of Yankee Doodle Dandy, a series of questions to see if they corresponded with my thoughts, i.e., what time did the workers arrive at our base? (7:45 a.m.) After that when did we see them again? (10:30 a.m., tea time) and after that? (12:00 Noon—lunch). After lunch, when did we see them? (2:30 p.m.—tea time). Simpson, by that time was getting pretty peeved by these simple questions and I asked him to persist answering. When asked when we next saw the civilian workers, he said 4:30 p.m.—quitting time. All his answers were the same as mine which led me to believe the informer was one of the civilian workers. The worker I suspected was called "Limey," a very friendly chap. He was liked and accepted by all he came in contact with.

I mentioned to Simpson that when all the civilian workers left for home at 4:30 p.m., wasn't it odd that Limey stayed later and had supper with us at the Enlisted Men's Mess? He was also there at midnight chow starting

at 11 p.m. There were times when walking back to our barracks, Limey would walk back with us on his way home and mention, "They're loading 500 lb bombs and probably going after such and such target." Being tight lipped we didn't acknowledge his conclusions.

Being positive that he might be the spy (which we hoped he wasn't) Simpson and I went to mention it to our Engineering Officer, Capt. Newell. I assume he turned this information to Security because, from that time on, Limey was not seen again.

My big question is after 48 years of wondering, what happened to Limey? Was he imprisoned; executed or what? Surely, this was no minor incident. I would appreciate any information regarding the above.

E.J. O'Brien

**301 W. Francis Rd.
New Lennox, IL 60451**

Ed. Note: Does anyone have the answer to this very interesting puzzle?

ONE OF THE FIRST

Since I am unable to attend the Boise reunion I am sending you the questionnaire. The info is to the best of my memory—which seems to get going fast.

I was the first person to report to Boise on 17 Feb. 1942. I was transferred to the 305th—reported to Curtis E. LeMay, Commander in July. It was his 36th birthday and he had just made "bird colonel." I went over with the 305th but after a vacation in the hospital and six months in 1st Wing Hq., I came "home" to the 303rd. Completed my tour in January 1945.

In my book the A.C., then Air Force was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Good luck with the reunion.

**Pete Packard
108 Prince St. NE
Leesburg, VA 22075**

I was a member of the original cadre which was sent to Boise, Idaho in about Feb. of 1942 to form the 303rd. We came to Boise from Pendleton, Oregon. As I recall, Col. Ford Lauer, Lt. Col. John Sutherland, Capt. Joe Thomas, Capt. Eugene Romig, Capt. Leidy, and Lt. Sheridan were originally assigned. I was commander of the 360th Sqdn. (I'm not sure of the others assigned).

I served as commander of this Sqdn. through most of the training period, however, before going overseas I was relieved of command because of medical reasons (history of

ulcers), also relieved of flying. I still remember the B-17E, tail #12549 which I had my name stenciled on the side. I've often wondered what happened to that airplane.

I stayed in Boise for a period of 2 years assigned to the Air Base Staff (operations officer, Base Sqdn. Commander, and at one time Base Commander, as I was the senior rated officer.

**C.A. Leidy
7 Lakeshore Drive
Newport, AK 97312**

I joined the Group, as a pilot, in February 1942 along with 19 classmates of Class 41-I from Brooks Field.

We trained there until May when a number of crews moved to Muroc Lake (now Edwards AFB). In early June eight crews of us were ordered to fly to Hickam Field—arrived the day Battle of Midway ended. They needed more planes than pilots so after about 2 weeks they sent 2 crews of us back to the states, minus our planes, in a Pan Am Clipper.

We rejoined the 303rd in Wendover for a short time before 2 crews of us were transferred to the 1st Mapping Gp. in Washington, DC—then to the 15th Mapping Sq., in Colorado Springs. Went to England in Sept. 1942, North Africa in Nov. 1942 Transferred to the 97th Bomb Gp., in Italy Jan. 44. Returned to States in June 44 after completing missions.

**Albert T. Larsen
4898 Carmen Ave. N
Keizer, OR 97303**

My husband and I are Associate members of the 303rd Bomb Group Association.

I became interested in the 303rd when, in the course of doing a family tree, I heard the story of my Great-Uncle, David Miller, who flew as a tail gunner with the 303rd. I have since discovered he flew with Lt. William Monahan's crew as the second crew of "Hell's Angels." Through Harry Gobrecht's assistance, I have been in contact with the two remaining members of that crew, Walter Hargrove and M.L. (Pete) Clark. I have also spoken with Vernon Olson who flew only one mission with Monahan's crew, the one on which they were shot down. It was August 31, 1943. That day they flew a plane called "Augerhead" (42-29635).

Enclosed is a photo of Lt. William Monahan's crew. This photo has been sent to the Lone Star Flight Museum in Galveston, Texas for the 303rd BG display case. I am interested in corresponding with anyone who might remember David Miller or any of Lt. Monahan's crew. Possibly other 358th Squadron members who were at Molesworth from July-August, 1943 or members of the ground crew of "Hell's Angels."

We are looking forward to the reunion in Boise in September.

**Vicki Sykes
16281 N. 31st Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85023**

Ed. Note: For several years we have tried to locate the ground crew of Hell's Angels with out success.



Front Row (l to r) Lt. William Monahan, (P); Lt. Martin L. Clark, (C/P); Lt. William Maher, (N); Lt. Walter Hargrove, (B). Back Row (l to r) T/Sgt. M.D. Ignaczewski, (E); S/Sgt. Frank Kimotek, (RO); S/Sgt. Walt Gasser, (WG); S/Sgt. Alfred Buinicky, (BTG); S/Sgt. Jim Comer Jr. (WG); S/Sgt. David Miller, (TG).

Forum

Wanted

Lady Angels to come to Boise, Idaho to celebrate the 50th Anniversary reunion of the 303rd Bomb Group.

Make your decision today! Mark your calendars now! Bring some sport clothes, a party dress or two, but most of all, bring yourselves.

Joanna Tressler

Lady Angel Rep.

Rd. 1, Box 373-K

Northumberland, PA 17857

POTPOURRI

I am looking for any photos of either Lt. Clifford's crew or aircraft B-17F, 42-5221 "Son." This crew and aircraft was listed as missing on mission #76 to Anklam. My uncle S/Sgt. Allan Horning was serving as flight engineer on this aircraft and crew. I would also appreciate any help in locating a squadron patch from the 427BS. A color copy of this patch or anyone allowing me to borrow one to have it reproduced would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you very much for your help and cooperation. Look forward to attending the Boise reunion in the fall.

Troy A. Mulvaine

442 Forest Avenue

Dayton, Ohio 45405

Your letter of February 6 was another of many welcome responses to the note carried in the July 1991 issue of The Hell's Angels Newsletter, and I have been delighted on each occasion to exchange information.

I flew 13 of my 30 missions with Bob Cogswell, and he saw us through a ditching, a bailout and numerous returns to base on literally no more than a wing and a prayer. What would have been our 14th mission, to Nantes on September 30, 1943, turned out to be a recall, but culminated in jumps by the crew off the south coast of England at about 10,000 feet when the B-17 suffered a runaway prop and fire in the number three engine. We were carrying 10 500-lb demolition bombs which couldn't be jettisoned because the bomb bay doors were jammed. After the nine of us had jumped, Bob rode the plane down to a height of a few thousand feet to make sure the aircraft with its full bomb load didn't crash in a populated area. He bailed out so late, however, and at such a rate of speed that when his chute opened it tore up ligaments in his back. Bob was medically grounded after that and finished the war in

group/squadron operations.

He stayed on in the Air Force, was trained on B-29's, and went into action in the Korean War. His plane crashed in the Sea of Japan with the loss of all aboard.

Eddie Deerfield

3552 Landmark Trail

Palm Harbor, FL 34684

Ed Note: The above remarks were contained in a letter from Deerfield to Bob Galbraith. It is a tribute to Robert Cogswell as is the story that appears on page 6.

Regarding your letter in the January issue of the Hell's Angels Newsletter and the picture of the downed B-17. Although not one of his crew, I flew as co-pilot for Griffith on his first combat mission 3/19/45. We took several flak hits over target that day, causing the loss of fuel from one of the wing tanks. We stayed with the formation as long as we could, but realized we could not make it back to England. As we approached Belgium, we dropped down to look for a field. The area was heavily wooded, but we came upon a river and followed it South. We found a grassy field with a hangar and a crashed Me-109. We also spotted a U.S. Army convoy on a nearby road, which indicated we were in friendly territory (it turned out that we were 7 miles from the battle line). The field looked too soft for a landing, so Griffith decided to go in wheels-up. The infantry convoy leader drove out to the plane to offer assistance. He drove us to the nearby city of Mezierres, where we were put up in a hotel for 3 days. The 8th A.F. Headquarters in Paris sent a truck to transport us to Lyons, where we were to fly a repaired B-17 back to England. I've enclosed a copy of the passenger manifest for the return flight.

The picture shows major damage to the left wing and the rudder, which must have been inflicted after we left. The landing ripped the belly and bent the props, but the plane was otherwise intact. I still have a souvenir piece of the fuselage ripped from the plane's belly.

The current 303rd roster lists a Warren J. Wilson who was in the 358th. He very likely is the W.J. Wilson listed in the manifest.

John L. Olson

48460 Forest Blvd.

Rush City, MN 55069

Ed Note: The information above was contained in a letter from Olson to A.C. Anderson. Listed below are

members of the 303rd who flew the B-17 #43-38450 back to Molesworth:

Lt. R.L. Griffith

Lt. J.L. Olson

F/O J. Besharian

F/O F.G. Correale

Sgt. W.J. Wilson

Sgt. M.H. Ruff

Sgt. W.B. Hogan

Sgt. R.W. Jarrett

Met a fellow 303rd member (Bud & Mary Klint) at the Second Schweinfurt reunion at Las Vegas in October. He sent me the application form.

I'm sending a copy of our orders that we came overseas on. There is a paper clipping of when I was shot down, Nov. 26, 1944. As to the place—Messlisburg—I don't know if that is right. It was mission #6, I think. It was a marshalling railroad yard for equipment for the Bulge. (Targets were Misburg, Altenbeken and Osnabruck). I'm sure we weren't hit by flak or fighters. We had a fuel leak in right wing #4 engine. There was a fire and we all got out and caught. The aircraft blew up at around 20,000 feet. We had a different Nav. and Waist gunner. Sorry I can't remember their names.

I had a short break from service in 1945. Came back in until Jan. 1949. Then out 'til June 1956, then back in 'til Sept. 1970. Retired with just about 31 years as a M/Sgt. I went back in on 52s in '56 and was KC-135 qualified also. Spend a year in Vietnam on C-7 (STOL) aircraft, twin eng., cargo.

Bud says the 303rd will meet in Sept. 1992 at Boise. That's where my first crew started in April 1943.

Below is a list of the crew that went overseas from Hunter Field, GA on 7 Oct. 1944.

P	1st Lt. Chet H. Jameson, Jr.
CP	2nd Lt. Robert N. Blazey
N	Capt. James M. Kaiser
B	2nd Lt. Wilson Ford
EG	T/Sgt. Glenn W. Hall

ROG	S/Sgt. Howard D. Hole
AG	T/Sgt. Ferdinand P. Haevers
AROG	Cpl. Roland J. Bender
TG	S/Sgt. William L. Hoots

We trained at Avon Park, Florida. Lt. Jameson was a Field Art. Officer and came to the Army AC. Had been an instructor pilot on B-17s as was Lt. Blazey. Capt. Kaiser had flown a tour out of North Africa. He wasn't with us when we went down. Lt. Ford had flown a tour in the South Pacific. He was there when the war started. I met him first at Walla Walla, WA, when he was a T/Sgt. He died as a Lt. Col. in the 50s. Hall as you can see by his serial number was an old soldier. He washed out of cadets before the war he was an eng. instructor. Sgt. Hole had flown many missions in the South Pacific. His home was Hawaii. Sgt. Haevers had been a training instructor for a long time. Cpl. Bender had to bail out of an aircraft in training. Sgt. Hoots—I had flown 25 missions, 3 Sept. '43 to 19 Feb. '44 from 91st B.G., 323 rd Sqdn.

Wm. Lester Hoots

Box 97

Patterson, IL 62078

IN REMEMBRANCE

I thought you would like a copy of the write-up from the Post-Standard of Syracuse, New York. Woody (Forrest Vosler) died on February 17. The memorial services were held in Titusville, Florida. Among those at the services were two of the crew members on the flight on Dec. 20, 1943. Myself, the flight engineer and Warren Wiggins the navigator. Our wives were also with us.

Wiggins and I hadn't seen each other in 48 years. We were shot down on Feb. 24, 1944 and we had a luncheon reunion on Feb. 24, 1992 at the same time we were shot down.

William H. Simpkins

348 S. Cologne Ave.,

Box 217

Cologne, NJ 08213



Ground crew of Old Squaw

303rd BOMB GROUP MISSIONS 8th BOMBER COMMAND MISSIONS									
MISSION NO. DATE TARGET			TOTAL NO. OF PAGES	TOTAL COST	MISSION NO. DATE TARGET			TOTAL NO. OF PAGES	TOTAL COST
116.	3- 3-44	Erkner	65	6.50	141.	4-25-44	Metz/Frescaty	70	7.00
224	8th B.C.		112	11.20	265	8th B.C.		123	12.30
117.	3- 4-44	Bonn/Koln	105	10.50	142.	4-27-44	Sottevast	59	5.90
225	8th B.C.		145	14.50	267	8th B.C.		111	11.10
118.	3- 6-44	Berlin (Erkner)	97	9.70	143.	4-27-44	Toul/C'De Metz	65	6.50
226	8th B.C.		160	16.00	269	8th B.C.		90	9.00
119.	3- 8-44	Erkner	65	6.50	144.	4-29-44	Berlin	70	7.00
229	8th B.C.		124	12.40		8th B.C.			
120.	3- 9-44	Berlin	77	7.70	145.	4-30-44	Lyon/Bron	68	6.80
230	8th B.C.		102	10.20	271	8th B.C.		117	11.70
121.	3-16-44	Augsburg	103	10.30	146.	5- 7-44	Berlin	80	8.00
234	8th B.C.		143	14.30	273	8th B.C.		138	13.80
122.	3-18-44	Lechfeld	105	10.50	147.	5- 8-44	Berlin	67	6.70
236	8th B.C.		172	17.20	275	8th B.C.		90	9.00
123.	3-19-44	Wizernes	65	6.50	148.	5- 8-44	Sottevast		
	8th B.C.		113	11.30	275	8th B.C.		79	7.90
124.	3-20-44	Frankfurt	69	6.90	149.	5- 9-44	Thionville		
238	8th B.C.		102	10.20	277	8th B.C.		84	8.40
125.	3-22-44	Berlin	103	10.30	150.	5- 4-44	Berlin		
239	8th B.C.		183	18.30	272	8th B.C.			
126.	3-23-44	Hamm/Ahlen	92	9.20	151.	5-11-44	Saarbrucken		
240	8th B.C.		155	15.50	281	8th B.C.			
127.	3-24-44	Frankfurt	84	8.40	152.	5-19-44	Merseburg		
241	8th B.C.		121	12.10	282	8th B.C.			
128.	3-26-44	Wizernes	75	7.50	153.	5-13-44	Stettin-Posen		
243	8th B.C.		101	10.10	283	8th B.C.			
129.	3-27-44	Chartres	94	9.40	154	5-15-44	Mimoyecques		
	8th B.C.		163	16.30	284	8th B.C.			
130.	3-28-44	Dijon/Longvic	76	7.60	155.	5-19-44	Berlin		
245	8th B.C.		117	11.70	287	8th B.C.			
131.	3-29-44	Stedorf	74	7.40	156.	5-20-44	Orly		
246	8th B.C.	136	13.60		288	8th B.C.			
132.	4- 9-44	Marienburg	101	10.10	157.	5-21-44	Kiel		
	8th B.C.		187	18.70	290	8th		86	8.60
133.	4-10-44	Brussels	70	7.00	158.	5-23-44	Saarbrucken		
253	8th B.C.		115	11.50	291	8th B.C.		112	11.20
134.	4-11-44	Sorau	102	10.20	159.	5-24-44	Berlin	103	10.30
254	8th B.C.		189	18.90	292	8th B.C.		165	16.50
135.	4-13-44	Schweinfurt	93	9.30	160.	5-25-44	Blainville T742		
256	8th B.C.		150	15.00	293	8th B.C.			
136.	4-18-44	Oranienburg	94	9.40	161.	5-27-44	Mannheim		
257	8th B.C.		156	15.60	294	8th B.C.			
137.	4-19-44	Kassel	70	7.00	162.	5-28-44	Cologne T700		
258	8th B.C.		127	12.70	295	8th B.C.			
138.	4-20-44	Sottevast	95	9.50	163.	5-28-44	Rotha — Dessau		
260	8th B.C.		140	14.00	296	8th B.C.			
139.	4-22-44	Hamm			164.	5-29-44	Posen		
262	8th B.C.					8th B.C.			
140.	4-22-44	Oberpf'Hofen	115	11.50	165.	5-30-44	Halberstadt	96	9.60
264	8th B.C.		212	21.20	297	8th B.C.			

The following article first appeared in the *Chicago Times* in August, 1943. It was filed from Molesworth by Eddie Deerfield, a former *Times* copy boy, after his B-17 ditched in the North Sea on the return from Kassel, Germany, July 30. Deerfield completed 30 missions as a radio operator with the 360th. After the war he returned to the *Times* as a bylined columnist and went on to WGN-TV as news editor. He was commissioned in the US Army Reserve in 1949 and recalled during the Korean conflict as a psy-ops detachment commander. He joined the U.S. diplomatic service as a public affairs officer and served in six countries overseas. He is a retired Army Reserve lieutenant colonel.

Deerfield asked the *Hell's Angel Newsletter* to dedicate the article to the memory of Capt. Robert Cogswell, his pilot whose superb skill in ditching the B-17 saved the lives of the entire crew. Capt. Cogswell went on to fly B-29s in Korea and was killed in action in 1951.

By Tech. Sgt. Eddie Deerfield

U.S. Bomber Station, Somewhere in England.—A journalistic adventure-monger, an insatiable literary fiend—that's what crew members of my Fortress family have been calling me ever since we first started to install a ventilation system in Hitler's European hacienda.

People talk behind my back and long, snaky fingers accusingly point me out as the character who has time and time again brutally risked entangling nine men in the cloak of death, for no other reason than to develop newsworthy material. I've done everything possible to indicate my innocence but to no avail.

The fact remains that in the 13 missions we've made so far, our ship and crew have been listed as missing in action no less than five times.

There was the Kassel raid, for instance. We were out to blast the big Fiesler aircraft plants then contributing in great strength to German fighter production. Briefing had prepared us for a long and arduous journey, yet even our wildest expectations fell far short of the fight for life which eventually developed.

Engine Goes Bad

At the Belgian coast on the trip into the target, the outboard engine on the Fortress' right wing developed a malfunction and began consuming gas at an alarming rate. The interphone communications system sprang to life with the co-pilot questioning the pilot in a voice which I sensed carried the slightest hint of hesitancy.

"Bob," he asked, "shall we leave the formation and return to base? We can do it now, but the odds will be 1,000 to one against us if we go much further."

Every ear on the ship strained to catch the fateful response. Our pilot's

answer was final. "I'm afraid today's target is too important to miss. We'll have to chance the outcome."

Not a single one of us offered a word. I remember shrugging my shoulders, and uttering a ridiculously long sigh of resignation. We all checked our parachutes and settled down for a rough go.

The sky over the target was clear, we bombed well and then made a 180-degree turn preparatory to returning to England.

Then the pressure was on—almost immediately. Coming in fast on our tail, Jerry fighters appeared in strength, forcing us to use violent evasive action which absorbed more and more precious fuel. In an effort to economize, the engineer was asked to transfer gas from one of the engines to the others, our pilot intending to attempt a return on the remaining three.

The engineer's sardonic reply was: "There isn't enough gas left in any one of the engines worth transferring."

2 Engines Stop

Seconds later, No. 3 and No. 4 engines on the right wing coughed and choked the props to a standstill. We lost altitude and dropped out of formation. Now the fun began in earnest, since we had lost the mutual fire support of our fellow Fortresses. Seven Focke-Wulf 190s hopped our lone ship, attacking from all directions.

Events were moving along at a hot and heavy pace when the interphone order came, "Stand by to bail out," though I doubt if anyone responded. We were all too busy attempting to keep a sizable portion of Goering's Luftwaffe at bay.

We had dropped to 14,000 feet with American and German fire trac-

ing opposite patterns through the air during the entire trip. I glanced out of the left radio room window at the remaining two active engines and even as I looked, the props slowed and suddenly ceased their reassuring rotation.

We were now over German territory in a four-engine glider. So desperate was our predicament that the very futility of our surviving acted as a boomerang and carried an unexpected reward. The enemy fighters, evidently considering us doomed, discontinued their attack and climbed to harass the original formation in flight high above.

Almost simultaneous with their departure, even as we were adjusting our chutes and preparing to abandon ship, the first gleam of hope came in the form of an excited exclamation by the co-pilot, "The coast line is just ahead of us. I can see the North Sea."

Hope Returns

The information had the effect of a stimulant. The picture had changed in this respect: A crash landing in water meant that those who survived were accessible to rescue if Allied craft could manage to reach us before the Germans did.

And I suddenly realized that in my hands, through radio equipment which I controlled, fell the full responsibility of insuring that rescue by wiring back to the proper British authorities our exact location and condition.

I set up the transmitter to transmit on the secret emergency frequency, adjusted the receiver to that same frequency and started pounding the little black key in a succession of SOS messages.

Meanwhile, the crew went to work in a frenzied effort to lighten the ship, everyone straining with the knowl-



Eddie Deerfield, then a T/Sgt. radio operator/gunner, poses with "Iza Vailable," the B-17 in which Capt. Cogswell's crew flew many of its early missions.

edge that their exertions could extend the Fortress glide a greater distance past the enemy coast out to the possibly protective sea.

At the time ditching in water seemed a great deal better than bailing out directly into Nazi hands.

Get Set For "Ditching"

At 3,000 feet the pilot issued the order to abandon posts and assume positions for ditching. Discounting himself and the co-pilot, both of whom remained at the controls, every member of the crew left their station and went to the radio room.

Located in the approximate center of the Fortress and having a large removable hatch directly over head, the radio room was ideal, for there the shock of hitting the water would be least severe and exit easy.

It all depended on landing, however. If the pilot could manage to "pancake" the plane, coming down in a position parallel to the water, there would be an estimated 30 to 60 seconds' grace in which to climb through the hatch and abandon the ship before its hollow sections filled sufficiently to send it to the bottom.

The rear radio room door opened to admit the two waist gunners, the ball turret man and the tail gunner. A second later, the bombardier, navigator and engineer entered from the front portion of the Fortress. Eight men were now packed in a room some seven feet long and six feet wide. We were down to 2,000 feet.

I strapped myself in the radio operator's chair, locked the transmitter key whereby a steady signal indicating our position would continue to go out, made a mental note of the location of several emergency kits such as rations, a battery operated transmitter and a first aid box which

we planned to take with us into the rubber rafts, and then settled back to wait.

There was nothing more any of us could do for the time being. Our future lay entirely in the hands of the two pilots who sat side by side, guiding the ship as it gradually fell nearer the rolling surface of the North sea.

The altitude report was now 1,300 feet. Navigator Cobb volunteered one last bit of advice:

"Remember, Beng, pull the emergency raft releases as soon as you can after we hit and then, if we're able, we'll leave the plane according to the way we're sitting. Red, you're nearest the opening so you go out first. Pappy, you and Eddie see that the emergency equipment is taken with us."

We nodded in agreement.

Then a call: "Radio operator from pilot." I picked up the microphone and held it close to my lips, "This is radio. Go ahead, pilot."

"I'll give you an altitude report every hundred feet from here on down and you can relay the reading to the rest of the crew. And just before we hit, I'll ring the warning bell twice. We're at 1,000 feet now. Is everybody set back there? Go ahead."

"Got you, pilot. Everything O.K. here. The bombardier says you'd better make it good because he's got a heavy date tonight."

I lowered the mike and called off 1,000 feet. Red looked up, and a weary half smile creased his features. A heavy silence fell over the occupants of the radio room, broken only by the altitude reports which tolled onward like a bell broadcasting down, while the whistling of the air outside the plane provided an eerie background.

"900 feet . . . 800 feet . . . 700 feet . . . 600 feet."

Davis raised himself slightly as if for better bracing, and then, changing his mind, assumed his former position.

"500 feet . . . 400 feet . . . 300 feet."

Breathing had become laborious and the face of each man grim.

"200 feet . . . 100 feet."

... A Wall of Water

After a few seconds pause, the sound of the warning bell came tearing through the room, and the passage of time seemed to cease. A shrieking rent the air, like the ragged edges of a tin can being forcibly dragged over a pane of glass. The grinding suddenly stopped, a terrific lurch followed, and then a solid wall of water came rushing into the room through the open hatch.

Instinctively, I unsnapped the safety belt and tried to make for the opening, but the weight of the water

was a great hand pressing downward. I struggled against it and then fell back exhausted.

Through the curtain of water, I could see my breath bubbling away before my eyes. I felt kin to a goldfish and pictured the Fortress already many fathoms under the sea. Past events, poured through my mind with the speed of a motion picture projector increased tenfold. And echoing again and again in the background was the thought, "This is one hell of a way to die."

The sudden and totally unexpected settling of the water to a depth of some two feet above the radio room floor left us at once the most surprised and relieved humans in the realm of humanity.

The plane was motionless, and it was evident now that the water thrown into the hatch was part of the huge wave formed by the wings as they churned their way over the surface of the sea. Although steadily submerging, the Fortress now rested on top and not beneath the waves.

There was an astonished lull for an instant after the rush of water subsided, then the status of the ship dawned on the men, promoting a mass movement to evacuate. Red was first to clamber out the hatch and as he left Bengtson pulled the raft release handles which automatically inflated and ejected two rubber rafts from compartments on each side of the ship. Davis was second to leave with Pete right behind him.

Navigator Is Hurt

I turned to see if Pappy had the

emergency supplies ready to go. In Pap's arms, his head supported above the water now waist deep, lay the semi-conscious body of the navigator. Blood flowed freely from a gash on his forehead, running with gruesome effect in a myriad of rivulets down his face.

I helped raise Lt. Cobb through the hatch into the waiting hands of the pilot, who, having exited via his cabin window, now stood outside on the left wing. As soon as Cobb was clear, Beng pulled himself up and out. The bombardier handed a first aid box to Pete standing on the right wing, and followed the box out. Only Etheridge and myself now remained.

I climbed through to the left, took the emergency transmitter from Pappy, and helped pull him out. A raft rode off the end of each wing, and in order to distribute the weight, Pap went for the right one. Sitting in the opposite raft on my side, was Lt. Cogswell and Beng, with Lt. Cobb lying between them. Red was in the water, hanging on to a lifeline which encircled the raft.

Almost a minute had elapsed since the plane first hit water, and the final sinking might come at any second. If the rafts remained where they were, the suction created by the Fortress going under could easily drag them with it. The idea now was to remove ourselves as far from the plane as possible.

I ran the length of the wing, threw the emergency equipment to Beng, and bracing my feet against the wing tip, used my body as a lever to propel the raft forward. Red had started

swimming with the raft in tow, and I followed suit right behind him.

Watch B-17 Sink

We were struggling forward, when Lt. Cogswell cried, "There she goes." I turned my head in time to see the huge vertical stabilizer of the B-17 rise high in the air, and then majestically glide beneath the waves with hardly a ripple. A queen had proclaimed her disdain of death.

The bombardier had salvaged a package of cigarets. I reached out for one. That was one cigarette, however, I never did smoke.

Davis sprang up, almost upsetting the raft, and pointed excitedly to something in the distance. Many miles away, just above the horizon, was a tiny black speck barely recognizable as an airplane. Distinguishing its nationality was impossible as yet, but if it chanced to be a German raider, then our present status was nothing more than a temporary reprieve from death.

From the speed with which it approached, the plane was evidently an interceptor. Closer and closer it came, and then in a flash, we realized that it was all over except for the shouting. The pursuit was a P-47, the famous U.S. Army Air Force Thunderbolt. A sister ship soon followed it, and while one sought out a rescue ship, the other circled our rafts, its pilot waving encouragement.

Twenty minutes later, we were in the cabin of a British airsea rescue motor launch, donning warm clothing between sips from a bottle of brandy.

THE COGSWELL CREW AND "IZA AVAILABLE"—In front, l. to r., P.J. Davis, ball turret gunner; Eddie Deerfield, radio operator; Dwight Kennedy, bombardier; Harold "Red" Timm, tail gunner, and Gil Bengston, engineer; rear, Bob Dewart, co-pilot; Bob Cogswell, pilot; Alvin "Peppy" Etheridge and Gus Brundage, waist gunners, and Bill Stamper, navigator. Navigator Cobb, injured in the crash at sea, is not shown.



William T.L. Werner, 358th Sqdn., passed away on Jan. 18, 1992 at Lebanon, PA. He only flew five missions with the 303rd before severe injuries necessitated his evacuation to the U.S. For his heroism on that fifth mission he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

Chronicled below are excerpts from an article which appeared in the Feb. 12, 1984 issue of Focus, a weekly publication of the Lebanon News Publishing Co. It was forwarded by his wife Betty in hopes that someone in our Group could identify the rest of Werner's crew in the photo which appears with the story.



Nearly 40 years have passed since the day when William Werner, wounded and bleeding, safely stowed his guns, then crawled from the tail-gun position of his B-17 before collapsing near the aircraft tail wheel.

A tail-gunner aboard B-17F 42-508, a U.S. "Flying Fortress," Werner, of 216 High Street, Cornwall, had been on four previous bomb runs over Germany. He had no way of knowing it, but his fifth mission was to be his last; the severity of his injuries would soon return him to the states, far from the war.

For him, the combat was ended.

In England, Werner was hospitalized but recovered quickly—a fact credited to his youth and strength. In subsequent ceremonies he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross—the nation's second highest military honor. He was also awarded the Air Medal with oak leaf cluster and Purple Heart.

Werner was 19 when in December 1942 he enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps. Today, at 61, he is retired from Bethlehem Steel in Lebanon, where he was employed as safety supervisor until January 1982. He still carries, in his liver and left arm, unwanted war souvenirs: shrapnel from the air attack that nearly took his life.

Werner talks about his combat ordeal in the comfort of his home, in the company of his wife,

Betty. He talks easily, quietly, noting that he has spoken little about it all these years. He says the embedded shrapnel has never troubled him.

Almost casually, Werner mentions that enemy weapons fire tore a hole in his back, narrowly missing his spine. He recalls that he was "shot all up" and says the injuries he received, combined with the intensity of the battle, caused him to experience the phenomenon of having his life's memories revolve quickly through his mind.

A former first-string football tackle the Lebanon High, class of 1940, Werner was a strong and rangy young man who lettered in his sport. News accounts of the day described him as being a cool, level-headed competitor.

His youth, strength and presence of mind—intermingled with a bit of luck—combined to save Werner's life when, on Feb. 22, 1944, during the bombing run over Aschersleben, Germany, his aircraft was hit heavily by enemy fighters and later by anti-aircraft fire.

Much of the enemy fire centered on the B-17's tail section, where Werner was pouring return fire from his 50-caliber guns. Nevertheless, he says, "I never felt I was going to die."

During the heat of the aerial firefight, with German FW 190s cutting a 20-millimeter swath through the B-17 formation, Werner says he had no chance to be truly afraid. He was, at the time,

a staff sergeant assigned to the 303rd Bombardment Group of the 427th Bombardment Squadron.

"You're fighting," he recalls. "You react. It's your life or his and you are just hopeful that you can get back to home base."

But manning the tail-gun position was lonely, Werner remembers. "You're alone back there. You're always looking. You have to inform the rest of the crew if the enemy attacks from behind."

Because he was the first gunner assigned to the crew of his B-17, Werner says he was given first choice of gun positions. The tail-gun was his choice, he says, because of a handy trapdoor through which he could parachute in the event the Fortress took a disabling hit.

Trapdoor or no, the tail-gun was a dangerous post on a B-17. Werner says that after the battle he recalled a comment made by an Army gunnery school instructor. The comment: the lifespan of a tail-gunner during active combat is 30 seconds.

"It didn't sink in at the time," he says with a trace of a smile.

Indeed, the former sergeant feels he would have died had his heated flight suit not been damaged in a fortuitous manner.

Because the Fortresses flew at an altitude of 20,000 to 25,000 feet, the crew members wore heated suits to protect them against the cold. However, a piece of shrapnel knocked out Werner's suit rheostat, causing his body temperature to plummet and the blood oozing from his wounds to coagulate rapidly.

If the suit had been functioning properly, Werner says, he could have bled to death.

The severity of Werner's injuries was acknowledged in a letter directed to the top echelon of the 303rd Bombardment Group by Sgt. Samuel C. Ross, a waist-gunner on Werner's B-17. In the letter, dated Feb. 24, 1944, Ross detailed the events leading up to, and following, Werner's collapse.

He wrote: "The aircraft in which I (Ross) was flying as a waist-gunner was subjected to fierce enemy fighter attacks and later heavy anti-aircraft fire prior to reaching the target.

"Approximately one-half hour before reaching the target, and after the fighters had for the time being ceased their attacks, the tail-gunner, S/Sgt. Werner, crawled out of his position and collapsed beside the tail wheel.

"The radio operator and I both started back to assist him. Because the aircraft was equipped with constant-flow oxygen our first thought was that Sgt. Werner was suffering from lack of oxygen, so the radio operator (S/Sgt. Wayner Magner) dragged him back to the radio room to revive him

CLASS OF SERVICE This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless the deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.	WESTERN UNION 1944 A. N. WILLIAMS PRESIDENT	SYMBOLS DL=Day Letter NL=Night Letter LC=Deferred Cable NLT=Night Letter S=Shy Radiogram
The office shown in this data line on telegram and day letter is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.		
PAN86 37 GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 6 502P		
MRS MAREL K WERNER		
906 QUENTIN RD LEBANON PENN		
REGRET TO INFORM YOU YOUR SON STAFF SERGEANT WILLIAM T WERNER WAS ON TWENTY ONE FEBRUARY SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN ACTION OVER OSCHERSLEBEN GERMANY PERIOD MAIL ADDRESS FOLLOWS YOU WILL BE ADVISED AS REPORTS OF CONDITION ARE RECEIVED=		
ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL...		
THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE		

The terse telegram sent by the U.S. military mistakenly said that Werner had been injured on Feb. 21, 1944. Papers filed in support of his valor, however, stated that he had been injured on February 22. Furthermore, the target was Aschersleben not Oschersleben as stated in the wire. At least they got the war right, it was World War II.

while I went into the tail gunner's position.

"I was not too concerned about Sgt. Werner," Ross wrote, "because he was apparently still conscious and had had the presence of mind to clear the guns (of ammunition) and stow them, thus in no way leaving any danger of an accidental discharge.

"It was not until later that I learned that Sgt. Werner had been seriously wounded and that he collapsed in a weakened condition from loss of blood rather than lack of oxygen."

In a similar letter, the radio operator, S/Sgt. Magner, recounts: "My first thought was that he (Werner) had passed out from lack of oxygen. He had not completely lost consciousness, however, and when I got him into the radio room I noticed blood stains around his parachute harness.

"The blood was just beginning to soak through the heavy suit. I promptly administered first aid and did everything possible to keep him warm and comfortable for the remainder of the mission.

"At no time before the waist-gunner (Ross) mentioned it on the interphone was I aware that something was wrong with the tail-gunner. An almost continual stream of fire was coming from the tail guns on every fighter attack.

"As near as I can ascertain," Magner wrote, "Sgt. Werner was wounded about an hour and a half before the target by a 20-millimeter cannon shell. About 20 or 30 minutes later we received a flak hit in the tail section and Sgt. Werner was wounded again in the arms, abdominal region and leg."

Both Magner and Ross, in their letters to military high command, had only absolute praise for Werner. At one point Ross suggested that Werner saved all their lives. He wrote: "I hesitate to say what might have been our fate if Sgt. Werner had not stayed with his guns during those terrific fighter attacks."

In the aftermath of the battle, Werner underwent surgery in a U.S. Army field hospital in England where he was retained for several weeks. Later, he was transferred to a rest-and-recovery station—a building he recalls as having been large and castle-like. He remained there for three weeks before returning stateside for a two-week military leave.

Just prior to his return home, Werner was decorated in a special ceremony. A military memo dated March 5, 1944, cited the Lebanon man for "extraordinary heroism in action," and credited Werner with shooting down an enemy aircraft



The crew of the B-17 "Flying Fortress" which was attacked by German fighters over Aschersleben, Germany, in February 1944, credited William Werner, back row, second from right, with saving their lives. Werner, a tail-gunner, stayed with his guns even after receiving serious wounds.

during the firefight.

"They said I shot it down," says Werner. "I don't recall it but maybe I did."

But he does recall, with a kind of wry humor, that the news account of his decoration was accidentally sent to the Pottsville Republican instead of the Lebanon Daily News.

Following his homecoming leave, Werner was lodged temporarily in the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, then headquarters for returned Army Air Corps enlisted men. Later he was relocated to a B-29 bomber base at Pratt, Kan., where he worked as a WAC recruiter.

Asked about that particular aspect of his military career, Werner only smiles and says, "It was something else."

Still later, he was transferred to Chanute Field (today Chanute Air Force Base), Champaign, Ill. There, Werner was assigned to the ground safety office where he received training that, years later, enabled him to move from a warehouse job at Bethlehem Steel to the position of company safety supervisor.

Werner remained with Bethlehem Steel for 31 years before his retirement in 1982.



427th Headquarters Personnel



Jan. 1, 1943 – Unknown 358th Combat Crew

303rd BOMB GROUP (H) ASSOCIATION, INC.

The 303rd Bomb Group is in the early planning stages for a "Return to England" and yes, possibly Our Last Hurrah!

() Yes, I'm interested in Returning to Molesworth and of course, several days of sightseeing in Jolly Old England.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I understand there is no obligation at this time.

Tentative planning dates are: May 19-28, 1993

Estimated Cost: Land Package Tour approximately \$950.00

Air travel will be at the lowest possible airfare, and Senior Citizen Discount. Possible fly one-way. Return by Queen Elizabeth II also available.

Our English friend, an Honorary Member, Ray Cossey, has agreed to assist in our group's "Return to England." To facilitate in planning tours, hotel accommodations, travel, and yes, actual cost, your early response is necessary.

Mail your response to: James B. Taylor
V/P Reunions 303rd
421 Yerba Buena Avenue
Los Altos, CA 94022
415/948-6596

Sortie loss rate

Group Nbr	Date	Ops Began	Total Sorties	AC	MI	Numbr	Sorties
490	31	05	44	5060	22		230.00
467	10	04	44	5538	29		190.97
486	07	05	44	6173	33		187.06
487	07	05	44	6021	33		182.45
34	23	05	44	5713	34		168.03
446	16	12	43	7259	58		125.16
466	22	03	44	5762	47		122.60
458	24	02	44	5759	47		118.80
493	06	06	44	4871	41		118.80
453	05	02	44	6655	58		114.74
398	06	05	44	6419	58		110.67
801	05	04	44	2809	26		108.04
491	02	06	44	5005	47		106.49
489	30	05	44	2998	29		103.38
457	21	02	44	7086	83		85.37
93	09	10	44	8169	100		81.69
401	26	11	43	7430	95		78.21
379	29	05	43	10492	141		74.41
351	14	05	43	8600	124		69.35
381	22	06	43	9035	131		68.97
448	22	12	43	6774	101		67.07
452	05	02	44	7279	110		66.17
445	13	12	43	7145	108		66.16
389	09	07	43	7579	116		65.34
303	25	06	42	10721	165		64.98
385	17	07	43	8264	129		64.06
97	17	08	42	247	4		61.75
390	13	08	43	8725	144		60.59
305	17	11	42	9231	154		59.94
384	22	06	43	9348	159		58.79
94	13	05	43	8884	153		58.07
95	13	05	43	8903	157		56.71
388	17	07	43	8051	142		56.70
306	09	10	42	9614	171		56.22
92	06	09	42	8633	154		56.06
392	09	09	43	7060	127		55.59
44	07	11	42	8009	153		52.35
447	24	12	43	7605	153		49.71
482	27	09	43	346	7		49.43
100	25	06	43	8630	177		48.76
91	07	11	42	9591	197		48.69
96	14	05	43	8924	189		47.22
492	11	05	44	1513	51		29.67
Totals			297930	4257			
Average			6929	99			87.18

The table speaks for itself. You can see that except for the hard luck outfit (492BG) those units that arrived early had a harder time of bringing their planes back than those units that reached combat status in 1944.

In this issue . . .

As I was putting this issue together I couldn't help but notice the diversity of the articles. As the old saying goes, "I have good news and bad news to report." The good news is that Sgt. Richard C. Grimm was finally awarded the DFC, an honor he earned back in 1943-45. He finally won his battle against the bureaucratic system. So I guess there is hope for some equally deserving people in their battles with "the powers that be." The bad news is that we lost MoH winner Forrest Vosler and DSC

winner William Warner plus some other not so famous but equally as brave heroes mentioned in the "In Memoriam" column on page 12.

Thanks to Jim Hicks and Bill Schultz for correctly identifying Capt. Romig's picture on page 1 of the Oct. 1991 issue of the newsletter.

We are still growing. We have passed the 1700 mark of former 303rd who have joined the Association. For the first time since I took over as editor in Seattle in '85 I completely ran out of copies of an issue. We picked up some 70 members since the October 1991 issue.

In the September 1990 issue of the Hell's Angel Newsletter we listed Benjamin Losiewicz in the "In Memoriam" section. The source was listed as being the 'Taps' page of the June issue of The Retired Officer Magazine. But the questions of when and how have always eluded us until I received the letter printed below from his wife Genevieve.

I am writing to inform you that my husband, Lt. Col. Benjamin Losiewicz, USAF Ret., passed away on Presidents Day, Feb. 19, 1990, at the Burn Unit of Brooks Army Medical Center, San Antonio, Texas. He was hospitalized there for four months, and in spite of the staff's outstanding efforts, suffered a slow, terrible death. Ben would still be here with us if it had not been for the failure of a Colorado Springs physician to monitor the effectiveness of her treatment, or warn us of the counter indications for my husband's medication.

Ben was prescribed *Dilantin*, an anti-seizure medication. I didn't want him on this medication, due to a bad experience our daughter had with it as a child. However, we were assured that, while there were complications in the case of children, it was perfectly safe for adults. Two weeks after taking *Dilantin*, Ben was diagnosed as having a toxic reaction to the drug, and was immediately hospitalized. He suffered from *toxic epidermal necrosis syndrome*, or TENS, which caused burn-like symptoms over 100% of his body, both internally and externally. He was eventually medivac'd to Brooks, where he received the best possible care, but unfortunately the damage to his internal organs and the continued loss of skin was irreversible. I will spare you

the details of his slow, agonizing death, but I wish you to be aware of the fact that *Dilantin* IS NOT A SAFE DRUG for adults over the age of 55, and that you should insist that your doctor read to you from *Facts on File* all of the counter indications for ANY medication you are prescribed. Both parties may learn something about your medication. We were told by other physicians, and our lawyer, that our doctor was not negligent, since negligence is defined by what is common medical practice, and it is common practice among doctors to NOT inform their patients, for fear that they won't take their medication. The strong insurance backing of the medical profession has made it virtually impossible to bring such cases to court, since it involves medical reform, not (so-called) professional negligence. Without condemnation by other physicians, court action from outside the medical community has little chance of success.

The effects of Ben's illness on our personal lives was devastating and it has left its mark permanently on me and my children. When I stayed at Brooks hospice my daughter twice flew out with her three children from Germany, where her husband is currently assigned, and my son regularly commuted from Austin, where he was working on his Ph.D. at the University of Texas. The needless suffering that my husband endured, and the incredible stress on those who could do nothing but hold his hand, were terrible.

Ben was very proud of being a member of the 303rd BG. I am looking forward to this next reunion. I will see you in Boise in September.

Sincerely,
Genevieve Losiewicz

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Many topics will be covered in this column, but this time we have such long lists to publish we don't have the space for much of anything else. The following lists of names are in addition to those published in previous Newsletters. They are all as of **1 March 1992**.

First, a warm welcome to a record number of new members, many of whom heard about our organization through our publicity of the Boise Reunion:

NEW MEMBERS

- 1650 Albright, Glenn N., 3765 Shady Grove Rd., Clarkville, TN 37043
- 1651 High, Eugene W., 3460 S. Poplar St., Denver, CO 80224 (359)
- 1652 Kahlden, Wm. F., Jr., 8602 Bob White, Houston, TX 77074 L
- 1653 Robuck, Lester M., 1013 Treasure Rd., Box 5, Pearce, AZ 85625 (358)
- L1654 Armfield, John M., 503 W. Pope St., Dunn, NC 28334
- 1655 Fleck, Peter, 3611 I St., NE 80, Auburn, WA 98002
- 1656 Keese, Tom, 3657 Park Rideg Dr., Dallas, TX 75234 (427)
- 1657 Sacco, Anthony J., 110 Mohawk Tri., North Adams, MA 01247 (359)
- L1658 Shaw, Robert A., 1414 Royal Dr., Kaufman, TX 74501 (427)
- 1659 Grandwilliams, Louis, 1107 Huckleberry Rd., North Bellmore, NY 11710
- 1660 Vogel, Sebastian L., 1635 9th St., Fargo, ND 58102 (427)
- 1661 Robillard, Paul C., 25 South St., South Hadley, MA 01075
- 1662 McDermott, Mark L., 1127 Wentworth Cir., Rockledge, FL 32955 (427)
- 1663 Yates, Warren G., 6821 Felix St., McLean, VA 22101 (427)
- 1664 Niemann, Walter T., 10508 E. 33rd Terr., Independence, MO 64052
- L1665 Gracida, Rene H., 4126 Ocean Dr., Corpus Christi, TX 78411 (359)
- 1666 Tipton, Bill B., 8719 West Fox Rd., Orange, TX 77630 (359)
- 1667 Schlecht, Walter J., 7830 SW 164th St., Miami, FL 33157-3740 (427)
- 1668 Hoots, Wm. Lester, Box 97, Patterson, IL 62078 (358)
- 1669 Ney, Russell L., 418 Narilyn Dr., Clearfield, UT 84015 (358)
- 1670 Quinn, Thomas J., 1564 Pioneer Dr., Melbourne, FL 32940 (359)
- L1671 Knight, R. A., 8221 NW 102nd, Oklahoma City, OK 73162 (358)
- 1672 Cook Harry J., 110 King John's Pl., Del Rio, TX 78840-2534 (358)
- 1673 Schmidt, Nicholas J., Jr., 1791 Goodrich Ave., Winter Park, FL 32789-4005 (427)
- L1674 Cofra, Ernest L., 5617 N. 69th Pl., Paradise Valley, AZ 85253 (359)
- 1675 Liedy, Charles A., 7 Lakeshore Dr., Newport, AZ 72112 (360)
- 1676 Frankewich, A., RD 1, Box 489, Mohawk, NY 13407
- L1677 Bilski, Pete, 331 B Heritage Village, Southbury, CT 06488 (359)
- L1678 McGiffin, Tom, 3009 Park Garden Ln., Great Falls, MT 59404 (360)
- 1679 Fulghum, Harold, PO Box 4104, Auburn, CA 95604 (HDQ)
- L1680 Harbarger, Martin M., 1223 Date St., Fairborn, OH 45324
- 1681 Larsen, Albert T., 4898 Carmen Ave. N., Keizer, OR 97303 (360)
- 1682 McLachlen, Archie, 10708 Waybridge Dr., Gaithersburg, MD 20879 (Rescue Sqdn)
- 1683 Foreman, Dennis E., 115 Woodlawn Ct., Wichita, KS 67218
- L1684 Walker, Harold J., 2800 Espy Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15216-2120
- 1685 Winkleman, Paul J., N. 8720 Bruce Rd., Spokane, WA 99207-9802 (427)
- A-135 Sykes, Charles R., 16281 N. 31st Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85023
- A-136 Gaumer, Leland G., 119 Thomas Blvd., Massillon, OH 44646
- A-137 Holzman, Janine, 607 Etolin, Sitka, AK 99835
- A-138 Kitzan, Edith, RR 3, Site 31, Camp 62, Prince George, BC, Canada 2VN2J1
- A-139 Droke, James L., 4271 Graceland #7, Memphis, TN 38

Next, congratulations to those who have upgraded their status to Life Member and Super Life Member:

UPGRADES TO LIFE OR SUPER LIFE MEMBERSHIP

- S189 Adams, Ralph B., 700 Harrington Rd., Rockville, MD 20852-1029 (359)
- L1468 Casillas, Bart M., 14365 Joan Bridge St., Baldwin Park, CA 91706 (358)
- S1358 Christen, Louis M., 1101 Bell, Mattoon, IL 61938 (427)
- L093 Cowan, Roland M., 2651 El Camino Dr., Turlock, CA 95380 (HDQ)
- S471 Fojt, Oldrich, 2082 Federal Ave., Alliance, OH 44601-4542 (427)
- S639 Gobrecht, Harry D., 505 Via Deseo, San Clemente, CA 92672 (358)
- L1624 Hoke, Robert E., 218 Wa-Pella, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056 (359)
- L1585 Jones, Marlow, 3808 S. Concord St., Davenport, IA 52802 (360)

- L1401 Monyok, Joseph R., 106 Bryan St., POB 192, Catlin, IL 61817 (427)
- S1588 Nardine, Howard, POB 636, Altadena, CA 91003 (360)
- L1555 Shamban, Marcus F., 3330 Degas Dr., Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33410 (358)

Next, a salute in appreciation to those members who contributed something extra to the Association. Some paid for their Roster even though not required. Some donated a sum as a memorial to a deceased comrade. Many contributed to help pay the dues of those who are unable to do so. All are generous benefactors who wish to see this organization and its objectives thrive. Thank you all, and I do hope I haven't overlooked any of you.

DONATIONS AND MEMORIALS

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Adams, Ralph B. | Mays, Tom |
| Andriessen, S.M. | McCall, Robert S. |
| App, Robert G. | McGiffin, Tom |
| Barry, Edwin B. | Melton, Walter C. |
| Birken, Irving | Miller, Campbell |
| Boyce, Marvin S. | Minkowitz, Sam |
| Braden, Richard | Moon, Morton M. |
| Bridges, Robert C. | Moreman, Robert |
| Brown, Marvin W. | Nadell, Gerson |
| Campbell, Robert C. | Neff, William J. |
| Cheney, James S. | O'Donnell, Jack |
| Chunat, Orlyn D. | O'Leary, James W., Sr. |
| Cioffi, Felix | Olson, John L. |
| Cox, James D. | Olson, W.E. |
| Davis, Richard A., Jr. | O'Neal, Howard F. |
| DeLiso, Vincent A. | O'Neill, Brian |
| Dooley, Patrick | Quinney, Patrick D. |
| Duncan, Ronald | Raterman, Leonard |
| Espinoza, Ray | Riley, Milton S. |
| Fawcett, Jack B. | Roche, William J. |
| Ferri, William A. | Rogala, Alan R. |
| Ferris, James H. | Rogan, Dave L. |
| Fitko, Marion F. | Ross, Edward E. |
| Fitterer, David S. | Rukes, Charles D. |
| Fredericks, J.W. | Sanders, Coleman |
| Gardner, Edward W., Jr. | Schmeltzer, Charles S. |
| Goff, Lloyd E. | Schneiderman, Hank G., Sr. |
| Gorchesky, Benny J. | Schopplein, Orin |
| Gray, Alexander W. | Schwarzenbach, Don J. |
| Grocki, John J. | Schultz, Milo R. |
| Hackler, Maurice G. | Seaton, Russell D. |
| Hammell, Norman D. | Schamban, Marcus F. |
| Hanson, Rodney | Sharp, Bryant |
| Herr, Allen H. | Shumar, Michael W. |
| Hetzel, Herman H. | Silva, Carlos J. |
| Hinds, D. Lee | Silrum, Orvis K. |
| Holdcroft, Lloyd L. | Slawson, Merritt |
| Hubley, Warren G. | Smith, William H. |
| Hughes, James W. | Smith, Roland M. |
| Hurdle, Robert E. | Smith, Samuel W. |
| Jenkins, John I. | Snyder, Richard N. |
| Jones, Marlow | Steely, Hobart H. |
| Joy, Franklin R. | Stoberl, Donald L. |
| Kastenbaum, Bernard M. | Struck, Thomas H. |
| Kelley, James D. | Tashian, Warren |
| Kersch, Conrad J. | Taylor, James B. |
| Knutson, Wilmer A. | Taylor, Robert L. |
| Kulesa, Frank E. (?) | Thomas, Blaine E. |
| Lammé, Edwin G. | Tichenor, Lawrence |
| Lewis, William E. | Wade, Robert E. |
| Livingston, Robert P. | Wakefield, Richard E. |
| Long, Paul H. | Wedlund, Arnold |
| Lorentz, Arthur | Wentz, R. |
| Magee, Jack R. | Werner, William |
| Maple, Lorraine | Whisman, C. |
| Marozas, Arthur A. | White, Franklin F. |
| Marsh, Donnell H. | Williams, Horace D. |
| Matthews, David R. | Witters, Rowland C. |
| Mason, John W. | Woodul, Jack D. |

Next are the address changes that *we have heard about*. This is the most frustrating list because the changes are so often received the day after the Newsletter is mailed out. In some cases the members have moved and we never get a change. At least we heard about the following and hope they are receiving their Newsletter on schedule:

ADDRESS CHANGES

- A-103 Ashley, Martin—620 Bercut Dr., Sacramento, CA 95814
 L1876 Brudzinski, Henry—10345 SE 178th St., Summerfield, FL 32691
 1496 Cantor, Milton—1970 New Rodgers Rd., #M-20, Levittown, PA 19056-2505
 H-03 Cossey, Ray—Blofield Corner Rd., Little Plumstead, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR13 5HU
 1510 Cottle, Clyde—Rt. 1, Box 196, Turkey, NC 28393
 1292 Dahnke, Leonard—23645 27th Pl. West, Brier, WA 98036
 L1622 Deerfield, Eddie—3552 Landmark Trl., Palm Harbor, FL 34684-5016
 867 Elling, Myron—141 N. Date, Unit 62, Mesa, AZ 85201 (Nov.-Mar.)
 867 Elling, Myron—HCR3, Box 35, Tofte, MN 55615 (Apr.-Oct.)
 756 Higbee, William—276 E. Tremaine Dr., Chandler, AZ 85225
 S863 Hubley, Warren—2540 Grass Valley Hwy., #78, Auburn, CA 95603
 891 Kemmerer, Alfred—POB 5595, 421 N. Wild Olive Ave., Daytona Beach, FL 32118-5595
 1618 Kiggins, William—ZIP 92545
 L1346 Malott, Earnest—1316 Kerria Ave., McAllen, TX 78501-3833
 1264 McMahon, W. Franklin—1711 W. Devonshire, Lake Forest, IL 60045
 1229 Morgan, Robert—305 W. Baker Rd., #112, Baytown, TX 77521
 1047 Paulk, Maurice—205 W. 12th, Wood River, NE 68883
 A-98 Quiggle, Jeff—POB 436, Brighton, MI 48116
 L510 Richman, Sidney—10139 Woodley Ave., #114, North Hills, CA 91343
 186 Schwarzenbach, Don—ZIP 51503
 1208 Sears, Bill—3106 149th SE Mill Creek, WA 98012
 1555 Shamban, Marc—3330 Degas Dr., Palm Bch. Gardens, FL 33410
 A-76 Smith, Dale—17050 Arnold Dr., G107, Riverside, CA 92508
 S265 Smith, Samuel—POB 92, Stonewall, TX 78671-0092
 1198 Urban, John—26274 Pine Valley Rd., Sun City, CA 92596-2441
 L047 Walder, Ralph—POB 149, Sea Cliff, NY 11579
 644 Whitney, Daniel—957 Division St., Oviedo, FL 32765-6838
 L1684 Walker, Harold J.—2800 Espy Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15216-2120
 1685 Winkleman, Paul J., N. 8720 Bruce Rd., Spokane, WA 99207-9802 (427)
 A-135 Sykes, Charles R., 16281 N. 31st Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85023
 A-136 Gaumer, Leland G., 119 Thomas Blvd., Massillon, OH 44646
 A-137 Holzman, Janine, 607 Etolin, Sitka, AK 99835
 A-138 Kitzan, Edith, RR3, Site 31, Camp 62, Prince George, BC, Canada 2VN2J1
 A-139 Droke, James L., 4271 Graceland #7, Memphis, TN 38

IN MEMORIAM

Finally, it is with regret and in great respect that we list our comrades in Memoriam:

- 085 Hundley, Walter L. (359)
 L194 Maple, Stanley (358)—4 March 1989
 L050 Mays, Robert L. (358)—2 October 1991
 L1322 Orenstein, Harold (360)
 524 Stricker, Walter (358)—28 November 1991
 044 Testone, Taldino (360)
 577 Villemin, Richard (359)—1985
 949 Wall, Claudia W. (360)—14 November 1991
 1009 Werner, William L. (358)—19 January 1992
 L1461 Young, Warren I. (359)—3 January 1992
 LMH Vosler, Forrest L. (358)—17 February 1992
 LO16 Ferris James (358)—1992
 735 Tambe, Angelo J., (427) died April 26, 1990

We can't let this dues-renewal period go by without recognition of the great job done for the Association by Bill Heller, 360th Squadron Representative. He mailed out hundreds of dues notices (probably closer to a thousand) at no expense to the Association. It resulted in a regular renaissance of dues payments. Some of the fellows we hadn't heard from in years and many of the upgrades and contributions were prompted by Bill's notices. I intend to build on the impetus Bill has given us. I'll make every effort to get membership cards out immediately upon receipt of the dues, clarify membership status as requested, keep the updated computer files as accurately as possible and continue the search for new members.

Other members very deserving of recognition for their recruiting efforts are Ken Kurtenbach and our Treasurer, Charlie Schmeltzer. Ken sent me a list of 31 names in his Stalag XVII-B group who were ex-303ers but not on our Roster. I sent letters and membership applications to each and we gained five new members so far. Charlie has launched a recruiting project by tracing old members of the 303rd through the Department of Veteran Affairs. The result of his work is already coming in. So far, four on his list have become members eager to attend the reunion.

I sign off this time with my address.

CARLTON M. SMITH

Membership Chairman

3219 Cobblestone Drive, Santa Rosa, CA 95404

REUNION UPDATE

The Reunion Registration packets are scheduled to go into the mail in May. The Reunion is shaping up nicely. Possibility of getting a B-17 for display is iffy. However Mountain Home AFB and the Idaho Air Guard will put on an aircraft display of modern aircraft. Also there is an Air Mu-

seum at Caldwell Airport, about 20 miles away, which has several restored WWI and WWII aircraft.

For those who are thinking of making the 50th Anniversary of the 303rd, a real nostalgic affair, arrangements have been made whereby Amtrak is offering a fare discount for members of the Group who mention the fare

discount order when purchasing tickets. The order No. is X-57A-920. In case the reservation agent has a problem locating the file tell them to enter G/BUL/TA9/P20. For further information phone 1-800-TEL-TRAK.

How about one more effort to see if we can make this 50th Anniversary Reunion in Boise the best attended

in our history. Like a "maximum effort" of the 1942-45 era. You can help by putting a notice in your local newspaper seeking the whereabouts of former members of the 303rd. Use your name as the contact, that way you may reach a relative who will update you on the location of the former Hell's Angel.

303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc.

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

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**It's time to plot your course for
 303rd's Golden Anniversary bash
 Boise, Idaho, Sept. 8-13, 1992**