



THE TORRETTA FLYER

Torretta Flyer No 13

Redondo Beach, California

Fall 1986

SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS SEND WORDS OF APPRECIATION,

(See pages 4,5)

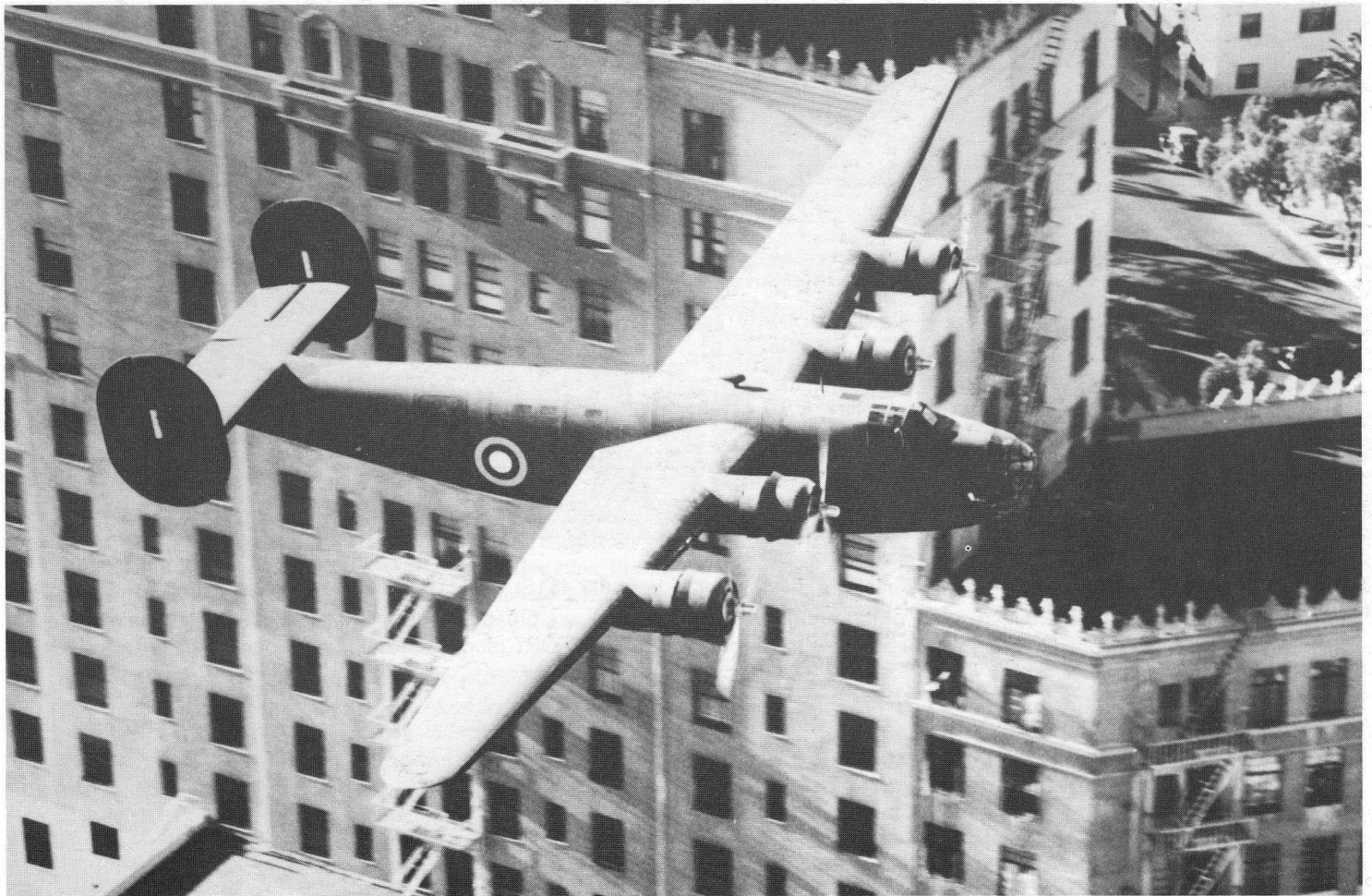
POST REUNION TOUR TO CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE BASE SET

(HARLINGEN, TEXAS)

(See Page 6)

DEADLINE FOR MAIL REUNION REGISTRATION NEARS

(See page 17)



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A Consolidated Aircraft model LB-30 makes a low approach over San Diego, California, prior to landing at Lindbergh Field. This aircraft based on the B-24A had extremely long range and was ordered by the RAF for Coastal Command duties. This is a sister ship to the B-24 flown by the Confederate Air Force that will be on display at Rebel Field, Harlingen, Texas during the Association's post convention tour. Note the short stubby nose and the absence of the upper turret. See page 6 for other photos and for information on how to sign up for the Tour. (Bob Waag Photo)

MYSTERY TARGET PHOTO BAFFLES EXPERTS



This recently declassified target photo of a mission assignment of both the 461st & 484th Bomb Groups has defied all identification methods. Group and Squadron intelligence officers, and members at large are urged to review all classified documents and prepare estimates of site selection. Winners will be announced at the 1986 MAX EFFORT reunion. Irrefutable proof must be provided. Denny Perkins photo 767 Sq.



THE TORRETTA FLYER

Official Publication of the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups

Association is distributed several times a year to members of the Association.

Editor: Bud Markel
Associate Editor: Bea Markel

The Association welcomes stories and photos for use in future issues. Direct all inquiries to Editor, Torretta Flyer, 1122 Ysabel St., Redondo Beach, California 90277. Phone (213) 316-3330.

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Rod Stewart of the 826 Sq. who sent in this photo would like to have more information regarding this accident at Torretta Airfield. Readers should send particulars to the editor of the Torretta Flyer.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

A lot of good things have happened to the Association this year. 1) We awarded our first scholarships. 2) Our computer is being utilized more fully allowing the compiling of information and data that benefits the membership in many ways, they being: 3) A second issue of the Torretta Flyer in one year that represents a milestone for the Association as our previous numbers have been issued once a year. 4) The printing of open letters to individual crew members. 5) The creation of a membership data base* You will notice that recent address stickers carry more information, such as a number in parenthesis following the squadron number. This number represents the last year that dues were received. Incidentally the question mark preceding the squadron number is used only to facilitate a sort command of the membership data base *. The question mark will be changed to another symbol on label stickers used next year. A new membership roster will be compiled and mailed to members of record after the first of the year.

*Data base is a term used to describe a method of filing information on memory devices used with computers. This information can be sorted and rearranged many different ways depending on what you are looking for.

6) The Association is now mailing out receipts for reunion events' fees as they are received from members. 7) Torretta Flyer No #12 was composed on our Macintosh Computer and printed on an Apple Laserwriter printer. Your editor Bud Markel, assisted by spouse Beatrice Markel, (proof reading), composed and laid out the pages, This is called desk top publishing.

Open Letters One of the stated purposes of the Association was to bring war time buddies together. Flight and ground crews who worked or flew as a team developed friendships that were suddenly broken by the end of the war in Europe. The work of Charles McKew of the 824 Squadron has been instrumental in the creation of an Open Letter Program. By combining his research on updating addresses with information taken from the new member forms, travel orders, and the computer data base the Association has been issuing an open letter to individuals assigned to specific crews. The computer comes into play by providing the means by which all of the information sources can be joined together in one form. This program has resulted in many new members joining the Association. The numbers seem to be about even for both Bomb Groups.

The program would be even more successful if more of our members would fill in and return their Membership Information Forms. A copy is enclosed with this issue. See Page 18.

RESEARCH PROGRAM One of the projects that has yet to be started and probably the one that will be most beneficial will be to start historical research on the activities and accomplishments of the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups.

This would form the foundation on which each group's history can be written. Up to now we use what our members have given to the Association. This has proven a treasure trove of great value, but there are large gaps in the information required. For example we need documents that will help us put ground crews together to use in making up open letters to them such as the ones now going to flight crews. Most of the material is stored at the Albert F Simpson Historical Research Center at Maxwell AFB, Alabama. If there are any members who would like to contribute to the first step in this effort they can contact me at the Association office. The work would consist of assembling a research guideline based upon the method of cataloging used at Maxwell.

PLANNING AHEAD Ben Franklin, Administrator of the 15th Air Force Association has invited us to join them in Colorado Springs at their next reunion in October of 1987. We have accepted his invitation and hope you all will join us there next year for the sixth Reunion and annual Membership Meeting of the Association. Mark these dates on your calendar: **October 14 to 18, 1987**. We think it is a good idea as it affords our members the opportunity to participate in new activities that only a larger scale convention can organize efficiently such as attending an Air Force Academy football game. We have already blocked hotel space in Colorado Springs at one of the leading hotels.

For 1988 we are looking at Las Vegas with their very attractive room rates and non stop air transportation from just about everywhere in the USA. In 1989 The gathering of the Liberator groups to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the first flight of the B-24 has been scheduled for May 19-21, 1989 in Fort Worth, Texas. This event is being sponsored by General Dynamic, Ft Worth (Formerly Consolidated Aircraft) and the International B-24 Liberator Club. This gives us all something good to look forward too.

CHECK YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD

Members are reminded to check their membership cards to determine if dues are in arrears, and to forward any amount due to the **461ST & 484TH BOMB GROUPS ASSOCIATION, 1122 YSABEL ST REDONDO BEACH, CA 90277**. The Association is planning to send statements to all members after the first of the year. For the information of all of our members, those whose dues are in arrears are dropped from the mailing roster and placed in the delinquent file. The cost of sending publications to individuals not supporting the Association is becoming prohibitive. If any members remark to you that they are not receiving mail from the Association, just pass on a gentle reminder to bring their dues current.

The 461st & 484th Bomb Groups Association is an all volunteer organization with no salaries paid. Dues monies are used to pay for the Torretta Flyers, equipment, postage, and supplies, etc. Remember annual dues, (\$15.00) are payable in January of each year.

Notice to 461st Bomb Group Members Only

There are now two organizations representing the members of the 461st Bomb Group. The first being the 461st & 484th Bomb Groups Association incorporated in California in 1981. The second one being the 461st Bomb Group (Heavy) 1943-1945 incorporated in Iowa in 1985.

This has caused confusion among some of our members. *These two independent organizations are completely separate from each other. Each has its own administration and dues structure operating and functioning separately from the other.* Membership in one, or the other, or both organizations is up to the individual.

THE FIRST SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS GIVEN IN A SPECIAL CEREMONY IN CERIGNOLA, ITALY

ARRANGED BY UMBERTO ALBANESE



The officials who attended the presentation ceremonies April 19th in the school library in Cerignola. They are from left: 1) Director of Local TV, 2) Prof. Sgaramella 3) Director of local press 4) Representative of the National Press Rome 5) Headmaster of the schools that Lucia Nigro, and Ripalta Scalzo attended. 6) Umberto Albanese 6) Provincial Director of Education 7) Headmaster of the school attended by Luisa Marinelli 8) Representative of the National Press, Bari.

Umberto Albanese, a professor of law and economics, who resides in Cerignola, acted on behalf of the Association in the selection of the first scholarship candidates. (see story in Torretta Flyer No #12). He arranged a special awards ceremony that took place on April 19, 1986 in the library of their school. Representatives of the 461st & 484th Bomb Groups Association could not be present.

The ceremony was attended by Professor Sgaramella, also of Cerignola who was responsible for all of the English translations during the months of correspondence that took place between the Italians and the Scholarship Committee. It is from the report of Professor Albanese that this article is taken.

This was an important event for Cerignola because this was the first time since the end of WWII that former American airmen of the 15th Air Force had made scholarship awards in the name of their fallen comrades.

Those present to witness the event were; 1) The Provincial Director of Education. 2) Representatives of the National Press, Mr Michele Cianci, and Professor Luigi Metta the Local Press Representative. 3) The Director of Local Television, Professor Domenica Frascolla. 4) Principals of Local Schools. 5) The

students' parents. Their Bishop who could not attend because of illness sent this congratulatory telegram, "Sorry not to be able to attend the ceremony. I approve your laudable initiative. Please except my best wishes and give my regards to the payees," signed Bishop Mario Di Lieto.

Professor Albanese in his presentation told of the the Association's dedication to the scholarship program and thanked Bud Markel, and the scholarship committee of Chris Donaldson and Ed Goree for their , "Long and careful work". This was followed by speeches from the Local Director of Education and from Prof. Sgaramella.

The story was carried by the newspapers of Rome "Il Tempo", Bari, " La Gazzetta Del Mezzogiorno", and of Cerignola, " La Cicogna"

Messages of congratulations came also from the presidents of two Colleges of Cerignola "Liceo Scientifico Statale" and " Istituto Technico Statale Commerciale E Per Geometri".

They both expressed their pleasure and approval of the scholarship awards as this will stimulate these and other students to do their best in school.



From Left: Prof. Sgaramella, Ripalta Scalzo, Luisa Marinelli, Lucia Nigro, and Prof. Umberto Albanese. The scrolls the girls are holding were made of blue foolscap displaying the Association logo.

First Letter

The sum you gave me will enable me to start school , to pay school fees and buy the required books. With the scholarship grant I am more sure about my future now. My goal is to obtain a degree in Biologic Sciences.

Of course I'd not been born yet in 1944-45, but I've heard about that period and the airmen who stayed at the airbase of Torretta from my father and from Professor Albanese.

I would be very happy to meet these brave airmen to learn more about that period, and to thank them personally for their generosity.

I am yours sincerely,

Luisa Marinelli

Second Letter

Thank you very much for giving me the 800,000 lire award, but I am very sorry I can't thank you directly. I've been hoping to meet you in Cerignola and shake hands with you.

The award will allow me to go to the University to study law. Your generosity is freeing me from paying university taxes for the first year and from buying the texts for my first exams.

My parents are very glad about that and they look forward to meet you too.

I'll attend the University in Bari which is the nearest to my town.

I hope that you'll be able to come to Italy next fall as you promised to Professor Albanese with whom you have to share my gratitude.

My best regards,

Lucia Nigro,
Stornara, Italy

Third Letter

My thankfulness to all of your members for granting me the 800,000 Lire award.

I am sorry none of you could not come to Cerignola to attend the award presentations, but I am sure you will be in Cerignola some time or another, not only for my joy but to renew your memories of that time. My parents too hope to meet you and thank you for your generosity.

The scholarship grant, in fact will allow me to go to the University in Bari. I want to study law and your award is almost freeing me from university taxes and book expenses. Bari is about 100 kilometers from here.

It is also my duty to thank Professor Albanese whose unselfish work has been so important to accomplish your initiative. I look forward to meeting you.

Very special regards,

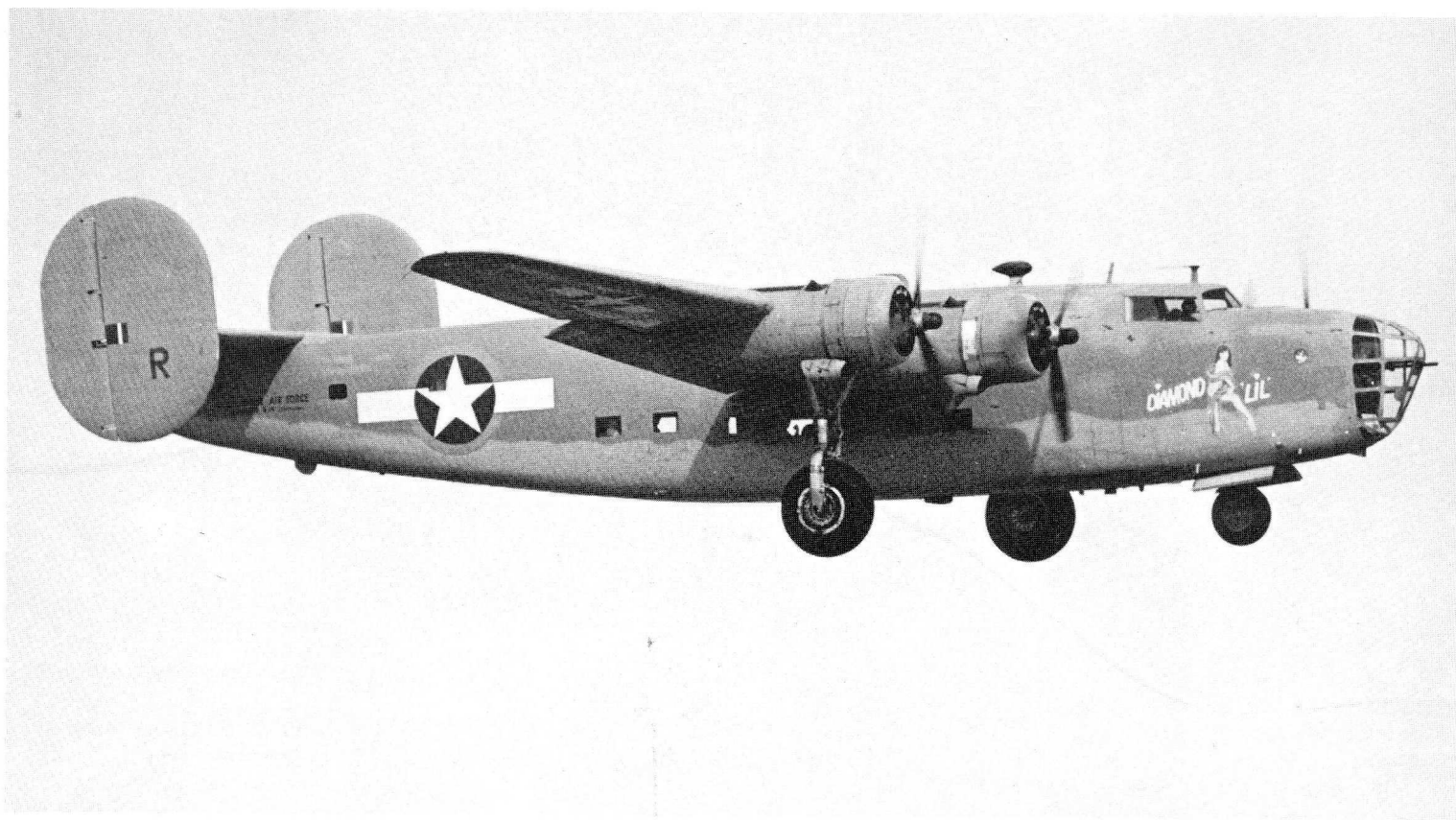
Ripalta Scalzo
Cerignola, Italy

NEW AWARDS TO BE MADE NEXT YEAR

The scholarship committee has communicated with Professor Albanese to proceed with the selection of two candidates for 1986-87. When the successful candidates are chosen, the awards will be presented in the spring or summer of 1987. Members wishing to participate in the ceremonies to take place in Cerignola next year should contact the Association office.

POST REUNION TOURS TO CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE MUSEUM IN HARLINGEN, TEXAS, SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, AND MATAMOROS, MEXICO SET.

NOVEMBER 16-18



Magic Valley Holidays has arranged several post reunion tours down to Harlingen, Texas, and beyond. The Confederate Air Force base and museum is located at Harlingen, Texas. (Former gunnery school of WW11 where some of our members took training) The tours range in price from \$47.00 (Two nights Harlingen) to \$166.00 (two nights South Padre Island including RT air fare) per person. Please call 1-800-531-7346 (US) or 1-800-292-7272 (Texas) for information. Member *Edwin Wren Bowyer, 767 Sq.*, a resident of Harlingen, will be at the registration desk to answer any questions about the Confederate Air Force, South Padre Island, and other attractions.

The B-24 that is on display at the Confederate Air Force base in Harlingen is actually a modified LB-30 a plane ordered by the British and delivered to them in 1941. It was very similar to the model B-24A (shown on opposite page) having rounded engine nacelles as this model was not equipped with turbosuperchargers. Because of its long range capability, due to the Davis wing design, it was ideally suited to reconnaissance duties.

It is interesting to note that Consolidated pioneered the integral fuel storage design that allows fuel to be carried in the wing itself without the use of separate tanks, thereby increasing the range of the aircraft as more fuel can be stored in a given amount of space. This integral system is used today in all jetliners built by Boeing and Douglas. Members will remember however that the B-24s flown by the 461st & 484th Bomb Groups incorporated self sealing bladder tanks.

The LB-30's were extensively modified in the United Kingdom with the addition of ASV radar and an under fuselage 20MM cannon package. As AM927 it was assigned to RAF coastal command patrol. Dubbed the Liberator I by the British, hence came the name

Liberator, they were first assigned to 120 Squadron RAF Coastal Command based at Nutt's Corner, Belfast, Northern Ireland in June of 1941. With their operating range of 2400 miles, they were the first aircraft to effectively close the gap over the Atlantic shipping lanes, previously out of reach of Allied aircraft. They were very effective in reducing the German submarine menace in their patrol areas over the North Atlantic. The accompanying photo shows AM-927 after the war carrying Mexican registration number XC-CAY being previously modified to a C-87 (cargo version of the B-24). Note the solid nose as compared to the B-24D type green house in the front cover photograph, a later revision.

The photo shown above is also interesting from another aspect as it shows passenger windows installed on an aircraft with a bombardiers nose, a practice used by the Russians in post war bomber designs so that the aircraft could serve a dual role, as a passenger aircraft and as a bomber also. (Bob Waag Photo)

PHOTO 1

PHOTO 2 This is a Wright Field photo of a B-24A, note the similarity to the LB-30 shown on the front cover with the short stubby nose typical of early B-24s and round engine nacelles. (Bob Waag photo)

PHOTO 3 A post war photograph taken at Los Angeles of the CAF B-24 after it was modified into a C-87 to carry both passengers and cargo. It carried the Mexican registration XC-CAY at the time this photo was taken. It was acquired by the Confederate Air Force in 1967. (Bob Waag photo)

PHOTO 2

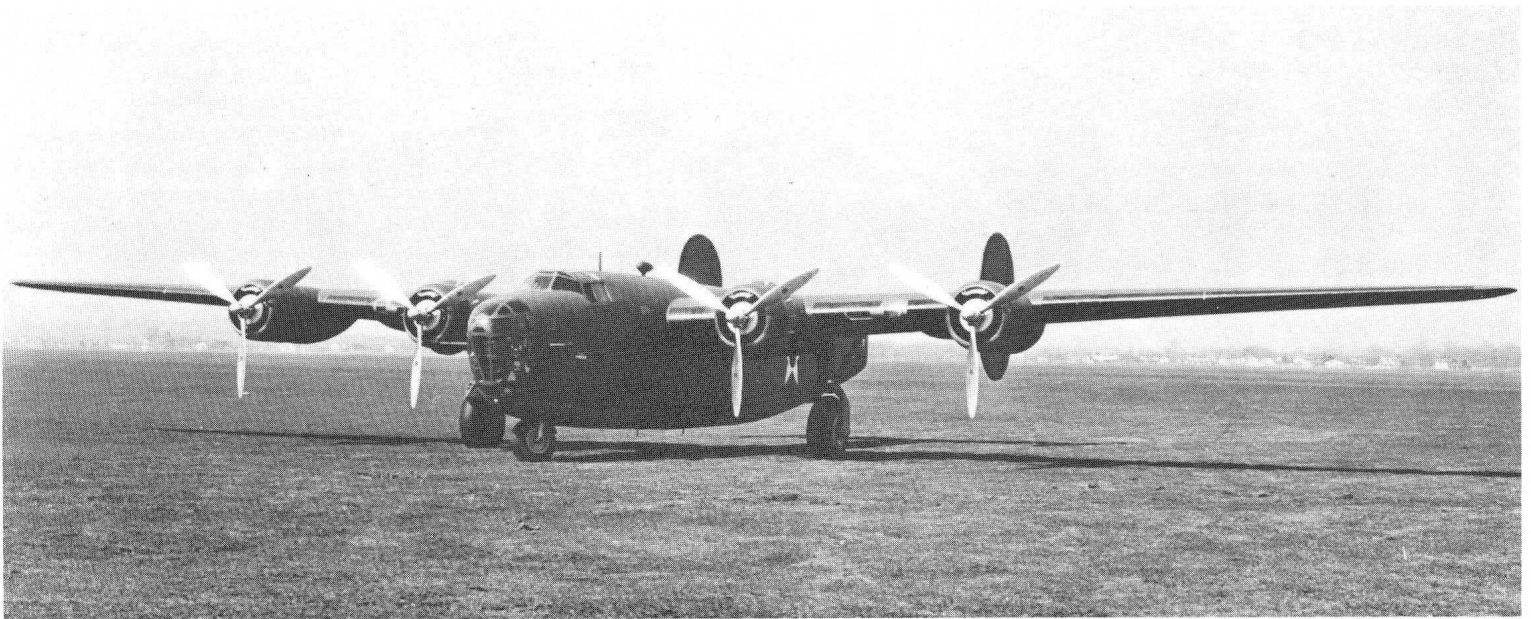


PHOTO 3

THE LAST MISSION

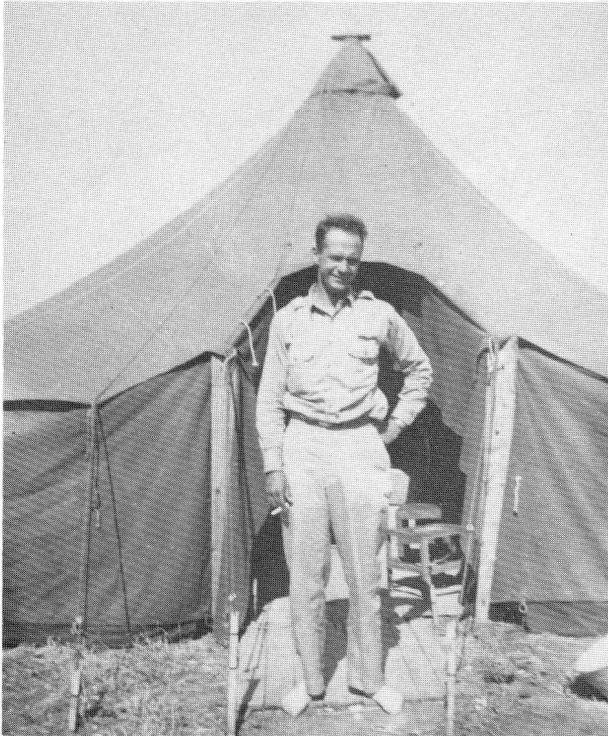
THIS IS A CONSOLIDATED LIST OF AIRMEN FROM THE 461ST AND 484TH BOMB GROUPS WHO HAVE BEEN REPORTED DECEASED DURING 1986. THE GREATER PART OF THIS LIST IS COMPRISED OF INDIVIDUALS PASSING ON IN PREVIOUS YEARS. THE SOURCES ARE FRIENDS, RELATIVES, DOCUMENTS AND, FROM SEARCHES DONE BY CHARLES MCKEW OF THE 824 SQUADRON WHEN UPDATING OLD ADDRESSES.

First Name	Last Name	Unit	James	Lawler	824
Robert F	Bates	824	Orville	Legate	824
Rodger	Beers	827	William J	Mocha	764
John W	Benton Jr	764	Murry F	Osmond	764
Arnold M	Bree	824	Albert L	Pacovsky	826
Chester L	Coleman	824	Arthur G	Piccoli	767
John J	Connelly	824	Frank M	Poole	767
Stephen A	Cronan	824	William E	Rice	824
Fred A	Fink	824	Walt	Roeben	764
Ira W	Herbert	764	Francis S	Shehan	827
Donald W	Hofmann	765	Leonard L	Stankiewicz	824
Mary Catherine	Hutchins*	824	James P	Wilson	827
Matthew	Idzik	824	Derwin	Worman	764
Luther M	Kessler	767	Louis J	Yuhasz	764
Gust A	Kuralis	767	Walter	Zaharevitz	825

* Wife of Stanley A Hutchins

'GIVE IT A GOOD KICK'
BY
FRED MROESSLER, 827 SQ

The fight between man and machine has been going on since the dark ages. This is a story about how one flight engineer let the machine know "WHO'S BOSS".



Capt John P Roedel 1st Pilot Crew #76 July 44.827Sq. Fred Roessler Photo

At the very beginning of the 484th's existence at Harvard AAB Nebraska, several aircrews arrived from Pocatello Combat Training School to make up the nucleus of the new group. I was the co-pilot on John P. Roedel's crew which was assigned to the 827th. We arrived at Harvard about November 20th, 1943 and couldn't find anyone around except base installation personnel. They told us to come back in two weeks. In spite of the fact that we had just come from two weeks delay enroute and were all flat broke, we got orders for two more weeks of leave, borrowed money from the Red Cross, and took off again.

Perhaps the first flight made by the 827th was made on December 1st '43 in a B24-E with Squadron Commander, Major John C. Haldeman as pilot and 2nd Lt. Fred Roessler, me, as co-pilot. As John Roedel's crew was reporting into squadron operations for the first time, Major Haldeman came through the door, smiling and shaking hands all around. He was a very charming person so when he asked if anyone wanted to fly with him I volunteered even though it was not my usual reaction.

I did the walk around while he watched me, checking me out, I thought. In the cockpit, it was the same. He didn't seem to know the location of the switches and most of the instruments. It began to dawn on me that our squadron commander had not flown a B24 before! And I had never done anything but co-pilot before

The blind was about to lead the blind. We got it started with the help of the engineer and taxied out. As we lined up for take-off the Major said "I hear this plane will take off on two engines Let's see if we can do it. We'll try it with number one and two". It was ok by me, I had heard about two-engine take-offs also. We poured the coal on one and two, leaving the right hand engines in simulated feather (about 7"hg).

The plane yawed to the right and headed for the sage brush. I put my feet on the rudders and started correcting left even though he had the controls. I pushed left rudder all the way to the stop and we still drifted. "Give me some help on the rudders!" He yelled. "I am!" I yelled right back and shoved the other throttles open. We went bouncing through the dirt alongside the brand new concrete and finally got her off the ground.

The rest of the flight was easy by comparison. We managed a fair series of touch-and-gos and went on in. The B24 will take off on two engines but only if they are on opposite sides of the fuselage. I heard later that Major Haldeman had come to us from a B25 Squadron so maybe I was right about his lack of experience with the B24. Anyway he impressed me as one fearless pilot and a very cordial commander.

On January 10, 1944, John Roedel and our crew sandbagged out to Tonopah, Nevada, to pick up a B24J from the contract overhaul line. If there was a more primitive base than Harvard AAB in existence, it was Tonopah. There were tar paper barracks, of course, and shortages of all the necessities including food and coal. A train came through from Reno once a week. If a shipment of anything missed the train, you waited another week for it.

Chaos seemed to be the order of the day. All the permanent party carried around their own personal light bulbs and toilet paper. Transient troops did without. Winter had locked in with subfreezing temperatures and very few of the buildings were heated.





The crew of J Roedel, 827 Crew #76 Sq Back row from left: Carl C Frasure (R/O); Judson N Suddarth Jr (N); Fred Roesseler (C/P); John P Roedel* (P); Marvin Fischer (E); ____? Crew Chief. Front Row: Wayne A Bardin (B/G); Ralph E Lewis (N/G); A Bennett Jr (T/G); Warren W Watts* (B); Joseph D Heleman* (U/G) Marvin W Fischer Photo 827 Sq.
* Deceased

We reported in and were assigned a plane already scheduled for departure early the next day. After a frigid night, we went to preflight our bird only to find gasoline streaming out of the wing into the bomb bay. We logged a red X and went back to operations to pick up another plane. One of the operations types took John and me aside and explained that once a crew was assigned to a ship, they could not be changed. We had to wait until the repairs were made, and furthermore, there was a 30 day backlog of planes awaiting maintenance with no special priorities for us poor transients. I'm inclined now to think we were conned but at the time, we fell for it completely. We were doomed to frozen isolation for a month. Some of the crew members had only blue electric long johns on under their sheepskins so we couldn't go back to Harvard on the weekly train. Nobody was prepared for more than one night away from base. The only thing we could do was take our bird and leave exactly as the Tonopahs wanted.

We loaded up and filed for Denver because we wouldn't have safety fuel reserve to make it to Harvard. We cranked up and taxied out with bomb doors open and that was the way they stayed for the whole trip. We bypassed Denver and went straight home. It was a mighty cold trip! We turned the plane over to base maintenance. It never flew again while we were at Harvard.

"I looked back and saw Sgt. Fischer kicking hell out of the transfer pump"

On March 12, 1944, we left Harvard AAB with our new flyaway B24-Hs on our way to combat. We landed at Lincoln Nebraska for 100 hour maintenance, and staging.

Everybody was decked out in brand new equipment: Leather jackets, wrist watches, sun glasses, and even new octants for navigators. John Roedel's crew departed in aircraft #76 on March 17th for Morrison Field, Florida, thence to Barinquen Field Trinidad and Belem and Natal, Brazil. When we reached Belem the usual afternoon thunderstorm was in progress. The tower told us that the rain would clear the runway by the time we made our approach.

They were right but they didn't tell us that the wind had shifted. We landed long and hot with a ten knot tailwind. The runway had a layer of slippery green moss on it from constant moisture so when we tried our brakes, we went slithering toward a row of PBV patrol boats which were parked wingtip to wingtip along the edge of the runway.

John straightened us out with the throttles then shut down and waited for the end of the pavement to arrive.

The Seabees were clearing jungle to extend the runway and had cleared stumps on the new overrun leaving a mud slurry several feet deep. We hit that mud and went boating along on our belly for about fifty yards. The stuff squirted around the edges of the bomb doors and into the nosewheel well filling the bottom of the fuselage with a couple feet of mud. Two cleatracks hooked on to pull us out. One snapped its cable, the other stripped its gears. We were stranded. After awhile a Seabee came by on a caterpillar bulldozer and hooked on to us with a piece of heavy steel cable. He had us out of there in no time.

The fire department hosed out the mud as well as they could. We left the next day for Natal where we would jump off for Africa.

Traffic was backed up all the way to Algiers so we stood down at Natal for four days. Natal is drier than Belem and the remaining mud dried out. We cleaned up as much of it as we could and left for Dakar, French West Africa on the 25th.

As we reached the point of no return out over the Atlantic, Chief Engineer Marvin Fischer began to transfer fuel from the outboards to the main tanks. The fuel transfer pump was frozen. It wouldn't turn over: More mud. We started planning for a water landing somewhere off Dakar because we couldn't make it on the contents of the main tanks alone. Pretty soon there was a thumping sound in the bomb bay.

I looked back and saw Sgt. Fischer kicking hell out of the transfer pump which was fastened to the catwalk. It worked. The pump started up and he transferred our fuel and we made it into Dakar. The term "Give it a good kick" has had a special meaning for me ever since.

On March 26 1944, all of Crew #76 left Dakar for Marrakesh, Morocco. I'm a little hazy on details. This should be told by Jud Suddarth, our navigator. I remember the situation only because everything seemed to be working against us. Dakar operations told us to beware of a radio beacon that the enemy was using to decoy unwary pilots into serious trouble. There were mountains on our route almost 14,000 feet tall. We were to fly at 11,000 feet. We were to follow the Algiers radio range and it would guide us to the only pass through the Grand Atlas Mountain Range.

Any other pass at our altitude would be a box canyon without room to turn around. A crash for certain. The forecast was not reliable because a desert storm had moved into the area causing rapid wind changes. There were no pilot reports because we all kept radio silence. We went anyhow.

There was a terrific dust storm blowing in the Sahara Desert all the way to the Atlas Mountains obscuring the ground so we couldn't check our drift.

I don't think sunlines are of any use on a north south route. At least we didn't shoot any. The only radio signal we could receive was the decoy range which should be to the right of course if we assumed that it was somewhere inland. We used dead reckoning.

As we neared the mountains the dust thinned out and we could make out the entrance to a pass, so we headed for it. Just like Dakar said. It was a dead end. All we could do was try to turn around while climbing desperately.

It looked like we were not going to make it. About half way through the turn the hills were getting very close when we spotted a



Some of the 824 Sq Medical group standing in front of the squadron's ambulance and dispensary. Preston Wade Photo 824 Sq.

narrow canyon heading back to the southwest. We ducked into it even though it appeared not much wider than our wing span. A short way further and we turned sharply to the right and could see the flat ground north of the mountains. Now, after we didn't need it, the legitimate radio range came in loud and clear. We had come through the hills to the right of course, mighty close to Jebel Toubkal, Elevation 13,665 Ft. (I looked it up.)

The final stop before reaching Torretta was Djedieda on the outskirts of Tunis where we were to be checked out once more before going into combat.

I guess we needed it because we had to repeat at least one check flight. We couldn't satisfy the powers in charge.

The facilities at Djedieda were primitive. We had pyramidal tents ok, but no beds to sleep on. The ground was rocky and buggy and the reed mats we bought from the natives to keep our stuff out of the dirt helped very little.

The heating system is worthy of comment. Stoves were made from half of a fifty five gallon drum with a length of sewer pipe for a chimney. The fuel was captured German gasoline. The gas was in low pressure oxygen tanks which fed gas onto the ground under the stove via a length of hydraulic tubing. They were almost impossible to regulate and would either shoot flame out the sides of the stove or die completely out. Many people got scorched trying to fool with these things and at least one was severely burned when his tent caught fire.

Food was prepared in the open under a canvas fly. Italian prisoners of war did the KP. We ate under the skies.

If you wanted a bath, the largest tub was your helmet.

If you wanted a bath, the largest tub was your helmet. For a shower, you had to go to the Tunis YMCA. I felt squeamish about using those showers because the walls had a layer of soap so slick that you couldn't lean against them to scrub your feet without slipping. The local population had no soap and I wondered why someone wasn't scraping it off and selling it on the black market. I remember taking only one shower during the seventeen days we spent there.

We were finally sent off to Torretta on April 14th. The trip was uneventful but half way across the Mediterranean we all had to go back to Djedieda again to be searched for stowaways. An Italian POW was missing. They found him in somebody's cargo rack. We felt sorry for the poor guy. His war was over so all he wanted to do was get back home.

At Torretta our Squadron area wasn't ready yet: No tents. We spent the first night at the air base group. They treated us like royalty, setting us up with the latest style padded flying gear and feeding us steak. They had been sharing warehouse space in Bari with the Quartermaster Corps and the Quartermaster had complained to security about some missing supplies and security was investigating. I am sure that it was just a coincidence that they gave us all that good stuff.

The next day we moved to our squadron area and got first pick of tent locations. We chose our spot under a locust tree on a slight rise overlooking a small lake which eventually became the baseball diamond as summer drew on.

These are my memories of my stay with the 827th Bomb Squadron from its beginning until the time it entered combat.

THE END

MAIL CALL

Pawcatuck,CT

Dear Bud:

The photo on page 25 of Torretta Flyer No 12 is a picture of some of my crew. The ones I can identify are from left: (with his legs crossed) is Lt Duncan,(B)from Chicago (KIA).Ed Clamage (N) from Chicago (KIA),Herb Brooks (N/G) from Bronx,Ny (KIA), Standing next to last, and Joe Murphy (E) from Chester,PA (POW).

Joe Murphy, myself,(R/O Tom Sainsbury), Fishbaugh(U/T) Long Beach,CA, and Al Bazer (T/T) were the only survivors of the crew. We were hit over Vienna on October 13 1944 and taken prisoner. Brooks was not with us on our last and 38th mission. He joined another crew and went on to fly 49 successful missions. On his 50th mission his pilot ditched off Vis. Herb could not swim and was lost. He was my best friend on the crew.

Sincerely,

Tom Sainsbury, 827 Sq.

San Diego, Ca

Dear Bud

I discovered another photo that you can add to your collection. I was taken off my original crew and assigned to a new one. We were training for lead crew in the squadron. After a few missions we were granted R & R leave for a week in Rome, and ended up on the roof of St Peters' Cathedral.

In all the training and combat missions (28) that I completed, none of the crew got so much as a scratch. (Must have been all those milk runs)?

I am still looking into acquiring photos,movies,and video cassettes of the B-24 and its big brother the B-32. The Liberator Club has a 16mm movie of B-24 production at Willow Run.* I have two other contacts that might be fruitful.

That is all for now.

As Ever,

Denny Perkins 767 Sq.

* This film will be shown at the San Antonio Reunion.

Flushing,NY

Regarding the item on page 17 of T Flyer #12, I was flying in the flight leader's plane directly in front of Lt Zumsteg's plane. This was the first mission of the 461st BG taking place April 2, 1944. The entry in my diary for that day is as follows:

April 2, 1944, Time 5 Hrs 50 mins. First mission-bombed marshalling yards at Bihac, Yugoslavia, frag bombs. Two ships collided after passing over the target.Lt Zumsteg 767 Sq (62) and Lt Wilson 766 Sq (52). Wilson's plane was to the left of Zumsteg's.

Sincerely,

James Love, 767 Sq.

Editors Note:1) James Love was shot down two week later over Belgrade, Yugoslavia and became a POW at Stalag Luft III C/Compound.2) Wilson's crew is listed as follows;

- 1) Sidney S Wilson (P)
- 2) Joseph W Loftus (C/P)
- 3) Emile L Whitney (B)
- 4) Harlan P Ross (N)
- 5) Irving G Wallace (E)
- 6) Dale F Fine (E)
- 7) Gerald Goldstein (R/O)
- 8) Clifford A McCoy (G)
- 9) Edward G Ulrich (G)
- 10)John E Egge (?)

Jacksonville, Fl

Dear Bud

Can't tell you what memories I got from the briefing room picture on page 24 of No #12 flyer. This was my crew and the guy busily filling out the combat report in the background (far right) is yours truly.

As for the story below the photo, it is not our story, the crew members next to Maj. Milam, are Orville Sill,____?, Woods, Phillips (standing),Spinney, and Bonson.

We crashed on our 48th Mission returning from Bleckhammer and I believe ship 22 shown on page 31 of Flyer# 11 could have been ours.

Spinney and Bonson were both killed in the crash. The rest of the crew came through with various injuries some minor, some major.

HK Ridgeway, 824 Sq.

Dear Bud

In reference to the picture of the plane, Malfunction, sired by Ford on page 27 of Flyer #12, I flew the ball turret, as assistant engineer.

We were assigned to this plane at Hammer Field, Fresno, California. Robert W Walters was my pilot. The only one I can identify is the fellow on the right, T/ Sgt. Lawrence J Brehman Mos 750, crew chief. He and Harry Oglesby flew overseas with us. We named the Plane Malfunction, Sired by Ford because every time we flew it to check the plane out while training in the states and practice missions overseas, we always had a malfunction and it was built by Ford, hence the name. It ended up being a good plane in combat completing 51 missions. I returned to the States in August of 44 and don't know the final disposition of the plane.

The story on page 25 of Torretta Flyer #12 by Dennis Cheek, my radio operator, ship #63. We were hit in the no 2 engine mount, oil separator, carburetor and cylinder and lost about 200 gallons of fuel by the time we transferred to another tank.

The story on page 17, crew 69,(62) I was on that mission and saw the collision. I have their crew list, but not of the other ship involved. One of the gunners who survived the crash , who I met later in the states told me that he fell inside the turret and landed in a mud hole and came out alive. I don't know if the turret was attached to the tail section. He may have been from crew #62.

See you all in San Antonio,
Francis Lucas, 767 Sq.

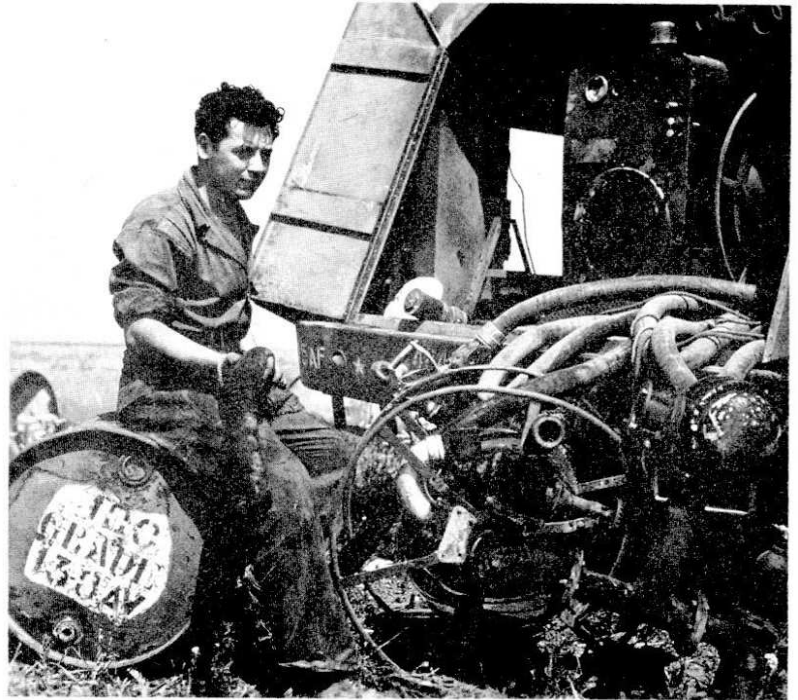
Dear Bud:

Marty Allen, 824 Squadron (then known as PFC Morton D Alpern, ASN 22426102) now a nationally known comedian and entertainer, was a fueler and slept in tent no 31 facing mine no 32. The refuelers worked mostly at night so we used his tent each night after pay day to play poker, until funds got low after a couple of weeks.

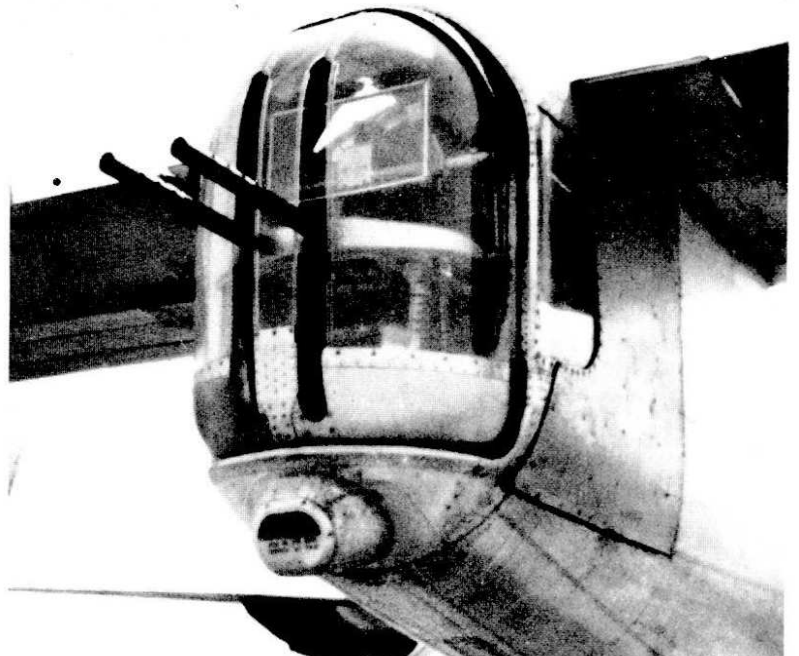
Marty was refueling a 824 Sq ship with another fueler when the hose on the gas truck came loose from the engine driven pump and a spark caught the fuel truck on fire . With heroic action Marty drove the truck away from the aircraft and put out the truck fire with the portable extinguisher. He then ran to the airplane and grabbed the fire extinguisher from inside the plane and put out the fire that was burning on the ground under the aircraft wing saving the airplane and a larger conflagration that would have resulted in the aircraft catching fire, possibly blowing up endangering other planes as well. He received the Bronze Star for this action. Please note the enclosed photos.

Sincerely,

Preston Wade



This shot shows Marty Allen 824 squadron sitting on a 50 gallon gas drum holding up the broken fuel hose.(Editors Note) Fuel service vehicles used by the 15th Air Force were of the tractor-trailer type.A small gasoline engine in the end of the tank trailer unit supplied the power to run the pumps to lift the fuel from the truck to the top of the wing. It was this engine that caught fire from gasoline hitting the hot exhaust manifold. Preston Wade photo 824 Sq



Light weight tail turret. These began to show up in early 1945. Note the revised metal work and window cut out to accommodate the new design. John Grim Photo 825 Sq.

THE UNSUNG HERO'S LAMENT

The Unsung Hero's Lament. Nobody knows who wrote it, but it turned up in the 484th Bomb Group, training in Kansas prior to moving to Italy to join the Fifteenth Air Force. The story recounted the story of a B-24 pilot who made it to the Heavenly Hall of Fame where he was called upon to give his qualifications to be there with the likes of Julius Caesar, Ulysses S Grant, and others. His credentials were his flight in the Liberator.

This poem appeared in part in the book "Log of the Libertors", by Steve Birdsall. Edwin C. Range of Santa Clara, California who attempted to find the remaining stanzas ended up adding some of his own. We are reprinting some of the stanzas in the hope that the original author will step forward to be recognized. Reprinted by permission.



For there's a sort of manic madness in the
Supcharger's whine,
As you here the ice cubes tinkling in the
Turbo-Balance line,
And the runways strips are narrow, but the
snowbanks they were wide,
While the crash trucks say, in a mournful
way, you're on your final ride.

The nose gear rocks and trembles, for it's
held with bailing wire,
And the wings are filled with thermite, to
make a hotter fire,
The camouflage is peeling off, it lends an
added luster.
While pilot heads are filled with lead to help
the load adjuster.

The bomb bays doors are rusted, and close
with a ghastly shriek,
And the Plexiglas is smeared with some
forgotten leak,
The oleo struts are twisted, and the wheels are
not quite round,
And the bulkheads thin (Ford builds with tin)
admit the slightest sound.

You taxi out on the runway, 'mid groans of
tortured gear,
And you feel the check-ride's practised teeth,
gnawing your tender rear;
The co-pilot sitting on the right, in a
liquor-laden coma,
Mingles his breath, like the kiss of death,
with the put-put's foul aroma.

So it's off in the overcast yonder, though
number one is missing,
And the hydraulic fluid escaping, sets up a
gentle hissing,
The compass dial is spinning in a way that
broods no stopping,
And row by row, the fuses blow, with an
intermittent popping.

It was named the "Liberator" by a low and
twisted mind,
The design was by the Devil, and his brother,
you will find;
The brother was a coffin-maker, who
specialized in vaults,
This concrete bird, with weight to match, the
sum of all his faults.

He cried with glee, "I think I see a way to
make a buck!
I'll make a 'plane that'll never fly, the
biggest Army truck;
I'll attach a wing that'll never lift four
engines off a strip,
They'll send ten men, all insane, and crazy to
take a trip."

So they filled the bay with bombs galore, the
guns with firepower,
They stuffed the brain of those ten insane,
the nation's very flower;
With words and music of glorious things, of
wings and bars and stripes,
But, when they saw those puffs of black, the
cry was "Holy Cripes!"

"Where does it say, " they growled and
glared, while dodging German flak,
"That when we came to save the world, they'd
surely shoot us back?
We sought this place, this Italian base, to
make the people glad;"
But, it became quite plain to the ten insane,
they they'd been surely had.

They banked steep left, turned homeward
bound, these Army men who fly,
One might think they're safe and sound, but
there's always time to die;
Six hundred miles, four hours still, to sweat
the engines more,
And now the eyes would scan the skies, as
through the soup they bore.

The Alps ahead, three miles high, they
couldn't see a thing,
But, this Bomb Group knew the pertinent
poop of Davis and his wing;
Why there were two engines there, and two to
spare, the B-24, no Jitney!
With props in synch and mixture lean, now
it's up to Pratt and Whitney.

So, over the Alps and past the Po, losing
altitude as they flew,
Past the place where Nero fiddled, and where
Vesuvius blew;
But, Big Gas Bird began to falter, to show
that it was human,
The leaks appeared, the instruments failed, no
where was landfall loomin'.

As they let-down, the water came up, and lots
of props were feathered,
Hydraulic leaked and fuel got low, and now
young faces leathered
The radio-gunner called D/F, who asked "Did
he know if they'd make it?"
"I'm not sure," the radio-man said, "Hum a
few bars and I'll fake it."

The Bird droned on, the land appeared, the
crew felt glad inside,
'Cause, if they had to bail out now, it was
Land to which they'd glide;
There's the base, those lovely tents, the
chow-hall was in sight,
But, first the landing, then debriefing, before
the end of flight.

MODEL BUILDERS NOTES

Late in the war, both the 461st & 484th Bomb Groups were directed to change the markings on their aircraft so that ship numbers could be recognized from greater distances. This was necessary so that battle losses could be reported more accurately. The 461st Bomb Group used either a large red rectangle background with white numbers and the reverse red letters on a white background. Both designs were seen on unpainted aircraft. The 484th Bomb Group used a similar scheme employing a circle as the background. Unfortunately this resulted in the erasing of the colorful nose art that adorned the slab sided Liberators. This order was not followed consistently so some of the nose art survived. Mickey ships (Radar Bombing equipped) were identified by a three digit number in black or red on unpainted aircraft.

A silver B24-L of the 824 Squadron #29 returns from a mission with flak damage, (Marked in dotted circle) Note the red circle with white numbers Harry Jenkins photo 824 Sq Photo 1

A painted B-24H of the 824 Squadron #25 completes its 100th mission, an accomplishment in itself as the combat life of most aircraft was rather short. Harry Jenkins photo. Photo 2

No. 71 766 Squadron shown in this crash shot displays the aircraft ID number underneath the belly with white lettering on a red square. Note the leading edges of the engine nacelles are painted also. Harry Oglesby 767 Sq photo . Photo 3

"Miss Kay" A B24J #44-18350 of the 764 Squadron displaying the white square with red number on an unpainted ship Note the leading edge engine cowling on No 2 is painted also. George F Brinker photo 461st BG Photo 4



PHOTO 1

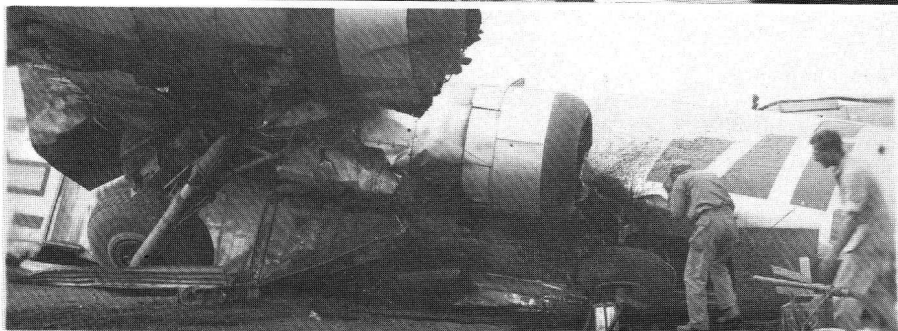


PHOTO 2



PHOTO 3

ADDITIONAL NAMES OF MEMBERS CONTRIBUTING TO THE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND SINCE THE LAST EDITION

1ST NAME	LAST NAME	UNIT	NO
WAYNE	BOYCE	765	46
WILLIAM	BURKE	766	63
EDWIN A	BURKHARDT	764	133
WYATT L	BUSBEE	767	120
BETTY J	DANFORD	764	18
DAVID	DIXON	826	18
JOSEPH	DONDERO	826	15
PETER	DRILL	484	7
JAY	DUDLEY	764	75
SKIPPER	ELLIS	827	53
VERNON W	GARRISON	765	26
J JORDAN	GLEW	826	25
ED	GOREE	764	35
RALPH J	HALLENBECK	824	80
GRANT V	HANSEN	824	4
HARRY	HOERMANN	767	13
FRANZ	HOLSCHER	766	46
ALBERT L	KELLER	764	124
CHARLES L	KOPETZKY	824	114
JOSEPH E	KUESTERSTEFFEN	767	111
EUGENE G	LA PIERRE	824	12
EDWARD J.	LATAL	767	17
WILLIAM A.	LECUYER	766	16
RALPH E	LEWIS	827	74
FRANCIS J	LUCAS	767	2
JAMES D	MACKIN	767	3
RUDOLPH S.	MARTINO	827	51
GREGORY	MAZZA	766	23
DEVERE W	MCRORIE	765	97
JUDSON W	MOORE	766	48
JOHN L	MULLIGAN	827	6
ROGER	NIXON	766	15
WILLIAM	PARADISE	764	76
D. R.	PERKINS	767	109
PAUL M	PERRY	764	125
CARL H.	PETER	767	108
HAROLD I	REEVE	766	76
CARL R	SCHANK	764	37
CLAUDE	SCHROEDER	827	2
EDWARD R.	SCHWARTZ, JR.	826	58
VICTOR J.	SEELY	824	92
ROBERT S	SIMKINS	826	33
ALEXANDER E	SPROUL	766	2
MARVIN	STOLOFF	766	117
ROBERT W	TISSING	824	133
JOHN L	UNDERWOOD	764	15
FRANK	VALDEZ	826	11
MONROE J	WALL	496	2
RICHARD A.	WARRINGTON	827	91
JOHN H	WILLIAMSON	766	110
CLEO V.	WINTER	766	59
MERLE P	YANNEY	824	37
ARTHUR L.	YOUNG	765	99



PHOTO 4

B O M B R U N

MISSION FOR NOVEMBER 6TH 1944

A True World War II Experience By Henry McCann
(BOMBARDIER), Chateaugay, N.Y.

BERNIE PRESHO, PILOT
765TH SQ.

"Two minutes to our I.P. .Bernie" the navigator's voice cracked over the intercom;"the 484th are already on the run,"It was two minutes before we were to turn on the initial point, take the heading given by S-2 and drive for a touchdown.

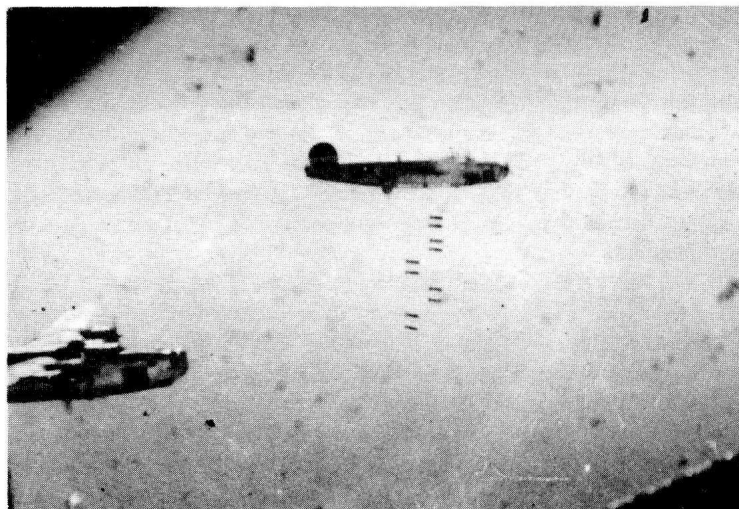
I recalled the words of the briefing S-2 officer:"Your target for today is the Winterhaven oil refinery in the southwest section of the city of Vienna." He was a vigorous slight man with grey crew cut hair. He might have been telling plans for a field day to a group of college students. "There will be a possibility of some four hundred enemy fighters in the target area..." We looked for those fighters then. What a warmth we felt toward our fighter pilots who weaved above us like slivers in the sky!

Off to our right stood our target, the city of Vienna. Other ships were already dropping their bombs on specified targets within the city. Though some forty miles away, the target was discernible by the halo of black balls of smoke-flak.

We were the third group in a three group wing. We felt the roll of our ponderous B-24 and saw the sharper bank of the flight leader as we swung over the designated point and headed down the Bomb Run. This was pattern bombing. Only one bombardier exercises the skill that all are taught. The lead bombardier sights the target, controls his ship and with a contact of indicia in his bombsight releases his missiles. With the first glance of the lead ship's falling bombs every bombardier in the group snaps a switch and sends five thousand pounds of screaming destruction toward the Reichland.

There was a stream of B-24's creeping toward the black blotches in the sky. What a sense of power they inspire! Great birds of war, a tribute to the genius of mankind. These are champions of war. Why should such a tremendous achievement as mastery of the air be turned to unprecedented havoc and ruin? However, these birds of war, manned by youths with forty thousand dollar educations, do not always sow destruction. Human error is always the unpredictable factor.

Would we fail this day too? The tension had mounted incessantly.



We had now begun to close that last thirty miles between us and the target. Bomb runs are not always thirty seconds long. This one would take about twelve minutes. It would take twelve terrifying minutes of the most excruciating mental torture imaginable . Yet it was thrilling beyond comparison.

I stood in the nose of our B-24, burdened with heavy clothing, oxygen mask, head set and mike and a twenty pound flak suit, watching these puffs come nearer and nearer. I had only to flick my switch at the proper second and my duty would be done. Suddenly I felt cold, chilled to the bone. I had been fairly comfortable despite the minus forty six degree temperature reading. I was glad that I did not have to synchronize with the sight this time, and yet to have the responsibility is to feel a major part of this gigantic, complicated weapon, the Air Force.

As the belly of the lead ship yawned slowly open like the jaws of a great beast, I too opened our bomb doors. All there was to do then was to wait and wait. Little was said on the ship's intercom;. "There's something out to the left, three of them," drawled Harris in the waist. "They're seventeens. I saw them" snapped Louis in the nose turret. Then there was silence. Flak makes no noise until it is very close. When you hear it it's too close.

The first group was dropping its bombs. There was a white flash and like a child's toy a B-24 plunged earthward in a flaming spiral. No chutes appeared. Then two more planes , streaming smoke from the engines, were dropping rapidly. Then we were in it.

**We were walking up a wall of flak.
The sky was darkened by the black
puffs.**

We were walking up a wall of flak. The sky was darkened by the black puffs. This was Vienna, the target city in southern Nazi territory, the nucleus of resistance to the Russians and the rail center of Austria. Three hundred and twenty anti-aircraft guns blackened the sky with a barrage. They had our altitude, our speed, and our heading. We used no evasive tactics. A tight formation against fighters is more important. It seemed incredible that those innocent black puffs were fountains of millions of pieces of slashing steel. Yet they spelled death. It seemed that no planes could penetrate that rain of steel without at least partial destruction but they did.

The first group was dropping its bombs. There was a white flash and like a child's toy a B-24 plunged earthward in a flaming spiral. No chutes appeared. Then two more planes, streaming smoke from the engines, were dropping rapidly. Then we were in it.

It was above us and below us and in front of us. There was a burst to our left that sounded like gravel being thrown against our side. It gave a quick thick bark. Our speed of two hundred miles per hour was apparent now. Then the ship rocked crazily from the concussion of two bursts directly beneath us. Time stood still. Would they ever drop those bombs! Number three of A flight slid out to the side and dropped away. That was Horn's crew. We had trained with them.

The target was clearly visible beneath the pall of smoke. In the city proper raged great fires caused by the shower of incendiaries from a B-1 group. We watched the flak and the lead ship. It's essential to release just as the lead does in order to insure a complete target coverage. The group plowed steadily on. Then a bomb appeared below the open bomb bay of the lead ship. I hit my switch. Nearly everyone shouted, "there they go."

I looked at the target as the smoke thickened and closed over it. The city was ablaze. The thousands of incendiaries with the hundreds of five pounders made Vienna blaze like the lights of Broadway. I wondered what it was like to be down there. How impersonal this war was! Perhaps we had killed hundreds and several of our boys had died, but none of us saw the carnage of it. This was the aerial war.

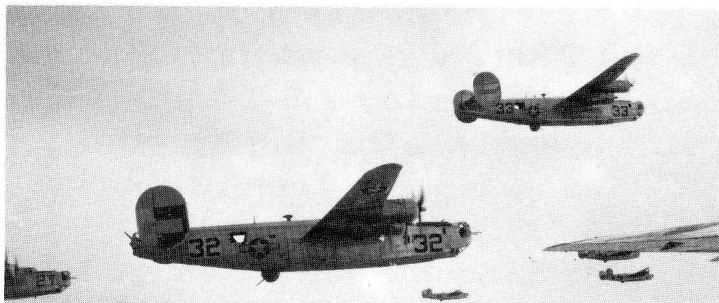
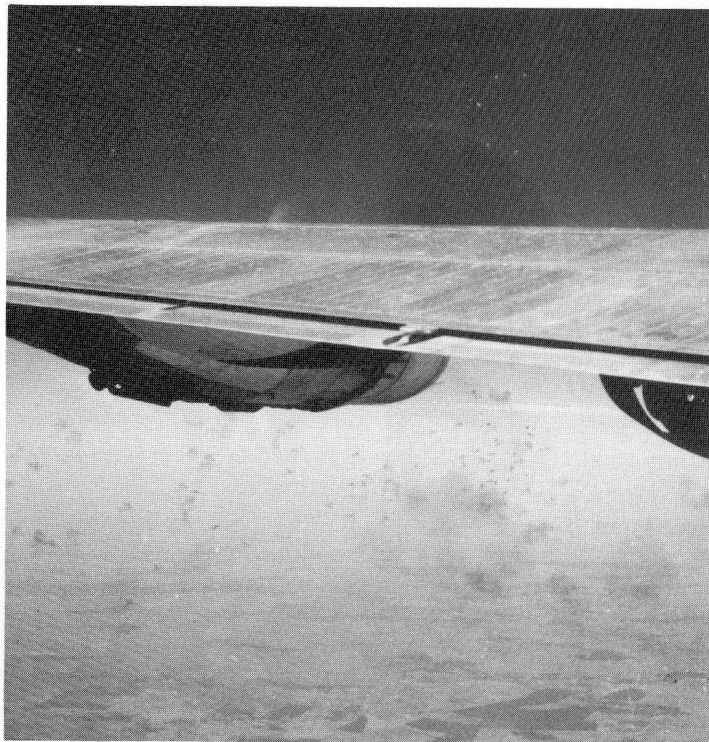
We wanted to jam the throttles and peel off our heading to escape the fearful bursts, but we held our formation. The flak lessened, the formation swung in a slow turn; the bomb run was over. We headed for Italy.

Back home the papers reported: "High flying B-24's of the 15th Air Force blasted targets at Brux, Linz and in the Vienna area."

THE END



Ship #38 825 Squadron, sustaining heavy battle damage manages to make it back to the base at Torretta. It appears much of the destruction took place when she bellied in as parts were flying through the air. Notice the inboard section of landing flap hanging by only one hinge. The laws of the air were lopsided, some aircraft sustaining major damage would maintain flight while others seemingly unscratched were seen dropping out of formation never to be seen again. Robert A Harrison photo 825 Sq.



NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the **461st & 484th Bomb Groups Association** will be held at the Marriott Hotel, 711 East Riverwalk, San Antonio, Texas, at 4:00PM for the purpose of electing Directors and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting. The following candidates are standing for election for one year: **Directors:** 1) Sigmund (Bud) Markel). 2) Beatrice M Markel 3) Frank J Valdez

October 14, 1986 has been fixed as the record date for the determination of members entitled to notice of, and to vote at the meeting. Current 1986 membership card required for identification. In accordance with the By-Laws of the corporation provision is made for Members, who will be unable to vote in person, to vote by written proxy. Please fill out the proxy below and return it to the Association office Prior to November 11, 1986.

PROXY

The undersigned appoints Sigmund (Bud) Markel, Beatrice M Markel, and Frank J Valdez as agent and proxy and authorizes them to act as such with respect to all voting rights of the undersigned upon the books of the 461st and 484th Bomb Groups Association, a non profit California corporation, at the annual meeting of the members of that corporation to be held at the Marriott Hotel, 711 East Riverwalk San Antonio, Texas, Friday, November 14, 1986, or any adjournment thereof, for the election of Sigmund (Bud) Markel, Beatrice M Markel, and Frank J Valdez to the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

Members signature _____ Members Number _____ Dated _____

REUNION RESERVATION FORM

1986 'MAX EFFORT' REUNION SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 13- 16, 1986

Name _____ Duty _____ Unit _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Your Name to be shown on badge _____ Name of spouse _____

Guests: _____

I have attended past reunions: 81 Torrance _____ 82 Dayton _____ 83 Williamsburg _____ 84 Orlando _____

Pre registration events by mail.

Squadron Dinners:	Friday Evening	November 14, 1986	\$20 per person	\$ _____
Bus Tour *	Saturday Morning	November 15, 1986	\$9 per person	\$ _____
Grand Banquet **	Saturday Evening	November 15, 1986	\$29 per person	\$ _____
Breakfast Buffet	Sunday Morning	November 16, 1986	\$15 per person	\$ _____
Past Dues for 1985 (\$15.00) _____	Current Dues for 1986 included _____			\$ _____
Donation to the Memorial Scholarship Fund				\$ _____
		Total amount included		\$ _____

Arrival at reunion: Airline _____ Private Car _____ RV _____

* Lunch is not included in the bus tour charge. Guests taking the **bus tour** to the three airbases must have exact change of \$3.65 per person at the Airmen's Mess at Lackland AFB.

** Dress for the Banquet, **Semi Formal**

NOTICE Members and guest paying at the door for reunion events are subject to a \$5.00 late charge and non participants (Visiting but not taking meals or tours) will be charged a \$15.00 registration fee. Admission to the display and hospitality room by name badge only.

**461ST AND 484TH BOMB GROUPS ASSOCIATION
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION**



LAST NAME / FIRST / INITIAL

ADDRESS: NUMBER STREET CITY STATE

ZIP CODE () PHONE / PRESENT OCCUPATION

HOBBIES OR INTERESTS

NAME AND RANK OF YOUR GROUP OR UNIT C.O.

NAME AND RANK OF YOUR IMMEDIATE CO OR NON COM

PILOT

CO-PILOT

NAVIGATOR

BOMBARDIER

ENGINEER/GUNNER

RADIO OPERATOR/GUNNER

NOSE GUNNER

TAIL GUNNER

TOP TURRET GUNNER

BALL GUNNER

GROUND ECHELON PERSONEL:

NAME / JOB CLASS. / RANK

NAME / JOB CLASS. / RANK

NAME / JOB CLASS. / RANK

YOUR MOST TRAUMATIC WAR EXPERIENCE WHILE SERVING IN ITALY

I HAVE THE FOLLOWING TO SHARE: (CHECK AS APPLICABLE)

PHOTOS / NEGATIVES / MAPS / ORDERS / DISPATCHES / NEWSPAPERS / COMBAT FILMS / TECH ORDERS / MANUALS / MEMORABILIA / MISCELLANEOUS

REUNION INFORMATION

ATTEND REUNION / SERVE ON REUNION COMMITTEE / TOUR OF ITALY / SUGGESTIONS / IDEAS / LOCATION FOR FUTURE REUNIONS, ETC.

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

RANK / JOB CLASSIFICATION / GROUP / SQUADRON

AIR / GROUND / POW / NO. OF MISSIONS

FROM: / TO: / DATES OF SERVICE AT TORRETTO

AIRCRAFT NAME / SERIAL NO. / PHOTO OF SHIP NOSE ART CREW PI

TRAINING BASES PRIOR TO OVERSEAS SERVICE

TRANSPORT TO ITALY

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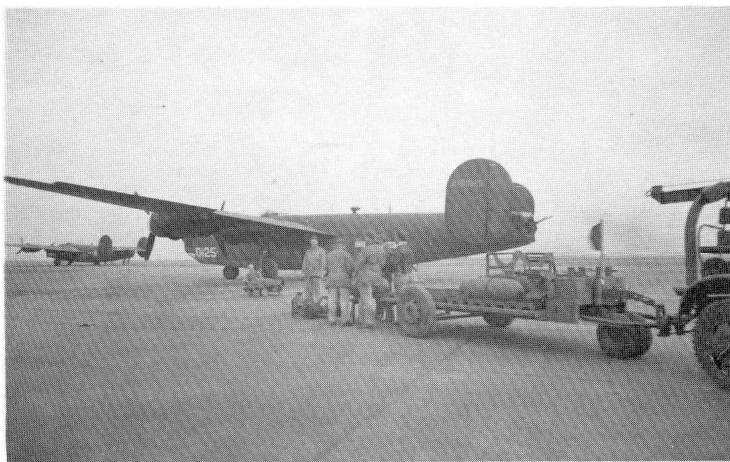
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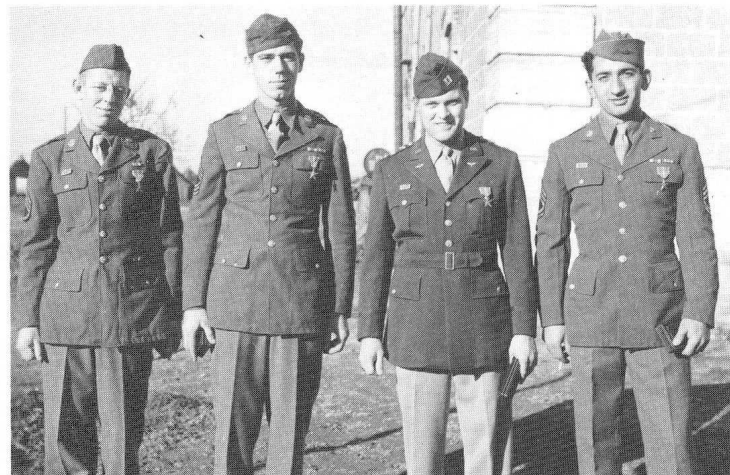
B-24# 0125 826 sq loading bombs for practice mission in the States. Ray Surrette photo 826 Sq.



Crew of Barney Milner 825 Sq. Front Row from left, B A Penborg (B); Barney J Milner (P); C W Kerr (C/P) Donald O Christenson (N); Back row Lester Real (T/G); Bill Miller (N/G); Bob Bell (U/G); Joe Killian ((R/O); Chuck Lake (B/G); Aurelio Lopez (E) Robert W Bell Photo 825 Sq.



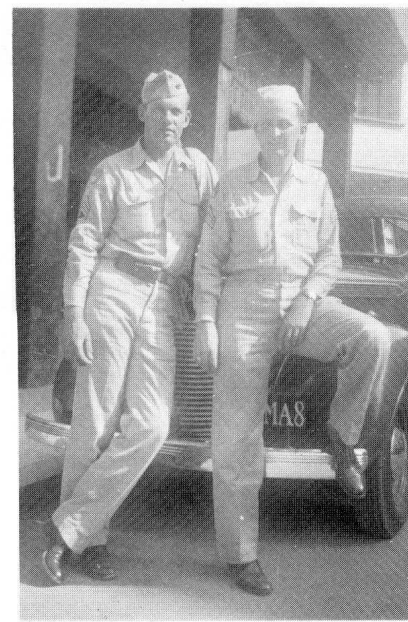
Crew of Walter Grimm 765 Sq Standing from left: Joe Small (N/G); Louis Duchinsky (R/O); Mel Williams (E); Jack B Jones (W/G); Clem Amory (T/G); E E Stevenson (B/G); Front row: Wester (C/P); Walter Grimm (P); and Abe Abadie (B). Stevenson photo



Unidentified personnel 461st Bomb Group after receiving the Silver Star. Reader comment requested. Harry Oglesby photo 767 Sq



Photo of the 824 Sq radio maintenance crew in front of their quonset hut. From top left Newton D Lewis, and Sagonavich. Front row third from left is Bill Knapp (deceased) Newton D Lewis photo 824 Sq.



P Vanderhoven and Elwood Clark 826 Sq Photo taken in the States Joseph Dickman photo 826 SQ.



826 Sq. party, Jan. 44. Maj Hogan (L) Exec. Of., Maj John B Paine CO, and Ist/Sgt Gillespie. Reader comment requested for others. Joseph Dickman photos, 826 Sq.



766 Orderly room Hammer Field. M/Sgt John Tenery is behind the desk center. Other personnel not identified. Reader comment requested. Tenery Photo.



Col Glanzberg sitting in his P-40 which he flew during training missions and group assembly to tighten the formation. Harry Oglesby photo 767 Sq.



Unidentified enlisted personnel from the 826 Squadron Reader comment requested. Rod Stewart photo, 826 Sq.

**461st & 484th
Bomb Groups Association**

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