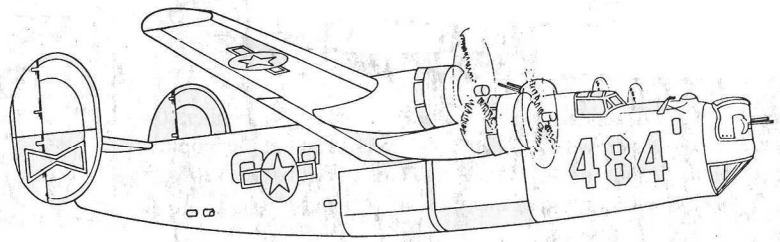


The Torretta Flyer



Torretta Flyer No 32

484th Bomb Group Association

Fall-Winter 1997

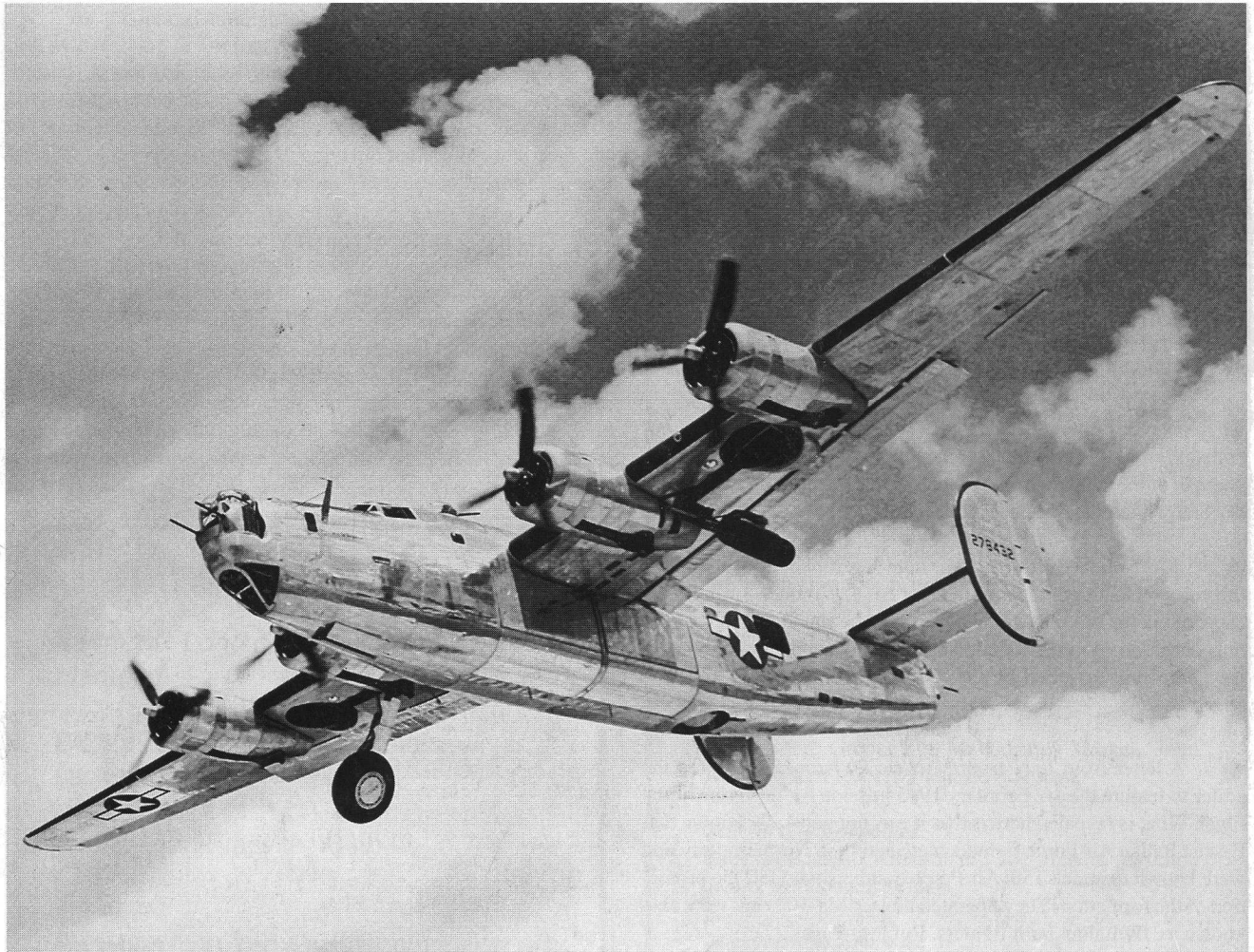


Photo above:

This aircraft is symbolic of the B-24J that took off from India for its final trip to the Pima County Air Museum. The restored B-24J will be on display at the Pima County Air Museum for attendees to the 1998 Reunion in Tucson, Arizona. See the story of this famous flight starting on page 16.



Me-109 Based in Northern Italy flown by Italian Pilots, See page 27

What's in this Issue

● The 16th annual reunion in Washington, DC September 10-14, 1997 drew a crowd of 300 people, The highlight of the reunion was the dedication of the Plaque and Tree in Arlington National Cemetery. The full report of the reunion is on pages 4 to 7.

● An additional scholarship award was given to a Washington, DC student at the banquet which was a first for the Association. The story starts on page 8.

● Member Bob Leavenworth sent in the POW stories. Bob is not pleased with how the history of WW II is taught in the public schools. He lectures at schools to fill in the huge gap between what is taught and what the war was really like. On pages 12-15.

● The information on how the Pima County Museum in Tucson, Arizona acquired its B-24 and how it was flown back to the USA from India to be put on permanent display is an interesting story. It is relevant because the 17th annual of the Association will be held in Tucson in 1998. One tour will take our members to the Pima County Museum to see this restored B-24 J. The restoration work under the direction and work of Virgil Faulkner is truly a marvel. This like- new aircraft sits in its own hangar. See pages 16-21.

● Never Forgotten Incident, a story of a fog bound mid-air collision of a C-47 with an unknown object is a testament of the strength of the venerable twin engine airliner. Story sent in by member Stan Hutchins. See page 22.

● More on the Innsbruck Mission. Additional information on this mission featured in Torretta Flyer No #27 Winter-Spring 1995 came in via the Internet from Dick Olson the son of Richard Olson now deceased. We then added Escape and Evasion reports found in the microfilms acquired by the Association some years ago. See pages 24-26.

● A letter from Italy from Michele D' Aronca prompted the editor to feature the 16, February 1945 mission for this issue of the Flyer. What is revealed here is that it was not generally known that Fascist Italian Air Force fighters were active in Northern Italy and were known to attack 15th Air Force bombers who left the protection of the formation. They operated mostly Me-109s but were also known to fly Italian built fighters. Refer to Pages 27-35.

● Your editor was prompted to write the editorial that was sent to major newspapers in response to a newsletter from the WWII Memorial Committee. The committee has proposed to construct a Memorial on the National Mall at one end of the Reflecting Pool. This veteran does not like the memorial as it does not tell the whole story of WW II. See page 37.

● Rest Camp in the USA, This really happened to member Andrew Lopez. How many other airmen enjoyed this privilege? Page 39.

The aircraft shown on the front cover is actually a North American B-24G-16 assembled in Dallas, Texas

Thanks & Regards

Our thanks to Fred and Betty Dierksmeier for all their efforts in coordinating the installation of the plaque & tree in Arlington National Cemetery.

Our thanks to Joe Shugrue for copying the Mission Records that were on display for the first time at the Washington DC reunion. Members are urged to plan on attending the 1998 reunion in Tucson where the Mission Records will be on display once again.

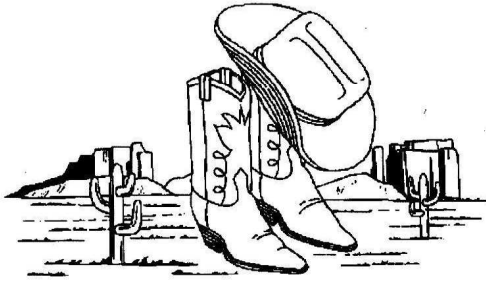
Our thanks also go out to Alan Davidson and Barrow Neale who brought copiers to the reunion. Members were able to copy Mission Records and other documents right in the display room.

A big thank you to Ralph and Caryl Carr for their help at the registration desk.

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1998 Reunion



As announced at the Washington, DC reunion, the Association will be going to Tucson, Arizona in 1998. We have chosen the Tucson Hilton East to be the host hotel November 3 to 7, 1998. November temperatures are mild in Tucson. The hotel will grant the room rate of \$74.00 per night single or double three days in advance of the reunion and will grant the same room rate on availability three days after the reunion. The Tucson Hilton is a high quality property similar to the Fairview Park Marriott.

The schedule will move up one day from our usual pattern so that the squadron dinners will be held on Thursday, November 5 and the Banquet will be held Friday night, November 6 instead of Saturday night. The memorial service & breakfast will move to Saturday morning, November 7. As approved by the membership at the business meeting, the Association will engage the services of Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. to perform the planning and operational functions of the reunion. It is hoped that this arrangement will help the reunion committee (aka Bud and Bea Markel) reduce the workload.

The 484th PX

484th BG Logo patch, stitched, 2 3/4" in diameter ----- \$5.00.

B-24 three-dimensional tie tac, silver, stick pin 1 3/4" ----- \$5.00.

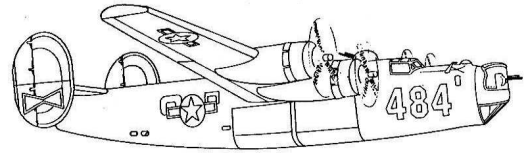
Association Pin with 484th Logo 7/8" ----- \$5.00.

Baseball Cap, red & white. side view of 484th silver B-24 on front, postage inc.----- \$12.00.

Miniature Plaque 1 3/4" with display stand, postage inc.----- \$25.00..

Back issues of the Torretta Flyer, Nos 13 14, 16 thru 31, postage inc.----- \$46.00.

The Torretta Flyer



Issue #32 Fall-Winter 1997

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The Torretta Flyer is the official publication of the 484th Bomb Group Association. Normal distribution is limited to members only. Requests from nonmembers for copies should be directed to the Editor.

Contributions of stories, articles, memorabilia, and graphic materials to the Torretta Flyer are always welcome. Clean typewritten manuscripts and Microsoft Word disks are preferable. Other formats are also acceptable. Please contact the Editor for further information.

The Torretta Flyer reports primarily on the history of air warfare during WWII and the accomplishments of members of the 484th Bomb Group during WWII. From time to time the magazine will cover other subject matter related to aeronautical events as material becomes available. Readers are encouraged to submit their own stories or material from other sources.

Editor, Bud Markel
Associate Editor, Bea Markel

Board of Directors 1997-1998
484th Bomb Group, Bud Markel, Bea Markel, John Billings, Ken Hubertz, and Ed Schwartz

Scholarship Committee,
Dick Muscatello, Chairman, Joe Hebert, Vernon Janke, and Ross J Wilson

Membership Committee
Al Kline, Adolph Marcus, Jack Robson, Herb Weinstein

Publicity Committee, Adolph Marcus, Bud Pressel

Direct all inquiries to the Editor, Torretta Flyer, 1122 Ysabel St. Redondo Beach, CA 90277-4453-13, USA Phone (310) 316-3330 . We can be reached via the internet at **BUD484BG@AOL.com**. Also, visit our web site at <http://members.aol.com/bud484bg>. Faxes can be received at prearranged times.

Report of the 1997 Reunion

The highlight of the 1997 reunion was the dedication of the plaque and tree in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. Shortly after the dedication of the 484th plaque at the Air Force Museum Memorial Park in Dayton, Ohio, the Association officers were alerted by Ben Franklin of the 15th AF Association that Arlington National Cemetery was extending the opportunity to veterans organizations to plant memorial trees at Arlington. Inasmuch as there were funds available from the generous contributions of our members to the first 484th memorial plaque and tree, and with the approval of the membership at members' annual meeting, contact was made with the appropriate officials at Arlington for the installation of the Ginkgo tree and a newly designed and approved 484th plaque at site 33 in Arlington National Cemetery.

The dedication of the 484th Bomb Group's plaque and tree took place on Friday, September 12, 1997 at 10 o'clock AM. The weather cooperated and contrary to the overcast skies of the previous two days, the sun shone on our ceremony.

The Ceremony

The guests were welcomed by our local member, Fred Dierksmeier, followed by the posting of the colors by the uniformed Air Force Honor Guard Color Team from Bolling AFB, D.C., the invocation was given by Chaplain Maj. Steven A Schaick, USAF Staff Chaplain, Arlington National Cemetery. The President of the Association Bud Markel addressed the dedication of the 484th Memorial Plaque and Ginkgo Tree at Site #33 in Arlington National Cemetery. The plaque was then unveiled by Bud Pressel, 825th Sq., and a red, white and blue floral wreath was presented and placed alongside the plaque by members, Adolph Marcus, 824th Sq, and Aurelio Lopez, 825 Sq. Historian, Tom Sherlock, accepted the tree and memorial plaque on behalf of Arlington National Cemetery, and also commended the group on the unusually large number of attendees at this dedication.

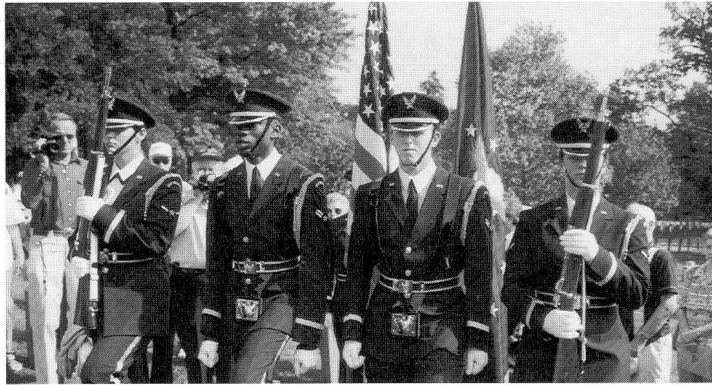
A full dress Air Force Awards Company from Bolling AFB, presented the Distinguished Flying Cross medal to Joseph G Walter, Jr, 826th Sq. with all due military formality. This was an unscheduled but welcome surprise to Joe and those in attendance as well.

Chaplain Schaick then gave the benediction. The Air Force Bugler played taps. The Air Force Honor Guard Color Team then retired the colors. The attendees were invited to take pictures.

For members and families information: The location of the 484th Memorial Plaque and Tree is Site #33, at the Junction of Grant and Roosevelt Drives in Arlington National Cemetery

The Display Room

While the display room has always been a popular place in past reunions, this year topped them all, with the added display of copies of Mission Records from June 14, 1944 to May 1945.



Squadron Dinners

Once again, Fang and Edith Hansen had to stand-down for this reunion, and as 'forfeiture', they hosted each and everyone in their 824th Squadron to a bottle of Cold Duck sparkling wine. Enjoyed by all!

Annual Meeting Report

The annual business meeting took place on Saturday, September 13, 1997, at 9:30 AM. The minutes of the last meeting and financial report were read, given and approved.

Scholarship Report

A report from the Memorial Scholarship Committee chairman Richard Muscatello was presented, including the current financial status of the scholarship fund. The four 1966 scholarship awards of \$600 each to the Italian students were presented at the ceremony in Cerignola on May 12, 1977, with official educational dignitaries in attendance. Letters of acknowledgment and photos from each of the four awardees have been received and enlarged copies were on display at the reunion and included in this issue of the Flyer. In accordance with membership approval for broadening the scholarship award program to venues in the United States, a scholarship award of \$1,000 was presented by Committee member, Vernon Janke, on May 10, 1997, in Harvard, Nebraska, to Stephanie Joy Cude, a Senior at Harvard Public School, in commemoration of the 484th BG Phase Training at Harvard AFB 1943-44. This is the 2nd award to a Harvard Public School student. Another scholarship award of \$1,000 was presented at the 1997 Reunion Banquet, Saturday evening, September 13, 1997, to a Washington D C student from Benjamin Banneker Academic School, Delonte Gholston.

The Scholarship Committee made recommendations, approved by the membership present as follows: Increase the number of awards to six (6), in the amount of \$600 each, to be given to qualifying Italian students in Cerignola for the year 1998; that an award of \$1,000 be given to a Harvard Nebraska High School qualifying graduate student for the year 1998; and that awarding a scholarship to a student at the reunion site be discontinued for the time being.

Election of Officers

In accordance with the Notice of the Annual Meeting for the purpose of electing directors for the year 1997-1998, the election of directors took place. The Directors are: Bud Markel, Beatrice Markel, John Billings, Ken Hubertz, and Ed Schwartz. Appreciation of the past services on the Board of outgoing Directors, Frank Valdez and Charlie McKew were acknowledged by the Chairman.

Continued on next page



Chaplain Major Stephen A Schaick giving the benediction.

Continued from previous page

1998 Reunion

Under new business, recommendation was made and approved for the 1998 reunion to be held in Tucson, Arizona in the fall of 1998.

After some discussion, the members authorized the President of the Association to use the Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. reunion meeting planning services for the 1998 reunion and annual meeting.

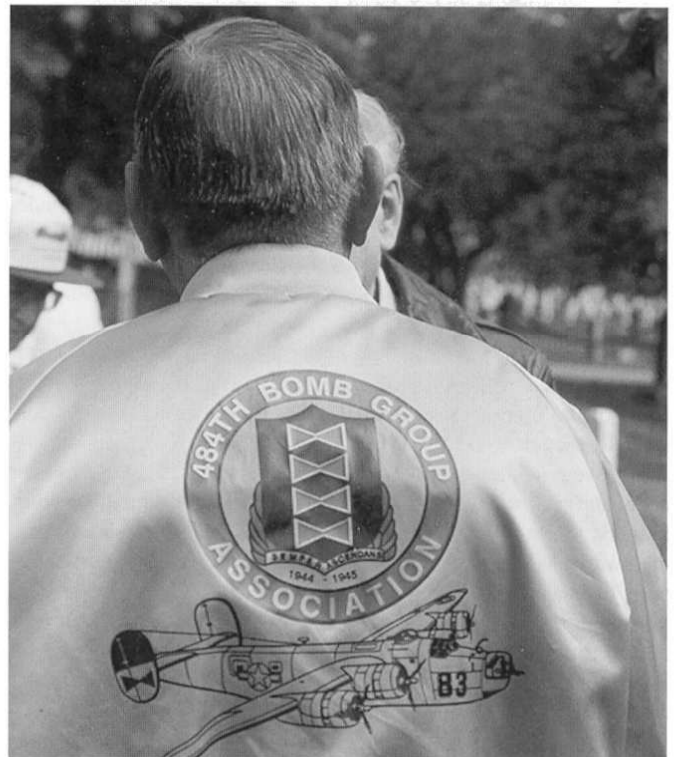
The Banquet

As a tie-in to the locale of the airfield base in Italy of the 484th Bomb Group, as well as our ongoing Memorial Scholarship Program, the Italian Embassy in Washington DC was contacted and the Ambassador was invited to be our guest at the Banquet. In the Ambassador's absence, Brigadier General Giuseppe Bernardis, Air and Defense Cooperation Attache, was our guest speaker. He started his flying career in the US where he graduated as Military Pilot at Webb Air Force Base (Texas) flying the T38A jet trainer, back in Italy he was a fighter pilot with the F104 and later Captain assigned to Italy's National Aerobatics Team "Frece Tricolori" (Similar to the US Air Force Thunderbirds). His presentation of the "Frece Tricolori" was a very dramatic video, visual and sound.

Scholarship Committee Chairman, Richard Muscatello introduced the Washington DC Scholarship Recipient, Delonte Gholston, and presented the Scholarship Award Certificate to him. His proud parents were present and were overwhelmed by members' congratulations.



Joe Walters receives the DFC from the Air Force.



The Back of Clyde Barr's Jacket



President Bud Markel delivering the dedication speech

The dedication speech

We are gathered here today to dedicate this tree and this plaque. We stand with head bowed in reverence to the meaning of what this ginkgo tree and the bronze plaque represent. We are here to pay our respects to all of the service personnel who are buried here, not just to those who belong to the 484th Bomb Group. You will note the colors standing as if in proud attention. As you will recall, we too paid respects to our flag each day in a military camp, post, or airfield at retreat. We stood at attention with our right hand in salute as the national flag was lowered. We did this again today during the pledge of allegiance. For this dedication is a solemn ceremony. It is our way of honoring the deceased by taking this time to be with them. We stand here to comfort our own spiritual needs too.

In honor of our fallen comrades in this National Cemetery, we add the names of the 484th Bomb Group's personnel who made their last mission in defense of freedom and those who have passed on in the ensuing years. We add their names to all of the other distinguished soldiers who reside in quiet rest within these hallowed grounds.

This ginkgo tree the very symbol of life stands guard over this plot that is called site 33. It stands also as a gateway to the tomb of the unknown soldier just up the road from here on this same Roosevelt Drive.

We pay our respects to all who lie here this day in this last camp and pantheon. We say to all the interred: we remember your bravery, your deeds, your accomplishments, and why you earned the awards and medals of a proud country. You are in good company here in the rolling greens of Virginia overlooking the city of Washington with its many monuments. This capitol city once burned to the ground is the symbol of the great strength that resides within every resident of the grand United States of America. We cannot betray our war dead and must continue to cherish the ideals on which this proud land was founded and for which they offered their lives. We stand here with proud determination not to let their sacrifice go wanting.



Bugler playing taps



(L to R) Adolph Marcus Bud Pressel, and Aurelio Lopez flank the wreath and plaque.



Members present at the Plaque Dedication Ceremony from left: Art Aldene, Rex Bennett, Ed Bernhardt 's son, Sharon Delong daughter of Edith Smith, Orville Hommert, Edith Smith, and Aurelio Lopez.



Clyde Barr, Mildred Belcher, Wright Arnold, Joe Ercole, John Morgan, Lilly Banwell, and Arthur Banwell

The 484th Bomb Group Association Gave Six Scholarship Awards in 1997.

Report of the Scholarship Committee

Four Italian Students Honored

The first four were given to Italian students living in Cerignola, Italy, near the old airbase at Torretta, Italy. They are: 1) Massimilia Debeneditis, Viale di Levante, 64 71042 Cerignola (FG), 2) Adriana Desantis, Via Torino 24 71042 Cerignola (FG), Italia, 3) Viviana Trallo, Via Garigliano, 71042 Cerignola (FG),Italia, 4) Stefania Colonna, Via Gran Sasso No 32, 71042 Cerignola (Fg) Italy. Professor Umberto Albanese was able to select four outstanding students with high grade point averages. With 10 being the highest in Italian schools, each one scored above 9. This is no small accomplishment considering that Cerignola is a small town. See their letters on pages 9 and 10.



Professore Umberto Albanese

Washington, DC Junior Receives an Award.

Delonte Gholston, a junior at Benjamin Banaker High School in Washington, DC received an award for being the most outstanding student in his class of 1998. He was presented with his award certificate at the 16th annual banquet of the 484th Bomb Group Association.

We take pride in honoring all of these outstanding students who have honored their parents, schools, and especially the 484th Bomb Group Association. We wish them the very best of luck in achieving their goals and take a measure of pride in knowing that we helped them along the way.

Harvard, Nebraska Graduate Receives a 484th BG Scholarship

One award was made to a graduate of Harvard Nebraska School. Stephane Cude received the 1997 award at Harvard, Nebraska School. This is the second year an award has been given to a graduate of this school. Here again in the small town of Harvard with only one school for all grades, an outstanding student was selected. See statement of her career goals on pages 9 and 10.

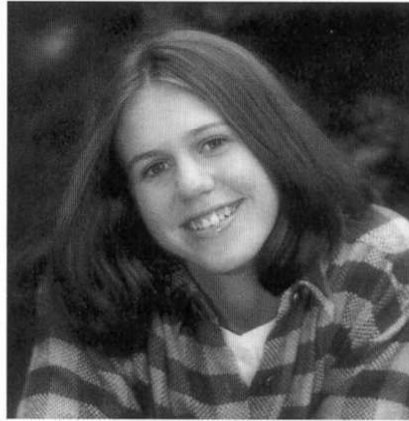


Richard Muscatello (left) Chairman, Scholarship Committee presents the award certificate to Delonte Gholston, the award winner from Washington, DC.

Letters From Scholarship Recipients

My Career Goals by *Stephanie Joy Cude*

When I was younger, about seven or eight years old, I was sure I wanted to be in the medical profession; either a doctor or a veterinarian, I didn't care which. My cousin and I used to have our own "office" in my room where we would treat our dolls, stuffed animals, and even an occasional sibling for various ailments. I held this dream of becoming a doctor for many years. Then real-



ity set in, the form of a seventh grade biology class. In this class, my classmates and I had to dissect several animals, and, after almost becoming ill a few times, I discovered that I was not suited at all for the medical profession. While I was a little disappointed about the shattering of my childhood dream for some time, today I am thankful I learned early enough so that I could explore my career options in high school. After examining all these options, I found an occupation that I believe I am ideally suited to: the law.

After reading that sentence, a per-

Continued on next page

Massimiliano *De Benedittis*

Viale di Levante, 64
71042 Cerignola (FG)
Italy

Bud Markel
1122 Ysabel Street
Redondo Beach, CA
90277-4453
U.S.A.

13 May, 1997

Dear Sir,

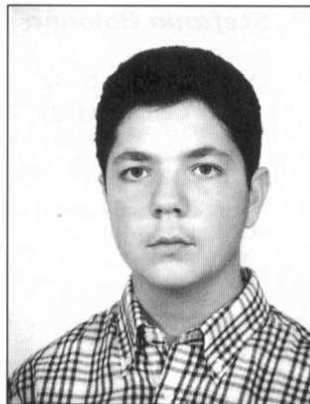
I am Debenedittis Massimiliano and I go to the Istituto Tecnico Commerciale in Cerignola. This is the first time that I receive a scholarship, and for me, this recognition is very important for my future study.

I will always remember you fondly, but I will remember especially the purpose of this scholarship. I am very happy to personally represent the American airman that are dead from the war.

I will always be grateful to you and I will work always for peace between the people in my life.

I wish to be able to meet you in person.

Yours faithfully,
Debenedittis Massimiliano



Adriana Desantis

Via Torino 24
71042 Cerignola (FG)
Italia

21 May, 1997

Dear Friends:

I am Adriana Desantis, 18 years old and I attend the fourth year of the Scientific Lycee.

Two weeks ago I received the good news, I was one of the winners of the American Scholarship. I am very proud and happy, not only for me, but for the other boys and girls, who won like me.

First of all, I think that it is a good occasion to remember how much Americans helped my countrymen during a very difficult period of our history i.e. the time of II World War. It's good that American people remember our suffering, even after fifty years,

Even if it can't obliterate the brutality of the war, it will be a way by which what happened in the past won't be forgotten,

So I thank you a lot and hope other boys and girls will be lucky like me!

I don't know exactly what I'm going to study at the University. But in any case I hope to get a degree in economics.

Hoping to visit your country in the near future.

Yours Sincerely,
Adriana Desantis



son would probably think I mean I'm into lying and swindling, two qualities associated with lawyers today. The law profession has gotten a bad reputation, and it hasn't just been in recent years. For decades, perhaps more, people have thought of lawyers as greedy crooks, and have made what used to be an honorable profession into somewhat of a joke. Shakespeare himself said, "the first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." I admit that cases like the O.J. Simpson trial have a way of making someone believe that all one needs to become a lawyer is a large vocabulary and a flair for drama. Neither of these qualities had anything to do with my decision to become a lawyer.

The real reason I decided to become a lawyer is that the law is a job that involves my greatest strengths; reading, writing, and the ability to work well with others; and that the law has always been fascinating to me. I'm not a really great liar, mostly because I haven't had a lot of practice, and while I would like a well-paying job as much as the next person, I'm not excessively greedy. My career goals do not include making partner at a huge law firm or any other lofty plans.

Viviana Trallo

Via Garigliano, 3
71042 Cerignola (FG)
Italia4

484th Bomb Group
Association
1122 Ysabel St.
Redondo Beach, CA,

90277-4453
USA



Dear Friends:

My name is Viviana Trallo, I attend the Liceo Classico in Cerignola, and am in my last year and I am very happy to have the possibility to thank you personally. It isn't the first time I have received a scholarship, but for me this one is the most important, because its aim is totally different from the other ones.

In fact with this initiative you want to remember your friends who have sacrificed their lives for their mother country. It is a pleasure for me to be a symbol of their virtue, and to keep their memory still alive among us young.

Your promotion has been for me a strong enticement to become braver and braver. In fact my aim is to study medicine at the University in Padua. I hope one day I'll be able to meet you in order to be friends.

Yours Sincerely,

Viviana Trallo

Right now, there are two areas of law that I am considering. The first of these is to defend these people to the best of my ability, because rich or poor, all American citizens and in fact all human beings deserve the right to a fair trial.

To prepare for my future career, be it as an environmental lawyer or a public defender, in college I plan on taking courses that will be useful in either field of study. I also plan on interning at a local law firm, a courthouse or any place where law is practiced. I think that by doing this I will gain valuable experience that can not be replaced by any classes I might take. On campus, I would also like to participate in Student Government which I think will help me to learn court proceedings a little better. By doing these three things, I believe I could gain insight that will be a bonus to my future clients.

In college, I plan on making my final decision as to which branch of the law I want to continue, the branch that will lead to my future career. I do know, however, that while my final career plans haven't yet been completed, I am very goal oriented.

Stefania Colonna

Via Gran Sasso N. 32
71042 Cerignola (Fg)
Italy

Cerignola, 14th
May 1997

Dear Friends,



I'm Stefania Colonna from the "Istituto Tecnico Commerciale "D. Alighieri" in Cerignola (Italy). I'm writing this letter to thank you for having recognized and prized my efforts with one of your scholarships.

This is the first scholarship I have ever received even though I have always achieved high averages during my school career.

As you can imagine I am very satisfied and so are my teachers, my parents and, my friends.

Above all, I am very happy to know that my award was given in the name of those who gave their lives in their Country's name. I will always keep in my heart their memory that will be always inside my heart and my mind, and it will help me to give the best of myself in every day life.

I am not convinced about my future yet, but I would like to become a good doctor to save many human beings and give them again moments of joy and peace.

Grateful forever, love from

Stefania Colonna

Scholarship Fund Contributors to The

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News About Downed Airmen & POWs

American GIs held in Nazi Germany's Concentration Camps. Reported by Bob Leavenworth

Editor's Note: One of our newer members, Bob Leavenworth sent me a copy of the EX-POW Bulletin that describes that some American Prisoners of War were placed in Nazi Germany's Concentration camps. The following account was published in the EX-POW Bulletin

Jay Stone a former American GI, is being asked to step forward. As a concentration camp survivor, it's a thorny consideration for a non-Jewish retiree who spent fifty years trying to forget Stone's torturous, nearly fatal experience at the Berga slave labor camp in Nazi Germany has only recently been revealed as a little-known chapter in World War II history.

After fifty years, German and U S Governments acknowledged that hundreds of Jewish and non Jewish American GIs and civilians were held in German concentration camps. "Prior to today, prior to this past year, there's never been a reparations program in place for American survivors of the Holocaust," said Bill Marks, a Washington, DC attorney representing several claimants. "The German compensation law didn't say, if you're an American you don't qualify," but it had a set of criteria that effectively excluded Americans and, frankly a lot of people didn't know there were American survivors in the camps. "The deadline for claims was February 23, 1997. Jay Stone decided to file, but, at age 75, he finds the timing a bit ironic "I ain't going to hold my breath, and I sure ain't going to have it spent," he said. But I would like to see it as an acknowledgment of what the German people were capable of.

After Stone became a POW in December 1944, he was sent to Stalag IX-B and from there about 350 American POWs were taken from their barracks and transported to Berga, a slave labor camp with no designation and no regard for the rules of the Geneva Convention. Soon, many would be worked, starved or beaten to death. It was a fate that most Americans believe only applied to European Jews "I didn't know it until afterward but we were in the Buchenwald complex." Stone said of the 350 who entered Berga only 280 returned to the United States. The 8th Air Force personnel who were held at Buchenwald in 1944 fared better, only one died, but witnessed unspeakable atrocities.

A 461st Bomb Group Airman Gets Valuable Information While in Enemy Territory

From micro film files

Combat crew members who are forced down in enemy or enemy occupied territory frequently find themselves in a position to obtain information which might subsequently prove to be of inestimable value to Allied intelligence agencies but too seldom do they take advantage of these opportunities.

It is not recommended that every flyer who bails out or crash

lands under such circumstances should assume the hazardous role of an espionage agent, a profession which requires skill, extensive training and experience - but it is suggested that they observe closely and listen carefully for any items of information concerning the enemy forces, materials, defenses, etc., and mentally record them for later communication to the proper agencies.

An excellent illustration of what can be accomplished along these lines was furnished this Air Force recently when Staff Sergeant Dorance Shaffer of the 461st Bomb Group returned to Italy after he, with the rest of his crew, had bailed out of their disabled B-24 over Partisan controlled territory.

Sgt. Shaffer, a special radio intercept operator, was taken to Bucharest by way of Hungary and during the train ride made the acquaintance of a Hungarian officer who was, before he deserted, in charge of Hungarian and German flak batteries of one sector of the Budapest Air Defense System. The Hungarian was en route to Bucharest for investigation by Russian authorities.

The officer, who spoke English, inadvertently disclosed among his papers a copy of a map of Hungary with the German fighter grid superimposed. Sgt. Shaffer displayed a casual interest in the map and engaged the officer in a discussion of his former duties. According to the latter these duties consisted of the coordination of the Hungarian and German anti-aircraft defense communications and of the Hungarian and German flak position personnel under his command (air defense activities of the Hungarian and German armies were interwoven).

He gave Sgt. Shaffer considerable information concerning the relative merits of the German and Hungarian anti-aircraft batteries and equipment and technical information on their operation, and stated that the German flak batteries could be operated by a smaller number of men and with more accuracy because of their Radar equipment. He further stated that the finder equipment on the Hungarian batteries was not as effective in counteracting our "Chaff" when properly dispensed.

He pointed out that the air defense sections were alerted as soon as our weather planes were spotted. It was then assumed that bomber penetrations would take place about 3 to 4 hours later. Any further warnings or reports of the air situation were given by long distance telephone from the Radio Telephone Stations and only in the case of telephone line failure would Ultra High Frequency Equipment be used for the reception of messages and orders from the R/T ground stations. When Allied bomber penetration was announced from the R/T outposts, the smoke screen would be put in operation so as to be effective by the time the bombers reached the area.

Air support was furnished from a base between Budapest and the Eastern shore of Lake Balaton with the bulk of the force furnished by the Luftwaffe. Altitude corrections and such were constantly being given to the ground defenses by telephone from the R/T stations.

In addition to the foregoing, the officer gave Sgt. Shaffer valuable information on the effect of our Radar "jamming" procedures and counter measures.

Due to the alertness and unusually retentive memory Sgt. Shaffer was able to repeat in detail virtually all of what was told to him by his traveling acquaintance.

American Ex Prisoner of War Speaks Out

by Bob Leavenworth 826 Sq.

The following is a telling of my experiences during WWII. 1) My enlisting in the air corps, 2) Combat experiences, 3) Bailing out over enemy territory, 4) Being captured, 5) Put in solitary confinement, 6) Life in prison camp. 7) The black hunger march, and 7) liberation.

Please keep in mind that each POW has his or her story and each camp differed. Keep in mind that those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it. I was in my teens in 1938 when Hitler took over Austria. Remember the movie "Sound of Music" the Vontrap family escaped and eventually came to the US.

Within three years Hitler and the axis powers had occupied most of Western Europe as well as France and North Africa. During this time France and England were doing their darndest to hold on to their democracies while we in the US stuck our heads in the sand. We hoped that the whole mess would go away.

On Dec. 8, 1941 the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed, the US declared war on Japan, and on the 11th of December 1941 Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. We were not prepared for one war, to say nothing about two. A neighbor of mine a few of years older, was the role model of the neighborhood, he was killed and received the Congressional Medal of Honor. That hit me petty hard.

On my 18th birthday I enlisted in the air corps. Within two weeks I was on my way to basic training in Greensboro, NC. Then on to Mississippi for Engineers school, then on to gunnery school in Panama City, Florida. There we lived in tents and very often when I returned from a training flight, I would find a cute little "deadly coral snake" curled up on my cot. Our gunnery exercises were all combined with looking for enemy subs yes, enemy subs had been sighted not only off the Florida coast, but all the way north to New Jersey and New York.

On a lighter note, we used to save a few rounds of ammunition and shoot up stingrays (flying fish with a whip like tail). After which they would float up on the Navy's beach (great fun).

At Mitchell Field, NY, I was assigned to a B-24 Liberator Bomber with a 110 ft. wingspan, powered by 4 ea. 1000 hp engines with a top speed of 300 mph. It was operated by a 10 man crew: four flight crew officers and six enlisted gunners who manned the 50 caliber machine guns. The crew consisted of: pilot, copilot, navigator, bombardier, nose turret, top turret, ball turret, tail turret, and two waist guns. It could carry a 8800 bomb load.

Some called the "Liberator" a flying coffin and others called it a flying boxcar. All in all she was a tough competitor.

Just prior to heading overseas a crew member's dad who owned one of the best night clubs in NYC, put on a real show for the whole crew. We got to dance with the chorus girls.

We flew our own airplane to Italy where we were to be based. First stop was Presque, Maine, then Newfoundland, the Azores, an island in the middle of the Atlantic, Tunis, North Africa and finally my permanent base, Torretta, near Foggia in southern Italy.

I was assigned to the 49th wing, 484 bomb group 826 squadron, 15th Air Force. I was assigned a bunk in a tent and was told to

get ready to go on a mission the next day as a replacement.

At this point I was convinced that I would win the war single handed my first mission proved otherwise. I quickly found out that the enemy fighters, bunches of them, shoot back and their anti aircraft guns with their "flak" also make things miserable. We dropped our bombs on an oil refinery and limped back to the base full of holes with two dead, and three wounded aboard. This was quite an indoctrination into the real world. Many of the historians and "Monday Morning Quarterbacks," would lead you to believe we had the war won from the beginning. That is a plain lie! We were the underdogs on the land, on the sea and in the air. Further, the media was responsible, in my experience for the loss of many lives and injuries through their leaks. Very few missions went by that the Germans didn't know our targets and told us as soon as we were air borne. The next day I was transferred back to my original crew. We named our bomber "Salvo Sally" and I flew the remainder of my missions in her. Yes, there were missions after which she had to be patched back together again.

The 15th Airforce in a five month period dropped 13,469 tons of bombs on one target (Ploesti) with a loss of 223 aircraft and 2300 airman. With the exception of the invasion of Southern France, my missions were bombing railheads, refineries, marshaling yards, manufacturing plants and bridges.

On August 28, 1944, we thought we had an easy target, Budapest, Hungary. Wrong again, they were waiting for us. After dropping our bombs and clearing the target we headed home with



two of our four engines useless and a bunch of holes throughout including a couple of small ones in me. We kept losing altitude and were unable to get over the mountains near Sarajevo, Yugoslavia and were forced to bail out. To this day I am sure only two other crew members survived the jump. Inasmuch as they were shooting at us as we came down in our parachutes I had a number of holes in me, consequently I hit the ground harder than normal and was partially paralyzed from the waist down.

Two partisans carried me into a farm house. After a while I was taken to the local jail and they later got their bounty. After a couple of days I was walking pretty good and was put in a 40 men or 8 horses boxcar along with a bunch of other prisoners. There was little, if any, room to sit down and we were locked in.

Occasionally we would hear planes overhead, but couldn't tell if they were ours or not. All we could do was to pray that they didn't drop any bombs on us. Finally we could see through the cracks in the sides and knew that we had come into Budapest, Hungary where we had dropped our bombs just days earlier. It was obvious we had hit the target. From the boxcar I was taken to the prison camp at Hszlbyai. I was put in solitary confinement, stone walls and a door with three slots in it. I estimate the cell was about 6 feet wide and 8 foot long.

The floor was covered with straw that reeked with the odor of urine and defecation. To make it worse I knocked over a bucket of same. Tumbling around in the darkness it was cold and damp as well. My captors had taken my flight jacket, ring and watch so I had no concept of time. I don't recall how many days I was there but I do remember them bringing a can of thin soup and a piece of bread periodically. Even though I never got my stomach full. The bedbugs did however fill theirs with my blood.

I was taken to a room with no windows, two stools and a small table and one dim light. After a while an officer came in with a guard who stood behind me. The officer spoke perfect English and sat down with a file in his hand and started asking questions. The only information I gave him was my name, rank, and serial number. The questions continued for what seemed to be hours. My answers were always the same. I don't know anything I responded. I would then get kicked in the back by the guard with the end of his rifle, as well as being threatened to be hung or turned over to the Gestapo.

Shortly after they left the room. The guard returned with cold potato soup, two pieces of bread, coffee and two cigarettes. I was about finished eating when the officer came back. My lighter was taken, so I asked him for a light. I'll never forget how good that American cigarette tasted. He then opened the folder and commenced to give me the list of answers to all the questions he had been asking me.

In fact he told me things about myself that blew me away, names of schools I had attended, and some of my teachers' names. The fact that I had played baseball and played the saxophone too. He knew that my dad was in the first world war. My aunt was a school teacher and my uncle was a farmer. Believe me this scared me more than all the threats, poking and jabbing.

Incidentally, later on while I was in prison camp a guard came to me and told me that my brother had died when the Barnum & Bailey Circus tent burned down, in Connecticut. After the war I found out he was in the tent, but obviously got out. My shoulder started bleeding again and I asked for a medic to look at it, as well as my knee. Instead the guard brought some antiseptic and gauze and back to the cell I went. A few hours later the guard returned

with a British jacket and a partial pack of German cigarettes that tasted real bad.

Off I went again following the guard. I got into a truck with 6 other airmen and ended up being stuffed into a 40 & 8 (40 men or 8 Horses) boxcar. Again no room, even sitting was a problem.

I don't recall how long I was in it, but periodically we were put on a siding to allow other trains to pass. It was at this time we were allowed to get out and relieve ourselves. Using whatever we could find to wipe our selves, usually our hands. In transit for those who could not wait a bucket was passed around. The bombing devastation along the way was enormous. On a few occasions while setting on a siding bombers did their thing in the area and I thought the boxcar would bounce off the track.

I knew we were heading north because it was getting colder and real damp, so much so that we would huddle together to, keep warm at night. Finally we arrived at a little station. They unlocked the boxcar, we got out and lined up and marched I guess a mile or two where upon we were faced with barbed wire. I knew this was my new home away from home. The realization hit me, that I was a full fledged kriegsgefangener, (prisoner of war) "kriegie"

For short, this was Stalag Luft IV located about 30 miles from the Baltic sea.

I had brought all sorts of little critters with me, all the way from Budapest like "fat" bed bugs, fleas, lice and their eggs nicely hidden in the seams of my clothing. Off with all clothing while they were being deloused I had a shower with lye soap. Really great. After more questions threats and warnings I was given back my clothes as well as two blankets, a coat, a shirt, a cap, and had my picture taken and given new POW dog tags.

I was welcomed into compound "C" one of four assigned to a room about 15 feet by 23 feet in which I had 21 other room-mates. The bunks were 3 tiers high with wood slats over which paper sacks with excelsior inside serving as a mattress.

Being the newcomer I was in the top bunk. The food received was usually ersatz coffee, black broat, bread with a great amount of saw dust in it, thin soup or stew with a few pieces of potatoes, (kartoffels), and maybe some pieces of kohlrabi, (turnip) and occasionally pieces of carrots and rarely a piece of horse meat. Hey, it was better than nothing at all. Occasionally we would receive a Red Cross parcel that we split four ways. We had two roll calls each day 9:00 am and 4:00 PM. After chow time we shut our windows and had to stay in for the night. If you should venture out at night you would be met by a dog or a bullet from one of the towers. The whole barracks had 200 plus men in it. There was one room that had a four hole facility and could be only used at night. Water was carried from a hand pump outside and I was allowed one partial bucket of hot water for bathing in a week.

Daytime was occupied with numerous 'must' duties, bartering for food, playing cards making things out of scrap and talk. One thing I made out of a piece of a handkerchief and thread was an American flag. If I had been caught I would be in deep trouble. I hung on to it all the way through, and many years later till the moths finally got it. Letters to and from home were permitted, but censored. Speaking of letters there were some we joked about, 1) Darling glad you were shot down before flying became dangerous, 2) hope you are being true to me, 3) From fiancée, I married your father, signed mother. The guards on occasion did not hesitate to use their rifle butts if they didn't think things were going their way. Generally we called them goons as well as other names such as:

green hornet, snake eyes, dirty Gus, snaggle tooth and "big stoop". He in my opinion was the worse of the lot. He was just mean to be mean.

Entertainment, the big event each week was when the honey wagon would come into the compound to collect human waste. One day it blew up spreading you know what all over.

We occasionally would hear artillery fire in the distance, and rumors had it that the Russians weren't far away. Hopes were high that we would be liberated. Incidentally, the Germans were scared to death of the Russians due to the massacres of hundreds of thousands of Russian men, women and children (300,000 in one incident), one million in Leningrad.

On February 5, 1945 word came down that we were moving out the next morning. By this time I had received additional clothes. The next morning was very cold and wet. A small amount of food was stuffed in my pockets along with other personal items. They gave me a full Red Cross parcel, and two blankets that I rolled up and tied the ends together and hung them diagonally over one shoulder across my opposite side. Oh yes, I also carried powdered milk (Klim) for eating and drinking. Klim is milk spelled backwards.

Previously it had been decided that the four of us would stay together due to friendship and sharing our food. Incidentally Red Cross parcels consisted of small quantities of raisins, liver pate, powdered milk, coffee, soap, sugar, chocolate bar, margarine, salmon, cheese, and cigarettes. Cigarettes established the rate of exchange for trading. We left camp four abreast having no idea where we were going other than being told we would march about 20 kilometers to another camp. A kilometer = .6214 miles.)

I was a little luckier than most because some German words had come back to me from childhood when my grandparents didn't want me to know what they were talking about, they would speak German, along with what I had picked up in camp gave me the ability to translate orders to the other men.

The guards did not hesitate to use their bayonets and rifle butts to keep us prodding along. In our already weakened condition it wasn't long before the things we were carrying became very heavy. Those that fell out of line to relieve themselves or just plain exhaustion were in great danger of being either hit with a rifle butt or bayoneted. To hopefully offset this we agreed that if one would fall out, the other three would fall out too. I passed one fellow that had been bayoneted on the side of the road. I don't know if he survived or not. Severe dysentery was an ongoing problem. And I ate charcoal to help the situation. Toilet paper was scarce so we would use grass, leaves or our hands.

At the end of each day we might stay in a barn if not it would be out in the cold in a field. We generally had some thin soup, a piece of bread and maybe a potato. Sometimes I managed to trade for some horse meat and occasionally for sugar beets. Two of us would generally huddle together keep warm. One night after a long march I was really sick and exhausted, normally, I never slept soundly, but that night I really crashed. All of a sudden something hit me a tremendous blow on the chest. It knocked the wind out of me. All I heard was someone saying "I got him, I got him". It was my companion, he had killed a rat that was on my chest. I gutted it in the semi darkness and put it in one of my boots, which I used, for a pillow. The next day we lucked out, and traded for a couple of carrots, a kohlrabi (like a turnip) and along with two potatoes (karloffels) and bread (black broat) and our newly acquired rat, the four of us had a fantastic feast.

The dysentery, malnutrition, the ever present lice (which nibbled on you at night), and frost bite were ongoing problems. At night we would remove our boots and socks and massage each others feet to warm them and get the blood circulating.

Going through the larger towns was a real problem. The Hitler Youth would sic their dogs on us while yelling terra-fleigers (terrorist from the air). One Hitler youth attacked me with a dagger. He slashed my finger when I tried to protect myself. The guard also hit me in the back with the butt of his rifle, because he thought I was going to hit the youth. For the most part the German people were not abusive and would trade with us, but keep in mind they had very little themselves.

The thought of escape certainly crossed my mind but I always came back to safety in numbers. Bombers overhead were always a concern. The weather was getting warmer and I noticed that the more obnoxious guards were disappearing. The older ones were still walking along with us. Believe it or not, I along with other POWs carried their rifles.

Next stop was Brussels, Belgium at which point I watched every stitch of my clothing going into a pile to be burned. I had a full beard and hair down to my shoulders. I was deloused, had a real shower, the first since bailing out. I remembered how weak I was after a half hour in the shower. Yes, the shave and haircut and, delousing was unreal, I felt naked. I received a new issue of clothing.

Within a day or two we were on our way by plane to Camp Lucky Strike near the port of Le Havre, France, where I was checked over physically. My weight had gone down to 118 pounds from 150. Within a few days we were boarded on a Liberty ship and I got a job in the kitchen the best KP (kitchen police) in as much as I could eat what I wanted. The scary part was I could put one foot on the bulkhead and the other foot on another and feel the ship move between.

We went to England and picked up additional personnel. I don't remember how long we were at sea but I surely remembered how beautiful the Statue of Liberty looked. After a short stay at Camp Kilmer in New Jersey my kriegie companions and I separated, two to a hospital in Rhode Island, one to a hospital in California and I to Lovell General Hospital in Massachusetts suffering from leg, hip, back and shoulder injuries as well as malnutrition, most of which still remain with me to this day.

Prayers and our flag carried my companions and myself through. Unfortunately, we didn't appreciate either until we needed them.



The Pima Air Museum B-24

by Rhodes Arnold Lt Col USAFJR

Editor's Note: The B-24 that attendees will see at the 1998 reunion in Tucson, has a colorful history. This particular B-24J was presented to the Pima Air Museum by the Indian Air Force. It flew patrol missions after the war until the early sixties accumulating some thousands of hours of flight time. This proves that the basic airframe design was sound and with proper maintenance it could fly almost indefinitely. This is the story of how it was ferried from India to Arizona. The story was originally published in the Airline Pilot.



The Flying Fortress, star of "12 O'clock High" on television, is familiar today even to the younger generation, but the good old "Liberator bomber" which was manufactured in greater numbers and dropped more bombs, is as unknown as a freeze on the Fourth of July.

The Boeing B-17 Fortress was the glamour girl of the heavies early in World War II, but the Convair B-24 Liberator was the workhorse, flying millions of mission miles from England, North Africa, Italy, India, Australia, the South Pacific and even the Aleutians.

At least ten B-17s are on display in the United States and a few may be flying as borate bombers, research aircraft, and movie stars, but only five of the 18,300-plus B-24s are to be seen: a D at the Air Force Museum, an M at Lackland Air Force Base, the All American, another belonging to Kermit Weeks and, a LB-30 in the Confederate Air Force.

Our National Air Museum, sad to say, did not see fit to save a 'Lib'! Only once in a while an ex-Navy Privateer, re-engined with R-2600s from junked B-25s, can be seen dropping slurry on forest

fires in the West; but a real, live, twin-tailed Whistling Outhouse is hard to find. Locating an example for the Tucson Air Museum would be an improbable task at best, but fate works in strange ways.

B-24 Free; Ferry \$12,000

In this age of B-52s and the B-2, the likelihood of there being a B-24 on the active list of a major power was nil; not even the Banana Republics in Central America could be expected to have a specimen or two. So, when the eyes of one who loved the B-24 fell on an article in an English magazine, the statement that 16 B-24s were being used by the Indian Air Force seemed utterly unbelievable. Doubtful as the report seemed, a request for donation of one of the old craft was airmailed to the Chief of the Air Staff in New Delhi, halfway around the world.

In due time, much to the surprise of the writer and his cohorts in the 9428th Air Reserve Squadron, a reply advised that the Government of India had decided to honor this unusual request, but with the stipulation that the cost of delivery must be borne lo-

cally. Locating a B-24 was somewhat improbable, but finding the wherewithal to ferry one more than 11,000 miles was highly improbable.

The Tucson Air Museum had \$1,000 in its treasury; the twenty members of the 9428th could scare up another \$200; and members of the Air Force Association, old B-24 drivers, ex-employees of the Convair Modification Center operated at Tucson International Airport during the war, and various other B-24 aficionados might be able to round up another few hundred—far short of the \$10-12,000 such a flight might cost.

“Mission Improbable”

Letters to members of the 7th Bomb Group Association, India-based during the War, brought in several hundred, and appeals in aviation publications increased the take by several hundred more, but India was still a long way off.

Then, just in time for Christmas 1968, a letter to the President of Shell Oil Co. was finally shuffled to the desk of a new vice president, who, coincidentally, had flown the big birds during the War. The offer of a Shell credit card to cover all fuel, a truly magnanimous gesture, made “Mission Improbable” not only possible, but probable as well.

Through an article in the Air Force Times, a volunteer crew of Regular Air Force personnel was assembled. To make the “Mission” more interesting, a very accomplished fighter pilot with more than 5,000 hours, none in B-24s and none in any other 4-engine aircraft, was chosen as pilot.

Lt. Colonel LeRoy W. Svendsen, Legislative Liaison Officer to the House of Representatives, then chose as his copilot Major James A. Boggs, Flight Test Officer of the 4453rd Combat Crew Training Wing, Davis-Monthan AFB, another superb fighter pilot with no 4-fan time, but with a yen to fly anything with wings. (Since returning to Tucson, Major Boggs has been unfortunate enough to get thirty minutes or so in the only B-29 ‘Superfort still flying.

All-Volunteer Crew

Svendsen and Boggs had flown together in Southeast Asia and in the Air Commandos at Hurlburt AFB, so they made an ideal team.

To add a little more spice to the adventure, Captain N. B. Loadholt III, a navigator on C-141s out of Travis who had never navigated without sophisticated electronic equipment since finishing navigation school, was chosen to operate the astro compass, sextant, and drift meter common to World War II. Staff Sergeant Joseph E. Hansen, England AFB, Louisiana was chosen as radio operator even though he hadn’t flown as a crew member for twelve years.

To round out the crew and to add a measure of experience, Master Sergeant Robert K. Kent, also of Travis, was picked by Colonel Svendsen as flight engineer. It had been 24 years since Kent had accumulated 250 hours in 24s, but since the War he had been a flight engineer on B-29, C-54, C-118, C-121, C-124, and C-141 aircraft and he was eager to relearn the systems on the 24.

Long before the completion of “Mission Improbable,” it was said of Kent that, “he was the best mother a B-24 ever had.”

Help From All Around

Shell’s offer seemed to stimulate the flow of green stuff to Tucson: Pratt & Whitney, the manufacturers of the four R-1830-43 engines, put a nice sum in the pot; General Dynamics/Fort Worth, formerly Convair, who had completed this particular craft on 7 September 1944, made a contribution; Honeywell, Inc., had built the turbo supercharger regulators and were confident enough of the serviceability of their units to sweeten the kitty.

And more than 500 individuals thought enough of the B-24 to send in sums ranging from 50 cents to \$100. One wag from the 7th Bomb Group Association sent a charm bracelet of Indian pennies. We wonder if he was really with us!

Pledges of services worth thousands of dollars were received from both Pan American Airways and Trans World Airlines, which promised to provide maintenance and communications support, plus operations handling, at their landing points all along the route.

By the middle of February 1969, the sum in hand had reached \$6,500 and the decision was made to leap off for India. Only at the last minute was it realized that we were importing an instrument of war (tired as it may have been) and therefore needed an import license.

An FAA registration number was needed, as were an FCC license and a ferry permit. But luck was with us, and N7866 was assigned to the aircraft just a few days before departure of the crew on the 17th of March. The import license and the certificate of registration arrived on the 18th and departed with the writer on the 19th.

Transition At Poona

A warm and cordial reception by the officers of No. 6 Squadron, Maritime Reconnaissance, Indian Air Force, Poona on the 22nd was followed on the 24th by our first view of the craft we had come halfway around the globe to collect. On the morning of the 25th, a fine crew of IAF personnel, headed by Squadron Leader Marwa, a colorful Sikh with beard and turban, commenced the transition training of our crew.

After two days of intensive ground school and in-flight training, the crew was considered ready for a trial navigation flight into Bombay. Accordingly, on the 28th, the two crews and the writer flew into Bombay airport where the Trans World Airlines’ FAA certificated Indian mechanic kindly inspected the old craft and certified its airworthiness.

On the morning of the 28th, with a colorful ceremony, the Liberator was handed over by S/Ldr. Marwa to Col. Svendsen and the long journey to Tucson began. We were all touched by the pride with which the Indians presented the aircraft to us, but we couldn’t fail to notice their mixed emotions.

These same crewmen had flown this aircraft for almost 20 years and seeing the old bird fly away was very much like losing a member of one’s family. We all felt a deep sense of gratitude toward our Indian hosts, who had provided us with the best of treatment, and we also felt a great respect for their proficiency as pilots and crewmen. Anxious as we were to get home, we were sorry to have to bid farewell to those fine airmen.

F-86 Fighter Intercept

Our introduction to Pakistani airspace, upon leaving India, was provided by a pair of US-built F-86 Sabre-jets, which came up under our right wing to find out why an Indian bomber was headed for Karachi. A glance at the US flags on the tail and the N7866 on the fuselage must have convinced them we were friendly, for we are alive to tell the story.

Later, we all agreed that had the 50-caliber machine guns been installed in the turrets, rather than being slung in the bomb bay, we probably would have been a pile of charred aluminum on the bleak Pakistani desert. The Indians had known what they were about when they removed the guns.

Because of a stuck exhaust valve, a Moslem holiday, and the difficulty of finding willing hands, we spent three nights in Karachi; but on Sunday, the 3rd, we had a genuine ecumenical council as our Protestant engineer enlisted the services of a Portuguese Catholic from Goa, a Pakistani Moslem, and a Jewish sergeant from the Karachi USAF-MAC detachment to help get the bird back on the in commission list.

Pan Am furnished the stands and tools and maintenance support, and mother-henned the whole operation to make sure everything was right.

Surrounded by Guns

After our rude interception over the Pakistani border, we thought our troubles were over, but our reception at Mehrabad Airport in Tehran almost caused the development of persecution complexes. No sooner had we landed than we were surrounded by sub-machine gun-toting guards whose leader didn't seem to understand our English.

We were beginning to ponder a lengthy stay in Iran when we spotted three USAF airmen who soon arranged for an interpreter. Only then did we learn that it was all a mistake; the wrong airplane had been surrounded.

We spent three nights in Tehran because of a couple of fronts over Turkey, but on the morning of April 3rd we began the arduous climb across the mountains of Iran and Turkey. (This route had been chosen because of the refusal of the Iraqi government to allow passage through their country.)

14,000 Feet Without Heat

Without heaters, without heavy clothing, and with drafts blowing in from all directions, we slowly became numb in the minus 8 degree Fahrenheit temperature. We stayed four and one-half hours at 14,000 feet, shivering and shaking at first, but eventually becoming so numb that shaking was out of the question; our nerves were too numb to shake. We had never been so cold in our lives.

After an hour and a half for refueling and warming up at Ankara, we pressed on to Athens where we spent two nights correcting minor difficulties. The enthusiasm and interest exhibited by the U. S. airmen when we landed was most gratifying and their willingness to pitch in and work all night to get the craft in shape gladdened our hearts. Volunteers removed the prop domes and found that two of the prop retaining nuts were loose; one could be turned by hand!

Other airmen corrected our battery, voltage regulator, and

radio problems, while another group went to work on No. 3 engine. Some of the men were youngsters fresh from tech schools, others were veterans who hadn't seen a B-24 since 1945, but all seemed to get enormous satisfaction out of helping to get the old bird back to the country of its birth.

Rain Through the Roof

Rome was the next destination on the flight plan, but a lowering ceiling forced us to cruise the Italian Boot at low altitude and a rain squall over Rome caused us to turn back to Capodichino Airport in Naples. That scenic, on-the-deck tour of the beautiful Italian coast was one of the highlights of the trip; it's a wonderful way to see Italy.

Weather over the Mediterranean caused a layover of two nights in Napoli, but on the day after Easter we lifted off for the run into Madrid, encountering rain squalls enroute which forced us to the deck several times and enabled us to get beautiful views of Sardinia and Mallorca. A couple of times we took in so much water we began to wonder if we were in a sinking submarine; B-24s are like sieves and water comes in from all directions. Kent was kept quite busy trying to stop the leaks in the cockpit area, but it was a losing battle.

Encountering the Spanish coast near Valencia, we were treated to a closeup inspection of olive orchards, ancient farm houses, and interesting terrain as we threaded our way up a canyon toward a saddleback where daylight could be seen. Sometime after crossing the hills, Madrid appeared on the horizon, and after a beautiful low pass and chandelle, Colonel Svendsen greased it in at Torrejon AFB.

Bomb Bay Tank

Learning that a bomb bay tank had been found by Allied Aircraft Sales at a small strip near Greybull, Wyoming, the idea of flying to Africa, Ascension Island, Brazil, and Miami was abandoned and the crew settled down to the task of preparing the engines and radios for the trip across the central Atlantic.

Again the effort was carried out with the assistance of a host of volunteers who swarmed all over the B-24, checking and correcting all items which might cause problems on a long over-water hop. Eloquent testimony to the effectiveness of their labor can be seen in the fuel consumption figures: between India and Spain the four R-1830s had gulped 235 gallons per hour, but from Torrejon to Tucson the figure was only 199 GPH.

In the meantime the tank had been trucked by Allied into Billings, flown by the Air Reserve into Kansas City, then carried free of charge by Trans World Airlines to Madrid. Once the installation of the tank was complete, the homeward journey was resumed.

Crisis: Engines Quit

Not far off the coast of Portugal the only crisis of the trip developed when Sgt. Kent commenced transferring fuel from the bomb bay tank into the wing tanks. As the tank neared the empty mark, air was pumped into the lines, causing momentary fuel starvation of 1 and 4 alternatively.

Svendsen and Boggs spent a very busy minute or so apply-

ing full left rudder then full right rudder, etc., as the B-24 waltzed across the sky, losing approximately 2500 feet in the process. When Kent appeared in the cockpit with a grin and a wise remark, he was persona non grata for a few moments; a couple of the crewmen had begun to wonder if this trip was really necessary!

Captain Loadholt had navigated by map and compass from Poona to Torrejon, but from Torrejon to Santa Maria in the Azores he had to rely on celestial navigation augmented with occasional readings with the drift meter. The borrowed Loran set operated beautifully on the ground, but once airborne it refused to cooperate; possibly, it was trying to prove the navigator's ability. At any rate, the Azores appeared on schedule and the navigator's ability was then a matter of record, much to the crew's relief.

As 100/130 avgas was not available at Santa Maria, the ship was flown on over to Lages, where we found that the trip would have to be continued with 115/145. Checks with Pratt & Whitney and Shell revealed that this would cause no particular difficulty so plans were made for the longest single leg of the journey, Lages to Newfoundland.

Forced Landing in Quebec

A couple of days later, when weather was more favorable, the ten-hour and thirty-minute flight was completed without incident, instilling in the crewmen a great respect for those wonderful P&W R-1830s, the greatest recip engine ever manufactured.

Hoping to make Washington in one day, the crew took off the next morning in questionable weather, using the St. Lawrence River as a guide toward Quebec. Encountering a snow storm, Col. Svendsen was forced to execute a 180 and head for a small airfield which we saw a short time before. The 6500-foot strip at Forestville, Quebec, had been partially cleared of snow, but only 4500 feet were available for the landing.

Col. Svendsen made a superb landing and taxied into the small terminal, the only aircraft on the small field. In short order most of the 3000 inhabitants of the village were present to extend us a most cordial welcome to their community.

Refueling By Hand Pump

Two and a half hours of pumping with an old hand pump filled the tanks for the next day's flight, and thirty gallons of oil were poured by hand from gallon cans. The next morning, for the first time in 25 years, the craft was covered with snow, a far cry from the sub-tropical climate of Poona.

The people of Forestville fell to with the crew to remove the accumulated snow and to apply alcohol to the control surfaces; shortly thereafter, leaving a cloud of snow, the Liberator thundered off for Washington.

The remainder of the flight to Washington, Fort Worth, and Tucson was completely routine. In Fort Worth the 25-year-old B-24 was photographed with a more recent product of its birthplace, a sparkling new F-111 and the crew was entertained at the home of Frank Davis, president of the Fort Worth Division of General Dynamics.

Finally, at 1100 hours, 27 April, 31 days after leaving Poona, with 75 1/2 hours for entry in Forms 5, after consuming 15,000 gallons of avgas, and with more than 11,000 miles behind her, the "Pima Paisano," as the ship had been named, executed a low pass

down the runway at Davis-Monthan, pulled up into a steep climbing turn, then settled gracefully onto the runway, another Svendsen grease job and its last mission completed.

On hand to greet the old veteran and her crew were General James H. Doolittle, USAF Ret.; Air Commodore M. D. Khanna, Air Attache, Embassy of India; James Corbett, mayor of Tucson, Brigadier General Jack C. Ledford, commander of the 12th Strategic Aerospace Division of Davis-Monthan; and Colonel A. V. Grossetta, USAF Ret., president of the Tucson Air Museum Foundation.

"Mission Improbable" had been a success because of Shell Oil Co., Pratt & Whitney, General Dynamics, Honeywell, Trans World Airlines, Pan American Airways, Allied Aircraft Sales, and more than 300 individuals and organizations who had enough faith to risk a buck or two.

And of course, it was successful because of the best (and only) currently qualified B-24 crew in the U. S. Air Force.

At an ALPA meeting some time ago, Lt. Col. LeRoy W. "Swede" Svendsen, Jr., USAF, pilot of the "Pima Paisano" on its long homeward flight, recalled these highlights in an interview with Capt. Harry H. McKee

- The Indian Air Force supplied us with an air officer and an engineer at Poona AB who had obviously been flying this machine for quite some time and they gave us a checkout of about eight hours of transition training.

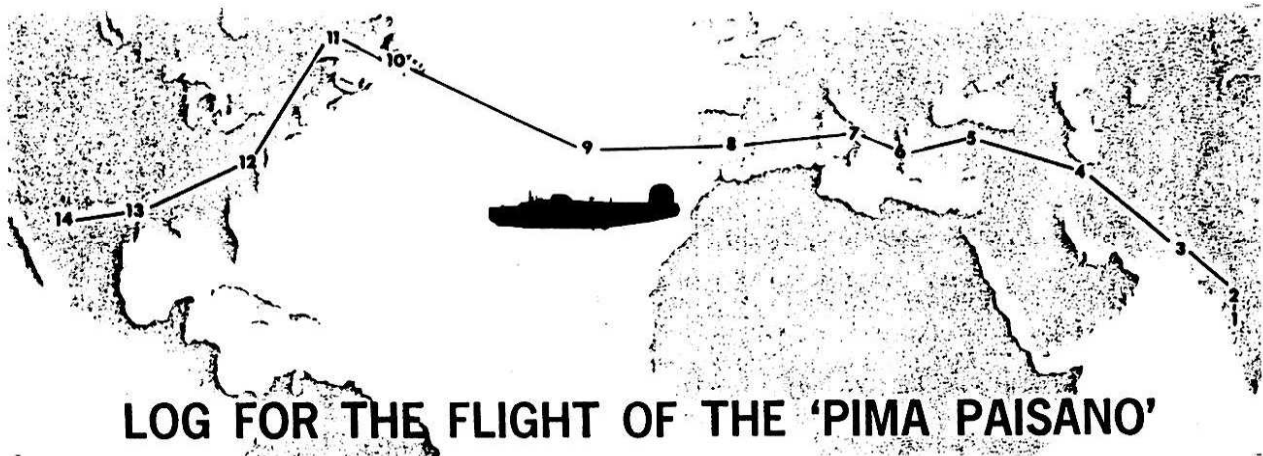
- We had to land at Bombay to get an FAA certification inspection on the aircraft, done by a TWA mechanic. Then we returned to Poona.

- M/Sgt. Bob Kent of the 75th Military Airlift Squadron was our mechanic and flight engineer, he had been flying the line for about 25 years. He had some B-24 experience in WW II and it turned out to be a very fortunate selection because he was outstanding.

- His recall was almost unbelievable. The Indian Air Force engineer would begin to rebrief him on a system and you could see it flashing back in his mind and he would say "Oh, yeah, and I remember the pressure was here and that valve did this and that, and so on and so forth."

- Yes, Karachi was our first stop en route to the States and we had two days there due to losing a jug on Number 3 engine. We were assisted by the Pan Am folks who provided us with engine stands and tools. The jug was dead from a stuck valve; it was a case of un-sticking the valve, the engine was not damaged.

Air line pilots are a pretty sophisticated group of people, and nothing in aviation particularly turns their heads, they've seen them all, they've flown them all, it takes quite a bit to get them turned on. But at Karachi, our first stop, was my first awareness of the fascination of our old bird. We had an arrival of a BOAC plane and another airline, a Middle East airline, while we were preparing to depart. Both the captains were British, and they came over at a brisk walk, across the very hot ramp in the opposite direction from which they were going, maybe a half mile, to confirm their obser-



LOG FOR THE FLIGHT OF THE 'PIMA PAISANO'

- (1) • 3/22/69 • Group arrives. Welcome by the Indian Air Force at Poona Air Station.
- (2) • 3/28/69 • Plane flown to Bombay and certified "airworthy" by TWA, FAA certified mechanic. Trip begins as B-24 takes-off for Karachi, Pakistan.
- (3) • 3/30/69 • Layover in Karachi, for maintenance, completed. Take off for Tehran 1150 nautical miles North.
- (4) • 3/30/69 • Land at Tehran, Iran, and surrounded by armed guards, by mistake.
- (5) • 4/ 3/69 • Land Ankara for thawing, depart shortly for Athens, Greece.
- (6) • 4/3/69 • Land in Athens, receive much needed volunteer help with repairs.
- (7) • 4/ 5/69 • Forced by rain to land at Naples, Italy. Held over by bad weather.
- (8) • 4/7/69 • Land in Madrid to warm reception.
- (9) • 4/17/69 • Land at Lajes, change made in type gas to be used.
- (10) • 4/19/69 • Flight of ten and one-half hours completed, B-24 lands at U.S.N. air station Argentia, Newfoundland.
- (11) • 4/20/69 • Bad weather closes in, snow forces landing at tiny airfield in Forestville, Quebec.
- (12) • 4/21/69 • Land at National Airport in D.C. Soon departs for Fort Worth, Texas
- (13) • 4/21/69 • Land in Fort Worth to much fanfare, site where B-24 was manufactured by Convair in 1944.
- (14) • 4/27/69 • Take-off from Fort Worth and soon land at Davis-Monthan AFB near Tucson, completing 11,000 mile journey.
- B-24 retired to Tucson Air Museum.

Continued from page 19

vation that what they had really seen over there was a B-24. We had a nice chat about the airplane and found that both of them had flown B-24s about 25 years ago and neither had seen one since. To them it was a nostalgic experience and they were visibly excited about it.

• We were prepared to go and I was mounted up in the left seat waiting to start; they were under the number one engine. I looked out from the pilot's position and they said, "are you going to crank up?" I said yes and they said "we'll be glad to stand fire

guard." Imagine this BOAC captain and the other airline captain holding fire bottles!

- The only navigation equipment on board was a WW II vintage low frequency radio compass (the old fixed card) and for directional control a float (whiskey) compass, coupled with the original vacuum directional gyro and vacuum gyro horizon.

- Our main problem was that the radio compass was not performing properly. It would point erratically. One time we came up on a known station and as we passed over it didn't swing, it just kept pointing down the road.

- One of the exciting things about this whole project was the reaction we received landing at each stop. People would just stare in disbelief. They were looking back over 20 or 25 years, and seeing something out of the past.

- At Tehran we were faced with a weather problem. After the second day the weather situation looked OK, so we took off and went through that pass between Russia and Iraq. The most significant part of this leg was the temperature; we had never been colder.

- Our cockpit temperature was minus 10 degrees centigrade with about a two or three knot wind which came in around the forward turret. Later we applied the chill factor and discovered we were dealing with a temp lower than—30 degrees centigrade. So it was cold over a sustained period of about four hours before we could start letting down approaching Ankara.

- The can-do attitude and other professional characteristics of the crew proved invaluable. There were times when we began to get a little demoralized when the weather was against us, maintenance breakdowns, short supplies or maintenance resources, minimal funds and time running out. To this I merely had to say, "no one asked you to come" and that usually got a laugh and we pressed on with the job.

- Our batteries were boiling on each flight giving off an offensive, toxic odor so we were glad to trade them at Athens for new ones.

- When we crossed the Mediterranean we were down on the deck quite a bit because we didn't have any deicing equipment, and no heat in the airplane. To get into weather without reliable navigation instruments was, of course, out of the question. We couldn't really file IFR honestly and maintain IFR because the radio compass was not reliable and, with the drift, using the whiskey compass only with its float errors, was just not a worthwhile endeavor.

- In most planes you fly, the yoke goes straight to the floor. In this plane it pushes back up into the instrument panel. On landing you could pull a yard of that pole out of the panel.

- There was lots of group spirit toward getting the plane back home to a museum. With so much social and political unrest in the world we found it a pleasant paradox in traveling through many cultures, religions and races to seldom hear a harsh word or see a sour face. We had wholehearted cooperation at every stop.

- From Spain we had a choice of two routes. Either England, Iceland and Greenland, but that route was very cold, the weather was bad and we had no deicing equipment; or down the west coast of Africa, to the Ascensions, east coast of South America and back up, without the bomb bay tank. This would have been about seven more flying days, taking a chance of a major breakdown, where we'd just have to leave the aircraft. With the bomb bay tank, we could go to the Azores.

- We were in Madrid about ten days, some due to weather, some waiting for the tank TWA had brought to be installed. We had no alternate, no en route stop after passing Lisbon on the way to the Azores. We had some celestial shots, showing us a little bit south of course and drift meter readings showed our ground speed to be a little slower than programmed, but no serious problems.

- About 80 miles out we received what we hoped was a reliable radio compass indication, and it was. In the Azores there was no 100-300 fuel, which was all our engines had ever been run on. We called the Pratt & Whitney people, who said they thought 110-145 fuel would be all right, with consumption rates about the same, and cylinder head temperatures up slightly.

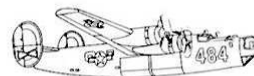
- The Royal Canadian Mounted Police were there when we landed at Forestville, P.Q. We had a great reception. One of the men worked through the night repairing an antenna that had blown off. People helped refuel, they swept off four inches of snow that accumulated during the night, etc. It took something like 2 hours to pump 600 or 800 gallons of fuel.

- We left in a snow storm but the weather was improving south, so we flew to Quebec, Montreal, then down the Hudson River to western New York, with gradually improving weather all the way. We stayed overnight at Washington National and many pilots and airline people came out to look at the plane; one United pilot was very anxious to get into the cockpit, his dad had been a B-24 pilot.

- The Convair people had asked us to stop by Forth Worth on the way to Tucson. We did and were met there by the president of General Dynamics, Frank Davis, and news media. At a reception the F-111 and B-24 were contrasted, a span of some 25 years of aviation technology. We were there two days, and then the final leg, an uneventful flight from Fort Worth to Tucson.

- Rhodes Arnold is on the museum committee and made the original contact with the Indian government to get the B-24. He was the prime mover and contacted TWA and Pan American for their support to provide communications and maintenance facilities along the route. This was a very valuable contribution.

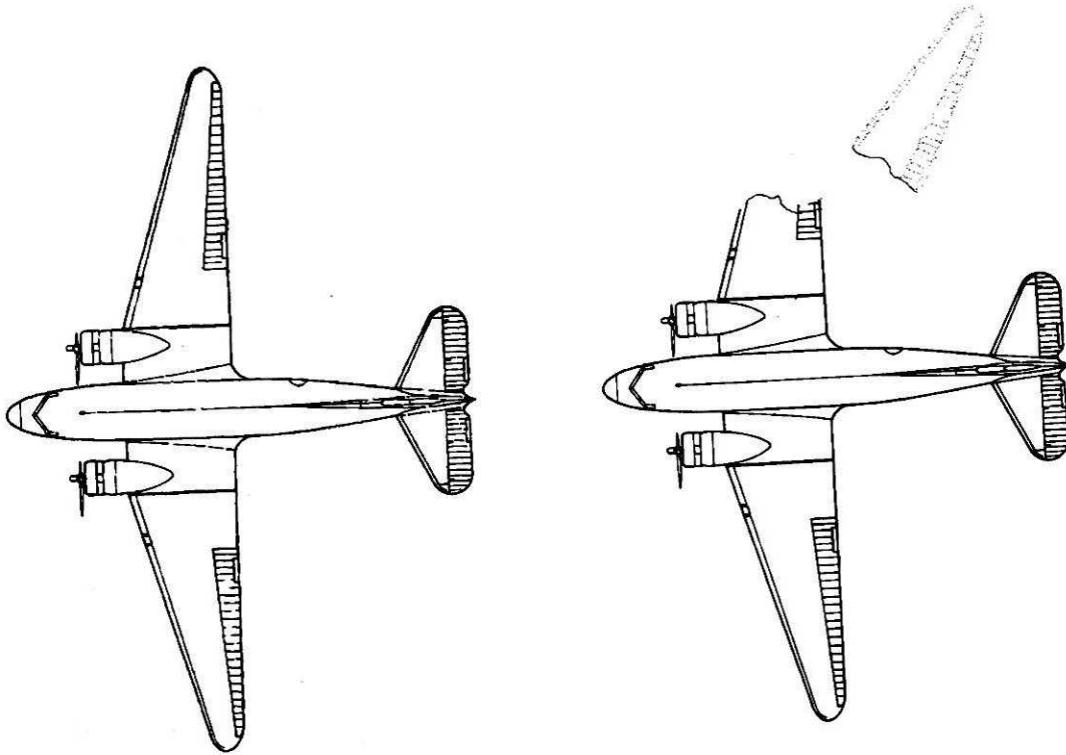
- Give credit also to the encouragement and can-do assistance of Maj. Gen. John R. Murphy, USAF Director of Legislative Liaison, who opened so many doors in the air staff that enabled me to get permission to land at AF bases, which in turn gave us volunteer maintenance at several bases en route.



A Never Forgotten Incident

***Submitted by Stan Hutchins
Original story by Gladwyn E Pinkston***

During the invasion of China by Japanese in 1935, the military forces of the Republic of China, under General Chiang Kai-shek, as a matter of necessity, joined forces with their bitter enemy, the communists, under General Mao Ze don". The Japanese surrendered in 1945 and withdrew from China. Almost immediately, the Chinese Communists and the Nationalists resumed hostilities. It soon became apparent to the Nationalists that they were losing the war. Some 350,000 of them retreated to Formosa-now called Taiwan. The exodus used many different ships and also large numbers of cargo/transport C-47 aircraft that were given to them by the U.S. during the war with Japan.



The Story Begins In Taipei, The Capital Of Taiwan

The United States had established a military presence in Taiwan. The Air Force part of that presence was Air Task Force 13. I was privileged to be the Commander. In April 1964, General Hsu Huan Sheng, Commander of the Chinese Air Forces, called and said, "Pinky, General McElroy and his wife are coming on a visit next week and we would like to entertain them. Would you please

escort them down Island to Taroko Gorge? They will be flying in our VIP C-47." Of course I said that I would be glad to. A word about this C-47. It was probably around 20 years old but it was immaculately maintained. The cabin interior was as beautiful and plush as the finest civilian airliner and the crew included Chinese hostesses. The pilot was a fine looking officer of perhaps 45 years

of age. I was told that he had around 15 to 20,000 flying hours. Not just flying hours in various aircraft, but listen to this, his flying-time was mostly in this one VIP aircraft. Naturally he treated it with reverence. He may have been married to it. The passengers included: General McElroy and his wife, 6 or 7 Chinese officers and their wives and my aide, Capt. Gene Taft and his wife Frances. My secretary,

Ingrid Gilliland, was also on board. Taroko Gorge is Taiwan's equivalent of our Grand Canyon. A magnificent sight, but in 1964 access was difficult. The flight over the ocean down the east coast of the Island was pleasant and uneventful. Some broken and scattered clouds at 8000 feet. The east coast of Taiwan is a mountainous and - undeveloped terrain. We landed at Hualien, an airstrip along the ocean a few miles from Taroko Gorge. We were met by

a number of jeeps and proceeded quite a distance up the gorge over a dirt road cut into the side of the gorge through over a hundred tunnels. We were stopped by frequent rock slides which work crews were constantly clearing. This was a bit of an experience itself, inasmuch as the area was still quite primitive.

The return flight up the coast was uneventful with increasing cloud cover as we neared the Northern end of the Island. That is, it was uneventful until the pilot turned West toward Taipei. We were immediately in heavy cloud cover, unable to see the ground nor even the wing tips.

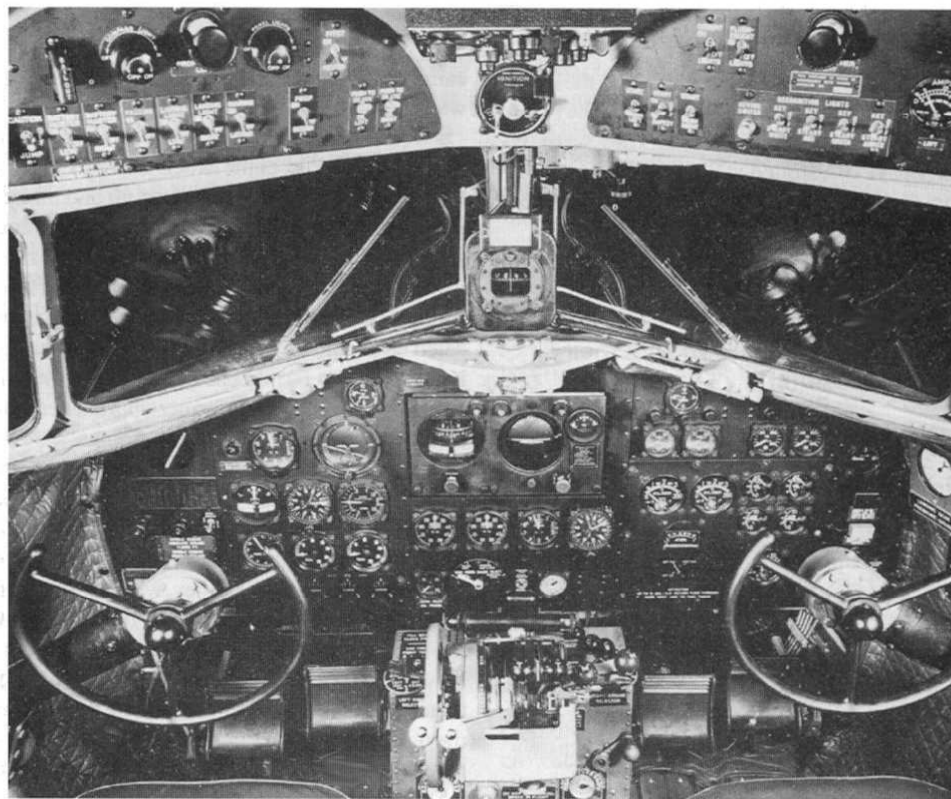
Suddenly, there was a tremendous crash-throwing everyone violently forward in their seat belts. It had to be a mid air collision. There was a sickening feeling as the plane rotated violently toward a vertical attitude. The engines roared wide open and the propellers screamed in their highest pitch. The plane was out of control. I heard some screams from behind me. Probably from people thinking as I was that there was little chance for survival in a transport plane that was involved in a mid air collision, in the clouds, and out of control.

The plane stalled. Whoever heard of a transport plane stall-

ing? Every plane that I had ever stalled had flipped over on a wing and began spinning. Not this C-47. It shuddered and slid back on its tail. The nose dropped. The gyros had tumbled and the only thing left for the pilot was needle, ball, airspeed and altimeter. Primitive at best-but in dense clouds and out of control. As the nose fell, air speed picked up. This heart stopping cycle of stall and back slide

repeated more than half a dozen times while the pilot fought for control.

Miraculously, through these repeated cycles, we managed to gain enough altitude to break out on top of the clouds. Looking out of the window I could now see that the mid air collision was not with another aircraft, but was with a mountain. There was 8 to 10 feet of the left wing missing clear down to the ailerons. The clue to the collision was large chunks of scrub brush and grass stuck in



Cockpit of the DC-3/C-47 series aircraft. One of the easiest planes to fly, hands off it would fly by itself (Douglas Photo)

portions of the sheared areas of the wing .

The pilot proceeded around the Northern end of the island and made the standard Taipei approach to the East following the beacons up the Domsue River. This is what he should have done in the first place. We landed at a high air speed to compensate for loss of airlift from the missing portion of the wing. As we disembarked, I noticed one of the crewmen carrying one of the hostesses over his shoulder. The excitement had been too much for her. Any other time this would have been amusing,

As we were leaving the Base, I saw a group of senior Chinese officers interrogating the pilot. I thought I saw one of the officers giving that well known symbol a finger drawn across his throat. I never saw that pilot again. I have often wondered what became of him. Perhaps I really never wanted to know.

Gene Taft completed a distinguished Air Force career in Viet Nam and elsewhere. He is a retired Colonel and he and Frances live in San Antonio. We get together often and now and then, one or the other of us will say; "I've been thinking about that flight to Taroko Gorge." Maybe flying into the side of a mountain is an incident you never forget.

More information on the Innsbruck Mission June 13, 1944

Continued from Torretta Flyer Number #27 Winter-Spring 1995, pages 18-32

The son of Richard Olson, (deceased) has joined the Association and relates more information on his father's crew. They were shot down on their 13th mission on June 13, 1944. They were flying Vivacious Lady 42-94741 (illustrated in Torretta Flyer No #27 page 31) one of the six shot down that day, but the only one from the 826 squadron.

The crew trained at Boise, Idaho before flying to Italy.

The crew flying that day are shown with their disposition.

2/Lt Walter E Chapman-Bombardier (Escapee)
2/Lt John Hassan-Navigator (Escapee)
Sgt Irwin Hansen-Nose Gunner (KIA)
S/Sgt Alvin T Houpt-Upper Gunner (Survived the war)
T/Sgt Frederick S Howland-Engineer (Escapee)
2/Lt Richard Olson Co-Pilot (POW Stalag Luft III)
1/Lt Robert R Remington-Pilot (Survived War)
Sgt Edwin G Rogers-Ball Gunner (KIA)
S/Sgt William B Snyder-Radio Operator (unknown)
S/Sgt Richard R Stokes-Tail Gunner (KIA)

In our archives the following Escape and Evasion Reports were found:

Escape Statement Walter E Chapman

Walter E Chapman 2nd Lt. 826th Sq. 484th BG
Age 23 Missions 24 Duty On A/C Bombardier RTD July 25
1944. Never In Enemy Hands.

On 13 June, while on way to target of Munich passed over Italian coast at Lake Marono when engineer told pilot that No. 1 engine was smoking and throwing oil. It was getting worse so ten minutes later pilot also tried to contact fighters. Dropped out of formation and started to turn back. They were attacked by 20 ME 109s in the Udine area. Gunners got 2 ME 109s and two probables. Source was coming up to flight deck when there started a fire in the bomb bay. Learned later two engines were also on fire. Opened doors and was shoved out by the other members of crew who were trying to get out. Saw four other chutes above him and saw plane crash into ocean off shore. Learned later that in all seven chutes

came out and believes the other four had fallen into Fascist hands who turned them over to Germans.

Landed about three miles from small town in farming area. Was gathering up chute when farmer ran up and took chute and went away. Three or more came up and undressed source and one farmer took off his clothes and gave it to source to wear. Brought him food and one farmer led him to a cave near a river. From map in escape kit figured out where he was and next morning started to follow river, northward. A peasant woman stopped him and indicated he shouldn't go any farther. Turned back and came up a landing. Went into farmhouse and farmer rowed him across river. He started walking when a farmer approached him and indicated that there was an Englishman near. Source followed and came upon a South African who told him there was another American in the vicinity. Took source to a farmhouse and there was his navigator, Lt John Hassan. Later that night a farmer brought in T/Sgt Fred Holland their engineer. The South African told them he'd get in touch with a "rebel" as they wanted to get to Yugoslavia. That night the SA brought an Italian "rebel" to see them. He explained the situation as well as he could and said he'd return the next day. However when he came back the next day he said it was impossible to get out. Source later found out he became suspicious because of the questions the Americans had asked. However, finally said he'd take them out that Saturday. In the meantime the people gave them what aid they could and on Saturday the "rebel" arrived with a truck. After hiding them in it, proceeded in a northeast direction and stopped finally at a farmhouse where the three Americans got out. Another farmer took over there and led them across river to a spot where they met more partisans. The Partisans took them to Partisan headquarters where they spent the night. Spent night in area and the next day were taken to an English mission. An American pilot and a New Zealander were there and after three days with six French POWs who escaped, started in a southeastern direction. After four days arrived at a R.R. where after two attempts at night got across it and on 27 June arrived at Semic. After attempting twice to proceed further were finally taken by a Partisan division who was going that way to the air strip. Arrived there in two days and on the night of the 24th was taken by C-47 to Bari, arriving there on 25 July 1944.

Appendix B

Destroyed names and a letter of people in Lake Marano area who helped out at one time when the Germans were close to capturing them in town of Matlika. Name of South African who helped was Kruger.

Appendix C

Airdrome east of Gorizia used by German bombers and fighters. Also noticed three ME109s patrolling area about ten in the morning and two in the afternoon. People in area said stragglers were almost always attacked coming back in that area.

In Gorizia there are about 1500 German troops and the towns of Latisana and Lignano are full of German troops.

English mission called Lockwood in charge of Major Watson and Major Turner in Sibia area. Spent three days there. English mission at Semic in charge of Capt. Saggars. Spent five days there. American officer, Lt Benson at airstrip. About three who believed to have gone down with ship. Thinks they were tail turret, ball turret and nose turret.

Appendix E

Used money to buy food and get help. Used maps to locate position. Compass was put to good use but thought food concentrate poor and couldn't eat most of it. Used water bag and other materials in food package. Had GI shoes. Thought briefing was poor as was only told to heed to Yugoslavians when landing in enemy territory. Thought escape kit ought to contain foreign money as well as U.S. also suggest extra pair of socks would come in handy. Didn't have medical kit on harness.

Escape Statement

John, Hassan,

1 August 1944

L. Hassan, John, 2nd Lt. 484th BG 826th Sq.

Duty Navigator

Age 21 Home Address: Pittsburgh PA

MIA 13 June 1944 RTD 25 July 1944

Missions: 21

2. Not in enemy hands at any time.

3. After take off had trouble with #1 engine. South of Udine, Italy enroute to target, cylinder blew out on #1 engine, oil poured out, oil pressure dropped. Pilot left formation to turn back. Over 20 ME 109's encountered south of Udine and north of Marano Lagoon while this a/c was returning alone. Enemy attacks were coordinated, 4 ME 109's coming in aggressively from all around the clock at split second intervals, barely avoiding collision with each other. Gunners of this crew claim two destroyed and two probables, and apparently stuck to their gun positions though their plane was badly damaged. As a result of enemy action, three engines were finally shot out, the plane caught fire in bomb bay, under the flight deck and in waist. Plane crashed in Adriatic south of Marano Lagoon.

Source landed by parachute in street of Gorgo, Italy, 45° 55'N- 13° 01' E, about 0930 on 13 June 1944. Parachute became snarled in overhead telephone or electric wires which helped to breach fall. One leg strap of parachute harness was broken. Source discarded winter flying jacket and Mae West vest in street. He was wearing tropical worsted uniform, no cap. An Italian woman leaning from a doorway shouted for him to run and pointed the way out of town. Other townspeople remained indoors. Source ran north and climbed tree to hide. There being no immediate pursuit, he left tree and crawled in a ditch behind some houses.

4. Fascisti wearing green Italian uniforms, with trench helmets painted white, riding in Volkswagons searched roads in the vicinity and fired several rounds in the air to terrorize evaders and

make them disclose their hiding place.

Source observed 1st Lt. R.L. Remington, pilot, captured, riding north out of Gorgo at 0945, 13 June 1944, in Volkswagon with 4 Fascisti guards.

Coming out of his hiding place at dark, source at 2300 hours entered a farm house about 300 yards on the west side of a road, 3 miles north of Gorgo. Here he found a South African soldier hiding out who acted as interpreter with the Italian family there. An interview was arranged with a "rebel", a member of the Italian National Liberation Party (headquarters said to be at Trieste) who suggested source join and fight with members of this party said to be located in the mountains in the north. Source explained that his orders were to return to his own unit via Yugoslavia. The "rebel", name unknown, was at first reluctant to aid him in his journey, but finally consented.

Lt. Walter E Chapman, bombardier, came to this house on the morning of 14 June 1944, T/Sgt. Frederick S Howland, Engr., arrived at same house on night of 14 June, both having been guided to the house by Italian farmers. From description of prisoners received by Italians at this house, it is believed that Lt. Richard Olson, copilot, S/Sgt. William B Snyder, radio operator, and Sgt. Alvin T Houpt top turret, as well as Lt Remington, pilot, were captured by Fascisti on 13 June.

5. At 1430, 17 June 1944, source accompanied by Lt Chapman and Lt Howland, all wearing civilian clothes which they had obtained in a swap for their uniform, left by truck for Gorizian. They rode sitting openly in the truck. At Cervignano they were stopped by Fascisti road guards who examined driver's identification card and then permitted truck to proceed. The evaders hid in the truck when passing gate of Marna A/D.

General Route: Gorgo, Latisana, Cervignano, Gradisca, Gorizia. Dismounted at Gorizia in late afternoon where streets were crowded with German soldiers, many being of middle-aged appearance. They walked out of town following the instructions of a boy and a girl who preceded ahead on bicycles taking them to Yugoslavia Partisans in the small town of Manzano near Montepapino.

The evaders left Manzano the night of 18 June for Laqua, Italy with four Partisan boys as guides, arriving there on 19 June. On 22 June they left Laqua with 4 boy guides, crossing the Italian border, place unknown, on the night of 24/25 June. The border was heavily guarded and illumination flares were shot off by the enemy at frequent intervals. Source believes it inadvisable to attempt crossing Italian-Yugoslavian border without a guide.

Route followed in Yugoslavia was from Podgora, SE to Prozid, down Kupa River Valley to Brod, then cross country NE to Semic, thence to Metlika. Party left Metlika hurriedly on report of approaching German troops and walked to Vinica, then to Ceralski Stol, to Cordun and to landing strip "Altenmark". Evacuated by air on night of 24/25 June 1944.

6. Source, Lt Hassan, a navigator credited with 21 missions, has a defiant, independent attitude, laying great stress on the hardships he endured and his unwillingness to return to combat duty in this theater. Source says that if he knew how difficult it was going to be to travel through enemy-occupied country, he would have immediately surrendered as a prisoner, and will surrender "next time". He is apparently worried about the possibility of returning to combat duty. Says that he served previously in the South Pacific and has had enough of war.

Appendix B

Names of Helpers.

1. From 19 to 22 June 1944 party was at Laqua, Italy, said to be headquarters of the 9th Partisan Korpus, where they received excellent cooperation from Major Nigh Watson, British Intelligence.

2. From about 1 to 16 July they remained in contact with mission at Semic, Slovenia. They met Capt. Saegers (Brit.). Capt. Goodwin (U.S.) and Lt. Besickl (U.S.) at this mission. Source recommends that missions be supplied with toothbrushes, socks, cigarettes, etc., for distribution to evaders passing through.

3. On 23rd and 24th June 1944, party was at airstrip near 45o 22' N- 15o 52' E, where a 2nd Lt., name not remembered, arranged for food, sleeping accommodations, etc. They slept on ground in tent. There were no blankets.

Appendix C

1. British Intelligence officer interviewed source on 19 June 1944 concerning enemy movement of troops and supplies in vicinity of Gorizia, Italy, 45o 57' N-13o 38' and activity at Merna A/D, S of Gorizia.

2. Merna A/D and vicinity had over 100 planes of various types on 17 June 1944 including DO 217s, ME-109, 88s, ME 210s and Storch observation planes. Two J-52s and One FW-200 Kurier were seen flying overhead.

3. Raid on Merna A/D previous to 13 June 1944 presumably destroyed about 50 a/c close to landing strip, according to local inhabitants but natives considered the raid a failure since more than this number of planes were left undamaged in dispersal areas.

Appendix E

Escape Kit Suggestions.

1. Source came to his group as a replacement, recalls no lecture or instructions on security, escape and evasion, before becoming operational on 1 May 1944, but subsequently did receive instruction in two lectures before date of mission on which he bailed out. Escape instruction given at briefing on morning of this mission but does not recall any reference to security.

2. Says food in kit not edible, and tasted like rubber. Wished for aspirin because he had headache for several days. Made good use of escape purse to buy food, and also made purchases of bismuth for diarrhea and quinine for fever, No atabrine tablets in his escape kit.

Escape Statement **Alvin T Houpt**

By Alvin T Houpt Sgt. 826th Sq. 484th BG
MIA 13 June 1944 Ret To Duty 31 August 1944 Missions

21

Duty On A/C Top Turret Gunner/Asst. Engineer
Never In Enemy Hands

Took off for Munich for target on June 13th. Lost No. 4 engine going up to target. Turned back and were immediately attacked by approximately fifteen Mi09s and FW190s fighters. Believed the ship downed two enemy planes. Ship was shot up by 20 mm fire and fire was burning in bomb bay when bailout order was given. Saw six other chutes besides his own. Landed at the mouth

of a river near Leganamo, Italy. Hid chute in haystack and began running. Hid in oat field for the rest of the day and began walking toward Yugoslavia. The next morning was taken in by an Italian family, given food and clothing and started out walking again. Was finally picked up by two Italians and taken to a house where he stayed seven days resting injured leg. After seven days a car came and took him to Costion, Italy, where he was taken to a house where he met another escaping airman. (Spent a month there). Walked six days until met by Slovenian partisans. Went from command post to command post for three weeks and finally arrived at an Allied Airfield having English, American, and Yugoslavs working at the fields. Taken off ten days later by a C-47 and flown to Bari.

Appendix B

Name of helpers. Dru Furrago, Via Manglia, Udine - June 23 - July 25.

Brought meals and food. Marie Coro, 109 Roma, Castion Stratta, Udine, Italy. Brought food every other day.

Appendix C

Casualty information- Three crew members have already escaped and are back here (navigator, bombardier, engineer). Lt John Hassan, Lt. Walter E Chapman, and Howland. Heard from Italians that three of the crew were captured by Germans.

Appendix E

Used money and maps, halisome tablets and compass. Escape kit came in very handy.

Enemy Tries New Tricks, Meets Defeat

For repelling an enemy fighter formation which used a unique approach and newly installed rocket firing devises, Captain Marion Hammett a B-24 pilot with the 484th Bomb Group has been awarded the DFC.

There was little excitement before bombs away as the formation turned away from the target. Dense black smoke billowed up to 24,00 feet. Capt. Hammett noticed a formation of planes on the horizon. They were too far away to recognize, but when the P-38 escorts left the bomber and headed in their direction, Capt. Hammett alerted the group.

They were alone deep into enemy territory. Suddenly the call, "unidentified fighters high to the right," Capt. Hammett quickly recognized the aircraft as Me-109s and FW-190s.

Using a new kind of approach the enemy fighters started dropping on the formation, attacking not singly but four abreast. They were coming in all directions using new installed rocket firing devises, 20 MM cannons and 50 caliber machine guns.

The alerted gunners exchanged shot for shot. Capt. Hammett was constantly maneuvering his aircraft so as to give his gunners the best advantage. During the furious attack his crew was credited with shooting down two of the enemy planes, the total for the formation was nine. Clipped from the 15th Air Force Paper, "Sortie"

The Mission of 16 February, 1945

The formation plan as taken from the Pilot's Flimsey and documents in the Mission Reports and the Michele D'Aronco letter

ABLE FLIGHT

CHARLIE FLIGHT

Il. Yanney	22 M
12. Gaskill (f)	27R
13. Spioth	17H
21. Reichal	25P
22. Colvin	62M
23. Grogg (f)	52C
31. Mason	56G

Il. BUSCH	302 X
12. MOE	300 Z
13. Davis (f)	33 D
21. Fritts	35 F
22. Schacht (f)	46 Q
23. McCaughey	32 B

BAKER FLIGHT

Il. McCoy	30 A
12. Marsha11 (f)	40K
13. Christian	39 J
21. Zimmerman	20 K
22. Goodwyn (f)	10 A
23. Stanford	58 I
31. Parker	64 0

Definitions used in this Story

F= photographer and camera aboard
Italics=Shot down, see story
Radar Bombing =Mickey, Pathfinder, PFF
Gee=Navigation via intersecting radio beams
Letter after nose number=Radio Call
Three digit nose number= Radar Bomb equipped. The radar antenna replaced the ball turret

DOG FLIGHT

Il. Taylor	501 Y
12. Grose (f)	60 K
13. Mauldin	53 D
21. Latimer	63 N
22. Stewart, D (f)	61 L
23. Crockett	55 F
31. Kanar	76 G

EASY FLIGHT

Il. Mann	79 J
12. Schnieder	86 Q
13. McLaughlin (f)	88 S
21. Locke	77 H
22. Wiemer	87 R
23. Johnson (f)	81 L
31. Smith	85 P

Why This Mission Report was Chosen

At the end of August a letter was received from Michele D'Aronco who lives in Gemona Del Fiuli near Udine, Italy where many German fighters were based during the war. Nearby Osoppo airfield was used by the Germans as well as the Aviazione Nazionale Repubblicana. He goes on to say that the Fascist Air Force (Facisti) was based here as well. Also an Arado AR234B-2. twin engine jet powered scout/bomber operated for a short time from the airfield.

49th Wing Operations Order dated 15 February, 1945 (orders were issued the night before) stated that: 1) Expect 1-20 Italian flown ME-109s (Fascisti) to attack stragglers in Northern Italy. 2) Expect the possibility of harassing attack by 20 enemy single engine fighters in the Munich area. 3) few Me-262s may be airborne to harass the formation but no major effort is believed possible because pilot training in not advanced to the state where formation attacks can be made. 4) The over all plan of this mission is to destroy the Jet Aircraft program before it gets to the stage where it will be a potent weapon against allied aircraft. Training of competent pilots has been one of the bottlenecks in the program so the intent of the 49th Wing is to destroy all installation involved in servicing, as well as barracks and living quarters. The bomb load was 500 pound GP fused nose and tail.

The 484th Bombardment Group bombed Rosenheim Marshalling Yards by visual methods 16th February, 1945. Lt. Cummings of the 825th Bombardment Squadron was lead navigator. Rendezvous was good though over an overcast and was accomplished by means of Gee* and PFF. Route out was as briefed. Key point was reached at 1045 at 16,000 feet. Weather enroute was

good, only occasionally patches of clouds were encountered and visual navigation was possible the entire route.

The primary target

The primary target was obscured by clouds and a Mickey run was not possible as the radar returns were too dim to correctly identify the target. The Group leader elected to circle the target in hope it might clear but when the cloud cover remained solid, he decided to make a run on the first alternate, Rosenheim M/Y. Bombing procedure was changed from radar to visual to a course of 186. Bombing commenced from 22,000 feet and the target was hit at 1306. From here route was as briefed for return to base. The navigator reported flak at Fiume when 461st Bomb Group flew too close to that point enroute to the target. Fighter rendezvous was as briefed with P-51s escorting the formation on penetration the target and withdrawal. The group leader reported fighter cover as best he had seen to date.

* Gee= line of sight radio beams, two beams from different locations were sent out to intersect. This indicated the point on the route to the target where the IP was to be found.

Pathfinder (PFF) Analysis

The 484th Bomb Group bombed Rosenheim visually. Lt. Moody was PFF operator in A-11, Lt. Denault in A-12, Lt. Mulcahy in D-11. These were all Mickey ships identified by a three digit nose number.

The rendezvous was accomplished over the undercast by the

help of Gee and the Pathfinder sets. "Mickey" (PFF) assumed the burden of navigating during periods of undercast. The PFF operator supplied the DR navigator with fixes all along the route, thus helping to keep the formation away from flak areas. The primary target was overcast and could not be bombed because all three PFF operators could not identify Neuburg on all three scopes.

Rosenheim however stood out clearly on the scopes and also was seen visually. Bombing was by visual methods. Navigating and bombing by PFF is best employed when the targets are near large bodies of water. Lakes and rivers stood out more clearly on the primitive radar scopes of those years.

A B-24G 42-78224 flying Charlie 31 (Tail end Charlie) of the first attack unit piloted by George H Mason was reported missing at 14:24, and was shot down at 14:30 February 16, 1945 from the anti aircraft guns based at Osoppo. With one engine shot out over Austria it fell at Maseris, near Osoppo. At 14.30 eight parachutes were observed leaving the aircraft, of these three prisoners were taken, the rest fell in the area of the resistance movement as reported by Mr D'Arconco from his letter.

The 484th Bombardment Group bombed the first alternate Rosenheim Marshalling Yards by visual methods. Lt. Cummings of the 825th Bombardment Squadron was lead navigator. Rendezvous was good though over an overcast and was accomplished by means of Gee and PFF. Route out was as briefed. Key point was reached at 1045 at 16,000 feet. Weather enroute was good, only occasionally patches of clouds were encountered and visual navigation was possible the entire route.

42-52658	825	35	Stud Horse	
42-52690	825	32		
42-95755	825	33		
44-31139	825	30		
44-48988	825	46		
42-50528	825	300		
44-49858	825	302		
42-51675	826	58		
42-52705	826	52 C	Toggle Anne	
44-10484	826	63 M		
44-41143	826	55 F		
44-49738	826	62 M		
44-49773	826	60 K		
42-51967	826	61	Strange Cargo	
42-78224	826	56 G	Missing in Action	44-
48828	826	501 Y	Bells Of St. Joe	
42-51173	827	88 S		
42-51804	827	86 Q		
42-52648	827	76 G		
42-94751	827	85P		
42-95282	827	77 H		
42-95360	827	87	War Weary	
44-49936	827	76 J/ 79		

***Shot Down by Flak
42-78224 826 56 G***

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name
C/P	F/O	Kenneth W	Anderson
B/G	Cpl	John L	Biersteker
B	2/Lt	William H	Gardner
N	2/Lt	Ward L	Johnson Jr
T/G	Cpl	Frederick D	Kuhn
P	2/Lt	George H	Mason
U/G	Cpl	George R	McSween
R/O	Cpl	Mauro A	Montoya
E	Cpl	James V	Nelson
N/T	Cpl	Richard R	West

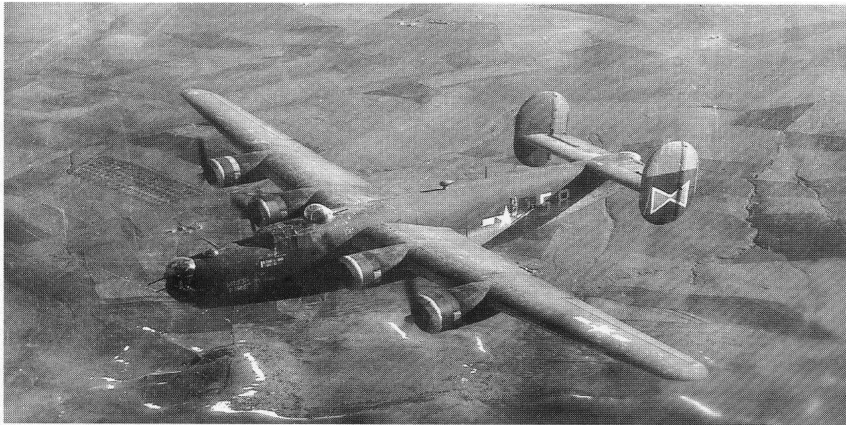
Aircraft Assigned 2/16/45 Mission

Serial Name	Sqd	Nose	Ship
00-00699	824	27	
00-00724	824	20	
00-00941	824	22	
42-29519	824	64	
42-52641	824	25	
42-52708	824	10	(sawteeth)
42-52041	824	17	
42-50642	825	39	
42-51851	825	40	



One of the three prisoners who were captured, the picture is of Anderson, or Mason, or McSween. Print from Michele D'Arconco.

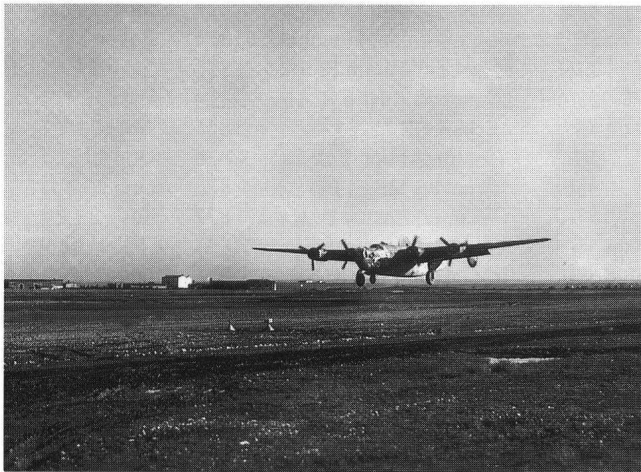
Photopage of the 2 February, 45 Mission



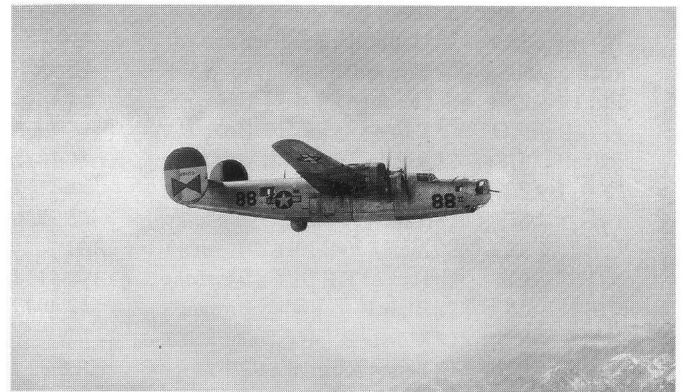
#58 "Missfire", Baker 23, Austin R Stanford, Pilot



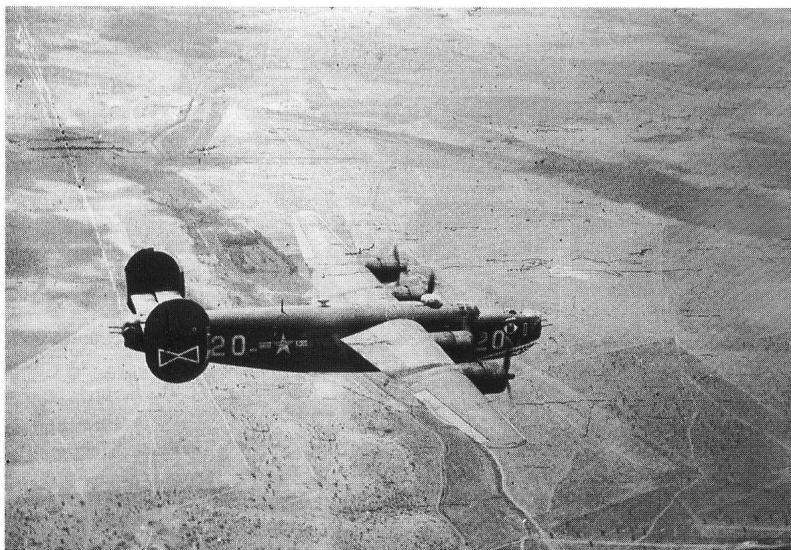
#25 Charlie 21, Joseph C Reichal, pilot



#35 "Stud Horse" Able 21, Robert E Fritts pilot



Easy 13, #88, Edmund J McLaughlin, pilot



#20, Baker 21, Donald G Zimmerman, pilot



#52 "Toggle Anne" Charlie 23, James R Gregg, pilot

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
R/O	Cpl	Walter T	Adams	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
N	2/Lt	Carl r	Adams	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
N/G	S/Sgt	George P	Agnost	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
T/G	Cpl	J D	Allgood	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
B	2/Lt	R F	Anderson	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
C/P	F/O	Kenneth W	Anderson	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
C/P	2/Lt	Douglas W	Anderson	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
B	1/lt	William L	Archer Jr	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
C/P	2/Lt	P M	Auner	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
T/G	S/Sg	Matthew T	Bashore	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
C/P	1/Lt	Charles D	Bayne	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
T/G	S/Sgt	James H	Baysinger	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
R/O	T/Sg	Kennt P	Beneduct	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
B/G	Cpl	Milton C	Bierman	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
B/G	Cpl	John L	Biersteker	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
T/G	Cpl	E W	Biesecker	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
N	1/LT	D	Birnkrantz	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
R/O	Cpl	T A	Bishop	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
U/G	S/Sg	Irwin C	Blake	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
B	1/Lt	Dominick J	Blanda	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
U/G	S/Sg	Richard T	Bliss	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
B	2/Lt	George L	Boley	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
N	F/O	B W	Boluch	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
R/O	T/Sgt	Rocco	Boscaglia	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
N	2/Lt	Henry B	Bottoms	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
U/G	S/Sgt	John	Brancone	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
C/P	2/Lt	Jack F	Breen	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
N/T	Cpl	Harold E	Brocius	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
C/P	2/Lt	Blair P	Browne	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
U/G	S/Sg	Morris B	Burk Jt	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
F	S/Sg	James A	Burroughs	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
P	L/Co	Chester C	Busch	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
T/G	S/Sg	Robert P	Bush	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
U/G	Cpl	Robert A	Butler	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
T/G	S/Sg	Robert N	Callahan	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
E	T/Sgt	R K	Callen	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
B/G	S/Sg	Charels W	Cammack	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
E	Cpl	John D	Cannon	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
N/G	S/Sg	James F	Carney	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
T/G	Sgt	Franks R	Casagrande	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
R/O	T/Sgt	J	Cataldo	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
T/G	S/Sgt	Clarence E	Causey	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
U/G	Cpl	Carroll	Cavender	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
P	1/Lt	H W	Christian	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
N/G	Cpl	Howard H	Cisna	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
E	T/Sgt	James O	Clemons	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
F	S/Sg	Kenneth	Clopton	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
N/G	Cpl	J V	Clyne	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
N/G	S/Sgt	J C	Coats	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
T/G	S/Sgt	F	Cogley	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
N/T	Sgt	Willam A	Coke	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
U/G	S/Sg	James E	Coleman Jr	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
P	2/Lt	Orgene M	Colvin	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
N	2/Lt	J D	Cummins	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
B/G	S/Sgt	Loran L	Conner	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
F	Sgt	H O	Cooper	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
E	T/Sg	A W	Cooper	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
T/G	Cpl	Gordon M	Cooper	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
B/G	Sgt	Neal S	Cravens	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
P	2/Lt	James S	Crockett	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
C/P	2/Lt	J R	Cross	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
R/O	Sgt	Steven	Cudrak	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
B	1/Lt	William	Culver	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
B	2/Lt	R S	Dabiels	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
T/G	Sg	Carlton E	Daves	641	25	Reichhal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
U/G	Cpl	Allan L	Davidson	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
P	2/Lt	R C	Davis	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
U/G	Sgt	Joseph B	Decker	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
T/G	S/Sg	Rix H	Delambert	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
T/G	Cpl	J W	Delk	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
N/T	S/Sgt	Stanley	Dellatori	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
NV	2/Lt	A J	Deneault	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
N/G	S/Sg	Darwin M	Dennis	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
R/O	T/Sg	J	Derbak	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
E	T/Sg	Felix F	Desisto	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
N/G	S/Sg	James E	Donahue	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
B	2/Lt	John H	Doran	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
C/P	2/Lt	Earl C	Downey	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
R/O	T/Sgt	Edward F	Draplalski	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
C/P	1/Lt	Donald R	Dreger	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
U/G	S/Sg	L V	Drew	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
E	S/Sg	Randolph P	Duhamel	641	25	Reichhal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
B/G	Cpl	Robert C	Edwards		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
R/O	Sgt	Franklin S	Ennis	?	58	Standord Austin R	824	Baker 23
T/G	S/Sgt	Chester	Evans	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
R/O	T/Sgt	Robert L	Evans	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
N	2/Lt	Walter	Fair	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
U/G	Cpl	T W	Fautin	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
E	Cpl	Gabriel	Fede	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
T/G	S/Sgt	Robert C	Fincham	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
R/O	T/Sg	R L	Firschner	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
B/G	S/Sg	Paul W	Fitzgerald	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
R/O	T/Sgt	Thomas R	Fitzmaurice	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
C/P	1/Lt	Grant N	Flanders	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
N/G	Cpl	Joseph H	Franco	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
E	Cpl	Stanley	Frankel	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
R/O	T/Sg	Joseph	Fretto	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
P	2/Lt	H E	Fritts	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
C/P	2/Lt	Cleveland C	Fuqua	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
B/G	Cpl	Loius V	Galgano	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
C/P	2/Lt	Elwood G	Gannon	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
W/G	S/Sg	F L	Ganshaw	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
B	2/Lt	William H	Gardner	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
P	1/Lt	William F	Gaskill	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
C/P	2/Lt	Joseph A L	Gervais	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
R/O	Cpl	R F	Gibson	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
B	2/Lt	Ralph B	Gilpatrick	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
B	2/Lt	Michael P	Goodman	42-51804	86Q	Schneider, William L	827	Easy 12
P	2/Lt	Hilton W	Goodwyn Jr	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
P	1/Lt	James R	Gregg	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
P	1/Lt	Charles B	Grose	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
N/G	S/Sg	Chester	Haciasz	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
R/O	S/Sg	R J	Hackett	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
E	Sgt	Alve E	Hahn	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
B	2/Lt	Lloyd C	Hanson	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
T/G	S/Sg	Virgil L	Hanson	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
E	T/Sgt	C A	Harford	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
B/G	S/Sg	C H	Harris	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
E	S/Sg	Guy R	Harris	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
C/P	2/Lt	Walter L	Harris	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
B	2/Lt	Joseph E	Hart		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
T/G	Sgt	KennethE	Haver	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
C/P	2/Lt	LP	Hayes	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
U/G	S/Sg	William F	Hehmeyer	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
B/G	Sgt	Joseph M	Heimerl	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
T/G	S/Sg	E J	Hestad	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
U/G	T/Sg	William H	Hiller	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
E	S/Sg	A R	Hodgson	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
N	2/Lt	Vernon D	Hood	42-51804	86Q	Schneider, William L	827	Easy 12
B/G	S/Sg	John J	Horsely	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
R/O	T/Sg	Lon e	Humbar d	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
R/O	Cpl	Norbert J	Hunkele	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
R/O	Cpl	George E	Hunter	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
R/O	T/ Sg	Daniel C	Hurley	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
N/G	Cpl	Franks R	Hussey	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
B/G	S/Sg	William A	Janeczke	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
E	T/Sg	Francis L	Jenkins	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
T/G	S/Sg	George H	Johnson	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
N/G	Cpl	Alwin L	Johnson	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
T/G	Sgt	Vernon D	Johnson	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
N/T	Cpl	Darrell	Johnson	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
E	Cpl	Odis G	Johnson	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
P	1/Lt	Thomas F	Johnson	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
N	2/Lt	Ward L	Johnson Jr	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
B	2/Lt	Albert	Jorgenson	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
B	1/Lt	Neil E	Kahler	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
P	2/Lt	James H	Kanar	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
B/G	S/Sg	Richard D	King	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
N/G	S/Sg	Bennie J	Kirsch	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
B/G	Cpl	L W	Kiteley	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
T/G	cpl	Albert F	Kline III	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
N	1/Lt	Walter	Klus	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
B/G	S/Sg	Richard C	Knott	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
N	1/Lt	John	Kostyo	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
T/G	S/Sg	J F	Kouril	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
E	Cpl	H W	Kryzak	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
T/G	Cpl	Frederick D	Kuhn	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
C/P	2/Lt	Victor M	Lachance	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
N	1/Lt	Herbert G	Larson	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
P	1/Lt	Roy C	Latimer	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
N/G	S/Sg	D L	Leap	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
R/O	Cpl	Homer E	Lechlitner	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
E	Cpl	C F	Lee	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
N	2/Lt	Alfred D	Leipzig	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
U/G	Cpl	R R	Lemire	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
E	T/Sg	J L	Levin	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
N	F/O	Irving	Levine	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
N	1/Lt	Y T	Lew	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
W/G	S/Sg	P J	Libretti	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
B	2/Lt	Charles W	Lindsey	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
N/G	S/Sg	Wayland F	Livengood	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
P	1/Lt	William R	Locke	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
N/G	S/Sg	Donald M	Logan	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
R/O	S/Sg	John S	Lopinsky	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
U/G	S/Sgt	Charles W	Loudon	42-94751	85P	Smith, Paul S	827	Easy 31
E	T/Sgt	Charles B	Lowell	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
U/G	Cpl	Edward M	Lucca		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
F	S/Sg	Edward W	Lydick	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
N	F/O	Michael M	Magdic	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
B	2/Lt	Arnold I	Magnuson	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
E	T/Sgt	Olin M	Maize	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
P	1/Lt	James H	Mann	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
U/G	S/Sgt	Roy J	Marchalk	44-49773	60K	Grose, Charles B	826	Dog 12
B/G	S/Sg	E	Marchese	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
P	1/Lt	C A	Marshall	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
B/G	S/Sg	Robert R	Martin	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
N/T	Cpl	Floyd P	Martin	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
AE	Cpl	Arturo P	Martinez	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
P	2/Lt	George H	Mason	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
P	1/Lt	Stanley H	Mauldin	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
B	2/Lt	John K	May	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
N/G	S/Sg	Malcome W	McAfee	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
P	2/Lt	D J	McCaughy	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
P	1/Lt	W E	McCoy	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
N/G	S/Sg	R P	McCrary	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
B	2/Lt	L C	McKenzie	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
P	1/Lt	Edmund J	McLaughlin	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
N	2/Lt	Edward A	McLeod	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
N	2/Lt	Edward	McLoad	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
U/G	Cpl	George R	McSween	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
E	S/Sg	Harris E	Medlock	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
N	F/O	William G	Meeder	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
N	2/Lt	Robert L	Mendyk	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
N	1/Lt	James R	Mercer	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
T/G	S/Sg	Marshall L	Metz	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
N/G	S/Sgt	R P	Meza	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
U/G	Sgt	Harold B	Miller	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
N	2/Lt	Daniel J	Miller	42-51967	61L	Stewart, Dan A	826	Dog 22
NB	2/Lt	R C	Mills	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
U/G	S/Sg	Alfred J	Mills	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
P	Maj	Joel O	Moe	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
R/O	Cpl	Mauro A	Montoya	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
NV	1/Lt	S V	Moody	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
E	T/Sg	Howard G	Moore	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
C/P	2/Lt	MacDonnell	Moore	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
E	T/sgt	Louis H	Morris	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
B/G	Sgt	Leve L	Morrow	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
R/O	T/Sg	Glen L	Moss	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
F	S/Sg	Kevin J	Moynihan	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
NV	2/Lt	Richard F	Mulcahy	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
B/G	S/Sgt	Robert D	Myers	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
E	T/Sg	R A	Nchols	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
E	Cpl	James V	Nelson	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
B	2/Lt	Oscar R	Ness	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
C/P	2/Lt	Lyle M	Nicks	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
T/G	Cpl	Frank L	Nicolai		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
R/O	Cpl	Walter D	Nilson	42-51967	61L	Stewart, Dan A	826	Dog 22
N	2/Lt	C J	O'Halloran	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
U/G	Sgt	Carl F	Ober	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
R/O	T/Sg	V A	Oldfield	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
E	T/Sg	Orville A	Orsted	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
L/W	Sgt	Joseph L	Orth	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
C/P	2/Lt	J F	Palmer	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
P	2/Lt	Nelson D	Parker		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
R/O	T/Sgt	John E	Parker	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
U/G	S/Sgt	J E	Parks	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
E	T/Sgt	Leonard T	Parrick	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
C/P	2/Lt	H M	Partelow	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
B/G	S/Sgt	W V	Parthree	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
C/P	1/Lt	R E	Patheal	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
N	1/Lt	Daniel C	Paul	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
T/G	S/Sgt	C A	Pendleton	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
N	2/Lt	Crawford S	Perry	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
T/G	Cpl	Richard W	Peters	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
C/P	2/Lt	Harry	Peyton	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
E	T/Sgt	E S	Piantek	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
E	T/Sg	Vaden R	Pierce	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
N/G	S/Sgt	Carlton F	Pinnegar	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
N/G	Cpl	John J	Plumlee		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
N	1/Lt	J A	Plyant	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
U/G	S/Sg	Earl H	Potter	44-49936	78J	Mann, James H	827	Easy 11
U/G	S/Sgt	R D	Powers	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
F	Cpl		Prato	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
B/G	S/Sg	Arthur G	Quellete	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
N/G	S/Sg	A G	Quinones	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
N	1/Lt	Frank W	Rabinovitz	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
M	S/Sgt	A B	Radman	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
C/P	2/Lt	Robert J	Reed	42-51967	61L	Stewart. Dan A	826	Dog 22
P	1/Lt	Joseph C	Reichal	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
T/G	S/Sgt	R R	Richomnd	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
N/G	S/Sgt	P C	Rigelman	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
C/P	2/Lt	Milton J	Ring	42-51804	86Q	Schneider, William L	827	Easy 12
U/G	S/Sg	G J	Roach	42-52658	35	Fritts, RE	825	Able 21
T/G	Cpl	Larry G	Robbins	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
U/G	S/Sg	Gerald A	Rocheleau	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
N	2/Lt	J M	Roe	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
N	F/O	William	Roennau	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
B/G	S/Sgt	Preston H	Rohr	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
B	2/Lt	Julian V	Ronder	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
E	Pvt	Louis J	Rutana	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
N/G	S/Sgt	James M	Ryan	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
B/G	S/Sgt	Glen L	Sandberg	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
N	F/O	Samuel V	Sanders	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
P	2/Lt	B	Schacht	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
U/G	S/Sg	J T	Schafer	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
U/G	S/Sgt	GeorgeJ	Scheina	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
E	Sgt	Robert S	Schlos		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
P	1/Lt	William L	Schneider	42-51804	86Q	Schneider, William L	827	Easy 12
C/P	1/Lt	A J	Scholl	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13
C/P	2/Lt	William F	Searight	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
N	1/Lt	Victor J	Seely	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
N/G	S/Sgt	Adrian F	Segarra	44-49773	60K	Grose. Charles B	826	Dog 12
B	1/Lt	D W	Shea	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
C/P	2/Lt	Earnest B	Shope	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
N	2/Lt	E W	Smith	42-51851	40	Marshall, C A	825	Baker 12
P	1/Lt	Paul S	Smith III	42-94751	85P	Smith. Paul S	827	Easy 31
C/P	1/Lt	Donald L	Solerberg	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
N/G	Cpl	H A	Southorth	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
	1/Lt	Kenneth w	Spieth	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
R/O	Sgt	J	Spivvy	42-50642	39	Christian, HW	825	Baker 13

Duty	Rank	F Name	L Name	Ship No	Nose	Pilot	Sq	Position
N	1/Lt	William T	Schwartz	44-49773	60K	Grose, Charles B	826	Dog 12
P	2/Lt	Austin R	Stanford	?	58	Stanford Austin R	824	Baker 23
B/G	Cpl	J J	Stephan	42-52690	32	McAughey, DJ	825	Able 23
B	2/Lt	Paul H	Stewart	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
P	2/Lt	Dana A	Stewart	42-51967	61L	Stewart, Dan A	826	Dog 22
C/P	2/Lt	John	Stonecipher	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
B/G	S/Sgt	J L	Sturtz	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
B/G	Sgt	Matthew	Suchich	41-10484	63N	Latimer, Roy C	826	Dog 21
U/G	S/Sgt	Charles G	Sullivan	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
B/G	Cpl	Leonard A	Swaney	641	25	Reichal, Joseph C	824	Charlie 21
U/G	S/Sgt	E L	Tanksley	44-41139	30	McCoy, W E	825	Baker 11
P	1/lt	Abott L	Taylor	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
T/G	S/Sg	Allan	Tewes	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
F	Sgt		Thomas	44-49888	46	Schacht,B	825	Able 22
T/G	S/Sg	J J	Thompson	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
B/G	Cpl	Everette P	Thompson	44-49738	62M	Colvin, Orgene M	826	Charlie 22
U/G	S/Sgt	Burton H	Thompson	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
R/O	Cpl	John G	Trouby	42-52648	76G	Kanar, James H	827	Dog 31
U/G	S/Sg	H W	Turner	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
C/P	2/Lt	Alexander	Ulreich Jr	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
B/G	S/Sgt	Frank J	Valdez	44-49773	60K	Grose, Charles B	826	Dog 12
U/G	Cpl	Spartico	Valenzi	42-52833	53D	Mauldin, Stanley H	826	Dog 13
R/O	S/Sg	Hall G	Van Vlack	42-52705	52C	Gregg, James R	826	Charlie 23
F	Pvt		Vanwagner	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
R/O	Cpl	Frank B	Vardeman Jr	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
C/P	2/Lt	Virgil K	Vaughn	708	10	Goodwyn, Hilton W	824	Baker 22
C/P	2/Lt	Frank W	Vrtacnik		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
N/G	Sgt	Lloyd O	Wakefield	?	58	Standord Austin R	824	Baker 23
B	1/Lt	John N	Walker	42-95282	77H	Locke, William R	827	Easy 21
C/P	2/Lt	Charles W	Walter	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
E	T/Sgt	Millard J	Weaver	44-48828	501Y	Taylor, Abbott L	826	Dog 11
R/O	T/Sgt	Kenneth K	Wegner	42-51173	88S	McLaughlin, Edmund J	827	Easy 13
P	1/Lt	Ensley B	Weimer	42-95360	87R	Weimer, Ensley B	827	Easy 22
R/O	Sgt	Davic C	Welsh		64	Parker, Nelson D	824	Baker 31
N/T	Cpl	Richard R	West	42-78224	56G	Mason, Gerge H	826	Charlie 31
E	Sgt	Charles r	Westerbrook	44-41143	55F	Crockett James F	826	Dog 23
B/G	S/Sgt	George K	White	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
R/O	T/Sgt	H F	Whitworth	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
N	2/Lt	W	Wiegman	42-94755	33	Davis, RC	825	Able 13
B/G	Cpl	Franklins S	Wiig	699	27	Gaskill, William F	824	Charlie 12
R/O	T/Sgt	Edwin F	WilCox	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
C/P	Cap	P J	Williams	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
B/G	Sg	Garth W	Witte	041	17	Speith, Kenneth W	824	Charlie 13
E	T/Sg	Seth A	Wood	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21
T/G	S/Sgt	Joseph H	Wythe	42-51804	86Q	Schnieider, William L	827	Easy 12
P	1/Lt	Merle P	Yanney	941	22	Yanney, Merle P	824	Charlie 11
E	T/ Sg	William H	Young	42-94738	81L	Johnson, Thomas F	827	Easy 23
B	1/LT	W	Zaharevutz	44-49858	302	Busch, Chester C	825	Able 11
N	2/Lt	S E	Zeigler	42-50528	300	Moe, Joel	825	Able 12
P	1/Lt	Donald G	Zimmerman	724	20	Zimmerman, Donald G	824	Baker 21



Letters to the Editor

William G. Blackburn
Attachment To Membership Application

Shot Down Information. On March 23, 1945, we flew on a mission to Vienna, Austria, our target being the Kagren Oil Refinery. We encountered heavy flak and our aircraft suffered extensive damages. However, we proceeded on our bomb run and I suffered a flak wound to my right upper arm which severed my right median nerve and apparently the artery in my right arm was at least partially severed.

Other crew members were unable to stop the bleeding and were unsuccessful in administering the morphine painkiller, probably because of the cold temperature and lack of blood circulation in the affected area. In any event, because of my uncontrolled loss of blood and severe flak damages to the aircraft, we elected to land at a Russian held air base in Kecskemet, Hungary. Upon landing the plane, we were met by Russians, including medical personnel, and a nurse was able to almost immediately stop any further bleeding.

I was hospitalized in a converted Hungarian school building for several weeks and was later transferred by the Russians to be with five other injured American airmen in a school building in Szeged, Hungary, which had also been converted to a hospital.

During all the time we were guests of the Russians, we were in contact with American military personnel stationed with the Allied Control Commission in Budapest, Hungary. We requested that the Russians release us to return to Italy to rejoin our various military units, as the Allied Control Commission informed us that it would be a simple matter to return us to Italy on regularly scheduled ATC flights to Budapest from Italy. However, the Russians stated that they had an agreement with the USA to repatriate all American military personnel in their custody by their own procedures and they explained that any Russian personnel in custody of the Americans would be repatriated by the Americans in accordance with the American procedures. After waiting impatiently for several weeks, without results, the six of us who were patients at the Russian Hospital in Szeged were able to make arrangements with the Allied Control Commission personnel to "escape" from the Szeged Hospital and successfully avoid detection by the Russians by hiding in an Allied Control Commission vehicle which had been dispatched to Szeged to pick up a load of plate glass. Once we arrived at the Allied Control Commission Headquarters in Budapest, we were safely out of the custody of the Russians and within about a week we were able to catch an ATC flight back to Italy. I am still not certain why the Russians delayed in permitting us to leave their custody and return to Italy by our own methods, but perhaps it was due to their cumbersome communications of front line military operations with the Russian high command in Moscow. My concern grew after the war was over on or about May 8, 1945, and the Russians still failed to release us to return to our American military units.

Although I received considerate treatment and good medical care from the Russian personnel, it took approximately three months for me to successfully return to Italy. Due to the injury which I received, I was never able to resume active military duty as a pilot.

Millville, NJ
Dear Bud:

Reading the "Torretta Flyer" number 31, I went through General Arnold's second report to the Secretary of War dated 2-27-45, which was quite interesting, particularly where it applied to things that were quite familiar to us, like steel landing mats, flak suits, pressure tanks, heated suits, oxygen masks; etc. (I thought that something important fell off the plane when we came down for the first time on those runway mats in Dakar, Northwest Africa and my flak suit took a beating on my last mission, but saved my hide).

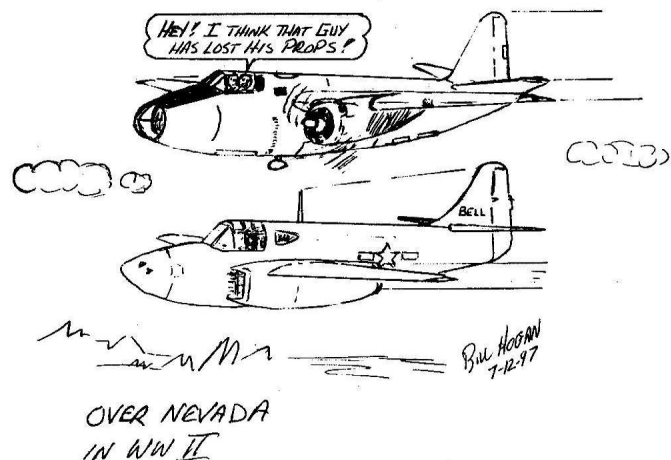
However, in rereading this report, I took a closer look at the Jet Propulsion section, page 8 of the "Flyer".

Due to a problem where we lost our pilot while training on B-24's in Pocatello, Idaho, that crew was split up and transferred to temporary duties in Wendover, Utah. We flew in a squadron of Martin B-26 medium bombers that were modified to tow banner targets for in flight gunnery practice by heavy bombers; usually the B-24. Being in a "hot" ship like the "Marauder" and being shot at closely by 50 caliber MG's was not a fun time. (We had to pull the fuse for the low speed warning signal because we usually had to cut back our speed in flight so the other guys could get a decent shot at our towed target!)

The overall range of all participants was restricted because of the Muroc Lake area. We always assumed that it was because the early B-29 super bombers were based there, even though we were all familiar with the aircraft in general.

Now, General Arnold's report poses the likelihood that the first jet powered fighter, the Bell P-59A, "Aircomet", was being tested in secret at that dry salt base. I remember reading, some years later, that the P-59A was transported to Muroc covered with a tarpaulin and having a fake propeller stuck on the nose of its fuselage.

After some experiences in ends-of-earth Wendover; (like getting lost in the desert on a reluctant horse, swimming in a pool that doubled for ditching practice from a cut down B-17 fuselage and losing two friends in a takeoff crash when the magnetos cut out on the starboard PWA R-2800 engine), the entire former B-24 crew was returned to combat training. We stayed separated, and I ended up in Colorado Springs as a member of Squadron 827, eventually being chosen to join Major Haldeman's crew; thence on to Harvard, Nebraska and points East.



It may be recalled that the Wendover, Utah, base was the later staging and special training area for the "Enola Gay" and the other B-29 bombers that were to cause the end of World War Two. Thought that the foregoing might be of interest.
Best regards,
William (Bill), Hogan. 827-049

Cheektowaga, NY
Dear Bud

I sailed back to the USA on the Liberty Ship Frederick Lykes in November of 1945. The following was taken from the ship's daily mimeographed newsletter, "Westward Ho."

Lt Clyde Tatman has one more new experience to add to the score he will be able to tell his wife and only child when he gets home to Seattle, Washington. His tale is that of an appendix operation aboard ship and he has an inch and half scar to prove his story.

Friday evening At 1808 hours the Lieutenant entered the operating room in the medical ward of the U.S.A. Transport

Frederick Lykes. An hour and fifteen minutes later Tatman was lying comfortably in bed showing no apparent ill-effects of the ordeal he had gone through, For Majer Robert Walsh, Ship's Surgeon, this is the seventh operation that he has performed while aboard this troop ship within the past twenty-five months. This case was the first recorded for the present trip. Tatman, becoming ill Thursday, the day before, it was decided to operate Friday because of the acute nature of the appendix.

The Frederick Lykes was built by the Maritime Shipping Commission. as a cargo vessel in 1940 and was converted into a Troop Carrier in 1943.

The ship's master is William B. Cowan. The ship was named after a partner in the firm of LYKES Bros., pre war shipping owners of a fleet engaged in South American trade. Tonnage is 11,000 tons, cruising range, 12,300 miles at a cruising speed 17 knots. Overall length is 492 feet, depth 9 feet and equipped with a DeLaval Steam engine of 8500 horsepower though a 4-bladed propeller, 21 feet 15 inches in diameter, cruising shaft speed of 85 RPM. It carries 11,100 barrels of fuel. This voyage's passenger list was the largest in Lykes history. Included were 3319 enlisted men, 173 officers, 26 warrant officers, 19 nurses and 9 WAC's for a total of 3546 plus the ships crews of 148 making a grand total of 3594.

John J Jacobs 827 Sq.

An Editorial

Your editor was prompted to write an editorial after seeing the plans for the WWII memorial. Copies of the editorial were sent to three major newspapers.

I was appalled at the starkness of the proposed WWII memorial. The outcry of critics who lambasted the earlier proposals for the memorial are justified. You have to ask yourself. Does the present design remind you of World War Two? Or is it just an arrangement of stones in a bare ellipse with stylized pillars supporting nothing, not even the plain grassy ramps, It does however remind one of ancient Roman ruins. There is nothing anywhere in this memorial symbolic of the World War Two, not even a Sherman tank or the white uniform of a Navy Wave.

The events of World War Two at mid century were gigantic in scope, effecting the lives of millions of people for good, or evil. Nowhere on the blank walls of the proposed memorial are the depiction's of wartime events. Nowhere does one find information on turning points (Battle of Midway), nor do we see maps, (Battle of the Bulge) photographs (Hiroshima), letters, (Einstein's letter to Roosevelt about the possibility of an atomic bomb) and documents giving the visitor a historical telling of what the war was all about (documents from the National Archives) and the changes that took place as a result of the war (GI Bill) and the British loss of empire.

The war was too vast involving millions of people at home and overseas, 12,000,000 million servicemen under arms in the United States alone. How can one look at a waterfall, a pleasant view if you will, and be reminded of the sacrifice of the common soldier. There is no reminder of the tragedy of Pearl Harbor, or the slaughter at Iwo Jima. There is no reminder of the invasion of Europe (D Day), or Air Corps bombers falling out of the sky, (Ploesti & Schweinefurt) and nothing at all of the atomic bomb. Where are the battle flags of the combat units?

How many people know that the automobile factories (Wil-

low Run Bomber Plant, Chrysler- built tanks) Packard engines) production of war materials of all types backstopped basic industry by increasing production to numbers that the Germans did not even believe possible as they rolled recklessly across Europe unknowing of what was to fall on them. The English based 8th and the Italian based 15th Air Forces darkened the skies with automobile company built bombers (Ford) and engines (Buick), guns (Oldsmobile) that shook the earth and put fear in the hearts of the enemy.

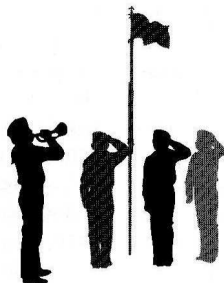
The Veterans of the War need to have an anchor where their children, and grandchildren, and those who will follow can visit a place to learn of the experience of their own mid century soldiers who offered their lives as forfeit to do battle with an unspeakable evil. For many the reward was injury or death.

How does this cold stone and silent memorial tell of all this? It does not. Conventional war of global proportions with its huge battle fleets on land, sea, and air is just about obsolete because of the atomic bomb. The history of World War II has drawn great interest from the general population and children and grandchildren of WWII veterans. A library would be more appropriate in that it would address the problems as described above. It could be a place of research, of study where one can feel the experiences of those who fought the war and those who lived and died as well.

Thus the memorial becomes a living memorial in that it is alive inside, a place to contemplate, and a place to study and learn. This is in keeping with the trend set by the Holocaust Museum in Washington. It is a place to study and learn about the biggest mistake of mankind. One can put on the Holocaust and wear it like a piece of clothing and walk in the shoes of those citizens who were politically unwanted.

I propose a World War II Library modeled loosely after a presidential library. The exterior architecture is not important, the contents inside are what matters. It may not be necessary then to beautify the exterior with stone architecture, or a waterfall.

The Last Mission



Bud Holland, 80, Upper gunner, 826 Sq

Floyd Creasman's crew 826 Sq
October 29, 1915 - February 24, 1996

Timothy James "Bud" Holland native resident of Meeker, died Saturday morning, February 24, 1996. He was 80 years of age. Mr. Holland was born in Meeker to the late Archie and Josephine Holland.

Bud married Maxine Hoge on December 29, 1945. They recently celebrated 50 years of love together. Known throughout Northwest Colorado for his love of the Old West life style, being a Cowboy was one of his favorite pastimes. He cherished the White River Valley and knew every mountain and stream by name.

Bud served his country proudly during World War II as a sergeant in the United States Air Force from 1941 to 1945. His service included flying gliders into Germany and B-24 bombers over Italy and the oil refinery at Ploesti numerous times. He received numerous medals, including the bronze star for valor. Mr. Holland served the Meeker area as Hospital Administrator, Real Estate Broker, Rancher, Employee of the United States Post Office and the Oil Fields at Wilson Creek.

An active member of the community, Mr. Holland was a member of the V.F.W; Lions Club; Range Call Rodeo Committee; Rio Blanco County Cattlemen's Association; Meeker Volunteer Fire Department; Saddle Club and Curtain Call Theater Group. Bud was honored to have been the Grand Marshall of the Range Call Parade in 1982. Mr. Holland is survived by his wife, Maxine Holland; 2 daughters and sons-in-law: Kathy and Gerry Turner of Long Beach, California; Sally and John Merriam of Florence, Colorado; granddaughters Tani and Kristi Merriam of Florence, Colorado; brother, Barney Holland of Meeker; sisters, Mary Murray of Meeker, and Norine Holland of Grand Junction, Colorado. He will be greatly missed by his devoted family and many friends.

Joseph J Pastelak Engineer 824 Sq

Joseph Pastelak, 73, of Hershey's Mill, Pennsylvania, East Goshen and formerly of Pottstown died Friday, Aug. 16, 1996 of leukemia at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

He was the husband of Pat O'Rourke Pastelak. He was born in Pottstown. He received a MS in 1960 from the University of Pennsylvania and a BS degree in 1949 from Millersville University.

He served in the U.S. Army Air Corps as a flight engineer

on Vincent DeMaio's crew in the 824th Squadron and flew combat missions from January, 1945 to May, 1945. Before going into combat with the 484th Bomb Group at Torretta, Italy, attended aircraft mechanic school at Keesler Field, MS, gunnery at Laredo, Texas, and phase training at Davis-Monthan, Arizona.

He was a teacher and department head of the Lansdowne Aldan High School from 1955 to 1984; and also taught at Collingdale High School from 1949 to 1955. He taught metal and woodshop for 35 years. He campaigned early and successfully to have girls as well as boys take wood shop. He taught nearly 9,000 students over the years. He retired to Hershey's Mill where he continued to run a wood shop for the last eight years.

He was a 4th-degree member of the Knights of Columbus.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by one daughter, Nancy Lobo; two sisters, Anne Stettenbaure and Jeanette Sikora; three brothers, Michael Pastelak, Edward Pastelak and Eugene Pastelak; and two grandchildren.

William Wiegmann, 74 Navigator, 827 Sq

Services for William Wiegmann, 74, of Forked River, a researcher for Bell Laboratories, was held at Layton's Funeral Home, 250 Lacey Rd., Forked River, NJ

Mr. Wiegmann died Saturday, September 20, 1997 at his home.

He joined Bell Laboratories as a trainee in 1941.

At the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps where he served as a navigator on B24s with the 484th Bomb Group, 825th Bomb Squadron, 15th Air Force, flying 33 missions out of Torretta, Italy. The pilot of his crew was Robert Sanderson.

After his discharge, Mr. Wiegmann returned to Bell Laboratories in Manhattan, later relocating to Murray Hill, where he became an associate member of the technical staff in the research department.

Mr. Wiegmann participated in numerous projects in both solid state and laser physics. He was included as a co-author on over 100 technical articles and was listed as an inventor of over 11 patents.

He retired from Bell Laboratories in 1985.

Mr. Wiegmann was a trustee of the Middlesex Elks Club and was a member of the Bell Systems Pioneers and the Old Guard of Forked River.

Born in Middle Village, Queens, N.Y., he lived in Middlesex before moving to Forked River in 1990.

Surviving are his wife, Frances Marie, three daughters, Mrs. Joanne Mullowney, Mrs. Susan Thatcher and Gail; a son, William; a brother, Henry, and five grandchildren.

Rest Camp USA ?

Editors Note: Until member Andrew Lopez gave me a copy of the order shown below at the 1997 reunion in Washington, DC, I had no idea that 30 day leaves were given for rest at home in the USA before a tour of duty was completed. The letter shown here is an authentic reproduction of the original.

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES
MEDITERRANEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
A.P.O. 650

14 July 1944.

SUBJECT: Return to the United States for Rest.

TO: S/Sgt Andrew NMI Lopez, 16148777.

1. Under a policy which has been approved by the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, you are being returned to the United States for a minimum of thirty days for a well earned and well deserved rest because of your long and excellent combat service in this theater. This plan was recommended and has been approved because of the belief that the Service will benefit by giving you a period of rest at home. I personally am delighted to see you get this fitting reward for the skill and courage and success you have had in this theater.
2. The Air Force Commanders were told by me to select the most deserving members of their organization for the initiation of this program. The fact that you have been selected among this number automatically places you high on our list of outstanding combat crew members deserving this privilege. Despite the fact that you are returning home, a great responsibility rests upon you This theater and all of the Air Force Officers and men in it whom you leave behind and their work will be Judged by the impression you make on the officials and the people at home. If you show evidences of poor training, or exhibit personal characteristics which are not the marks of an outstanding soldier, all of us who remain behind and have the responsibility for continuing the battle will suffer. What is even more important, this program for rest and rehabilitation of combat crews is being tried out; you can Jeopardize that program by loose talk or improper conduct. On the other hand, you can assure that the program will be a success by prompt and cheerful compliance with orders and by exhibiting at all times the outstanding characteristic of a well trained, hard fighting American Air Force combat crew member. I Wish you would think this over and take it very much to heart and, by your deportment en route to the United States and in the United States, convince all the officers and men with whom you come in contact, and the civilian populace as well, that you are a representative member of an excellent military organization.
3. I am happy that you are getting this opportunity to see your home, your friends and your loved ones. You have performed able and efficient services for the Air Force in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations and all of us who remain behind wish you well on your Journey and are looking forward eagerly to the time when you return to help us in the battle.

IRA C. EAKER,
Lieutenant General, U.S.A
Commanding



Photo above: Production of late model B-24s at the Ford Willow Run Bomber Plant. See Editorial page 38. Ford Archives/Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Michigan



Photo at left: Fred Dierksmeier stands beside the Green Ash Tree behind the Dayton Plaque to show how the tree has leafed out and grown. Photo taken the end of Summer 1997.

The 484th Bomb Group Association
1122 Ysabel St.
Redondo Beach, CA 90277-4453

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