

reminiscing via e-Mail. A few days ago, someone commented on the fact that there were only a few of the old Liberators left, in spite of the fact that 18,000 were built during the war. That led someone to ask: "I wonder if there is still anyone around who knows how to build a B-24? Maybe we could build another one!" Then, he added: "I know at least one girl who worked on B-24s, her name is Betty Reese."

The "Story of Betty Reese" began in 1945, when a nineteen year old Flight Engineer named Roger Ellis was pre-flying his B-24 prior to takeoff from Morotai, a tiny island in the Southwest Pacific. The mission of the 424th Sq., 307th BG, 13th AAF was to bomb a Japanese oil field in Borneo a thousand miles to the West. Because the entire flight would be over water and fuel transfer would be required, it was important to inspect the fuel valves at the rear of the flight deck. While performing that check, Ellis found a small white card tucked in between bulkhead panels. He pulled it out and read:

Good Luck! Betty Reese
429 Rosemount Ave.
Pittsburg, California

Now our young airman got his share of precious letters from home, but somehow this message from an undoubtedly beautiful "Rosie the Riveter" was special. She had helped get this airplane to them, thousands of miles from home and he could laugh at Tokyo Rose because he knew that girls like Betty Reese were behind him and the rest of his crew; making airplanes that safely accomplished their mission and brought them home again.

The mission that day was four hours flight time to the target and as the bombers approached the oil field, Ellis moved through the bomb bay pulling the arming pins from the bombs. These pins, along with the note from Betty Reese went into his pocket. The bombs were on target and all but one of the B-24s made it back to Morotai safely.

In his tent that night, Ellis emptied the pockets of his flight suit and, as was his practice, wrote the details of the mission on one of the tags tied to the arming pins, and hooked it into the binding of his address book. Then he turned the pages to "R" and entered: Betty Reese, 429 Rosemount Ave., Pittsburg, California. In parentheses, he noted "card from ship."

Fifty-three years later, there is a yellowed picture of that B-24 with its crew of ten on the wall. They made it to the target and back 23 times, and when the war was over, they flew their B-24 back to California. Thanks in large part to Betty Reese and others like her, who did their share in anonymity here in the United States they made it safely home. Now, that veteran, and a large number of other veterans who flew B-24s would like to locate Betty Reese and say: Thank you, Betty. We owe you, and your/ co-workers, our lives and we would just like you to know that we haven't forgotten. You were a very important part of every mission that we flew. Obviously we can only hope that Betty Reese is alive and be made aware of our search. We expect that she may have been employed at Hamilton Field which was apparently a major staging point for B-24s heading out to the war in the Pacific.

To date, our efforts have disclosed only that there no longer is a Rosemount Avenue in Pittsburg, California, but we have just begun. We are asking your help in whatever way you can, to publish our story in the Pittsburg area in the hope that someone will be able to provide information that will eventually lead to

finding Betty Reese. Please, anyone who might be able to offer any information at all, (may we ask that they contact you?), or write or call: Tom McCarthy, 15111 Pipeline Ave., #197, Chino Hills, CA 91709, (909)597-5548. Your help will be deeply appreciated by a lot of old WW II vets!

God bless America, and thank you,
Tom McCarthy

Combat Advice

Those that beat guns into plows will plow for those that don't.
If the enemy is in range, so are you.
Incoming fire has the right of way.
Don't look conspicuous: it draws fire.
The easy way is always mined.
Try to look unimportant, they may be low on ammo.
The enemy invariably attacks on one of two occasions:
When you're ready for them. - When you're not ready for them.
Teamwork is essential; it gives the enemy someone else to shoot at.
If your attack is going well, you have walked into an ambush.
Don't draw fire, it irritates the people around you.
When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend.
If it's stupid but works, it isn't stupid.
When in doubt empty the magazine..
Never share a fox hole with anyone braver than you.
Make it too tough for the enemy to get in and you can't get out.
Mines are equal opportunity weapons.
A Purple Heart just proves that were you smart enough to think of a plan, stupid enough to try it, and lucky enough to survive.
Don't ever be the first, don't ever be the last and don't ever volunteer to do anything.
Five second fuses only last three seconds.
It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed.
If God had meant for us to be in the Army, we would have been born with green, baggy skin.
Always remember your weapon was made by the lowest contract.
Friendly fire - isn't.
There is no such thing as an atheist in a foxhole.
No combat ready unit has ever passed inspection.
Tracers work both ways.
If you take more than your fair share of objectives, you will get more than your fair share of objectives to take.
If you can't remember, the Claymore is pointed towards you.
The side with the simplest uniforms wins.
Combat will occur on the ground between two adjoining maps.
The combat worth of a unit is inversely proportional to the smartness of its outfit and appearance.
Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate - the bombs always hit the ground.
Odd objects attract fire - never lurk behind one.
Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do.
Your bivouac for the night is the spot where you got tired of marching that day.

From: Winddancr4@aolcom