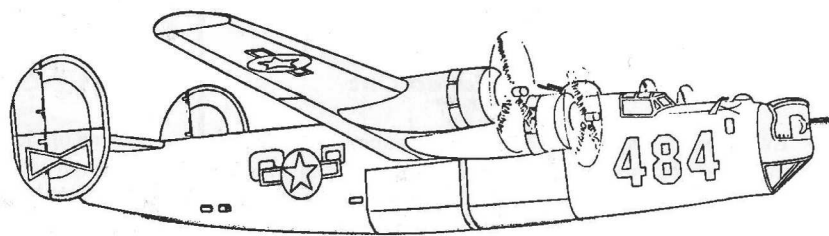


The Torretta Flyer



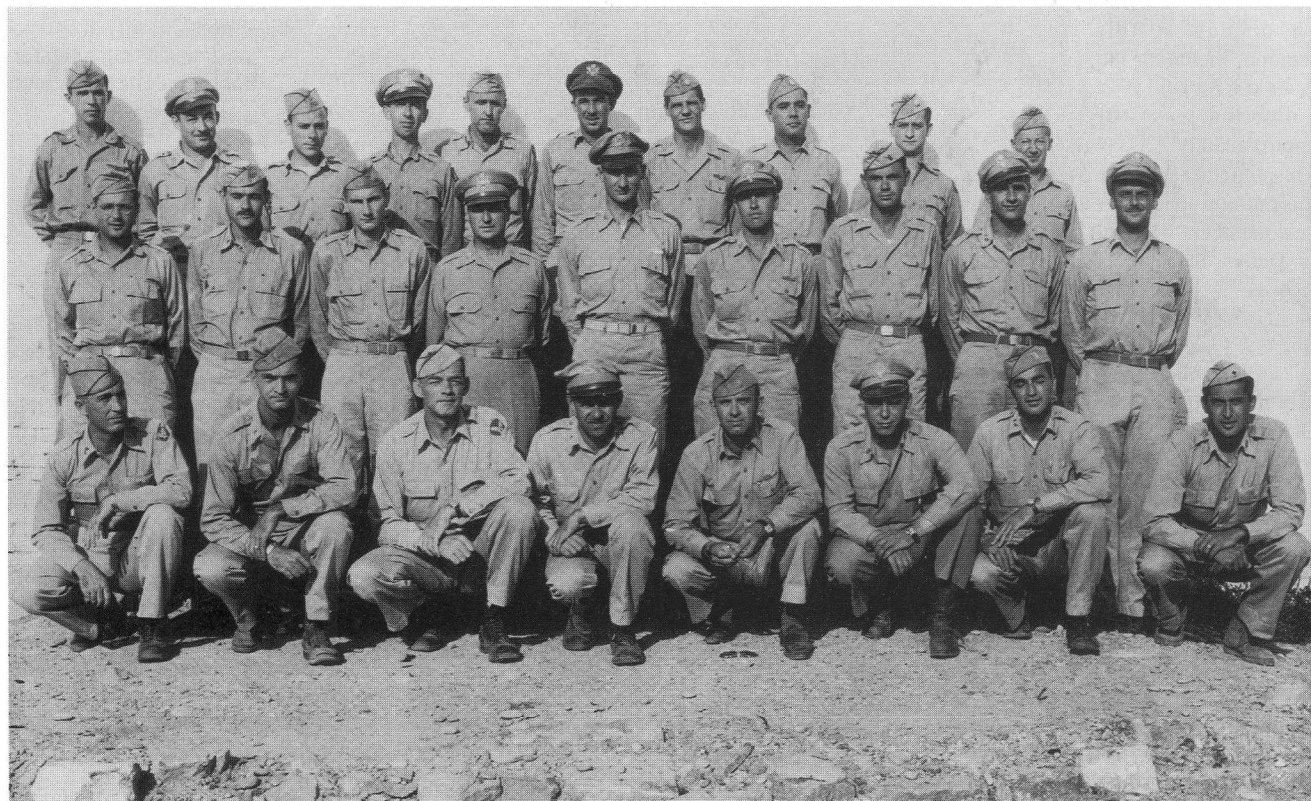
Torretta Flyer No 37

484th Bomb Group Association

Fall-Winter 2000

**Don't Forget! The Dallas Reunion
Is October 26-30, 2000**

Something New At This Year's Reunion
See inside page for more details.



Officer Corps 484th Bomb Group

*They are from top Left: William F Riddle, Phillip Frankelstein, Jerry Dufour, Raymond J Pinta, Herb Schindler, Thomas E Page, Wade L Carter Chaplain, John D Dangler, Ralph K Johnson, Leo E Cross, Col William B Keese CO, William R Shannon, Chester Busch, Deputy CO, Richard E Mettler, *Mosley, Charles J Cooke, J F Pichacolas, Flt Surgeon, Leroy E Peterson and William Robertson. Bottom row: Marvin T Gengerke, *McRean, John V Sawyer, Peter Drill Air Insp., Walter C Cameron, Robert Altman, William W Ford and *Menholt. * First Names unknown*

News of The Association

Reunion Info Mailed Out

Everyone should have received the reunion information/registration/reservation forms by now. If you know of anyone who has not received a copy yet please advise us. Our mailing list is as up to date as is possible but things do happen.

As this is the next to last reunion, do make up your minds to attend. For now, it is important to meet again, and-yes, embrace old friends. To make new friends too, and learn more about the 484th BG, and to celebrate our affection for the good old, "Red Tailed Bastards," as the Luftwaffe and Axis Sally called us.

Also, there will be more new material on display at this reunion, including the Association's collection of approximately 2200 photographs, some never displayed before. This, together with the Morning Reports and MACRs will make this reunion special for all of our members and especially for the new members who will be attending their first reunion this year in, Dallas, Texas.

Morning Reports New This Year

On display at the 2000 Reunion for the first time will be the Morning Reports as copied from the National Records Center by Orville and Katie Hommert for each of the four squadrons. They will be shown in loose leaf binders.

The display room at this Reunion will hold more history than at any of the previous reunions.

"Macrs" On Display for the First Time

The National Archives located in College Park, MD has on file a form called the MACR or "Missing Air Crew Records." The MACR is made whenever an aircraft is shot down and the disposition of the plane and crew is not known. Joe Shugrue and his wife, Mary volunteered to seek them out and provide the manpower needed to extract the material from worn microfilms and readers out of repair. They will be on display in Dallas this year. My thanks to Joe and Mary once again for a job well done. Please note: this is the same Joe Shugrue and his wife Mary who sent us the Mission Reports that have been so popular at past reunions. The quality of the reproduction varies from page to page, so come prepared, bring your reading glasses or better yet a magnifying glass.

Cavanaugh Flight Museum

One of the Air Museums on the reunion tour itinerary is the Cavanaugh Museum. The picture of the hanger is shown on this page. The collection comprises WWI and WWII aircraft. The tour that includes the Cavanaugh Flight Museum leaves the Dallas-Ft Worth Airport Marriott at 10:00 AM Saturday October 28, 2000.



On your own you can visit other Air Museums and aviation collections. They are: 1) The C R Smith American Airlines Museum in Ft. Worth features an "I Werks" (similar to Imax) theater that shows a history of American Airlines. 2) Frontiers Of Flight Museum, 3) University of Texas, History of Aviation Collection in Dallas, consists mostly of books, periodicals, and a lighter than air collection, and some models.

Year 2000 Scholarship Awards

In keeping with membership approval to dissolve the Association next year and to distribute the money set aside for Scholarship awards for the years 2000 and 2001, one half of the amount of money in the Memorial Scholarship Fund, has been distributed for the year 2000. At the awards ceremony in Cerignola, Italy, on May 5, 2000, Professor Umberto Albanese made the awards of \$600 each to twelve Italian students, having met the high standards which have been set by him. You can read the students' letters, shown a few pages away and be proud of their potential. Awards to three additional Italian students are to be made in the fall of this year. Professor Albanese, with the approval of the Scholarship Committee, increased the number of students from six to fifteen, adjusting the amount for each student, so that more will be given the opportunity to share in the awards. The Award ceremony was held at the School in Cerignola, with Professor Albanese presiding. There were 200 in attendance, including representatives of the school, the city of Cerignola and the press.

At a ceremony at Harvard Public School, Harvard, Nebraska, May 13, 2000, two students were selected to share the \$2000 award for the year 2000. Vernon Janke, member of the Scholarship Committee, was present at Harvard to present the awards in person to the students. This accounts for the three pages of letters from the 12 Italian students and the 2 Harvard, Nebraska students.

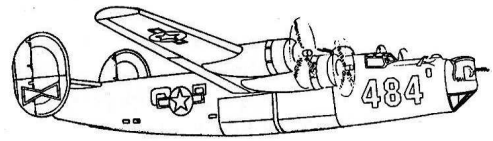
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The 484th PX Items

484th BG Logo patch, stitched, 2 3/4 " in diameter -----	\$5.00.
B-24 three- dimensional tie tac, silver, 1 3/4 " -----	\$5.00.
Association Pin with 484th Logo- - -	\$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, (23) Nos 13 thru 36, postage inc. - - - - -	\$130.00.
Individual issues- - - - -	\$7.00 ea.

The Torretta Flyer



Issue # 37 Fall-Winter 2000

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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. Only clean typewritten manuscripts and Microsoft Word disks are acceptable. Handwritten letters will no longer be published. 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 1999-2000
484th Bomb Group, Bud Markel, Bea Markel, John Billings, Ken Hubertz, and Ed Schwartz

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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.

Notices & This and That

New York State Conspicuous Service Cross

The State of New York has revised its list of awards/medals for the award of the New York State Conspicuous Service Cross. Any current New York citizen or individual who was a New York State citizen while serving on active military duty, and who was awarded one of these campaign medals (American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, or Korean Service Medal, with at least one battle star) can now apply. An Application Form, when submitted must include documentation showing Honorable Discharge, awards/medals and current or former New York State residence while on active duty. The Application Form (DMNA Form 106A-R) can be obtained by writing to: The Adjutant General, Division of Military & Naval Affairs, ATTN: MNAR-MP(AD), 330 Old Niskayuna Road, Lathan, NY 12110-2224.

American Order Of The French Croix De Guerre Inc.

18 East 41st 17th Street, Suite 401 New York, N Y 10017
Medaille de la French Liberee

Members of the Allied Forces who participated in war operations in the liberation of France and its territories during the period 3 September, 1939 to 20 August, 1945, are eligible for the Croix De Guerre medal. The medal was established by decree of the French Government 16 June, 1948. Due to little overseas publicity given to the medal, very few of our veterans have applied to the French Government for this medal. In 1956 the eligibility period for application for this medal expired. There are a small supply of these medals available as collector's items.

To receive a Croix De Guerre, one must be a member of the American order of the Croix De Guerre, Inc. For further eligibility information, communicate with the address above.

New Book On the 15th Air Force Your Support Is Needed

Stephen Ambrose, the famous author of books describing actions of WWII GI's who invaded the French beaches in Normandy and exploits of the ground armies, is preparing a new book on the 15th Air Force, featuring the Italian based heavy Bomb Groups based in Italy. Emphasis is on the use of the B-24s and their effect on the outcome of the war, told through the experiences of the airmen and the guys who kept the aircraft flying, the ground eschelons.



Stephen Ambrose, needs stories and photos of flight crews and ground support personnel.

Do send a report of your war experiences, big or small, to me, Bud Markel, and I will forward your material to Mr. Ambrose. The report should include incidents during training and shipment overseas that happened to you or what you observed, and heard. Stephen Ambrose has also appeared on TV programs and, on the News Hour (PBS). At last, the 15th Air Force will have its own book. That is the best news I've heard since "V-E "day!.

The B-24 Crew Members Senility Prayer

God grant me the Senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones that I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

Now that I'm older, here's what I've discovered:

- 1 I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
- 2 My wild oats have turned into prunes and All Bran.
- 3 I finally got my head together; now my body is failing apart.
- 4 Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...
- 5 All reports are in; Life is now officially unfair.
- 6 If all is not lost, where is it?
- 7 It is easier to get older than it is to get wiser.
- 8 Some days you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant.
- 9 I wish the buck stopped here; I sure could use a few...

- 10 Kids in the back seat cause accidents.
- 11 Accidents in the back seat cause ... kids.
- 12 It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
- 13 The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
- 14 If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
- 15 When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone decide to play chess?
- 16 It's not hard to meet expenses ... they're everywhere.
- 17 The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
- 18 These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter.
- 19 I go somewhere to get something, and then wonder what I'm here after.

I thought everyone needed a good laugh. Hope I succeeded!
Signed Karl. (Via the Internet by member Al Kline)

B-24 Crew Chiefs

Daniel L Denny son of David E Denny sent this photo and caption from the May 13, Sortie, the newspaper of the wartime 15th Air Force. "War Weary" 42-95360 flew with the 827 Squadron. To attest to this ship's air airworthiness, my crew (Ben Guisbond's) flew this plane back to Bradley Field, CT, about 10, May 1945, Bud Markel.



Five Liberators under the care of these mechanics have compiled an average of more than 100 times over the target and more than 1000 hours of flight time each. They are from top left M/Sgt J F Malloy Jr and M/Sgt Harold E Bolton, bottom row: M/Sgt R P Wilson, S/Sgt H A Mason, and M/Sgt S M Rozycki.

Our Man, Russell Hayhurst Receives Purple Heart 55 Years Late

After 55 years of waiting and wondering if he had been forgotten, World War II veteran and Morgantown native Russell Hayhurst was awarded his Purple Heart for injuries he received during a bombing mission over Vienna, Austria, in February 1945.

The humble Hayhurst attributes this honor to the newly named West Virginia Military Order of the Purple Heart Department Commander George Katchur, who he said worked tirelessly for the long overdue medal.

"I'm just honored to be among the elite," the 74 year old Hayhurst said. "I knew I was entitled to it, but I didn't think it was going to come. After all this time, this is really a special thing. I owe it all to Commander Katchur of the Purple Heart Association of West Virginia for getting it for me."

Hayhurst now holds the, oldest U.S. military decoration in current use, which he proudly displayed in its velvet-lined case. The medal, attached to a purple banner and adorned with a profile of George Washington, brought a smile to Hayhurst with each glance.

During the American Revolution, George Washington, at Newburg on-the-Hudson on Aug. 1, 1782, issued an order establishing the Honorary Badge of Distinction, otherwise known as the Badge of Military Writ or Decoration of the Purple Heart. It is awarded to those who received wounds in action against an armed enemy of the United States of war of armed conflict, or who lost their lives as a result of action by hostile foreign forces.

"I think my wife is as proud of the award as I am." Hayhurst said, with a satisfied chuckle



Member Russell Hayhurst of the 827 Squadron holds his Purple Heart after 55 years for injuries received in February, 1945 during a bombing mission over Vienna, Austria

Letters from Scholarship Awardees

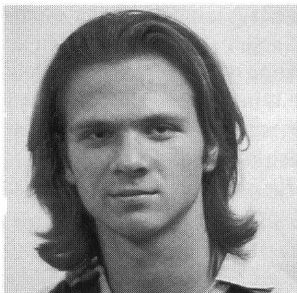
The Twelve Scholarship Awardees from Cerignola, Italy



Domenico Caputo

Domenico Caputo: Via Alassio 11, 71042 Cerignola (FG), Italy

To the: "484th Bomb Group Association." My name is Domenico. I am 17 years old and I attend the fourth year of Technical Institute for Surveyors. I knew I was chosen among other students to receive your prize. It represents the trust you have for me. I decided to improve much more, and all this thanks to you. In fact you let me know that my efforts and my zeal have been rewarded. Sorry for the possible grammar mistake (if I made any of them), but I promise to do all my best to improve my English, that I regards as the most widely spoken language all over the world. Thank you very much for this award. Yours faithfully, Domenico Caputo



Rosario Luigi Carella

Rosario Luigi Carella: .Via P.Borsellino No.4, 71042 Cerignola Foggia (Fg) Italy

Dear 484th Bomb Group Association- My name is Rosario Luigi Carella, I am seventeen years old and I attend the Liceo Classico in Cerignola. I am very happy to receive an award: it is the first time that my work is given me a prize and so I want to thank you. I think that your scholarship grants are a good initiative to encourage young students to study very hard, because it is very important to have a good preparation in order to face the problems of work and help the improvement of the society. Next year I will take the diploma of high school graduation and I will have to decide what kind of university I must attend. My greatest dream is to study physics abroad and then to become a physicist. I hope that my ambitions will be carried out through my study. Again thank you very much, Best Greetings, Rosario Luigi Carella.



Valeria Angela Rita Cristiano

Valeria Angela Rita Cristiano.: Viale G. Di Vittorio, #17 71042 Cerignola (Fg) Italy 2 May 2000

Dear members of the 484th Bomb Group Association, My name is Valeria Cristiano. I am a girl student of 18 years old and I attend the fourth year at the Scientific Lycee "Albert Einstein" in Cerignola. I am really glad to have won one of the scholarships assigned by your association. Thank you for giving me and other students the opportunity of receiving an award which can help us to realize our future studies and ambitions. Next year will be an important year for me because I will receive my diploma of my school. My dream is to become an engineer, so my study will be very hard. Thank you for your award and attention once again. Yours faithfully, Valeria Angela Rita Cristiano.



Mariangela Dagostino

Mariangela Dagostino: Via Gubbio No # 1 71042 Cerignola (FG) Italy, 03/05/2000

Dear Sirs, It is with enormous pleasure that I have learned that one of your scholarships, placed at disposal of the most deserving students of the schools of our country, has been allotted to me. I am really proud to receive it first of all because, it represents important recognition which does credit not only to me but also to my teachers and to the whole school. Moreover, it constitutes a good stimulus to my studies which, I hope will be rewarded by a degree in medicine. I would like to thank you for having granted me this great opportunity and I hope that this wonderful initiative which is a clear testimony of the enduring faith your country has for the students of southern Italy, and is continuing so that more students can study hard and some with the certitude that their diligence will be rewarded too, as it happened to me. Best Regards, Mariangela Dagostino.

Manuela Giannatempo: via XXV Aprile, #17 71042 Cerignola (FG) Italy 3 May 2000

Dear Members of the 484th Bomb Group Association: I didn't expect to win a scholarship, so when I received the fantastic news I was so happy. I thank you for this emotion and for this opportunity you gave me. I'm a student of 4 years of high school here in Cerignola. My name's Manuela Giannatempo and I'm 17. Although I've attended the high school here in Cerignola, I'd like to study scientific subjects at University, even if I know it will be very hard. With your help I could pay some university's fees or I'd like to spend some months abroad in England or in the USA, for example, because I know that the English language is important for an eventual job. I think this is a very good initiative to stimulate students to study more and to reach good results for themselves. With best regards, Manuela Giannatempo



Manuela Giannatempo

Maria Addolorata Melluso, via Strada Pavoni 6/D, Cerignola, (FG) Italy. Dear 484th Bomb Group Association, My name is Maria Addolorata Melluso. I am 17 years old in my third year at the Technical Institute in Cerignola, Italy. I am very happy to have won the scholarships assigned by your Association. With this letter I would like to thank you all for the prize I have received. I think this is an exciting experience mainly because I didn't expect it. When I finish school here, I will go on to the university probably in the center of Italy. My ambition is to become a lawyer or a graduate of economics and commerce. I want to use this scholarship to continue my studies and help all children of countries at war who have not been as lucky as me. Please send me a copy of your "Torretta Flyer". Thanking you for your prize once again, I remain, Yours faithfully, Maria Addolorata Melluso.



Maria Addolorata Melluso

Domenico Milella: Via dei Tigli, #15, 71042 Cerignola (Fg) Italy, 3rd May, 2000

Dear Members of the 484th Bomb Group Association: My name is Domenico Milella. I am 17 years old and I am in my 3rd year at the Istituto Commerciale D Alighieri in Cerignola. With this letter I wish to thank you all, for including me in the scholarship award program as it gives me a great opportunity to excel. It stimulates me to improve my work. I will go on to a University in the north of my country to become a computer programmer. I thank you all once again, for it will remind me that American Soldiers died for the freedom of Italy. Yours faithfully, Domenico Milella



Domenico Milella

Eugenia Muggeo: via Napoli, 5, 71042 Cerignola (FG) Italy May 3, 2000

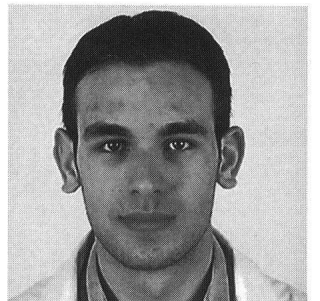
Dear Sirs, I'm Eugenia Muggeo a student of "Liceo Classico N.Zingarelli" in my third year. With this letter I want to thank you all for the scholarship. It's the first time that I have ever received one, which makes me very happy. Thanks, because your award of a scholarship makes my job as a student more of a duty to be complied with even without a premium. You give me and all of the students a boost for us to do our best every day at school. It's a big opportunity for me to receive this scholarship because I can reach a higher final score at the end of the exams. Thanks ever so much again. With best wishes, Eugenia Muggeo



Eugenia Muggeo

Giuseppe Palmiotta: Via Stella, 25, 71042 Cerignola (FG), Italy, 3 May 2000.

Dear Sirs: I am Giuseppe Palmiotta, a boy of 17 years, and I attend the Scientific Lycee "Albert Einstein in Cerignola. I am in my fourth year. On Tuesday 2nd May, I learned about the scholarship, and how pleased I was to be one of the recipients. Indeed it was a big pleasure for me to be chosen in the whole Scientific Lycee as one of the best students. This honor made my parents very proud of me. This scholarship is very important, because it is the clear sign that my qualities are acceptable. Consequently I am very proud too of myself and for this reason I do not know how to thank your company, "The 484th Bomb Group Association," for the attention paid to me. Yours faithfully, Giuseppe Palmiotta



Giuseppe Palmiotta



Maria Specchio

Maria Specchio: via Teulada, 12, 71042 . Cerignola (FG), Italy

I am Maria Specchio. I am 18 years old and I'm attending the fourth class of the Technical Institute "Dante Alighieri" in Cerignola. I thank you for having given me this opportunity I didn't imagine I would be one of the recipients of the scholarships, for this I'm very happy. For me too this is a great privilege because it will help my future study. I think this is an important experience and I hope to be able to know you and to thank you in person. Thank you again for your prize and to appreciate my work in which I've shown all my love and enthusiasm. for study. With Best Greetings. Maria Specchio.



Giuseppe Spina

Giuseppe Spina: Via 25 Aprile no #30 San. Ferdinando, di Puglia, Italy, May 3, 2000.

Dear members of association, I'm Giuseppe and this is my first letter that I have written. I am sixteen, and I attend the third year of the Technical Agrarian Institute. I attend this school, because there are a variety of subjects that attract my curiosity and that I have always read about with great interest. Thanks to this curiosity and diligence, I have been given a prize by your association; I think this is an incentive to study more and more. I will go on studying with great care. My family too thanks all of you too. I live with my family in San Ferdinando in southern Italy. There are three children in my family: two sisters, Anna and Rosaria. Rosaria is seventeen and studies at Trinitapoli and is very happy for me in winning the scholarship. Anna is ten years old and studies diligently too. I want to study more to exceed my own self evaluation. Please excuse my English, I know it is not perfect, but I am working on it. My thanks to all of the members of the Association. Ciao!!!! Sincerely yours, Giuseppe Spina

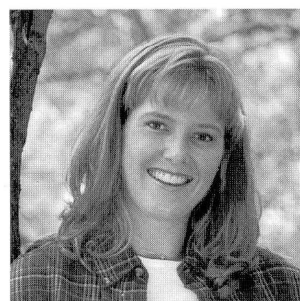


Quinto Tommaso

Quinto Tommaso: Via Candela No 65, Cerignola (FG) Italy, May 3, 2000

Dear Members of the 484th Bomb Group Association: My name is Quinto Tommaso, I am 18 and attend The Istituto Tecnico Agrario in Cerignola where I will graduate this year. I am very happy to have won this scholarship for my engagement in hard study I thank you to have chosen me among other boys. This prize I will use for continuing study at a university and, hope to become an agronomist with minor study in farm chemisry. In this way I hope be able contribute to progress of agricultural knowledge for my country and others as well. I hope to come to America for study and hopefully take in a little sight seeing as well. Best Greetings, Quinto Tommaso.

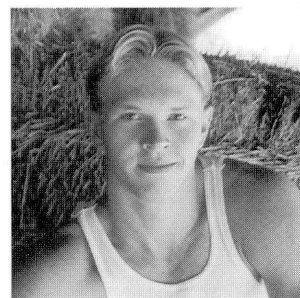
Two Scholarship Awardees from Harvard, Nebraska, USA



Jenna R Fitzke

Jenna R Fitzke: RR 1 Box 47a, Clay Center, NE 68933-9702

Shakespeare once said, "We know what we are, but know not what we may be." I have many dreams and expectations that I want to reach concerning my future. My career goal is to become a certified accountant. Next fall, after graduation, I will be stepping into a whole new atmosphere, the college life. I have been accepted at the University of Nebraska at Kearney. I love the school's teaching philosophy. Another opportunity that this college is offering me is the chance to participate in their Honor's Program. I'm jumping at this chance, as this extra challenge will push my imagination to new heights and expand my knowledge to better prepare me to meet the challenges of an increasingly diverse and changing world. I have always had a passion for working with numbers, Thanks to all of you from a previous generation, the people of WWII. Truly yours, Jenna R Fitzke.



Leif Erich Tobler

Leif Erich Tobler: Rt. 2, Box 84, Harvard, NE 68944

Hello! members of the 484th Bomb Group Association. I had planned to go into the new communication arts, made available by the Internet and computers, instead I will enter the medical field, and hope to practice chiropractic medicine. After graduating from a four year university, I will then move on to Palmer College of Chiropractics. Palmer is a graduate school in Davenport, IA. I hope to find a construction crew to work for as a means of income while I am attending school. After I have spent my first eight years out of high school getting my doctorate I plan to return to this area of Nebraska and practice medicine right here where I grew up. It's my 15 year plan which of course includes marriage and children. I want to thank you all for making it all possible. Very truly yours, Leif Erich Tobler.

Names of B-24 Aircraft of the 484th Bomb Group

Ship Name	Serial	Sqd	Nose No	Photos	Color
(Girl sitting on cushion)	41-29507	824	22	Vol 2, Vol 5	Olive
(pathfinder)	42-51853	824	201 X		
(Pathfinder)			701		
(sawteeth)	42-52708	824	10	Vol 4	Olive
(Sharks Teeth)	44-50738	824	28	Vol 4	
Akward Angel	41-29502	825		Vol 7	Silver
American Beauty	41-29530	827			
Bells Of St. Joe	44-48828	826	501 Y		
Big Dick	42-94740	825	31	Vol 4	Olive
Big Drip	42-52708	825			
Black Jack		2?		Vol 5	Silver
Black Jack II	44-40941	824	22	Vol 5	Silver
Bona Ventura	44-49580	825			
Booby Trap				Vol 2	
Broad Abroad, A	42-51993	827		Vol 2	
Buzz Job II	42-78268	825	41 L/33		
Century Limited, The	42-52641	824	25	Vol 3, 4	Olive
Collapsible Suzie	42-94758	824			
Cover Girl	42-51684	826		Vol 3, 7	Silver
Damned Yankee	42-52438	825	30		
Darling Darlene	42-52633	826	50 A/500 X	Vol 1, 2, 3, 5	Olive
Demaio's Delinquents	42-51988	824	15	Vol 3, 4, 5	Silver
Dream Girl	42-52671	826	53	Vol 1, 2	Olive
Dry Run	41-28803	826	61		
Duck, The	42-74737	827	83	Vol 1,3, 4	Olive
Dwatted Wabbit	42-52658				
El Pagliaccio	42-51925	824	14		
Fargo Express	44-40437	825	44	Vol 3	
Fargo Express	42-78289	825			
Feather Merchants. The	42-94733	824			
Fertle Myrtle	42-52371	824	19		
Flak Strainer	42-99851	825	14/44	Vol 3	Silver
Flaming Mamie	42-52632	826	55		
Flying Dutchman, The	42-52775	826	00/62 M		
Fuel Cell Fanny		824		Vol 3	
Generator Joe	42-52700	827	75 F	Vol 1, 5	Olive
Great Speckled Bird, The	44-48988	825			
Guardian Angel	42-52687	824			
Hanger Annie	42-50394	827		Vol 3	
Hell's Hangover	44-49936	827	76 J/ 79		
Hot But Not Smoking				Vol 7	Silver
Hot Rocks	42-52683	827	70 A		
Hotcha Babe	42-51694	824	24	484	
Hustlin' Hussy	42-52677	827			
Imagination				Vol 3	
Imagine	44-49738	826	62		
Knock Out	42-94738	827	81 L	Vol 3	Olive
Lady Luck, Pontiac Squaw	42-52774	827	84		
Lakanookie	42-52614	824			
Little Joe	42-50934	824	28	Vol 3	
Little Mac	42-50642	825		Vol 3	
Malfunction Sired by Ford	42-52668	824	10		
Mary Lou				Vol 7	Silver
Maximum Effort	44-50450				
Me Worry	41-28935	826	26		Silver
Miss Fire	42-52675	826	58 I		

The 484th Bomb Group Association

Miss Snow Job	42-94751	827	85	Vol 3, 5	
Moe's Meteor	44-50447	825	300	Vol 3	
Moe's Meteor	44-50557	825			
Novetta Maria	42-94747	826	57	Vol 1, 3	
OL' 45	42-52635	825	45		
Our Hobby II	44-50364	826		Vol 3	
Pagliaccio	44-50002	824	14		
Painted Lady	44-49988	824			
Peggy Ann	44-50476	827	83 N		
Pontiac Sqaw, The	42-94753	825			
Pontiac Squaw, The	42-52774	825	27	Vol 2	Olive
Pot Luck	42-51851	825	40		
Pretty Mickey		826	75	Vol 7	Silver
Puss n Boots	42-28835	826	64	Vol 3	
Ramp Rooster	42-52576	824	15	Vol 1, 4	Olive
Reddy Teddy Too				Vol 7	Silver
Robert E Manning USMC Sweet Revenge		826		Vol 4	
Roll Me Over	44-49939	827	74 E		
Rover Boys, The		824		Vol 4	Silver
Rum Runner	42-52660	824	21	Vol 1, 2	Olive
Sa Wrong Girl	42-52689	826	53		
Sally D II	41-29426				
Salvo Sally		826	63	Vol 1, 3	Olive
Savo Sally II	42-52697	826	63		
Sinful Cynthia	42-52661	827			
Sleepless Night	42-52653	825	36		
Sleepy Time Gal	42-94739	826	60		
Sleepy Time Gal	42-94734	825		Vol 3	
Snuffie's Pubing Mission	44-50319	825	31	Vol 2	Silver
Stew Bum	42-52602	825		Vol 3	
Strange Cargo	42-51967	826	61	Vol 1, 3, 4, 7	Silver
Stud Horse	42-52658	825	35	Vol 2, 7	Olive
Sweet Ginny Lee	44-10484	826	63 M	Vol 7	Silver
Sweet Revenge	42-52648	827	76 G		
Tail Dragan	42-94732				
Tailenders	41-29539	824	18	Vol 4	Olive
The Uninvited		826	70	Vol 1, 2	Olive
Toggle Anne	42-52705	826	52 C/65	Vol 3	Olive
Toretto Taxi	44-41110				
Troublemaker	42-52667	827	72 C	Vol 1, 3	Olive
TS-Chaplain, The	41-28860	826	501		
Umbriago	42-52684	826	54	Vol 1, 7	Olive
Uninvited, The	42-52683	827			
Vicious Virgin	42-49746	826	56	Vol 1, 2, 4	Olive
Vicious Victory	42-52715	825/826			
Vivacious Lady	42-94741	826	62	Vol 1	Olive
War Weary	42-95360	827	87	Vol 1, 2	Silver
Weary Willie	42-94755	825	33		
What's Cook In		826			Silver
What's Cooking	44-41143	826	55 F		Silver
What's Up Doc ?	42-78351	825	34	Vol 3, 4	Silver

Editors Note: This list was compiled from several sources, namely: Wally Forman, from his book B-24 Nose Art Directory; John Beitling from Kansas City who researched MACRs and passed on aircraft numbers to the Association, and from photographs members have sent to me. The notation of a Vol. number shows an album where a particular photo may be found. These photo albums will be on display at the next reunion in Dallas. There may be more names than are listed here, but this list represents what is known by the Association at the time of printing of this Flyer. Do send in your comments.

History of the 826th Bombardment Squadron



Adopted Insignia of the 826th Squadron, created by a French jeweler, and adopted by the 824th, and 825th depending on the number of slugs in the ammo belt. The 827th's insignia of a fist holding a lightning bolt was officially adopted by the predecessor company, the 5th Anti Sub Squadron.

Editors Note: Perhaps you are wondering why only the 826th squadron history is being presented here when there were 3 other squadrons? The reason is quite simple: The narrative shown below was locked in a trunk of 826th member Elmer C Martinson who had to quickly remove it from a flooding basement, thus a forgotten manuscript buried for over 50 years was rediscovered. There has not been a rediscovery of the other squadron histories as yet. It was written by Sgt Orville M Steward 826 Sq ASN 36820713. His whereabouts are unknown to the Association at this time. If anyone from the 826 Sq knows of him, kindly inform us. The paragraphs were taken from official sources. The 826th Bombardment Squadron was constituted as a Heavy Bombardment Squadron on 14 September 1943, and activated on 20 September 1943. It was redesignated: 826th Bombardment Squadron (Pathfinder) on 14 February 1944, and reverted back to 826th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy) on 11 November 1944, and In-activated on 25 July 1945.

It was assigned to the 484th Bombardment Group, 49th Bombardment Wing, 15th Air Force. The 826th was first assigned to Mountain Home, Idaho but changed to Harvard Airfield, Nebraska, 20 September 1943 to 2 March 1944, thence to Torretta, Italy 8 April 44 to 25 May 1945.

When the Germans capitulated on 7 May 1945 at Reims, France effective 9 May 1945 the 826th squadron was on standby till 25 May when it was transferred to Casablanca, French Morocco, where it was disbanded 25 July 1945.

It was in combat operation in the MTO and ETO but never performed pathfinder functions. Campaigns include: Air Offensive Europe, Rome-Arno, Normandy, Northern France, Southern France, North Apennines, Rhineland, Central Europe; Po Valley, Air Combat, EAME Theater. Decorations include Distinguished Unit Citations Munich, Germany, and Innsbruck, Austria, 13 June 1944; Vienna, Austria, 22 August 1944..

You want more history? Clean out your attics, basements, and barns.

Squadron History - 826th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy)

By Sgt Orville M Steward 826 Sq.

The 826th Bombardment Squadron Heavy was constituted on 20 September, 1943., activated September 20, 1943, redesignated Pathfinder on February 14, 1944, redesignated again Heavy on November 11, 1944. It was assigned to the 2nd Air Force for training to Kerns Utah. In accordance to General Order 135 HQ, 2nd Air Force, was activated by War Department Letter AG 322 (11 Sept 43) OB-L-AFRPG-M, with Kerns Field, Utah, as the field of activation. This was amended on 24 Sep 43 by WD Letter 322, and the Harvard AAB, Nebraska was substituted as

the field of activation.

Actually the cadre of the squadron was formed on 7 October 1943 at Mountain Home, Idaho with personnel mainly from the 5th Anti-Submarine command stationed at Westover Field, Mass, including the Squadron Commander Captain John B Paine, of Texas, holder of the American theatre ribbons, the Air Medal and two bronze oak leaf clusters, and defense service ribbon and rated as pilot,

While the actual formation of the unit was taking place at



Army Air Base Harvard, NE Winter 1943 published by the base photo Lab. Design credited to Ben Turner.

on exposed brains. However, at Pinecastle, a taste of overseas conditions prevailed. There the men stayed in tents and the food was worse than overseas. Some men went up to complain about the food and were informed that it was in keeping with the training as to what to expect overseas,

Back at Harvard, the cadre began to expand into a full sized squadron. By November 30th the personnel strength had increased to 25 officers and 227 enlisted men, including the assignment and joining of the squadron first Sergeant, Francis J. Gillespie of Pennsylvania.

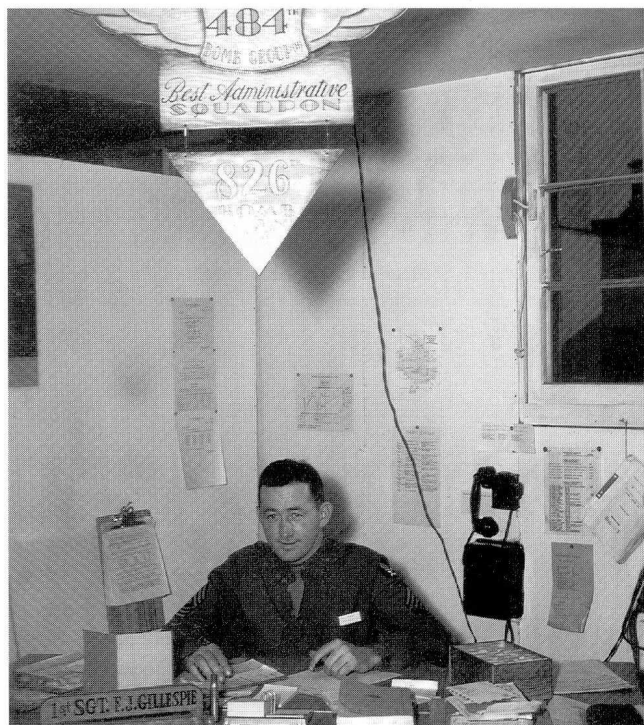
During the

Mountain Home, a group of key personnel left for fundamental overseas training at the AAF Tactical Center at Orlando and Pine Castle, Florida, and arrived at Harvard, Nebraska on 10 Nov 43 and were joined by 3 officers and 63 enlisted men arriving from Mountain Home on 17 Nov 43. While at Mountain Home, no major accomplishment was made.

The base was situated ten miles from the town which was no more than a railroad stop, it was remembered for the amount of gambling that went on there; the whiskey that was rationed from the liquor store, and which when brought to a bar was resold with a mix for 35 cents a drink.

At the base itself, the outstanding event was the chasing of the jackrabbits through the sagebrush. While part of the cadre chased rabbits in Idaho, the men in Florida fared somewhat better. At Orlando they stayed at the Air Force Tactical Center on the outskirts of town and had access to Jack Hollaway's night club, the entertainment at Phil Berger's, the Orange Trail Inn and when tiring of steaks at the San Juan Hotel, they switched to sea foods at the Spanish Villa.

Classes were of 50 minute duration with 10 minute breaks, and the ice cream man came around at 9 AM and 2 PM. The women were lovely, sociable and friendly, and the weather was ideal with warm days and cool nights. The men who attended will long remember the lectures received there, especially the lecture about battle conditions in which the men were informed as to what to expect. The sturdy and the not-so-sturdy took turns in passing out while being informed on the proper method of driving a nail into the tongue to keep from suffocating and, how to carry one's guts in one's arms, and the proper sprinkling of sulfa drugs



Orderly room, 826 Sq, The sign above 1/ Sgt F J Gillespie's head, says, "Best Administrative Squadron, 484th Bomb Group."

month of December 1943 the squadron began its second phase of training; shaping up and tempering into an overseas B-24 Heavy Bombardment Unit. The personnel had increased to 78 officers and 377 enlisted men, with various groups of men on detached service (ds) to specialist schools, and the squadron maintaining 13 B-24s for training, the first of which was long to be remembered and cursed : Aircraft #41-28537 received from the Fairmont AAB on 15 November 1943

With Captain John B. Paine at the head, the following key personnel formed the nucleus for the training of the squadron:

Executive Officer	Capt Walter V Hogan	- Calif
Operations Officer	1/Lt Abner O Mc Daniels	- Ohio
Intelligence Officer	Capt Robert L Cole	- Ariz.
Sq. & Flt. Surgeon	Capt Jack Shepard	- La.
Squadron Adjutant	1/ Lt Elmer C. Martinson	- Mass,
Navigation Officer	2/ Lt James H. Albertassi	- Mass.
Communication Officer	2/ Lt John W Mc Gregor	- Pa.
Bombardier Officer	2/Lt Charles R O'Leary	- Mass
Armament Officer	2/ Lt Harry L Collins, Jr	-Cal
Ordnance Officer	1/ Lt John L Crandall	- NY
Engineering Officer	2/Lt Norman F Sieh	- ND
Personal Equip Officer	2/ Lt Louis Patlogan	- IL
Supply Officer	1/Lt Raymond Ewen	- NY
First Sgt	2/Sgt Francis J Gillespie	- Pa
Line Chief	M/Sgt William A Pekala	- Mich
Flight Chief	M/Sgt Carl Williams	- Tenn
Flight Chief	M/Sgt Robert Miskimen	- Mass
Flight Chief	M/Sgt Joe A Ratigan	- Ill.
Squadron Inspector	Sgt Richard B Ross	- NY
Communications Chief	M/Sgt Raymond L Snyder	- Pa.
Armament Chief	S/Sgt Louis Romanelli	- Pa
Operations Chief	Sgt Andrew C Mc Kay	- Pa,
Intelligence Chief	Sgt Lee R Lucas	- Wis
Supply Chief	Cpl Harry Bradley	- NY
Tech Supply Chief	Sgt Richard P Fulbright	- N.C.
Transportation Chief	S/Sgt Henry B Kazmierski	- Pa.
Cemical Warfare Chief	Pvt Sandgo Robbins	- N.C.
Ordnance Chief	T/Sgt Raymond V. Snyder	- Pa,

By Christmas time, the men were becoming well acquainted with one another. The combat crews were flying, attending classes and lectures, and for the purpose of getting to know one another they were sleeping and messing together in a separate section away from the ground crews, Harvard had been explored and passed up for Hastings, Nebraska, 18 miles away, where the Wintergarden, The Blackstone, The 40 & 8 , The Hunt Club, and The Clark and Carter Hotels became familiar places. Whiskey was hard to get; and when obtainable, one had to purchase a bottle of rum to obtain the whiskey. On the base, Betty Lou and Mary Anne made the Air Corps Supply Section of the Air Depot the most popular place in the daytime. The civilian mess served a mammoth t-bone steak with french fries for one dollar; hot coffee and sugared doughnuts were served in the engineering office on the line every morning, and the service club put out a giant chocolate ice cream sundae for fifteen cents.

January revealed the squadron as a sturdy well-melded overseas tactical unit and the outstanding squadron in the group. The full strength of the squadron had been attained; and as of the end of the month and entering into its last phase of training, the 826th had 97 officers and 107 enlisted men.

2/ Lt Fred A Meier, Jr of New York replaced 2nd Lt. Norman F Sieh as Engineering Officer. Captain Claude A Trotter, Jr of Alabama took over as Squadron Operations Officer. Captain Hogan in lionizing the squadron had acquired the nickname of "Court-Martial" Hogan, and paradoxically, had captured the admiration of the entire personnel for inaugurating and taking an active part in the successful get-together squadron beer parties. By the end of January 1943 all the men were back from the various specialist schools and furloughs, the line was functioning efficiently on duty 24 hours a day. Even though the winter was severe, the men were qualified in arms, gas drills, aerial combat and ground defense tactics, and were inoculated with all the shots required for overseas service such as malaria, typhus, and dysentery. The men were physically qualified for overseas duty; after learning about camouflage, the perils of unsafe sex, through the medium of lectures and movies. Misfits had been weeded out. The morale was high; February ushered in the last phase of training, new flyaway planes replaced training ships and they filled the ramp, lined up wing to wing, combat crews and ground crews functioned in a coordinated teamwork manner, all the elements - personnel and equipment, organization and training, supply, maintenance were geared smoothly in an increased tempo of activity that reached its climax at the POM inspection which took place on 14 February 1944,

With the POM inspection over, the 826th squadron was decreed fit and qualified for overseas duty, Then came the hectic days of preparation of movement - crating, clothing issue, allotments, wills, powers of attorney, and farewells. The squadron administrative staff was awarded a plaque as the outstanding administrative section in the group. Captain Frank E. Oliver of Pennsylvania was assigned to the squadron as a Bombardier. The squadron was alerted on 20 February and it threw its farewell dance and beer party on 28 February. Rumor prevailed that the group was going to India. On the morning of 2 March 1944, 10 officers and 292 enlisted men comprising the ground echelon under the command of Captain Walter V. Hogan, departed from Harvard as per Par. 14 SO #61 HQ. AAF Harvard, Neb. dated 1 March 1944, leaving behind the air echelon under the command of the Squadron Commander, who were to join up with the ground echelon overseas.

Traveling east, the ground echelon arrived at POE, Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia in the dark of a rainy night on 4 Mar 44. While the stay at Camp Patrick Henry, was short, it will be remembered for its PX, the infantry and air force flare-ups, the KP detail which no one was excluded from and where a Master Sergeant and a Buck Private ran the China Clipper or mopped the floor. There was Lt. Mc Gregor's spill in the mud at the mock ship to remember, Sgt Newton D Baker's beery bayonet evasion, and Captain Hogan's remark of "I don't want you to go looking for a fight, but I don't want you to walk away from one either."

The infamous prewarned and precautioned clothing inspection took place on 11 Mar 1944 and the final (and rough) physical took place on the 12th. On the morning of 13 March, 9 officers and 296 enlisted men (2/Lt Bernard Stern was left behind), in

826 Sq Crews Flying The First Mission on April 29, 1944

<u>Rank</u>	<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Plane</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Nose</u>	<u>Crew Chief</u>
Capt	Paine	42-52689	Sa Wrong Girl	51	S/Sgt Price
Capt	Mc Clung	42-52675	Miss Fire	5	Sgt Mc Niel
Capt.	Trotter	42-52684	Umbriago	54	S/Sgt Mc Intyre
Ist Lt	Fairchild	42-52671	Dream Girl	1	S/Sgt Tessalone
1st Lt.	W. Dowd	42-124741	Vivacious Lady	22	T/Sgt Walker
Ist Lt.	Creasman	42-52697	Salvo Sally		Sgt Tullius
2nd Lt	Remington	42-52632	Flaming Mamie	55	S/Sgt Yates
2nd Lt	Lovett	42-94739	Sleepy Time Gal	60	T/Sgt Herrmann
2nd Lt	O' Oshea	42-52705	Toggle Annie	52	S/Sgt Collins
2nd Lt	Nash	42-9414?	Novetta Maria	57	Sgt Tullier

full pack, the squadron left Camp Patrick Henry, ferried across Hampton Roads and boarded the converted liberty ship, the "Lucretia Mott" at Newport News enroute to an unknown overseas station.

Edged into a huge convoy, the crossing of the Atlantic chronicled rough weather, sunny days, alert drills, days of seasickness, and one authentic enemy submarine alert. On 30 March 44 land was first sighted - the coast of Africa. Several hours later the Rock of Gibraltar appeared and increased in size until the "Lucretia Mott" knifed its way through the Strait and into the blue water of the Mediterranean.

On 1 April during the night and early morn, the convoy was attacked by enemy aircraft; our baptismal of enemy fire and the army jargon of "sweating it out" became factual, on the morning of 6 April 44, the convoy anchored outside the mined and netted, and peasoup fogged harbor of Augusta, Sicily, and proceeded inside when the fog lifted.

Augusta, Sicily with a canopy of barrage balloons, shore based anti-aircraft gun placements, semi-tropical-palm trees, darting British harbor craft, rowboat vendors of oranges, wine and cognac and the black market offer of four dollars for a carton of American cigarettes was our first studied overseas port. Captain Hogan lead a swimming procession in the chilled water of the bay, and for an hour or two the water splashed with the voluntary divers and the thrown bodies of non- volunteers.

On 8 April 44, the "Lucretia Mott" anchored in the harbor of Brindisi, Italy where the squadron debarked onto land and proceeded to entrain in a long string of Italian box cars which soon acquired the name of "30 & 4", for reason that thirty-four men were assigned to a car and thirty men suffered while four rested with destination unknown. The train headed north. It was mid-day and the poverty of the people, the dirty streets and homes, and the battle marred scenes, and the ragged and dirty countless begging children presented a preview picture of Italy.

At 0200 o'clock the train pulled into the yards of Bari, Italy on the Adriatic, which was undergoing an enemy bombing attack, and together with the frenzied explosional chatter of anti-aircraft guns, awakened even those sleeping off the lethal vino on the bottom of the human pile. At 0800 o'clock on Easter Sunday, 9 April 44, the squadron transferred from train to waiting trucks on the outside of Cerignola and were moved up to the Torretta Air Field. A desolate a place as could be imagined. There, in a light falling rain, the sheep were chased off the field and tents

were pitched. It was "C" rations for Easter, and a wet Italian sheep-dung smelling ground for a bed that night,

With the camp site established, the weeds chopped and the 'snakes St. Patrick'd', the organization began to function. On 14 April the first of the squadron planes and men arrived from Djedeida, Tunisia and by the 20th all had arrived and the 826th bomb squadron set up for conflict with the enemy. The total strength of the squadron was 95 officers and 403 enlisted men at the time, including both ground and air echelons.

The air echelon started leaving Harvard on 13 Mar 44 and were all out by the 19th. The 18 fly away B-24-Hs of the squadron flew from Harvard to Lincoln, Nebraska and from there to Morrison Field, Florida where the ships were prepared and the crews briefed for the trans-oceanic hop. On 24 Mar 44 at 0200 and at two minute intervals, the planes took off from Morrison Field and some landed at Waller Field, Trinidad, and the others at Brinquin Field, Puerto Rico and joined up the following day at Belem, Brazil. From Belem, the planes flew to Forta Liza, and Natal, Brazil, the jumping off place, and took off across the blacked out waters of the Atlantic and landed at Dakar, West Africa.

From Dakar the planes flew to Marrakech, French Morocco and from there to Djedeida, Tunisia, where in the face of the necessary secrecy the group and the squadrons, they were welcomed over the radio by Axis Sally from Berlin, even mentioning the Group Commander by name. At Djedeida, the squadron lost two planes by transfer to the 461st Bomb Group; and both crews headed by Lt Morgana and Lt Ray were transferred out of the squadron. The other sixteen ships and crews joined with the ground echelon at the newly established camp at Torretta Field, Italy, officially designated as APO 520 Us Army Air Corps.

In the week following the 20th of April, the line was set up with engineering, armament, ordnance, communications, and bombsight repair and storage. The planes were given a thorough inspection and prepared for their first combat mission. On 29 April 44, the 826th Bombardment Squadron (H), a component of the 484th Bombardment Group (H) of the 49th Wing of the 15th Air Force flew its maiden combat mission. The primary target being the marshalling yards at Drnis, Yugoslavia. At ETR time the entire squadron sweated out the return of the group, and all ten of the squadron ships came back in good shape.

In May 44, nineteen sorties were made, starting with the harbor installations of Parma, Italy on 2 May and finishing with an attack on the Ploesti Rumania oil and refinery installations on 31 May.



A domestic scene at the Torretta Airdrome that greeted the 826 Sq as they were moving in.

In the interim, such other names as Bucharest, Rumania; Bologna, Cesena, and Padua, Italy; Wels, Austria; Lyon, Solom, and Cornoules, France; Wiener Neustadt, Austria; had become laurels in the history of the 826th's combat accomplishments. With the Messerschmidt factories and airdrome at Weiner Neustadt, the factories, troops and marshalling yards at Bucharest; and the oil installations of Ploesti outstanding for their flak and fighter concentration, every ship in the squadron proudly wore numerous battle patches. C G Jones' "Vicious Virgin" came in with her top blown out by flak big enough for a man to crawl through and Yate's "Flaming Mamie" flaunted a flak hit that tore the entire side of the bomb bay out.

May also brought three outstanding changes. Captain Paine the Squadron Commander and Captain Hogan, the Squadron Executive Officer were promoted to Major. On 26 May, the squadron was redesignated from "Heavy" to "Pathfinder" in accordance with GO 528 HQ 15th AF dated 18 May 1944.

By the end of May the 826th was the only squadron in the group to have weathered the rough missions of the month without loss of a plane or man. Crew Chief McIntyre of "Umbriago", 42-52684, Price of "Sa Wrong Girl" 42-52689, Hessler of "Dry Run" 41-28803, Yates of "Flaming Mame" 42-52632, and C G Jones of "Vicious Virgin" 42-94746 and their crews were vying with one another in establishing a record of consecutive missions for their planes. The fierce rivalry of the ground crews in working against time and practically unsurmountable odds and lack of equipment in preparing their ships for the next day's mission evidenced the eagerness and the high morale of the maintenance men and specialists. The ground crews were keeping the ships in the air with adaptations of the proverbial bailing wire and masking tape, and the combat crews were taking them up in full confidence and enthusiasm.

The rains had ceased and the summer sun beamed its welcome warmth down on the earth, the enlisted men's club came into existence with a \$760 dollar contribution, and a tufa block mess hall was under construction. And the medics were engaged

in a major latrine project. Rest camps came into being, the beautiful song-honored Isle of Capri in the Mediterranean. San Spirito on the green emerald waters of the Adriatic gave a change of scenery and relaxation to the men. On 28 May Major Hogan, Lt. Ewen, Sgt O.M. Steward and Cpl Tracy drove down to Naples and rented the beautiful Villa Lamberto high upon the mountain side overlooking the Bay of Naples and onto the picturesque Mt. Vesuvius, for use of the squadron personnel coming to Naples for a three day rest pass.

June, the pearl month of the year and summer's rare gifted days came in warm with blue sapphire skies, tinged with red -for the fortunes of war bloodied the squadron for the first time. Sixteen sorties were made and new names like Var and Avignon, France; Vienna and Innsbruck, Austria; Munich and Blechhammer, Germany; Guirgiu, Rumania; Bus-soleno, Marrodi, Porto Marghera, and

Palo, Italy became familiar target objectives.

On 7 June 44, over Varm, France, T/Sgt Thomas E. Key, aerial engineer on Lt. Nichol's Crew in "Puss & Boots" (41-28835) was killed by flak. T/Sgt Alvin F. Petrillo, radio operator in the same plane, became a hospital casualty from a flak wound. They were the squadron's first battle casualties. On 11 June over Giurgiu, Rumania our ships were attacked by German Me-109's and in the melee the squadron shot down five enemy fighters (confirmed) but lost "Dream Girl" (42-52671) and "Umbriago" (42-52684). It was the squadron's first aircraft loss in action in 29 combat sorties. "Umbriago" was on its 23rd sortie and was credited with 33 missions. "Dream Girl" was on its 21st sortie and 29th mission.

"Dream Girl's" Crew was 2nd Lt. C.B. Odle, Pilot; 2nd Lt D. Douthwright, Co-Pilot; 2nd Lt F.A. Fayard, Navigator; 2nd Lt A.R. Matney, Bombardier; T/Sgt W.R. Owen Jr, Engr; T/Sgt C.D. Angelo, Radio Operator; and S/Sgts' Murtre, Burnett, Whitaker, and Bowersmith, Gunners. "Umbriago's" Crew was 1st Lt. L.Z. Rose, Pilot; 2nd Lt W. Hardin, Co-Pilot; 2nd Lt L. Falvo, Navigator; F/O D. Coleck, Bombardier; T/Sgt B. G. Olds, Engr; S/Sgts' J. Hartgrove, Humphrey, Kesey, Kennedy, and Laucella, Radio operator and gunners. Of Odle's crew, later news disclosed that Whitaker and Bowersmith were killed, and the rest bailed out and were captured but were released from a prison camp when Russia overran Rumania. Of Rose's crew, Rose, Coleck, Humphrey, and Laucella died; Olds, Hartgrove, Kesey and Kennedy were missing in action, and Hardin and Falvo bailed out and were captured and held prisoners of war until brought out of Rumania when that country surrendered.

On 13 June., over Innsbruck, Austria the formation was again attacked by enemy fighters and the 826th were credited with shooting down four Me-109's, but "Vivacious Lady" (42-94741) with 1/Lt R L Remington and practically a new crew other than T/Sgt F"Pop" Howland went down. Remington was captured and imprisoned; Howland and Lt Hassan, navigator and Lt Chapman, bombardier, evaded capture after bailing out and with the help of

partisans came back after 37 days of underground traveling through enemy country. The rest of the crew were reported missing in action and dropped from the rolls.

On June 9th, returning from Munich with an engine out, "Darling Darline" (42-52633) with Captain Lollar's crew landed at the Isle of Vis, Yugoslavia, but the crew and the ship returned several days later. On 12 June, "Sa Wrong Girl" (42-52689) after establishing a record of 26 consecutive sorties for 37 missions (the highest in the group) made a crash landing and was destroyed by fire.

In July, the fields were waist high in rustling ripening wheat; the construction of the mess hall at the northeast site of the camp was almost completed, and the medics had sided in north and the south ends of the camp with spaced two seater latrines made from steel gas drums and sided with canvas and rag box tin. Mosquitos made their appearance and so did atabrine and repelent. Lizards scurried in the grass, and moles pushed up knobs of new-turned earth inside the tents and out. Dogs enlivened the tent area, and showers were discovered at the 496th Service Squadron, a flowing river nearby became the "ole swimming hole".

21 combat sorties were flown during the month at the Herman Goering Tank Works at Linz, Austria; the Manfred Weiss Armament Aircraft Factories at Budapest, Hungary; the submarine pens at Toulon, France; the Messerschmidt factories at Friedrichafen and Weiner Neudorf, Germany; and other places like Tarascon, Beziers, Aviano, and Nimes, France resounded and rocked with the bombs of the 826th.

Two "Mickey" Ships were assigned to the squadron, and they went to crew chiefs Cushard and Price. "Miss Fire" went down at Corsica on 12 July on its 30th sortie, but returned in August.

On 10 July, Lt Fairchild's crew and Lt Nash's crew were sent back to the states on detached service after having completed 35 missions. Lt Fairchild's crew consisted of himself, Lts' Kellys, Sureck, and Cronin, Sgts' Ross, Bloods, Schley, Cox, Mason, and Holbrook; while Nash's crew included Lts' Fenick, Rubenstein, F/O Maniak together with Sgts' Hecht, Doerfler, Lopez, Fitch, Kowalski and Purdue. The enlisted men of the two crews were in a train wreck in Indiana on their way to a distribution base after their furloughs, and Schley, Hecht, Doerfler and Fitch were killed in the wreck.

S/Sgt Coopridner, the mess sergeant was transferred to the 825th. Lt. Porter was checked out as a first pilot and the flying combination of Ireland and Porter broke up as a team. Capt. Trotter, the Squadron Operations Officer made Major; 1st Lt Clare T Ireland Jr, made Captain and so did 1st Lt E C Martinson. 2/ Lt/ L Patlogan took off his gold bar and pinned up a silver bar in its place, Robert Keating and Thomas "Red" Meere were transferred to the 461st Bomb Group; 30 men were going to Naples every



A Foot Race ran in celebration of the end of the war in Europe May 1945, the squadron is not identified.

fifth day to stay at the villa and Major Hogan had a budding turkey and chicken ranch adjacent to the orderly room.

The summer August sun goldened the bodies, and the wind flurried the grey dust from the parched earth. Miniature whirlwinds-swept dust cones high into the air and myriads of bugs helped in the cussing of Italy and Mussolini.

Captains Mc Clung and Lollar received their gold leaves, and the squadron sent Miskimen, Jaraslaw, Donnell, Keith Berger, Coleman, Cole, Ramseyer, Casteel, Flavin, R Howard, Saucier, and Mulder back to the states for B-29 training. The squadron flew twenty combat missions during the month, hitting the gun positions at Genoa, Italy, Toulon, France; the chemical works at Ober Raderach, Germany; airdromes at Alibunor and Szolnok, Hungary, and Markersdorf, Austria; marshalling yards at Ferrara, Italy; oil at Lobau, Austria and Ploesti; and other targets at Avignon and Miramas, France, and Barovnica, Yugoslavia.

On 22 Aug 44, over Szolnok, Hungary, Lt Abbot and his crew went down in "Salvo Sally" (42-52697). It was the plane's 48th sortie and 65th mission. "What's Cooking" 44-411143 was assigned to the squadron and it went to crew chief Yates to replace "Flaming Mamie", while 42-51882 received on the 30th, went to Tesselone to replace the ill-fated 42-78364 which was wrecked and transferred to the 496th service squadron with only 4 sorties to its credit.

On 15 Aug 44, the 826th participated in the history making Southern France D-Day Invasion, earning not only another bronze battle star, but also was included in the commendation received from the Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces In Europe.

The enlisted men's bar room and day room were completed by the end of August and was formally opened on 2 September with a strip tease number as the entertainment of the evening. It



Darling Darline #50 flown by Clarence L Lollar crew 82 Sq 42-56633. Crew Chiefs shown from left: M/Sgt Clyde Jones, ? and M/Sgt Joe Dickman

was noted that beside other things, the personnel of the Squadron had acquired "wolf" tendencies.

September brought in new replacement crews and sent home with missions completed such old timers as Capt. C. Ireland, Lts' Dion, Enright, Gobles, Huntoon, R E Myers, and Myron Portor; Likewise Sgts' Daugherty, Barber, Bouchee, Koch, Johnson, Mathesius, Cornett, Kirby, Biernat, Kinder, Stromback, and Skolny. 2nd Lts' Mac Crum and Linkous were promoted to the rank of 1/ Lts, and Lt Floyd R Creasman was transferred to the 11th Air Depot. Captain R. L. Cole, The squadron S-2 officer moved over to group as Group Adjutant, and 1/ Lt John F. Holstius of San Francisco came over from the 825th as the new S-2 officer. Lt Holstius entered the army in July 1942 and graduated from OCS Administration at Miami Beach. As 2/Lt, he attended the S-2 School at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and was a classmate of 1/st Lt Norman Edwards, congenial Asst. S-2 officer.

A Unit Commendation (GO #9, dated 10 Sep 44) was received from the Commanding General for outstanding service. The ferry slips at Smedervo, Yugoslavia; R/R Bridge at Mitrovica, Yugoslavia, and troops at Ferroda, Italy came in for attacks by the 826th during the month from 10 September to 2 October, The planes of the squadron stripped of its turrets and turret guns and loaded with supplies, flew without escort to Dijon, and Lyon, France with high octane gas, ammunitions, bombs, oil, grease, and other supplies to feed the hungary tactical Air Force of the 7th Army who were way ahead of their normal supply lines in the early days of the Southern France invasion.

On 20 Sept the squadron sent 8 planes with crews and ground men under the command of Major Hogan to France; and Lyon, Avignon, and Istres, France, became familiar places and hotbeds of interest that restored the vim and enthusiasm which the unchanging decadency of Italy had dulled.

October brought the planes and the men back from France and immediate reconversion to combat operations. Casarsa, Bologna, and Milan, Italy caught hell and so did Vienna, Munich and Linz, Austria, as well as Komarom and Ersekiyvar, Hungry. Of the latter, 1/Lt Robson in "Dry Run" (41-28803) went down with Captain F. Oliver, Lts' Voss and Walrond, and Sgts' Dodge, Farnieri,

Dunmire, Wakolee, Reimer, Parsons, and Sykes. The plane was on its 60th sortie and 78th mission, all eleven men bailed out and after 45 days of traveling through enemy territory with the help of partisans, returned to the base.

Most of Major Lollar's crew went home after completing their fifty missions. The rest were Major Lollar, 1/Lt Petrie, T/Sgt Sweitzer, and S/Sgt Shorty Czaplicka; 1/Lt Shobee; Captain Dowds, the co-pilot also went home and, so did the Stedman Twins.

"Novetta Maria* (42-94747) after flying 50 sorties and 64 missions without an abortion was retired as war weary and was converted into a cargo plane. Major Claude A. Trotter was transferred to the 824th as Operations Officer, and Captain Mc Daniels took over as 826 Squadron Operations Officer in Major Trotter's place

The "spokes" was in the process of construction; the first and forerunner of the winterized tufa block living quarters in the tent area, and autumn was hardly noticeable except in the evening when the sun went down and the cool wind swept over the mountains, the skies at night were illuminated with crystal clear brilliant stars which together with a silvery moon, bathed the inked darkness of the night with dreamy illumination

November brought in the rains and the mud - ankle high thick gooey Italian mud that just wouldn't scrape off. The weather was wet and damp and chilling, with overcast skies that kept flying down to a minimum. Only 12 combat missions were flown during the month. Kapfenburg, Austria; Augsburg, Germany, and Villafranca, Italy became new names on the target roster of the squadron.

On 1 November, "Vicious Virgin* (42-94746) with 2nd Lt Simkins and his crew went down and were reported missing in action. "Cover Girl" (42-51684), Mc Intyre's second plane after flying 41 sorties and having 55 missions to its credit made a crash landing and was transferred to the 496th service squadron. Crew Chief Matthews' ship 42-52490 nose #59, was retired as war weary after 57 sorties and with a credit of 75 missions and was transferred to the Air Service Command.

1/ Lts Jepson and Holstius made Captain; T/Sgt Willie R. Ashurst Jr the last of the old timers, completed his missions and went home. So did T/Sgt Wesley R. Zink, 2nd Lt Stanley H Mauldin, the squadron's All American Football Texas star made 1st Lt, Sgt F W Mossbarger went home on an emergency rotation. On 6 November 1944 the squadron participated with the group in a review by Major General Twining, Commanding General of the 15th Air Force who on behalf of the War Dept. presented the group with a battle honor and presidential citation for meritorious achievement in combat duty,

The following GO (General Orders) from the (WD) War Department) milestone the Achievement Record of the Squadron. General Orders: War Department Washington 25, D.C. 4 January 1945

Battle Honors

As authorized by executive order no. 9396 (Sec.1, Bull. 22 WD 1943) superseding executive order 9075 (Sec.111, Bull 11, WD,1942), Citation Of The Following Unit In General Orders,

No.4116, Headquarters Fifteenth Air Force, 23 October 1944, as approved by the Commanding General, Mediterranean Theater of Operations, is confirmed under the provisions of section IV, Circular No. 333, War Department, 1943, in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction. The citation reads as follows: the 484th Bombardment Group is cited for outstanding performance of duty in armed conflict with the enemy. On 21 August 1944, the group was assigned the task of attacking and destroying the Lobau Underground Oil Storage in Vienna; Austria. As the main gasoline storage and distribution center in Southeast Europe, a successful attack on these installations would result in the immobilization of a decisive part of the enemy's air force and mobile equipment at a critical period in the war in the east.

Though under severe pressure, after a week of sustained operations throughout the night prior to the attack, the ground crews worked untiringly and enthusiastically to have their aircraft at the peak of mechanical perfection to insure the success of the mission. On 22 August 1944, thirty-nine B-24 type aircraft took off with maximum tonnage and set course for their destination. Despite the extremely adverse weather conditions which separated the group from its desperately needed fighter escort, they proceeded direct to the objective, in full realization that their unprotected formation might be easy prey for the anticipated heavy enemy interception. Deep in enemy territory the group was attacked by approximately 50 highly aggressive enemy fighters; with interception well coordinated along the entire route to the target.

The planned Eighth Air Force diversionary effort had been canceled because of adverse weather conditions and the enemy was able to commit all reserves safely continually throwing fresh aircraft into the assault, the enemy in a violent and bitter aerial battle used rocket guns, cannon, and machine guns in a desperate effort to break up the tight formation and prevent a successful completion of this vitally important mission. Consistent with their remarkable past record this group, with blazing defensive fire and superior formation flying, continually kept the enemy at bay and destroyed or damaged 13 enemy fighters for the loss of only 1 bomber. At the target a heavy concentration of intense and accurate anti aircraft fire was encountered which destroyed two more of their bombers. Despite this heavy enemy fire and overwhelming number of enemy fighters which continued to harass their crippled formation, the gallant crews brought their aircraft through for a highly successful bombing run, concentrating their bombs on the target to inflict grave damage to vital installations and supplies.

The completeness of the destruction inflicted on the enemy by the 484th Bombardment Group immobilized countless enemy aircraft, divisional motor columns destined for the support of ground troops on all fronts. Leaving the objective, they courageously battled on their way through the continued enemy opposition until friendly fighters were met and the return flight to base was made without further loss or damage. By the conspicuous courage, airmanship, and determination of the combat crews, together with the superior technical skill and devotion to duty of the ground personnel, the 484th Bombardment Group has upheld the highest traditions of the military service and the Armed Forces of the United States."

T/Sgt J. E. Douglass was wounded in action, and on 20 Nov 44, Lt. Simkins and his entire crew that had been missing in ac-

tion returned none the worse. Thanksgiving dinner was turkey and on 21 November, the squadron was redesignated from "Pathfinder" back to "Heavy". December brought no relief from the rains and the mud. The area and the fields were quagmires. The nights were cold and home made stoves burned wood, and oil and gas to warm the tents.

The squadron flew 13 sorties during the month and added such names as Maribor, Austria; Brux, Czechoslovakia; Odertal, Passau, Germany; and Vgnzone, Italy as targets. On 6 December, 2nd Lt Simkins and his crew went down for the second time and were dropped from the rolls as missing in action. Lt Simkins was flying "The Flying Dutchman", 42-52775 it was on its 51st sortie and 64th mission when it went down.

On 21 December, 1/ Lt's Norman F. Edwards Asst. S-2 Officer, and Fred A. Meier Jr, engineering officer were promoted to Captain. Christmas day was just another combat mission day and the turkey Christmas dinner was marred by the scattered and late return of the crews who had to land at various fields because of the weathered condition of the field at the base. It was rainy, cold, muddy, and the skies completely overcast. On 30 December, Captain F. E. Oliver was transferred to the 824th Bomb Sq where he took over as Executive Officer.

A white heavy snowfall fell as 1944 departed into the limbo of time and 1945 was born. The enlisted men's club threw a champagne party and starting at midnight the snow filled air resounded with mellow voices singing "auld lang syne" which mingled with the gunfire and flare bursts. The mud froze and the dampness disappeared with the coming of the cold weather. The weather was inclement throughout the month and only six combat sorties were flown. With one over that great flak alley, Vienna, 2 over Moosbirbaum, Austria; Trento, Italy; and Zagreb and Brod Yugoslavia.

1/t Lts' Linkous and Larson were promoted to the rank of Captain; 2/ Lt Harper was transferred to the 825th, and Captain Warne, 1/t Lts' Robson and Dooley, and T/Sgt F Dodge completed their missions and went home. The Squadron Commander flew to Cairo in No #57 as a Major and came back to find himself Lt. Colonel John B. Paine, age 24, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with six clusters. On 20 January, Captain Abner O. Mc Daniels, received his gold leaf and the camp manifested his popularity and promotion far into the night.

Russia was hammering away at the eastern front and on the western front, the German December offensive had been blunted and turned back. Flying weather made its appearance and the aerial pace was stepped up to a record breaking peak. 18 consecutive combat missions were flown during the month that taxed the utmost of everyone engaged in the activities of the squadron; hitting troops, and harbor installations, marshalling yards, oil, railroad bridges airdromes in Austria, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and Germany.

The unrelenting shower of bombs dropped over primary targets in a record breaking bomb tonnage. During the month, S/Sgt Newton D. Baker went home on an emergency furlough and permanent transfer to the States. S/Sgt Keith H. Dye of Hollywood, California, and Pvt Rudolph F. Krivohlavy of Iowa, both still citizens of Canada and Czechoslovakia, went down to Naples where they took the oath of citizenship and became naturalized citizens of the United States.

On 16 February, Aircraft 56 (42-78224) with Lt. Mason and a new crew went down MIA. On the next day, 17 February 1945

the squadron was hit hard when Captain Larson, flying in the "Mickey" Ship 501 (44-48828) collided in mid air on the way to the target over Yugoslavia with the lead "Mickey" ship 502 (44-49721) which was on its first combat mission, with Major Mc Daniels at the controls. Both ships went down. Major Mc Daniels was seriously injured and died on the 18th of injuries received in the crash landing. He was 23 years of age, one of the most popular men in the squadron, married, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with five clusters, the American and Mediterranean theatre ribbons and battle stars, the Squadron Operations Officer, his home was Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Larson's crew consisted of himself, his co-pilot, Lt Cummins, Lt. Rabinowitz, Nav, Lt Duke, Bombardier; Lt Mulcahy, Radar, and T/ Sgts' Morris and Unterberger, Engr, and Radio Operator, S/Sgts' Coke, Scheina, Mathison, and Unger, gunners. Captain Larson's ship went into a spin and never came out. Lt. Duke was the only one to bail out.

The crew of 502 consisted of Major Mc Daniels Pilot; Lt Dippel, Co-Pilot, Lts' Danowski and Schwartz, Navigators, Lt. Weser, Radar, Lt. Dowdey, Bombardier, and Sgts' Kolbe, Redifer, Clark, Hiser, and Mordica, Engr, radio operator. Lts' Schwartz, Weser and Dowdey, and Sgts' Redifer and Mordica came out of the crash with slight injuries while the rest were killed or died of injuries received.

On 20 February, 2nd Lt O.M. Colvin and his crew went down MIA over Southern Austria in #42-51882 on its 36th sortie and 42nd mission. and 1st Lt John M Mac Crum Jr, made Captain. In the evening a memorial service was held at the newly erected Miles Memorial Chapel for Major Mc Daniels and the men who died with him on the 17th. A quartette sang "Lord, guard and guide the men who fly" and Sgt Theodore A. Daum sang "One Sweet Solemn Thought".

On 21 February Major Walter V. Hogan was transferred to group where he took over as Group Executive Officer, and Captain James L Bennett, adjutant of the 827 was assigned as the squadron's new Executive Officer. Captain Bennett was commissioned in 1942 and came up from the ranks by way of OCS. He was with the old 5th anti-sub at Westover where he was an S-2 officer, his home is Handley, Texas, he's single, and 32 years of age.

Lt. Colonel Paine, completed his missions and was relieved of his primary duty of Commanding Officer and was replaced by Major Claude A. Trotter who came back to the squadron, where he received a great ovation at the enlisted men's club that evening in expressing their gladness in having him back and as the new Commanding Officer, and the men gave Lt. Col. Paine and Major Hogan a champagne salute of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." and farewell.

The new Squadron Commander Major Claude A. Trotter Jr came over with the original air echelon from Harvard. He comes from Petrey, Alabama and was 25 years of age in February. He entered the army as an Aviation Air Cadet on February 1 1941 with a military background of Marrion Military Academy and North Texas Aggies. He attributes his love of flying to his father, who is a Captain in the Air Corps stationed at Tyndal Field, Panama City, Florida. He was Air Cadet Captain in primary, basic, and advance training, taking them at Love Field, Dallas, Texas, Curtis Field, Brady, Texas., and Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas where he graduated and received his commission on the 26th of September 1941. Married a southern girl but is not a rebel. Prior

to joining up with the 5th anti-sub at Westover, Major Trotter, a 1/Lt then, worked on experimental flying with Major General Doolittle at Norfolk, Virginia in February 1942 when Lt/Col. Doolittle was working out his Tokyo raid with B-25's off the aircraft carrier Hornet in the waters of Norfolk. Major Trotter holds the American Defense Ribbon, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with four clusters besides the Mediterranean Theatre Ribbon and battle stars.

There was no easing up on the targets of Europe as March came in. The Western and Eastern fronts were in the process of their spring objectives and the Air Forces were up in maximum effort in tactical and strategic support. On 4 March, Lt Crockett and his crew in #61 (42-51697) went down in action over Muhldorff, Germany and were dropped from the rolls as missing in action.

On 9 March, Captain William H. Dowd, who had taken over as Squadron Operations Officer and the only remaining flying officer other than Major Trotter of the American and Mediterranean Theatre Ribbons, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal With Four Clusters, member of the old 5th Anti-Sub, a native of Stoneham, Mass., Boston College, and Graduate Aviation Cadet at Turner Field, Georgia and commissioned in April 1942 was promoted to the field grade of Major.

Warm weather brought in a general spring housecleaning and the camp area began to look spic and span. The tree trunks were limed white and so were the tufa block houses and buildings, giving the area a new and clean looking appearance, General McNarney, the theater Commander paid a visit to the group. M/Sgt William A. Pekkala, the squadron line chief, was transferred to the group air inspector's office and M/Sgt Carl Williams became the squadron line chief.

13 March 1945 marked the official one year overseas anniversary of the squadron. Its achievement was marked indelibly in the records of the war department and in the progress of the war in Europe. On 13 March it had participated in 156 sorties over the roughest targets in Europe; it had 30 confirmed Me-109's and Me-210's to its credit. and had achieved the distinction of being recognized by the Berlin Radio as "The Red Tailed Devils". It had participated in flights made in unbelievable adverse weather and flying conditions; it had given its men and planes an effort to the highest degree of merit and skill for the purpose for which it was activated, and as the anniversary month ran out and the end of the war in Europe came in view, the powerful roar of the squadron planes taking off vibrated the pride of the squadron in its officers and enlisted men and the part they had played in upholding the banner and cause for which they had so nobly given.

Moonshine:

Code name of US equipment used to produce false readings on German Radar, developed by Dr Joan Cockburn and first tested on April 6, 1942 for its ability to simulate bombers approaching Cherbourg. Moonshine was used extensively during the D-Day landings to generate the impression of a fictitious fleet approaching the Pas de Calias so that the Germans would not move reinforcements to Normandy.

826th Squadron Sports

By Orville M Steward

With the all-American pastime of baseball setting the pace, an unforeseen galaxy of stars and an extravaganza extraordinary, featuring such talent and organizers as Lew Bekeza, Murray Austein, the immortal "Shoes" Zamek, "Windmill" Day, and "Gabby" O'Leary of Ordnance, laid on a diamond hewn from an ex-sheep pasture. They worked it into a top-flight stadium. They were aided by the patient and unrelenting efforts of Lt McGregor, Captain Sheppard, and a host of GI's too numerous to mention. Special Service, who did a remarkable job of keeping equipment circulating and lending with a smile what they had. The ball field now in the shape of a small circuit was formed from different sections of the squadron. The Big 5 would be Engineering, Communications, Armament, Ordnance and a team composed of different members of combat crews. But it wasn't restricted to enlisted men.

More than once the "Wheels" took off their bars to pick up a mitt when the umpire shouted "Play Ball" If I may be so informal I will call them by their diamond names. Some of the favorites were "Lefty" Ewen, in the well, "McGregor", and the officers pitcher, the late Major McDaniel. A squadron bristling with such talent but an accurate record was never kept and today it is debatable to reveal who did win it.

When cooler days sent fellows running for jackets and abandoning their baseball gloves a more invigorating and stimulating sport came in. Yep, they converted the elliptical, ball diamond into a grid-iron. The sight of much hip-shifting and fleet footed athletes streaking and slashing facilitating the real McCoy, the knights of a grid-iron.

An attempt to organize a circuit put forth by "Big Boy" Bekeza, met practically the same fate as the baseball league, One powerful team developed, one that played the 451st to a 0-0 tie in one game time and two overtime periods. Along with players already mentioned came "Big Elmer" Benham". Jack Fuller, Joe Glenn, Johnny Zimma, and yours truly, Sgt Seward.

At the close of the football season and the setting in of true winter found the sporting blood of good "ole" 826th cropping out along other lines. Following the re-establishing and renewing of club and dayroom facilities, and the outbreak of such strenuous parlor games as bridge, chess, cribbage, checkers, pinochle, and ping-pong, a hot and fast moving tournament developed as a trip to Paris was offered to the winners. The lucky lads to win out were Clements and Rosenzweig taking bridge, Captain Sheppard winning chess, cribbage went to Monteith, Frank walked away with checker honors. Bekeza and Winslett were no surprise when they copped pinochle. All these retired from the group, except Filipek, and that boy is still going.

When spring air blew across the old sheep pasture and the

Big Wigs got together they produced a field day and what a gala event, an expose, a scintillating and exotic jamboree if I ever saw one, with humor and its more serious sports and pastimes, competition strong and real, and a milestone in our overseas career; an anniversary,

Lt, Gross was the only member of 826th to place in softball throw for distance, The only man to place in the crab race was Winslett, a late entry running a close third. In the event to follow, a three legged race, Constabile and Surret finished a beautiful second, giving us so far two places and a show, Until the combat shuttle race we were strictly in for second best, but we took that event, springing one of the greatest surprises yet, off "Bob" Moh's gain and Lt. Bodah's finish, (who incidently took the 50 yard event in grand style). We uncorked an undefeatable congregation of

exuberant talent. They were feats of deft footwork.

Following this track event came volley ball. Going into this event with untried talent we ended up a great second and that was a second that is not to be frowned upon by anyone, With a game apiece the boys started a rally that carried them from behind into a duce game, although uncertain winds marred the playing slightly, it was still the game of highest caliber and true sportsmanship.

Polishing off the headquarters outfit in a tug of war wasn't a walk-away, I'll tell you that, but

with effort they acquired powerhouse determination to drag and slide and pull their way into the semi-finals where that powerhouse was to meet the highly tutored 825th aggregation.

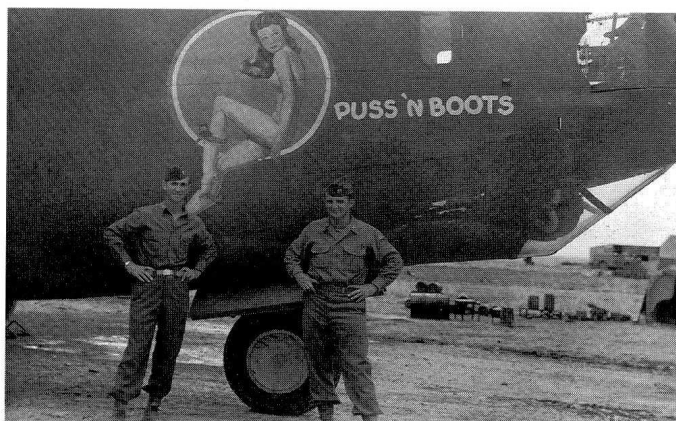
At the sound of the gun when the two powerful teams hauled into opposite directions, the whine and creak of the rope gave the necessary tell-tell of fiber under strain. Slowly but surely the effulgence of sport gave way to grit and brawn and plain beef, slowly but definitely our strength was ebbing away giving a little but still fighting, Ole Red Jones and Clyde Jones, "Shoes" Zamek, Zeke Bekeza, Earl Shrack, and anchorman Eicher, along with "Hefty" Enos & Fuller, Bell and Lt Vance, straining and fighting till the sinews and muscles of their chest and arms gave definite signs of their total effort.

Slowly they halted their opponents advance and then at a slight sign of the possibility of their regaining lost ground, ebullience ran through the crowd but again and again they lost foot-hold until finally anchor man Eicher made a stand on the line. He only poised there momentarily and then he was across. It was another great second, 826th finishing the meet three wins, three second place, and one third place, as Lt Browne shoved the slashing of his great mule dust in the mule race that followed. Not a bad day, and not a bad year either. Yep, it took a year.



Tug of War as described in text

**Some Photos of 826th Squadron Activities
Mentioned In the Foregoing Story, 826th Squadron
History**



41-28835 "Puss & Boots" T/Sgt Thomas E Key-E, and T/Sgt Alvin F Petrillo-RO, were killed by flak in this ship on 7 June 44 to become the Squadron's first battle casualties



42-52684 "Umbriago" Nose No 54, on a very early mission. Note: the insignias, and nose art have not been installed yet.



42-94741 "Vivacious Lady" as she looked after an early mission. She was lost on 13 June 1944.



Miss Fire made emergency landing on Corsica, 12 July 44. She returned to squadron the next day.



Col William B Keese (Cntr) raises his hand in salute at the summer ceremony when the first (DUC) Distinguished Unit Citation was presented to the 484th Bomb Group.



42-51684 "Cover Girl" made a crash landing on 1 November 1944 and was transferred to the 496th Service Squadron for extensive repair.

Combat History of Crew #147-29

By Dick Olson

On June 13, 1944 the 484th Bomb Group of the Fifteenth Air Force, headquartered at Torretta in southern Italy, earned the first of two Presidential Unit Citations for flying a costly mission to Innsbruck, Austria. The group lost 6 B-24s on the raid, including #42-94741, "Vivacious Lady". This is the story of the plane and its crew as told to the son of the co-pilot, Richard Olson, by the surviving crew members.

We were a good crew and we did some fancy flying," John Hassan told me. He was the navigator on the crew and he got his first taste of combat at Hickam Field on Dec. 7, 1941 when the Japanese attacked the base. He witnessed the destruction of the first B-24 lost in the war, a B-24A that was parked on the ramp outside the control tower where he was working as a radio operator.

"We were in combat crew training at Gowen Field in Boise, Idaho and the base commander was Colonel John "Killer" Kane." Kane had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for leading one of the groups that bombed the oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania in the famous low-level raid known as Tidal Wave.

"Training was almost as dangerous as combat," John said. "One snowy night we were on our takeoff roll when we blew a main gear tire at 65 mph. You normally don't survive something like that but your dad and our original pilot, John Kelly, kept the plane on the runway and under control and they finally got us stopped.

"John Kelly mentioned to me that he was eating in the mess hall one night when Col. Kane asked him what he thought of the training operation. 'For one thing,' Kelly told him, 'The tires on the planes are bald' and Kane replied, 'Well, we'll see about that!' There's Col. Kane with his Congressional Medal and John Kelly telling him to get some tires for the planes," John Hassan laughed. "Kelly is just a good guy with a big heart and a lot of courage. Well, your dad was the same way; He saved my life three times while we were together. They were men of such great personal courage that you weren't going to give them any BS or push them around. They just wanted to do their job to the best of their ability, but don't push!"

Walter Chapman, the bombardier on the crew, remembered a humorous story about a training session with Tommy guns at the rifle range. "We were told to only shoot them on semi-automatic, but your dad talked us into firing them from the hip on full automatic. We figured he learned that growing up in Chicago. We could have gotten in big trouble with the range officer, but we didn't care. Another thing I remember was that we had about 20 practice bombs that we needed to drop at night in order to finish our train-



POW camp photo of Richard Olson Sr

ing. We flew up to the range but they had turned the lights out on us. Then, we found that some of the bombs had frozen to the shackles. Al Houpt, our top turret gunner, and I ripped the bombs from the shackles and dropped them out of the bomb bay by hand. I went ahead and scored them as hits on the bombing range and we flew back to the base. I often wondered if we would have been sent overseas if we had returned to base with our practice bombs."

In mid-April, the crew went by train to Topeka and picked up a brand new B-24H, which they named Liberty Belle. John Hassan said they left Topeka for Morrison Field in Florida, flying loosely with 8 other planes that all left at about the same time. "A pilot was on his intercom and I distinctly heard him telling everyone on his crew to sit still and quit smoking be-

cause they were going to do a fuel transfer. About 2 minutes later one of the planes exploded in a big orange flash near Nashville, Tennessee. "Your dad and I reported that at Morrison Field but I never heard another thing about it."

I told John I had seen a picture of the fuel transfer pump for a B-24 and that it looked like something to be afraid of. "Listen," he laughed, "If your dad was alive he would tell you there was plenty to be afraid of on a B-24. One thing he used to say was "You look like you're feeling pretty good about the situation and that's because you don't know how bad things really are. Get back to worrying like you should!" The longest leg on the trip to Italy was the 16-hour flight from Fortaleza, Brazil to Dakar in West Africa. John Kelly told me "Hassan did a great job navigating across. I don't think we were more than a half-mile off course the entire trip." Bill Snyder, the Radio Operator, told me that they only had 200 rounds of ammunition for their guns on the way over, mainly to save weight, although they did have special containers full of mail in the bomb bay.

When the crew got to Italy, John Kelly became co-pilot on an experienced combat crew. This was a standard procedure to break new pilots in and get them used to formation flying under combat conditions. They could also get familiar with flak, fighters, and survival procedures under the guidance of an experienced combat pilot. The new pilot assigned to my father's crew was Hugh Sheetz, one of the original members of the 484th Bomb Group. The 484th had been flying operationally for only a few days when John Kelly and his crew arrived in Italy around May 1, 1944. On June 12, Sheetz and Kelly were flight-testing a B-24 that had just had an engine replaced.

The engine started to vibrate badly so they feathered the prop but it would not stay feathered. Eventually, the engine exploded

and caught on fire. They saw Pantanella AAF below them so they decided to try an emergency landing. They were unable to get down fast enough to make a single straight-in approach and they overshot the runway, firing flares as they came in. They found that they did not have enough power to climb out so they pulled up the gear and belly-landed in a wheat field off the end of the runway.

Shortly after the 4-man crew climbed out, the plane was totally engulfed in flames but no one was injured. Sheetz said, "One of the crash investigators told me that he thought he could have landed the plane but he added that he might have gotten everyone killed, too." Because of the crash landing, Sheetz did not fly the June 13th mission to Innsbruck. Neither did David Brown, the original engineer on the crew, who was sick with the flu that day. Replacing them that day was Lt. Robert Remington, pilot, and Sgt. Frederick Howland, engineer. The other crewmen are the same ones that had been together all through training: Richard Olson (co-pilot), Walter Chapman (bombardier), John Hassan (navigator), Bill Snyder (radio operator), Irwin Hansen (nose turret), Edwin Rogers (ball turret), Ralph Stokes (tail turret), and Alvin Houpt (top turret).

On June 13th, the 484th Bomb Group sent 37 B-24s to bomb German fighter production facilities at Munich. The group lost 4 planes to fighters on their bomb run although they were unable to bomb the target because of smoke screens that obscured it. They had to turn to their alternate target, the marshalling yards at Innsbruck.

On the way to Munich, my father's plane, "Vivacious Lady," lost its number one engine to mechanical problems and had to leave the formation, being unable to keep up with the group, which was still climbing. They made their turn to head back to base not long after clearing the Adriatic coast on the way north. Walt Chapman said that before they even finished their turn out of the formation they were attacked by German Me-109s.

The enemy fighters had apparently been following the group but were unwilling to face the concentrated firepower of the 4 squadrons. John Hassan said he saw at least 8 Me-109s attack his plane. Walt Chapman told me he was in the nose, calling out fighters as they came in from different directions. "I called the first one out at 6 o'clock and I remember Houpt in the top turret yelling at Stokes to open up. Stokes waited until the fighter was within about 300 yards before he fired and the fighter just exploded in mid-air. As I recall, Houpt got one, and someone in the waist or ball turret got one, too. There may have been one other one that our nose gunner shot down."

"Snyder was a hell of a shot with a machine gun and he should be given credit for 5 planes while flying on our crew" John Hassan said. When I asked Bill Snyder about it he said, "I don't think I got five but I got a couple." The records of the 484th Bomb Group give official credit for one Me-109 to Houpt, Stokes, Rogers, and Hansen on the June 13th mission.

Bill Snyder was given credit for one 2 days earlier on a mission to Giurgiu, Rumania. Walt Chapman headed for the flight deck to get his Mae West and parachute at about the time the bomb bay burst into flames. "No one told me to leave the nose but I knew we were gone" he said. "We were in a running fight that lasted about ten minutes and the fighters shot out two more engines and started a fire in the bomb bay. Let me tell you, nothing will get you moving like fire. I opened the bomb bay doors and put on my chute. I did not have time to get my Mae West on

and we were over water when I bailed out, When I left the nose to go get my parachute, I'm sure Hansen was still firing his guns.

"Maybe if I had stayed there, I would have been killed, too. I sat down on the catwalk in the bomb bay and I could barely pull myself out of the plane. Others on the flight deck were coming down right behind me and between the kicking and yelling, they persuaded me to get out."

"The plane was in a steep descent and I could not pull myself out either," John Hassan told me. "I'm sure your dad pushed me out. That just shows you what happens when the chips are down. You get a big hand in the back and a shove from a guy named Olson. We still had our bombs on board and we were lucky they were 500 lb. demolition bombs. If they had been incendiaries, I don't think we would have survived the fire. Alvin Houpt, in the top turret, had been hit in the legs and was unconscious.

"Lt. Olson pulled the release on my seat and dropped me down onto the flight deck. That brought me around a little and I remember him telling me 'Al, we've got to get out of here.'

"He got me down to the bomb bay and he jumped from the plane with me in his arms. He pulled my ripcord for me, too." Al sent me a nice letter after I first contacted him that said he always wondered what had happened to his crew and to the man who saved his life. In the waist, Bill Snyder was trying to help Edwin Rogers, the ball turret gunner, who had apparently also been hit. "I heard him say, 'I've had it,' Bill told me." I never heard him say anything else after that."

"The German fighters must have come up underneath us and hit him and Hansen too. I grabbed a handful of spent 50 cal. shells from the floor of the plane and threw them at the tail turret. Stokes turned around and looked at me, and I pointed to the open hatch in the floor and jumped. Stokes told me later that he knew what I meant and that he came out right after me."

Ralph Stokes reported in a later de-briefing that the bomb bay was "like a blast furnace." He also reported that my father said he saw 20 mm cannon fire bursting near the nose and that he thought some of the shells had hit the nose. The crew chief, Frederick Howland, must have jumped at about the same time as Stokes and Snyder. Irwin Hansen and Edwin Rogers never got out and fell with the plane.

Hugh Sheetz told me that he saw my father after the war and that dad told him that he did not pull his chute until he could see people walking around on the ground. He landed within a few hundred yards of some type of German garrison and was captured right away. He suffered shell fragment wounds to the leg and sustained a back injury that would not allow him to stand for several days. He said that Remington actually came down in the Adriatic Sea and had to float for 5 hours until an Italian fishing boat rescued him. He was turned over to the Germans and ended up in Stalag III along with Stokes, Snyder, and Olson.

Bill Snyder said that he landed in a freshly plowed field and before he knew it, a German soldier had a gun in his back. "I had taken off my heavy electric boots and it was hurting my bare feet as we walked across the field to a road. A young Italian girl was riding her bike on the road and she asked the soldier if she could give me her wooden sandals. I wore those sandals right up to the time I got to POW camp. I remember that Stokes was with me when they took our ID pictures. We sat together when they took our photograph and then they cut the picture in two. That way they only had to take one picture for the 2 ID cards.

"I saw your father in POW camp just about every day and we

were together again in Miami Beach, Florida at a redistribution center right after we got back to the states.

"My wife and I got married there and your dad stopped by and brought us a bottle of wine." Walt Chapman came down in a field where some farmers took his uniform and gave him some civilian clothes, as well as a

bottle of wine and a couple of raw eggs. They took him to a cave-like hollow under a tree near a river where he studied his escape map. "While I was there, another B-24 was shot down right over my head later that day. He was at the tail end of a group that was headed south, returning to base. I saw some chutes but it didn't look like all of the men got out. The next day a man took me across the river in a boat and there was a man on the other side who spoke to me in English. He said 'You're one of those American flyers that was shot down yesterday, aren't you?'" Walt told him that he was and the man said he knew where two of the other crew members were. The man took him to a farmhouse where Howland and Hassan were waiting.

John Hassan landed in a street in a small town called Gorgo. "When I was coming down in my parachute, one of the fighters circled very close to me and I could see the pilot looking coldly at me, with his canopy slid back. I put my hands over my head to show him that it was the end of the war for me but he did not acknowledge me. I was afraid he would try to collapse my chute by flying near me and gunning his engine but he didn't. I saw our plane crash into the Adriatic and there was burning debris on the water where it went in.

"When I landed, I climbed a Mulberry tree and stayed in it until it got dark. When I climbed down, I hid in a ditch and after a while I heard a noise behind me. There was a man standing behind me with a pitchfork and he spoke to me in Italian, which I could not understand very well. He took me to a farmhouse and the next day, Chapman and Howland were brought there too." It took the three men 48 days to get back to their unit and their escape is an exciting story in itself.

Haupt came down in a swampy area near the coast and crawled into the brush along a river levy. "I just existed there until my legs healed enough to start walking. When I needed a drink I would beat a depression into the ground and it would fill up with water. When I finally started walking out a soldier came up to me with a rifle and I guess he was asking me for papers. I pulled out my wallet and showed him a picture that I carried of my girlfriend. He leaned forward to look at the photo and he did not see that I had my .45 in the other hand. I swung it up and hit him right under the jaw. It knocked him out and I grabbed his knife and took off as fast as I could. I still have the knife in a trunk in the garage." Al showed me the striking picture of his wife that he held out to the soldier, and



From Left: Walt Chapman, m Dick Olsen (son of Richard Olson, and Bill Snyder

he showed me his scrapbook, too. He eventually made his way back to friendly territory with the help of sympathetic Italians and Yugoslav Partisans. It took him almost a month longer to escape than the other three men did. Edwin Rogers and Irwin Hansen were both killed on the plane. Their bodies were recovered from the Adriatic and buried in local cemeteries.

Hansen is now buried in the American cemetery in Florence, Italy and Rog-

ers is buried in Houston Texas. John Hassan told me, "Irwin Hansen was the youngest one on our crew and he was a fine young man-very quiet and good at his job." Hansen had a baby daughter when he went to Italy and a son was born while he was there. When I recently asked his widow if they ever knew much about what had happened to their dad she said "I never knew many details. All I could tell them as they grew up was how wonderful he was." I have not been able to find any living relatives for Edwin Rogers but Walt Chapman kept in touch with his mother for many years, just as he did with my grandmother.

He sent me a letter my grandmother wrote to him saying that she would not forget the day he called her to tell her that he thought dad was okay when they bailed out. I also have a copy of a letter that John Hassan wrote to my grandmother. In it he said that my father and him were both okay when they bailed out and that he was sure dad would be okay. When John Kelly got back to the states, he went to see John Hassan's mother since they were both from Pittsburgh. "His mom was pretty broken up about it but I told her that he would be okay and that he would get back"

John said. "He gave my mother my wallet and in there was about \$320 and a note telling where it had all come from" John Hassan told me. "I said to John Kelly recently that I told my mother I did finally get to thank the boy who brought her the wallet".

All members of the crew were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for the mission to Innsbruck. Unfortunately, through a clerical mistake, Walt Chapman did not get his medal in 1944 like the rest of the crew. The Air Force corrected the oversight on June 23, 2000 at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio when Brig. Gen. Jay Jabour presented Walt with his medal in front of the Museum's B-24. I attended two reunions of the 484th Bomb Group Association with Walt and had the honor of pinning my father's DFC on him at a dinner during one of them, before we knew if he would ever get his own.

I have also met John Kelly, Al Haupt, and Bill Snyder in person. It was a sad day when I found out that Al died in the fall of 1999 as did John Hassan, a great friend of mine. John was buried with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery and it was a great sight to see him receive that honor. These are all great men in my book and they have all been very generous to my family and me. Finding them all and getting to know them is something I'm very proud of and grateful for. I'm teaching my sons about these men and I hope that someday they will be telling the story about their grandfather and his crew to their children.

Correspondence

Editors Note:

This E-mail was sent from France from a college student researching WWII history. His question was. Did the 484th Bomb Group drop bombs on France? My response is below:



_julien@club-internet.fr

Dear Julian: To answer your question, The 484th Bomb Group did bomb targets in France. The list appears below

- Legend:
1= Mission Number
2= Date of Mission
3= Target
4= Number of B-24s flown
5= Tons of Bombs Dropped, Supply=Supply Missions to France, transportation of bombs, ammo, fuel, and oil for Gen Patton's army
6= Casualties, number of aircraft missing.

1	2	3	4	5	6
17	5-25-44	Carnoules	39	85.5	0
18	5-26-44	Lyon	38	81.0	0
19	5-27-44	Salon	39	83.0	0
27	6-7-44	Var R/R Brg.	39	95.00	2
35	6-25-44	Avignon	39	61.0	0
41	7- 5-44	Beziers	37	81.00	0
45	7-11-44	Toulon	40	87.75	3
46	7-12-44	Nimes	36	72.0	0
50	7-17-44	Tarascon	31	72.5	0
60	8- 2-44	Avignon	32	69.75	0
62	8- 6-44	Miramas	34	69.75	0
68	8-14-44	St.Tropaz	33	79.5	0
69	8-15-44	Beach 204 a	38	72.0	0
85	9-11-44	Bron	36	Supply	
86	9-12-44	Bron	18	Supply	
87	9-13-44	Bron	18	Supply	
88	9-15-44	Bron	18	Supply	
89	9-16-44	Bron	18	Supply	
90	9-17-44	Bron	17	Supply	
91	9-22-44	Bron	22	Supply	
91	9-22-44	Istres	2	Supply	

I hope this meets your needs, Best of luck on your study.
 Sincerely, Bud Markel 484th BG



Jeff Clark
 Bandit1200high@aol.com
 Dear Jeff:

In response to your E-mail regarding George K. Dickle. I have enclosed the flight crew that Dickle flew with. You might try Marty Scheina at strcloud66@aol.com He is a relative of George J Scheina last from the bottom in the list below. He can give you more information.

Rank	1st NAME	LAST NAME	UNIT
1/Lt	William L.	Archer Jr	826
S/Sg	William E	Biggs	826
1/Lt	Edward P	Bird	826
2/Lt	Francis M	Bunnell	484
2/Lt	George K	Dickle	826
2/Lt	Edward W	Drislane*	826
Sgt	James S.	Harkey(D)	826
T/Sgt	Michael S.	Jaroszewski(D)	826
Sgt	Oscar E.	Kough	826
S/Sg	George J.	Scheina (D)	826
S/Sg	Alfred G.	Strout	826

* He has been found and is now a member. Glad to be of help even though it's meager at best..

Subj: Flyer #35 pg-6&12/13

Dear Bud

March 23,1945 we made our 25 mission-where else but Vi-enna? We flew in #32 Squadron records show we flew 40, Johnson and another pilot flipped a coin. We got 32, and 40 went to the other crew-He was flying Ol'44. Photographer was Wild Bill Harris, our former waist gunner. Before we took off Wild Bill wanted to take pictures of us getting ready but we told him to take off (bad luck). When we hit the IP we got hit by heavy flak. Helms plane suffered a hit and left the sqdn, Johnson moved up and we made the Bomb run. #32 got hit in the strut of the Starboard wheel-we made it back to the field and crash landed. Lucky the right landing wheel swung outward and the hanging strut arm locked into the strut arm. We walked away from this one "CAPRI next stop. Ol '44 landed in Russian territory. The co-pilot Blackburn, was badly injured and lost a lot of blood-(he survived) The crew, less Blackburn, returned to our field-perhaps 3 weeks later. In the past year I wrote to Blackburn, and sent many photos of Camp Butner, NC; Harlington, Gowen Field; as well as Torretta Field. Maxwell Field wants copies, so Blanche & I have our work cut out. You really do not know how much we appreciate what you and Bea, have done for us re-cycled Flak Happy Junior Birdmen. If any reader wants to contact us about any of the above, our phone is 252-728-2769.

Take care again,
 Walt & Blanche Bondarchuck.



Orville Hommert

Granite City, IL
Dear Bud.

My name is Orville Hommert. I was on the mission of 17, December 1944. I was the tail gunner of Capt Marion Hammet's crew. On this day, the pilot was Major James Lyle, and Marion Hammet, now deceased, flew as co-pilot. We were flying in the formation Dog II. This was my 19th mission so was used to the routine on such missions. I did fly 35 missions, but this mission

stands out in my memory more than any other I flew.

I saw the whole attack take place when the German fighters attacked the 461st Bomb group I saw it all. I alerted the crew. I called out on the intercom as a 461st B-24 was going down. It was something like this: "a B-24 is going down" I hardly had it out of my mouth when I saw another B-24 going down and almost as soon as I said it, another B-24 would be going down. It was happening just that fast. I remember Marion Hammet, pilot of our crew, say on the intercom "My God there won't be any of them left." For awhile I felt the same way. We were then attacked by Me- 109's. I remember shooting at one coming straight in at six o'clock. I thought I hit him because he turned belly to us and dove straight down trailing smoke.

The 484th lost two planes on this mission. One was ship # 28 "Little Joe" flown by pilot Charles A. Himmler. He was flying in Baker 12 position. The second plane lost was # 38 flown by Rodger A. Martin. He was flying in Easy 22 position. Getting back to our box of planes in Dog there were 6 planes to begin with. One had to abort: #86 flown by pilot Lt Williams because of an oxygen leak.

As the German fighter attack continued a B-24 #38 slid out of his position and came up into our box on my right. I'm the tail gunner, but left as far as the box was concerned. He hardly got up next to us when fire started coming out of his bomb bay streaking along the bottom of the plane. The bomb bay doors were closed. In a matter of seconds he rolled over to his right and went down. I never saw him again.

Now this is the most bazaar thing which happened. I will always remember for the rest of my life. All of a sudden sitting right next to us is a ME- 109. He is just like part of our formation. He is just sitting there, not making any effort to attack us. I can hardly believe my eyes. At this moment our waist gunner who had him dead to rights, fired just 2 rounds when his gun jammed. At this point the German pilot looked over at me. I can see him plain as day. I saw him with his flying helmet and his oxygen mask on his face. At this point he waved at me and with a reflex action on my part I waved back. Then he was gone, winged over to our left and dove away. Again, I will always remember this. His ME109 was silver gray with black splotches all over it.

I have oftened wonder why did he do this daring yet foolish thing. Why didn't he try to shoot us down, was he out of ammunition or were his guns jammed I will always wonder and would like to know the answer to those questions. I have often wondered if he survived the war and is still alive today. If he is I'm

sure he will remember the story I have just told you. I have also wondered if the German groups have associations such as we have. If you have anything to add to this story I would like to hear from you.

Orville Hommert, 827 Sq.

Dear Bud

It was good to see Vernon Halliday's crew in the last Torretta Flyer. Vernon D "Doug" Halliday was a great friend, a fine craftsman, model builder and sailor. He returned to Flint, MI after the war and lived there for a while before he and his wife Lois, moved to Flushing, MI with son Richard, and daughter Gail. Called "Doug" by his friends, he was an engineer for Buick Motors Division for 41 years. He died of cancer January 18, 1984. For anyone who would like to write me, my address is 9373 Jamie Dr, Davidson, MI 48423-2828., Best regards, Joe Nedela , Davidson, WI
Joe Nedela AM-001

Dear Joe:

My files show: 1) March 24, 1945, Halliday's crew (826Sq) flew in 42-52833, Nose No. 53, Radio call D 2) March 25, 1945, Halliday's crew flew in "Toggle Anne 42-52705 Nose No. 52, Radio Call C. Toggle Anne had a long and interesting history. 3) On May 14, 1945 the crew flew in 44-50816 Nose No. 51, Radio Call B. They may have flown missions also on March 6, 1945, March 9, 1945, and March 10, 1945. I have no mission reports to back this up. Al Davidson can bring you up to date on Toggle Anne, He lives at: 1225 E Main St. Lowell, MI 49331-9313. Ph. 616/897/0654.

Best regards,
Bud Markel, Founder and President

Millville, NJ

Dear Bud:

Just received the latest issue of the "Flyer" #36, Winter- Spring 2000. I was a bit confused by the E-mails, top, bottom, and your reply on page 29 of this issue.

I refer you to past issues nos. 23, 24, and 30. In regard to losses of the 827th Squadron, they all read the same in respect to Major Donald C. Haldeman and crew, downed during a bombing mission to Weiner-Neustadt on May 29, 1944.

Issue 27 carries my story of this last mission on page 15. No one in the accompanying aircrafts could see us, "blow up" because, when we were bracketed up front by flak bursts, we fell straight down out of formation. Wonderfull pilot that he was, although wounded, the Major pulled the ship out of its fall, but then we were jumped by Me.410 fighter planes. In the losses list, it states, "FLK-CR near Graz". I did end up as a POW in a Graz hospital with both bones broken in my right leg, forehead burns and a piece of 20mm cannon in the same fractured leg.

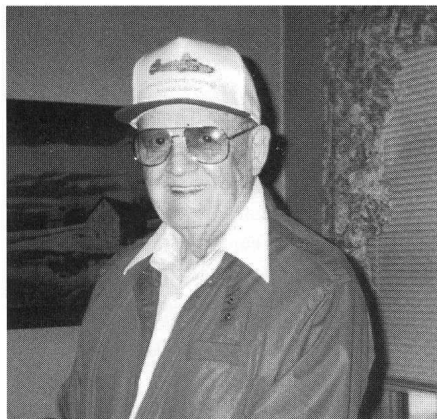
Actually four (4) crew members managed to bale out of the B- 24H, afire at both ends and full of holes. The radioman died of blood loss on the way down. The bombardier and nose gunner also suffered burns and wounds.

Major Haldeman took over our crew early in our training. He "bumped" our first pilot, ("Pappy" Papiano); then one of the regular gunners, (Jake Jazwa?), to make room for his own first engi-

neer who had flown with him in A-20's previously. The original engineer became second, but retained his combat station at top turret, the first taking over a waist position with the radioman; (in combat, of course). After we arrived in Italy, the Major switched bombardiers, using Lieutenant Joe McNamara thereafter as Squadron bombardier.

Major Haldeman would alternate co-pilots, using Papiano at times, (to our delight), but our co-pilot on our last "double mission" was a Lieutenant Deak; (or similar name, I'm not certain). Aside from the right seat switching, the same crew flew all of the twelve missions; (sixteen, counting four doubles, including the Weiner-Neustadt one). Hope the above straightens out the Issue 36 page 29, misunderstanding. Please review the references I provided.

Say it isn't so! You're going to fold up the Association on December 31, 2001?? You , and your staffs, handling of the Association and the Torretta Flyer was the greatest and most unusual



William L. Hogan

when compared with some other outfits of similar interest. i.e. The American POW organization's magazine is now like my Elks in outlay. You may recall that I'm a member and contributor of models to a museum at the local airport concerned with the fact that P-47 pilots were trained here during WWII. Membership consists of a lot of old veterans, but it is sustained by the interest

and help of many younger people who were not even born during WWII. Maybe this could be an idea to explore, or, considering how well the "Flyer" was assembled and presented, you could put out a comprehensive history of Group 484, its Squadrons and personnel. Of course, such a publication would be hard cover, have a price and be available to all of the public.

With a tear in my eye at your news of ending a fine association next December, I send my thanks for publishing my letters and a drawing now an then; plus fond regards.

Bill Thompson

Dear Bill:

In regards to yours of 2/8/2000, the book: OSS Agents In Hitler's Heartland, Destination Innsbruck. Praeger Westport,CN. ISBN 0-275-95470-6 tells of agent drops flown by one our pilots.

1) The single plane missions flown by the 484th Bomb Group were to the same targets as the multi plane missions, nothing unusual there.

2) I have no information on the 2641st Special Group. It was mentioned in the book Fifteenth Air Force the First 40 Years 1943-1983, issued by the Public Affairs Office, March AFB,CA. March is

no longer an Air Force operational base. Contact C E Ben Franklin head of the 15th Air Force Association, at CEBF@aol.com.

3) H2X radar sets were fairly reliable, because these were radio tube equipped, failure rates were considerably higher than newer sets equipped with transistors after the war. The 484th Bomb Group would schedule "Mickey Ships" (H2X) to the lead and deputy lead in the Able Box.If more Mickey Ships were available they were assigned to Dog Box. Dog Box would take over the lead if the lead planes in Able box were shot down. The Luftwaffe in one change of procedure would often aim their flak at the lead box. On several occasions the lead ships were indeed shot down. Some H2X aircraft in bare aluminum were identified by three digit numbers.

As for Lone Wolf Missions, yes the 15th Air Force under the operational control of the 12th Air Force (later the 2641st Special Group) did operate "Lone Wolf Missions.' and were flown by two special squadrons, one equipped with B-24s (859th Bomb Squadron) and the other with B-24s and B-17s (885th Bomb Squadron). They flew black painted airplanes to drop agents into enemy territory.

A few of the B-24's assigned to the 484th Bomb Group were painted gray. These were "mickey ships"(radar equipped) with squadron numbers painted in black. We had one aircraft in the 484th Bomb Group, 827 squadron originally delivered unpainted and subsequently painted gray overall except for the name "A Broad Abroad", (42-51993) which had been painted previously on bare aluminum. Some mickey ships were not painted and were identified by a three digit number painted on the nose, example "300."

As for clandestine missions flown at night from our base at Torretta, Italy there was talk about such activities, but the documents at my disposal only reveal small missions using one to three ships flown during daylight hours.

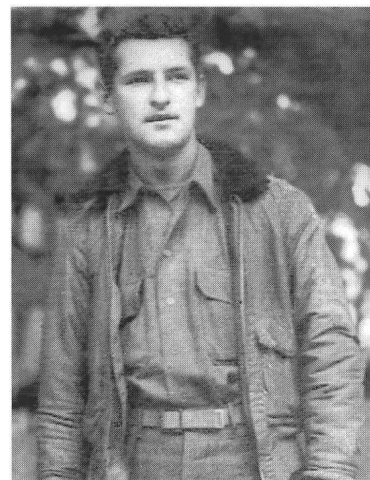
H2X radar used during WWII did not have high enough contrast displayed on the scope to help identify the target from the surrounding ground clutter. It took experienced radar bombardiers, and radar navigators to read the radar screens correctly.

Best regards, Bud Markel,

Shelby Twp, MI

Dear Bud:

You wanted a picture of myself when I was serving in France during WWII. The one shown here was taken Oct 8, 1944. I was wounded on a mission to Vienna 21 Feb, 1944 completing 35 missions., and was awarded six bronze stars to my EAME Service Medal attaining the rank of S/Sgt.



Thank you.
Chester C Hacias

Chester C Hacias,824 Sq

Reynoldsburg, OH.

Dear Bud :

Here is a picture of my crew of the 825th Sq.

Top Row From Left:

Sgt Lynn P Crytzer-G, Robert E Self-E, Sgt Leonard J Whetstone-G, and Sgt Homer H Knapp-G.

Bottom row: 2/Lt Robert J Swanson- C/P, 2/Lt Richard F Hugo-B, Howard Sheldon (Steinberg)-P, and 2/Lt Ryan O'Brien-N.

Not pictured is Anthony L Cartwright-G as he had already left the crew.

Your good friend,
Homer H Knapp



Earl F Harrison
Kingston,PA

S/Sg	E	Arthur J	Sullens	KIA
S/Sg	B/G	Bob	West	Dec
1/Lt	N	Stanford	Zeigler	KIA

Dear Earl:

In regards to the Truesdale crew, there were survivors. For Paul K Truesdale it was his only mission flown as command pilot. His crew on April 25, 1945 was:

With Best Regards,
Bud Markel

Position Able 31 A/C No. 43-52653 Nose No 36

Rank	Duty	1st Name	L Name	
Sgt	U/G	William	Brown Jr	
Cpl	T/G	Marshall L	Byford	*
Sgt	B/G	James F	Carney	*
S/Sgt	UG	R H	Christensen	POW
Cpl	U/G	James H	Edmonson Jr (D)	POW
2/Lt	N	J G	Gochenour	POW
Cpl	E	Edward F	Pratt	POW
2/Lt	C/P	Jack	Scott	
Cpl	N/G	Glendon F	Smith Lives in Gorham, ME	
2/Lt	P	Paul K	Treusdell	

* Current Member

Position Able 21, A/C 44-50762, Nose No 44

Blass		Did not fly 4/25/1944		
1/Lt	P	James	Denny	Dec
S/Sg	T/G	Earl F	Harrison	
S/Sg	N/G	Fred	Hellreigel	KIA
Sgt	U/G	David	Leap	
1/Lt	B	Roy M	May	KIA
S/Sg	RO	Philip P	Munning	
1/Lt	C/P	Ray E	Patheal	

Marty Scheina;
A Jeff Clark, e-mail: bandit1200high@aol.dot.com has an interest also in George K Dickle. I gave him your e-mail address, you may want to contact him.

Would you kindly give me the addresses of the crew members you did contact, Edward Drislane, and Oscar E Kough. The name Dickle may be misspelled as I did not find that name listed in any of the phone books. The name Dickel drew many references, none however with the first name George K.

Rank	1st Name	L Name	Unit
1/Lt	William L.	Archer Jr	826
S/Sg	William E	Biggs	826
1/Lt	Edward P	Bird	826
2/Lt	Francis M	Bunnell	484
2/Lt	George K	Dickle	826
2/Lt	Edward W	Drislane*	826
Sgt	James S.	Harkey(D)	826
T/Sg	Michael S.	Jarozewski(D)	826
Sgt	Oscar E.	Kough	826
S/Sg	George J.	Scheina (D)	826
S/Sg	Alfred G.	Strout	826

*Now a member
Regards and best wishes
Bud Markel

Veszprem, Hungary

Dear Mr. Markel,

Thank you for your mail on December 17. I am sorry that it has taken so long time for me to answer it. I have a new job at the Nokia at Budapest that keeps me quite busy, Even on the weekdays I do not have any free time for writing letters. At the Nokia we have started our new project. The work is very demanding requiring extra effort on my part, Because I am the greenest in my group, I have to work as effective as my colleagues. I spend every weekend here in Veszprem, so I use my address in Veszprem as my correspondence address.

Thank you for the documents and information you sent. I added new information to my databases with the data from you. I enclose the present extract from my list of American planes that went down in Hungary. In your letter you mentioned that there is a conflict with the serial number of Ruthenberg's aircraft. As you see I have not corrected the serial numbers yet. I enclosed a copy of the frame of the Microfilm Roll #A 1114. It shows all the lost planes for August 22, 1944. As you see in this frame these serial numbers (MACRs #8395 and #8252) are the same like in my list. Please write me your opinion about it, which version is the right one. Unfortunately I don't have copies of these MACRs.

I have enclosed some photos of the 42-52438 that went down on August 20, 1944 (MACR #7687). As you see in these photos there were two locations because the plane exploded into two parts in midair. The two parts of the plane hit the ground at two sites.

I studied the copies you sent from the issues of the Torretta Flyer. I found them very interesting. One of the articles was quite

special for me. It was a recollection about the mission on December 17, 1944. Unfortunately the page in which this given article is finished is missing. Please send me a copy of the Page 22 of the Torretta Flyer No. 29 -I am very interested in the missing part of the story.

I also enclosed a list of the airmen of the 484th BG who went down here in Hungary. I do not know the status of some of the airmen (status: POW, KIA or SOV) (SOV means that the given person landed in territory occupied by the Russians). Could you help me in filling the missing cells of this list. Please check these names I am sure among them there are several current members of your organization. I would be glad if I could get in contact with them. Can you give me their addresses?

That's all for now. Sorry again for my long silence. I promise you that in the future I will try to respond sooner to your correspondence.

Sincerely,
Nandor Mohos



Redondo Beach

Dear Nandor:

I have just received MACRs 7687, 7961, 8395, that will answer most of your questions. At the time of your last letter I did not have the MACRs. There will be a follow up letter forthcoming as it takes time to itemize all of the entries. I wish you the best of luck on your new job.

Bud Markel



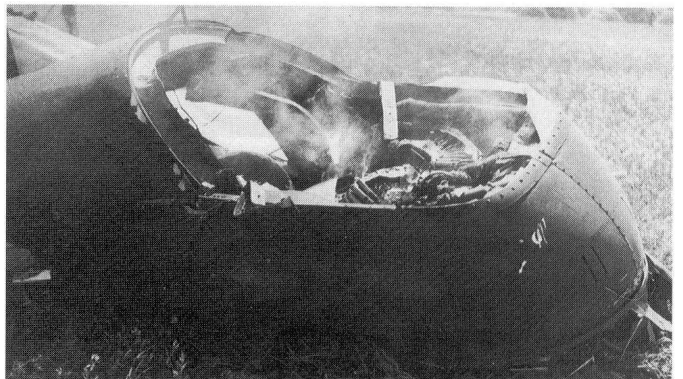
Part of a Main wheel showing the brake blocks



Tail section of No #30 42-52438



Loading one of the casualties into a coffin



Upside down Bombardiers Station

Mustang Ace

By Robert J Goebel



Robert Goebel in the cockpit of a P-51B

Captain Thomas Byrnes had become the Squadron Operations Officer at the beginning of June. He had completed a combat tour in the A-36, a dive-bomber version of the Mustang, while in the Twelfth Air Force and had joined the 31st shortly before the group moved to Castel Volturno. He was a combat veteran who learned quickly and flew boldly. Byrnes knew Stick Thorsen from somewhere. I assumed that Stick had something to do with bringing Byrnes into the 308th Squadron. Byrnes brought the nickname Twig with him. It had been given to him as the diminutive form of Stick-Little Stick, so to speak.

A diminutive name was appropriate for Byrnes. He was short, like my cadet pal, Brown Forbes. And, like Brown, Byrnes must have squeaked by the minimum height requirement with nothing to spare. His boyish face radiated good humor. His slightly protruding front teeth giving him a vague resemblance to Mickey Rooney, a youthful movie star of that period. Twig and I had hit it off from the first. We thought alike, liked to fly together, and enjoyed each other's company on the ground as well.

Byrnes had scored his first victory on the group's second P-51 mission, and he had gotten a second enemy fighter a month later, up near Vienna. On June 23, he was leading the squadron to Ploesti when he bagged his third, an FW-190. I never knew Tommy Byrnes to shirk a fight or his responsibility as a leader in the air. Perhaps that was his undoing.

On June 26, 1944, on a mission to Vienna, he had taken it upon himself to play guardian angel to a lieutenant colonel, newly arrived from the States. Twig was going to lead Blue Flight and had scheduled the colonel to fly on his own wing so that he could look after him. At the post-flight debriefing, I learned what happened. Some 15 miles northeast of Lake Neusiedler, Twig's flight got into it with a formation of Me-109s. Twig shot down one of them and was hotly pursuing a second one. The colonel saw another 109 lining up on Twig and called for him to break, which he appeared to do. The colonel last saw him in a steep dive at low altitude.

The Operations Report said: "Captain Byrnes was last seen

near 48 degrees 05 minutes North, 16 degrees 55 minutes East going in from 2000 feet." Not much of an epitaph.

I felt the loss of Twig keenly, and in my own mind I held the Colonel responsible for his death. This was patently unfair. It was an accepted fact that, with a new guy on your wing- regardless of his rank-you had better look after yourself; he would probably be too excited and confused to be of any use. But I was not interested in being fair. I had to blame someone, and the Colonel was it. Turning my anger on the German pilot who killed Twig never entered my head. That was different; that was one of those things. But the colonel-he should have done better by Twig, I thought, and I did not forgive him. But there was no time for mourning or recrimination.

The war went on. The next day, June 27, saw my fifth go in as many days. The assignment was a target-cover mission to Budapest. I had been to Budapest once before, in early June. We encountered no fighter opposition then, so I had been able to get a good look at the route and the area around the city. Budapest was about 450 miles from San Severo in a northeasterly direction. Lake Balaton was the principal landmark, lying to the west of the direct course, about 75 miles southwest of Budapest. The city straddled the Danube River and was really two different cities, Buda and Pest. This time the B-17s of the 5th Bomb Wing were to attack the marshaling yards; the 31st was to provide target-area cover. The new group CO, Lieutenant Colonel Yancey Tarrant, was flying with our squadron. I was flying as his number 3. He was another alumnus of an A-36 group and had come over to the 31st as deputy group CO a month before. Everything went as scheduled, and soon we were patrolling the target area at 28,000 feet. I called out an Me-110 twin-engine fighter that was passing beneath us. Since the Colonel had only started a steep turn, I cut inside him; dropped down on the German fighter; and, from almost dead astern, cut loose. I lighted him up pretty well; easier to lose your edge, to get complacent. Finally the bombers made their left turn off the IP and began the assault from east to west. As the first bombs began to fall, the lead squadron broke radio silence by calling out fifteen

to twenty Me-109s away to the northwest and high, at 32,000 feet. Everyone stayed with their part of the bomber stream, which had gotten strung out. Although the bombers were not attacked, everyone sat up a little straighter in the cockpit and redoubled their vigilance.

The increasing cloudiness above and below our altitude made doing our job progressively harder. Scattered clouds lying below the bombers allowed them to bomb visually, but the clouds above occasionally caused us to lose sight of the B-24s. In addition, the clouds were a potential screen for lurking German fighters.

Quite suddenly, without anyone calling them out, we collided with a formation of eight to ten Me-109s. It didn't seem like a bounce; it was more like the two formations just blundered into each other. I don't think anyone even called a break. It was instant pandemonium. The radio was useless, absolutely saturated by a half dozen pilots trying to transmit at once, I broke sharply, without even looking back; got my tanks off and my guns on; and went to full power. In the vertical turn the Mustang felt a little rubbery. I immediately remembered the fuselage tank, but it was too late to worry about that now; I was going to have to play the hand I had dealt myself. A lot of airplanes—both kinds—were going in all directions. In the brief instant I looked around, I couldn't pick out the rest of my flight.

What I did see was a 109 close on the tail of a 51 below me at about ten o'clock, 600 to 700 yards away. A string of tiny smoke puffs strung out behind the 109 told me the German pilot was already firing. As I took after them, I could see that the 51 was doing a lot of jinking. It hadn't been hit. Not yet. I was about 450 yards from the 109. With the spread harmonization the group used, I was still too far away to shoot—the inboard guns crossed at 250 yards and the outboard at 300. But waiting for a proper shot might prove fatal for the Mustang pilot. I tried to make a guess where the rounds would go at that range and snapped off as good a shot as I could get. The one-second burst produced one or two hits on the German's left wing, enough to make the pilot break off. Just as he did, I got off another burst, again getting a few strikes back in the tail area. Now he was turning hard! I tried to follow, but no way. My P-51 started shaking immediately. When I tried to force it into a tighter turn, it quit flying and fell out. The recovery was easy enough, I just let it go and it started flying again. The 109 was still there, above me now and still turning, almost opposite me. I thought I could see a thin streak behind him. Coolant! Was it my imagination? Was I merely seeing something I desperately wanted to see?

Reef it in! We became locked in a plain old-fashioned turning duel, a Lufbery circle. I was working hard, sweating. My heart was pounding as I tried to out turn him, playing the stick just to the point of a high-speed stall. Was it enough? He seemed to be closing on me a little, but then I saw that thin streak again. He really was losing coolant! But could I hang on long enough to get some help or until he overheated? He was definitely gaining on me. One-third of the circle was between his aircraft and mine, two-thirds between mine and his. In my semi panic I pulled the stick back hard again. Again I literally fell out of the sky and had to direct my attention to regaining control of the plane. Nose down, ease the stick. We were flying again. Now where the hell was he?

He was gone and so was everyone else. Several sharp turns confirmed it. I switched the fuel selector to "Fuselage," eased

myself into a cloud bank, and burned off the fuel in my fuselage tank as fast as I could. I was still pretty excited and not doing a very good job flying on instruments. The needle and ball went their own separate ways; the only time either one was in the middle was when it was passing from one side to the other. I was all over the sky. I just concentrated on keeping the wings level and dropped the nose slightly until I came out into the clear. I was still alone.

It didn't take long to get the fuselage tank down to 20 gallons, at which point I reduced power to normal cruise and went looking for the rest of my flight. I spotted the 24s straightaway. Since the R/T traffic was down to normal, I arranged for a meeting with the other three members of my flight and used the bombers as a marker. In a surprisingly short time, we re-formed.

I unhooked my mask momentarily and wiped the sweat from my face with my sleeve. My heart rate and breathing had slowed almost to normal. Finally, my aircraft was ready to fight, but I wasn't. Fortunately, no one was left to fight with—all the enemy airplanes were long gone.

Later, when I was telling Lam the substance of the encounter, as well as I could piece it together, I said I wasn't sure what kind of claim to make. "If you hit him and you saw glycol, why not claim a probable?" That was fine with me; Lam's offer was more than generous. A bit much, perhaps, almost getting my ass hammered and still making a claim. But who could resist an offer like that?

I couldn't forget my close call; I went over it again and again in my mind like a cow chewing its cud. Had the extra fuel made that much difference? Or was the 109 pilot that good? I had caught a Tartar, that much was certain. My brush with my own fallibility made me think of an old cowboy line: "There never was a horse that couldn't be rode, never was a cowboy who couldn't be thrown." So much for leaving the fuselage tank almost full, I thought. It'll be a cold day in hell before I try that again. But it was all of two months.

The next day, July 3, I was airborne again. This time it was back to Bucharest. We were to provide escort for the 304th Bomb Wing's B-24s, which were going to have a go at the Malaxia Locomotive Works and the Titan Oil Refinery there.

Takeoff from San Severo was at 0933, somewhat later than usual. This was to save fuel because we were going to have to take our bombers in and back out again without any relieving fighters. While providing close escort—scissoring back and forth over the bombers—the fighters actually had to fly much farther than the distance made good by the bombers. Thus, the fuel consumption for distance traveled was greater than it would have been if the fighters had been flying to the target on a straight course. At some small risk to the bombers, we often improved our fuel margin by moving the rendezvous point closer to the target and having the fighters take off later than the bombers.

The July 3 rendezvous was made 40 miles east of Craiova on time at 1141. After rendezvous, the R/T traffic began to pick up with a steady stream of bogie call-outs, so I called for my flight to drop tanks. About 15 miles northwest of the target, a gaggle of fifteen Me-109s approached the bombers in small groups from the direction of Bucharest, at 26,000 feet. I spotted two Me-109s above at about one o'clock. I think the leader saw my flight about the same time. He had balls, I'll say that for him. The two 109s started down to attack either the bombers below or the four of us;

it was a rash act indeed. Perhaps he had recently come from the Eastern Front and had no fear of Russian fighters, but we were not the Yaks or MIGs he was used to fooling with.

We broke into them. In thirty seconds he had discovered his mistake. As soon as we broke, he pulled straight up into a loop. Then, as he got over the top and started down, he rolled out, doing a sort of half Cuban eight. He lost his friend in this maneuver; the wingman continued diving, and I'm not sure anyone picked him up. I tried to follow my man, but I didn't have enough speed. In military-emergency power, I just managed to stagger over the top of the loop. But once I got the nose down, I accelerated rapidly. He had opened quite a lot of sky between us, but I had kept him in sight. Now I began to close the distance. We were in a long shallow dive. His wingspan gradually grew within the bright orange circle of my sight. A quick glance down at the gun switch verified that my guns were hot. I stayed slightly low in his blind spot. He may have mistaken my wingman, who was quite far back, for me, because the German continued in his descending, high-speed run. Although my wingman was way back, he was well out to the side, and my numbers 3 and 4 were wide on the other side. We had the poor bugger boxed in.

Now the 109 almost filled the sight; I had to be in range now! Surely I was no more than 200 yards away. I had the pipper low in the center of his fuselage when I squeezed off the first short burst. No strikes. Thank God our group did not put tracers in the normal load, or they would have given me away. I didn't like tracers anyway; they tended to draw the eye away from the sight. The pilot invariably wound up holding the trigger down, trying to steer the tracers onto the target, a nearly impossible task. Quickly raising the pipper almost to the tip of his tail, I fired again and was rewarded this time with strikes quick-flashing around the fuselage and wing roots. Then his prop wash threw me off him momentarily.

Before I could get the sight back on him for another burst, the pilot left his airplane. The 109's nose dipped suddenly, catapulting him out. His chute blossomed. I could plainly see him suspended beneath it, a dark, toylike figure, swaying gently as he floated down. I told my number 3 to take my wingman and his and to pull off a ways so I would be free to maneuver around the chute. Putting the gun switch in the Camera Only position, I made a pass at him, being careful to break off so my slipstream would not collapse his canopy. As I passed to the side of him, I raised my gloved hand in a half wave-half salute and then re-formed my Right.

It occurred to me as we started for home that he may have thought I was going to shoot him out of his harness when I lined up on him. Poor bastard; he must have really puckered up. We had heard that some in the Eighth Air Force were shooting Germans in parachutes, but I didn't believe it. I knew for sure that nobody in our group did it, and I never heard of an instance of it in our wing. I don't think we would have tolerated anyone who pulled a trick like that. Leaving chutes alone was not a written policy, just an application of the Golden Rule-no one knew when his turn to bail out was coming. This latest victory brought my total to four.

When the pilot strength of the group finally rose to an acceptable level, a few pilots from each squadron were occasionally relieved from ops to make use of the R and R facilities both in Italy and the Middle East. My turn finally came, a trip to Egypt

and Palestine. Tommy Molland was going too, as was Doctor Tom and Edge.

Captain Leland "Tommy" Molland was one of the few remaining pilots from Spitfire days and was, by any scale of reckoning, a fighter pilot's fighter pilot. He had joined the 31st in June 1943 at Korba North in Tunisia and had fought through Malta, Sicily, and the landing at Salerno. Three victory crosses decorated his Spit by the time the group left Castel Volturno. He was one of the few old-timers who took the change in aircraft in stride, continuing his outstanding combat record in the Mustang. He became an ace over Ploesti on April 21, 1944, when he scored twice.

Tommy looked the fighter type: handsome, of average height but lean, and he moved easily, with the certain grace that marked him as an athlete. He was not given to idle chatter, generally remaining quiet unless he had something to say and never using two words when one would do. But he could fly that machine; he was a great pilot and a courageous and resourceful leader in the air. I was pleased that Tommy would be part of the R and R group.

After an uneventful flight across the eastern Mediterranean in a war-weary B-17, our magic carpet, we were installed in quite a nice hotel in Cairo. We were within walking distance of Shepherd's Hotel, whose lovely garden beckoned and to which we hid ourselves most afternoons. We passed the time sitting in the shade and sipping our drinks. It was very pleasant.

We did make a halfhearted attempt at sight seeing, of course. We were taken in tow by a hotel employee who spoke passable English. At least, I think he was a hotel employee. He sported an official looking brass badge, which proclaimed him to be a dragoon (whatever that was). I don't remember what he charged, but it was not much and he earned it. He did all the negotiating with taxi drivers and tradespeople, gesturing wildly and speaking rapidly in Arabic. The discussions were often heated, but I don't think it was a show for our benefit, the prices he got for us were considerably lower than those paid by more adventuresome travelers.

We went out to see the pyramids but declined the invitation of one of the guides to enter Cheops, preferring instead to stage a camel race between Doctor Tom and myself. In spite of our best efforts, the poor beasts could be urged along only just fast enough to stay ahead of the outraged camel drivers, who ran along behind yelling unintelligibly. We called the race a draw and salved the drivers' ruffled feelings with a little extra bakshesh. The Sphinx, its chin supported by an impressive array of sandbags, looked down on us benignly. Then, suddenly, we were hot and sweaty and had enough. Back to Shepherd's we went. The train trip up the Nile to Alexandria was made in darkness, so we saw nothing of the scenery. We said little as we rattled and swayed through the warm Egyptian night, alternately dozing and observing the British soldiers and robed Arabs who were our co-travelers.

Alexandria presented a different appearance, more modern, and cleaner than Cairo-this last was not a particularly difficult feat to achieve. Not too far from the city was a horse-racing track with a fine clubhouse, the whole of which had been taken over by the British Army. There was a golf course within the oval, so Doctor Tom and I tried our hand at nine holes, stopping occasionally to marvel at the cluster of thoroughbreds that went thundering by. It was a delightful place to be in the summer of 1944.

I got sick in Tel Aviv-the pharaoh's revenge. Although I did manage the trip to Jerusalem, I aborted on the side trip to Bethlehem, spending the day in my room convalescing. Later we visited



An ME-109G of the elite Hungarian Puma Group Veszprem Airdrome, near Lake Balaton, July 1944

the Mount of Olives and Calvary. The surroundings, with their densely packed buildings, were nothing like the crucifixion pictures I had seen, however, and my preconceptions made connection with the real sites all but impossible. We drove past a police station whose lower floor had been blown out by Jewish nationalists a few days before, killing two constables. Is the Irgun on the side of the Germans?" I wondered aloud. Not hardly! "Then why are they killing Brits?" Doctor Tom started a long rambling discourse on the politics of Palestine that tailed off inconclusively. He didn't know either.

One of the Toms had found a girl and brought her up to the room for a drink. She was of indeterminate origin, but certainly a Middle Easterner and not bad looking, either, except for a gap between her two front teeth. She proclaimed more than once that "I am more byoothiful than Hedy Lamarr, only my theeth are too far apart." I thought that was stretching things a bit, but I nodded and smiled noncommittally.

Then it was time to pack up. I think all of us, but especially Molland and I, were happy at the prospect of going back home to San Severo.

While I was in the Middle East, Claude went off to gunnery school somewhere in Africa. I didn't even know there was such a school until I got back and heard his story. Exactly who did the teaching and what they taught was a mystery to me. I, for one, had found out all I needed to know about gunnery; I was perfectly happy with my combat intuition. If they'd tried sending me to the school, I'd have resisted going for fear that a lot of theory would cause me to start analyzing things, to start thinking too much. Unless they could show me a new way to get a zero-deflection shot, I was not interested. But I don't think Claude had anything to fear from too much desk work. It was an even money bet that while at school he drank and played poker all night and slept all

day.

He took a P-51 down there, so, when the course was over, he fired up his Mustang and took off for San Severo. Not far along the way, while still over some very inhospitable-looking terrain, his engine quit and he was forced to leave the airplane. His chute opened, and he landed without injury in a desert wasteland. While Claude was sitting on a rock, trying to collect his wits, several burnoose-clad Arabs rode up on camels and glared at him fiercely while fingering the hafts of some nasty-looking knives. Claude gave them his most disarming smile, which disarmed them not one bit. Then he tried his "Me American" thing, but that didn't impress them either. Finally he managed, by signs and words like baksheesh to convince them that they would be paid handsomely if they got him to an army unit. That they understood.

Their encampment was not far off. Claude was left to roam about among the tents while they made preparations for the trek to take him out, which they planned for the following day. Here Claude's narrative digressed a bit to describe the beautiful brown eyes that glanced at him furtively and invitingly over drawn veils. Surely this part of the tale was all BS. Stories about American Romeos being found with their testicles inside their mouths and the lips sewn together were passed around as gospel. True or not, they were enough to give one pause. Still, knowing Claude....

Claude and his guides started early and traveled all day and part of the next before coming to a small U.S. Army outpost. Claude had no idea where he was. After a few preliminary inquiries, arrangements were made to take him to their headquarters and thence to an airfield. He finally caught a ride to Italy and then to San Severo. He was unable to tell us where he went down or what reward his rescuers received. If they were lucky, it was a couple of cartons of cigarettes. But, knowing the Army's propensity for red tape, it was probably nothing at all. And as far as I could tell,

Claude's aerial marksmanship was no better than it had been before. One of the replacement pilots came to the squadron from a Fifteenth Air Force B-24 Liberator group right there in Italy. This kind of transfer was unheard of, and no one was quite sure how he pulled it off. Of course there weren't many bomber pilots who, after completing a combat tour, requested a fighter assignment instead of going home, either.

"Libby" was only a so-so fighter pilot, which was to be expected considering the different flying characteristics of fighters and bombers. But all of us respected his heart and his experience, and he was to not given the usual new-guy treatment. He must have really wanted to fly the Mustang. Libby's contribution to the cultural life of the squadron was to teach us a B-24 drinking song that became a favorite at the Officers' Club. It was sung to the tune of an old cowboy ballad, Strawberry Roan, and the first verse went:

Oh that B dash Two Four, Oh that four-engined whore, The men who fly in it are certain to lose, at fifty-five inches she won't even cruise, Oh that B dash Two Four.

One evening Libby and I got into a discussion on aerial gunnery, and I was surprised at the simplistic view he had of hitting something in the air. He didn't see anything very complicated about putting the sight piper on what you wanted to hit and then banging away. For one thing, I reminded him, the guns were in the wings 12 to 14 feet apart and about 4 feet below the gunsight. For the guns to hit what the sight was pointing at, it was necessary to angle the guns inward and upward so that the gun-bore lines met the sight line at some prescribed range. The effect of gravity was also a factor, since the projectile dropped about 4 feet from the time it left the gun barrel until it reached the range distance. The point at which the guns and sight converged was called the harmonization point and represented the ideal range at which to fire at a target. Beyond the harmonization point the trajectories began to diverge rapidly and to sink more quickly. Whereas the drop during the first half second was only 4 feet, during the next half second it was 12 feet. Even at ideal ranges, the pattern of shots was enlarged by slight inaccuracies in bore-sighting the guns, vibration of the gun mounts, and so on. Much beyond the harmonization point, trying to hit anything was almost hopeless-though that fact didn't keep a lot of people from trying.

Compounding these mechanical and physical factors were others relating to the skill of the pilot. He had to maneuver his aircraft quickly to bring the sight piper to bear on his aiming point and keep it there. In straight and level flight, this was not difficult. While climbing or diving, however, it was another matter. Except for twin-engine fighters like the P-38, which had counter rotating props, pilots of all single engine fighters had to contend with torque. On American aircraft, engine and propeller rotation caused the aircraft to veer to the left. A slight offset of the vertical fin was built in at the factory. It generated an aerodynamic force to just balance out the torque. However, this zero-yaw condition was only true at one airspeed and power setting. At a high power setting and low airspeed, as during a steep climb, the torque was greater than the correction; the pilot had to apply heavy right rudder to keep the ball in the center. Conversely, in a high-speed dive, the aerodynamic force was greater than the torque; the pilot had to use left rudder to keep the ball centered and the aircraft flying straight without yawing. The rudder-trim wheel on the left side of the cockpit could be moved right or left to increase or decrease

the aerodynamic force. To adjust the trim, the pilot manipulated the cockpit control that moved a small trim tab at the trailing edge of the rudder. The pilot, while looking through the sight, had to feel with the seat of his pants any yaw condition and automatically apply the correct rudder pressure to keep the aircraft flying true. The left hand was continuously on the rudder-trim wheel, feeding in the correct amount of trim to take out the rudder pressure.

Why was yaw important to aerial gunnery? Simply because if the aircraft were allowed to yaw, the line of sight was not pointing in the direction the aircraft was traveling. Any projectile fired while the airplane was yawing would be given a slight shove sideways-just enough to make it miss.

In addition to all this, if the target and the attacker were turning, the attacking aircraft had to be aimed out in front of the target so that the bullets and the target arrived at the same point at the same time. The correct amount of lead, or deflection, depended on the speed and angle-off of the target. Speed and angle-off had to be estimated instantly and converted to lead in terms of radii of the gunsight reticle. An Me-109 traveling at 300 miles per hour would cover over 200 feet while the bullet was in transit. A 90-degree shot at the 109 would require about 4 radii with a 100-mil sight. At 30 degrees angle-off, the correct lead would be half that, or 2 radii.

With few exceptions, all fighter pilots could fly well; only a handful could shoot well. Of these, a smaller number still combined their marksmanship with sharp eyes and aggressiveness. The really successful ones were not necessarily the hot pilots; rather, they were the ones who were always looking for a fight and who confined their shooting to low-deflection angles at very close range.

Libby sat silent for a minute, digesting my pontifications. I waited patiently for his response-a question, argument, rebuttal, something. Then he looked up brightly and said, "Let's have another drink." He would do, I decided. He was a fighter-type already, a true "Thirsty Firster."

The group had begun replacing the old B models with the P-51D and, about the middle of July, I flew the new model on operations for the first time. The D was a considerably improved airplane. It had a bubble canopy instead of the greenhouse-style enclosure, and the bubble allowed a lot better visibility in the air. Instead of the drab brown paint job, the new planes were NMF-natural metal finish. They fairly glowed in the sky. That we didn't need camouflage any longer testified to the way the air war in Europe was going: We were winning big.

Other changes were less visible to the eye but of equal or greater importance to the pilot. The sight had a 100-mil fixed reticle instead of the smaller 70-mil reticle. The new sight made deflection shots and range estimation somewhat easier. More important, the wing had been thickened slightly so that the armament now consisted of six .50 caliber machine guns set upright. Upright guns meant no more jam problem, and, for good measure, the P-51D provided half again as much firepower.

The significance of the increased firepower was driven home to me on July 20, 1944, on my 45th mission. The target was Friedrichshafen, a small town in southern Germany. The original home of the Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg, two famous dirigibles of the '30s, the target was on the north shore of Lake Constanz, through the center of which ran the Swiss-German border.

Because the Swiss border extended so far to the east, our planned flight path took us up along the east coast of Italy and the length of the Adriatic before we crossed inland at Venice. We continued northwesterly over the Alps to the vicinity of Innsbruck and then turned almost west to the target. This time we were taking the B-24s of the 47th Bomb Wing.

The flight was uneventful except for the Swiss gunners throwing up a couple of rounds at some heavies that apparently strayed over Swiss airspace. The gunners didn't hit anything, which I suppose was the idea; they were just establishing their sovereignty with a little show of bravado.

On the way home - somewhere around Bolzano, Italy I spotted a lone Me-109 stooging blithely along between cloud layers. I succeeded in slipping up on him from his six

o'clock low, a very vulnerable position on any fighter. As I pressed in I got my gun switch on. When I thought I was in range, I squeezed the trigger. Silence. Nothing happened. I glanced down quickly and saw that I had somehow put the gun switch in the Camera Only position. I knocked the switch into Guns and Camera and, when I looked back up again, the 109 filled the whole windscreen. The first rounds went home, and the flashes on the fuselage and wing roots made a pyrotechnic display the like of which I had not seen before. Pieces were flying off and whipping past me. I held the trigger down until I overran. Then I half-rolled so I was looking down at him through the top of my canopy at very close range. I could see the pilot slumped in his seat, but it was the damage to his aircraft that really shocked me. I expected to see some holes a little larger than the projectiles. What I saw were really huge, gaping tears, and the left half of the stabilizer was almost shot away. The 109 fell off on a wing and disappeared into the undercast. The plane was trailing coolant, oil, and smoke from the flames that appeared to be coming from under the engine.

The rest of the way home was uneventful. Coming down the Adriatic, I relaxed a little and pondered what I had just seen. Surely some of the damage must have been caused by the two additional machine guns, but not all. By accident I had been shown the ideal firing position; zero deflection and so close that you were positive you were going to collide. In a proper fight, that position might be hard to achieve, but shooting from any other position was probably a waste of time and ammunition. Later that afternoon I walked out to the parking area, paced off 200 yards from aircraft in various attitudes, and tried to visualize the sight picture in a combat situation. I realized that, when I thought I had been in range, I had actually been 350 to 450 yards out. I began to wonder

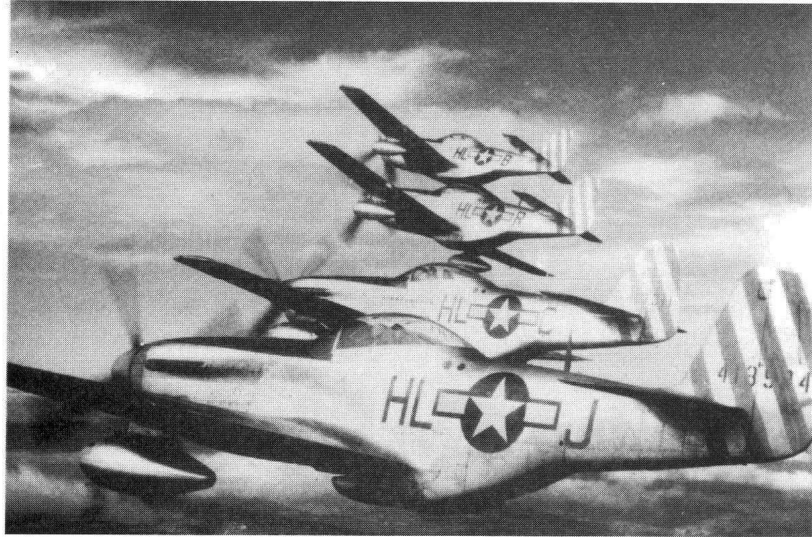
how I had gotten one victory, let alone five, which was my current score. I noticed that on much of the gun-camera film that was shown, the target appeared as a small smudge on the screen, hardly discernible as an enemy aircraft. Small wonder that there were no strikes to be seen; the pilot was firing at over 800 yards! In-

variably the unproud owner of the film protested vehemently, "That ain't my film. They got it mixed up with somebody else's. I was right on top of the guy." Commenting on someone else's film was not de rigueur, but I couldn't help thinking that the film had obviously been shot by somebody and that there was a hell of a lot of it.

The pictures of my last encounter were pretty spectacular except at the end, when the glycol and oil began to coat the camera lens. The film caused a murmur of comment from officers

and enlisted men. Afterward, while the projector was being threaded for the feature film, I caught sight of Langlois standing up near the front, waving to get my attention. He smiled broadly and gave me a thumbs up, I suppose for the benefit of his armament buddies, with whom he was sitting. I felt that I had redeemed him-and myself, too- from the ignominy of the time my guns had jammed.

This victory, my fifth, made me an ace. That was nice, but I didn't feel much different about it than my third or fourth. I'm sure that all combat pilots were aware of the distinction accorded the title, but in our outfit no one put a great deal of stock in it. There was no celebration-not even a handshake or a pat on the back from anyone, and I don't remember ever congratulating anyone else on his fifth victory. It just wasn't that important. Five did make a nice string of crosses on the side of my aircraft, though. With the paint still wet on the latest, I lost no time in having Little Henry take a picture of me in the cockpit.

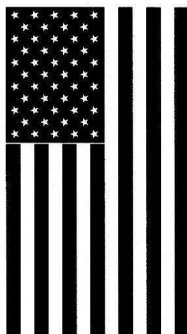


A flight of the 308th fighter Squadron over Italy

Editors Note:

The author of this book lives a few miles from me. Where he speaks of bomber pilots flying as fighter pilots, it brought to mind a story one of our pilots told me of his "days off" spent flying fighter missions. At the time I thought this was just another war story. Now, with the evidence in this book, I would like to tell him, I believe you. Unfortunately, he passed on some years ago.

Obits



Military funeral brings back memories of service

By Gordon Graham

The other day I attended a military funeral. I have been to other military funerals in the past, as a friend or relative of the deceased, but this was the first time I have ever been a part of the ceremony.

Being part of the ceremony was certainly not my intention when I showed up at the local VFW post home. I went there, I told myself, strictly as an observer and to show my support, but it didn't end up that way.

As the time approached to depart for the cemetery it was obvious there were not enough men present to form the firing squad so I became an unwilling volunteer. It has been over 50 years since I fired an army rifle of any sort and when I did carry one during service it was a 30 caliber carbine, not one of the more formidable weapons that I was asked to handle on this occasion.

In my mind, a military funeral is somehow different than other funerals and I did not want to be the one who screwed up the procedure. Every other one of these I attended in the past went off without a flaw. Would I be able to respond accurately to the commands after such a long period of time? Would I fire the rifle out of sync and make us look bad at such a solemn occasion? Fifty-plus years is a long time ago and I was not sure I could even remember how to do the manual-of-arms.

There was a lot of encouragement on the part of the men present and after a certain amount of cajoling I agreed to take part in the three-man firing squad. Even after agreeing, I tried to get out of it by saying I did not have a proper cap to wear to the ceremony! But this attempt failed when one of the men said he had an extra cap in his car. At this point I ran out of excuses and we closed the door behind us and headed for the cemetery.

By the time we got there some of the family members had already gathered at the grave site and others arrived soon thereafter. The family had made arrangements for a bugler to play taps and a piper in full regalia.

The clergy spoke and then the military aspect of the proce-

dure was handled by members of our post. Our post chaplain did his usual masterful job and the family was handed the customary folded flag of the United States.

The time had come for the rifle squad to do their thing. We were standing at parade rest and then the command came to "attention!" The fifty-some years suddenly disappeared, heels came together and the rifle came to my side in one motion. "Port arms!" With a firm grip on the rifle barrel and without hesitation my right arm rose upward diagonally across my chest, my left hand grasped the wooden barrel support and my right hand went down to the pistol grip on the stock.

"Ready" was the next command, and I took a half step forward. "Aim" and I brought the piece to my shoulder. "Fire!" The three of us fired in unison and it sounded as one, with the empty cartridges ejecting to the side. This was repeated two more times and my rifle came to the present arms position in front of me.

The mournful sound of the bugler playing taps in the background brought a chill up my spine as I stood at rigid attention. This always happens when I hear taps, but on this particular day it seemed more acute.

"Parade rest" and I brought my rifle to my side and placed my left forearm in the middle of my back.

Then the distinctive sound of the piper playing "Amazing Grace" was heard through the sturdy oak trees as he played this most meaningful hymn he moved slowly away from the assemblage and the haunting sound became quieter and quieter, till it faded away almost completely. What a moment!

The ceremony was over and the people began to disperse, each going his own way. The members of the VFW gathered briefly with friends and I returned the borrowed cap to its owner. It was obvious to me these men felt a real comradeship toward their fellow soldier and performed this ritual not as an obligation but as an honor and I felt a part of it. I went to this funeral as an observer and came away as a participant. I'm glad I went!

DECEASED MEMBERS OF THE 484TH BOMB GROUP For Torretta Flyer No. 37

Editors Note

The names set forth on this page were reported to the Association since the publication of Torretta Flyer No #36, Winter-Spring 2000. We have added the ASN, (Army Serial Number) and the date of passing when known. The information comes from Relatives, United States Postal Service, and Al Marcus. When you see the date of death as a question (?) mark, it generally indicates the information came from the Postal Service when an envelope is returned with the notation "deceased, return to sender." These same names plus any additions will appear in the memorial booklet that is distributed at the next reunion in Dallas, TX. As you already may have guessed, many passings still remain unknown to the Association.

Rank	Duty	1st Name	L Name	ASN	Unit	Mem No	Date of death
1/Lt	P	Edward P	Bird	0819946	826		?
S/Sg	R/O	Leroy A.	Blake	39107279	826		7/13/98
2/Lt	N	William	Boluch	02022852	825	129	1998
Sgt		William J.	Bowes	13168164	825	189	6/22/2000
2/Lt	C/P	Francis M	Bunnell	0200185	484		?
		William J	Delanzo	3392416	827	116	4/3/2000
T/Sg	R/O	Lloyd Russell	Edgecombe Sr	18151804	826	112	3/18/2000
1/Lt	B	Orville L	Fischer Jr	0694911	824		?
Sgt	U/G	James S.	Harkey	34851484	826		?
	N/G	John P	Hensel	16075830	824	016	2/13/2000
	P	Holly	Hitzing		824	083	?
T/Sg	E	Michael S.	Jaroszewski	15082820	826		?
Sgt	G	Oscar E.	Kough	33707461	826		?
Sgt		Albert	Padovani	31366912	824	215	2/8/2000
		Mrs John P	Roedel		827	108	12/11/1999
T/Sg	E	Charles M	Sweitzer	35571705	826		6/6/1968
Cpl		Franklin K.	Sword	35510096	827		11/12/1998
Sgt	f	Harold	Sykes	32889143	826		11/9/1979
Cpl		Milton S.	Sylvia	11116004	825		1/19/1984
		John J	Szcur		484		5/16/1986
S/Sg		Stanley J.	Szelag	31289562	827		2/11,1983
Sgt		Frederick W.	Taht, Jr	33872688	825		1/29/1974
S/Sg	G	Joseph P	Tassone	13188087			12/4/1983
Sgt		Leonard J.	Tata	36111474	826		?
Sgt	E	Henry A.	Tate Jr	6971302	824		6/6/92
Cpl		Harry	Taubner	32466674	825		1/19/66
Cpl	N/G	Frank J	Taylor	33834823	824		7/12/95
T/Sg	U/G	Robert K	Taylor	33571927	826		12/15/65
Sgt		Wesley A.	Taylor	31036274	826		6/27/87
S/Sg	B/G	William B	Taylor	15339402	824		1/3/45
Sgt		Frank J.	Telega	36594852	827		1/3/45

Helen Svela Wife of Earl Svela (D)

LeRoy A. Blake



LeRoy A. Blake. Note the tattoo

Castro Valley, CA

Dear Mr. Markel,

I am writing on behalf of the late LeRoy A. Blake. My grandfather, who passed away on July 13, 1998.

He loved being in the Air Force and often talked about WWII. He had some great stories and I now wish I had written them down. He was a Staff Sergeant in WWII. He was in the Army Air Corps from September 28, 1942 through September 25, 1945. He flew 51 missions accumulating 662 flight hours, 268 combat hours. He was a radio operator on a B-24. His training took him from Pocatello, Idaho through Harvard NE to the 484th BG in Italy

He was proud of everyone he was with, especially the crewmen he flew with, some of them became good friends. He was proud to be an American and was very patriotic.

He belonged to 484th Bombardment Group, 826th Bombardment Squadron (Pathfinder) USAF 15th Air Force, 49th Bombardment Wing. He had three (3) Oak leaf Clusters to his Air Medal and campaign ribbons for service in the Mediterranean Theater Of Operations.

He often flew with Capt. James M. Stewart, who also was the Operations Officer for the 826th Sq. Roy flew missions from the very first mission on April 29 to Drnis M/Y Yugoslavia, 1944 to July 21, 1944 to Brux, Czechoslovakia.

This wonderful man accepted myself and my children as if they were his own. I will always remember him and will deeply miss him. If I can be of any further help please feel free to contact me by my E-mail address: harley.honey@worldnet.att.net or by mail. Please remember this man and all the other men in the Armed Services.

Michael H Patrick, grandson,

Machael M Fleming, adopted grand daughter

Paul Vatterott

Paul Vatterott, Flight Surgeon 484th Bomb Group

The Association has just learned of the passing of the Flight Surgeon in June of 1989. After his service with Armed Forces he practiced medicine in St. Louis, MO for 32 years. He was the father of nine children, and grandfather of 33 grandchildren.

William J. Bowes

William J. Bowes, 77, of Pittsburgh, passed away 6/22/00 due to cancer. He served from 1942 to 1945 working on radios for the Bombers. He was at the "Harvard" Air Base in Nebraska, and the campaigns in Northern Africa and Italy (1945). After WWII, for 25 years he was an electrician at P&LE Railroad, and for 22 years a steam fitter with other businesses. He is survived by Ruth, his wife of 52 years, and three of his four children, also two grandchildren.



William J. Bowes

Joe R Bryant

Joe Richard Bryant, tail gunner, 461st BG, 765th Sq, Art Hughes Crew #90, was born 15 of March, 1925 in Clarksville, Tennessee. Preceded in death by his wife, Bettie, on the 17th of October, 1996. Joined the U. S. Air Force when he was 18 years of age. He was shot down over Germany went down in Yugoslavia. On the 20th of November, 1944 joined the Russian Army walking to Bucharest where the U. S. flew the crew back to Italy. Awarded several medals including the Purple Heart. He was not proud to be a killer. "May God forgive him". Joe came to Houston on the 1st of June, 1950 to attend the University of Houston studying Mechanical Engineering. He worked in engineering and design in the 1950's, then sales in 1958, including forming his own company, A. Aeron Bryant Equipment Company and was still running the business until his death. Joe liked to meet and communicate with people.

He is survived by his children: Pam and Robert Adams, their children: Lauren Preske and husband Mark (greatgrandchild Kenzi) Erika Lynch and Robert Adams; Mary and Bruce Gray and their child, Chris Gray; Debbie and Don Krause and their children: Emilie and Lindsie Krause; and Tom and Liz Bryant and their child: Joe Bryant.

Albert Padovani

Plymouth, MA- Albert W. Padovani, 83, of Plymouth, MA, husband of Mary L. (Lovell) Padovani, died on Tuesday, Feb. 8, 2000 in the Mayflower Nursing and Rehab Home in Plymouth. Mr. Padovani, a druggist, owned and operated along with his brother Harold, the Padovani Pharmacy in North Plymouth from 1946 to his retirement in 1985. He was born on Jan. 13, 1917 in Plymouth, son of the late Albert and Teresa (Lugli) Padovani. Educated in the North Plymouth elementary schools, he was a graduate of Nathaniel Morton Junior High School and Plymouth High School of which he was president of the Class of 1935. During World War II, Mr. Padovani served in the U.S. Army with the 484th Bomb Group. Besides his wife, Mary, Mr. Padovani leaves several nephews, including Alan H. Padovani of Carver and Joel H. Padovani of Plymouth; and nieces. He was the brother of the late Andrew and Harold Padovani and Rose Giabbai.

Leonard W Kiteley

Glendora, CA 91740

Dear Mrs Kiteley

Back in May of this year I received an E-mail from Susan Piorunski (rasu2@aol.com) Giving me some details of Leonard's life. I will of course publish an obituary, but the story will be much better with a photograph of Leonard W (Bud) Kiteley in uniform when he served with the 484th Bomb Group and of his flight crew. For your information, his flight crew is shown below. If you can add any more information on Leonard and his crew I would appreciate hearing from you. John Stonecipher sent me some photos via e-mail some time ago but they are not identified.

Duty	Rank	1st Name	L Name	Unit
T/G	Cpl	Earl W	Biesecker	825
N	2/Lt	William	Boluch (D)	825
G	Sgt	John V	Clyne	825
R/O	T/Sg	Robert F	Gibson	825
BG	S/Sg	Leonard W	Kiteley (D)	825
C/P	2/Lt	Myron L	Kuzma	825
E	T/Sg	Clifford F	Lee	825
G	S/Sg	Walter J	Purol	825
P	1/Lt	John	Stonecipher	825

With warm regards, Bud Markel



Naperville, IL

Dear Mr. Markel:

Last November, I wrote to inform you that my uncle, Leonard W. (Bud) Kiteley, had died. I'd like to give you a few more details at this time, and tell you a little bit about him, a wonderful family man, and a cherished uncle. He died on November 11, 1999, at the age of 76 after a battle with lung cancer. The day of his death was also Veteran's Day, and how truly fitting, for he was so proud to have served his country during WWII. He actually gave almost 20 years of his life to military service. During the war, he served with the 484th Bomb Group in Torretta, Italy, as a ball turret gunner.

His plane was nicknamed "Stud Hoss" and was piloted by, I believe, John Stonecipher. He spoke of his military days often, and one could hear the pride and love in his voice when he spoke of his experiences and of the men with whom he served. He served in both the European and Pacific combat areas.

My Uncle Bud led a very fulfilled life, was dearly loved and respected by all. He left behind his beloved wife, Odell, with whom he had shared 44 years of matrimony, two daughters Lisa Wolfe and Dana Faust and their husbands, and one son, Scott Kiteley. He was the proud grandpa of Crystal Pratt and Jeff, Brian, and Kristen Faust.

He touched so many lives, in so many ways, that to say he will be missed is surely an understatement. He had a wonderful sense of humor, and told stories that would leave his listeners hanging on to his every word and begging for more. It was a tragedy that only shortly before his death he learned of your group, his former comrades in arms, and had he not been so ill at the time, would have gone to the reunion in St. Louis. In fact, he had planned on it, had looked forward to it with tremendous anticipation, before getting sidelined by his illness.

Thank you for taking the time to read this, and if you see fit

to post it in your publication, please let us know how it would be possible to procure a copy of it as a keepsake. If you wish to correspond with his widow her address is as follows: Odell Kiteley, 1630 S Barranca Sp #110, Glendora CA 91740.

Susan Piorunski

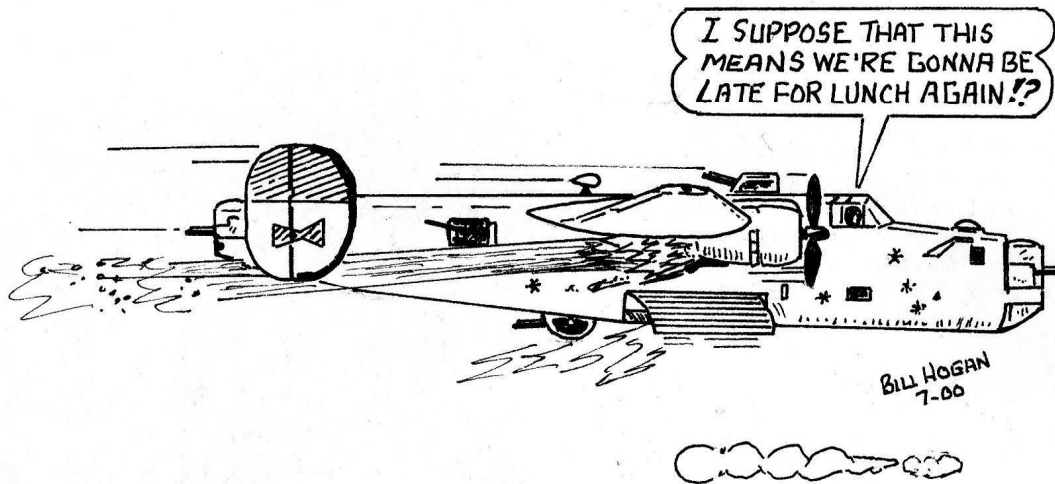


Kiteley's flight crew, From left: Walter J Purol-UG, Leonard Kiteley-BG, John Stonecipher-P, Pete Kusma-CP, Clifford F Lee-E, Jake Biesecker-TG, Bill Boluch-N, John V Clyne NG, Robert F Gibson- RO. John Stonecipher photo

Edward O Nesheim



Capt. Edward O Nesheim, Ordnance Officer 824 Sq has passed away after a lingering illness. He was well liked by the men who worked with him and wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty. Drafted in 1941 he progressed from private to Captain starting out as a drill sergeant and was a welding instructor at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. From there after graduation from OCS he was assigned to ordnance duties with the 484th Bomb Group. After the war, he graduated from Dentistry School under the GI Bill, and established a practice in Sharon, ND. Ed's first love however was farming, and he grew wheat and other grains near Sharon, ND from 1955 to 1979. His son Edward Carl Nesheim took up the plow and farms in North Dakota. He was born April 20, 1920 and died April 22, 2000 two days after his 80th birthday, he leaves four children: Tessa, Sonja Adahl, Edward C, and Eric.



Cartoons by Bill Hogan 827 Sq..

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

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