

44th Bomb Group Veterans Association



8 BALL TAILS

Vol. 10 Issue #3

Journal of the
44th Bomb Group
Veterans Association

Spring 2010

Non Profit Veterans Association

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The Crew of #41-29164 I (Not individually named) All KIA ON THE KJELLER MISSION

Kjeller, Norway was the first mission for **Joseph L. Houle**, pilot of a plane that was given no name. The record of Co-Pilot, Flight Officer **Farmer A. Johnson** is not available. Right Wing Gunner **Aron Grushkevich** had been on the African tour to Rome, Italy, Naples and Foggia. This was his eleventh mission. For **George Goodfellow**, Tail Gunner; **Elmer Pool**, Left Wing Gunner; **Armel Goode**, Tail Gunner, it was their first mission. **Joseph Stigora**, Bombardier, **Jack Dellahuntz**, Radio Operator and **Ray Peterson**, Belly Gunner were all on their second mission. **William Murphy**, Navigator, was on his third mission.

According to the Database, the purpose of the Kjeller mission was to wipe out the airfield. However, William Stephenson, British super-spy, stated that Kjeller was a Nazi base for creating heavy water—a necessary ingredient for creation of the atom bomb.

The RAF bombed it twice, but the plant continued to operate. The 44th BG was successful in hitting the target, but the Germans quickly did the repairs, and the process continued. Finally a courageous group of Norwegians parachuted into the Barren Mountains, followed underground lines to the Norse Hydro complex. They placed the dynamite strategically, and soon the heavy water operation was kaput.



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The Kjeller Mission

Capt. **Richard Butler** remembered the Houle crash very well. "I was on that mission and either led the 67th Squadron or an element of it. We did lose a lot of planes – one of which we saw shot down by a Ju-88 just after we left the coast of Norway. One other that I vividly remember was one of my wingmen, piloted by **Joseph Houle**. Like the others, this craft was severely damaged, but was making a gallant effort to stay airborne back to England. But it ran out of fuel and was forced to ditch approximately 50 miles short of landfall. Upon ditching, it broke in two just back of the wing, and four men were seen in the icy water, trying to free their lifeboats. None of the ten men survived or were found.

Butler threw all their one man dingies out the waist windows, but there was no sign of survivors. He sent a May Day signal, but help did not arrive. Almost out of fuel, he was forced to return to Shipdham. Years later, remembering the event, Butler choked up, saying "It was the worst experience I can ever remember."

The 44th paid a heavy price for the Kjeller mission, which both President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had considered a top priority target. The 44th lost seven AC: 42 men were KIA; 10 were interned in Sweden but returned.

Bob Lehnhausen Remembered the Returnees:

"I was hospitalized at the time of the Kjeller mission on Nov. 18, 1943. Referring to **Webb Todd's History of the 68th**, he states that the target for that day's mission was the airfield at Kjeller, Norway.

"My original co-pilot **Willie Weant** flew the lead aircraft for the 44th that day, with **Bill Brandon** as the Command Pilot. They went into interment in Sweden because of lack of sufficient fuel to get back to England. I enjoyed the unusual experience of having been on leave in London on the night that those two arrived back in England from their six weeks or so of internment in civilian clothes. They found me at the Jeramin Street Red Cross Club, awakened me at 1:30 or so in the morning, and we spent the rest of the night in the lobby of that Club, trading stories. Unfortunately, we had other crews that participated in that mission, who thought they could make it back to base, but lost their lives in the North Sea.

"Will Lundy's work states that the target was the "Motor Works" at this airfield.

"I have had others of our Group, at our reunions, describe the mission as one that was aimed at the Heavy Water facility that the Germans were using in Norway."

Don't Stick Your Elbow
Out Too Far
It May Go Home
In Another Car

Burma Shave

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



2010 is turning out to be a very active year for your 44th officers and Directors. The Activation ceremony for the 44th Fighter group at Holloman Air Force Base on April 9-- the monument unveiling ceremony at Carlisle in May -and the scheduled reunion in September at Dayton, Ohio.

The Holloman ceremony turned out to be a memorable affair with nineteen 44th members and family attending. The base really rolled out the red carpet for us. Upon entering our rooms on the base we were greeted by a red-ribboned basket of goodies. Also most couples had an assigned airman escort who helped us with whatever we needed.

Five Tuskegee Airmen were also guests at the affair. It was quite a thrill when we were touring the base to have a red-tailed P-51-C taxi in to be on display with the T-38 Talon and 2- F-22 Raptors at the activation ceremony. One of the Tuskegee men was Dr. Thurston Gaines who was shot down and became a POW. In conversation with him, I discovered that he lived not too far from me in Massachusetts where he was medical director at a Veterans Hospital.

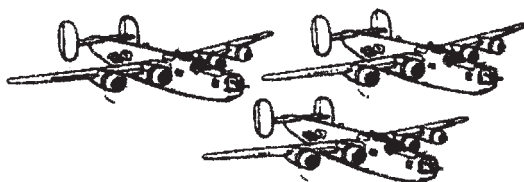
Interesting that two 2nd Air Division Groups, the 392nd and the 466th trained at Holloman in 1943 before going to England.

Being a Reserve Group, many of the pilots are airline pilots and most likely older and more experienced than the regulars. They deserve great credit for what they do flying the most complex aircraft in the world. We all owe them a huge vote of thanks for what they do for our country.

Arlo Bartsch is working on a revision of our web site. One of the main advantages will be the ability for anyone to have full access to the Database program and all its features. It will also have all of the 8-Ball Tails issues included.

We hope to see many of you at Dayton in September. Jackie and Lowell Roberts have planned an interesting event.

George Washburn



LETTER FROM SHIPDHAM

By Peter Bodle



Well, as George your president mentioned in his last piece in the magazine, the English winter lived up to its traditional snow, ice and wind tradition and totally confounded the global warming pundits who now claim the cold weather, snow and ice was all a blip. As George noticed, there was a good 15 inches of blip in places and even more where it had drifted! However that has now melted away, flooded a lot of places and gone on its way. Fortunately spring has been pretty good for us flying types, though I suspect a little lacking in the quantity of cloud cover that would have been your liking when you were here.

Jane and I have just been on holiday to visit children and grandchildren, in Cornwall, in the far South-West of the country, close to Davidstow Moor Airfield. Davidstow Moor Airfield was an RAF Coastal Command base, close to the North Cornwall coast; but I believe that some USAAF Air Sea Rescue B-24s used it from time to time. Did any of the 44th crews have any knowledge of this either first hand, or by reputation from other B-24 crews? I'd love to hear if you did. If you look for it on a map or Google Earth it is 11 miles West of the town of Launceston and just 2.5 miles from Otterham village. On Google Earth it is very obviously visible and pleasingly, the main runway and parts of the secondary ones are still in use for light aircraft flying. However if Davidstow Moor draws a blank, do any of you guys recall any other Air Sea Rescue bases that the USAAF B-24s operated from? Again I'd be pleased to hear your recollections.

You will have no doubt heard in the news of the problems we have got... (had??)...with the volcanic ash drifting over us from Icelandic airspace in the west. As aviators you would be surprised at the ignorance displayed in the British media by journalists who seemed to have done very little research into the background of such eruptions and the damage that stuff exuded from hot volcanoes does to the internals of a modern jet engine, not to mention the shot blasting effect on a plane's screens and leading edges. Ho Hum. I guess it was too much to expect well researched, intelligent articles when good old-fashioned sensational junk was readily available.

We were delighted to hear that Lee Aston's efforts for the 44th Bomb Group Monument had moved forward. But somehow as one of the world's leading inventors of **bureaucracy**, the need to go through committees 1 to 20, and then back again does not surprise us. We look forward to seeing pictures of the monument and the ceremony in a future edition of 'Tails'.

More from Shipdham next time.
Best wishes from us all.
Peter Bodle

THE 44TH BOMB GROUP HAS A MONUMENT



Major General Robert Williams

On May 26 in a trellised section of courtyard of the Army Heritage Education Center at Carlisle, the most beautiful monument you could

ever imagine, was set on a block of cement. With roses in the background and a tent for the onlookers, a ceremony fit for a noble group of airmen was conducted.

Major General Robert Williams addressed the group, telling first of his special interest in the Army Air Corps: his father had flown a B-17 in WWII. He congratulated the 44th on creating this edifice which preserves its proud history in stone.

General Williams introduced Congressman Todd Platts, a member of the Armed Services Committee of the House of Representatives. Congressman Platts noted the price that airmen and other Americans paid for victory in the war, thanking all for their courageous service.



United States Congressman Todd Platts



George Washburn

President **George Washburn** drew attention to the events leading up to choosing the Army Museum as a repository for 44th BG memorabilia. It was the final decision of the 44th's historian, the late **Will Lundy**, that brought thousands of pages of records to the safety of the specialists at AHEC. Further, it was the warm greetings of Major Michael Lynch that convinced Will that the Army Air Corps's history belonged in an Army museum. Michael is now a civilian, Historian and Chief of Education & Historical Programs, and was a major participant in providing comfort for all guests at the unveiling ceremony.

Washburn credited **Lee Aston** as the mastermind that brought the idea of a



Lee Aston and Christopher Spagnola view a picture of a plane which brought them safely back to Shipdham.



John Clark, 66th Squadron, brought his family to the Monument Celebration. He also brought his footlocker of memorabilia from his days at Shipdham.



Past President Jerry Folsom traveled the farthest to attend the ceremony—all the way from Salt Lake City.

monument to reality. Lee owns a piece of land full of granite. He donated the stone, designed the monument, got it approved and had that 500 pound rock transported to Carlisle.

With the help of **Robert Lehnhausen**, Lee got the correct number of 44th BG participants, KIAs, WIAs and POWs. Lee's own plane is featured at the top of the monument. In the back are the names of our two men who won the Medals of Honor—**Leon Johnson** and **Leon Vance**. Also stated were the two Unit Citations which the 44th earned for the missions to Kiel and Ploesti.

To say that the monument was beauti-



The following day, Perry Morse (right) presented John Clark's collection of treasures to Gregory Statler, Director of Collection Management and Michael Mira, Registrar. Most of the items were totally new to the collections of WWII memorabilia.

ful is an understatement. Permission for its placement required some expert advice. Only the Secretary of the Army, The Honorable John M. McHugh, could grant this privilege. Mike Perry, Executive Director of Visitor and Education Services, guided us every step of the way, to gain this privilege. And when it was time to plan the event, Mike and John Giblin, Director of Visitor and Education Services, arranged for speakers and also a 21 gun salute! The 44th BG hasn't been so honored since they climbed out of their B-24s, 65 years ago. When we gathered at a Reception in the AHEC museum building, nobody wanted to leave. Everybody was happy, and delighted to be together. The 44th BG was on parade, and nobody wanted the parade to stop.



LTC Mark A. Viney was on hand to lead everyone to the Monument for photos.

ACTIVATION OF THE 44TH FIGHTER GROUP AT HOLLOMAN AIR FORCE BASE



Nothing could be more invigorating than to see tomorrow's heroes standing tall and becoming members of the greatest fighting force in the world. They were given their wings and a leather jacket in a very patriotic and impressive ceremony.

Col. Donald R. Lindberg, Commander of the 301st Fighter Wing Detachment at Holloman greeted us warmly. We continued what had been a e-mail friendship when we finally met Lt. Col. Kent B. Furman. He was our first contact, informing us that a longed for dream had come true—the 44th BG was attached to a combat group, and our history would be shared. Also on hand to greet us was Col. Michael Stapleton, Commander of the 49th Operations Group. We met lots of men with heroic histories in the USAF.

We had the opportunity to visit the hangar (but no pictures allowed.) The fighters of WWII were called 'Little Friends'. Not so with the Raptor. It is huge and fast. The F-22 is an unprecedented achievement—a maneuverable fighter, nearly invisible to radar. It is capable of tremendous, yet

fuel-efficient speed, and is armed with an array of sensors that give pilots a full understanding of the tactical situation around them. The Raptor's stealth, design, speed, maneuverability and counter air and precision strike weapons allow pilots to fly night and day in all types of weather.

Roger Fenton saw something high up on the tail of the Raptor: the words '44th Bomb Group'. A reminder that they are sharing our history.

Nothing is comparable to the courtesies extended to the lucky members who attended the Activation event. We were escorted to every event by Airmen 1st Class, sharing the joys of the day with a fighter group that made history—the Tuskegee airmen had earned acclaim in WWII by protecting the bombers of the 15th Air Force.

On hand to enjoy the banquet were Congressmen, high ranking local officials and men from Lockheed Martin. Lee Aston presented a picture of Leon Johnson's African experience to Col. Lindberg. Jackie Strong, daughter of **Roy Owen** presented a 44th BG suncatcher, and we were happy to supply Steve Adam's book, *The History of the 44th Bomb Group in WWII*.

The lucky 44thers present were delighted with the gift they presented to us: a table size model of the Raptor.



The Raptor.

From the Diary of Bob Blakeney

The last issue of the *8 Ball Tails* left Blakeney and his fellow captives in a prison in Sulmona, Italy. Here is the rest of the story

One day in October, it appeared that there weren't too many guards on the corners of the wall, and somehow, the gate did not appear to be closed. About late afternoon, maybe early evening, all 16 to 18 of us wandered toward the gate. We flung it open and all raced to some nearby woods, and then up the side of the mountain. While we were running up the side of that mountain east of the camp, we heard gunfire. Whether it was aimed at us or perhaps others who were trying to escape out the gate, I don't know. We were all too busy breaking the world record going uphill.

We grouped together at one point and decided we'd have a better chance if we split into pairs, or into threes. There was one English soldier with us—a fellow named Graham, who was from Lowell, as I recall, and who had joined the Army in Canada. **John Hess** and I decided to pair off. **Farley and Dones** went with a Sgt. Henderson (or **Glenn Hickerson**) from Texas. The rest split into small units as well.

By this time it was getting or was dark. John and I kept going to the top of the mountain where the woods were thick. We kept moving most of the night and slept little. By the next morning, we felt we put in a good distance from the camp. We were hungry, as we had taken no food with us. But we wanted to stay in the mountains for better cover, and we did so the rest of the way.

That evening, I remember, we were so hungry that when we came upon a farm area, we dug out some potatoes and ate them raw. We also took some tomatoes and ate them. We had no matches to start a fire, but we didn't want to light one anyhow. We had raw potatoes for 3 to 4 days and some tomatoes. Later on, when we came upon some fig trees, we ate many figs. Unfortunately, diarrhea followed.

It is difficult now to remember the days thereafter, but primarily figs and tomatoes were our diet. Both of us were sick, so we had to stop and hole up for 24 hours or so. We never saw any of our group again.

A Farmhouse

One night, we were so hungry, we approached a farm house. We had been out about 6 or 7 days by this time. I remember talking in French to the Italian at the house and getting some bread. We decided not to sleep in his barn, but rather in a pile of hay (with mosquitoes) in the field. John woke me later during the night, told me that he saw the Italian leave the house and seemed to head toward a village. John figured he was going to turn us in, so we got up and ran again for as long as we could.

Our compass was the sun. Although we heard rumors in the prison camp that the Allies had invaded north of Rome and from the east coast to Italy, we felt our best bet was to head south as directly as possible. Although we did most of our walking during the dark, we marked some area as south during the day, and we did our best to go that way in the dark.

Both of us had bad diarrhea a few times. We lost considerable weight, as well. We lived mostly on the figs, tomatoes and water.

Bread and Goat's Milk Cheese

One evening, we stopped at another farm house. There was only a man and his wife there; both seemed to be in their 50's or early 60's, so we felt safe. We watched the house for awhile, but because we were so hungry, we

...continued on page 10

approached it. I again spoke to them in French. They gave us some hot goat's milk cheese. It was delicious. They gave us some bread, as well. Also, we took some bread with us for the next day. They seemed like nice people, but we did not dare to stay long, so we kept going.

Every night we slept on the ground or in some rocky areas. We stayed up in the mountains as best we could. We did very little walking in daylight to avoid being seen.

Finally, we reached a town near Campobasso. It was named Lelsi. The first night we made our observations near a farm house. We saw considerable German troop movement at night, by truck. They were going up a road toward Campobasso. We tried to count the trucks, but couldn't get close enough to see and count the troops on those trucks.

Sam

Outside the town of Lelsi was a farm house. An old Italian farmer appeared to live there, so when he was alone in the field working, we went up to him and spoke a little broken English, and he understood what we were saying to him. We did not tell him that we were escapees from prison, we only told him that we had been shot down. He told us he had a son in Chicago and the last he had heard from his son was that he was in the American Army. We knew this farmer only as "Sam".

We were so hungry and tired, and he seemed so sincere, that we stayed close by, but in the woods for three days. His wife was afraid the Germans would see us in the house, but she still baked bread for us, and even gave us chicken once. We also got back to the macaroni,—all of it was great. I think we had more goat's milk cheese there, and again that was great. This family as well as a few of our neighbors next door, were very good to John and me.

Come the day we had to leave, John and I felt better with some solid food in

us. We knew the Germans were doing considerable moving, and we heard exchanges of artillery every now and then, so we knew our lines had to be close by. We told Sam we were going, and he insisted that his nephew (or son—I don't recall) would show us the way to the front lines. This guy had been in the Italian Army, but had come home while we were there. He wore a sidearm.

We started out after we had seen a German patrol of about 6-8 soldiers several hundred yards away. We now foolishly had civilian clothes on. We were sitting on a hill with this guy when suddenly we heard artillery booming ahead of us and behind us. We apparently were in the middle of a battle. It seemed that the shells raining down were getting closer to us. I turned to our hero guy who was going to show us the Allied lines, but he was running back toward his house! John and I came close to laughing.

We then moved forward toward where we figured our guns were. We stopped at a farmhouse, again an elderly man and his wife; and we asked for some water. But as she was giving us water, she spotted a German patrol and, unfortunately, she screamed "Tedeschi".

We looked, we saw, and we ran like hell. But we heard no gunfire. Nevertheless, we put plenty of distance from that place before we stopped to rest. We were now on a hillside with a wide open field in front of us and woods beyond that field. We hesitated, thinking this field had to be mined, but we knew we HAD to cross it.

Prayertime

I took out the prayer book and read a prayer to the Blessed Mother. I then gave the book to John, told him to read the same prayer. This he did, even though he was not a religious person.

We then ran as fast as we could across

that open field—about 100-200 yards wide – no gunfire, no mines. When we reached the woods, we rested. There were empty cans of food with German marking scattered about, but we touched nothing. We kept going through the woods, and in the distance, saw another farmhouse. I peeked around the corner of that house while John stayed back in the woods, but saw just the heads of some soldiers minus their helmets. I went back to tell John, and to work out our next action.

For awhile, we did nothing, waited until the elderly Italian lady came to the back of the house for reasons unknown. We quietly asked who the soldiers were. Again my French came in handy, and I learned from her that the soldiers were Canadians!

I had John stay in the woods because he had real blond hair. With the name of "Hess", he'd surely be mistaken for German before I would.

I walked back with the woman and shouted out, "Je suis American." And I kept yelling it.

One of the soldiers answered back in English, so I explained we were escaped prisoners; my buddy was back in the woods. Then John came out, and I recall one of the Canadians remarking it was a good thing John did not come out first!

We were now safe. We made it to the Canadian 5th Army. Shortly thereafter, we talked with Major John MacDonald, Canadian Army, but who lived in Hartford, Connecticut. And we stayed with them for three days and nights, giving them all of the information that we had about German movements and locations.

Next, we were given a ride back to American Headquarters. Ironically, it was back to Foggia where we had bombed back when we were shot down. The ride back was on a motorcycle—the first and only time I've even been on a motorcycle.

After briefing and interrogation by American Officers, we were told that

several other prisoners had made it back to Foggia a few days before us. We were clothed and fed—good to be back in uniform again. Then we were taken to the Foggia Airport where we boarded a C-47, I think, and flown back to Tunis. We asked the pilot if he could fly over Reggio Calabria where our plane went down. He did! We saw only the tail section left of our plane. The rest had been burned to ashes.

This was the end of our escape story from 16 August 1943 to sometime in the October-November period of 1943. We were given a 20 day leave in London; then decorated by General Eaker.

I got home in time for Christmas, 1943.

The 44th BG enlisted men who also went down on that August '43 mission, became POWs and escaped from this same Bari Prison were:

66th Sq. **W. L. Zimmerman**, only survivor

67th Sq. **Isabeline Dones, Henry R. Farley, Leroy R. Winter, Gerald A. Sparks**

68th Sq. **Dennis E. Slattery, C. W. Strandberg, C. H. Rothrock, R. I. Vogel**

506th Sq. **Joe W. Jett, Ray Whitby, Dale V. Lee, Thomas Purcell, Charles Joseph Warth, Glenn Hickerson, Robert Mundell (Ret'd 29 Oct.) Ralph P. Knox**

Other Accounts of their escapes have been recorded by Dale Lee and Bob Mundell; Leroy Winter created a taped account.



Schedule of Events
2010 REUNION OF THE 44TH BGVA
SEPTEMBER 16-19, 2010
MARIOTT-DAYTON HOTEL
DAYTON, OHIO

Thursday, September 16

Board Meeting	10:00 A.M.
Registration	1:00 to 5:00 PM
Hospitality Suite opens	7:00 PM

Friday, September 17

Breakfast	
Load buses for Wright Paterson AF Base	7:00 AM
WPAF Museum - B-24 special 'Look In' (Guided Tour Air Power Gallery and more)	8:00 AM
Lunch at WPAFB Club & Banquet Ctr.	12:00
Load buses for Esther Price Chocolate Factory	2:00 PM
Welcome Reception	7:00 PM

Saturday, September 18

Breakfast	
General Meeting	9:00 AM
Load Buses for Wright-Dunbar Museum	10:15 AM
Lunch and Tour at Carillon History Park	12:00
Cash Bar	6:00 PM
Squadron Dinners	7:00 PM

Sunday, September 19

Breakfast	
Load Buses for American Packard Museum and Lunch	10:00 A.M
Load Buses for WPAF Museum Rededication of 44th Plaque	12:00
Load Buses for WPAFB Presidential & Experimental Hangars	2:00 PM
Return to Hotel	3:30 PM
Cash Bar	6:00 PM
Banquet	7:00 PM

Monday, September 2010

Breakfast & Farewells.

**REGISTRATION FOR REUNION OF THE
44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION
MARRIOTT DAYTON HOTEL**

1414 South Patterson Boulevard
Dayton, Ohio 45409
September 16-20, 2010

Please print or type. All information must be complete (as shown on your ID.)

Last Name _____ First Name _____

Spouse/Guest _____ Squadron _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

PRICING, 4 HOTEL NIGHTS

Single \$630.00 Double \$860.00 Triple \$1090.00 Quad \$1330.00

Please indicate bed preference: King _____ Queen _____ Single _____

ALL ROOMS ARE NON-SMOKING

Includes: Welcome reception, Four Breakfasts, Hospitality Room, Free Parking, Free Airport Shuttle, Transportation and Lunch on all Tours, Squadron Dinners, Banquet.

SQUADRON DINNER: Please indicate choice of entrée:

_____ Chicken _____ Baked Salmon

BANQUET: Please indicate choice of entrée:

_____ Steak _____ Chicken

PAYMENT

Number of Registrants (See Prices Above)

Single \$ _____ Double \$ _____

Triple \$ _____ Quad \$ _____

Please send checks to 44th Bomb Group Treasurer
Jackie Roberts, 11910 S. E. 44th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73150

MUST BE RECEIVED BY SEPTEMBER 10, 2010

Please Note: You will be visiting one of the largest Air Force Bases in the world. Work that is done there determines the future of aerial flight and aerial combat; therefore secrecy is prime.

Thus, they must have a list of everybody who will be transported through their gates, so be sure to register by September 10, 2010. No registrations can be accepted after that date. If you register and then must cancel, you will receive your money back. You must carry your ID. A driver's license, Military ID, Student ID will be needed to get on the base.

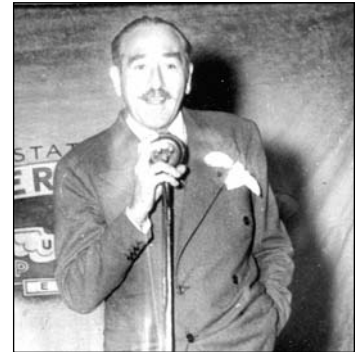
If you plan to stay additional days at the hotel, please note that when you register, in order to get the reduced price. If you decide to leave early, please indicate that to the Hotel UPON YOUR ARRIVAL. Otherwise you will be charged for extra days.

As you will see, registration for the Reunion and the Hotel are together. We are able to get a better price by working with the Tourist Bureau in the planning.

One morning we are asking you to rise early and be ready to board the bus immediately after breakfast. It is the only way that the 44th can have full access to the B-24 on display there. This is a favorite place for veteran reunions, and the B-24 is a favorite air craft...and one of the rarest. You can catch up on sleep later.

IT WAS ADOLPH MENJOU

Quite a few 8 BT readers identified the entertainer featured in the Spring issue. The first respondent was Jerry Wilner. Then I got E-mails from a dozen 44th members, including Steve Adams in England. Menjou was remembered by many as a smooth talking, carefully mustached gentlemen who traveled anywhere troops were based. He looked familiar to me, but I certainly didn't remember his name.



ROBERT LEE ASTON RECOGNIZED BY THE BAR ASSOCIATION

The Georgia Bar Association cited Lee for the pro bono work that he has been doing, helping veterans acquire awards that they earned 65 years ago.

Lee has been plugging along for years, beating down the negative replies to his applications for these overdue recognitions. In the past when men applied for these belated medals, routinely they were told that a fire in St. Louis had destroyed the records. Now, Lee prevails on commanding officers to vouch for the truth of these claims, and his success rate is outstanding.

Almost invariably, first petitions are turned down. Lee keeps plugging until, the Board relinquishes and grants the award. Then he arranges for it to be presented by an official in the town in which the veteran lives, with all the dignity that was earned long ago.

Lee's fame has spread to other groups, and he helps all comers—even Vietnam vets.

Until **Bob Lehnhausen** appointed him to that assignment, nobody had ever undertaken that task full time. So far, he has acquired nearly 100 belated awards and still working on more.

It is rewarding to know that his fellow attorneys recognize the value of these legal services which he generously provides.

ELWIN MEYER REMEMBERS BERNBURG BECAUSE HE CAN'T FORGET IT.

Seeing reference in the last issue of the 8 Ball Tails to the maximum effort mission to Bernburg, Germany on the 7th of July 1944 brought back memories that are hard to forget, even after sixty six years.

I was the Navigator on the Reuben Ricketts crew. That day we were flying in what I call the Lower Slot position, behind the Lead and Deputy Lead Ships, in the group formation.

The weather was fairly good. We were approaching the I.P. (Initial Point) in an easterly direction.

To the north of us a huge Fighter dog fight was going on. You could see German and American parachutes in the air. It looked like over fifty chutes. Planes were zig zagging, rolling—really going at it.

The pilot had told the gunners to be alert.

Suddenly my blister observation window exploded. I saw the left Deputy Lead Ship roll up to the left. The Lead Ship rolled left, hitting the Left Deputy. Then the Right Deputy rolled up and to the left, making contact with the other two aircrafts.

Then twin engine German fighters plowed down from above and into our formation. Guns were chattering. My Flight Log was sucked off the Navigator's Table and out the open blister window. I only got a small piece of the log's corner. Had to start a new log. I kept a good one, and turned it in.

By this time we had reached the IP, and as we were now the Lead Aircraft, we made the turn towards the target. Luckily we did not sustain much damage.

I gave 'Rick' the heading, and we swung into position. All the group closed up on us.

I had previously put all the bomb drop data in the Bomb Intervalometer...only problem, nobody had a bomb sight.

I told Rick I would try to calculate a drop angle from our ground speed and altitude data. I did recall the wind velocity and wind direction, and so our ground speed calculation was not a problem.

After calculating the drop angle, I took my "Weem's Navigation Protractor and my "dividers" put on a string. I put the string through the protractor center, let the "dividers" hang like a "Plumb Bob" through the calculated drop angle.

Sighting along the "Weem Protractor" long edge—like a gun sight—I picked a spot on the target glass to make the drop.

Ricketts flew that ship 'dead on'. I swear if you asked him to fly formation upside down, he would do it and do it well.

The attacking fighters by this time had passed under us and away—not returning. I guess the attack they made was to hit us before our turn to the target, so they wouldn't have to fly through their own flak.

We called for fighter cover, and the answer we got was, "Big Brother, you're on your own. We got more than we can handle here."

We approached the target, and when the spot on the target glass and my Weems plotter lined up, I hit the bomb toggle switch. Bombs went away. As I watched, the bombs began hitting the main street of the town leading into the target. If I had delayed my toggle hit by ten seconds, we would have wiped out their aircraft plant. However, we did get the bombs into the target, but I doubt they did much damage.

We turned out of the target area and headed for home. About fifteen minutes later, the nose gunner came on

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the intercom and wanted to know how come we were leading the formation. No one answered him.

Now after sixty five years or better, it can be told. The Nose Gunner had been our "Ball Gunner" but since ball turrets were gone, he flew as an alternate gunner. The Emerson Nose Turret had a big blown plexiglass canopy, which trapped the sun and made a warm cozy ride, leading the gunner to fall asleep. He slept through the whole fracas.

No one said a word to him; it was too late. However, he never flew in the nose again. I have a feeling the other gunners laid it into him for his failure to respond when needed.

I was perplexed about my failure to get a good bomb drop. I later checked my calculations and could find no error—just 'ten seconds too early.' Why?

Later that evening I was still pondering it when I suddenly realized, I did not

have the bomb 'drag data' which would have changed my drop angle. Navigators normally did not have that data—so I didn't do too badly after all.

Even to this day, almost sixty six years later, I still get the 'pucker feeling' about what could have happened, had we not been flying in the slot position, which made it hard for the fighters to get a good sight on us.

I can say, I had no feeling of fear before or after the initial attack, because, like Rick and our crew members, we had chores to do. The fear feeling always came later, after you came back. We survived and finished our tours.

Germans in Bernburg slept outdoors or in bomb shelters that night. We slept in 'Army Cots' between sheets.

P.S. I am still nervous, just thinking about Bernburg again.

A/C MECHANIC (66TH SQ) LOREN OSHEL REMEMBERS THIS:

At Shipdham Airfield one day, as the ground crews waited for the B-24's to return from the day's mission, it was obvious that the weather was about to change. The planes came over the base and peeled off and began their circle to land in clear weather. Then the snow storm squalls hit, and visibility went to zero!

The planes, low on fuel, pulled up; but were waiting for the squall to pass. It did—and two planes approached the runway, but from opposite ends! One landed OK, the other 'gunned' the engines and passed safely overhead. Then the base closed again with another snow squall. Again the snow shower passed, and now two planes encircled the same runway from the same end! One landed on the runway; the other had to take to the sod. But after a wide ground loop, the plane came to a safe stop. Other planes came in intermittently until all were safely down.

Cpl. Oshel also worked at the Honnington Base, and he remembers similar incidents taking place there. Both B-17's and B-24's with landing gear problems were sent here to make a "belly landing". As a member of ground crew, Oshel reported that these planes were repaired in about 30 days, ready to fly again.

.....
Ed. Note: After the war, Oshel got a BS Degree in Agricultural Engineering from Kansas State University. He worked for the USDA involved in Soil Conservation and Water Planning as a State Conservation Engineer in Michigan.

BILL CAMERON AND PLOESTI

Bill Cameron had completed his necessary missions; but adventurous soul that he was, he could not resist the Ploesti mission. He enjoyed low level flying, even though none of the airmen knew what the upcoming target would be.

When he got back, he had an interview with Walter Cronkite, but before it went to print, "Killer" Kane's story came out in Coronet magazine, so Cronkite's story did not get printed. Since it accurately recorded Bill's experience, he included Cronkite's version in his Journal.

Very early on the morning of 1 August, a Sunday, we had just taken off and were beginning our circle of the field, waiting for the others to come up and join us, when a pillar of flame and smoke sprang up from one of our satellite fields. It was the white smoke of bombs and the black smoke of gasoline. We knew some unlucky guy from one of the other groups didn't make the take-off.

We had been briefed for weeks on every aspect of the job. Movies, lectures and highly detailed scale models of Ploesti and the surrounding country had made us familiar with the town, almost as if we had lived there ourselves. In the desert a full sized skeleton model of the refineries was erected, and day after day, at zero feet, we dropped dummy bombs on the outlines of the cracking plant and storage tanks. A few days before the raid, Major General Lewis E. Bereton had come from Cairo to emphasize the importance of the mission.

About 11.50 we saw the first rocky crags that made up the chain of islands off the Greek coast. We were flying a fairly loose formation now, so the pilots would not tire before the real work began. On our left, as far as we could see, were echelons of B-24's, stretched across the topaz waters of the Mediterranean.

Then suddenly, those waters gave birth to a cone of smoke that rose from a widening circle of waves. The smoke was that tell-tale white and black again. At the same time, a ship from the formation on our left swung out in front of us with two port engines out. We saw his bomb bay doors open and his bombs drop into the sea, as he lightened his load on his two good engines for the trip home. The engine-eating sand of the desert claimed another victim.

We were starting our climb now, a long tedious climb to 15,000 feet in order to clear the peaks of Greece and Yugoslavia. The weather ahead didn't look very inviting, as we were pushing into laden cumulus clouds that spelled rough weather. So our two wingmen drew up a little closer in hopes they wouldn't lose us in the muck.

Slowly we got our altitude, so Dabney checked with Maruszewski to check on the boys following in our formation. "Right on the old agate, sir," he replied.

At last the signal for the let-down came, and Tom Clifford called to say we were a little off course, but hoped like hell we'd come out at the right place. The Group leveled out at 3,000 feet for the trip to the hills above the target—and we searched the sky for enemy fighters.

At 1415 Tom said we would hit the target in another half-hour, so everybody checked their guns and bombs. Our two waist gunners had a box each of incendiaries to toss out, so we wanted to be plenty certain they delivered them where they'd do the most harm.

The IP was just as we'd memorized it—a ridge of green mountains sprinkled with oil derricks which dotted a trail down to the plain, and to Ploesti itself. The only thing we hadn't seen before was the guns, which appeared in every

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field and patch of woods; even the houses fell apart, revealing heavy flak guns.

We turned ninety degrees to the right, dropped in directly behind Brandon in "Suzy-Q" to begin the dive to the target. Then we saw the hell ahead.

Ploesti was an inferno of black, flame-filled smoke, surrounded by a white layer of smoke screen. Not a section of our target was visible through the flames, and we could see great balls of fire leaping up as the oil storage tanks exploded.

But Colonel Johnson and Major Brandon went on until we hit the ground level, about three miles from town. From the fields below, streams of tracers line the sky ahead, and from patches of woods on our right came continuous blasts of light flak shells.

On our right, a row of tank cars loomed up. Behind the cars the enemy had set up gun positions, and the tracks seemed ablaze with the fire from their muzzles. Our gunners opened up on them, raking the cars up and down. A short while later, their shots had taken effect, as the whole train seemed to disintegrate in one fierce explosion.

Then it came! Between two pillars of blazing oil, we cross the refinery amid great destruction. Our "**Buzzin' Bear** was hot as an oven, but the flak suit felt pretty wonderful, and the chute reassuring.

Just then Brandon pulled up abruptly, and we saw three tall smoke stacks pass under our wing as the target appeared for a brief second. A diving turn to the right, and there was blue sky for a moment. Brandon dived so low that the gunners abandoned their guns as we roared over, and our bombs were gone.

Out of nowhere about 20 fighters appeared, coming straight at us in a long dive, with three of them heading right for us. Our guns opened up on them until they flashed by.

We pulled up behind the Colonel again, looking hopefully for our wing men in anticipation of the fighters

return—and they came back. More, this time and from all directions. We saw Me-09s, 110s and 210s, and once a lumbering Dornier 217. But we got through them with little damage.

Expecting the fighters to attack again, we spent the next seventy miles at tree-top level, pulling up when we crossed the Danube and were approaching the mountains again. Our right wingman, Henderson, was with us, limping along with a gaping hole in his left rudder, while Jim Hill was holding his own pretty well on our left. But later, they fell behind in order to conserve their fuel—they were sharing our concern on dwindling supplies, and we were approaching the fourteenth hour of flight. But we made it in one piece.

I should mention that we used to visit the British anti-aircraft gunners around the airstrip at Benghazi when other aircraft were practicing their low-level formations. We would ask them, "What aircraft would you shoot at?" They all would invariably say, "The highest aircraft." Therefore when we came out of the smoke of the Ploesti oil refineries, flying at the assigned altitude of 250 feet, I dove so sharply that the boys in the rear of "**Buzzin' Bear**" were thrown off their feet. We leveled off low enough to see clearly the faces of a number of anti-aircraft gunners. We skidded around in our turn to keep our wings level and just above the ground. We stayed down there, too, until at least thirty minutes out from the target.

Ground gunners could not easily aim at us, and the fighters could not dive on us. In fact, two or three actually flew alongside or about us. I was frantic, trying to get our gunners to shoot at them, but our tail guns were out, due to a 40 mm hit, cutting off the hydraulic fluid, and the other gunners were concentrating on the fighters trying to get at us from the rear, ignoring those flying so close to or just above us.

We flew between two tall trees, and once pulled up over some poor farmer plowing in a field behind a pair of oxen. But we didn't get hit again. Of the sixteen B-24s in our formation (there were two formations) only *"Suzy-Q"* and the *'Buzzin Bear'* landed at Benghazi that night. We had been in the air nearly fourteen hours -13:40 hours, I think.

That inference about losses is a bit misleading, so without going into detail, I should state the fact that many of our people finally got back home. My two wingmen, Hill and Henderson, went into Malta. Henderson's crew was badly shot up and Hill had hit a barrage balloon cable, but broke the cable, nearly sever-

ing his main wing spar. One plane went into Turkey. Carpenter was forced to ditch in the Mediterranean, but they were rescued the next day. Several others were made prisoners, most of whom being claimed by Princess Caradja of Romania—and protected by her.

Unfortunately, several others were killed.

Ed. Note: Cameron was qualified for the DSC, but through an error, he received only the Silver Star. This error was later corrected, but he never got the national recognition for flying Deputy Lead to Col. Leon Johnson.

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ERROR IN THE FOLDED WINGS

Mr. Charles Douglas McPhail of Raleigh, North Carolina read his obituary in the Tails, and it was all wrong. Apparently It was Douglas McPhee's obituary he was reading. Roger Fenton explained the mix to him with sincere regrets. As Editor of the 8 BTs, I can only extend my deepest apologies to Mr. McPhail for the error.

From the Chronology of Warren F. McPherson

THE WILD BLUE YONDER

Mission 7, Karlsruhe, Germany, September 8, 1944

(Ed. Note: McPherson was the RW Gunner on the *James Williams* crew. Their last mission had been August 9, 1944.)

Imagine! After waiting so long, we were flying another mission. We were awakened at 2:45 a.m. for a 4:15 a.m. briefing and a 7 a.m. takeoff. This would be another 1,000 plane raid on the Nazis. We were in H+, "*Fifinella*" by name. Our bomb load was six 1,000 pound bombs for the railroad marshaling yards at Karlsruhe, Germany. We were flying in the slot as leader, the beginning of being a lead crew. From this mission on, we were a lead plane, going quickly from leading elements to entire bomb groups, and on the occasion of our November 30 mission, we had the honor of leading the entire Eighth Air Force.

The lead plane was the most vulnerable of all. Not every bomber carried a bombsight. All the planes in a formation watched the lead plane and dropped their bombs when the lead plane dropped its bombs. If anti-aircraft gunners could pick off the lead plane, they might be able to thwart the entire mission. Because of this vulnerability, our crew was required to fly 30 raids instead of 35.

We were supposed to assemble at 10,000 feet, but had to climb to 15,000 feet. After forming over stationary radio beacon Buncher—5, we proceeded on course west of London and south of Paris. The formation was horrible! When we crossed over the front lines and headed for the target, we met moderate, fairly accurate flak. I was the most scared I'd been yet. We could hear the flak bursting, but couldn't see much of it because it was below us. The flak became even more accurate on the bomb run. We dropped our bombs and made a sharp right turn for our withdrawal.

B-24s had four bombays, two on each side of the plane beneath the wings. A narrow beam called a "catwalk" went down the center of the bombays. On

bombs away, bombs alternated in dropping from each section of the bombays. When the bombs hit the ground, they looked like the footprints of giants walking across the target. Bombs from the other planes in our formation would carpet the target area with explosions. As we turned to leave the area, we could see our bombs exploding in the railroad yards, and they were going off all over the place. Fortunately, we weren't over enemy territory very long.

Because of weather conditions, we had to go up to 28,000 feet, literally climbing high into the sun. **Everett (Wellman, Co-Pilot)** told us all the instruments in the cockpit were reading **DANGER**.

As a result, on our return trip we were worried because one engine was threatening, and we were running low on gas. So we came back at low altitude, right over Paris—a beautiful city from the air.

We crossed the Channel into England and **Willie (Pilot)** asked **Len (Leonard J. Schiavone, Engineer)** to check to see if we had enough gas to get home. Len said we did, but then Navigator **Lou (Louis A. Salzmann)** got lost, so we wasted gas and several minutes around London. Suddenly we were over a barrage balloon field. Huge balloons fastened to cables were released during air raids, to bring down enemy planes. If the people below wanted to, they could have released the balloons, and we could have been brought down. This was the only time I almost got airsick.

We landed west of London at Northard RAF airfield, where they refueled our plane and fed us; then we went on home. The boys had been sweating us out. They rejoiced that we made it, and so did we. Our flying time was 9 hours 50 minutes. Temperature was minus 42, and a turbulent blue yonder today!

THE SKY WAS NEVER STILL

By Roger A. Freeman

The old man sat in the English pub
As he sat for many a year
And listened to the stranger's talk
As he sipped a temporate beer

A stranger asked how long he'd lived
In the village here about.
"Why all my days," the old man said
An age, without a doubt."

The old man smiled a wistful smile,
"That's just a townie's dream.
For I have seen the sky aflame
And heard the meadow scream."

"I've known a thunder at each dawn
That shook the very ground
As warplanes sought to gain the clouds
From airfields all around."

"They called some Forts and others Libs
And there were fighters too.
"I've counted hundreds at a time
Yes, what I tell is true."

"They'd climb and soar like flocks of rooks
And round and round they'd mill
From north and south, from east and west
The sky was never still."

"Sometimes there'd be a wondrous sight
A sight beyond compare
The bombers going out to war
Forging the frigid air.

Four miles above, just silver specks
Like sunshine on the dew
And trailing lines of cloud-like white
Across the cosmic blue."

"They set the heavens all a-throb
That did not fade away
For others rose to meet the night
Invisible to stay.

"And when was this? the stranger asked
"And who were those you saw?"
The old man drank and then replied
"It happened in the war."

"They were but boys and me a child
But I remember well
And if you have the time to spare
There's more that I can tell."

The stranger said that he must go
"Perhaps another day"
Indifferent to the old man's tale
He quickly slipped away.

The old man turned to inward thought
His memories to tend
He knew that those who were not here
Could never comprehend.

Those who'd not known the crowded sky
The sounds that drenched the land
Or stood in awe and wonderment
Would never understand.

The old man left the English pub
And stood awhile outside
The evening vault was milky blue
Cloud free and stretching wide.

He raised his head and scanned the sky
That held so still and clear
And in his mind a memory
And in his eye a tear.

Roger Freeman was a child in WWII. His gratitude to American flyers was boundless. He spent his life, recording the history of the aerial war.



FOLDED WINGS

*This is a journey we all must take, and each must go alone,
It's all a part of the 'Master's plan, a step on the road to home.*

Andres, Robert #19222 66th Squadron Date Unknown Sgt. Andres was a Tail Gunner on the **James Derrick** crew. The crew flew seventeen missions, the first on 7 January 1945.

On 25 February 1945, coming back from a mission to the Marshalling Yards at Aschaffenburg, Germany, **Beverly Jean** was running out of gas. Fog was heavy and the pilot could not find the airport. Everybody bailed out and found themselves among the welcoming ladies in Charlerol, Belgium. Several members of the crew had leg fractures, but Andres and the pilot continued to fly until 25 April 1945.

Andres flew in **Fifinella**, **King Pin** and **Big Time Operator**, plus many unnamed planes. Their mission to Hallien, Austria, was the last mission of the 44th BG in the war.

News of Andres death came from the 2nd Air Division Journal.

Ardrey, Kenneth #19233 66th Squadron 28 March 2008 A banker in Zanesville, Ohio called to inform me that Ardrey passed away on 28 March 2008. The gentleman is settling the estate for this family. The phone number of the home has been disconnected, so apparently his wife Doris is not living there anymore. Ardrey was a life member. The Database has no record of his activities in the 44th.

Cravens, Frank E. #19865 Date of Death 11 December 1990 Cravens record is not in the database, so his assignment in the 44th BG is unknown. From his wife Barbara we learn that he had served both in the 44th Bomb Group in Shipdham and in the Viet Nam War. The couple had two sons and 2 daughters. One daughter's death preceded her father's. The couple had 4 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

The couple was living in Wichita Falls, Texas at the time of his death.

Del Grande, Leon #19975 68th Squadron 2 May 2010 Lt. Del Grande was a Co-Pilot on a number of different crews. According to **Will Lundy's** Casualty Book, on 21 April 1944, flying with the **Forrest Havens** crew, the mission was to Zwickau, Germany, but was recalled because of icy conditions. The entire formation was recalled. One pilot reported that 'the ice gave us a hard time, and for a while, we thought we might have to bail out. We lost 6,000 feet a minute, were in a spin, but managed to pull out at only 4,000 feet. It was close, but we made out okay.' The whole group returned to the base due to bad weather. No credit or sortie credit was given for this event.

Pappy's Chillun was the one loss. It crashed northwest of Norwich, one mile northeast of Pingland Hills. It was climbing into formation, traveling at 155 to 160 MPH through overcast. When it reached 14,000 feet, the A/C lurched violently and started swerving to the right. Then it started to spin tightly toward the ground. It then turned onto its back and the right wing and tail were torn off by the violent maneuvers. The two pilots were thrown into the top of the cockpit, and when the cabin ripped open, they were thrown clear of the wreckage.

This A/C had originally been named **Turnip Termite**. Its nose art was painted by a member of the 486th BG at Sudbury, but was transferred to Shipdham before he could put the name on it. It was renamed **Pappy's Chillun** by the 44th.

Eight members of the **Forrest Haven** crew were KIA. The pilot, Forrest Havens was hospitalized with serious injuries.



FOLDED WINGS

Del Grande had a severe ankle sprain, but was able to return to duty. He flew a total of twelve missions with the 44th before being transferred to the 93rd BG, and completed his tour with them.

He flew as Co-Pilot with **Joseph Parks, Jr., Jack Liebrich, and Elmer Kohler**; he flew with three Command Pilots: **J. L. Henderson, H. Sather (NMI) and Addison Davis**. A/C in which he flew were **Hellza Droppin, Corky** and **Gypsy Queen**. His last mission with the 44th BG was 26 November 1944.

Del Grande passed away after a long bout with cancer. Information of his death came to Roger Fenton from his wife and son.

Hurst, Oliver Frank #20770 67th Squadron Date unknown Lt. Hurst was a pilot, starting his missions 12 August 1944. His first mission was with **Wilbur Carter**; after that he moved to the left seat and flew the next twenty eight with his own crew. By 7 January 1944, the crew had flown 29 missions, in **Glory Bee, Fifinella, Old Iron Corset, Judy's Buggy, Phyllis, Lady Fifi Nella, Sultry Sue, and Mi Akin Ass**.

Hurst's death was first published in the 2nd Air Division Journal. His Co-pilot, **Marvin Kite** notified the 8 Ball Tails.

Kille, Wesley G. #20919 67th Squadron 15 February 1997 This name from the Social Security Files. No information is available about his 44th BG assignments.

Kirschling, Robert J. #20940 68th Squadron 28 August 1996 T/Sgt. Kirschling was a Radio Operator/Gunner on several crews, most with **Vincent Almoina**, but also with **Bill Warner** and **Thurston Van Dyke**. His first of seventeen missions was 7 January 1945. All the records indicate that the principal targets were efforts to slow the Germans from moving west to fight the invading forces moving forward from Normandy. They hit marshalling yards, troops and some oil refineries.

Kirschling flew in **Scotty Mac, Hellza Droppin', Flak Magic, Jose Carioca, Puritanical Bitch/Puritanical Witch, Phyllis, Lady Geraldine, Louisiana Belle** and **Beck's Bad Boys**. Kirschling's last mission was 20 April 1945. Knowledge of his death came from Social Security Records.

Kushner, Martin #21012 67th Squadron 1 February 1997 Sgt. Kushner flew only one mission on 2 March 1944. He flew in **Tuffy** with **D. H. Dines** as a Tail Gunner. Notice of his death was found in the Social Security Records.

Lafferty, Sherman J. # 21022 66th Squadron 18 September 2001 T/Sgt. Lafferty was a Radio Operator, flying with 19 different pilots and two Command Pilots, the first on 18 October 1943. At times he held other positions, once as a belly gunner, several times in positions listed as 'Other'. He flew thirty different missions with **Warren Oakley, Shelby Irley, Saul Fineman, Arnold Larson, Dale Benadon, George Taylor, Quintin Torell, Charles Craven, Arthur Rasmussen, Clarence Inman, John Hobbs, Thomas Kay, Charles Hess, George Evans, William Clower, Thomas Waters, Robrt Podojil**, plus **James Kahl** and **L. L. Johnson** as Command Pilots, both flying on D-Day. Kahl flew to Colleville/St. Laurent; Johnson was borrowed from the 392nd BG to fly to Caen (Vire).

In his 30 missions Lafferty flew in **Bull of the Woods, Holiday Mess II, Shoo Shoo Baby, Patsy Ann II, Missouri Belle/Missouri sue, I'll Get By, The Hit Parade, Lili Marlene** and **Sabrina III**. His last mission was

11 December 1944. Knowledge of his death came from the Social Security Records.

Lancaster, Adrian H. # 21027 22 December 1998 No information available about this member of the 44th. His name

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