



THE 99th Bomb Group Historical Society



Newsletter

Nov. 1989

Vol. 9 No. 6

SOCIETY OFFICERS, 1989-1990

PRESIDENT - BILL SMALLWOOD
TREASURER - WALTER BUTLER
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HISTORIAN - GEORGE F. COEN
EDITOR - GEORGE F. COEN

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear George

Aug 16, 1989

It was good to hear from you and to have your comments regarding preparation of the Newsletter's content. I share your feeling about inclusion of personal diaries for all to read.

That the Air Force Museum has come to us about Warner is gratifying, and a feather in your cap. And if a system can be set up to assist in location of 99ers for future generations so much the better.

Bernie had dropped me a note about the Borgs situation, something I want to keep following. We may need to discuss the subject in Huntsville.

I have finished fifteen chapters of my book, and am now on the combat section. The library at Maxwell Field has been a good source. Currently, I am working on a composite drawing of the Tortorella Field, one I want to show you when finished. Would your files include details of the physical set-up at the bases at Navarin and at Oudna, either photos or descriptions?

There is a neighbor in town who was with the 451st Bomb Group, a B-24 outfit, stationed near Cerignola, Italy. We meet at the Post Office occasionally and go over old times.

Thanks again, for including my letter to you about Foggia in your last Newsletter. It has gotten results.

Best Regards

Bill

July 18, 1989

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Dear George;

Night before last when we were watching the Cable News Network we saw a short on "Mr. Smith goes to Washington." What it boiled down to was a group of men, all named Jim Smith, have formed an organization and the only requirement being that you were named "Jim Smith." Imagine our surprise when we saw our own 99'r Jim Smith from Kansas City, MO, first pictured in a bus and finally when they asked his name. He responded, "Jim Smith, and let me introduce you to my two sons. This is my son Jim and this is my other son Jim." That guy has looked the same to me for forty-five years, whether it be Jim leaning against a post at a 1944 briefing, on the Isle of Capri, or at any one of our Reunions and the same for TV. It's wonderful that we can all know personally a Star of prime Television.

In the Tenth Chapter of Matthew we read that "Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in Heaven and that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered." In the Second Chapter of John we read that "The Father knows His sheep and they all know Him." This tells us that even if your name is Jim Smith, the Father in Heaven knows you.

Joe C. Kenney, Chaplain

Chaplain's Corner:

On March 18, 1944, our paths crossed in a most unusual manner over Villaorba Air Drome in Northern Italy. I didn't know him then but he was under one of the nine parachutes we counted as they bailed out of that B-17. On May 3, 1986 I received a letter from him and we began to correspond. Maudie and I met him and his wife, June, at our Reunion at Dallas in April of 1987 and we have been good friends since that time. We looked forward to each Reunion that we might share some time with this fine couple.

On September 16, 1989, Roy's daughter called to tell us that her father had passed away from cancer. We are thankful that we received that call and our thoughts and Prayers go with June and their family.

In our last Bulletin we saw listed in "TAPS" the names of Henry Cleffi, Al Maknauskas, Jack B. Blanks and Lowell Stauffer. Add to those the passing of Roy W. Baker of Carlinville, IL. Appropriate verses are found in II Corinthians, Chapter 1; verses 3 and 4: Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

This in behalf of the families of our unique Brotherhood.

Joe C. Kenney
Joe C. Kenney, Chaplain

LETTERS

Mr. George F. Coen
2908 Aliso Drive NE
Albuquerque, NM 87110

SIR, where have you guys and your organization been for the past how many years? I just discovered a day or two ago that you even existed.

I am currently a member of the National Warplane Museum in Geneseo, New York, about twenty miles south of Rochester, and was browsing through the library where I found Nos 2, 3 & 4 of Volume 9. In those three issues I found many familiar names, of people and places.

First, the 'I' part of this letter. I joined the 346th Squadron on 8 February 1944 at Tortorella, as a member of the crew of Lt. William Hunnewell. We left Morrison Field in West Palm Beach on 26 Jan 1944, and the Bill Lorence who wrote the letter on page 17 of No 3 of May 1989 is probably the same Capt Lorence who left there at the same time. His plane was 42-31851. I was Squadron Bombardier when Al Schroeder was Squadron Commander, and flew with him as his bombardier on the first shuttle mission to Paltava, Russia, on 2 June 1944, and according to my diary, we were in No 851, but I don't know that it is the same one Lorence took over. My last mission was on 14 June to the Shell oil refinery in Budapest; Al Schroeder was group leader that day.

The A. J. Andrzejewski mentioned in a couple of the issues as being on the plane that ditched in Pola Harbor was a classmate of mine at Kirtland Field.

Second, the 'WEARY WILLIE' mentioned on page 33 of No 3 was no doubt flown first by Al Schroeder, but it was then assigned to Bill Hunnewell who flew it to Russia and finished his missions in it. I have two 8 X 10 photos with our crew posed in front. Her serial number was 42-102855.

It's too bad that I am so late in discovering your existence, for if I had written this a couple of months or more ago, I could have told you about the National Warplane Museum and our air show which is scheduled for 18-20 August, and your members might have been able to make plans to see seven (of the remaining nine) B-17s on the same field and flying in formation. When is the last time you saw that? And a B-24 (the only one still flying), a Lancaster bomber from our friends in Hamilton, Ontario, numerous P-51s, an A-26, a PBV, etc. It's a hell of a good show at a beautiful grass field in a valley at Geneseo, NY.

More 'I'. I am a member of the museum, and being semi-retired, volunteered to take on the job of restoring the front office on our B-17, 'FUDDY DUDDY', who is a good old girl but who has the wrong group marking on her tail. If they don't watch out, the rest of the outfit might come in some morning and find a black diamond with a white Y in it on that tail. Fat chance! I have spent hundreds of hours putting in new floors, a navigator's table, installing the bombsight, fabricating a base for and installing the drift meter, fabricating and installing seats for the bombardier and the navigator, and fabricating a new bombardiers controlpanel just about from scratch. We have an intervalometer. Also made the shelf above the navigators table that holds the flux gate compass and the radio compass. I have taken apart, cleaned, repainted and lettered the heat suit controls, oxygen regulators, radio compass control box, radio jackboxes. This is not to tell you how great I am, but how much fun I have had in doing it. We go to some air show in the the area from Maine to the Midwest and down into Pennsylvania on just about every week-end during the summer months. Between trips to air shows and local flights, I probably get in more B-17 time than 99-44/100% of your members. Eat your hearts out-because it's still a thrill to be in her when the engines start and she starts shaking and vibrating. Enclosed are a few snapshots taken during the trip to Davenport, Iowa in June of this year. *SENT TO WALTER BUTLER*

Wouldn't it be nice to have a B-17, or two or three or more at the reunion next April?

Needless to say, my check for membership and all previous issues of the newsletter that are available is enclosed. Use the above address please-not the one on the check. *SENT TO WALTER BUTLER*

If you choose to print this, for the benefit of those interested our original crew was:

William Hunnewell	P	William Murnane	R/Op
Dexter E. Barlow	CP	Dwight Hilliard	Ball
Roy A. Kite	N	Joseph Szabo	Tail
DeAlton T. Booth	B	Wm Breuning	R/Waist
Clifford P. Foulke	Engr	Gordon Beese*	L/Waist

*KIA over Treviso, Italy 7 April 1944

Please pardon my typing. My typewriter and I have been together a long long time and we're not getting any younger. But I can still go through the front hatch feet first. When I can't any longer, I'm gonna quit - going thru feet first, that is.

Sincerely,



DeAlton T. Booth (Buzz) with a front handle like that, you gotta have a nickname.

P.S. If anyone has a C-2, a G-1, or a J-1 computer that he would like to donate, we would appreciate it, and put it to good use to add authenticity to the front office of our B-17.

P.S. IS IT POSSIBLE TO GIVE ME THE NAMES OF ANY MEMBERS IN THE WESTERN NEW YORK AREA?

Dear Buzz;

We have been carrying notices of your air shows, and that ain't all. Dean Kuhn of the 99th was present at your air show and took VCR films of the orgy.

Good luck to all. george

The Members of the 99th Bomb Group who attended the 15th Air Force Reunion at Las Vegas, Nev. would like to Thank James L. Smith and his wife Margaret for opening up their hotel suite for the 99th Hospitality room and having to sleep on unmade bed and having their floor go unsweep because of early visitors and poor maid service. THANK YOU, THANK YOU Jim & Marge

Goerge, another reason for writing you is to send you a name of a who showed up at the reunion and he wants an application for membership in our organization. There was six new members who showed up at the reunion I don't know if they are member in our organization, as I was behind the bar serving drinks in Smithy room. There must been thirty members in attendant. Art Knipp has the roster with the names on it. He is going to make copies of them.

Sincerely



Robert J. Bacher
692 N. Abbe Rd.
Elyria, Ohio 44035

P. S. I think we ought to have application made up to take to our reunion and the 15th. don't you

Bob, I had planned to go to the 15th AF reunion, but I was unable to get an answer to my request for a Non-Smoker's room. Next time I will allow three months for the reservation, which will allow me time for a second request. Or perhaps I will do what I did in 87, and just register at the Holiday Inn.

geo

Dear Geo.

I am in hopes that the 99th BGHS can help me find some of my old crew members. I wonder if you could publish the following list of crew members in your next news letter so that any readers in the cities mentioned may do some research and help find them. Or if you have any other method of tracking down old 99th BG members I would be glad to know about it. Following is a list of their names ASN and address at time of enlistment:

Gorden H. Lee, 0779906, 4524 39th ST, San Diego Ca.
 John E. Weber 32950583, 404 Columbus Ave., Trenton, NJ.
 James M. Deering 11063727, 194 Juniper St. E. Providence, RI
 Vincent Buffa 32397672, 993 Glenmore Ave, Brooklyn, NY.
 William T. Houchens 35879436, Smithfield, Ky.
 Roy C. Flowers 13014855, 2510 Taylor St. Wichita, Kansas

Any help from any of your readers will be much appreciated.

Many Thanks,

Calvin J. McNamee
 136 N. 155th St.
 Seattle, Wa 98133

206-363-4091

12oct89

Dear Calvin;

We would like to remind everybody that we conduct a postcard search using those old home addresses from Nineteen Ought Forty Three.

We mail cards to persons in the Old Home Town of record who have the same last name, and now and then we produce a Straggler.

So, fellows, send us those names and addresses you found in the foot-locker up in the attic. And Calvin, I mailed 23 postcards yesterday for you.
 geo

QUOTES

"... of the high-explosive bombs we let fly, 88 scored direct hits on these (Schweinfurt) factory buildings designated as prime targets, and 55 other bombs landed within the target area, wreaking extensive damage."

from "The Fall Of Fortresses" by Elmer Bendiner.

from DREW PEARSON by Oliver Pilat

A third (controversial tip) revealed that four hundred U.S. paratroopers were shot down by U.S. and British naval vessels during the invasion of Sicily. When Pearson was called disloyal for these disclosures, General George Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, defended him as "my best Inspector-General."

*
 WALLACE BUSH
 308 RED HILL ROAD
 MARTINSBURG, WV 25401

September 24, 1989

Dear George,

I received your letter just as I was on my way to get Joe Kenney's diary copied for a friend of mine, Joe Szabo. Joe and I started reading WWII paperbacks when the Movie, THE LONGEST DAY, was first shown in theaters. The LONGEST LAY was our first. We quit when we couldn't find any more. Old books started coming out under new names. It was time to stop.

Joe was a civilian teaching electronics to servicemen. He asked for a commission which was granted. When told he would have to do the same work he turned it down and joined the Merchant Marine as a radio operator. He sailed into Bari the day after practically all our ships were blown up by the GAF. The British had just taken over control the radar equipment from the Americans. The GAF probably felt this was a good time to do a good job on Bari. During the BATTLE OF THE BULGE Joe went into a shop in Antwerp. The woman behind the counter took one look at him and went behind a curtain. Joe could hear her conversation with her husband. She came back to the counter and spoke to Joe in German. Joe said, "I don't speak German, I'm an American." The husband came from behind the curtain and they both speaking excitedly said they had looked at his uniform and thought he was from the German navy. The German officers when they left Antwerp had promised they would return. After the war Joe taught at the electronics school where I attended in DC. He started too late for me which was my loss. During our friendship at NBC later I learned much from him and still do by letter.

Your letter to Al Henke on p-5 of the September Newsletter was right on the mark. I suspect Al is closer to the correct story than any other you've read. He put what he saw on paper right after he was back at the base. To further support your answer to Al: We lost #3 engine over Athens in October 1943. We dropped out of formation and I was sure another B-17 plane dropped out to cover us, in fact, I saw a publicity report about someone who returned to the States which seemed to support my belief. At Dayton Henderson said it wasn't so, we were alone. And so it goes.

I would be pleased to receive your war years memoirs. I "devoured" Joe Kenney's when it appeared in the September Newsletter. During a lifetime a year of combat is a short segment. I spent 32 years as a broadcast engineer in television. It was an exciting new enterprise. Later we broadcast the first color television. There were no color receivers except in our own studio. These were interesting years with moments of intense excitement. The last three years I switched commercials. This is like retiring on the job, strictly "dullsville". Unlike you I have no children to whom I can leave a diary explaining how I won the war or a diary about the early years of TV.

I've tried to read between the lines of your "Trigger" paragraph. You'll have to write me that story sometime. I've read all the Newsletters from day one. If the story was in one I must have missed it.

Pete Boggs and his wife, Blanche, visited us a day ahead of when he said he was coming. I had just gotten the July Newsletter out of the mailbox and was reading a description of a B-24 by a B-24 pilot. Pete visited his entire crew and one widow of the tailgunner. He also attended his high school reunion in Ohio.

Wally

JULIUS HOROWITZ
3507 OAKS WAY, #911
POMPANO BEACH, FL 33069-5356
SEPT 26, 1989

Dear George,

Reading some of the 99'ers accounts of missions that they flew, prompted me to write this. Anita and I just returned from a 3 week trip. We flew between cities and spent three nites each, in Prague, Warsaw, Crackow (a day trip), Bucharest, Budapest, Leningrad, Kiev and Moscow. Of course, after so many years most of the damage done by the 99th BG and the Germans have been repaired (reconstructed-pun).

On a bus tour from Bucharest to Brasov (Dracula's Castle - a big rip off) we passed by the Ploesti oil fields which covered a very large area. I couldnt help but think of the innumerable times that the 99th bombed that complex, attempting to stop the flow of oil to the Axis. Another interesting site was an American airmen's cemetery. The bus drove by slowly enabling me to estimate that there were about 200 graves. If anyone is interested in the location, it is located along Road #10, Budapest to Dorog, approximately 20 kilometers from Budapest. If any former PW is interested in a city map of Bucharest, I would be glad to send a xerox copy.

After spending 8 days in Russia, I am firmly convinced that our democratic way of life, with all its shortcomings is far superior to Communism. Other than Roumania, the other countries seemed to have more of everything than the Russians.

Glad to read that you don't have to travel far to visit with the bears, after all you are getting on in years. Hope to see you in Huntsville. Anita sends her best.

Warmest regards,

Julie
JULIE

ASIDE- Noted your comment re: mailing label noting year dues are paid. Mine is incorrect, it should read 1989. Checks were sent 2/9/89, 2/26/88 and \$30-9/14/87 for 86 and 87. Do me a favor and pass this along to Walter. Thanks.

23 August 1989

Dear George --

Following found in the records of the 301st Bomb Group:

28 May 1943:

"When the 99th first came to North Africa, their formation flying was a wonderful thing to behold, and was a source of envy to our group. Of late, however, the 99th, when returning from a mission, can be seen all over the sky."

31 May 1943:

"A 97th BG ground man is reported to have sold a B-17 to an Arab for a few dozen eggs. The Arab, ignorant of the fact that he had been "conned", sweats out his plane each day, and if there are any flak holes or the like, indignantly reproaches the crew chief."

EQ
Dick Drain, 416th

Mr. George Coen

Editor 99th Bomb Group Newsletter

Sept. 17, 1989

Dear George,

I am a subscriber of the newsletter and really enjoy reading about the events and people who were in the 99th. I was in the 99th from Oct. 43 till Oct. 44 with the 416th squadron.

In the September issue of this year there was an account of missions that I was on attributed to a Ken Simons. I was on every one of those missions and there was no Ken Simons on board. I thought you might like to check it out and make a correction. The position of the tail guns were manned by Al Henke.

Also in the same newsletter there was a letter from Al Henke describing a mission to on 1-16-44 to Villaorba; I was also on that mission and also kept a diary and after reading this letter I got out my diary and it was almost word for word with Henkes description of what happened that day. I will agree with you that events that happened 46 years ago are hard to remember all the details but in this case Henkes "memory" is right on target.

Sincerely, *C. Danielson*
Clarence Danielson
3706 E. Lake Panorama
Panora, Iowa 50216

1 goofed.

george

4321 West 71st Terrace
Prairie Village, KS 66208

September 14, 1989

George F. Coen
2908 Aliso Drive, N.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87110

Dear Trigger

It was nice hearing from you back in April, telling me what a good time all of you had at the McAllen reunion. I do plan to make it to the next one in Huntsville next April, & look forward to seeing those "old" faces after all these years.

I don't know about T-Wood, but maybe we can all give him a shove of some sort, and get him to come along. He kept saying that he was going to visit me in Kansas City this summer, but when I last spoke with him over the phone, he had a new excuse

Anyway, I hope we can get him to come along, so that as many of the old 416th as possible can get together and do some "formation flying" from the hospitality suite of the hotel. I want to try and get Charlie Eyer, Bud Lippolt, and Mike Mazu from our old crew, to make it too.

George, I sure have enjoyed your newsletters since I got my subscription entered. Since I didn't see the first several years, I don't know if you ever printed the poem that someone wrote about the 99th. I had copied it off from the bulletin board at one of our secret stations there in N-Africa, and came across it recently while going through some of my treasures. I don't know who wrote it, but will enclose a copy for your memory recall. Even if you did print it in one of the previous issues, I think it might merit another spread in a future issue, as it tells it like it was for the "Mighty 99th Group".

So long for now George. Be sure to take plenty of those nutritious K-Rations, or whatever they were called, with you on your mountain treks, as you never know when the weather might go sour, and leave you marooned for days on end.

Regards

Steve

Steve Amundson

P.S. Remember when we were celebrating someone's birthday one night at our 1st operational base. Somebody got a 5-gallon can of grape juice that really put a polish on our canteen cups. Murphy, the weatherman, had enjoyed a full portion of it, when he realized he needed to go back to his tent and make another weather observatin. As he was "crabbing" into the wind and making his way through the darkness, he got a little off course and fell into one of the slit-trenches. He was a little miffed, as I recall, but survived it all.

THE NINETY-NINTH

... around and laugh and play,
When comes a non-operational day--
We write our letters home
with not a word to say,
When comes a non-operational day.

But when the alert is sounded,
No one seems at all astounded--
In seconds flat,
Each man is off his sack,
And headed for hell, amid the flak.

The bombs are stacked up in the bay,
And the giant birds all get under way--
Not one inch of sky is left uncovered,
For turrets swing and eyes are set;
They'll get those Jerries, you can damn well bet.

On to the target, we fight our way,
Scared as hell; but willing to play--
Sweating out the interphone's familiar phrase,
Hooray, Boys!---It's "Bombs Away".
We're off for home, and a non-operational day.

Dear Steve;

I can remember when I was three years old, yet I cannot remember when I was single. As for drinking, I do remember a little send-off for Bob Imrie where I learned that if there is no barstool to fall from, one may get far too much Kickapoo joy juice, and it is hard to get home on just elbows. That dry irrigation ditch proved to be a major obstacle. geo

Also, Steve, we deserve commendation for never having printed a single poem about French latrines. There may also be other poems which we have suppressed.

QUOTES

Japan, The Final Agony

One quickly exhausts superlatives when describing the bravery and stubborn determination of Japanese troops, for they fought with fanaticism in every field and on every occasion. As Field-Marshal Slim has said, the strength of the Japanese army lay in the spirit of the individual soldier; 'He fought and marched till he died . . . it was this combination of obedience and ferocity that made the Japanese army, whatever its condition, so formidable . . .' To the Japanese soldier or sailor, surrender was unthinkable, death as light as a feather'.

Barrie Pitt in "Japan, the Final Agony"

And the Japanese army considered itself undefeated. In the spring of 1945, at a PoW camp for Allied captives near Mukden, Japanese officers told the prisoners that if they observed all rules for the next ten or twenty years, their relatives might be permitted to come from home to visit them.

War Diary

Sheet No. 1 War Diary, 346th Bombardment Squadron, APO 520, NATOUSA

Month of September, 1942. Prepared by Walter H. Johnson, 1st Lt., A.C.

DAY	EVENTS
25	On this day the 346th Bombardment Squadron (H) was activated as one of the squadrons of the 99th Bombardment Group (H). The original cadre came from the 29th Bombardment Group, then stationed at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. The advance cadre consisting of 53 enlisted men and 10 officers started to organize an overseas Bombardment Squadron at Walla Walla, Washington Army Air Base. Captain Roger Lawson Swain, Jr., a four engine pilot, became the Squadron Commander and 2nd Lt. Edward T. Kusterer the Squadron Adjutant.

Sheet No. 2

Month of October, 1942

2	Within a week after activation, the Squadron filled its quota under the Table of Organization, as set up.
26	On this day an ordnance section of 30 enlisted men and one officer, in the person of 2nd Lt. Patrick J. Vesey were assigned to the Squadron, as a servicing agency.
31	On this day, eight combat crews consisting of 48 enlisted men and 32 officers joined the Squadron. A program of training in aerial combat and precision bombing was then launched.

Sheet No. 3

Month of November, 1942

15	On this day the Squadron left Walla Walla, Washington for the Army Air Base at Sioux City, Iowa.
18	On this day the Squadron arrived at the Army Air Base, Sioux City, Iowa.
20	On this day the Squadron had filled its needs and the serious work of selection, classification and particular fitness for special work became the central theme of operation. The Squadron was beginning to shape itself for overseas duty. Its first phase of training had been completed. They were now ready for the second phase of training. Weather permitting, the combat crew took to the air and began practice in take offs, landings and formation flying. The navigators were drilled in the work of map reading and navigational problems in actual flight and bombardiers in the famous science of precision bombing. The enlisted men comprised two waist gunners, a radio operator, tail gunner, ball turret operator and aerial engineer. Their training was essentially that of aerial combat missions
23	On this day Major Leon L. Lowry succeeded Captain Swain as Commanding Officer of the Squadron.

- 30 On this night a training disaster overtook the Squadron when, during a night practice mission, bad weather caused a Fortress to crash, resulting in the death of the entire crew. Five officers and five enlisted men perished.

Sheet No. 4

Month of January, 1943

3	On this day the Squadron was divided in preparation for the next phase. The Air or Flight Echelon left for Salina, Kansas, where it was to receive final preparation for overseas duty in a Theater of Operations, while the ground echelon moved to Saterlite Airdrome, Watertown, South Dakota. In Watertown, the administrative personnel whipped into shape such matters as allotments, insurance, wills, dog tags and other paper work necessary to the recording and tabulation of Squadron needs. The enlisted personnel, such as the engineers, armament, ordnance and those of the technical sections attended classes to broaden their knowledge and understanding by way of supplementing the practical experiences had in training. The men in general also engaged in calisthenics, walks, drill and other activities designed to condition them physically for the giant work ahead. Lt. Kusterer became Commanding Officer of the Ground Echelon, having been promoted to a First Lieutenancy. Lectures on security measures were given by the S-2 Officer, Captain Robert L. McMillan, assisted by Lt. Walter H. Johnson and Lt. Kermit J. Mack. During such final actions, the flight echelon left Morrision Field, Fla.
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Sheet No. 5

Month of February, 1943

6	The Flight Echelon arrived at Bathurst, in French Morocco
26	The Ground Echelon left Watertown, South Dakota for Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
28.	The Ground Echelon arrived at Tinker Field, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Sheet No. 6

Month of March, 1943

16	On this day the Flight Echelon arrived at their base, at Navarin, in French Algeria
23	On this day the Ground Echelon left Tinker Field, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey
31	The difficult work of setting up their equipment and functional apparatus was accomplished under trying conditions and on this eventful day the Flight Echelon participated in its first aerial flight in the European and North African Theater of Operations when it bombed the enemy held airdrome at Villacidaro, Sardinia.

Sheet No. 7

Month of April, 1943

- 5 On this day the Flight Echelon flew in that now famous aerial bombing over Mila Air-drome, Trapani, Sicily, where the Group distinguished itself by its outstanding work in destroying 78 enemy aircraft on the ground. The Group received its first commendation from the War Department for this extraordinary achievement of heavy bombardment.
- 28 On this day the Ground Echelon left Camp Kilmer and arrived at Staten island, New York City from which place it boarded the U.S. Edmund B. Alexander troop ship.
- 29 On this morning, the heavily laden ship left New York to begin its historical overseas crossing. The troopship was one of many in a large convoy.

Sheet No. 8

Month of May, 1943

- 9 On this day the vessel blew an engine cap and was forced to drop out of the convoy. With reduced speed and with but two destroyers guarding its lane, the disabled ship headed for Gibraltar.
- 12 Arrived at Gibraltar and anchored for a day to make repairs. The same night it sailed into the Mediterranean heading for the Port of Oran.
- 13 Arrived at Oran, French Morocco with all hands safe. The personnel were camped at La Senia.
- 28 On this day, the Ground Echelon joined the Flight Echelon at Navarin. The occasion for reunion marked a great day for the ground men and relieved the crews of their administrative and numerous other duties performed by them in addition to flight missions.

Sheet No. 9

Month of June, 1943

- 3 On this day Captain Robert L. McMillan, Squadron S-2 Officer, became the new Executive Officer of the Squadron.
- 8 On this day S/Sgt Barry T. Heller replaced 1st Sergeant Abe Krakoff as 1st Sergeant of the Organization.
- 25 On this day, after 37 successful missions without a single Squadron death, the first fatality was to occur when Sgt George F. Holmes, aerial gunner, met his death in a combat mission when an enemy Messerschmidt 109 killed him in action. That raid over Messina, Sicily, marked a difficult mission for one of the Fortresses left the formation when two of its engines were shot out and was thereafter jumped by 35 to 50 enemy fighter aircraft. During the encounter, six men were injured but the crew retaliated by shooting down eight of the attackers. The crew landed safely at an emergency field at _____ and gave great credit and glory to Lt. Frank P. Hunter, its pilot, who himself had been wounded in battle.

Sheet No. 10

Month of July, 1943

- 25 In a raid over Foggia, Italy, the Squadron lost its first full crew, when, as a result of direct enemy action over the target area, Lt Frank P. Hunter was attacked by fighters and shot down. Five crew members were known to have bailed out and all are now listed as missing in action.

Sheet No. 11

Month of August, 1943

- 1 The Squadron had its 60th mission. It bombed Naples, Italy. It suffered the loss of another full crew when Lt. Howard B. _____ piloting the Fortress over the target suffered severe damage to his plane and after reaching an emergency field at Djedeida, his Fortress exploded while landing, killing all its occupants.
- 4 The Squadron moved from Navarin to its new base in Tunisia, at Oudna, near the city of Tunis. The air echelon flew its crews and planes to the new base and arrived this day. The ground echelon began to motor by convoy.
- 5 The Ground Echelon arrived at new base.
- 19 Lt Thomas P. Garrett, Bombardier had the distinction of being the first flier in the Squadron and of the entire group to successfully complete 50 missions. This marks the beginning of the change of personnel amongst those in the Flight Echelon. New crews expected.

Sheet No. 12

Month of September, 1943

- 4 Major Leon L. Lowry, Squadron Commanding Officer, completed his 50th mission by participating in the raid on Capodicchino, Naples, Italy

HERE TIS

Vol. 3, No. 5

15 July 45

Published Weekly by the Special Services and I&E Sections, Hq. 99th Bomb Group (H)

REPORTS FROM THE UNIVERSITY

We have received a few letters from students at Florence and talked to one of the men who had to return to the Gp. for a few days. Lt Greenfield, the only officer to go from Group Headquarters, writes that he is billeted in a room with two other officers; nice shower, wash basin, desk--strictly non GI. Classes meet six days a week and each student takes three subjects--no more, no less. So, for example, if you indicated a desire for Business Administration, you take a subject in that field and two other courses.

Cpl Davis, one of the EM on Hq. quota, was back here for a couple of days and frankly, he was FO'd about the whole deal. Reveille at six A.M., one hour of required physical training and retreat at night. He was moaning about being billeted in a large room with about twenty other guys. He says practically everything worthwhile in Florence is off-limits and that the chow is not too good--mostly C-rations. (Better food has been promised.)

They throw the work at you and expect you to get it. Yes sir, the place is obviously a Study Center and not a Rest Group. P.S. Cpl Davis was in a lather to get back there--but fast. Maybe it is not so rough at that.

P.P.S. Officers hit those formations and eat the same food but no complaints have reached us from Lt Greenfield. Could be that he's eager but we doubt it. Looks from here as though the school meant business and was delivering the goods.

WANT SOME MORE POINTS?

With the fighting over in the ETO, members of the 84th Division have taken to writing poetry to pass the time. Exs.

I wish I were a porcupine
For just a week or two,
For then I would have points enough
To come back home to you.

VOCATIONAL INFORMATION

Preliminary study of those Army Education Program questionnaires has turned up some interesting facts about post-war plans. It is amazing how many men have no definite idea about what they will do when Uncle Sammy says they've done their duty and can go home. What is even worse, there seems to be a goodly number who have no idea what it takes to set up in business. Of course, catch-as-catch-can job hunting may be the answer for some of us, and some geniuses may be able to start a business on a shoe string and not lose their shirts. However, a little serious planning now can make a hell of a difference later.

The Information and Education Section in each squadron and at Group now have an elaborate file of vocational dope and a small but good collection of books on job finding. The file contains more than 400 pamphlets which tell you the prospects for certain jobs, the requirements and the annual earnings, among other things. The Section personnel don't set themselves up as vocational advisors but they are willing to help in every way possible. The army has provided more material than most professional counselors can collect so, if you have plans and want to see what the prospects are, or if you want some help making plans, drop in the I&E office and look over this Vocational Kit. It covers every known job--and then some!

Plan today for your job tomorrow--you'll be a civilian one of these years.

SWIMMING MEET

We're still accepting applications of men who want to represent the 99th in the 15th Air Force Zone Allied Swimming Meet to be held in Bari, August 2nd to 5th. Any squadron interested in forming a water polo team composed of 10 devil-may-care men, contact Sp. Services and we will send you to Bari (we'll supply the black-jacks and brass knuckles).

FRAGS

346

With the influx and outflux of men slowing down a bit, the 346th is beginning to seem less like a Repl Depl and more like an outfit. . . .At the Squadron meeting Wednesday night we got a "hot rumor" and the answers to a lot of questions and gripes that some of us have had. The suggestion box is in the S-2 office, and everyone is urged to make full use of it. Good suggestions have already been received and are being carefully considered. Action has been taken to put them into effect as soon as possible. . . .We learned, too, that our rest camp quotas may be increased soon to give more men the chance to see Rome, Venice and points north. . . .Since we have a Squadron Shuttle running to and from "metropolitan" Foggia, transportation is considerably simpler. Now if there were any good reasons to go to Foggia, the off-duty prospects would be rosy. . . .Word from the Sqd. intellectuals in Florence has nothing but praise from the University Training Center. The men "who have a thirst" are to be seen quenching it nightly at clubs and bars with the squadron cafe society leader, First Soldier Worthington, seen about town regularly.

347

The housing program is in full swing. Eleven casas up now and a couple more going every day. At first it was more or less of an experiment and the first three looked like they may have come from the fairy tale "The Three Bears" 'cause each succeeding one got smaller--until when the third one was completed it was "the one." Capt Heady came back from the rest camp sounding just like ol' Pappy Ward--"When can I go again?" When Lt Seacord was to leave, some of the boys had a little beer party for him. Whitley has a nice even voice--it doesn't bother you a bit--until he gets the hiccoughs--they shake the whole place. That P-36 buss job certainly sent a bunch of Italians running. . . .Lil' Abner Grassl has a favorite remark (ours too)--"We won." Our ball diamond has been graded, harrowed, rolled, scraped, dragged and almost hand-picked so when the squadrons come over for their lickings there'll be no excuses. No foolin'--it really looks good. Speaking of the ball team, I'll bet anyone that they have no more ardent rooters than our two Majors--they're out there for every one! Any of you men remember Horvath? Well, he can't get out of the army--115 points and considered essential--(a 608). My pal and buddy--Wally Trawka--invited me to dinner and then disappeared--maybe I was supposed to bring the duck.

348

Casual observations around the squadron these days--and pregnant thoughts besides--Those Eyties are really going to town on our new barracks slated to house 46 Gls. . . .More buildings coming up as officer's club is starting from the ground up. . . .Our thriving little city area is developing a sky-line as the Itis just finished the phot hut--in record time too. . . .There's always a cheery side to look at this army of occupation dealsays one of our noble Gls. The way he explains it is this: hell, I look forward to coko [sic] and beer rations, look forward to the Stars and Stripes, look forward to pay-day--and time goes by before you know it! But that ain't the way I hear it. . . .A special tribute goes to a certain fine little sergeant from Kansas who is being very patient about waiting for his transfer order. The lad is over the 85 point total and is sweating so hard he has to wear a cap to shield his remaining hair. . . .Pregnant thought number one: Irving Berlin wrote "Someday I'm going to murder the bugler." That was fine. But we're wondering if the squadron hasn't a budding music writer who could say something about "Getting the guy who wakes the C.Q. up". . . .Our squadron doesn't stand short on first sergeants what with Allen sweating out re-deployment, Gatenby just sweating, and Hendrickson newly arrived. Guido and Lotzenhiser, our two bar and PX attendants, have great ideas about getting ice for beer and cokes every night. It certainly would be a good deal. Until the next beer ration, "So long for now, fellows."

416

The transportation situation is picking up. It took us only one hour to get a ride back from Foggia the other night. . . .If all the tufa blocks they hauled into our squadron were laid end to end they'd still need at least 50 loads more. . . .Did you ever see an orderly room with so many guys in it--and all busy too. . . .How you like that? We heard a guy complaining about the mud right after the shower we had the other night. Can you imagine what he'll say when we really get it? Wonder where Jerry, our mailman, gets his patience from. He has guys asking him a million questions at once all day long and never seems to lose his temper. Supplyman Lou Harris predicts we won't be at this field five months from now--he also tells fortunes. Charley Weinberger, our P-Xpert, must be going native. He was seen doling out the beer rations the other day in his bare feet. . . .We're thinking of starting a "League Against Serving Any More Beef and Gravey for Lunch." All those interested will kindly signify same in the usual manner. Capt Blake is looking for men who can operate a projection machine. He says we may be able to have movies in our own area. If you want to hear some good yarns about Athens and its "receptive" women, corral Sgt Egan--but don't forget to bring a bottle of lager for him.

CHAPEL CHIMES

GOING STRAIGHT

How to "go straight" is not so difficult a matter as many crooked-minded persons find it to be. The majority of us are confused occasionally on the matter of honesty and dishonesty. We build our neat systems of value and of right and wrong. Before long, however, we find that what seemed a good simple system has become far too complex to help us any. That is the trouble with such systems--they don't work. They are based too much upon the sawdust of the mind in operation. They are too frequently not rational but only rationalizations.

Basically "going straight" is a question not so much of reason as of motive. One may, for example, have as his directing motive the pleasing of himself. He enjoys finding those results which are gratifying to his estimation of himself or those which please his senses. He cares little for right or wrong if his sense organs are stimulated in a pleasurable manner. He is a man who loves himself and his own pleasure. Again, another may find pleasure in a devotion to the right as it is defined by Christianity. Even though it may hurt to do what he feels instinctively is right, he prefers to take that course. He is a person who has learned to love the right.

Here, then, we have two men. The choices of the first who loves himself may often-times not result in any harm to another person. The choices of the second are subject to human error and may harm another at times. But, if you had a thousand dollars you wanted someone to keep for you, which of the two persons would you choose to keep it for you?

CHURCH SCHEDULE

Protestant: Sunday
347 - 0800 Ord - 0845
348 - 0930 416 - 1015
346 - 1100 Hq. - 1900

Catholic: Sunday
Hq. Chapel - 0800, 1030
Weekday Mass 0645

Jewish: Wednesday
Chapel Tent 1900

GO TO CHURCH THIS WEEK

LITTLE THEATRE SCHEDULE

MON, TUES - "OBJECTIVE BURMA"
WED, THURS, FRI - "A SONG TO REMEMBER"
SAT, SUN - "THREE'S A FAMILY"

99TH BOMB GROUP MOVIE SCHEDULE

MONDAY 16 JULY
"THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT" - Jack Benny
1900 - 347th, 348th, & Hq.
2045 - 346th, 416th, & Ord.

FLAGELLA MOVIE SCHEDULE

MON, TUES, 16, 17 JULY - 1400, 1900
"THIS MAN'S NAVY" - Wallace Berry
WED, THURS, 18, 19 JULY - 1400, 1900
"WINGED VICTORY" - Edmund O'Brien
FRI, SAT, 20, 21 JULY - 1400, 1900
"JUST FOR LAUGHS" - a stage show
"THE CONSPIRATORS" - Hedy Lamarr
SUNDAY, MONDAY 22, 23 JULY - 1400, 1900
"THE MISSING JUROR" - Jamie Carter

WEDNESDAY 18 JULY

"OBJECTIVE BURMA" - Errol Flynn
1900 - 346th, 416th, & Hq.
2045 - 347th, 348th, & Ord.

THURSDAY 19 JULY

"G.I. MOVIES" - 2030--One showing only
"NEWS BRIEFING" - 2015 - Capt Schmuck

SATURDAY 21 JULY

"A SONG TO REMEMBER" - Merle Oberon
1900 - 347th, 348th, & Hq.
2045 - 346th, 416th, & Ord.

SPORTS FOR SPORTS

SOFTBALL: The Group softball team is doing a bit of alright by itself. They've won the last three games by scores of 2 to 1, 6 to 2, and 6 to 4, and now have only three more to go in the tournament to decide the representative of 5th Wing in the Sectional Playoff. The boys sure are looking forward to the trips forthcoming when they get up to the finals.

HARDBALL: The Group hardball team is also burning up the league and headed for the finals. They beat the 97th 3 to 0 in the first game and are pretty sure of repeating the victory against the 2nd today. Good luck boys.

STUFF 'N THINGS: This last week has been sort of a breather--the qualm [sic]k before the storm. Monday sees the start of three leagues and the next two months should prove quite hectic what with two softball and one hardball league battling around. If I know my athletes I know that there'll be a lot of alibis and excuses for certain mistakes committed. For the benefit of the managers who have to listen to them, we're putting forth this list. Now all that's necessary is to have the players give the number instead of going through the long explanations:

1. "I was looking for a fast ball," (After striking out)
2. "The sun got in my eyes." (A dropped fly ball.)
3. "The catcher tipped my bat." (Has taken third strike.)
4. "Them balls this year is deader than ever." (Has flied out four times.)
5. "That mound needs building up in front." (Just made a wild pitch)
6. "These bats ain't got no wood in 'em." (Two pop-ups in a row)
7. "I got the uniforms mixed." (Has thrown to wrong base)

They go on and on; we could carry it up to a hundred, but one of the prize ones pulled after a muffed fly ball on a cloudy day was "A drop of rain got in my eye."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS: Dazzy Vance, upon signing his contract: "I didn't get as much as I expected, but it was more than I thought I would get."--Jim Lindsey's description of how he pitched to Paul Waner: I gave him my best pitch, then ran to back up third, "--Frank Frisch's supreme insult: "You look like an umpire."

NEWS OF HOME

CARSON CITY, NEV: A local resident wears this sign on his back, while walking the streets of Carson City: "Kick me. I love it." He collects 25 cents a boot. Makes a nice living too.

(After being a Pfc three years, it would not even be felt)

INDIANAPOLIS: The meanest rat in Indianapolis is the one who nibbled through a cardboard box and ate all the meat ration stamps at Danny Kroger's grocery store. (The rats 'round 'yar don't nibble--they devour boxes whole)

BROOKLYN: A library asked doodlers who fill in O's in books with pens to cut it out. (Shucks, can't have no fun)

CHEYENNE, WYO: A tall stranger walked into a local package store and ordered a pint of rye. "Shall I wrap it up?" queried the clerk. "No, thanks," said the stranger, "I'll drink it here." He did, in half a dozen swallows, then walked majestically out. (Glad to see some of our boys got home)

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: A prospective bridegroom sent this plea to his ration board: "I'm getting married. So I need a new pair of work shoes." The board marked his request "urgent." (Dumbell. When you get married you don't have to wear your shoes in bed)

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **BURGETT, Charles R.**
Rank: S/Sgt.
Serial number: 32381824
Position: Crew (Bomber) Ass't R/O

Did he bail out? No

Where?

If not, why not? Ball turret gunner

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane:

Was he injured? Killed

Where was he when last seen? Getting into his position as gunner (Ball turret).

Source:

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition: All electrical systems were dead. There was no way that Sgt Burgett could get out of the turret or from the plane.

Total number of missions of above crew member: 26

Dates and destinations if possible: Palermo, Catania, Villa San Giavani, Rome, Balogna, Marsaille, Naples, Salerno, Foggia, Cagliari, Frascati, other targets in Sicily, Italy. The last to Germany (Augsburg) did not reach target.

Filled in by myself March 4, 1989

March 4, 1989

George:

The same Swiss soldier that told me about the others said that "When he reached the plane, one of the men was lying on the ground just outside of the plane." This man was still alive, but died in seconds after they got there.

I have always felt that this man was Peter B. Malchiodi, but was only a feeling of mine.

I am so truly sorry that I did not go to greater lengths to acquire information. Things were painful to me. I did not realize how terribly important it would be to the families of these brave men.

One of the Swiss soldiers that was first to reach the plane, came to Adelboden to visit us several times. Joe and Norris both visited him in his beautiful home near Sur Bei Arrow. Spent several days vacation with Herr Wegman and his wife. Best always,

Dale

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **Finseth, Levi S.**
Rank: 2nd Lt.
Serial number: 0-736847
Position: Crew (Bomber) Navigator

Did he bail out? No.

Where?

If not, why not? Possibly dead before plane started down.

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane: Was shown maps shortly after take-off.

Was he injured? Killed.

Where was he when last seen? In nose of plane

Any hearsay information: Was found dead in or near wreckage of plane.

Source: Swiss eye-witnesses.

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition: One of these seven baled out. The parachute caught fire and he fell to his death. It may have been Finseth. If not, he was found in the plane.

Total number of missions of above crew member: Thirty.

Dates and destinations if possible: Palermo-Catania-Villa San Giavani-Foggia-Cagliari Rome-Bologna-Marsailles-Naples-Salerno and other targets in Sicily and Italy between June 25 and oct 1, 1943.

The writing was written by my wife. Dictated by me at the time this came into my hands, either late 1945 or in 1946. The envelope was dated February 24, 1946.
M.D.P.

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **KING, Norris W.**
Rank: S/Sgt
Serial number: 17088079
Position: Crew (Bomber) Tail Gunner

Did he bail out? Yes

Where? Rhein Valley near Meinfeld and Bad Rogaz, in Switzerland.

If not, why not?

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane:

Was he injured? Yes

Where was he when last seen?

Any hearsay information: He was treated and in military hospital in Bad Ragaz.

Source:

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition:

Total number of missions of above crew member: 26

Dates and destinations if possible: Palermo-Catania, Villa San Giavani-Rome-Bologna-Marsailles-Naples-Foggia-Cagliari-Frascati-etc.

NOTE: Writing is my own, March 4, 1989
M.D. Pratt

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **MALCHIODI, Peter B.**
Rank: T/Sgt.
Serial number: 31118574
Position: Crew (Bomber) Engineer

Did he bail out? No.

Where?

If not, why not? Possibly dead or couldn't get out of top turret.

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane:

Was he injured? Killed

Where was he when last seen? In top turret.

Any hearsay information:

Source:

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition: It is possible that he is the one whose parachute burned when he baled out.

Total number of missions of above crew member: Twenty-six.

Dates and destinations if possible: Palermo-Catania-Villa San Giavani-Rome-Bologna-Marsailles-Naples-Salerno-Foggia-Cagliari-and other targets in Sicily and Italy between June 25 and Oct 1, 1943.

Filled in by my wife and myself in 1946.

March 4, 1989

Dear George:

A Swiss Soldier that had helped remove the bodies from Sugar-Foot told me **personally** that "When they got to the body of Lt Prentice he was lying there and looked as if he had just gone to sleep." He said "There was a hole in his chest where a 20mm shell had passed through.

This certainly disputes the Good Captain Ruegg's version, but I know as well as I know I was on that plane that the above is true.

God Bless
M. Dale Pratt

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **WHEADON, Elmer D.**
Rank: S/Sgt.
Serial number: 11040542
Position: Crew (Bomber) (Waist Gunner)
was tail gunner

Did he bail out? No

Where?

If not, why not?

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane:

Was he injured?

Where was he when last seen? Going into position as tail gunner

Any hearsay information: As I saw hundreds of 20mms and machine gun shells passing through the plane and going through to tail of plane, I have always supposed that Sgt Wheadon was either killed by these, and if not could not extricate himself because of the force of plane going down.

Source: Myself.

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition: Wholly supposition on my part.

Total number of mission of above crew member: 26

Dates and destinations if possible: Rome, Bologna, (Marsailles, France), Villa San Giavani, Palermo, Catania, Frascati, Cagliari, other targets on Sicily and Italy. Last mission not completed to Augsburg, Germany.

Filled in by me March 4, 1989

INDIVIDUAL CASUALTY QUESTIONNAIRE

Name of crew member: **PRENTICE, Donald N.**
Rank: 2nd Lt.
Serial number: 0-670603
Position: Crew (Bomber) Co-Pilot.

Did he bail out? No.

Where? Was killed by 20mm canon shell through chest.

If not, why not?

Last contact or conversation just prior to or at time of loss of plane:

Was he injured? Killed.

Where was he when last seen? Co-pilot's seat

Any hearsay information: Were told that Lt Prentice had been killed by 20mm shell.

Source: Swiss army doctor.

Any explanation of his fate based in part or wholly on supposition: Crashed with plane.

Total number of missions of above crew member: Thirty-two.

Dates and destinations if possible: Palermo-Catania-Villa San Giavani-Rome-Bologna-Marsailles-Naples-Salerno-Foggia-Cagliari and other targets in Sicily and Italy between June 25 and Oct. 1, 1943.

Dictated to my wife. She wrote the above in 1946.

Thanks, Dale geo

QUOTES

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TWO BATTLEFRONTS
by Hugh Baillie

And I heard General Omar Bradley at the Seventh Army front warn reporters not to proceed ahead of sappers removing mines lest they 'cease being of any value to your respective employers,' as he succinctly put it.

- 2 - *Panzer Leader*

things, for this nation will have proved itself the weaker and the future will belong exclusively to the stronger Eastern nation. Those who remain alive after the battles are over are in any case only inferior persons, since the best have fallen.

Adolf Hitler, March, 1945 in answer to Speer's and Guderians attempt to preserve German utilities for postwar German survival.

On March 23th, 1945 . . . Hitler said to me: 'Please do your best to get your health back. In six weeks the situation will be very critical. Then I shall need you urgently. Where do you think you will go?' Keitel advised me to visit Bad Liebenstein. It was very beautiful there. I replied that it was already occupied by the Americans. p. 357

Medal awarded 42 years later

Continued from page 1
into the camera well."

He was facing the tail and his body was twisted to the left, pulling off his oxygen coupling, his heat suit connection and the intercom cord.

At the altitude they were flying, the temperature was "about minus 50," he said.

"I didn't know how badly I was injured," he said. "It would have been easy to pull my leg up if I could have unbuttoned my shoe, but my shoe was sticking outside of the plane."

Neader has a picture of the incident taken from another plane on the mission. It shows the B-17, the flak bursts and the leaflets floating out from under the plane. The dot on the underside of the plane near the tail is his shoe, he said.

Somehow he managed to pull his leg free. He clamped his oxygen hose back on and reattached his heat suit connection and intercom cord.

He recalled running his left hand over the knee and experiencing excruciating pain. "When I brought my hand back it was covered with blood," he said. When his knee twisted against the metal of the camera well, it had shaved the skin off. Inside the knee, all the cartilage was crushed. A muscle also pulled away from the bone.

He managed to toss all the leaflets out, (all except one which he



Scotty Neader during the war.

still has), and closed the camera well.

But that is not the end of the story.

"When they said 'bombs away' I was relieved. That's when the whole group started to make its turn to head back," he said.

But one 250-pound bomb was hung up in the bomb rack. Neader volunteered to try to free it.

"I stumbled to the bomb bay to see where the bomb was and how I was going to get rid of it," he said.

He walked out on the catwalk over the open bomb bay. The bomb was hanging nose down.

"We stayed in formation until about eight minutes before we hit the coast of the Adriatic Sea. That's when we dropped out of formation and went down to 10,000 feet," he said.

He took off his parachute to gain maneuverability and straddled part of the bomb bay. "I put one foot on the catwalk and one on the bulkhead. I grabbed the nose of the bomb and twisted it back into the bomb rack."

Again, the nose of the bomb fell down but the bomb didn't fully release.

After getting the bomb back in the rack, he stood on the bomb. "I figured maybe if I put enough weight on it..."

It still didn't fall. After another try, however, "I bent down, turned the release button and shoom! It went. The bomb went out. My screwdriver went."

He managed to pull himself back up on the catwalk. "I laid there watching the bomb go all the way down — 10,000 feet — until it exploded in the Adriatic Sea."

For that feat, the pilot, Lt. John Dodderidge of Cleveland, Ohio, told Neader he was nominating him to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross. So far, Neader has not received that medal, either.

Neader also served as a tail gunner for a year during the Korean War.

The Neaders moved to Onalaska

from Mitchell, S.D., in 1977. He was the retail sales manager for the Montgomery Ward store in La Crosse until 1982. His wife, Margie, is sales manager at K-106 FM radio. They have two sons, Scott, 22, and Mark, 21.

Neader also has a son from a previous marriage, Jim, 36, of St. Petersburg, Fla., an agent for a number of professional football and baseball players, including Dwight Gooden of the New York Mets.

The ceremony in which Scotty Neader will receive the Purple Heart will be at 1 p.m. Sunday, April 26, in the Tomah Holiday Inn.

Neader was turned down a couple of times previously for the honor. A 1986 letter from Maj. Robert Hill of the Department of the Air Force notes the injuries "were accidentally incurred due to a sudden gain in altitude." Injuries that occur while taking evasive action, it went on, do not qualify for the Purple Heart.

Neader said the plane took no evasive action. "The concussion from the flak bursts pushed the plane up. That was common."

Polls open at 7 a.m.

Tuesday is election day and the polls in La Crosse will be open from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Voters will cast ballots for city council and school board races and statewide on whether Wisconsin should legalize a staternun lottery and allow pari-mutuel betting.



Dick Rinker of the Tribune staff

Scotty Neader of Onalaska pages through his World War II scrapbook.

Purple Heart is 42 years late

By PAT MOORE
Of the Tribune staff

It is 42 years late, but on April 26 Scotty Neader of Onalaska will receive his Purple Heart.

Neader, 61, of 829 Sixth Ave. N., will receive the medal for injuries to his left leg during a bombing mission in World War II.

He received a letter from the Department of the Air Force informing him that the medal was approved on Feb. 3. That was just six days before he had his seventh surgery on his war-injured knee.

Neader, who gets around with a cane, is still recuperating.

"A little old medal's not going to solve all my problems but I'm glad I'm finally going to get it," he said.

The injury took place while he was part of the crew on a B-17, which, along with other planes, was flying a 900-mile roundtrip bombing mission from a base near Foggia, Italy, to bomb a bridge near Maribor, Yugoslavia.

Neader, who was 19 at the time, remembers the mission which took place on Easter Sun-

day, April 1, 1945, as a critical one.

"It was extremely important because the Nazis had German soldiers, Tiger tanks and fighter planes in Yugoslavia. Our Fifth Army was there trying to mop up."

He was a waist gunner aboard the bomber flying at 22,500 feet.

"The flak was supposed to be light and erratic and no fighter planes," he said. "They were totally wrong ... flak fields filled the air even before we got to the beginning of the bomb run. All of our aircraft were taking terrible hits."

His job was to toss thousands of propaganda leaflets, printed in German, through the camera well on the floor of the plane. Since the leaflets were long and wide, he kicked them through the opening with his left foot.

"Then all hell broke loose," he recalled. "Flak came bursting through from all different angles and, as I was pushing the leaflets down, we were hit by eight flak bursts. The concussion from the bursts pushed the plane up, shoving my leg down

See MEDAL, page 12



Keesler News Oct. 23, 1987

'Grizzly Bear' cuts down Germans

By Marty Brazil
Company of Military Historians

Sgt. Ben Warmer was a giant of a man — six feet, six inches tall, in his stocking feet and 275 pounds.

No wonder the "grizzly bear," as he was nicknamed, handled his B-17 .50-caliber waist gun with such ease.

Sergeant Warmer was more than big. He was strong. He played college and pro football as a fullback, and had served as the bodyguard to a former Secretary of the Treasury.

In April of 1942, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps. He found himself teaching physical education and longing for combat flying. An afternoon at the gunnery range in front of sharp-eyed officers assured him a combat assignment.

By the time the North African campaign was over and the invasion of Sicily was imminent, Sergeant Warmer, a member of the 99th Group, 12th Air Force, had flown 12 missions.

On July 5, 1943, on his 13th mission over Gerbini, Sicily, the sergeant was thinking of his seventh wedding anniversary.

As the 30 lead bombers of the 99th

Group approached the target area, the German fighters came up to attack. The lead fighter elements were twin-engine Messerschmitt Me110s. Right behind them were sleek single-engine Me109s.

As Sergeant Warmer squinted into the bright, clear sky he saw an Me110 coming in on a wide curve, its tracers falling short of the B-17. The sergeant waited until the Messerschmitt slipped into range and began to hose him down. Pieces broke off from the fuselage and right wing of the fighter. Quickly, it broke off to the left, then exploded in a huge fireball.

That was one — Sergeant Warmer's first kill.

He caught a second fighter with a long burst into the engine. The plane staggered and veered toward the B-17, dropping just beneath the fortress.

Someone shouted over the intercom, "That's two for ya, Ben!"

Suddenly, a shark-like Me109 came in on a long downward turn. Sergeant Warmer yelled, "Two o'clock high," and began shooting. A burst into the gas tank and the Me109 exploded, rocking the bomber. That was No. 3.

The sergeant looked around. Holes had appeared all over the aircraft. The Ger-

mans were shooting good. Forward, a cannon shell had started a fire.

The other waist gunner's oxygen nozzle froze and he passed out. Sergeant Warmer tended to his friend, who looked up and said weakly, "Watch out, Ben! Three o'clock high."

The timing couldn't have been better. Sergeant Warmer caught the German head on. Later, the sergeant remembered that the Messerschmitt took like "a clock with a busted mainspring" as it blew up.

Four kills. One more and Sergeant Warmer would be an ace.

An Me109 came sliding in from four o'clock low. The tail gunner was tracking him, but just a little too slow. As the German streaked into view, Sergeant Warmer put his tracers into the wing root. The fighter pilot tried to roll out, but his wing snapped off at the fuselage.

Sergeant Warmer was an ace. As a Me110 rolled in for the attack Sergeant Warmer lined up and squeezed. Empty! Quickly, the sergeant started feeding a new belt into his machine gun. The Me110 got bigger and bigger. Pieces of the B-17 were being chewed off and whizzing by in the slipstream.

Just then, the fortress let go her bombs

and lifted skyward, free of her heavy load. The Me110 streaked by, followed by the sergeant's curses.

A single Me109 came in from 12 o'clock high, knocking out the forward guns. The pilot yelled to Sergeant Warmer that the German was passing his waist position. The sergeant put a long burst into the canopy that left a bloody froth hanging in the air. The Me109 went down with its dead pilot.

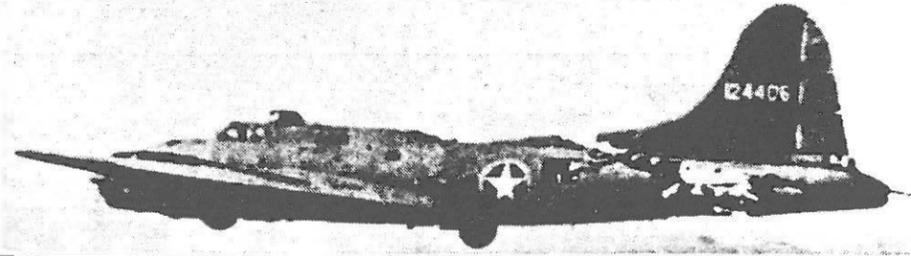
Six kills.

As the B-17 was leaving the hostile skies over Gerbini, two German fighters gave it one last concentrated effort. The belly gunner drove one off as they came from below, but the other continued its upward rush.

Sergeant Warmer pushed his .50-caliber's nose down and put some short bursts into the engine cowlings. The Me109 seemed to stop and hang in mid-air as its propeller froze. Everyone on Sergeant Warmer's plane watched the Messerschmitt spin all the way down and explode.

The "grizzly bear" had his seventh kill of the day, a feat which earned him a commission and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

From the files of C.B. Katzenmeyer



B-17 memories

'They arrived flaps down, doughnut wheels spread... red flares signaling wounded on board...'

I was recruited at Queen Anne High School in 1940, when I was barely 18, to work as a buckler and then a riveter on B-17s.

I started out at the old Kenworth Plant, worked as a buckler and a riveter in final assembly and also as a riveter in subassembly.

During the "Big War" I flew as a radio operator and gunner out of Snetterton Heath, England, in the spring of 1944.

We managed to trash a Fort on our first mission (to Berlin).

We were hit badly by flak, lost an engine, which windmilled all the way home, and landed with our engines running on fumes on an RAF Spitfire field. As we reached the end of the little runway, the last engine died for lack of fuel.

On May 12, 1944, we decided, at the behest of the powers in command, to destroy all German synthetic oil plants.

The Eighth (Air Force) sent out some 900 planes, and lost 48, ours among them. Our Fort was raked from stern to stem by a Focke-Wulf 190 at close range from below and behind.

We lost instantly our pilot, both waist gunners and crew chief.

Apparently the copilot was mortally wounded and the whole dorsal fin was gone along with two engines and God knows what else.

At any rate, the Fortress stayed on an even keel long enough for five of us to get out. All my radio equipment was junk around me, and that's probably what saved me.

I got a shell fragment through the right knee, a machine gun wound in the left leg and numerous bits of shell fragments, which did no permanent harm.

My back was injured upon landing and I managed to be worked over by a German in a local village and helped by an equally zealous village priest, Father Hoffman.

He was a saint if there ever was one. He rescued 14 Americans that I know of. I have a picture of him standing beside a huge cross he erected on the graves of 27 Americans he buried that day.

Six airplanes, all bombers, went down that day near Hamburg. As far as I know, only seven of us survived out of the 60.

It would take volumes to tell of all our adventures as prisoners — the air raids, the hunger, the cold.

In 1945, our prisoner of war camp was overrun by the Soviets. I was packed into a box car with 60 other prisoners for a six-day, 100-mile journey to another camp, which was overrun by the Soviets in May.

Eventually, the rescued American and British Commonwealth troops, were lifted out... in B-17s.

On the way to France, our pilot took us on a cook's tour of Germany. There were trashed Forts everywhere.

We loved our B-17s even though it took a lot of prayer to get them off the ground with a full load of bombs, fuel, ammo and other paraphernalia.

I remember the dramatic moments when the whole base scanned the sky waiting for the big birds. Then they arrived, silhouetted against the darkening English sky, flaps down, big doughnut wheels spread, perhaps red flares signaling wounded on board.

Looking back, I realize that we were a part of history — as much as the Welsh archers at Crecy or the valiant little ships that harried the Spanish Armada onto the shores of Holland.

War is at best organized insanity. I was never a zealous fighter as I am basically constructive rather than destructive.

I am part of the drama of history, and so is the old Fort.

I just hope they don't junk all of them.

Charles Williams
Clinton, WA

'I could see the pilot, bless him, still trying to level the plane so we could get out...'

After gunnery training, we were sent for overseas training at Sioux City, Iowa, where we learned to fly in formation.

It was there that I was assigned to the B-17 ball turret position. That satisfied me just fine. I actually liked the ball turret position because I was always afraid of heights. That position was closest to the ground and it had a tremendous view.

Later we were assigned to the 92nd Bomb Group at Podington, England. On Feb. 3, 1945, we were briefed on the biggest raid over Berlin up to that time.

It was a maximum effort, with thousands of B-17s literally filling the skies, with full fighter escort — 700 fighters.

The planes caused so many condensation trails they actually formed a cloud cover.

After dropping our bombs, we felt the plane suddenly lurch as we got a direct hit from 88mm anti-aircraft guns. From the ball turret, I checked the engines and found that the Number One engine was on fire.

The pilot broke formation and went into a dive in an attempt to put out the fire, and succeeded. But as soon as we leveled off, still at 20,000 feet, we received additional direct hits.

They were tracking us like we were in a shooting gallery because we were now flying low and alone. We took three more direct hits. Two German fighters closed in for the kill, but instead they stayed out of range and watched our B-17 fall apart.

There was a fire somewhere in one of the right-hand engines that finally forced us into a stall and another short dive and the "bail out" buzzer rang.

I heard the pilot yell, "Get Regan out of the ball turret!" I had quickly gotten my ball turret guns in the down position and the door open so I could put on my parachute, but I couldn't find it because it was lost in the dive.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally saw it back toward the waist of the plane and climbed out of the turret to retrieve it. I put it on, then pulled the hinge-pins on the entry door located forward of the horizontal stabilizer, gave the door a kick, and out it went.

I could see flames and smoke coming all the way back to the door; so I gave one last look back, saw most of the crew members either already out or going through the bomb bay door, and I could see the pilot, bless him, still trying to hold the plane level so we could all get out.

In the quiet of the fall, I looked back and could see our B-17 falling in pieces. Everyone got out safely, but I didn't know that until I was captured five days later.

After being a "guest" of the Germans for the last few months of the war, and experiencing from the ground the B-17's incessant hammering and awesome power, I realized what a tremendous tool it was in winning the war.

I was liberated by General Patton on April 29, 1945, at a place called Mooseberg, Bavaria. I came home, married, graduated from the U of W and raised five kids. I never saw another B-17 in flight until "Sentimental Journey" came back home to Boeing about two years ago.

It was an emotional experience for me. I remembered once again how much I loved that old kite.

Joseph E. Regan
R-5717

Official records for May 12, 1944, show that 886 airplanes were dispatched and 814 were effective during the bombing raid on the Merseberg oil refineries referred to by Charles Williams. Records also show that 12 B-17s were lost that day, with 120 crewmen listed as missing in action.

Records also show that 948 fighters were dispatched and 885 participated in the raid portrayed by Joseph Regan. In the same raid, 1,003 B-17s were dispatched along with 434 B-24s.

A total of 1,370 bombers completed their bomb runs. Those same records show that Regan's was the only 92nd Bomb Group B-17 to go down that day. However, 23 B-17s and two B-24s were lost on the raid, along with eight fighters.

— Editor

NEWS, DUES & VIEWS

We have been asked for our specifications for copy to be printed in the newsletter. Art, I am glad you asked me that!

Margins should be $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on each side, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at top, and 1 inch at bottom. Please single-space the page. That's all I can think of. So write, write, write! geo.

Comes now the annual revision of instructions in case I should be taken hostage in 1990.

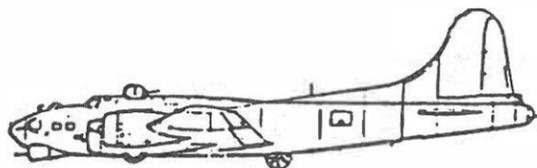
Since my expected life span is now seven years (from the American Experience Mortality tables), and since the life span of a 19-year-old terrorist would be 48 years by the same tables, it is obvious that it would make no sense for the State Department to make an even trade; the terrorists must throw in six additional engineers to even up the deal, or no trade! Logic is logic.

Who else remembers the mission to Cairo which brought back several bottles of whiskey about August, 1943? I think that Swifty MacDonald was the pilot, and I believe that Jot Sayre was on the crew. The crew brought beaucoup souvenirs back for those of us who were likely to return soon to the Zone of the Interior.

Among the items which were in demand was wrist-watches. Of course these watches must have second hands, but there were no wrist watches with second hands that day in the souks of Alexandria. However, the next day there was an ample supply of wrist watches of the desired model in the souk.

Upon return to the base at Oudna, when the wrist watches were wound, although the minute hands performed properly, the second hands did not move. In fact when the watch crystals were removed, the second hand came with it, since the second hand consisted of a thin red line skilfully painted onto the inside of the watch crystal.

There seems to be a lot of interest hereabouts as to the menu of Alfred Packer. We are reminded that there are two schools of thought on this subject. It was always thought by our crew that the most mannerly system would be to first eat the largest of the crew. This was always disputed by Big Bob Imrie with the words "We'll eat the navigator first." How rude!



QUOTES

PANZER LEADER

by Heinz Guderian

Despite all increases in productivity the limited facilities of German industry never succeeded in catching up with the vastly expanded requirements of the motorized Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS formations and of industry itself. Despite all the warnings of the specialists, the supreme command never imposed limitations to the greed of certain politically powerful individuals. p. 26

Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch did not dare express his own differing point of view to Army Group Center, since he knew that Hitler was opposed to it. p. 137

I here saw for the first time a spectacle with which I was later to become very familiar: all those present nodded in agreement with every sentence that Hitler uttered, while I was left alone with my point of view. p. 160

During the course of the conference at Munich on May 4th (1942), I had also requested that alternative accommodations be assigned to the tank factories, but this suggestion was opposed by Speer's principal assistant, Herr Saur; he maintained that the enemy was concentrating on the destruction of the Luftwaffe's production centers: he did not believe that they would attack the tank factories even if, at some future date, they should regard the destruction of the aircraft industry as completed. p. 246

A severe bombing attack on October 22nd (1943) hit the Henschel works at Cassel and temporarily stopped all production there. . . This bombing attack was followed by another on November 26th directed against the Berlin works of Alkett, Rheinmetall-Borsig, Wimag, and the Deutsche Waffen-und-Munitionsfabriken. p. 253

For I cannot call those men "resistance fighters" who only whispered their disapproval in corridors and only urged others on to act. p. 277

THE COUNTERFEIT SPY

SEFTON DELMER

Dec. 84

. Needless to say, German writers today have endeavoured to pooh-pooh the success of 'Operation Mincemeat', as the 'Man-who-never-was' deception was somewhat ghoulishly code-named. Former Abwehr officer Gert Buchheit, for instance, in his Die Anonyme Macht (Athenaion, Frankfurt, 1969) claims Hitler's insistence that Greece not Sicily was the Allied target had nothing to do with 'Major Martin'. It was due to Hitler's unwillingness to believe that his friend Mussolini's country was to be the victim of an Allied attack. 'The deception with the corpse of the pretended British major,' declares Colonel Buchheit, 'did not have the effect which is still being attributed to it today.' As proof, the colonel cites the fact that more than fifty Abwehr reports had correctly predicted Sicily would be the next allied objective. No doubt. But General Brooke's letter to General Wilson had asked that the deception campaign pinpointing Sicily as the target be stepped up - just the argument that would impress Hitler who was always anxious to show himself more perspicacious than the Abwehr and his generals. p. 93

Molders's only hint of misgiving had come when Goring, halfway through dinner, had clapped an empty water glass on the gleaming white cloth and hailed his wife, "Look, Emmy! Look what I've got! A flea! A present from Molders from captivity!" As he shook with crazy laughter, the first faint doubt crossed the embarrassed Molders's mind. from 1940, The Avalanche, by Colliers

ULTRA GOES TO WAR

Before the war the Air Staff flatly rejected proposals for a radio guidance system to aid their night bombers. RAF navigators, it was maintained,

were fully capable of finding their targets by conventional methods of astro-navigation: the heirs, as it were, of Columbus and Sir Francis Drake. By the end of 1941 conventional methods were shown to be so inaccurate that the RAF air-crews lost over Germany amounted to more than the German civilians killed: for the rest of the war Bomber Command would be compelled to rely on radio navigation. p. 68

Ultra's early warning about KNICKEBEIN now paid dividends. . . a special unit was created. . . They never "bent" the beams, as was suggested by a rumor not yet dead. Rather, they blanketed them or jammed them: initially, and in desperation, by commandeering diathermy sets from hospitals with which they imposed an obliterating crackle of sound on the KNICKEBEIN transmissions. By September (1940) these improvisations were being replaced by properly constructed jammers called Aspirins. . . The Aspirins, by sending out dashes on the same frequency as the beam, subtly distracted a German pilot. Following - as he thought - the correct course, he would suddenly hear an excess of dashes and start wandering about the sky in an attempt to pick up the dot signals in equal strength. Perplexity followed, then loss of confidence and even a landing somewhere in England under the impression that it was a German base. p. 97

There was the case at Conctantine whe the SLU (Special Liaison Unit) learned in advance through ULTRA of another impending air raid, and went to work wearing their tin hats. The subsequent raid naturally produced suspicions that they had "known something", and the practice was sternly forbidden. p. 155

. . . the intercepts arriving fro, Bletchley throughthe Strategic Air Force

. . . the intercepts arriving from Bletchley through the SLU at Strategic Air Force enabled him to monitor the progress of repairs on abombed German airfield, to take note of instructions fro frsh units to move im, to establish when the move had occures, and then to send in a further strike. p. 291

To Wyatt from Washington came the intercepted signal traffic of the

Japanese army and air force, forwarded through U.S.Army channels. But the American Navy refused to let the Army have its intercepts of Japanese Navy traffic - of which those concerning the enemy's troop and supply convoys were of such critical interest to Chennault in China. The intercepts were, however, reaching Mountbatten's HQ at Kandy, since the U.S.Navy had no objection to passing information to the British Navy. p. 301

In the Chancellery in Berlin Rommel was also taking, from Hitler's hands, the jewelled baton of a Field Marshall - and protesting violently that traitors in Italy must be betraying the convoys on which his army's fate depended.

But it was not a case of traitors, any more than it had been at Matapan; at sea and in the air the British (with some squadrons of the USAAF) were applying with increased effect the intelligence that came through Ultra about Axis shipping movements. p. 313

In their last days in Tunisia the Germans in desperation used their "Gigants", the huge six-engined Me323 transports, to ferry supplies. When news of this plan arrived on Ultra, Squadron Leader Terry Allen, senior intelligence officer at Tactical Air Force could not believe the en-

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H.E.Christiansen, 4520 Panorama Dr., Huntsville AL 35801

16 May 1990

Bombardiers, Inc. Houston TX

Bigfoot Brown 9002 Cliffwood Dr. Houston TX 77096

Spring 1991 99th Bomb Group, Albuquerque NM

Bernice Barr, 7413 Vista del Arroyo, Albuquerque NM 87109

TAPS

ROY W. BAKER

Sept 22, 1989

Dear George,

... Roy W. Baker, engineer-gunner 347th Squadron died Sept 15 at Carlinville Ill. He found out in June that he had cancer. Roy was on a crew that was shot down over Anzio and later shot down over northern Italy. The crew was flying the plane that had its tail shot off. Friendly Italians helped Roy and he returned to the Foggia base six months later. Leon Bohls

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