

# POOP from Group



791st



790th



789th

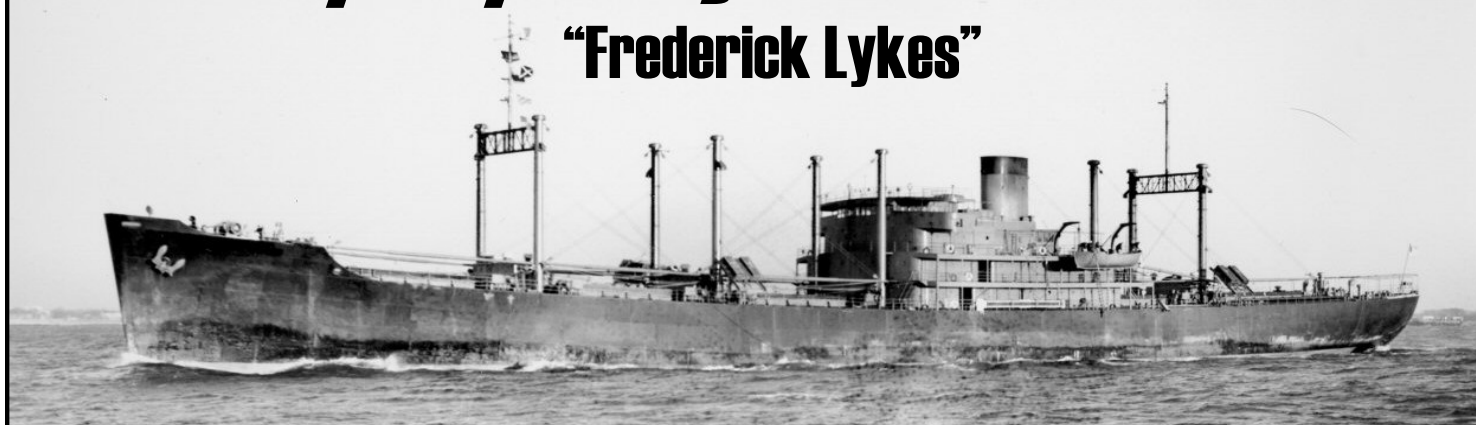


788th

Newsletter of the 467th Bomb Group Association

October 2019

## ***Troopship to England:*** a memoir aboard the “Frederick Lykes”



**Return to Norwich May 2020  
Reservation details**



**OFFICIAL LAUNCH OF WENDOVER MEMORIAL**  
\* \* \* *Fundraising Project* \* \* \*

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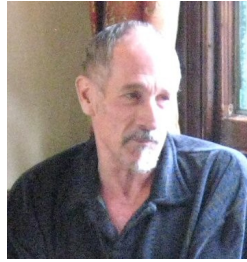
Col Albert J. Shower

### Honorary Vice President (RIP)

Jay Shower



The 467th  
Bombardment Group  
The Rackheath Aggies



## President's Message

By Brian Mahoney  
Archivist@brianmahoney.com

We are encouraged by the early responses to the drive for a **Memorial at Wendover**, and want to thank those who are 'already in' for this exciting and appropriate tribute to our 467th men, including those whose supreme sacrifice was in training at Wendover, their last station before Rackheath.

Our hope is that, come the end of 2019, monies in-hand, and pledges to give before the end of 2020, will allow us to confidently green-light the superb craftsman to start his work early in the coming year. *That would allow us as an association to consider having a combined reunion and dedication in 2021.*

As the campaign progresses, we will list donors to encourage very wide participation from all of you, our association members and friends. Through this all, let's concentrate on two numbers: the \$75,000 goal, and the number of participants—we hope that it, too, is a substantial number! Currently, we list 588 recipients of POOP from Group 467, and if all participate with gifts averaging \$100, in addition to the \$24,150 already paid or pledged, we will hit our goal. *We value your gift in any amount, and hope that larger ones will augment the more modest ones.*

Do not forget that your employer may have a program of matching your contribution to us as a non-profit. Please reach out to your relatives to join you in making a group contribution that remembers 'your veteran.' Gifts from families, or from a veteran's VFW, American Legion, or fraternal organization chapter, are a possibility we ask you to investigate and solicit; *let us know if we can help you do this!*

Please give what you can by the end of this year, and please pledge what you can contribute by the end of 2020. Between newsletters, you may check our progress at <http://www.467bg.com/wendoverMem.php> *Thank you all!*

## WENDOVER MEMORIAL PROJECT

**TOTAL RAISED OR PLEDGED SO FAR**  
**\$24,150**

### Gifts received from:

Janice Bates  
Peter Horne  
Sandy Wilson

### Pledges from:

Peter Horne  
David LaRussa  
Brian Mahoney  
Andy & Jacky Wilkinson  
The Wendover Museum





# News From Station 145

*From David Hastings MBE*

Another summer is almost over and thanks to help from the Salhouse Scouts the Marker looks very neat and tidy and has been enjoyed by many visitors this year. Thanks also to Martie Fankhauser from Tucson; the flags have worn well.

As yet there is no sign of the 4,500 houses that the Planners intend to build on the old airfield site swallowing up valuable farmland but I fear it will not be long before we see a start being made. This massive over-development will of course totally change the character of the village of Rackheath and indeed our own village of Salhouse. When the development is complete with the public park we will then have to decide whether we move the Marker to the Park or have it remain on the old dispersal site in the Industrial Estate, but the Trustees will abide by the decision of the 467<sup>th</sup> BG Association. We must never forget that it was the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division Association led by Jordan Uttal that formally opened the Rackheath Business Industrial estate.

This week we celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Britain when “The Few” saved our Country and indeed the free world. On Monday RAF Marham paraded in Norwich with “bayonets fixed and colours flying” to mark the start of the Battle of Britain week and then on Sunday we have the moving Battle of Britain service in our beautiful Cathedral. What memories for us who witnessed that Battle, followed three years later by meeting the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division USAAF and beginning a unique friendship that has continued ever since – they were certainly memorable times. Speaking of memories what a joy it was when recently several of the old Base contacts and members of the now closed “Friends of the Memorial Library” got together to relive old times. Who knows, perhaps the Friends may reform and we are indeed lucky that many Norfolk people are still prepared to devote so much of their time to keep the old 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division bases alive.

Locally the “Green Man” is under new ownership and the “Sole & Heel” is still flourishing so do give them a visit when you next visit Rackheath. The “Sole & Heel” even has a 467<sup>th</sup> beer.

So I think that is all the news from Station 145. With all our best wishes and we will never forget you.

David, Jean and Roger Hastings  
Base Contacts.

*Pictured (right) is David alongside former 467th BG navigator, Mike Caputo, in September 2002 following the presentation by Mike of the model of B24 “Witchcraft” to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library, Norwich. It may be seen today hanging proudly near the entrance looking impressive as ever.*



# Notes from the Editor



In the last issue of the Newsletter our VP, **Peter Horne**, highlighted history of the Association supporting the creation of memorials to the Group both at home and further afield at the former base at Rackheath and the decision to support a new endeavor at the former Army Airfield Base, Wendover, UT. In September we officially launched the start of the Campaign Fundraiser “live” on the Group Facebook Page and so begins an exciting drive to enable a scale replica of a Group B24 to be

installed where the Group completed combat training and where 40 young men sadly lost their lives. Further details in this “POOP” and link to contribute through the Group Web Site, also a fundraising brochure will be distributed to reach as many as possible encouraging further support. Please ensure you are part of this Group effort and grasp opportunity to honor “your veteran”.

**RESERVATION DETAILS, MAIDS HEAD HOTEL RETURN TO NORWICH MAY 2020:** The Maids Head Hotel have provided reservation details also room options for our “Return to NORWICH May 2020” **Tuesday 5 May to Friday 8 May, 2020.**

Classic Doubles @ £120.00

Executive Double Rooms also includes Twin Rooms @ £140.00

Single Rooms @ £100.00

Rates are per room per night and include full English breakfast and VAT @ 20%

These rates to apply for any additional nights requested by guests to stay, however, there will be a £30.00 per room supplement for staying on a Saturday night.

<https://www.maidsheadhotel.co.uk/bedrooms> for room details and facilities.

Reservations to be made by email to <[reservations@maidsheadhotel.co.uk](mailto:reservations@maidsheadhotel.co.uk)> and in the Subject line state "467th Bomb Group Assoc. Event" and clearly register the dates and number of nights, type of room, for reservation. Alternatively, reservations can be made by telephone to Melissa Thomas (Reservations Supervisor) Monday-Friday directly to the Maids Head, dialing 011+44+1603-272007. Ensure reservations are made **before 1st April** to avoid disappointment.

**RECOMMENDED TRAVEL TO NORWICH:** Simplest way is to arrange transatlantic flights to AMSTERDAM, then make a short connection flight of just 50mins to NORWICH. Dutch airline KLM has four connecting flights each day. From Norwich Airport to the Maids Head is a taxi journey of just 15 mins and price depending on time of day £10-15. Folk considering flying into London Heathrow or Gatwick should be aware getting to Norwich in one go is not recommended. Options would be a hire-car and a three hour drive, alternatively spend time in London before taking a 2 hour train journey from Liverpool St. Station to Norwich. There are frequent trains in both directions. Anyone wanting further travel advise, please email the Editor. **REGISTRATION, SCHEDULE, & FULL DETAILS for “RETURN TO NORWICH MAY 2020” will appear in the next POOP Newsletter, 1st FEB. 2020.**

**EMAIL FROM TONY OAKDEN:** The latest edition of "Poop from Group" mention a book "The Hidden Places of World War 11" available from Amazon USA, and having purchased a copy, I can recommend it. A chapter is devoted to the activities of the 467 BG, and other chapters deal with little known events such as the Bletchley Park code breakers whose activities shortened the war by perhaps a year. When at boarding school, we regarded our house master, a clever mathematician, as rather a wimp, for unlike our fathers who had all been in uniform, he clearly hadn't, nor would he ever tell us exactly what he had been doing. It was only when he died that we learnt that he had been in Hut 6 at BP working with Alan Turing, and as such was subject to the Official Secrets Act.

Another chapter deals with the prodigious output of the factories in Chicago & Detroit including for example, the Chicago Roller Skate Co, who quickly converted to making aircraft components & shell cases, As soon as the war was over, they started again making roller skates! (Such was the case in Britain..I used to deal with a company in Birmingham, Messer's Harrisons, makers of small metal pressings, but during the war they used their transfer presses for making millions of cartridge cases) . Best wishes, Tony.

*Continued next page*



# Notes from the Editor *Cont.*

Please send contributions for "POOP"  
To : Editor - Andy Wilkinson  
andywilkinson467th@btinternet.com



*Most of "the gang" attending the Hartford, CT., Reunion back in May and pictured before our final Banquet. Our esteemed veterans, Jack Weyler, Will Noden, & John Harper, seated center.*

**TREASURY NOTES:** Our Treasurer, **Valerie Corvino**, reports the Association has a total operating balance of **\$9,080.84** as of 30 Sept. 2019. The cost of producing printed issues of POOP (including mailing) for the June 2019 issue was **\$1343** and remains the major regular financial outlay for the Association. Merchandise sales (books) raised **\$300.00**. **Adele Gardner** sent \$75 toward the costs of producing "POOP", a further donation of **\$50.00** to the memory of veteran, **Sid Katz**, came from **Joan B. Kensicher**. Our exciting new **WENDOVER MEMORIAL PROJECT**, has got off to a tremendous start with generous donations and pledges so far totaling **\$24,150.00**. Regular updates on the progress of the fundraising will be posted to both the Group FaceBook Page and the Group web site.

**EMAIL AND ADDRESS CHANGES:** Remember to report changes to our President, Brian Mahoney, who handles all membership details including notifications of "Folded Wings" and obituaries. This is the sure way to continue to promptly receive the "POOP from Group" Newsletter.

## Folded Wings

**Dr. Robert L. EDWARDS** - Radar Specialist 789th July 2019  
**Maj. Robert E. KASEMAN** - Copilot 788th October 2017  
**Emil H. PEYROT** - Gunner 790th July 2019  
**Michael S. TUCCI** - Flight Engineer 790th June 2018

*Please send news of "Folded Wings" also Obituaries to 467th BG veterans or prominent Associates  
to - Brian Mahoney [Archivist@brianhmahoney.com](mailto:Archivist@brianhmahoney.com)*

# EXCITING CAMPAIGN LAUNCH!



## HELP SUPPORT OUR GOAL TOWARD A MEMORIAL TO BE PROUD OF

The 467th Bomb Group Association has committed to raise \$75,000 for a very special memorial to the Group.

The memorial will be in the form of a stunning large scale replica of one of the Group's B-24s, sited at the very field where they completed their group training and cleared for overseas movement in February, 1944: Wendover Army Airfield.

Our ambitious goal is to close the campaign at the end of this year. We would love to host any of our remaining veterans at a Wendover dedication in 2021, which requires us to have funds enough to commit the model maker and give him a full year to focus on our very special scale replica. In our first newsletter of 2020, we hope to announce an on-time completion, with \$75,000 (or more) pledged or in hand. Please reach down deep—and appeal to your family members—to pledge or give your contribution no later than December 31st.

Some may want to participate, but need more advance notice to give contribute at their preferred level. *Can you commit to a monthly amount now*, and have through the end of 2020 to complete your contribution?

We will offer you periodic updates on campaign progress via our fundraising web page, our newsletter, and postings to our Facebook page. Please help us to maintain the excitement and momentum we have at launch, with one third of the amount already pledged. Do not miss the opportunity to meaningfully and permanently recognize 'your veteran' at the operational birthplace of the legendary 467th Bombardment Group.



Introducing Mr Rojas-Bazan our proposed modeller who has established himself as a leader in the field of aviation modelling with many of his works displayed in prominent museums and galleries worldwide. Your support will enable the 467th to be honored by a unique and distinctive memorial of a scale replica of an original Group B-24.

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# WENDOVER FUND RAISER PROJECT



## Wendover Army Airfield

Through the final months of 1943 and early 44, the 467th toiled relentless in the desolate Utah environs to reach combat readiness for overseas deployment. The training was tough and the Group paid a heavy price with the tragic loss of some 40 young men during this important phase. We recognize their selfless commitment and sacrifice and honor their memory by endorsing support for this very special fundraising project.

## How to Contribute:

Checks to the 467th BG(H) Association Treasurer

**Valerie Corvino**  
**242 Molly Drive**  
**McMurray, PA. 15317**

Credit card payment via the Association PayPal account



A bound book to be placed near the memorial will record the names of all donors, whatever the amount donated. All gifts will be acknowledged in the group's newsletter 'POOP from Group'. If you are giving in honor of a living person, or memory of a deceased one, this will also be recorded. In addition, a plaque will be placed with the scale replica noting the historical significance of the aircraft, the model maker, and a list of sponsor level donors.

We have three different "Sponsor" levels:

Full details on the Wendover Memorial Project and to contribute in support of this exciting effort, visit the website at:

<http://www.467bg.com/wendoverMem.php>



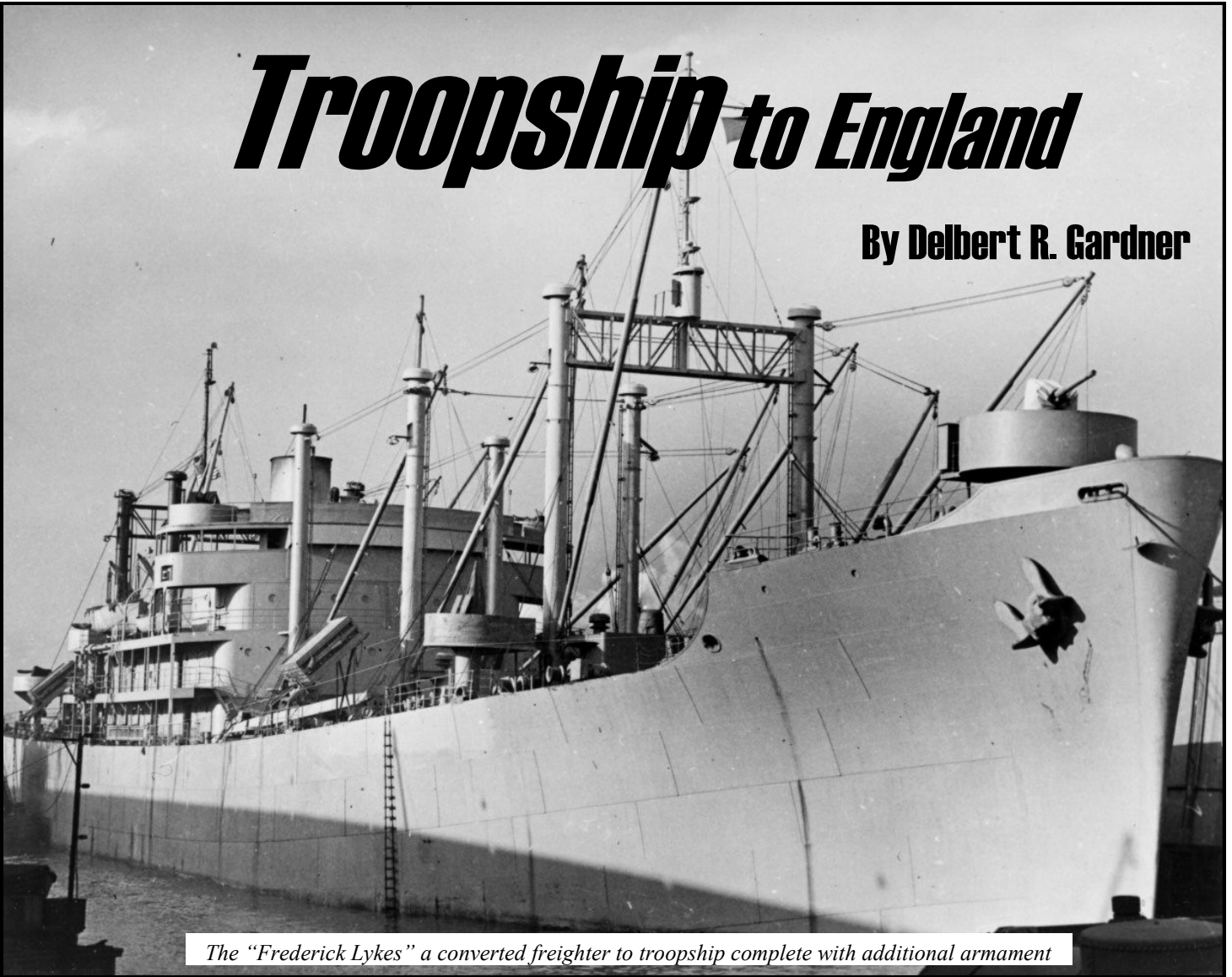
*My father, Delbert R. Gardner, served as an aircraft armorer with the 467<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group (H). As noted by Perry Watts in The 467<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Group (H) in World War II in Combat with the B-24 Liberator over Europe, in a section titled "February 1944": "Meantime, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of the month the Ground Echelon boarded the Frederick Lykes, a C3 freighter converted to a troop transport ship that was lying at the foot of 38<sup>th</sup> Street, New York. On the morning of the 29<sup>th</sup> she sailed out past the Queen Elizabeth and the Statue of Liberty into the fog rolling in from across the Atlantic Ocean and joined a convoy of ships."*

*The following is a short memoir about the experience that Dad began writing on July 3, 1989.*

*--Adele Gardner*

# ***Troopship to England***

**By Delbert R. Gardner**



*The "Frederick Lykes" a converted freighter to troopship complete with additional armament*

"Up and at 'em!" said a voice softly. I felt a touch on my shoulder and saw the corporal of the guard peering over the edge of my bunk. Mine was the top one in a tier of six bunks, each consisting of canvas strung on frames of iron piping.

"I'm already awake," I said. It was true: I had been lying awake wondering what to do if a torpedo should come bursting through the hull. We were below the water line.

"It's quarter to two. You're on in fifteen minutes," said the corporal.

"Okay." I sat up as the corporal climbed down the tier of bunks, on his way to alert other guards. Sitting, I was more aware of the motion of the ship. I had discovered that the best way to weather the pitching and rolling of the ship was to lie flat on my back.

*Continued next page*



I pulled on the shoes which I had laid on the bunk beside me. The rest of my body was already clothed, for I had found it a waste of time to dress and undress during the short off-duty periods of four hours minus time for coming and going. My life jacket was folded beside my pillow; this I slung over a shoulder for my descent to the deck.



*Ground personnel of the 467th BG aboard the "Frederick Lykes" during the Atlantic crossing to Europe, March 1944*

I climbed down by stepping alternately on the outer pipes of the bunks, taking care not to step on any of my reclining comrades. On the deck, I slipped into a raincoat from my duffle bag, then put on my life jacket. My post was outside and forward, near the bow of the ship; I reached it by a series of stairs, gangways, and bulkhead doors. Stepping out into the night through the final bulkhead, I said to the soldier there, "Reporting for Post Number Three; you're relieved." I couldn't see him yet, but knew he was there.

"You're early, aren't you?" he responded.

"Maybe a little, but it doesn't matter." I was able to discover his outline now. "I didn't feel like having a cigarette, so I came right out."

"Man, I'm dying for a cigarette," he said. "I'm going in and have one before I bunk in."

"Fine. How many Nazi subs did you spot?"

"Only half a dozen," he returned as he opened the bulkhead door and went through. I knew he was as glad as I was that we were only joking.

As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I picked my way carefully to a position nearer the starboard side of the ship--I had no desire to disregard the warnings about falling overboard--and looked at the ocean. The foam caused by the ship's motion looked phosphorescent; it gave off an eerie purplish glow along the side of the ship. I looked for some of the other ships in the convoy, but could not make them out in the mist under the cloud blanket. Working my way forward, I peered into the distance ahead of the ship. There was a faint dark outline in the mist that I took for one of our convoy ships: it was too tall for a submarine and did not have the silhouette of a destroyer or battleship.

*Continued next page*

"Good," I said aloud. Since we were not under orders of silence, talking to myself at times was one way to break the monotony. "Nice to know we're not alone."

Moving carefully to the port side, I again scanned the waves. Nothing to see but foam and mist. "How do I know," I muttered, "whether a sub is out there or not?" The answer was that I didn't know for certain. If a submarine was out there, it would be submerged and the periscope would be all that was above water. Not a very large item to spot! Still the periscope would create a phosphorescent wake which I might be able to see. "That is, if it's not more than fifty yards away," I said. "With this mist, I couldn't see it any farther."



However, I knew it was doubtful that a submarine would dare to penetrate into the midst of a convoy. They would rather fire several torpedoes from outside the convoy and then try to scurry away before our destroyer escorts could zero in on their location with depth charges. And I was fairly sure we were not on the outer perimeter of the convoy--at least I had seen ships around us the day before.

"But they could have switched positions while I was belowdecks," I mused. "Probably no one wants to be on the outer perimeter all the time."

Even so, the presence of the destroyers on the outer perimeter, circling like sheep dogs around a flock, was a definite comfort. I wasn't really nervous about the possibility of a submarine attack. However, since the possibility was definitely there, as we had been clearly warned, it was hard to keep my mind from considering various elements of the danger.

"After all," I said, "the reason I'm out here on deck, in the cold and damp, is to look for what they call 'signs of enemy activity.' In other words, submarines."

I knew what to do if I did see a submarine: whip open the bulkhead door and report it immediately. Would that do any good, my skeptical side wondered, if the sub already had our ship targeted for torpedoes?

But the answer came immediately: Maybe not for us, but for the convoy it would certainly do some good. The information would be transmitted to the destroyers, and they would quickly counterattack. And if our ship was not the immediate target, the alert could save it from being one. This mental exercise was one I had run through a dozen times before, and as always it ended in reinforcing my confidence.

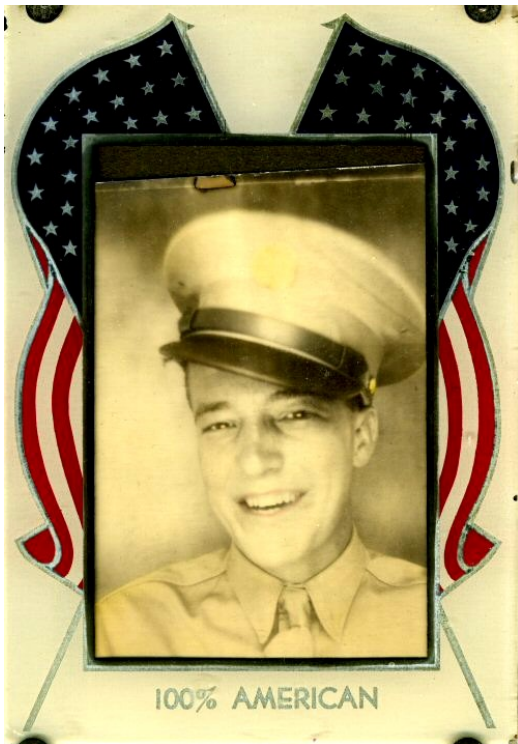
The cold began to penetrate my clothing, so I moved from the port side back to the center of the forward part of the ship and squatted down in front of the bulkhead door from which I had come out on deck. The bulkhead provided some shelter from the piercing gusts of wind that occasionally sprang up. Yet I still had a fair view to both sides of the bow. Faintly I made out the luminous hands on my wristwatch: my two-hour "watch" was almost half over.



For a time I hummed, sang, and whistled various songs that I liked. Some of them had been played over the loud speaker the day before; "V-Discs," the announcer called them: Benny Goodman's "Three Little Words," Red Norvo's "1-2-3-4 Jump," and others. On each V-Disc, the bandleader introduced the number with a short cheerful address to the troops and ended his introduction with a wish for our success and a quick end to the war.

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*A final note from Adele:*

*Though Dad intended to go back and add more to this piece, I enjoyed this window into his experiences as a member of the ground crew, and wanted to share these memories with others. My mother, siblings, and I also remember Dad talking about how much more he enjoyed the trip back aboard the John Ericsson at war's end--he was so grateful to be going home, and fondly remembered the ship that carried him there. As he told us about leaving home and shipping out for Great Britain aboard Frederick Lykes, "When I was 18, I didn't know if I'd ever see my mother alive again."*

*I've included some snapshots from Dad's collection that showcase his time aboard ship as part of the war experience. Also, thanks to The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, for shots of the Frederick Lykes.*

*Finally, in case it's of interest, here's a short autobiography Dad penned a few years after "Troop Ship":*

*Delbert R. Gardner was born in Wooster, Ohio, May 6, 1923, and raised in Williamsport, PA, and Elmira, NY. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps on Dec. 30, 1941, and attended Aircraft Armament School at Lowry Field, CO, where he was selected as an instructor after graduation. He spent a year at Armament School as instructor, then served as an armorer with the 16th Anti-Sub Squadron, Charleston, SC. Thence to Wendover Field, UT, to help form the 467th Bomb Group (Heavy) of the 8th Air Force. He embarked for England March 1, 1944, and served as armorer in the 467th Bomb Group (B-24) at Rackheath, England, until V-E Day. He had transferred to the 9th Air Force in France and was preparing for shipment to the Orient when the war ended, bringing discharge in Sept. 1945.*

*For him, the war was mostly hard work, loading bombs and servicing guns at all hours of the day or night. After the war, he departed to academia for almost 30 years, first as a student, then as a professor. He earned a B.A. and M.A. in English from Syracuse University and a Ph.D. in English from the University of Rochester, following which he enjoyed a 20-year career teaching college English courses. He then rounded out his professional career by working again for the Department of the Army for 13-plus years, this time as a training manager (Civil Service).*

*The most important date is June 20, 1968, when he married Marilyn Hegarty, who has been the inspiration for many of the poems and stories he has published. They have four children.*





# Rackheath Community Wood Heritage Project

By Ivan A. Barnard



*View of the former Site#6 of the Rackheath Base, part of the domestic quarters. Just visible among the trees, lower-center are the present remains of Col. Shower's Quarters, known as "The White House".*

## Site #6, Community Wood Project. Part 4:

Broadland District Council has informed me that the research into the wording and the appropriate photographs for the interpretation boards that are to be installed throughout the site are almost complete. The interpretation boards will contain high-resolution photographs depicting scenes from the period. I have also been told that I will be shown the designs before they are manufactured in case I wish to comment on the content. Further discussions are still ongoing with regards to the tree management works but I have been assured that all should be ready for next years 467<sup>th</sup> group visit.

## New Farm Aviation Heritage Group

Over recent months several members of the group have been digging trial pits in order to locate the airfield dump. The dump is the place where the 467<sup>th</sup> buried surplus equipment before leaving for home in 1945. Each dig in turn revealed artifacts, which are now on display in our museum. The culmination of these events was Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> September; aided by a mechanical digger a treasure trove of items was uncovered.

*One of the many items unearthed during the NFAHG "dig" on the former Rackheath Airfield site, 14 September.*

Ivan a Barnard

E-mail [ivanbarnard999@btinternet.com](mailto:ivanbarnard999@btinternet.com)

*Following page contains further photos and items recovered during the "dig".*





# *New Farm Aviation Heritage Group*

## *"dig" Rackheath Airfield*





# Obituaries



## **Dr. Robert L. Edwards, Radar Specialist, 789th**

Dr. Robert Lee Edwards, 97, entered into eternal life on Sunday, July 28, 2019. Through service in the military, dedication to scholarship, education and fatherhood he epitomized the very best qualities of America's Greatest Generation.

He was born in Barnardsville, Buncombe County, North Carolina in 1922, the son of Barnard Lee Edwards and Cleopatra Cleveland Bartlett Edwards. After graduating from Barnardsville High School in 1939, he entered Berea College in Berea, Kentucky, to pursue an agricultural curriculum.

Robert's college career was interrupted by the United States' entry into the Second World War. He was called to active duty in early 1943 and underwent training to become a ground crew navigational radar specialist serving B-24 Liberator heavy bombers. He was deployed to Rackheath, Norfolk, UK in the European Theater of Operations and assigned to the 789th Squadron, 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy), 8th Army Air Force. His efforts supported critical air strikes against the Axis war machine in Germany, France and Belgium.

Following his honorable discharge from the US Army Air Force in late 1945, Robert returned to Berea College to complete a Bachelor of Science degree, which was awarded in 1946. There he met Dorothy Elizabeth Baldwin of Fletcher, NC, to whom he was married on June 3, 1951. During the years between his graduation at Berea and Marriage, he taught Vocational Agriculture for one year in Haywood County, NC and then for five years in his home county of Buncombe (at Leicester, High School). Through the GI Bill, he subsequently enrolled at North Carolina State University in Raleigh, NC in 1952 where he received both a Master of Science (1954) and PhD in Animal Science (1958).

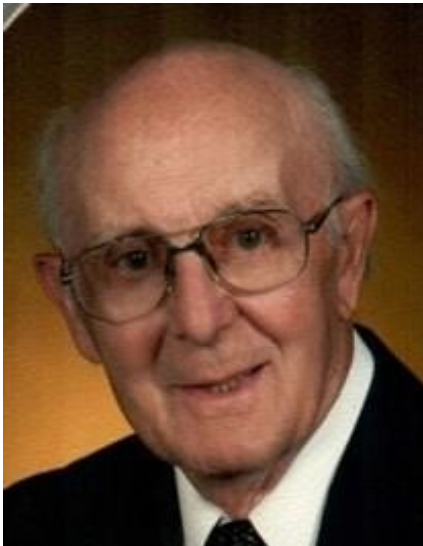
Upon completion of his PhD, Robert joined the faculty at Clemson University where he taught and conducted research for the next three decades. He participated in a number of professional organizations and in faculty advisory capacities including Block & Bridle, Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity, and Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was a fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), a lifetime member of Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society and served two terms as president of the local chapter. He lectured and presented research results at a number of universities across the US. His rigorous approach to scholarship was equaled only by his witty self-deprecating sense of humor. Dr. Edwards was a mentor to thousands of students and each of the graduate students he advised became an extension of his own family during their time at the University. He was an intense fan of Clemson football. He attended every home game for over fifty years, seated an arm's length from the Tigers' sideline, and ceased attendance only after his declining health made the journey to the stadium impossible.

Following his retirement in 1986, he remained engaged in a number of pursuits. He was active for five decades in the Clemson Lions Club, where he served in several official capacities (including one term as president) and was a faithful member of Clemson United Methodist Church, where he frequently volunteered. His principal hobby in free time was gardening and he tended to two large vegetable garden plots in Clemson, from which, his wife Dorothy cooked, canned, preserved and pickled a variety of crop bounties.

In retirement, he and his wife traveled often - visiting most of the continental US, Canada and Western Europe. In his later years he enjoyed the company of good books, puzzles, good friends and his family – especially his grandson, Andrew.



# Obituaries



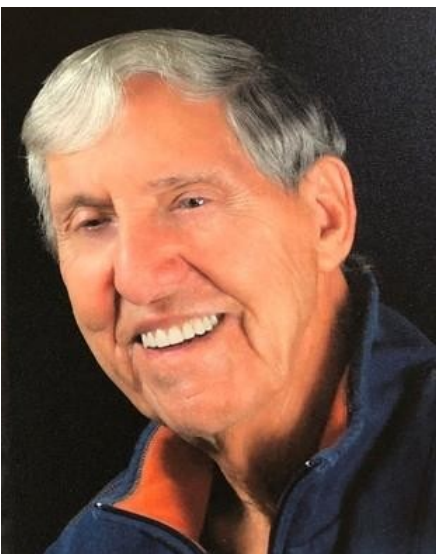
## **Michael S. Tucci, Flight Engineer, 790th**

Michael S. Tucci Sr., 94, of Harrisburg, PA passed away peacefully at home on June 21, 2018 surrounded by his loving family. Michael was born on November 21, 1923 in Steelton to the late Samuel and Beatrice (Fure) Tucci. He is preceded in death by his wife of 69 years Mildred Panza Tucci of Bowmansdale, PA.

Michael was a flight engineer in the US Army Air Force serving in WWII from 1943-1945, a member of the famous "Mighty Eighth." serving at Rackheath, England. He completed a remarkable 35 missions, not missing one mission.

After returning home from the war, Michael began a successful career in the cabinet business and was an owner/partner of Bice and Tucci cabinet company. He retired from the cabinet industry in 1980 and started a business in residential properties and antique car restoration with his friend and business partner Ron Burkholder of Middletown. He was never truly and fully retired and remained

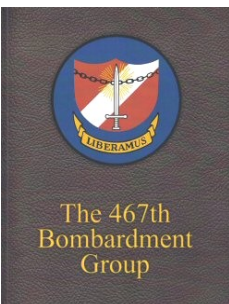
active in several areas of his life. He also had a love of antique cars and was an avid collector of these cars. He was a proud member of Holy Family Church, Harrisburg for over 60 years and spent many of those years actively volunteering. He was the ultimate handyman and also served on the Parish Council. He was an active member of the Hershey Region Antique Automobile Club of America and enjoyed restoring antique cars. Recently, he enjoyed regular gatherings for meals with his beloved cousins.



## **Emil H. Peyrot, Gunner, 790th**

Naples - Emil Henri Peyrot, a World War II Veteran, served in the US Air Force, and retired as a mechanic in 1980, before moving to Marco Island, Florida. He was a wonderful man, husband, step father, grandfather, great grandfather, uncle, and friend. He passed away on Thursday, July 18, 2019 and will be dearly missed. Emil was born to Frank and Susan Peyrot in Chicago, Illinois on March 28, 1922. He was 97 years old.

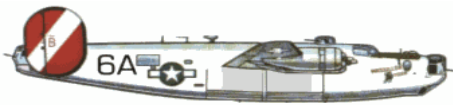
Emil was a world traveler with a grand sense of adventure. He enjoyed various activities throughout his life with many days on the pontoon boat, motorcycle adventures, canoeing amongst the gators and snakes, and cycling in the Everglades. An avid reader with an inspiring love of life, Emil always had a great sense of humor and the patience of a saint (Papa E). His stories and his spirit will live on in our minds and hearts forever.



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