

POOP from Group



791st



790th



789th



788th

Newsletter of the 467th Bomb Group Association

June 2020



Ivan Barnard and Ken Holmes commence clearing years of vegetation immediately behind “The White House”, Col. Al Shower’s former Quarters located on what was known as “Site#6” at Rackheath. The project supported by Norfolk County Council inspired members of the local Rackheath & Salhouse village community to get involved, with many spending the weekends to assist with the clearance. When the vegetation was peeled back revealed long forgotten hidden paths linking the numerous buildings frequented by personnel of the 467th back in 1944/45. Ivan describes the exciting communal effort in words and pictures, Page Six.

TARGET BERLIN: Ken Micko recounts a mission never to forget

**** * * WENDOVER MEMORIAL PROJECT * * ****

Latest Fundraising - Scale Model B-24 build progress

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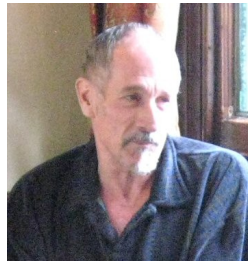
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Honorary Vice President (RIP)

Jay Shower



**The 467th
Bombardment Group
The Rackheath Aggies**



President's Message

*By Brian Mahoney
Archivist@brianhmahoney.com*

The Directors had a very productive and creative meeting on May 24th. You will want to know about three things we tackled. First, we realized that a convention takes care of business (like appointing new Directors) but also provides socializing we all miss...and thankfully, both of these can be done 'virtually.' Will you please join us in a **ZOOM online meeting on Sunday, September 13th**. As the date nears, we will email and post details of the meeting and instructions for you to participate. Watch our Facebook page and the website. In addition to the short annual business meeting at 1pm Eastern Time, we hope to have open socializing as well as some sort of edifying presentation, such as a panel of our vets fielding your questions. Please get to me with your ideas!

Second, While the Directors will propose nominations for new or reappointed directors, please know that, as ever, when you participate in the annual meeting, you can make nominations from the floor. Also, you can ask the Directors to consider a particular person for a term. We seek to replace one person—thank you Steve Watson, for your service—and two more seats are open for reappointment, by individuals who are willing to 'stay in the saddle.'

The third item was keeping 'POOP' from Group 467 relatively affordable for the Association. Many other WW II associations have moved away from printed-and-mailed newsletters, and others have closed shop earlier than they might have, had they moved fully to electronic distribution. The notice on PAGE 4 of this issue lays out the transition ahead. We do not want to leave anyone behind...do any of our members still need to have a printed newsletter? Let me know, and we will make arrangements. (If you have an older family member or close veteran friend, we may ask you to print out for them.) We stand to save approximately \$3,000 per year by taking this step. We intend to have a long run, and this step will keep the wolf a long way from the door. What we have traditionally referred to as 'the mail fund' is actually our general fund, named after our traditionally greatest expense... Whether or not we will give it a more 'professional' name, it remains crucial. As you know, we are dues-free, so your contributions not only offset newsletter costs, they cover our other expenses as well. Thank you for all of your generous support of 'the mail fund,' which has made so much good work possible, *and please do keep up the support!*

The Wendover campaign stood at \$35,025 at the time of the previous 'POOP,' which we mistakenly reported as "over \$36,000." Also, our largest institutional donor had to roll their pledge back by \$3,000. The good news is that new contributions of \$4,325 since then have more than offset these reductions; the balance is stands at \$36,350 on June 1. We need to collect pledges outstanding (\$10, 350) to make that figure real, and need another \$15,650 to meet our revised goal of \$52,000 by the end of this year. Please encourage your friends and relatives, and make your contribution or pledge as soon as possible. Happiness and health your way!



News From Station 145

From David Hastings MBE

VE DAY ANNIVERSARY AT SALHOUSE

What a wonderful dawn this morning with a clear blue sky but what a tragedy that we cannot enjoy all the planned events including the visit of the 467th Association due to the awful Coronavirus. Over 32,000 deaths in the UK, the highest in Europe with over 300 in Norfolk. We hope to gather around the Salhouse Spitfire at 3.00pm for the National Raise a Toast but otherwise it will be a quiet day.

Still does not seem possible that it is 75 years since we took part in that amazing celebration in the Norwich market place. My father was too exhausted to go but he urged mother and I to go. Walking down Unthank Road I could not believe it that some of the street lights were on and the houses were not blacked out, something we had not seen for over 5 years. The scene in the Market Place was unbelievable and in those days all the market stalls had to be removed each night so we had a huge open space and it was packed including British and American servicemen and women and some had even climbed up on the lamp standards. Bands were playing, people were shaking hands and singing and dancing including the Hockey-Cockey. Searchlights played on the City Hall, the Castle and the Cathedral and also displayed a V sign in the sky. Aircraft flew overhead firing coloured flares. We just could not believe it that the War in Europe was over but our celebrations were tinged with sadness as our Royal Norfolk Regiment were still the prisoners of the Japanese.

Then on the Sunday the City held a VE Day parade and a service of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral. We all marched that day, father with the Home Guard, mother with the Red Cross and me with the 8th Norwich Scout Group.

We began to wonder what Peace would bring and asked many questions, some of which now apply today. When would food and clothes rationing end, would we be able to travel again, would the ten mile Coastal Exclusion Zone be lifted and what about our beaches which were mined and covered in barbed wire. Would we have holidays again and would we see chocolates, sweets and ice cream and when would my brother come home from Germany. When would our great 2nd Air Division USAAF friends leave us to return home and how long before life returned to normal., so many questions ? - and now here we are seventy five years on and in another world crisis.

Back to today and we have just observed the National Two Minute silence in memory of all those who did not come back. It still does not seem possible for Jean and I that it is 75 years ago.

All our love, God Bless and stay well.

Yours, David and Jean





Notes from the Editor

The recent events of the alarming spread of the Covid-19 virus worldwide left the “2020 Return to Norwich” Planning Committee little choice but to postpone our gathering in May. The safety and wellbeing of our members was always paramount, and the decision unanimous. We had a great program of activities planned and we remain committed to **reschedule** when circumstances and easing of restrictions allow. The Board at this time are not minded to propose future dates but committed

to provide members through “POOP” (and other platforms) at least 8 months or more prior notice when we once again stage the eagerly awaited “Return to Norwich”.

VE-DAY MESSAGE TO RACKHEATH: Dear Rackheath Friends, Just like our veteran fathers, we have felt your warm welcome, and taken inspiration by your ongoing memory of that generation—on both sides of the Pond—who delivered us from the pestilence of fascism and tyranny. VE- Day will be celebrated and remembered rather differently than we had thought, just a few months ago. The 75th Anniversary of victory in Europe comes right on time in history: its reminds us to do what it takes to bring victory over a new adversary.

I hope humanity can pull together in common cause, as your people and ours have done now for generations. With those veterans and the strong home front inspiring us, Let’s ‘keep calm and do the right thing.’ We are with you in spirit, and we’ll met again!

Brian Mahoney, for the 467th Bomb Group ‘family.’

EMAIL: SEETHING STATION 146 TOWER ASSOCIATION: My diary this morning told me it was to have been your visit to us today. I have so many events which have been cancelled at the Control Tower but the one we were looking forward to was the visit with you guys.

Today here in Norfolk it is a beautiful warm sunny day. Because we are in lockdown some of the team at the Tower are popping in to check that all is well. This morning it was Barry’s turn, he reported back to me that the Control Tower and the airfield was looking super. Only thing missing was you guys!! Hopefully when this horrible Covid-19 has passed us by you will be able to come and see us all.

Stay safe and healthy, Kindest regards, Ann-Margaret, secretary to Station 146 Tower Association.

FUTURE PRINTED & MAILED COPIES OF THE “POOP from GROUP” NEWSLETTER: After almost 40 years since the POOP Newsletter was distributed to the fledgling 467th BG Association members, prohibitively expensive printing/ mailing costs has meant the Association has needed to rethink current options. The good news, “POOP” will continue to be published three times a year as a free no-dues newsletter, BUT ONLY in the format of an on-line digital pdf file. We have been emailing “POOP” in this format since 2013, saving the Association great expense. TO THOSE currently receiving the printed copy through the mail, we ask you to consider nominating a relative, friend, or neighbor, possessing email so we can continue to provide the latest 467th “news” uninterrupted. Your nominated person can then share “POOP” via a computer or tablet screen, alternatively printing a paper-copy on your behalf. The next issue of “POOP” will be the last to be printed and mailed (October 2020) and will contain a prominently displayed form to return or by telephoning detail of your nominated individual and their email. We want you all to remain connected with the 467th “family” and thank you one and all having kindly supported the mail fund enabling the printing and distribution of our much loved newsletter.

The 467th BG ASSOCIATION
2020 Virtual Business Meeting with special presentation via ZOOM
SUNDAY 13 SEPTEMBER, 1pm EST
All members of the 467th welcome, please join in and add your voice

Continued next page

Notes from the Editor *Cont.*

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

EMAIL: BOB & CONNIE GERRINGER: Hank Wedaa's Memorial was very impressive. Over 200 in a replication of the White House East Room at the Nixon Library. Many speakers highlighting his illustrious career on the Yorba Linda City Council, the Air Quality Board, and other endeavors. We spoke with all four of Hank's children to extend condolences and appreciation from the 467th BG Association. I assured them that he would have known my dad (who was eight years his senior). His kids were very appreciative of all of your respectful thoughts sent their way, and they felt, of all his accomplishments, he was most proud of his WWII service.



Memorial Service of Hank Wedaa, one of the original 467th Wendover Air Crews

TREASURY NOTES: Our Treasurer, **Valerie Corvino**, reports the Association has a total operating balance of **\$3,468.44** as of 26 May 2020. The cost of producing printed issues of POOP (including mailing) for the February 2020 issue was **\$1158.40**. Thanks to **Ken Micko** for a generous contribution toward the mail fund. After the Oct 2020 issue of "POOP", printing and mailing will cease and the newsletter only available as a free pdf file.

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.

Folded Wings

Bernard F. DRISCOLL - Radio-operator 789th September 2019

John A. ELLIS - Air Mechanic 789th March 2020

Fred V. GRIEP - Radio Mechanic 791st November 2018

Robert G. LUDDY Sr. - Air Gunner 790th May 2019

John A. MOULDER - Admin Clerk 791st October 2019

Russell E. SCOTT - Pilot 789th/791st February 2020

George SIMKINS - Air Gunner 791st May 2020

Sam J. VIOLA - Admin Clerk 789th January 2020

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

Rackheath Site 6. - Community Wood Project.

Walking in the Footsteps of Legends.

We peel back a Carpet of Undergrowth to reveal the Hidden Heritage of Site 6

This is the sixth consecutive article that I have been privileged to write and report to you, on the progress of the project. The previous five have all been about ideas, concepts, and plans and to some extent even dreams, although not necessarily in that order. This time it's about living the dream, turning all those words into reality and so in late February 2020 we commence work on site. The initial team on site consisted of Paul Thorogood, Edward Stocker and Danielle Anscombe of Norfolk County Council. Ivan Barnard and Ken Holmes of NFAHG. Chris and Jamie of Eastern Countryside Services.

The first job was for the tree surgeons to cut down the dangerous and inappropriate trees, in order to have a safe and managed mixed woodland for the Rackheath community to enjoy and appreciate. This was followed by scrub clearance, building of habitat piles, ivy roots cut through at ground level both inside and outside of the "White House" to prevent further damage to the building, clearing of dense undergrowth and fallen trees to the side and behind the "White House."



Start of the Tree management works. L to R. Edward Stocker NCC Ecologist. Chris, Tree Surgeon. Ivan Barnard Heritage Volunteer. Jamie, Tree Surgeon.



Ken & Ivan discuss work plan

Ken Holmes and myself entered the temporary enclosure around the "White House". Here working from original Air Ministry record drawings we probed and prodded until we found the concrete path, on which both Col A. J. Shower and Lt Col J. J. Mahoney would have walked on and known so well. The White House as it was affectingly known as, was their domestic quarters.

The area of land behind the Whitehouse was virtually inaccessible due to decayed fallen trees and dense undergrowth. The clearing of this was a joint effort for the team and particularly rewarding when we found artifacts that had originally been in the Whitehouse. This items included broken sections of white china toilet pans and sinks. Three pieces of cast iron which when joined together formed the top section of a heating or cooking stove, an electricity meter and the interior of a fuse board.



Cleared pathway in front of the White House

Ken and myself then concentrated on locating all the hidden footpaths and the concrete main entrance to the site. We used our proven method of referring to the record drawings, and then meticulously probing and prodding with a special stainless steel probing rod until we hit concrete. Then an area the full width of the path and roughly a meter long was excavated. Following the route of the path other small sections were excavated, creating a stepping stone effect. This enabled the volunteers to systematically excavate the larger section, thereby revealing the entire pathways across the woodland.



Ivan armed with appropriate tools



Section of path exposed

Over a considerable period of time, by constantly talking to everybody that I had met on my many visits to Site 6, I built up a considerable rapport with the local community and this proved to be invaluable when I asked for their help and involvement. They came forward as an all age group of Volunteers, whom I have named them as the “Pathfinders”. The younger members are Scout’s; their Scout Leader awards them points for each two hours of attendance. These points go towards their Community Badge. I have suggested that the badge should incorporate the word “Pathfinder”.



Local villagers “The Pathfinders” lend a hand clearing pathways linking the White House to the former Officer’s Club Building



We peel back a carpet of vegetation to reveal the pathways upon which **Legends** walked. For such is the esteem in which the 467th is remembered here in Rackheath. Most would not have known the men and women of the 467th, but they talk of the Americans with such pride and affection. Finding these paths long since forgotten and buried under 70 plus years of vegetation, was a moving experience. Not since the 467th returned home in 1945 has any American or indeed anyone else seen or walked on them.



Completed section, with spur left to the Sergeant's Shower Block



Further completed section linking the White House to Officer's Club



New protective fencing around the White House pending possible restoration



Exposed, the large concrete floor of the Officer's Club



Volunteer with digger clears former entrance to Site#6



SM-123-1-467 (11-9-44) (Cpl. SHOWER'S QUARTER)



SM-223-1-467 (13-11-44) (OFFICERS CLUB -145)

Just before the Pandemic prevented us from working, large sections of the Officers Club concrete floor bases were uncovered using the same methodology as for the footpaths. The last item to be completed was the installation of a protective fence that completely surrounds the Whitehouse. The program of planned works is now on hold until the restrictions caused by the Pandemic are lifted. One of the main items is the installation of six information panels that tell the story in some detail of the life and times of the 467th BG at Rackheath.

We also intend to create a Virtual Ground Museum. Something that I believe will be a first, as I believe that this has not been done before. With the concrete bases of the buildings dug out and brushed clean. The building names and numbers will be stencilled on the floor. Similarly all the rooms, doorways and all relevant features will be marked. You will then be able to enter a building such as the Officers Club, known as the Sword and Chain. Not only will you know what it was used for, but with a little imagination you can walk from room to room experiencing what it was like when it was in use.

Although the postponement of the planned May 2020 visit was a great sadness to us all, do remember that it's only a postponement, not a cancellation. Now all that I ask of you, is that when the Visit is rearranged, do not hesitate, book your place and **Walk in the Footsteps of Legends**.

Ivan A Barnard: Email: ivanbarnard999@btinternet.com

18 March 1945: BERLIN



The 789th Bill Shinn B24 captured seconds after being "hit" directly over the target area in central Berlin. Image was caught on a third squadron strike-photo back at Rackheath

***A Date Never
to be
FORGOTTEN***

PART ONE

***The dramatic
account of
Co-pilot Ken Micko
and the story of
Crew#44 on the
day the 467th
targeted the
German capital,
BERLIN***

***Previously unread
extracts from Ken's
biography "My Story"***

Woken at 3:30am along with the other officers of the William "Bill" Shinn crew, co-pilot, Ken Micko could never imagine what the day ahead had in store for them. The day was 18 March 1945 and Ken and his fellow crew were set to embark on their 20th combat mission as the War in Europe was slowly drawing down to its inevitable conclusion.

Ken along with the Bill Shinn Crew had arrived in England in November 44, leaving his wife Doris back in St Paul, Minnesota, four months pregnant and expecting their first child at any time soon. The Bill Shinn Crew were assigned to the 789th Sq. as Crew#44 and commenced combat mid December 44 after the customary 4 week assimilation, learning techniques and procedures associated with flying out of English bases.

Early morning of the 18 March 45 and groans erupted during the main briefing as crews learned maximum fuel to be used. The Target map revealed red ribbon tracing the proposed route all the way to the German capital, Berlin, target the Rheinmetal Boraig A.G., factory site also munitions plant. The planned route would avoid the worst flak areas but the crews were briefed the Berlin target area would be heavily fortified with anti-aircraft guns providing intense flak. Twenty-nine crews comprising three squadrons were assigned this day, tasked to fly high left of the Attlebridge 466th who were leading the entire 2nd Air Division as well as the Wing.

Ken takes up the story: we were assigned to position No.#6 in our squadron, which meant we were flying below and behind position No.#3 which flew on the left wing of the lead ship. Everything was satisfactory on take-off and assembly and within an hour we were heading across the North Sea. The route to the Initial Point (I.P) was without any problem, however, the number 3 ship aborted probably due to an engine failure and returned home, we then moved up to take his spot.

Continued next page

As we were now flying on the lead ship's left wing, I was doing most of the flying, which sometimes isn't so bad as you must concentrate on flying formation and you then miss seeing some of those flak bursts. Attlebridge took the Division just below 20,000ft to get a better visual target, and then at the I.P. turned off left to bomb a secondary target. This left the 467th Bomb Group, 789th Squadron, first over the target and our plane being the third ship over Berlin that day.

The following is extracts from a letter written in November 45 by Charles "Chuck" Huston, a fellow 789th pilot who shared our hut at Rackheath and describes in detail what he witnessed.

I suppose it really all began about half way when Lt Jackson (Crew#36) lost an engine and turned back. I heard the lead ship call for a spare to fill the No.3 spot. I noticed later that the spot was filled, but I did not pay much attention to the ship number. As you may remember we were second in the division that day. I was flying the No.7 spot and had a pretty good view of the whole show.

At the I.P. Attlebridge turned off at a 45 degree angle, that left us in the lead and our squadron was the first outfit over the target. We were six minutes from "bombs away" when the flak started, about 15 to 20 bursts at a time, accurate, and bursting constantly. We got a total of 16 minutes in all. I remember seeing one burst directly in front of the left wing of the lead pilot, and the wing passed through the smoke while it was still expanding. How he missed going down I'll never know. The burst took one of his toes off.

Because I could see No.3 spot more clearly than the other positions in the tight formation, I was watching your ship for bombs away, still not knowing it was you. Almost instantly after the bombs left the belly of your ship, I saw the flash of the shell that got you. I never saw the smoke, so it must have burst on your left or inside of your bomb bay. The whole thing was like a nightmare. I was so terrified it was like watching a show. I was scared, and had been for six minutes, to the point where I actually did not know if I was really seeing what I thought I saw or not. It was not until after I got down and compared notes with others that I was positive.

At any rate, the flash appeared under your ship. A figure – I assume it was the radio-operator – tumbled crazily out of the forward end of the bomb bay and fell end over end. I think the man was dead, as he did not appear to struggle at all as he fell. He struck the left wing of the No.6 man, and bounced off into space and out of sight. I looked back at your ship, both bomb bays were streaming fire for about 30 feet. You held in the formation for a moment , and then peeled up in a wing over, and that was the last I saw. I called the tail, and Schrader saw six chutes appear.

We were twisting violently to avoid the flak, but it did not seem to do much good. We got lots of holes, but only two that were nearly serious. One chunk about 5 inches long came in the left waist, creased every corrugation in the floor, hit an ammo can, broke into three pieces and went out the right waist leaving three holes. A chunk about an inch long came in under the flight deck and went half way through a full box of flares, finally imbedding itself about an inch from the firing pin without setting it off.

Well, we twisted and turned, and after about 16 minutes we got out of the flak. Then we took stock. Cobb tapped me and said, "Don't look now, but I think that was our boys Shinn and Micko that went down". I grabbed the formation sheet and checked and saw that your ship was missing. Then the tail called in, the lead ship of the second squadron was also gone.

Continued next page



Lt. Ken Micko at Rackheath following a practice mission



The Bill Shinn Crew at Walla Walla Army Airfield, Washington, during B24 transition training. All were aboard 18 March 45 except Gerald Gadarian.

*Left to right standing: Bill Wilson, Richard Cisco, Edward Galbreath, Jesse Watkins, Stanley Simpson, Robert Williams
Bottom: Bill Shinn, Ken Micko, Gerald Gadarian, Al Janss*

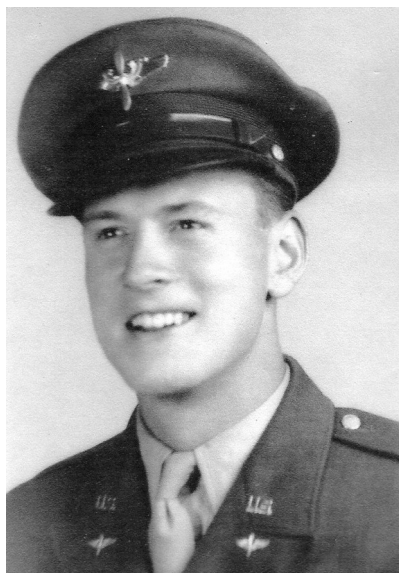
We landed back at the base. About the third ship behind us had the nose-wheel shot out and slid about half a mile on the wheels and the nose. They changed runways and the second ship in had a tire gone and went spinning away through the dirt. Another pilot crash landed and washed a ship out at an emergency field. Every person was thoroughly shot.

We hated like heck to go back to the barracks that night. We didn't know what to do. We knew that your baby was expected any day, and we thought maybe we should see if the "missing message" could be held up just a couple of days to see if maybe you got down O.K. somewhere, and yet it didn't seem right to hold up the message. The chaplain said he couldn't do anything about it, anyway, so that solved our problem.

Ken Micko continues: Bill Shinn banked the ship hard to our left and left the formation before giving the signal to bail out. He gave the command and I rang the bail-out bell. With the thought in the back of my mind that the plane was about to explode, I didn't waste much time. After taking off my safety belt, I started to get out of my seat, only to realize that my oxygen tube was still connected as well as the plug for my electric suit. With one swipe of my right hand, both were disconnected and I was out of my seat in a flash, between the two pilots' seats and on the flight deck, which by this time was completely covered in flames.

Carl Appel (radar-countermeasures and extra crew member that day) was standing near the radio-operator's spot and I motioned him to bail out the bomb bay. He shook his head most vehemently, NO! I assumed he was afraid and tried to push him toward the bomb bay. As time was a factor, I didn't try this tactic too long. Bill Shinn was directly behind me coming through so I couldn't wait any longer but made my way out to the cat walk of the bomb bay. All this time the flames were there hitting my eyes and forehead. . . . my oxygen mask and helmet were still on protecting me from the flames. I dove head first off the cat walk into the space below.

Continued next page



We were told to go head first as the ship might drop due to air currents, and we might be thrown upwards thus hitting our head on the inside top of the plane. I was tumbling head over heels – guess I didn't do too good a swan dive – as I was dropping through the air. The instructors had told us that if his motion took over, we were to place our hands at our sides and straighten out our legs. I did this and all the tumbling motion stopped right away.

Looking down for the rip-cord, I realized that I still had my flak suit on and this was covering the chord. I pulled the strap on my suit and off my head it went. Then I tried to find the chord only to discover that I still had my oxygen mask on and the hose coming from the mask prevented me from looking down. So off that came in a hurry and I finally found that elusive chord and gave it a good yank. The chute opened beautifully and there I was looking down at the great city of Berlin from about 15,000 feet up. I am guessing at this altitude. It could have been lower as I had fallen quite a way since bailing out.

As I was floating down, I heard these “popping” noises and my heart sank as I thought they meant that the shroud lines to my canopy were tearing loose and I was about to free fall the rest of the way to the ground. Looking upward and seeing all lines in place, I gave a sigh of relief and thanks to God. Then I looked up at the formation that was above me by at least 5,000 feet and saw the flak bursts that were making those popping noises. I then realized that those flak bursts would no longer be aimed at me. I remember that I was breathing in very short breaths and afterward realized that was, possibly, because of the high altitude, but more realistically because I was scared! When you are up that high, floating down in a chute, it seems you are just hanging there. I got a good view of the burning spots of Berlin. As we were only the third ship over the target that day, most of the fires would come later when I was on the ground.



Doris Micko in 1944 awaiting her first child as Ken departed for Berlin on mission#20.



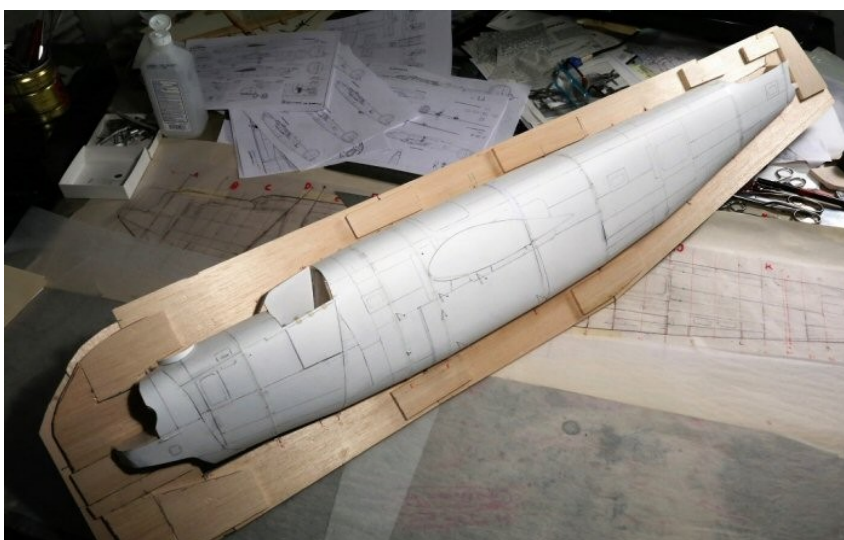
The huge structure of the central Berlin “Flak-Tower” defending the capital and responsible for the loss of many American & RAF bombers. Image from May 1945.

***Ken's story continues next
issue of POOP
as he descends
into central Berlin
uncertain of what lies in
store and facing imminent
captivity.***

WENDOVER FUND RAISER PROJECT

The last issue of "POOP" we announced contracts had been signed and our chosen artisan Mr Guillermo Rojas-Bazan, a constructor of beautiful "aviation art" of over 40 years, was imminently starting the 1:20 scale B24 aluminum model. The model will memorialize the achievements of the 467th and those 467th personnel who were sadly lost during training at Wendover Army Air Field, also those lost during transition to England.

The first weeks were spent amassing documentation from numerous historical sources including manufacturers of the B24 and attaining high resolution photos and drawings allowing Guillermo to proceed with the greatest attention to detail and accuracy. Aided by enhanced computer graphics, construction got underway developing a mold, jigs, and preparatory material to enable the aluminum to be expertly crafted to the recognizable contours of our "H" model B24. The following photos provided by Guillermo reflect the terrific progress during the last 3 months and expect further updates and images as our "memorial" takes shape in breathtaking detail.



PROGRESS REPORT

NEW TARGET: \$52, 000



We're getting closer to the Target, but need your continuing support. Make this a reality and help reach our goal

How to Contribute:

Checks to the 467th BG(H) Assoc. Treasurer

Valerie Corvino

242 Molly Drive

McMurray, PA. 15317

Credit card payment via the Association

PayPal account

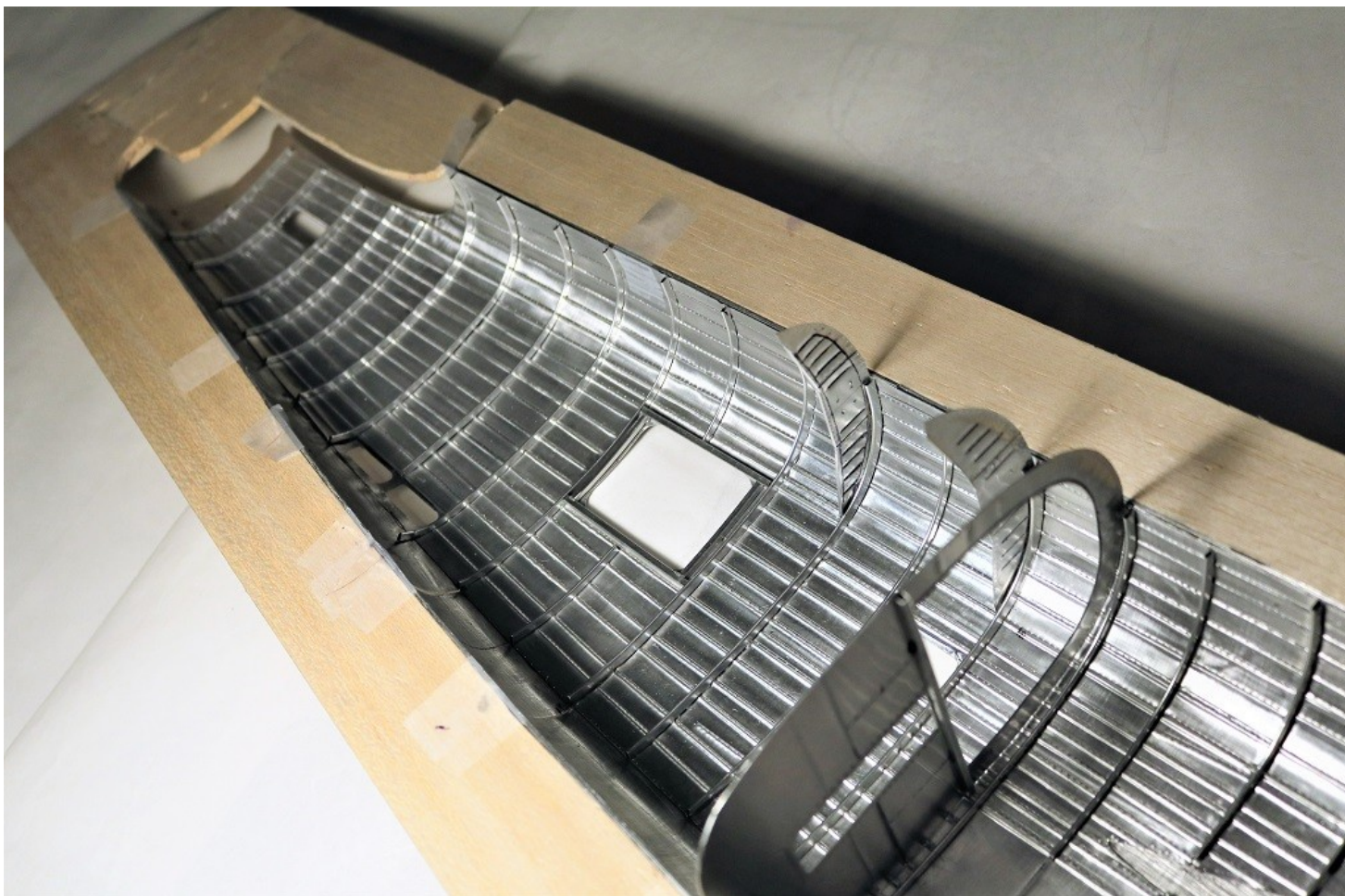
PayPal



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>

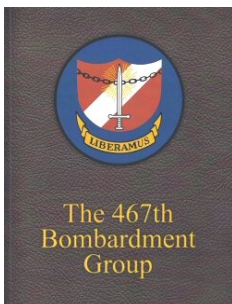
WENDOVER FUND RAISER PROJECT cont.



Contributors to Wendover Memorial since last POOP:

Yvonne Caputo: In Memory of Mike Caputo
Robin & Tom Fillebrown: In Memory of "Bob" Samuel
Ritchie Giesecke: In Memory of Ralph Giesecke
Peter Horne: In Memory of John L. Horne
J. Jeremiah Mahoney: In Memory of James J. Mahoney
Leigh Method: In Memory of Wells Wescott
24th Flight, Order of Daedalians

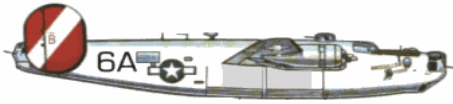
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