

POOP from Group



791st



790th



789th



788th

Newsletter of the 467th Bomb Group Association

October 2020

ONE FINAL EFFORT TO REACH OUR TARGET

We're nearly there!



OPERATION FUND RAISER

TARGET:
\$52,000

467th
Bomb
Group
Memorial

at Wendover Army Airfield

TARGET BERLIN: Part Two of Ken Micko's dramatic account

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

Latest Fundraising - Scale Model B-24 build progress

467th BGA Administration

President

Brian Mahoney
823 Whitelock Street
Baltimore, MD 21217
researcher@brianhmahoney.com

Vice President

J. Peter Horne
Portland, Oregon
peter@467bg-research.com

Secretary

Ann Pooch
San Diego, California
apooch@cox.net

Treasurer

Valerie Corvino
242 Molly Dr.
McMurray, PA. 15317
valerie654@verizon.net

Editor

Andy Wilkinson
Briars, Cooks Lane
Axminster, Devon, EX13 5SQ
England
andywilkinson467th@btinternet.com

Directors

Yvonne Caputo
Pennsburg, PA.
xcskiyvonne@comcast.net

Tom Johnson
37171 Sycamore St. Apt#1314
Newark, CA. 94560
tdj1947@comcast.net

David LaRussa
Tucson, AZ.
alarussa7@msn.com

Jane Staedicke
Phoenix, AZ.
jestaed@yahoo.com

Mike Wheeler
Freemont, NH
Michael-wheeler@comcast.net

www.467bg.com

www.467bg-research.com

www.the467thArchive.org

Honorary Board Chairman (RIP)

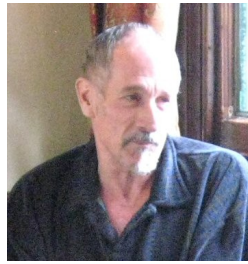
Col Albert J. Shower

Honorary Vice President (RIP)

Jay Shower



The 467th
Bombardment Group
The Rackheath Aggies



President's Message

By Brian Mahoney
researcher@brianhmahoney.com

While we still have moments where we imagine ourselves on the May trip to Norwich, and celebrating the 75th Anniversary of VE Day properly...then pinch ourselves back to the tedious and alarming reality of 2020. This exceptional year of forced adaptation to a global pandemic challenges us all, so every bit of good news is more appreciated than it would have been in normal times. I am glad to have some to share!

The actual traipse of the extensive land of the former Rackheath airfield and other sites was snatched away, but we do have the miraculous tools of communication over the internet that allowed us to have a successful annual membership meeting. Many of you who do not regularly travel to our 'real' reunions were able to participate this way, and enjoy two wonderful added parts of program. We began with a veterans' panel and closed with a virtual tour of Rackheath 'then and now' from the high overhead perspective as well as at the human scale, on the very paths and floors of one of the living sites. I did the first part using Google Earth satellite imagery and period recon photos from the '40s, and showed how one can do very enjoyable sleuthing for airfield remnants anywhere in East Anglia. This led to the very engaging presentation by Ivan Barnard, leader of the aptly named 'Pathfinders,' volunteers in the Rackheath area who, on Saturdays for most of this year, have unearthed foundations, paths, blast shelters, and attended to one standing relic, the so-called 'White House' that housed Col. Shower for the duration, and his deputy commanders, Alan Hertzberg until mid October, then James Mahoney to the end. Such is the excitement generated, that local and county government have supported what will lead to a beautifully marked and interpreted trail.

Speaking of volunteers, we acknowledged several in our meeting, including outgoing Director Steve Watson (son of the late Frank Watson, 789th BS pilot) and newly appointed Yvonne Caputo, author and daughter of Mike Caputo, a 789th BS navigator. Volunteers at all levels are our lifeblood!

We are grateful for the substantial response to the Wendover Memorial campaign, while still asking you for more contributions, of any size, to put us over the top. We are bowled over by the extreme attention to detail—inside and out—that Guillermo Rojas-Bazan has given to the physical monument, a 1/20 scale B-24. In and of itself, the work of this master builder is worthy of documentation because so much will be hard or impossible to see in the completed work. We will incorporate this in our on-site memorial display, and on our web page.

Stay well, chin up, and we shall meet again.

- Brian Mahoney



News From Station 145

From David Hastings MBE

The summer is now over and sadly as pensioners we are still in lockdown after six months with no end in sight. Luckily we have our family to look after us. On the Marker, the Salhouse Scouts have kept the site tidy and on Saturday, Roger, Jean and I replaced the flags (Thanks to Martie). I have also had a word with the Parish Council as the flag poles are now in an urgent need of a re-paint and we miss the volunteer help that we enjoyed years ago. Perhaps the next generation do not understand what the MARKER stands for.

Today, September 15th, marked the turning point in the Battle of Britain when the gallant "Few" saved our Country and indeed the free world. The City held a small but moving ceremony but we will miss the Battle of Britain service in the Cathedral on the Sunday. At home here in Salhouse we are flying the RAF ensign and our Spitfire has been re-furbished to remind us of the debt that we owe. It does not seem possible that it is 80 years ago since we lived through that battle. As most of it was fought during our school holidays we spent many hours at our Battle of Britain airfield at RAF Coltishall watching our heroes flying the Hurricanes and Spitfires including No.242 Squadron commanded by Douglas Bader. Memories that we will never forget. Another memory is of that night at the Horning Ferry Inn which was a favourite haunt of the pilots from Coltishall, when a German JU88 scored a direct hit on the Ferry Inn, fortunately just after the pilots had left, as many people died. We often wondered just how the Germans knew that the Inn was a favourite spot for the RAF at Coltishall. Fortunately having won the Battle of Britain meant that in 1942 we in Norfolk would see the first members of the United States Army Air Force arrive and the beginning of a unique friendship that remains to this day. LEST WE FORGET. Their bravery, sacrifice and friendship. They came as friends, they stayed as friends and they remained friends and we will never forget them. Thank goodness they left us with their unique and beautiful 2nd Air Division Memorial library in honour of the 7,000 young Americans of the Division who died but also of all those who survived.

On a sad note, Jenny Christian the Trust Librarian is retiring on September 21st after 22 years of outstanding service and have had the pleasure of knowing her since she was appointed. She has served with devotion not only to the Memorial Library but also to all the 2nd Air Division veterans when they visited Norwich and she will be greatly missed. We wish her well for the future.

STAY WELL and love from
David, Jean and Roger Hastings. Base Contacts.

Pictured, 2nd Air Division USAAF Veterans and their families gather at RAF Coltishall during one of their Norwich Conventions under the Hurricane gate guardian. The Hurricane is lettered LE D which was Douglas Bader's aircraft.



Notes from the Editor



This issue marks the LAST POOP Newsletter you will receive as a printed and mailed version. Future issues will appear in the format of a pdf file sent directly to members with an email address. Prohibitive printing and mailing costs has led to this tough decision but we hope not to lose any of you. To continue to receive POOP you will be required to nominate an individual with an email to whom we will send on your behalf. They can share POOP on a screen or print a copy. Those who currently

get the pdf or *ePOOP*, will continue to do so, but those receiving the printed copy please COMPLETE THE FORM on the rear cover and return to Brian Mahoney to ensure future issues.

467TH BGA ANNUAL MEMBER MEETING CONDUCTED VIA ZOOM: In the absence of holding our Annual Member's Meeting at the postponed Return to Norwich 2020 Reunion it went ahead on Sunday 13 September and hosted by Zoom. First time we have attempted to conduct business this way and despite unfamiliarity for several, the overall consensus it proved a success. We were privileged four of our veterans were able to participate, **Will Noden, Jack Weyler, Ken Micko and "Jerry" Murphy**, and their presence brought a warm spirit and keen sense of purpose to proceedings. Regular Business included filling Director vacancies following **Steve Watson's** term expiring and we are delighted to welcome **Yvonne Caputo** who will commence a three year term. Meanwhile, Steve has kindly volunteered to administer 467th PX Merchandise which we plan to re-launch in the next POOP. Approval of Minutes to our May 2019 meeting in Hartford expertly recorded and presented by Secretary, **Ann Pooch**, was accepted by members and we commend Ann's diligent efforts in the role carried out through several terms. Reports from **President Brian Mahoney** on the relative good shape of the Association was followed by brief reports from **VP Peter Horne** on the continuing work and progress with the Group database, much of the data being added to the Group web site research area. Our Treasurer, **Valerie Corvino**, was unable to join the meeting so the financial situation was outlined by Brian. The Association happily remains in the black with monies set aside in three funds, a Reunion Fund, Mail/Memorial Fund, and Wendover Fundraising Project, which will be touched upon later in this newsletter. The Mail/Memorial Fund (as it was traditionally named) was used primarily for financing the production of printing/ mailing the POOP Newsletter. With this expense no longer required due to POOP going digital only, it will now be referred as the General Fund for basic administration costs borne. Your *Editor* briefly reported the transition of the POOP News letter to a digital only platform, this issue the last printed version. Next, featured the status of Assoc. Committees. The Reunion Cttee., felt they could not at this time commit to either a date or location of the annual reunion with ongoing uncertainty worldwide with the Covid pandemic. However, the situation will remain under constant review and when deemed safe, will endeavor to give members at least 6 months or more notice of our intentions via our FaceBook Page and POOP. Peter Horne outlined the latest from the Wendover Committee as to the progress of the construction of our B24 scale replica model also fund-raising aspects and hopes. See Report in this issue. With Business matters concluded, a "live connection" with many members offered a great opportunity for a Q&A with our veterans, also two further presentations. Brian provided an interesting talk with added examples of how to make the most of on-line technology like Google-Earth and period maps to explore the archaeology and present day landscape of the former USAAF Airfield and Base accommodation areas. This



Association participants in the Zoom Members Meeting 13 Sept.

Continued next page

Notes from the Editor *Cont.*

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

segued nicely to the introduction of Ivan Barnard, leader and instigator of the wonderful ongoing volunteer work by local folk uncovering the previously "lost" areas of Rackheath Site#6 under 70 plus years of vegetation. Readers of POOP and visitors to the FB Page will be familiar with the regular Saturday morning efforts where more and more of the former communal site is revealed, rediscovering hidden pathways, building bases, and much more beside. Ivan provided a fascinating presentation with many photos and stories including hopes and ideas for the future preservation of the site. The Annual Members Meeting came to a close after almost three hours with just a few breaks for "resetting" and sustenance, a both fruitful and informative occasion that gave rise to the comment....."we must do it again, soon!"



Via-Alec Blyth

The latest activity undertaken at Site#6 by the "Pathfinders" on Saturday 19 Sept. Here we see efforts to clear one of the blast shelters which had remained almost completely hidden. There were numerous examples of these throughout the former base site, one of which has already been cleared on Site#6.

TREASURY NOTES: Valerie Corvino, reports the Association has a total operating balance (General Fund) of **\$3,598.46** as of 20 Sept. 2020. Thanks to **Ken Micko, Richard Muffoletto, Will Noden & Jim Gummelt** for generous contributions to the General Fund. After this issue of "POOP", printing and mailing will cease and we anticipate considerable savings as a result. Thanks to all for tremendous support over many years with the previous Mail/Memorial Fund.

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

William Franklin "Bill" COOPER - Waist-gunner 790th July 2020

Arthur HOROVITZ - Copilot 790th September 2020

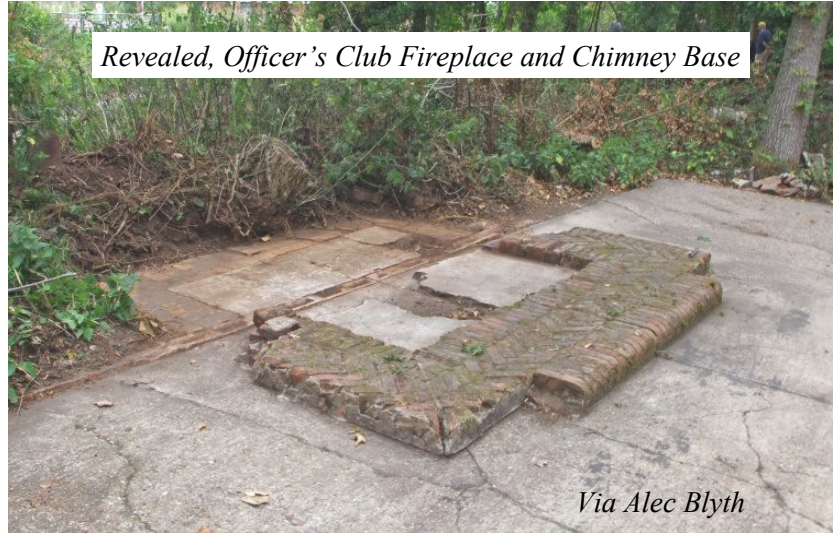
William N. SCOTT - Copilot 789th May 2020

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

Rackheath Site 6. - Community Wood Project Visions for the Future

Ivan Barnard outlines possibilities, hopes and visions for the ongoing Project at Rackheath

That vision amongst other things is to create a "Ground Museum" to the living memory of the 467th. As you know the only building still standing is the "Whitehouse" and a number of Blast-shelters. But as you have followed my articles in Poop from Group and visually the weekly photographic record of our endeavours, you will have noted that "The Pathfinders" are week by week peeling back 70 plus year of vegetation to reveal the hidden 467th heritage that lies beneath. The concept is that once all the concrete pathways and the large concrete bases on which the Nissan huts once stood, that comprised the Officers



Revealed, Officer's Club Fireplace and Chimney Base

Via Alec Blyth

Club, Mess, Kitchen, Shower Blocks and associated infrastructure are totally revealed. Then as you enter any of these concrete base, then marked on the floor will be the Building Name and its ID number. As you proceed on, all the doorways, room names and all major features will be marked on the floor.

In the Kitchen Block you will see where all the catering equipment stood, the cupboard where the silver plate was kept for an Officers Mess dinner, the Wash-up that housed a 2000 piece Dishwasher, the Beer and Wine store, the adjoining Expense Room where wine was uncorked and allowed the breath before being taken into the Officers Mess.

Each building will be treated in a similar manner so that all who visit will have a clear understanding of how these particular buildings were used, then there will be the six large information boards positioned throughout the site that will tell the story in words and photographs of the 467th during 1944/45.

This is what I mean by a Ground Museum, it tells a story, it is living memorial to all those who served in the 467th, it is a place of education and learning and indeed we will be able on notable occasions to use it.

A BBQ could be cooked for us in the Kitchen, Beer and Wine from the store could be brought to us in Mess and I guess that we could have something of a party when you next come and visit.



GM-204-1-467th-11-44X OFFICERS CLUB

WENDOVER FUND RAISER PROJECT

We're 90% toward the target

PROGRESS REPORT

**PLEASE MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO
GET US THERE!**

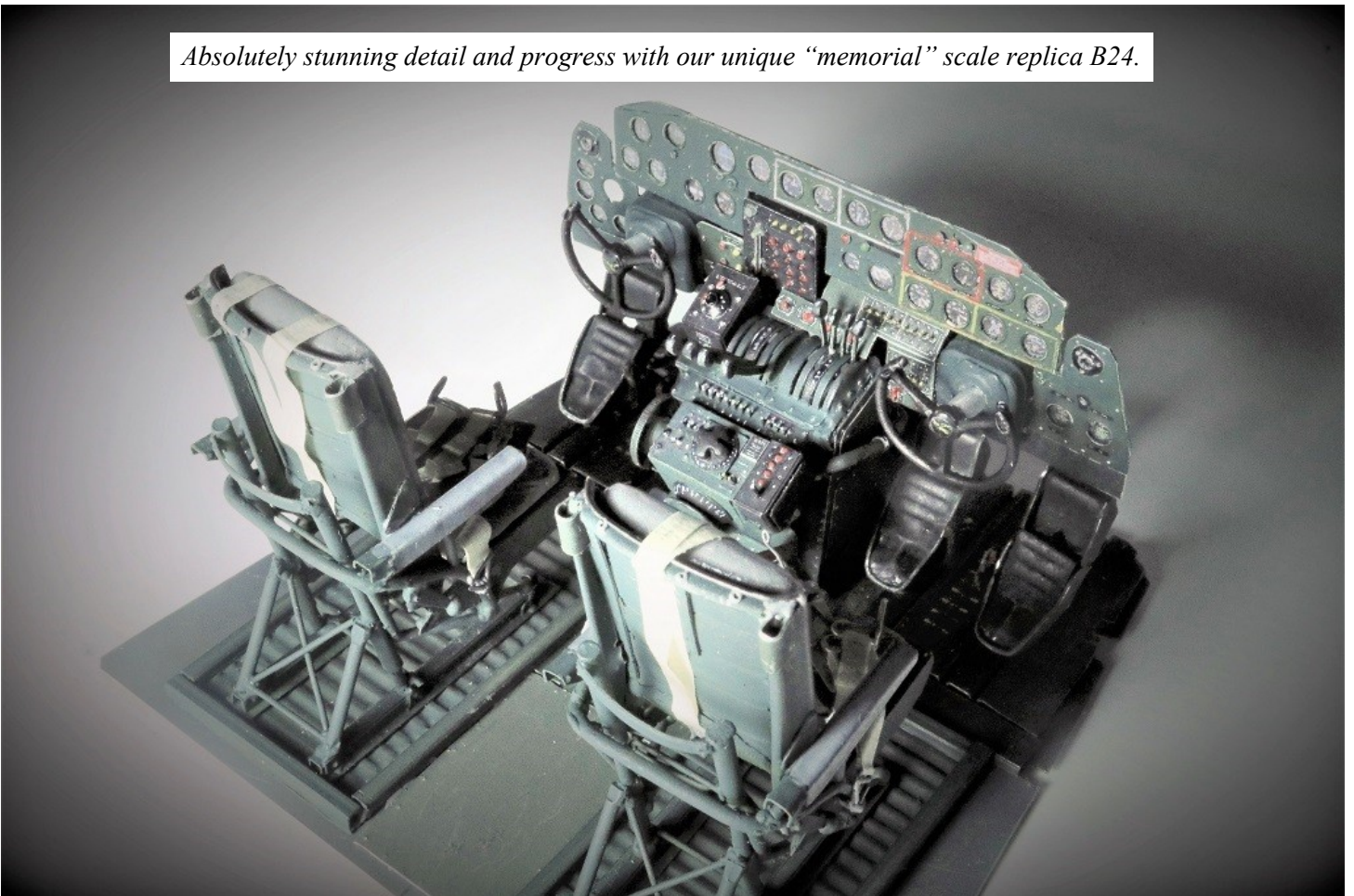
TARGET: \$52,000

Our objective to fund a unique scale replica B24 representing a memorial to the men of the 467th gets even closer to a reality. Build progress under the skill and craftsmanship of our renowned artisan, Mr Guillermo Rojas-Bazan, has been spectacular with recent weeks focussed intently on the intricate cockpit area.

We are tantalisingly close to financing the effort but not there yet. Vitally important we fulfil our commitment to reach the target and we ask every member to dig deep. Encourage and appeal to family members to join with you to honor your veteran and be part of this special remembrance at Wendover Army Airfield. We need your support to make this happen.....

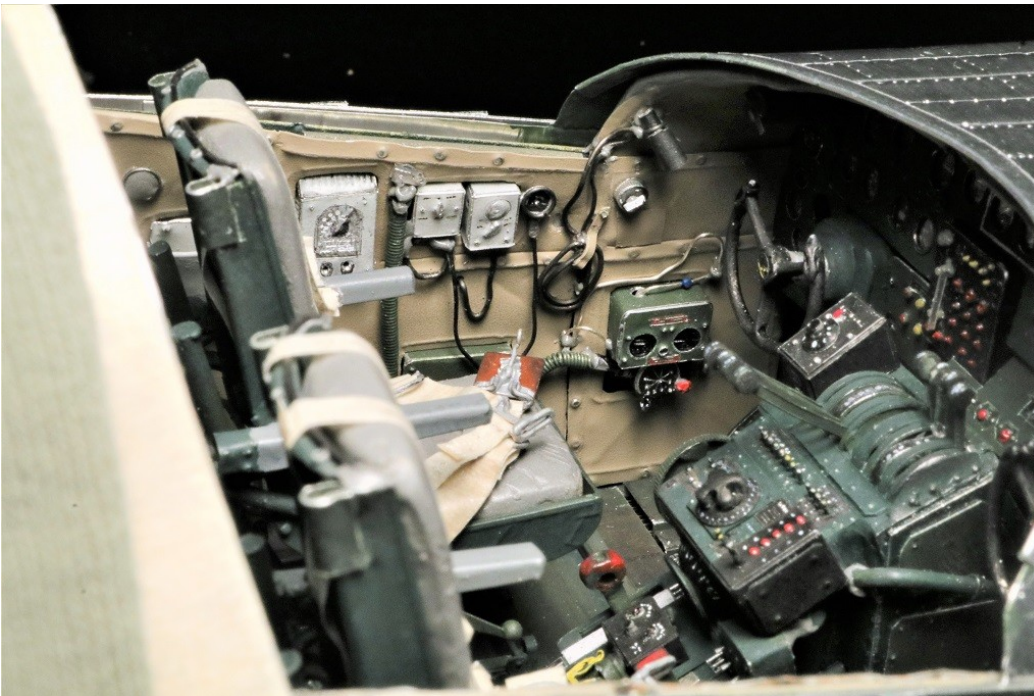


Absolutely stunning detail and progress with our unique "memorial" scale replica B24.



WENDOVER FUND RAISER PROJECT CONT.

- The 467th lost 40 young men in the training phase at Wendover
- Further loses in the transition from Wendover to England
- Replica scale B24 will feature Wendover Group ships "Witchcraft" and "Scrapper" each side
- Will be hung in original restored WWII Building at Wendover Army Airfield
- Display boards highlighting achievements of the 467th
- Bound book to record names of all donors, however great or small
- Plaque to feature three sponsor levels to have you honor your veteran by name, rank, position, squadron, & accomplishment.
- Shower Level, Witchcraft Level, & Pilot Level
- Visit the 467th BG Web Site for our special Wendover Fund Raiser Page - [HERE](#)



Startling progress with our B24 scale replica during the summer months. Attention is now being given to the Radio-operators position featuring a multitude of equipment to install.

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



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>

Contributors to Wendover Memorial since last POOP:

Thomas Howe In Memory Uncle, James R. Howe KIA 22 April 44

Jeff Stevens In Memory Larry McMann B24 gunner

Bill Hirsch, Cathy Horowitz, James Hirsch In Memory

Richard B. Hirsch

Kelby Fletcher In Memory Richard E. Fletcher

Bob Samuel Jr. In Memory Bob L. Samuel Sr.

Kay Tittmann In Memory Col Albert Shower & Jay Shower

Dr Paul Horovitz In Memory Arthur Horovitz

Joe Flynn In Memory Joseph L. Flynn

Peter Horne In Memory John L. Horne

Brian Mahoney In Memory Col James J. Mahoney

Andy, Jacky Wilkinson

Obituaries



Arthur Horovitz, Copilot, 790th

Arthur "Bubba" Horovitz, an American hero, was laid to rest Friday, September 11, 2020, with a private service at Bonaventure Cemetery, Savannah. He was 96 years old. Arthur volunteered and served in both WWII as a co-pilot in B-24's, with the 467th Bomb Group/790th Bomb Squadron of the 8th Airforce and in the Korean War with the 54th fighter wing, 158th Fighter Squadron of the Georgia Air National Guard.

He married the love of his life, Jennie Javetz Horovitz and entered the family business until his retirement. Bubba had a full active life which varied from raising award winning camellias to being an accomplished boat builder, an avid tennis player, and a natural pilot, flying aircraft well into his eighties.

The quintessential southern gentleman, Bubba was a selfless, kind, gentle, loving man who found the most joy in life was helping others. His zest pour la vie amazed the younger crowd and was envied by his contemporaries.

He leaves behind a loving son, Dr. Paul M. Horovitz, a grand-daughter, Julia Rovnan, two great-grandchildren, nephews, nieces, cousins, and special friend, Wendy McCarthy.

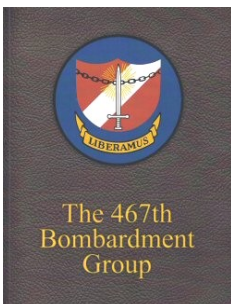


William N. "BILL" Scott, Copilot, 789th

William Scott, 96, passed away overnight on May 16 in Palm Desert, California. Bill was born in Denver, Colorado on April 25, 1924, the son of James & Jean Thompson Scott, natives of Scotland. He was married to Joanne Fuller Krouse in the Butler University Chapel in Indianapolis, Indiana on April 22, 1944. Jodie and Bill lived together until her death in July 2013. They resided in Riverside, San Marino, Century City, Newport Beach, and Palm Desert, California, and for three years in Richmond, Virginia. Bill and Jodie were keen international travelers for

business and for pleasure.

Bill attended Butler University and entered active duty service in World War II with the United States Air Force, serving as a B-24 pilot with the Eighth Air Force in England. He flew twenty-six combat missions, and was awarded the Air Medal with 3 Oak Leaf Clusters. Business Career: From 1949, Bill was co-founder, and then president of Smith-Scott Co. Inc., a steel pipe manufacturing company in Riverside. The company was acquired by United Concrete Pipe Corporation in 1958. In 1965, Bill was transferred to an executive position at United's corporate office in Irwindale, California, where he served as vice president marketing, president United Western Division, and director. He resigned in 1971 to form a steel importing business. From 1971 to 1996 (other than 1985 thru 1988), The Scott Family owned and operated Transmark, a steel and cast iron importing business. In 1996 Bill and Joanne sold the business and retired. Community service: member Riverside County Planning Commission; director and president Riverside Community Hospital; vice chairman Riverside Airport Commission; member Optimist Club of Riverside. Bill was a long time member of Victoria Club in Riverside, where he served on the Membership Committee.



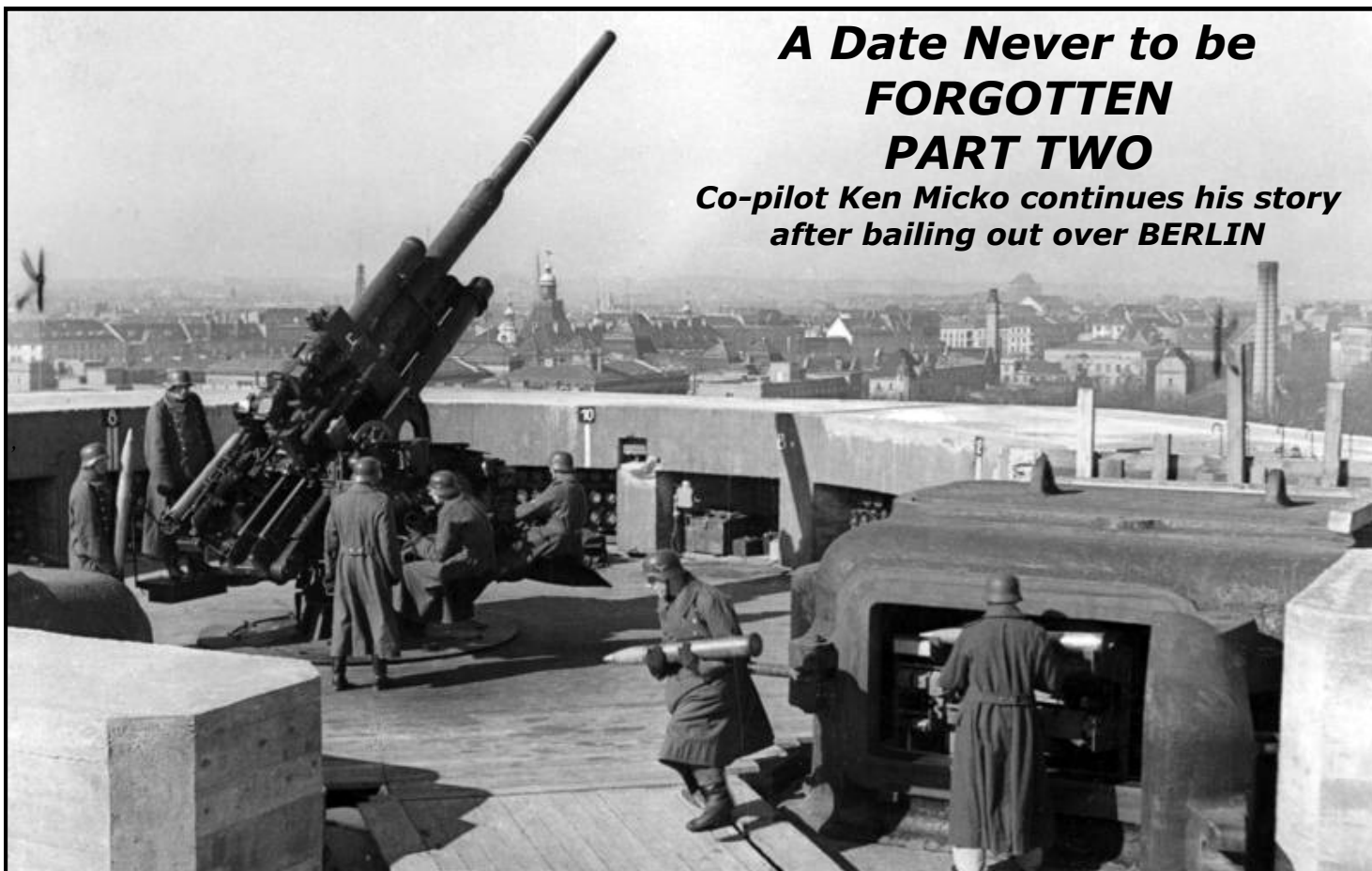
The 467th BG Association is delighted to offer a softback limited edition of the original 1947 Allan Healy "467th BG History". This fifth and final edition has text reformatting and photographic restoration by Colin LaRussa, also a fully revised and comprehensive Addendum.

Price \$50 + \$5 shipping - payment via check or PayPal

Available from David LaRussa, 8570 N. Mulberry Dr., TUCSON, AZ 85704

TEL - (520) 322-9827 alarussa7@msn.com

18 March 1945: BERLIN



A Date Never to be FORGOTTEN PART TWO

***Co-pilot Ken Micko continues his story
after bailing out over BERLIN***

The central Berlin “zoo” Flak Tower, designed to protect the government building district from Allied air attack and the likely source of flak bringing down the 789th Sq. Bill Shinn ship over the capital.

The last issue of POOP left off as copilot, Ken Micko, had bailed out from his stricken B24 and was descending by parachute into a heavily bombed Berlin, the future uncertain. Ken takes up the story.

As I came closer to the ground, I could see I was dropping faster than it looked higher up. I also saw that I was going to get “hung up” on the side of a three storey building so I tried to manipulate the chute so I would fall onto the street. I also noticed a group of German civilians waiting for me, some with pistols in hand. I hit the sidewalk quite hard. I thought that my legs were broken but I was only stunned a bit. The civilians came running over to me, looking down at me and asked if I was American or British. I told them American, and that’s when they started kicking me around the sidewalk.

Some German police “rescued” me from the civilians and quickly took me to an underground air raid shelter where I sat on a long bench with mainly women and children. I must have looked a real mess with my head and face covered with blood and burns across my forehead and eyes. The blood came from a blow or cut on the top of my head, cutting an artery, or something like an artery as it was really bleeding. I don’t remember how this happened, maybe I hit my head when bailing out. Maybe I was hit by flak or banged into the foot rest of the top turret when I was going through to the bomb bay.

After the raid, which lasted another hour or more, they took me to a police station. They made me drag my parachute along the street behind me for about 6 blocks. The police station must have been a precinct station as it wasn’t too large, at least the part they put me in. There was a large room with a police captain’s desk, slightly elevated off the floor, some chairs around the perimeter and a wire cage, where I spent the next few hours wondering what hit me. I sat on a three-legged stool for the remainder of the day (our bombs dropped around noon) leaving only once when they escorted me to the bathroom. I must have been losing some blood right along as I was getting weaker as time went by.

About 5:00 or so, we again walked a few blocks, me dragging my parachute along behind with the guards pointing their rifles at me to make sure I wasn't going anywhere they didn't want me to go. We came to a square seven-storey building that was an above ground air raid shelter. I was later told that the walls were several feet thick and only a direct hit on top would do any damage. As I walked up several levels, I saw women and children sitting along the walls of the stairway.

We finally came to my resting spot for the night, a small room with fold-away cot along one of the walls. It was guarded by an old soldier in the hall. Being extremely weak, I laid down and immediately fell asleep, for how long I don't know. When I awoke, there was a young German Red Cross nurse sitting by the bed with some dark bread sausage sandwiches and a glass of water. Today, I firmly believe she was responsible for keeping me alive through the night. Speaking in fairly good English, she advised me, or almost forced me, to eat and drink much water. I looked around at my pillow and found it blood red completely from MY blood! She gave me a new pillow during the night and constantly forced me to eat and drink.

Sometime during the night, they wheeled me into their hospital room which they kept for civilian casualties. There the German doctor began to examine the wound on the top of my head. He shaved the top of my head to get a better look at it and decided that I didn't need an operation. He did place a large compress over the wound and tied it tight under my chin. They took me back to my room where I immediately conked out. Later during the night, I got up to go to the bathroom, stood up and passed out, finding myself on the floor a few moments later. All through the night, the nurse took care of me; however, she kept after me to give her Doris's name and address.....she said she would write her to tell her I was safe.

I had gone through months and months of training where instructors told us, if we were ever captured, never to give any more information to anyone than our name, rank and serial number. This was drilled into us constantly. The nurse, however, was very persistent and seemed as though she really wanted this information to tell Doris. Morning came and she was still sitting by my bed, feeding me and asking the same old question, "Sir, please give me your wife's name and address. Surely, you want her to know that you are alright!" Finally, I gave into her persistence.....only, however, not until they were carrying me out on the stretcher to the ambulance and she was running alongside with a pad and pencil. This is when I told her. True to her word, she wrote to Doris, in German, telling her about how I was and how she took care of me during that night. That was the first notification that Doris received telling her that I was alive and kicking! She received the letter on VE Day, May 8, 1945.



The Berlin Zoo Flak Tower contained a hospital on the third floor where Ken spent his first night in the capital. Also used as an air-raid shelter.

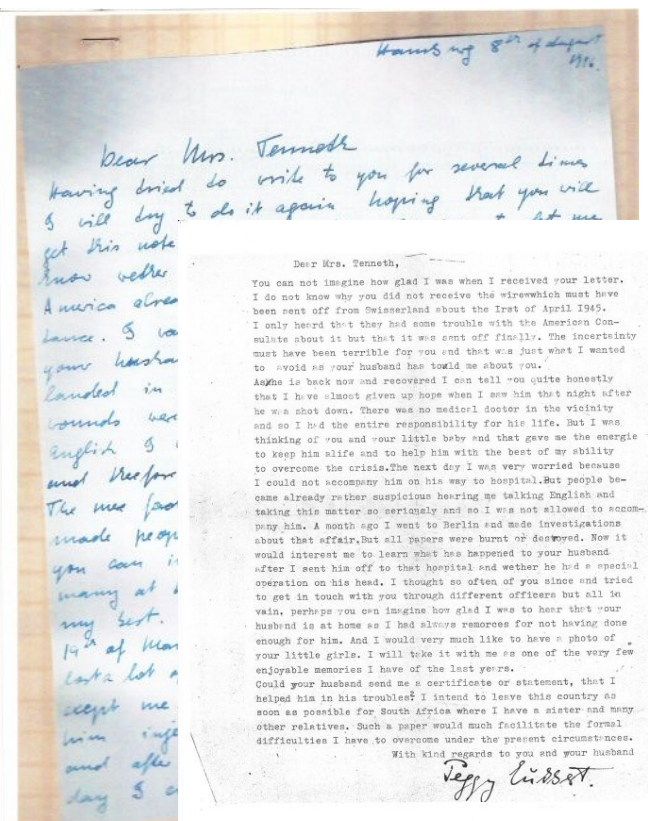
[Editor – Through an intermediary, Max Volger, further detail was provided via a friend in Berlin whom he met at the German-Swiss border. The letter dated 4 April 45 stating “Micko was shot down over Berlin March 18. Skin slightly burned; in German captivity.” The Red Cross nurse Fraulein Sigrid Lubbart, daughter of General Dr. Erich Lubbart, observed his landing, took care of him and gave first assistance. Mr .Micko had light burns from fire, and a wound at the top of his head. The nurse Sigrid Lubbart arranged his admission into a military hospital. A copy of this letter was sent to the American Consulate in Berne. Further communication from nurse Sigrid “Peggy” Lubbart after the war asked if Ken had returned safely to the U.S. and if surgery was required at the military hospital. She passed on best wishes and an explanation of the care provided that fateful day of 18 March 45 and crucial first night in Berlin. She intended to leave the country as soon as possible and join with a sister and relatives in South Africa. She asked if a statement could be sent outlining the care she provided which would hopefully help facilitate the formal process in current difficult circumstances]

Ken Micko: I believe there were three of us prisoners taken in the ambulance to the Herman Goering Luftwaffe Military Hospital at that time. We were met by several nurses, some of them were Catholic nuns, who helped and directed us to our ward on the third floor. The bombings had knocked out the elevators so I had to climb those three flights of stairs. I flopped onto one of the beds and slept for an hour or more and as I woke, there in the next bed was Bill Wilson, our radio-operator.

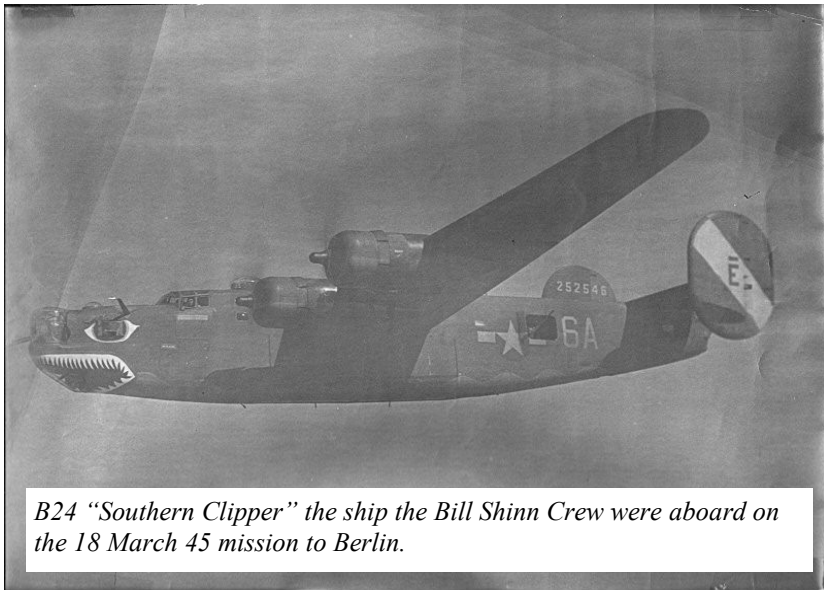
He was in the bomb-bay, closing the doors, when the flak burst directly inside of the bomb-bay. He told me that he thought we were done for and he didn't wait for the signal from us to bail out. He hit the wing or propeller of the ship directly below us. It was necessary to amputate his left leg above the knee. He spent the next two nights, sleepless, in pain and thrashing in bed. The second night, he was taken back to the operating room for an additional operation because gangrene had set in.

Next morning a German doctor came in and told us that Wilson had died due to the shock of the second operation so close to the first. This was a shock to us on the ward. By this time Bill Shinn (pilot) was there, all bandaged up so that only slots for his eyes and mouth were open. Also, Stan Simpson, one of the waist-gunners was there. All he did was sprain an ankle when he landed! Shinn, Simpson and I related to each other our experiences since our plane was hit. Simpson told us how he and Ed Galbreath, the other waist gunner, were at their positions when they heard the bailout bell sound and me telling them to bailout. He said they knew the flak was thick that day, but never realized that we were in such serious trouble until he saw flames coming from the bomb bay.

Ed Galbreath was first to jump, and just before Simpson went, he saw Dick Cisco, our tail gunner, coming out of his turret and heading for the bomb bay, so he knew Cisco was okay. The three of us were the only ones of our crew that were together. We didn't know what had happened to the rest of the crew until later in prison camp. We learned Jesse Watkins our nose gunner and a small 18 year old, turned his turret around after hearing the command to leave. The last thing he remembered is our navigator, Al Janss, going under the pilot's compartment back to the bomb bay. The navigator and nose gunner were supposed to exit the plane in the opening for the nose-wheel but evidently Janss couldn't open the door so he was about to bail out the bomb bay. Jesse remembers the behind of Janss going along the small passage and then the ship blew up. Jesse fortunately was wearing a chest-pack type chute and says he woke up falling through space, and then pulled the ripcord.



Original letters sent by German Red Cross Nurse “Peggy” Lubbart, to Doris Micko back in the U.S.



B24 "Southern Clipper" the ship the Bill Shinn Crew were aboard on the 18 March 45 mission to Berlin.

personnel locked us in our room and then went down to their underground air raid shelters.

The last day I was there, I was lying on top of the bed, fully clothed, awaiting the guards to take me to the train depot, when a German civilian who worked in the hospital, came over to me with a pistol in hand and aimed it at my head. He said in broken English that I was a "terror bomber" and that I had bombed and destroyed his home. Well, I just laid there and told him, it must have been someone else.....not knowing what to say. Don't know what would have happened if the nurse hadn't come into the room at that time and told him where to go. I didn't think much of the idea of being shot in a German hospital after going through what I did.

After departure from the military hospital Ken traveled by train to the Interrogation Centre, Stendahl, arriving next morning. Following processing, a further train journey to the POW Camp

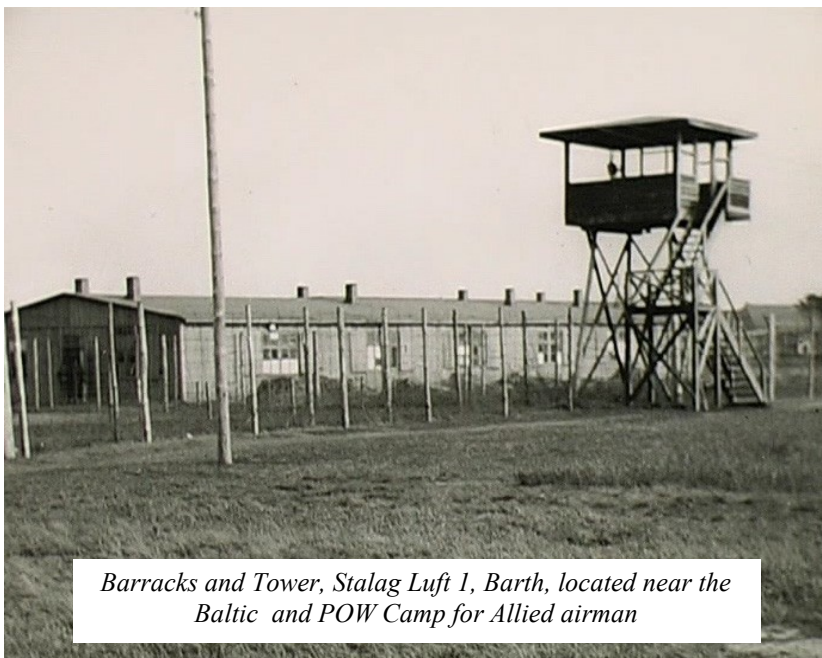


Ken Micko during primary flight training

Stalag Luft 1, at Barth, near the Baltic coast. Ken was to remain here, initially in the camp hospital before release into general barracks before the camp was liberated by advancing Russians, 1 May 45

13 May, Departure from Barth, Germany, to FeCamp, France, and Camp Lucky Strike to sleep in tented accommodation awaiting for a ship at the nearby port of LeHavre. A month was spent here before boarding a Liberty ship and a seven day sea journey before arriving 26 June at Norfolk, Virginia.

Ken Micko: First thing I did at Norfolk was to stand in line at a pay phone booth, with my quarters in hand, to call Doris to tell her I was okay and to find out what we had, a boy or a girl!!



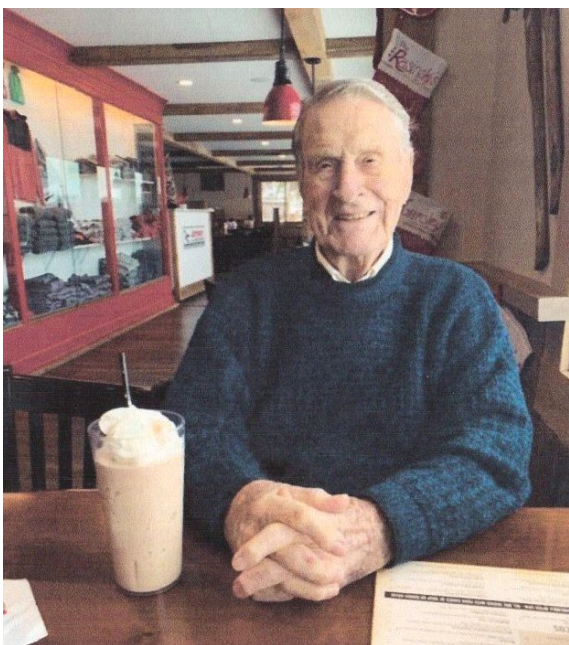
Barracks and Tower, Stalag Luft 1, Barth, located near the Baltic and POW Camp for Allied airman

What a relief to hear her voice again! When she told me everything went fine and that we had a healthy baby girl, born on March 18th, I almost jumped out of the booth. The last thing Doris knew of me was the letter she received on May 8, VE Day, from the German Red Cross nurse, telling her that I was alive. The last I heard from Doris was around 16 or 17 March, I knew nothing pertaining to the pregnancy, except she was expecting soon. The last time we saw one another was October 25, 1944. She never gave up hope during that period of time from about March 25, when all my letters stopped coming, until May 8 when she received the nurse's letter.

Post WWII: Ken and Doris went on to have four children, with 10 grandchildren, and a great grandfather to a further 10. They celebrated 50 years of marriage in 94 in style. Ken started his own successful business in 76 selling vinyl products and continued for 23 years. Sadly, Doris passed in 2013 and Ken currently lives near the Twin Cities, Minnesota, a very youthful 97 years young.



Ken and Doris Micko Celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary in style, 1994.



Ken pictured back in December 2019

(*Editor* – We are hugely indebted to Ken for his terrific assistance providing a wealth of detail and sharing family photos as well as the bulk of his memoir covering his incredible WWII experiences and memories. The 18 March 1945, Berlin Mission, was costly to the 467th Bomb Group and we remember those crew members of Ken who sadly never returned.)

F/O Alfred H. JANSS, Navigator,

S/Sgt. Carl S. APPEL Jr., RCM operator,

Sgt. Robert L. WILLIAMS, Engineer,

Sgt. William B. WILSON, Radio-operator.

The Berlin Mission:

Another view

Following the very positive reaction to Ken Micko's Berlin mission account Part One featured in the last POOP Newsletter (June 2020), was contacted by **Joe Flynn** to say his Father, **Sgt Joseph L. Flynn**, also participated on this infamous mission described in a combat diary he kept at Rackheath. Interestingly, Sgt. Joseph Flynn, was in the 789th Squadron Robert Winger Crew and shared the same Nissen hut with the enlisted men of the Bill Shinn Crew shot-down over Berlin. Just the second combat mission for the Winger Crew, this is how Sgt Flynn described events:

II

Mar. 18th 1945

Berlin: Flew 7:15 on this one, carried five 1000 lbs. bombs. Flew ship 168 [42-110168 The Perfect Lady/Dirty-Lil/ Old Ironpants]. Flak was classified as intense, accurate & predicted. It was too damn accurate. First four bursts broke between our ship and the deputy lead. Those bursts probably put the two holes in our nose. I heard the bursts before I saw the black puffs. We were hit about two minutes after the I.P. & then Jerry let up for almost a minute before they started again. Immediately after "bombs away" we were hit with a hell of a big bunch of flak. It shot out our interphone system and the copilot's and tailgunner's oxygen. [Sgt. Ralph E.] Priest's right hand was hit by flak. Our elevator control wires were almost severed completely. Luckily enough they held together. Because of the oxygen getting shot out we had to leave the formation and come back by ourselves over most of Germany and Holland.

I toggled on the lead ship and the bombs went out OK. Lead bombardier screwed up and our squadron's bombs hit some water and docks and not the target. Our bombs hit in the bomb pattern so I didn't screw up in dropping them. The third squadron hit the target 25% within 500 ft., 75% within 100 ft. and 95% in 2000 ft.

After landing, the official count on the number of holes in our ship was given at 117, the second most holes any ship from this group ever received. It was the most scared I've ever been.

Williams and Watkins [undoubtedly Sgt. R. L. Williams and Sgt. J. F. Watkins] were flying in 546 & it was hit in the bomb bays right after bombs away. When I last saw it the whole of the bomb bays were aflame. Six men were supposed to have bailed out, 3 out of the back hatch and three out of the forward bomb bay. The first man out of the bomb bay hit the wing of another ship in the formation. Williams probably got out OK. At least I hope so. Watkins didn't get out though . . . because no one was reported to have come out of the nose wheel hatch.

We flew in the lead squadron, number five position.

Two images of the Lt Robert Winger Crew at Rackheath. Sgt Joe Flynn in the crew photo is standing second right. They are pictured in front of the ship they flew to Berlin.



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