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## OFFICIAL

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Witchcraft Lands in San Diego

The magnificent painting of Witchcraft, by Mike Bailey of Norwich, England, was presented to the San Diego Aero-Space Museum by the 467th Bombardment Group on October 22, 1982. Presenting the painting for the 467th was Colonel Albert J. Shower, accepting it for the museum were President Bill Immenschuch and Executive Director Ed McKetter.

On hand to make sure all was in order with the Witch were her Crew Chief Joe Ramirez and Assistant Crew Chief George Dong. These two were principally responsible for Witchcraft's record of 130 combat missions without once returning early from or failing to bomb an assigned target.

Also present from the 467th were Eugene Cerveney, Bill Williams, Carl Severson, Lloyd Davis, Fred Jansen, Bernie Kirschner and Dick Ford. Mrs. Shower, Williams, Kirschner, Swenson, McEwen and Mrs. John Stevens also attended.

The 467th should be especially pleased that the Witchcraft painting will be prominently displayed in this museum. The B-24 Liberator design was by Consolidated Aircraft Corp. of San Diego and a large section of the Aero-Space Museum will be devoted to the Liberator because of its special place in the aviation history of San Diego.

Contributors to the Witchcraft Painting Fund, chaired by George Dong, were:

Steve F. Barilich	Marshall J. Loftus
Phillip G. Day	Lee M. Lundermuth
George Dong	Roy L. Rainwater
Carl Epting	Joe Rameriz
Richard Ford	John E. Stevens
Fred E. Holdridge	Allen Walters
Arthur S. Jacobson	

Contributors to the Poop mailing fund (does not include those who contributed at Nashville).

Charles O. Ball	Fred E. Holdridge
Wesley J. Bartelt	G. J. Johnston Jr.
Robert L. Becker	James Johnston
Ray & Doris Betcher	Jasper Robinson
J. Eugene Brook	Elliott Smith
Arch & Helen Broiselle	James Spence
Willis Cobb	Howard S. Steffey
James A. Collins	John E. Stevens
Alexander K. Duncan	Allen Walters
Ralph & Yvonne Elliott	A. A. Wicks

1983 Conventions

The ZADA will convention in Norwich, England on May 26 through 31, 1983. Get your advance reservations to E. Cohen. Make your own way there or call write to Evelyn Cohen about group departures from several cities. The QE II is out, schedule difficulties. As of this writing, twelve veterans, twenty-two total will be going from 467th and I don't count maybe or see later or responders by telephone, several. Miss Cille and I would like to leave from DFW or ATL with a group, 05-25, and return two weeks later, five days for the convention, ten, eleven days to knock about, bed and breakfast type thing, East Anglia, Scotland, back to London and depart. Anyone, travel agent inclined, let me know, anyone going use me as a clearing house for whatever.

The 467th will reunion in Cincinnati, OH on Oct. 7 through Oct. 9, 1983. The majority returning poll information decided on this site and time. Mark

your calendars, begin making plans now. The agenda, though not fixed, would be cocktails and hors d'oeuvres on Friday night, buffet breakfast Saturday and Sunday morning, bus trip to Wright Patterson Museum Saturday morning to afternoon, banquet Saturday night. Not a single arrangement has been made. Now, here is list of Cincinnati and vicinities, I want to hear from each of them to help, do, arrange, for a fine, smooth running, enjoyable reunion. Each of you write, call, come see me. George F. Eyeran, Donald G. Fogleson, John Korte, Gino Trotta. Call, see each other. Get together, get it started. Anyone living near Cincinnati call the above. Anyone living near Dayton-Wright-Patterson, call the above or me. We need a liaison with the museum director at W.P. Anybody who wants to help, call me. It seems like a long time away but the date will be here before you know it. Anyone who was at 8th AFHS meeting in Cincinnati in Oct. 82, call-write me with details, motels, etc.

Editorial Comment

One of the good ole boys of the 467th wrote me a rather strong letter recently. He said I did not write of enlisted personnel, air or ground. And he was talking about Poop and the 2nd Air Division Association Journal. I can't apologize, I really don't know what the bitch is. If you want to see it in Poop or the ZADA Journal, write of it. If you don't think you write well enough, send it to me or Bill Robertie of the Journal, we will help you to cross the ts and dot the is. If you don't write it, who will? This ain't no closed paper, nor is the Journal, lay it on us.

Mission Account

D-Day 6 June 1944

Much speculation preceded the actual arrival of D-Day. When and where it would happen? Every man had his own ideas. For sometime our Group's bombers had been hitting targets up and down the coast of France. On several occasions more than one mission a day had been flown. Even the field order that came in for D-Day was appraised by some as just another feint to confuse the Germans. However excitement ran high and everyone who had anything to do with the briefing stayed with it all night to be sure that every effort would be made toward a successful mission. It is said that "a cry of joy" went up from the crews at briefing (I wasn't there). It was the day they had been waiting for, the day the whole world had been waiting for.

Mission 42 - Thirty-four airplanes took off to form in the pre-dawn darkness. Flying in six ship elements, each with a pathfinder (H2X) aircraft in case the bombing had to be thru overcast, only sixteen of the Group's planes dropped their bombs. Of the 264 x 500 lb. and 624 x 100 lb. GP bombs loaded, only 132 x 500 lb. and 260 x 100 lbs. were released over the target, the others being returned to base. No results of the bombing were observed, no flak or fighters encountered. This mission was a bitter disappointment to all.

Mission 43 - Twelve aircraft took off, formed up and flew to the French coast. Due to complete cloud cover, no bombs were dropped and all returned to the base.



Mission 44 - Twenty-four aircraft took off, eight could not locate the assembly or returned early due to mechanical troubles. The remaining eighteen ships, led by Col. Shower, reached the target, a bridge on Cherbourg peninsula. Although a 3600 turn was made over the target, bombing was done by H2X. In photographs obtained, the estimated point of impact of the 215 x 500 lb. GP bombs dropped was 2000 feet east of the bridge. No flak or fighters were encountered, no losses suffered, all planes returned to base.

From the summaries of these D-Day missions it can be easily seen that this was not a historical day for the Group. The crew members returned from the missions bitterly disappointed that the weather had prevented satisfactory completion of their bombing. Those who flew Mission 44 in the afternoon did get glimpses of the great armada standing off the beaches, adding to their disappointment in not being able to help.

Following D-Day, all Group missions in June, save one to Berlin, were tactical in nature, against bridges, railroad, airfields, V-1 sites, immediately ahead of the Allied armies.

#### Mission 135 - 21 November 1944

Target: Rhenaria Oszag A.G. Oil Refinery at Harburg (Hamburg) Germany. This is a mission typical of some of the rougher that the Group flew, even though no aircraft were lost. There was no happiness when the target was shown because on the previous raid there, 30 October, a Group plane had gone down with the wing shot off from a direct flak burst, this was a rough target, many anti aircraft guns and the probability of fighter attacks to protect this important target. Ten-tenths cloud cover was briefed over the continent and that offered some comfort to those flying the mission. Twenty-nine planes were dispatched, in three squadrons, Taylor led, with Rothschild as command pilot of the second squadron and Tormoen of the third. At the IP, the squadrons were formed to bomb as a Group as all indications were the effort would be by the H2X "blind bombing" technique. Just before the release point however a break in the overcast allowed a visual sighting which resulted in an excellent bomb concentration on the MPI with 290 x 500 lb GP bombs. The teamwork of the "mickey" man and the bombardier and the excellent formation flown by the Group garnered yet another "Best Hit of The Week" in the 2nd AD for the Group. All planes returned to base and though enemy fighters were seen, they did not attack the Group. But flak was intense, heavy and accurate and eighteen planes had damage, one severe enough to write it off, but not one of the crews were killed or injured. The "mickey man", Roland J. Daran, and the bombardier, Lowell J. Hanna were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for their efforts in the bombing results.

That's the official stuff. The unofficial is in my diary as "No. 14 - Group No. 135 - November 20 (I made a mistake) Hamburg - oil target (largest in Germany) - intense accurate heavy flak - scared pea green - 5:45 hours." The Group history as above, says excellent visual results. I can confirm visual but not the results, I guess I was too scared to look down. This is the mission I used to dream (have night mares) about. My letter home on 22 November says "flak bursts looked like black clouds in the sky and could be seen for miles on the way to the target. I was flying for most of the bomb run (#3 ship on some ones lead) but as we got closer to the flak cloud over the target Bill (Johnston) took over. When I saw what he had been seeing, I didn't blame him. All I could do was lower my seat as much as I could, check and recheck the engine instruments to keep from having to look out and listen to the whumps of the bursting anti-aircraft shells". I know I did look out though because I wrote of the red centers of the closely exploding shells and that the smoke screen at the target was ineffectual. Also I wrote that "it (the mission and target) was the worst one yet and I hope I don't see (fly) anymore like it". I guess we all (the Group) tried to do an outstanding job so we wouldn't have to go back to Hamburg and we must have done so because the Group did not go there again.

#### Trucking I

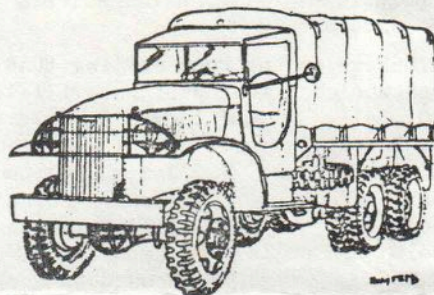
If you thought the title meant flying gasoline to France, for Patton's armies, later. This is about something possibly dear to some of you or fondly recalled by a few of you but remembered by all of us, the three axle by two and one-half ton class of vehicles and most especially the General Motors Corporation 352 and 353 truck, commonly called the 6 x 6. Everyone of us at one time rode in, or drove, a 6 x 6. Mass produced, a total of 562,750 of these

2½ ton (carrying capacity) vehicles were built. Known as Jimmy(s) or Deuce and a half(s), this was the most commonly used vehicle in the Second World War, far more so than the more famous Jeep. Production began in 1939, and it stayed in service with the USAF to as late as 1956. Mass production began in January 1941, about the same time as the B-24 and lasted well into 1945, again like the B-24.

Manufactured by General Motors Truck and Coach Division of Yellow Truck and Coach Mfg. Co., International Harvester Co. and the Studebaker Corp., the 352s had a 19" shorter wheel base than the 353s. Models we drove or rode in were identified by a three or four letter code. The first letter was the design year, A-39, B-40, C-41, D-42; the second letter designated the cab type, C- standard, F-forward cab (cab over engine) and U-amphibian or non-doored, open topped. The third letter, if a K stood for front wheel drive, if a W in the third or fourth letter, stood for rear wheel drive. Then CUKW followed by the long or short wheel base number designates a truck designed in 1941 with an amphibian cab with front and rear wheel drive; DCW followed by the long or short wheel base number would designate a truck designed in 1942 with a standard cab with rear wheel drive only, a 4 x 6. The serial number identified the type of body and axles on the frame. A through G stood for various bodies, cargo, stake body, gasoline tanker, van, water tanker, with or without winch. Following the letter was either a 1, meaning "split type" drive axles by Timken or 2 meaning "banjo" axles by General Motors. The line drawing is of a DUKW 353, Serial No. A1XXXX a '42 design, open cab, front and rear wheel drive, long wheel base truck with cargo body, without winch and with "split type" axles. Wooden slatted seats folded up and out from the steel sides of the cargo body, slatted wooden backs were above the sides and wooden bows overhead held up the canvas cover of the body.

Though not as complicated as a B-24, the 6 x 6 still had 9135 component parts, of which over 3600 could be of different make or manufacture.

Powered by a 6 cylinder in-line engine of 91.5 brake horse power, the 6 x 6 could turn out 45 MPH quite easily on hard surface roads. The transmission was five forwards (fifth like overdrive) and one reverse. The front wheel drive could be engaged or disengaged, depending on road or terrain, and when engaged the hi-lo transfer case could be shifted to low for additional driving wheel power. At Rackheath I remember them hauling me from mess to flight line, to and from the planes and to and from Norwich for liberty runs. Funny, I don't remember riding in them from flight to quarters or the mess hall, maybe once back on terra firma I preferred walking! Probably it carried bombs, fuel, food, I don't know, you will have to tell me. I read a story by a farm boy who wrote "I couldn't ride from the mess hall to briefings (in the truck), it was too much like on the farm when we would load cattle in the trucks before dawn to take them to the slaughter house". It wasn't that way for me, I usually took the time and opportunity for a nap.



#### Trucking II

So rapid was the advance of Allied armies across France in the fall of 1944 that it became increasingly difficult to get supplies to their leading elements. To supplement the various Troop Carrier and transport organizations, first the 20th Combat Wing flew supplies, food, medicine, gasoline, to France from 20 August to 11 September, then the 96th CW, the 458th, 466th and 467th BGs, took over. The 96th CW delivered 2,117,310 gallons of gasoline to bases in France, the 467th 646,079 gallons of that. First the 80 octane gasoline was in 5 gallon jerry cans, loaded through the waist windows, later it was carried in our outer wing tanks, in bomb bay tanks and fighter wing (drop) tanks stacked in the waist area. We first flew to Orleans/Bricy airfield south of Paris, then to Claustres airfield at St. Quentin. Colonel Herzberg and a staff of Operations, Flying Control, Weather, Engineering, Communications and Medical personnel from the 467th were stationed in France during this period. Over one hundred fifty B-24s, from every Group in the 2AD were on Rackheath during this time, all war weary, worn out.



"Tankers" were crewed by pilot, co-pilot, navigator, engineer and radio operator and two passengers were allowed to go on each flight. Clausters had been bombed by the 467th on 8 August (Mission 94) and all going there were very interested at seeing first hand the results of that effort. We flew at altitudes of 1000 feet or less, ready to go "to the deck" if attacked by enemy fighters, all armament except the top turret guns had been removed. I flew fifteen of these flights, two in one day on two occasions, once to an airfield near Nancy, France, so newly captured that German equipment, wrecked airplanes, bombs, etc, were still scattered all about and we were advised to stay in the vicinity of our airplanes due to land mines and booby traps still in place. Of course, there were no accommodations for us. I do not recall sleeping any place but in the plane when we had to remain overnight. I wrote home of trying to find lodging in a town near Clausters. For two packs of cigarettes, a native walked with us, led us, to a number of places including a "cat" house and the police station, but we ended up back in the plane. We carried blankets with us and mine in some manner became infested with fleas (a dunking in gasoline and an airing out cured that). We carried "C" rations, a box of canned meals sufficient for one meal for ten people, with us and generally ate this as we were told not to eat the food we would find in France. I wrote of eating French bread and drinking red wine on one occasion and getting a bad case of diarrhea as a result. I also acquired scabies during this time and had to wear the same suit of "Long Johns" for ten days and not bath for that period but put some "Calomine" like lotion all over my body to cure or kill the itch of them. I also got very drunk on Calvados in a bristo, ran some (black, colored, negro) soldiers out of it with my .45 caliber M1A1 Automatic (back then I was a dyed in the wool Southerner, but not now proud of what I did) and flew back to Rackheath the next day sucking on 100% oxygen. All in all, it was an interlude from combat, not pleasant but better than combat.

In answer to my inquiry of Mrs. Phyllis Smales as to her receiving "Poop" and a request for information of her and what she did at Rackheath, she wrote the following:

October 20, 1982

Dear Phillip,

Yes, I do receive the "Poop from the Group" and many, many thanks indeed. Reading it brings back memories, happy and sad.

I remember very well the night in April 44 when German planes followed the Libs back to Rackheath, in fact I watched it happen from my bedroom window with my Mother. We lived in a farmhouse close to the airfield, Mousehold Farm by the railroad track, and it was our usual habit to watch the planes coming back. This night we wondered why they kept flying round and round and we could pick up bits and pieces of conversations on our short wave radio. Then it was all too obvious what was happening, as we saw the explosions as the bombs fell. I remember the vivid red and yellow sparks that seemed to be going upwards in a funnel shape before we actually heard the thuds, and of course the house shook.

Now back to what I did at the A.R.C. Well, I started work there Jan. 17, 1944, with the Head Cook Mrs. Gwen Kenton, sorting the kitchen out, as we didn't officially open until 3 weeks later. The only Staff then were the American personnel, who were Mr. Ralph Adams (Field Director), Miss Irene Heacock, Club Director and her assistant whose name I can't remember and the British Staff, Mrs. Riches - Gladys but called herself Ronnie, who was Manageress, Mrs. Marsterson who was cashier and was Irish and Mrs Ada Daynes who was a clerk and some local boys who were my age 15/16 who carried in the coal and coke and lit fires, etc. and a little Irish man, white haired, Tommy Conner, who looked after the boilers. The boys were Albert Holland, Eric Macy, Pierce Arnup, Dougie Buxton and Austin Bugden, and they lived in near by villages. I used to go home every night until Oct. 44, when my parents moved from Rackheath and then I lived in the Nissen huts which accomodated the Staff, at the rear of the A.R.C.

The rest of the Staff arrived during the month of Feb. 44, and they came and went, and when I left there in July 45, I was the only one still there who was there at the beginning.

My job was in the kitchen, helping to cook, wash dishes, prepare vegetables, make coffee and tea for the office staff, carry trays, make breakfast for Mr. Adams and an officer whose first name was Paul. I

remember carrying trays of coffee for Col. Shower, Col. Walker, who always gave me 2 pence, as did Lt. Woodward (Woody), who later was Major.

I could go on forever, now that I've begun, as names keep coming back to me. I remember very well Cpl. Buzzeo from the Enlisted Man's mess and Sgt. Cummings whom we called "Chuck". I believe he died several years ago. I think he came from Oregon.

I remember helping to cut hundreds and hundreds of sandwiches for the missions when they returned and making urns of coffee to be loaded on to the truck heading for the Briefing Room.

In 1975 at the 2nd Air Div. reunion in Norwich, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Col. Shower and his wife, and a little chat about the A.R.C., and he said he remembered me (which was very flattering).

One little secret I didn't tell Col. Shower at the reunion was that I sometimes used to get a ride in his big staff car, as I was friendly with one of his drivers. He had two drivers, and the young one was Cpl. Ray West from New Mexico and when he had taken Col. Shower to a meeting or dinner, whatever, he used to tell Cpl. West to call back later. So, with two of my friends, sometimes, who lived locally, we would hop in this lovely big car, which was a novelty to us, as not many British people had cars in those days. After dropping my friends off, Cpl. West would drive me back to the A.R.C. and coming through the main gates where the M.P.s were on guard, I would hide under the seat, and no one ever knew.

I remember when Col. Shower thought the men were looking sloppy, so he ordered them all on parade, and gosh! I remember the GIs coming into the canteen and grumbling about it.

After I moved into the Staff Quarters to live, he ordered an invasion practice one night and we, Gwen Kenton, Lucy Jordan, or Thelma as she was sometimes known, and me, all sharing a big room, sat up in bed listening to all the commotion going on, Tanoy blaring, trucks roaring through the camp etc. We thought it all very exciting.

Well, that's it for this time (I've already dried up one pen). My husband (Wilfred) and I hope to meet some more members at next years reunion in Norwich. Best Wishes to you and I hope you find this interesting.

Phyllis

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#### Reminiscing

A B-25 Mitchell and two P-51 Mustangs of the Confederate Air Force flew over the other day and without seeing either of them, I knew what they were. If a B-24 or a C-47 wandered by, even a B-17, I would be able to tell from the sound of them what they were. Military radials and inlines had character, they were easy to ear identify, not like the 4, 6 and 8 cylinder flat, opposed, light plane engines you hear today, mostly prop noise, nor like the nondescript "noise" of jet engines, no matter what they are hung on or appended to.

In the service, in Aviation Cadet training, I learned "engines", and not motors, please!, not a four motored bomber, a four engine(d) bomber. We were taught of radials and inlines, using models and often time actual engines, cut away, so we could see the parts move and mesh and work together to produce POWER. And the combination of this power and the props on the engines gave the distintive sound to the military planes we remember.

I flew 65 HP Continentals on J-3 Cubs and Aerobacs before Pilot training but they are not remembered as having destintive "ear" prints. The first "military" engine I flew was the 160 HP Kinner, five cylinder radial, air cooled, hung on the front of the Ryan PT-22, swinging a fixed pitch wooden prop, each cylinder individually stacked (exhausted), one cylinder directly ahead at 12 o'clock, oil over everything from the open valve push rods. Any of you that ever flew the Kinner powered Ryan or were around it would recognize that distinctive pop-pop-pop sound today.

In Basic Pilot Training I flew the Consolidated Vultee BT-13A Valiant (Vibrator to those who flew it) with a Pratt and Whitney R-985 nine cylinder radial, air cooled, 450 HP, and a two position (fine and course pitch) Hamilton metal prop. The exhausts were collected from each clyinder and discharged from the three o'clock position, just to the right front of the front cockpit from which we flew. That



engine chuckled and burbled and roared like no other and at night the blue-white exhaust would stream down the side of the fuselage clear past the cockpit. Of fond memory is the changing from course to fine pitch in the landing pattern and the resultant distinctive sound, and of night flights in a cold, clear December sky and of listening to the quiet, the cooling down cracking, squeaks and sighs of that engine after pulling it into idle cutoff when parked back on the flight line.

In Advanced I flew Cessna AT-17 Bobcats (Twin Breasted Cubs-Bamboo Bombers) with two Jacob R-755-9s, seven cylinder air cooled radials of 245 HP each and fixed pitch wooden props and the same with Hamilton two position props, the UC-78. I also flew the Curtiss AT-9 Jeep, two Jacob R-860-9, of 275 HP pulling Hamilton Standard Constant Speed (variable pitch) props. These latter engines had an internal mechanical supercharger, sophisticated stuff, you've come a long way baby.

Then to B two dozens with four Pratt and Whitney R-1830s, principally model 65s, eighteen cylinders, air cooled, two rows of nine, one behind the other, the back row offset to expose the cylinders behind those of the front row, exhaust turbocharged, rated at 1200 HP each, a quantum jump from 550 HP to 4800 HP and 5700 lb. gross to 68000 lb. gross take-off weight. Have you thought about, can you remember how the B-24 sounded, on run up, takeoff, cruising, throttled back for landing, taxiing?

After my combat tour I flew navigation students in Douglas C-47s with two Pratt and Whitney R-1830-92s, again 1200 HP each but without superchargers, a lot of night flying, celestial navigation, night flight was always my favorite. Wanting to go to Instrument School, I checked out in the North American AT-6 Texan, again a P & W, nine cylinders, air cooled radial of 600 HP. Built up a lot of hours, had a lot of fun doing it but never got to instrument school.

In the Reserves I flew a variety of planes, the Beech C-45 with two P&W R985s of 450 HP each, the AT-6 again, the B-25 Mitchell with two 1700 HP Pratt and Whitney R-2600-13s, probably the noisiest airplane anyone ever flew, each of the eighteen cylinders of each engine individual stacked, they popped, banged, backfired, like twelve gauge shotguns going off continuously in each ear. Then the P-51 Mustang, my first and only inlined, coolant cooled, not air cooled experience, a Packard Merlin V-1650-7, twelve cylinders, six to a side of the "Vee", with each cylinder individually exhausted, mechanically, internally supercharged. With canopy open for taxiing it was a staccato of power, harsh, biting, penetrating. With the canopy closed you were just surrounded by the high, soothing, powerful sound. Then the North American T-26, successor to the AT-6 and I don't remember what engine it had, seems a Pratt and Whitney with the single exhaust and a three bladed prop. This to transition to, and lastly, the Lockheed T-33/P-80 (shows how long ago, I never flew a "F" anything) with a 3850 lb. thrust General Electric J-33-GE-9 or 11 turbojet engine, and that is one of the reasons, I believe, that I quit flying, jet engines just don't have any character, they all sound alike to me, just a great whining noise.

I never flew a Wright engine, like the Wright Cyclone used on the B-17, but I know what it sounds like. I could, many of you could, in WWII years and sometime thereafter, tell you what was flying over, and often how many, just by the sound of it or them. Each engine and propeller combination had a distinctive sound, coupled to different airframes it varied in that distinctive sound. I can hear today one of those sounds of nearly forty years ago and know what is flying over, just by the sound.

And that is what brought this on, two P-51s and a B-25, Confederate Air Force, passing over, through Shreveport. And I heard them and ran out into the yard to look at them and have goose bumps, once again.

#### Sweden

Jack (Jasper) Robinson wrote a while ago to inquire of his crew's present addresses. I was able to send him two, Ed Rudowski, his pilot and Dick Ford, the engineer. I asked Jack to tell me of the last mission when they had to go to Sweden. He wrote, "The story of our crew is rather simple. We lost our superchargers on the bomb run (Target: Berlin, 21 June 44) and immediately salvaged our bombs as we were losing altitude rapidly. Just as we released our bombs we took a hit in our (over the) bomb bay (tanks) and fuel began pouring out. Dick (Ford) was able to slow the leaks somewhat and transfer fuel to the (outer) wing tanks.

Group Lead gave us coordinates for Malmo, Sweden. We went in on a sod field with the fuel gauges on empty. Swedish fighters made us come in high over tall buildings rather than let us land from the opposite direction. Ed (Rudowski) had to brake hard at touch down and this collapsed the nose wheel which caused considerable damage to the nose (of the plane).

The Swedes kept us until November (44), then let us go. We were flown out from Stockholm in stripped down B-24s, painted black without insignia. As I recall, Ford and other engineers had to remain behind to repair the downed planes so they could be flown out when the war was over.

Phil, I wouldn't vouch for everything but this is the way I recall it. After all, thirty-eight years is a long time."

I can only add that Dick Ford was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for meritorious service for his actions on 21 June 1944 but didn't know of it until the San Diego Reunion in 1977 when I was able to show him of it in the official history of the 467th, reproduced from micro-film. And I don't know whether the plane was 42-52497, Osage Express, or 42-52525, both shown as lost on 21 June 44 in the information I have at hand.

To each of you and yours, a Joyous Holiday Season and my best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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467th  
Bomb Group



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