

POOP from GROUP 467

VOL. 5, NO. 4

STATION 145 RACKHEATH APO 558

DECEMBER 1, 1986

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION, LTD.

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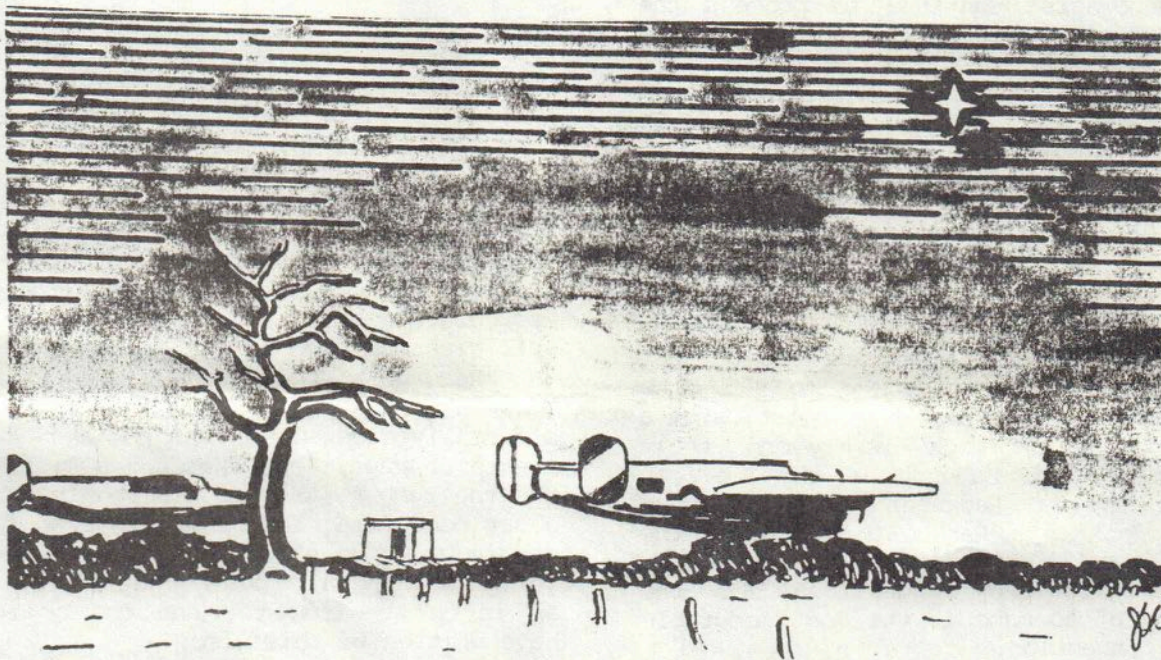
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Season's Greetings

A HAPPY AND JOYFUL HOLIDAY WISH TO EACH OF YOU
AND OUR MOST SINCERE WISHES FOR A HAPPY AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!



Christmas, 1944. Rackheath Flightline, 467th BG

FROM YOUR VEEP

Cannot believe that is time again to write another message to you for publication in the December POOP. Time sure does fly when you are having fun. But it is great to communicate with you again but I sure wish some one of you could slow down this passage of time.

I again ask you to help our Association (more later) in building our membership and especially urge each of you to tell me or Phillip of a Group vet to add to our roster. And you who are not members of the Second Air Division Association, I urge your membership in that organization. Since my last message on recruitment, 23 of you have joined the 2ADA but 7 have dropped due to non-payment of dues, of \$10 per year and other causes. Join the 2ADA, maintain your membership!

The Four Hundred Sixty-Seventh Bombardment Group (Heavy) Association, Ltd., is now a reality, incorporated in the State of Wisconsin through the efforts and good offices of Bill McGovern, Attorney-at-Law and 467th veteran, Adjutant General Department.

To fill the required Directors and Officers the following are listed in the Corporate filing:

President	J. David Swearingen
Vice-President	G. G. Gregory
Secretary	William H. McGovern
Treasurer	Phillip G. Day
Directors	James G. Coffey
	Vincent D. LaRussa

Each of the above save McGovern has been elected previously to officer duties in the relationship of the 467th to the 2ADA. However, we should, we will need to elect successor Directors and Officers at our upcoming Convention-Reunion. Phillip has included a form to make known your nominee(s) for Directors. Please use it to inform me of those you wish to be considered to be placed in nomination. A nominating committee to be named by me prior to our next convention will make recommendations for the 1987-1988 term of office. Of course, as is proper, nominations may be made from the floor. In all cases, please be certain that the person you propose for election is a veteran of the 467th and is willing to serve if elected.

The Dzenowagis' continue to process the VCR tape interviews made at Pheasant Run. Joe will be at Norwich in May to continue this project and the taping will continue in Shreveport next year at our September 24-27 Group Convention-Reunion.

And as to that Convention, Phillip will have some more information of it in this and succeeding POOPs. As he said in PFG 5-3, with this much advance notice as to time and place there will be NO EXCUSE SIR! for not attending.

No new information has come from 2ADA as to the Norwich (May 87) Convention except that total attendance will be limited to 900. We are all sorry this is so but the logistics of a larger number in Norwich is beyond their capabilities. Vince LaRussa is our American rep for "A Day At Rackheath", our planned "Family Reunion" with Rackheath following the 2ADA Convention. Write Vince that you are going to Norwich and suggestions for the "Family Reunion" to make it the most memorable day of this Convention.

Again, please help us find "lost souls". Write me of any questions you may have about the 2ADA or our Group operation. Am always happy to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Dave

LAST POST

We have received notification of the deaths of the following comrades:

Henry Baker	William J. Martin
Champ Burkholder	Lee McCall
Roman D. Feller	John O'Brien
Eric W. Lees	Jack O. Stratton

"May they go from Strength to Strength in the Life of Perfect Service in God's Heavenly Kingdom."

ROSTER ADDITIONS

If one of the following live near you, give them a phone call, go see them, write me for the address if you wish to, and you should, drop them a line of welcome.

William F. Davenport	Santa Ana, CA
Ned Humphreys - A	Eagle Harbor, MI
J. R. Jannetta	Silver Bay, MN
Robert Myers	Kansas City, MO
Robert R. Reno III	Panama City, FL
Herman O. Rooks *	Panama City, FL

*Returned from Lost Souls.

You will see from these names and the following "Lost Souls", we lost ground this quarter. Let me reemphasize what Dave said in "From Your Veep", send us names of any 467th vets you correspond with that you think may not be on the roster. I'll check them out and send the POOP. There has to be at least one out there for every one on the roster.

LOST SOULS

Norval Cunningham (again)	Fox Lake, WI
Eugene H. Hagene	Overland, MO
Reid A. Jewell	Detroit, MI
Angelo Rulli (again)	St. Paul, MN
Roger V. Scherer	W. Chicago, IL
	and/or Ormond Beach, FL
Tom Strullege	Bakersfield, CA
Donna Thompson - A	Newella, OK

If you live near the above cities or towns, do some telephone investigation and see if you can help return the above seven to the roster. Please, don't put this off, do it now after you read this appeal.

467TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP EMBLEMS

Response to the offer of 467th Group and Squadron emblems was poor to middling. At this writing we have had only 28 orders in the amount of \$431, all have been filled out of my stock of 467th Group insignias and with squadron or set orders having been sent to Aresta of Hawaii. And I apologize to you to whom I sent emblems in a "non-standard" envelope which cost you 10¢ postage, and appreciate you telling me so I was able to put sufficient postage on subsequent ones.

Received a letter from Bill Dillon pointing out that the 788th emblem was not as officially adopted. In turn I wrote of this to Aresta of Hawaii and enclosed a list of those, and the number, who had ordered this emblem or a set containing it. I do not know what Aresta can or will do about it. But I remember the Indian holding a (whiskey) jug in his left hand as is on the emblem. And one or two others have written of this also.

I've reprinted the order form for emblems in this POOP. I expect it will have to be the last time so if you are interested you had best take advantage of what I suspect will be a last opportunity.

History of the 467th Bombardment Group

Write to Vince LaRussa, 97 Grayton Road, Tonawanda, NY, 14150 with your requests for this third reprinting of "The 467th Bombardment Group, September 1943 - June, 1945." The single copy, postage paid price is \$30.00.

WHY CONVENTION - REUNION?

Well, to see old friends, whether they be of forty-plus years ago, or five, six, seven years ago or of last year. To meet, face to face, a name that is familiar to you from then or more recently. Certainly not to politic or "sell" something. We are not into politics and all we have to "sell" is the fellowship of that long-ago day and the friendship and camaraderie of today. We know that a small amount of the fees we spend will go to do something tangible for the years to come but in each of the Second Air Division Association or the 467th conventions-reunions there are many intangible benefits and experiences that make me wish to, I hope will make you want to, be at our future conventions-reunions. Case in point, me! I have friends today, gained in the last eight years, who are as near and dear to me as any of lifelong knowledge. To list them would take pages of this newsletter. And I shudder when I think that I would have missed these wonderful friendship experiences if Miss Cille and I had not attended the Association and Group conventions-reunions when possible.

And you attend because of what happened to Wes Bartelt. His experience is not unique, not entirely unusual, but does add a spice, a flavor to attending. AND THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

Wes Bartelt, Pilot, while with the 453rd BG was shot down, forced down, in Poland. He and his crew made their way, slowly but steadily, back to England but upon reporting back to the 453rd found it in the midst of redeployment to the 21st. Wes and crew were sent to the 467th to complete their tour. Wes sent me a tape of an incident at the 2ADA Convention at Pheasant Run.

"This is Wes Bartelt, Phillip, and I'm sending you this tape after procrastinating a while since leaving Pheasant Run. Things didn't work out too good for June and I after the convention, had a slight heart attack and edema just after the convention and went to the emergency room of a local hospital and they kept me in St. Charles in a motel for a week, then advised we continue back to Florida as soon as possible. On the way back the transmission in our motor home went out in Dayton, OH, and we had to spend a week there while awaiting repairs. That gave us plenty of time for the Air Force Museum and along the walks to see the various memorials there and especially those of the 467th and of my original Group, the 453rd.

The reason for this tape is that something I believe to be quite unusual happened at Pheasant Run. It's a story of a particular airplane and of three different people that were associated with this airplane at one time or another. And only by a fluke of luck and one of those crazy coincidences that sometimes happen, three people were in the right place at the right time so this story could happen.

June and I went to the combat film and movies showing at Pheasant Run. There were two ways to get into the room where the films were being shown, a long way and a short(er) way through the 467th Hospitality Room. As June has some difficulties walking, we opted for the short route. After an hour or so of watching the films, June was ready to return to our room but upon trying to exit into the 467th Hospitality Room we found the door could not be opened from our side. We knocked on it, but without answer, and after a few minutes had just turned to walk out the long way when the door was opened. On entering and in walking through the 467th's room, I decided to stop and look at the memorabilia displays and June continued on to our room where I promised to join her in a few minutes. I introduced myself to the fellow who had let us into the room who was Lyle Prichard from Holland, MI. We moved to the front of the room where Lyle and another fellow continued their interrupted

conversation.

Turned out that Lyle had been copilot of a crew that had landed their B-24 on a beachhead pierced plank strip just a day or two after the Normandy invasion. The plane, No. 237 of the 790th BS, had to be landed in Normandy as it had two engines out and the other two not working too well. The plane was left in Normandy as it had hit an obstruction of some type, I think Lyle said a bulldozer, on the landing run out taking off one of the engines, which required replacement, as well repairs to the other engines and the aircraft. Lyle's crew returned to Rackheath and finished their tour and were returned to the States before 237 returned to Rackheath five or six weeks later.

The plane was reassigned to 790th and it flew missions until the end of the war. At the end of hostilities, 237 was one of the Group planes selected to be returned to the 21st, even though it had ninety-nine missions credited and in the period April 23 to June 6 was refurbished and prepared for the trip.

Standing there, listening to them talk of this airplane, the other fellow mentioned to Lyle that the airplane of which he was Crew Chief made it all the way through and was named the "Normandy Queen".

I'm just standing there, listening to them, haven't had anything to inject into the conversation when this other fellow said a funny thing had happened back then. The pilot assigned to fly the plane home, and his copilot, had come out to the hardstand to look over the aircraft and had talked to him and told him "No way were they going to fly that piece of junk" and they had told him "they were really not part of the 467th but were from the 453rd and had just gotten back to England from being shot down in Poland and weren't about to fly an airplane with ninety-nine missions." At that point, this other fellow said he had told the pilot that the airplane was in such good condition he would fly back with it.

Well, the story is shipping orders had been cut for A/C #237, a nine-man crew, ten passengers with this other fellow as Crew Chief on the flight, and he remembered the flight engineer had been named Pepper.

As soon as he mentioned the name Pepper, something clicked in my mind and things started to come into focus. And at that point the other fellow said he had a copy of that shipping order transferring the aircraft back from the 790th BS to Bradley Field, CT. I asked him who was pilot on the order and he said "Bartelt". We hadn't introduced ourselves as yet and he hadn't seen my name badge, so was quite taken aback when I told him "you're talking to the pilot who flew you home" and we three, Lyle, Steranko and I were quite excited that by a very chancy circumstance, three people with only the common bond of an airplane had met this forty-plus years later. So we discussed the flight back and speculated on the fate of the "Normandy Queen", which we agreed had probably been broken up in Arizona after the war.

Everytime I go to one of these reunions it seems that something like this will happen and a long shot encounter will answer a question that has been in someone's mind these many years. I think it is an ironic twist of fate that we would have each been at the same meeting, each one with a piece of paper pertaining to the same airplane, strangers to one another before, friends with a special common bond now."

Wes sent a photo of he, Lyle and Thomas taken together after the above meeting and a copy of a photo of the "Normandy Queen" on the field in Normandy and a copy of the orders bringing 237 home, Bartelt, Pilot and Steranko, Crew Chief.

And thats another reason WHY to Convention-Reunion with the 467th and the 2ADA.

Eighth Air Force Museum: Barksdale an aviary for rare birds



Museum depicts history of Eighth Air Force

By JOHN ANDREW PRIME
The Times

IT MAY BE the free world's second biggest air force, says its head.

It's the Air Force Museum, owner of more than 1,000 historic airplanes. Barksdale's Eighth Air Force Museum, one of nearly 30 associated groups nationwide, is charged with the protection of a handful of its historic birds.

Barksdale's group, with eight planes, a tiny staff and a small group of ardent volunteers, has an important mission, according to Air Force Museum curator Jack Hilliard, based at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio.

"Our full mission is to tell the Air Force's story to the public," he said. "We provide a place where the public can walk in, take a look and say, 'This is where the Air Force came from and what it's done.' But the other museums have to tell the story of other parts of the Air Force. We can't say what they say. The Eighth Air Force gets a lot of exposure because of what happened during World War II. It's their job to tell that story."

But that is difficult. Most of Barksdale's display airplanes sit on an unused runway, inside the base's controlled perimeter and thus inaccessible to civilians. Outsiders must arrange tour groups of 15 to 40 through the base's public affairs office.

The planes, exposed to the elements, suffer in a way far different from the combat their designers anticipated. Sunlight clouds Plexiglas canopies. Freak winds toss planes into one another. Stressed metal skins crack from the occasional torture of ice storms and snowfalls.

Some aircraft, such as the B-52 and the KC-97, were designed to take years of abuse with relative ease. But the B-17 and the B-24 were built with no more than a year or two of service foreseen before a German flak battery or Japanese fighter destroyed them. Years of drastic weather changes are taking their toll of these machines.

This will change if Buck Rigg has his way. Rigg, a civilian employee of the Air Force and head of the Eighth Air Force Museum, hopes to make the runway accessible to the public within a few months.

His long-term goal is a structure to house the aircraft. Rigg said the museum structure here should be large enough to house only the two aircraft most in need of protection, the B-17 and the B-24. It would also house reproductions of typical scenes from an Eighth Air Force base in wartime England, as well as smaller exhibits and items such as engines, flight gear and technical material.

Beside the B-52, B-17, B-24 and KC-97, Barksdale's display planes are a C-47, an F-84 and a British Avro Vulcan Mark II bomber. All flew in under their own power, except for the B-24 and the F-84, which were ferried in by helicopters.

Barksdale's aviary, founded in 1979, houses some rare birds.

Its B-24 is one of only nine in existence, though more than 19,000 were built before 1945. The Avro Vulcan, representative of the Royal Air Force bomber involved in the 1982 Falkland Islands War, is one of only three on display in the United States.

Its B-52 was the last such bomber to receive a surface-to-air missile over Vietnam. It flew more than 400 combat missions between 1966 and 1973 and was used as the basis of a popular plastic model kit of the 1960s and '70s.

Each airplane illustrates part of Barksdale's history in some way. The Eighth Air Force used B-17s and B-24s. KC-97 tankers once lined the base's apron. The 2nd Bomb Wing, based here, still uses B-52 bombers. The British Vulcan appeared at bombing competitions held annually at the base.

Their B-24 and the other aircraft are being restored to the look and configuration of their service years. The B-24 bears World War II-style nose art — in this case a scantily clad woman holding two bombs over her breasts. The airplane, modeled on a bomber which actually saw combat, is called the "Laden Maiden."

Barksdale's B-24 missed action in World War II. It rolled out of Ford's Willow Run plant in August 1944 and served as a pilot transition airplane at Chanute Field in Rantoul, Ill.

Rigg's crew has restored much of the craft's gutted bomb bay. They are still looking for a bomb rack and hydraulic lines. They just added a nose turret, which had been removed from the

airplane immediately after completion.

"We found the turret in a junkyard in Salt Lake City," Rigg said.

Museum volunteers make frequent trips to odd spots to forage for parts. One of Rigg's favorite dreams involves discovering an old training field closed down just after the war, its hangars full of unused replacement parts and gear. Don't laugh — Rigg said there were quite a few bases closed down in just such a fashion.

The mother lode is often closer to home, though. Pieces of several B-6 Keystone bombers, a biplane in use in the 1930s, were discovered on Barksdale recently. These excite even Hilliard at the main museum at Wright-Patterson.

"That one could go to the head of our restoration list because it's an important airplane, the only one of its kind, and Buck's got pieces of four of them," curator Hilliard said. "We're looking to eventually get the one Buck's got and use it as the centerpiece of an overall restoration of the Keystone. It's a bit of history — we have everything here but a biplane bomber."

In addition to finding old airplanes, Rigg's men restore the aircraft.

Take the B-17, for instance. Before the museum acquired it, it had been used to fight fires in California. Its bomb bay had been modified, the tail turret had been altered to spit out chemical foam and its electronics had been upgraded to modern electronic gear.

Those changes have been slowly undone. The tail, though still lacking its "stinger," is close to receiving a facsimile, and a chin turret has been added. The bomb bay is being restored, and the electronics are slowly being returned to 1944-vintage.

For that, the restorers must become experts on the airplanes. They talk with the pilots and ground crew members at annual group reunions, and they study the original blueprints and manuals.

Money for the restorations must come from museum members themselves, the bases housing the museums or from foundations established specifically to raise money for these projects. Museum staffers and volunteers cannot directly solicit funds, nor can they spend more than \$1,000 per year per project to alter existing structures for the museums.

"Funding is set up by the bases, mainly," Hilliard said. "The only thing that comes down from us is policy. And of course, we own the collection, which we distribute to museums within our system."

Another problem, Hilliard said, is that command at Air Force bases constantly changes, and it may be a while before a commander realizes there is a museum under his command.

Rigg's group plans to open a gift shop after the runway is opened to the public. This will help raise money for future projects.

Those begin with acquisition of an Army B-29 now at Aberdeen, Md. Rigg and his volunteers have first option on the plane, but they must raise approximately \$26,000 to move the huge aircraft here. The group is also supported by the Eighth Air Force Museum Foundation, a group of Shreveport and Bossier City businessmen.

Also on Rigg's "wish list" is an airworthy B-25 now at the Baton Rouge airport. Other planes still flying in the members' dreams are a P-38, a P-47, an Me-109 and a British Spitfire.

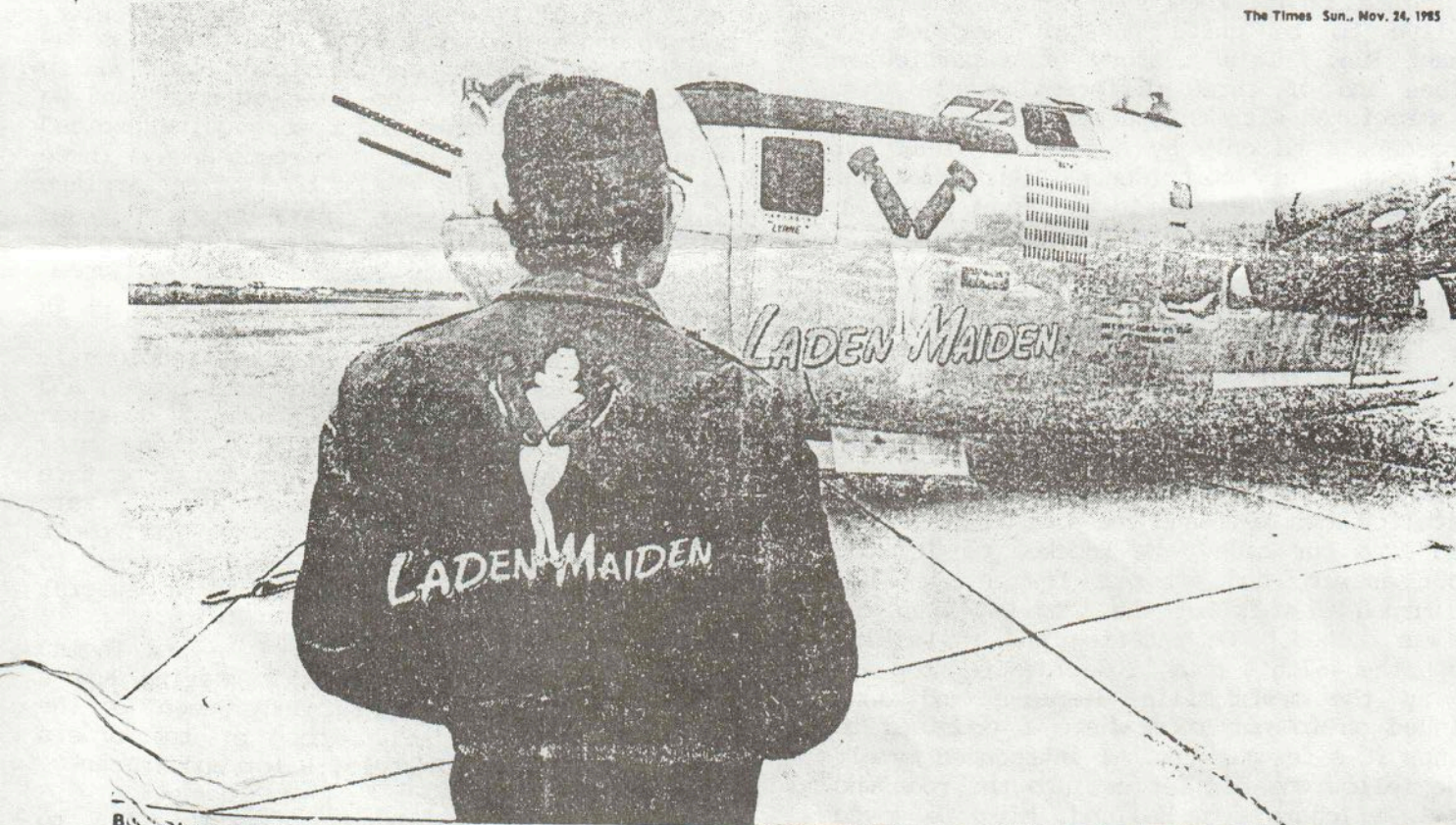
Hilliard said the present nationwide Air Force Museum is "something that occurred within the last five or so years, though most of the museums, individually, have been around a long time. The Air Force decided all of a sudden that we at Wright-Patterson had better learn to handle this system. So they made us the daddy rabbit, and we had to jump in and make sense of it."

Hilliard collects representatives from the museums annually for weeklong seminars in techniques and policy changes. The group holds every other seminar at member museums. He said Barksdale's museum may be a site some day.

That will depend on funds, the outside raising of which is controlled by regulations. Donations from interested supporters, be they businessmen with goods to donate or airplane buffs with time to spend hammering and riveting, are different matters altogether.

"We have no objections to private companies making such donations, as long as they're unconditional," Hilliard said. He pointed out that some states, notably Nebraska, have stepped in and taken over some of the museums, leaving only the collection for the staff's attention.

The Times Sun., Nov. 24, 1985



Buck Rigg, head of the Eighth Air Force Museum, wears his "Laden Maiden" jacket as he looks over the B-24 bearing the same name

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

I'm sitting in the breakfast room this night answering the doorbell for "Trick or Treat"ers. Miss Cille is watching Dallas and coming to the door, occasionally, when a child's costume is of particular interest, in my opinion. I have had a liberal libation, we have supped well and I am rereading the POOP FROM GROUP, Vol. 1 No. 1 through Vol. 5 No.3, and you know, it is damned interesting. I hate to say this (no I don't, I enjoy saying it) but this PFG is joy to read and reread. I got them out to check back issues to see if you all (in the South - y'all) had had the pleasure of reading any excerpts from my book, "Saga of a Reluctant Co-Pilot, A Remembrance of World War II," written by me, edited by me, published by me and given by me to my children, grandchildren, relatives and a few friends so that at some time in the future someone would know of the 467th BG, principally, and of me, primarily. Copies, modestly, have been sent to the Norwich Library where they soon disappeared, probably to be burned, and to some libraries-museums of which I happened to know the names.

Anyway, what follows is from "Saga". Don't be misled by the title, I wasn't "reluctant" to do anything, except be a co-pilot.

I would have been, in my opinion and who can dispute that, on a scale good-better-best, the best twin-engine bomber pilot to have ever come down the pike. But I didn't get to prove that in the A-20 or A-26 or B-25 or B-26 or maybe even in the OA-10A Catalina, a possibility at the time, or the P-61 Black Widow, my last chance at Merced, CA to get out of B-24 COPILOT (My fraternity brother was Operations Officer for a Black Widow Squadron, we were unable to effect a transfer-assignment to his squadron). So from 23 March 1944 to 21 March 1945, a love-hate relationship with the B-two dozen. Time in the old girl was about 100 hours at RTU (Replacement Training Unit); Tonapah, NV, a place that if you wanted to give the world an enema, that is where you would put it in, 535 hours overseas, 230 in "combat" in 35 missions, 305 in LTC Smith's practice missions, in administrative flights and in gasoline trucking. Did you know there was such a "thing" as a Squadron Copilot? I didn't either until "I were one", in the 789th, whether officially or unofficially. I flew with all kinds of Aircraft Commanders, good, fair, bad, awful, logging at least ten crew "break-ins", flying copilot with a new crew on its first mission, the crew's copilot flying with my pilot, Bill Johnston. I was offered several opportunities to "check out" as pilot, but because of Bill and the rest of "our" crew, Harris Burstyn, navigator; Hugh Hackett, engineer; Toby Cordova, radio; Marcus Bennet, armour-gunner; Jack Ripley, gunner (nose) and toggler; Remo Romboletti, gunner; and Warren G. Roebuck, tail gunner, I "passed" on the opportunities. An aside, Warren Roebuck was the oldest of our crew (I was the youngest). On a mission day, he would say "It will be a good one today, Lieutenant, I had a good, firm stool" or "Let's be careful today, I've got a bad case of the GI's". I honestly don't remember how his predictions came out. Which brings to mind Bielefield, 2 November 44. I had the GI's and the only available repository was a flare box (what happened to the toilets in the waist at the bomb bay bulkhead?). Set the box on the bombay doors and it was deposited on I.P. or vicinity when we opened the doors at the IP. My diary says "nil flak at marshalling yards - very good results". Two missions later, 29 November 1944, Bielefield and diary says "light accurate flak at IP" which just goes to show you that you shouldn't put that stuff on anybody. Bills gone now, so is Marcus and Warren, can't find

Hackett. As for the rest, as the drill sargent says in the Lite beer commercial "Why don't you write?"

But I digress. I really ought to publish here the whole of Saga, but it is 140 8x10 pages, plus pictures, orders, etc. Let me stick in this one on night flying in the BT-13 in Basic, Minter Field, CA. Pilot cadets didn't all train in the same primary trainer. Mine was in the Ryan PT-22 "Recruit", others the Boeing-Stearman PT-17 "Cadet" or the Fairchild PT-19 "Cornell". In advanced we trained in AT-9s, AT-10s, AT-17s (UC-78s), possibly others. But I believe all of us took basic in the BT-13 Vultee Valiant (Vibrator). You know that was a big ole plane. Its wingspread at slightly less than 41 feet and nose to tail length of over 36 feet was virtually the same as the P-47. Can you remember the awe of first sitting in that front cockpit, after the rear seat of the primary. When you climbed up on and across the wing and were seated in the front cockpit, your eye level was nearly 11 feet above the ground, when you raised the seat to its maximum height as you did when taxying, you were "King of All You Surveyed". And the engine exhaust from the 450HP Pratt and Whitney (I never flew a Wright powered BT-13A) at 3 o'clock to the engine, chuckled, burbled and roared like that of no other. I can hear one today, over forty years later and recognize that engine immediately.

BUT, NIGHT SOLO, Saturday, 11 December 1943. The place, Class 44-C, Squadron 3, Provisional Aviation Cadet Detachment, Minter Field, Bakersfield, California. After 65:10 hours at Primary, 27:40 dual and 37:30 solo, I now had 34:50 hours at Basic, 13:05 dual and 21:50 solo. The excerpt begins December 5, 1943.

As to flying during the week, I had :45 hour solo on Sunday, 5 December, a 2:15 hour cross country formation on Monday, another of 3:05 hours on Tuesday, I know not where we flew and :55 hours of night dual and :45 hour of night solo in the traffic pattern shooting landings, four I wrote, on Wednesday night. We were grounded on Thursday and Friday but flew again on Saturday night. I got in 2:00 hours night solo and it was as much enjoyment as I ever had in an airplane. Night flying periods were 1900-2100, 2100-2300 and 2300-0100. I didn't get to take off until nearly 2300 from an auxiliary field to which we had been taken by buses and was first to take off in the period for this particular segment of our training. Imagine the auxiliary field divided into four sectors by a line drawn down the runway and another across the center of the field perpendicular to the runway. Separate these quadrants into three levels, at 1000 feet, 2000 feet and 3000 feet. Being first off, I climbed my plane to three thousand feet into the northwest quadrant and started flying a slow turn to the right, remaining at 3000 feet and making sure I was northwest of the airfield. The other vacancies were filled one by one, under me at 2000 feet and at 1000 feet, then the southwest 3000, 2000 and 1000 foot levels, then the others until there were twelve planes in the air all making right hand circuits and staying in their sectors. The planes were called in to land in reverse order to take off, last up - first down and first up, me, last down. It was a clear, cold night but I pulled the canopy back and flew in the open cockpit (the canopies were always open on take offs and landings in any event). The stars were big and bright and just above my head (there was no moon) and I could see the lights of Bakersfield, other small towns, automobile and truck lights on the highways, a passenger train, some of the coaches lighted--I even believe I saw some sparks from the engine smoke stack. Minter Field in the distance looked

like a jewel piece, the street lights of the base, some lights in buildings, the red, green and amber runway lights and the blue taxi strip lights. The field we were circling had flare pots (kerosene flares) marking the runway and taxi strip. At the landing end was a large trailer mounted set of flood lights, shining down the runway, making it nearly as light as in the day time. It was fantastic. One by one the other planes were called in, they would acknowledge the green light signal as "Sector I - 1000 - roger green light," then descend to the landing pattern and I would watch their red, green and white navigation lights, then see their two bright landing lights come on as they turned in on final approach to landing, and then go off as they finished their landing roll, then just the red, green and white navigation lights to make their progress down the taxi strip to the ramp area. The plane under me was called in and I watched again. When he landed I was the only one in the whole sky as far as I could see. Then I got the green light and "Roger" it, I had to go in and land. I knew now that this was a memorable experience and I was determined to make it more so by executing a perfect let down pattern and landing. I spiraled down at reduced throttle, maintaining a 500-feet per minute rate of descent and timing it so that when I reached the pattern altitude I was set up just right to enter the forty-five degree leg into the down wind leg. Then down wind parallel to the runway, change prop pitch to fine, put mixture in auto rich, turn on base, descended now to five hundred feet, speed just right - 120 mph, turn onto final now, let the nose drop down to gliding altitude, get a green light from the field--okay to land, lined up real good with the runway and a good glide path. Roll down some flaps, start the flare out, hold it off, over the end of the runway, just right, hold it off, now it's settling, it's a good one, one squeal as all three tires touch at the same time; roll to the end of the runway, turn off onto the taxi way, roll up flaps, flip off the landing lights, now taxi to the airman waving me in with flashlights to my parking area. Now stop and shut down the engine. The prop slowly comes to a stop and I just sit there, listening to the engine pop and crack as it cools down and just marvel at it all. I enjoyed my night flying in both Basic and Advanced, less so in crew training or overseas, but preferred to fly nights when I was flying Navigation Students in 1945.

Hope you enjoyed the foregoing. Maybe next Halloween, if I've had a liberal libation, supped well and Miss Cille is watching Dallas, I can give you another excerpt. Possibly "The Inspector General's Daughter" or, possibly, "Reprimanded, but not Court Marshalled, at Hamilton Field, CA for some unremembered infraction of regulations on the way overseas" or "The only time I was singled out by Colonel Shower at a Mission Critique and given a good blasting" or "The Ile de France - What a way to come home from the war".

God love each of you, I do.

DUES-DONATIONS

Response to Dave Swearingen's appeal for dues-donations in POOP 5-3 was quite good as you see in the treasurer's report. I have attempted to acknowledge each one and respond to your requests for patches, plaques and rosters but there are still a few of the over ninety letters, notes, donations and orders I haven't answered at this writing, but I will catch up before the response to this POOP starts coming in.

Thank you again for your generous donations to the mail-memorial fund and your emblem orders. You are appreciated.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Operating Account	
Cash on Hand 09/01/86	\$1,215.84
Bulk Mail Postage	125.00
Other Postage	34.06
Computer Service	78.58
Reproduction POOP 5-3	150.00
Secretarial	47.50
	780.70
Jim Coffey's "Runway Pieces"	169.00
Individual Donations	645.00
	1,594.70
Emblem Account	
Aresta of Hawaii	\$ 628.25
Emblem Sales	886.00
Profit	\$ 257.75
Cash on Hand 11/15/86	
	\$1,852.45

RUNWAY PIECES

You have seen in the Treasurer's Report that Jim Coffey's "Runway Pieces" has benefited the Group mail-memorial fund in the amount of \$169.00.

Jim received eight concrete chunks from the main runway via the luggage of Jordan Uttal and J. Fred Thomas, I believe, on their return from England after May, 1985. From these eight he had cut fifteen pieces and mounted these pieces on walnut bases. Fourteen sold resulted in a profit of \$129. Later David Hastings brought over some additional pieces. These were, unmounted, offered for a contribution, which totaled \$40 giving the \$169 contributed to the Group.

I know we all offer our sincere thanks to Jim for managing this effort and to Joan for putting up with it and helping to make it go, I'm sure.

Of special note and import, the "Christmas at Rackheath, 1944" card is done by Miss Joan and again my special thanks to her and Jim for this.

INSTRUCTIONS - READ FIRST

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467	QTY	788	789	790	791	470	467+1	467+4	SET(6)	TOTAL ORDER \$	
										For 467+1 mark GPF/ok SQD requested	
										For 467+4 mark GPF/ok SQDS requested	
										CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ONLY	

467TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION,
LTD. FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION

Time: Thursday Noon, September 24, 1987 to
Sunday Noon, September 27, 1987

Place: Shreveport-Bossier City-Barksdale AFB,
Louisiana

Accommodations: Hilton Inn - Bossier
3033 Hilton Drive
Bossier City, LA 71111

We have blocked out 175 rooms, each with kingsize bed or two double beds. Good access to I-20 at Airline exit. Extremely large Pierre-Bossier Mall in walking distance. Sorry, no RV hookups but much parking space. The rooms, normally \$60 single or double will be \$45 plus 9% tax, \$49.05 per night. Extra, over two persons in the room, will be \$5.45 each per night. The Inn is in the midst of a renovation and I foresee excellent accommodations for our reunion.

You will be sent a room reservation form at the proper time. You will be responsible for payment of your room; the price of the room will not be included in the Convention fee. The 175-room block will be held until two weeks before the Convention. After September 10, 1987, rooms could be available at the block price but only those making reservations before September 10 will be guaranteed a room at the Inn. Spillover, above 175 rooms, can be housed nearby but banquet accommodations are limited to 450. If it gets larger than that, I have a (happy) problem but I also have a 1200 capacity banquet room available close by.

Format, events, extras, highlights, etc. will be discussed in next POOP, Vol. 6, No. 1, of April, 1987. Costs for scheduled events will be approximately \$125 per person, extras, such as bus to race track or trip on "River Rose", will be kept as low in price as possible. The Eighth Air Force Public Affairs has acknowledged our date and time for the Barksdale trip and has promised us the 8th AF band for entertainment and dancing Saturday evening and bus transport to and from BAFB for our Saturday visit. Buck Rigg, Curator of 8AF Museum, assures me his B-24 "Laden Maiden" will be spruced up for our visit and wearing the Group tail fin colors.

I've said in the last POOP, Dave repeated it in his "FROM THE VEEP" and here it is one more time, NO EXCUSES for not being here.

MAIL PROBLEMS

Fourth class, bulk mailing privileges does have some problems. When I investigated this method of mailing, I was assured by the U. S. Postal Service that delivery would be effected in 10 days to two weeks maximum; the pieces had to be out of SHV in three days, three - four days in route and had to be out of the delivering station in three days. Without satisfactory explanation, but they would look into it, some pieces took over a month, one 47 days to be returned, most three weeks. Don't know what to do about it but will look into 1st Class Bulk before this POOP goes out.

Also, in using bulk and to get undelivered pieces back (they can't be forwarded), we have to pay 22¢ per piece returned. Were 97 of these in the 2nd Quarter and because we could update the roster from these, the number dropped to 42 in the 3rd Quarter. But if you are changing address, let me know. It will cost you 14¢ but save the mail fund 22¢ return postage and 22¢ more to send out a POOP replacement. And you who go south for the winter and north for the summer, to change your address in the computer each time costs 25¢, so if you can receive, and have mail forwarded, from one place year-round, please do that. If not send me a change-of-address card, don't let the USPS have to inform me. Your cooperation in this will be most appreciated.

ROLL OF HONOR

Three additional names were received that were believed should be on the Roll. These three will be submitted to the Army's Casualty Group to attempt to verify or disclaim and if verified will be forwarded to Jordan Uttal for inclusion in our Group Roll of Honor. Please again look over the list printed in POOP 5-3 and if you have a name you believe should be included, write me of it so that we can at least have this important memorial as complete as possible.

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION, LTD.

To: David Swearingen, President

I present the following for consideration by the Nominating Committee for nomination to the indicated office, to be filled at the First Annual Meeting of the 467th Bombardment Group Association on September 25, 1987, at 8:30 A.M., at the Hilton Inn, 3033 Hilton Drive, Bossier City, Louisiana 71111:

President: _____

Vice-President: _____

Secretary: _____

Treasurer: _____

Director: _____

Director: _____

Submitted by: _____

(Please Print)

(Signature)

Unit Assignment:

467th Bombardment Group

The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division U.S.A.A.F.

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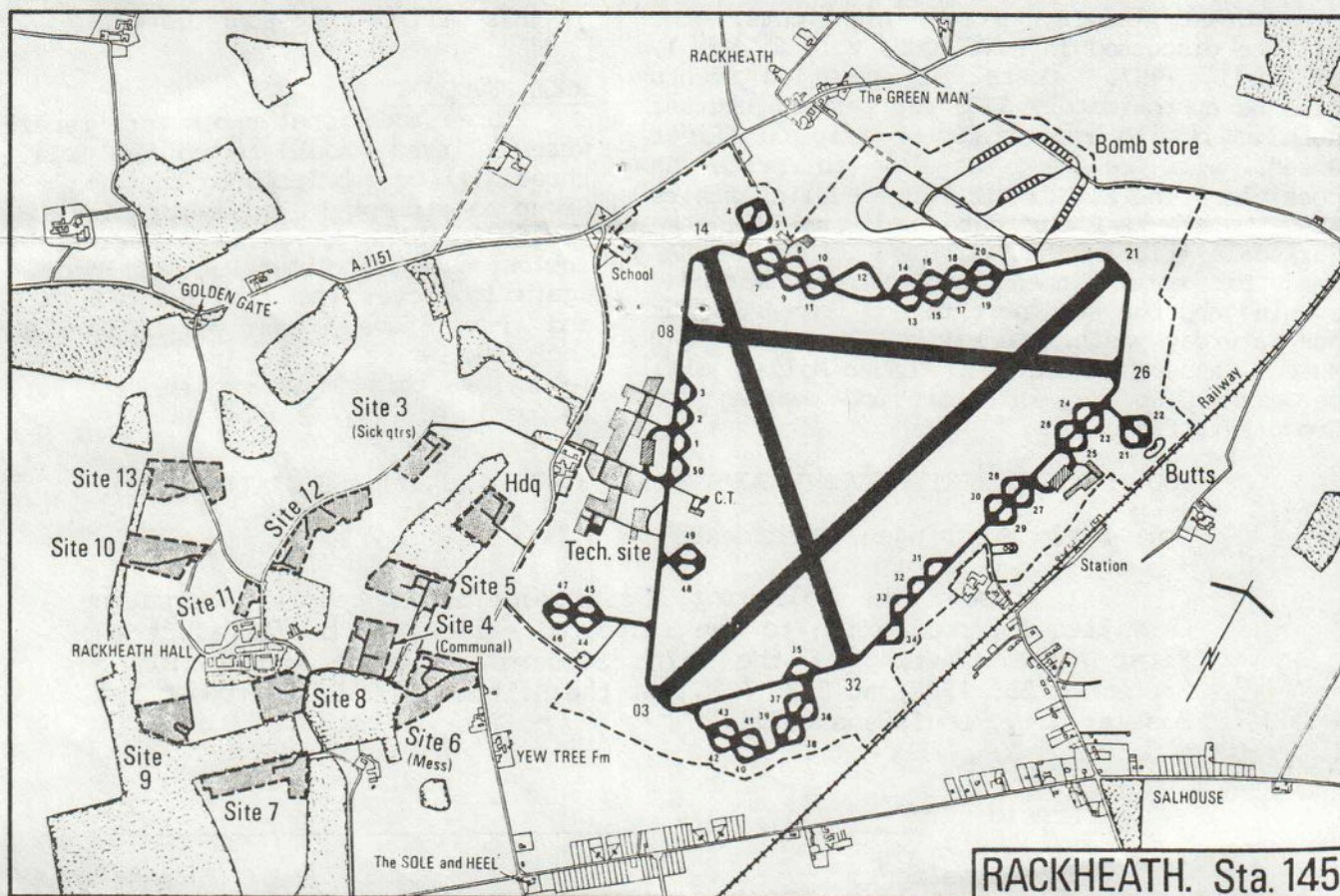
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