



POOP from GROUP 467

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STATION 145

RACKHEATH

APO 558

JUNE 15, 1993

FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION, LTD.
IRC Section 501(c) (19) EIN: 39-1592334

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FROM THE PREZ:

467th Bomb Group Convention—Kissimmee, Florida

By the time the band played its last number approaching midnight on Sunday, May 17th, some two hundred forty-eight 467th Bomb Group veterans and their wives and guests were looking back on nearly four days of non-stop camaraderie, war stories, gourmet meals, and tours. Nearly everyone had checked into the Hilton Gateway Inn in Kissimmee by the time the patio party began on Thursday eve for what turned out to be the next-to largest 467th group to assemble in the Association's history; second only to Tucson in October of 1991. Sixty-five attendees were first-timers, which bodes well for future conventions.

Four buses were needed following breakfast May 18 to take 200 people to Cape Kennedy for a full day of sight-seeing, site tours and the IMAX movie, topped off by the unexpected arrival of the shuttle from California atop the Boeing 747 transport plane. How's that for scheduling?

Saturday saw the members scattering to the local attractions of their choice. Since the Hilton Gateway is located very near EPCOT CENTER and DISNEY WORLD, they got more than their share of the action. Puff and Ann Pugh were the most imaginative, riding a GOONEY BIRD (the venerable C-47 for the few uninitiated) down to the Florida Keys on a nostalgic sight-seeing flight.

The highlight of the reunion may have been the CASINO NIGHT party that followed the delicious buffet Saturday evening. Marla Lasine and her crew of dealers from Show Biz Productions manned a full-blown casino, complete with black-jack tables, crap tables, and roulette wheels. As people entered the dining room for dinner, each received \$25,000 to "gamble" with, some having more success than others. I suspect the dealers' shenanigans might be frowned on in Vegas, but they certainly added to the merriment as the evening progressed. As the eleventh hour approached, everyone turned in their winnings for chits with which to bid on a full table of prizes. Top prize was an authentic A-2 jacket, and, when that bidding was over, Mack Harvey had paid \$500,000 for what must certainly go down in the Guinness Book of Records as the most expensive A-2 jacket in history. Then bidding was spirited as the auctioneer worked his way through radios, calculators, watches, pictures, books, telephones, and clocks—each item going to the highest bidder. A warm "thank you" goes to Paul Kuchinski who donated several of his own paintings, which we suspect went to some very pleased grandchildren.

Almost everyone was up next morning for breakfast and the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association meeting that followed. More on that later. Most also stayed for lunch and then spent the afternoon visiting around the pool or on the patio or in the hospitality room. Special thanks to Tom Beeson, to whom you sent your convention reservation forms, who kept the hospitality room stocked with soft drinks and beer and kept the coffee pots going. Thanks also to Tom Jr. who did the computer work for the reservations, sending out your receipts and keeping track of the money. Tommy is on the Orlando police force and had been put on 12-hour shift duty because of the Lozano trial that was moved up from Miami, so I never did get to thank him in person. The hospitality room was actually the hub of the convention and was full each day and well into the night as people got together to pore over records and pictures, to swap stories, and to renew old friendships and make new ones.

The convention closed Sunday evening with a prime-rib dinner, which the hotel staff did a great job of serving—as they did all of the meals. We followed the practice of having everyone sign up for their banquet seating ahead of time which allows crews and friends to enjoy the evening together. Mel Culross, vice-president of your 467th, acted as master of ceremonies, first introducing Al and Josephina Muller who won hands down on the distance category, having come up from Caracas, Venezuela. Ground support personnel were then introduced, followed by the ground maintenance crews, POW's and, finally, the flight crews, two of whom had 6 crew members on hand.

Phillip Day and Miss Cille were introduced, and Phil, who is Editor/Publisher of POOP FROM GROUP, made a plea for more stories from the members, especially from the ground personnel. Then Andy Wilkinson, air traffic controller and friend of the 467th from England, spoke a few words of greeting and touched on the work he has been doing in researching MIA's and other mysteries from the 467th era at Rackheath. Andy had spent hours in the hospitality room talking to people and discussing his research work with them. We certainly enjoyed having him here and owe him a vote of thanks for his interest and help.

To conclude the evening program, Mel then introduced our venerable 467th Commander, Colonel Albert J. Shower, to give us some insights and thoughts of his days at Rackheath. He surely saw things from a different viewpoint than the rest of us, but had no hint of criticism considering how sorely we must have tried him at times. How great it is to see him at each convention, and we look forward to his presence at the next 467th gathering

which is scheduled for late September 1994 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Lloyd Haug will be bird-dogging that one—another not to be missed as the years pass and the ties forged in England nearly 50 years ago grow ever stronger.

The convention broke up with breakfast Monday morning as some headed for home, some back to Disney World, and 53 to Ft. Lauderdale for a four-day cruise to the Bahamas, but that's another story and Phil will tell it.

BUSINESS MEETING

467TH BG (H) ASSOCIATION, LTD.

KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA, MAY 15, 1993:

The business meeting of the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association was called to order by President Ralph Elliott at 9:20 a.m. on May 15, 1993, at the Hilton Gateway Inn in Kissimmee, Florida. Yvonne Elliott was designated Recording Secretary for the meeting.

First order of business was to declare each member in attendance a DELEGATE to the CONVENTION with non-profit tax status, reference IRC Section 501 (c) (19) and EIN: 39-1592334 for income tax purposes. These numbers are carried under the letterhead on each copy of POOP FROM GROUP. Only expenses of the member (not the wife) may be claimed as deductions. See your tax man for details on handling convention expenses on your tax return.

Motion to dispense with the reading of the minutes from the Las Vegas convention was made by Bob Salzarulo, 2nd by Geoff Gregory, and passed by show of hands. An abbreviated treasurers report was read from a Phil Day letter with an update promised when the final report is in following the convention. (With some checks still outstanding, that report will be in the September PFG.)

A. The first order of new business was a discussion of making the group roster available to the membership. A show of hands was unanimous when the question was asked as to how many would like to have a copy of the roster. Motion was made by Haug, 2nd by Sheehan, and passed unanimously that the roster be made available to any member requesting a copy. The following parameters were set: 1. The latest working roster will be reproduced by the most economical means (Copy Boy type reproduction, collated, and stapled), with a cover sheet citing copyright laws against using the roster for commercial purposes. 2. The roster will be mailed out only on requests sent to Phillip Day and including pre-payment of the cost of reproduction and mailing. This cost is to be set by Phil and published in PFG. His address is in the heading of PFG.

B. Lloyd Haug reported that he had orders for 56 467th red jackets to be shipped and that he was taking orders for more based on pre-payment and an order for a minimum 25 jackets. Check PFG for the price and Lloyd's address. He is sending out the current 56 jackets without prepayment and would appreciate prompt payment after yours is received. He is donating any profit to the 467th treasury.

C. A fourth printing of Alan Healy's history, "THE 467TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP—September 1943–June 1945" was discussed as approved by the 467th Board of Directors and will go forward under the direction of Vince LaRussa as soon as details of financing, printing, and an addendum can be finalized. Vince has already determined that it can be reprinted at the earlier price of under \$35, including an addendum to the book which will list the names of ALL known personnel assigned to Rackheath. He and Phil Day are already working on that list. A later suggestion to include an updated section covering historical changes and squadron reassignments was deemed practical by Vince, but he has ruled out any changes to the original book as being impossible at this late date. Financing may either be by setting up an account for prepayment of advance orders or by subscription by a number of members willing to advance the money for the project. Look for more on this in a later issue of PFG.

D. Phil Day proposed (by letter) that a \$25 returnable reservation deposit system be used for convention reservations, with later billing of the final payment. Discussion determined the feeling that this would only cause extra work and the idea died

for lack of a motion. Once the convention fee has been set, it is due with the initial reservation but with the proviso that a 100% refund is immediately available if you cannot come, regardless of the reason.

E. Disposition of MEMORABILIA was discussed, and it seems that we are no nearer a resolution to the problem than before. Jeff Gregory, who has been appointed a committee of one to continue working on a solution, suggests we "find out how much memorabilia we're talking about" and that we be ready to move when the time comes. That would include collecting and cataloging the personal items you each now have. He is following up on a Penn State option which is tied in with the Savannah museum project, but that project appears to be a question mark at this time. Overseas repositories, such as the Norwich Library, were rejected as being overseas and inaccessible to the membership. The only positive offer was one from Ralph Elliott and Vince LaRussa, both in Tucson, to accept any memorabilia items that your kids don't want and to add it to the photo albums and papers the 467th BG Ass'n. already owns.

F. The 2ND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION is backing publication of a 2ND AIR DIVISION history by Turner Publishing Co., and all 467th members are invited to submit stories and pictures to: Turner Publishers, P. O. Box 3101, Paducah, KY 42002-3101. At the same time it was determined, by a show of hands, that there is absolutely no interest in a new, separate 467th history book.

G. Puff Pugh and Jeff Gregory both commented on the VCR tapes available for sale from Joe Dzenowagis as listed periodically in PFG and both urged support for this historically significant project. Joe was in the 467th and his tapes are important to anyone in or out of the group who is interested in 8th Air Force history.

H. Colonel Shower said he would like to see a historical record made of the people who have played a significant part in the formation and ongoing operation and success of the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association over the years. All present concurred, and President Ralph Elliott will discuss the possibilities and practicalities of such a project with Phil Day.

I. Final topic was the announcement of the Board of Directors' decision to hold the next convention of the 467th Bomb Group (H) Association, Ltd. in Minneapolis, Minnesota in late September 1994, at a hotel yet to be decided. Lloyd Haug has been designated to coordinate the convention and has already been at work locating a convention hotel and determining program options. Tentative dates are Thursday, September 29 to Monday, October 3, 1994.

Motion to adjourn was made by Salzarulo, 2nd by Pugh. Meeting adjourned.

Submitted by Ralph Elliott, President 467th BG (H) Association, May 16, 1993, at Kissimmee, Florida.

467th BOMB GROUP KISSIMMEE CONVENTION

ATTENDEES:

Anderson, Ralph & Mary Jane
Appleby, Joe & Rose Ann
Barlich, Steve & Gizella
Bartelt, Wesley & June C.
Beatty, Frank G. & Betty Jane
Beeson, Tom*
Bell, Anthony & Constance
Betcher, Raymond and Opal
Boisselle, Archie & Helen
Brigham, Byron & Geraldine
Brock, James & Winnie Dee
Brown, Forest & Patricia
Brueggeman, Ralph & Barbara*
Bryant, James R. Jr.
Bryson, Eddie & Mrs. June Callaway
Cates, Charles & Elizabeth
Church, George & Katherine
Colvin, Walt & Phyllis
Coolidge, Myles E.*
Crossan, Wayne O. & Betty Cloud*
Culross, Melvin

Convention Attendees - Continued:

Davis, Marvin (Ralph) & Doris
Day, Phillip & Cille
Dettinger, Roy M.
Dining, Leslie & Josephine
Dong, George Y.
Driscoll, Kenneth & Christine
Dunning, Herbert & Margaret
Dye, Howard & Anne
Elliott, Ralph & Yvonne
Ellison, Henry (Tex) & Mary Ann
Elsen, Thomas F. & Betty
Epting, Carl Jr. & Margaret*
Esposito, Bill & Margaret (Guests)
Felbinger, Norman & Lucy
Feeney, Leo & Betty
Flay, Roy B. & Florence H.
Fox, Joseph Jr. & Patricia*
Fyfe, Charles & Margaret
Gardner, Delbert & Marilyn*
Gebauer, Gerald*
Giblin, Roger C.
Giglio, Vincent & Patricia*
Gregory, G. Jeff & Terry
Gummelt, Jim -A
Haenn, Joseph & Florence
Hannafey, Paul J.
Hansen, Helmer & Ruth*
Harvey, Mack & Sybil*
Hassen, Jamiel & Mary
Haug, Lloyd
Herzberg, Allen & Edna
Hobkirk, George
Hogarth, James T. & Barbara
Holdrege, Fred & Jane
Homes, Capers
Hudlow, Fred C. & Eugenia
Imburgia, Joseph & Vera
Ireland, Arthur & Irene*
Johnson, Frank & Rita
Johnson, Howard & Gretta
Johnston, James & Audrey
Jordan, Eugene & Marjorie*
Kagy, Charles & Norma
Kapi, Andrew Jr. & Anna
Kaynor, Donald
Kepley, Earl & Twila
King, Edward & Theresa
Kuchinski, Paul J. & Carolyn
Law, Gordon & Margaret*
Lee, Varis W.
Leister, Roger & Dorothy
Lemmen, Henry P. & Marian
Lepoer, Bernard & Annie
Logan, John
Long, Eugene & Mary
Long, Joseph
Love, Clarence & Ruby
Love, Alfred & Jennie
Luby, James & Rosamond
Mahoney, Edward
Manning, A. B.
Martin, Brad & Sandy*
Mattulke, William & Peg
McCormack, Ed
McEwen, Robert & Ruth
Muller, Albert & Josefina
Novak, Edward & Janet
Pallo, William & Evelyn*
Perkins, Fay & Merlina & Arlene
Pettit, Harvey & Pearl
Pryor, Arnold & Marilyn*
Pugh, Floyd & Annie

Quinn, John
Re, Vincent & Carolyn
Rigsbee, Vernon & Joan
Robinson, Walter & Patricia
Rothchild, A. E. (Rocky) & Ida
Rudowske, Edward & Viola*
Rumbold, Daren & Susan Healy (Guests)
Russell, Charles
Salzarulo, Bob & Eleanor
Schiavo, Louis & Lela*
Scott, Samuel & Mildred
Serwitz, Charles & Ruth
Sheehan, Robert & Rosemary, daughter Marty,
and granddaughter Katey
Sherrard, James & Pearl
Shower, Albert
Shower, Jay -A
Simon, Henry
Sisley, Donna (R&Y Elliott's daughter)
Smock, Harold & Ruth
Smolar, Anthony & Mary
Sprague, Robert
Spry, Jerome (Bud)
Stafford, Kirby & Nelle*
Stephenson, Dore & Jerry Ann
Stevens, Jack & Lucile
Stratton, Jack & Anne
Thompson, John & Susan Sherbahn
Tolbert, Lee & Irma
Traikoff, Al & Luella Mussell
Tormoen, George
Turner, Merle & Marjorie
Varkas, James & Ethel*
Villemaire, Rodric & Lorraine
Washburn, William
Weaver, Walter & Mary
Weslock, Gene & Patricia*
Whittle, Hiram & Florence*
Wicks, Arthur & Jean Pitts
Wilkinson, Andrew -A
Williams, William & Betty
Woodbridge, Woody (Guest)
Woodside, Lee & Dina
Wright, Daniel D.*
Wyatt, Robert & Katherine
* Means first-time attendees

LAST POST:

Leonard Alberts	James W. Kemp
Michael R. Baron	George King
James H. Boisseau	Victor Laden
Jerome K. Draper	Adam M. Matusa
Charles D. Finn	Harold W. Torgenson
Burton Hurwitz	Chester York

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

ROSTER ADDITIONS:

Virginia Duncan -A	Flagler Beach, FL
Jeffrey Joyce -A	Alexandria, VA
James O. King	Versailles, KY
Roger A. Miller	Columbus, OH
Stewart B. Seavey	Titusville, FL
Morton Soloman	Woodland Hills, CA
Ronald D. Spenser*	St. James, NY
*Returned from Lost Souls	

Anyone wanting an address, drop me a card. If they live near you, give them a ring, drop by to see them. Don't let any one of them not be welcomed. And please, each of you reading this, send me the names and addresses of any 467th or 2nd Air Division veterans so we can get them on the Group Roster or in contact with their Group Representative. The time is now to do this.

LOST SOULS:

Fred Barefield
 Marvin R. Berman
 Orville G. Franks
 J. Fred Rentz
 John Rice
 James K. Varkas

Marietta, GA
 Wheeling, IL
 Peoria, IL
 New Castle, PA
 Noodsboro, MD
 Harpon Springs, FL

TREASURERS REPORT:

Operating Fund 03-01-93 to 06-01-93

Opening Balance	\$7,600.18
Contributions - 26 individuals	659.00
From Bob Sheehan/Decal Sales	220.00
From Convention '93	640.00
Interest Income (4 months)	37.20
Sub Total	\$9,156.38

Disbursements

Secretary and Roster, Poop 12-1	214.20
Reproduction, Poop 12-1	233.38
USPS, Domestic Poop 12-1	377.00
USPS, Non-Domestic Poop 12-1	23.05
USPS, Postage Stamps	29.00
Sub Total	\$ 876.63

Operating Fund 06-01-93 \$8,279.75

Other Funds:

Albert J. Shower Endowment	\$ 796.50
Rackheath Memorial	47.50
Peter E. Bond Memorial (1)	-0-
2ADA American Librarian Fund (2)	-0-
Sub Total	\$ 844.00

(1) Disbursed \$25 to 2ADA 04-30-93

(2) Disbursed \$60 to 2ADA 09-30-93

Total All Accounts \$9,123.75

**MAIL-MEMORIAL-OPERATING FUND
CONTRIBUTIONS POST 03-01-93:**

Ralph Anderson
 R. A. Barclay
 Ray Bealieu
 Robert M. Boardman
 Myles E. Coolidge
 Robert Davidson
 Barney Driscoll
 Peter G. Duin
 Howard W. Dye
 R. Bartlett Eaton, Jr.
 Ray Forbes
 Jim Hassen
 Thomas T. Held -A
 Jim Horgarth
 Andy Kapi, Jr.
 James Kennedy
 Walt Laughlin
 Marshall Loftus
 John J. Logan
 Tony North -A
 Vincent Re
 Charles C. Russell
 Joe Severance, Jr.
 Bob Sheehan
 Herbert A. Simmerly
 John T. (Jack) Stevens
 H. W. Whittle
 Robert Wyatt

A total of \$1,544 was received in the quarter, including \$659, in contributions to the operating fund, \$640 from Convention 93 Kissimmee, \$220 from Bob Sheehan for decal sales, and \$25 to

pass through to 2ADA Librarian Fund. I have not acknowledged these contributions individually, but take this opportunity to thank each of them for their continuing support of the Association.

POST EXCHANGE:**467th BOMB GROUP WINDBREAKERS:**

Lightweight red nylon windbreaker with elasticized sleeve cuffs, snap front and drawstring bottom. On left front will be Group Sword and Chain Shield and back centered a B-24 with Squadron and 8th AF patches above, ancillary identifiers below and pertinent chronological data above all. The printing is in six basic colors.

These are offered in sizes comparable to men's suit/jacket sizes as follows:

S 34 - 36	XL 46 - 48
M 38 - 40	XXL 50 - 52 \$1.50 extra
L 42 - 44	XXXL 54 - 56 \$2.50 extra

The price - \$25 each, postpaid (UPS or USPS). Send check or money order with your orders to Lloyd A. Haug, 3115 Benjamin St. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55418.

467 BOMB GROUP IDENTIFICATION CAP:

Red mesh, one size fits all, white front quarter with 8th AF patch and Second Air Division above and 467th Bomb Group below the B-24 centered. These caps are \$7 each, postpaid. Send check or money order to Lloyd Haug, above address.

467TH BG (H)/2ND AIR DIVISION WINDOW DECAL:

\$3 each from Bob Sheehan, 1828 E. 27th St., Tulsa, OK 74114, who handles these for the Group. Sold 48 at Kissimmee. They should be on everyone's automobile(s).

Bob also has a few (44 I think) quartz digital travel alarm clocks that were remembrances at the Kissimmee Convention. 2-1/2" H x 3-1/2" W with Group emblem on front. Alarms good and has night light capability. \$12 prepaid UPS or USPS from Bob.

GROUP/SQUADRON PATCHES PROJECT:

Need some one to volunteer for this Association project to procure and handle sales of the proposed 3-1/2-4" diameter patches. I will furnish full color photos of the Group and Squadron patches and the Association will furnish a reasonable start-up cost. Write Phillip G. Day if you can do this for the Association.

"THE HISTORY OF THE 467TH":

As you have read in the Kissimmee Business Meeting Minutes, Vince LaRussa has been authorized to republish Allen Healy's 1947 book, the fourth reprint. Changes in the appendix to include as complete a roster of assigned or attached as possible, an updated casualty roster, minor other changes. Probably available for Christmas '93 delivery. Write Vince at 8570 N. Mulberry Drive, Tucson, AZ 85704. Send a refundable \$35 check or money order to reserve your copy.

GROUP ROSTER:

The Association wants to make available to each veteran and/or associate of the Association the quarterly current working roster of the Association of approximately 1,300 names. Be advised that this roster is strictly for personal use and cannot be used commercially and that nearly 30% of the names/addresses will change in a one-year period. With a donation of \$10-\$20 to the Association (467th BG (H) Assoc., Ltd.) and a request for it, I will send you the alphabetically arranged roster. For a donation of more than \$20, I will send in addition a Zip Code arranged roster. Know who lives near you, in your state, area. The roster will be complete through June 1, 1993.

Profit from each above project accumulates to Association treasury. Support your Association in these.

DZENOWAGIS TAPES:

I am not sure what the Dzenowagis family has to offer of their recording of 2nd Air Division Association or 467th BG (H) Association or 467th BG (H) Association, Ltd. VHS tapes. Write

or call them at 4397 S. Okemos Road, Okemos, MI 48864. They did have, at one time, eight VHS (only) Video tapes. If available, highly recommended is the 467th Reunion at Shreveport, Eight Candles for Remembrance of the Norwich 1987 2ADA Reunion and Faces of the Second Air Division.

If you were at Kissimmee or previous reunions back to 1987.

REUNION INFORMATION:

Second Air Division Association:

1993 Convention, Hilton Head, SC, Hyatt Regency and adjacent hotels—first week of November.

1994 Convention, considering Kansas City, MO and Traverse City, MI—late May or early June.

1995 Convention, return to Norwich, 50th Anniversary of Victory in Europe—limited to 500 participants. You will have to be a member of 2ADA to attend these conventions. Join by sending \$15 per year to Evelyn Cohen, Apt. 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114. Persons accompanying members must also join the 2ADA. \$50 deposits suggested for any of the 2ADA conventions, non-refundable for Norwich, 1995.

467th Bombardment Group (Heavy) Association, Ltd.:

1994 Convention will be in Minneapolis, MN, with tentative dates of Thursday, September 29 to Monday, October 3. Additional information in future POOP's. In the meantime, if you can/will help Lloyd Haug with this, write him at 3115 Benjamin St. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55418.

LETTER FROM LLOYD AND CARMEN HAUG:

HELLO, GOOD BUDDIES: You all want to know what we have to offer in Minneapolis, Minnesota? The convention will be in late September of '94 when Minneapolis weather is ideal at 60-80 degrees, at the height of the color season, and, in case of inclement weather you don't have to go outside at all because we have 48 blocks of Skyways to walk through. They will take you to many restaurants, shops, the Metro Dome, Civic Center, Orchestra Hall, and many other attractions. All of the skyways are wheelchair accessible. We are a city of 22 lakes—the Mississippi River runs through town with many lovely excursion boats. We are negotiating for a Dixieland dinner cruise—and don't forget your cameras. For 10 or more, we can arrange a free casino trip.

P.S.—Ladies, now a note from Carmen, loving wife: "The MALL OF AMERICA is "awesome," as the grandchildren say, and for only \$1.50 a mall bus will take you door to door—hotel to mall. If you don't want that 20-minute ride, you can take a free bus down our Nicollet Mall and shop at many other lovely stores. The walk to this shopping is 6 to 8 blocks. See you in Minneapolis—you'll love it." Lloyd and Carmen Haug

THEODORE M. WHEELER—MEMORIES:

Ted Wheeler, who's LAST POST was announced in September 1992 POOP, wrote from September '90 through March '92 to record his active duty service of the Second World War. I recently have been able to read it from a copy he sent Andy Wilkinson -A.

Ted entered the Aviation Cadet Program in October 1942, and graduated from Pilot Training in April 1944. After transition to B-24's, he crewed up at Charleston, SC and flew to England in a B-24L on December 22, 1944, arrived at Rackheath, January 13, 1945. Assigned to the 788th B.S., he flew 20 missions to April 25, 1945, then with cessation of hostilities, Victory in Europe on May 3, 1945, flew his crew and ten passengers to the United States.

Reproduced following is his account of Group Mission 216, April 15, 1945, his nineteenth, the Napalm cannister attack on the German stronghold near Bordeaux, France, and of those things that happened on and after return to base.

MISSION 19 - April 15, 1945

At briefing this morning we were informed that today's mission would be a follow-up attack on yesterday's target near Bordeaux, France. Even though our bombers had scored with exceptional

precision, the heavy casemated position had not been destroyed by the 2000-lb. bombs. The German commander still refused to surrender. He must have been on the lunatic fringe as was his Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler.

Our bomb load for this trip was a surprise to all of us, as this type of bomb had never before been used by any of our groups. Our cargo consisted of two 75-gallon and six 85-gallon Napalm cannisters. (Napalm was a jelly-like form of gasoline.) The unusual aspect of this bomb was that it was wrapped in a heavy cardboard tube rather than a metal casing. It was all explained to us at briefing, but we did not fully realize how volatile this ordnance was until we arrived at the plane. Upon inspection these heavy fiber containers were much like a giant toilet paper spool.

The disturbing part was that the bomb bays and interior of the ship were full of heavy gasoline fumes and the gelatinous mixture was actually oozing through some of the seams.

It was also explained to us at briefing that because of the hazardous nature of our payload, that we would fly without gunners. A couple of squadrons of P-51 Mustangs would escort us to and from the target. My crew would consist of my co-pilot, navigator, flight engineer and radio operator.

We were assigned "Happy Warrior", aircraft #4252621 and positioned in the 2nd of three squadrons, flying the high right element.

The weather was good and we would have an unhampered visual approach on the bomb run. The flak was only meager and inaccurate, and no sign of the once mighty Luftwaffe. The fortifications below were thoroughly pock marked and broken up from our previous bombing with huge cracks and holes showing. There were pillboxes, trenches, barbed wire, gun batteries, troops and their garrisons along the full length of this area.

In tight formation we dropped our bombs from a lower altitude than usual—only 15,000', giving us a great advantage in sighting and observing.

As we turned away, the entire area was engulfed in flame and towering black clouds of smoke. I could imagine that gooey incendiary mixture finding its way into every crevice and opening, burning as only gasoline can. A feeling of pity and sorrow went through me as I thought of the troops below who had to die in this inferno. It was all so unnecessary.

French Army troops went in shortly after our attack and mopped up any remaining resistance, and we were told there were few survivors. Most of the dead had suffocated as the fire had consumed all the oxygen from their underground shelters.

We returned to our base by a different route, flying across the Channel south of England at a very low altitude. We made landfall at the White Cliffs of Dover and continued north to Rackheath "flying contour" (a few hundred feet above the terrain). This was a radical departure from our usual procedure, and had a sort of victory celebration aire.

We were back up to regulation altitude (1500') as we approached the field and began our landing peel offs. The weather was still good at this time, but an afternoon haze had reduced the visibility considerably in the traffic pattern.

I was the 10th and last plane in my squadron to peel off, so I could see the "dotted line" in the pattern ahead as each ship did its 360-degree landing approach and touched down at 30-second intervals. What I did not realize was that the two aircraft that had peeled off just ahead of me were making very wide patterns. I lost them from view in the haze and mistakenly picked up two others closer and followed them. I had to level out a bit from my steep turn and slow down to keep a proper distance from them. A third plane appeared on the approach so I had to maneuver a little wider to avoid it.

Now, thinking that this third ship was the one that peeled off next to last, I felt certain I was the last plane coming in. I restate here that I had no gunners on board and they always were my observers, and did a good job of it. As luck would have it, my flight engineer had gone back to the waist to check visually that my landing gear was down and locked. After doing so and calling back to me on the intercom that all was O.K. he made his way back to the flight deck.

Unknown to me was that the plane I was supposed to be following had circled so wide that I had lost it in the haze and it was now approaching the runway from behind and below us. Thinking I was next to land, I was coming in with a close-in, steep descent. We could not see the other plane because of its position and they did not see us. I was told later, because the pilot was watching the plane ahead of him and we were higher than his scope of view, they did not know we were there. The view from the control tower to the far end of the runway was also obscured by the haze. When they sighted the two planes coming together, it appeared that a collision was imminent. I was completely unaware that I was about to land on top of this other ship!

We were actually in piggy-back position when we crossed over the end of the landing runway. But for the Grace of God, we all would have died in a fiery explosion at that instant. What saved us was that my air speed was slightly faster and I careened over the nose of the other ship, missing it by only two or three feet and landed directly in front of it. This was the first inkling the other crew had that there was another plane near them, and I can imagine how they must have felt at that moment to see this huge form pressing down over their canopy.

Even the control tower had little chance to warn us off, as they did not see the lower ship at first, and had their eye on my plane. We were coming together too fast, and the ambulance and fire trucks were already moving out. It was an absolute miracle that we did not collide.

Still unaware of the near disaster, I continued on down the runway and back up the taxi strip to the hardstand where we parked. I did not know anything unusual had happened until we were out of the plane and the ground crew chief said something about what a close call we had.

The other plane parked right next to us and I got an earful from the pilot who was obviously shaken. I felt like a fool, but there was nothing I could do about it. I shudder to think of what could have happened, and thank God we were spared.

The records show that Lt. Weeks was the pilot of the other ship "Ginnie," aircraft 4250816 with crew #12. In review of the mission at critique, the only mention of this incident was a tongue-in-cheek remark. It was the last item in the Commander's report simply stating that: "Lieutenants Weeks and Wheeler gave short descriptions of their new landing techniques."

This would have little or no meaning to future archive researchers, and it makes me wonder how many other stories are lost in this way—things both good and bad.

The next day Lt. Weeks and I had to go before a review board regarding the near accident, and were properly admonished.

I was held mostly to blame for not posting an observer in the rear of my ship and also because the rules of flight make it very clear that the aircraft at the lowest altitude has the right of way. I was grounded for a week and scheduled for a proficiency check ride. Lt. Weeks was required to practice peel-offs and tight landing patterns in view of his long, low approach. It was the review officer's opinion that if he was in close to the field as our procedure required, I would not have lost sight of his plane.

My check ride was with Captain Green, one of my squadron officers. I never flew better, and every maneuver and landing was perfect. I just had to prove myself.

It was at this time that General Spatz announced the end of all strategic bombing operations as our ground troops were moving so rapidly we could no longer be sure of their exact positions. For all practical purposes the war was over for the heavy bomb groups. If we flew again it would only be trucking missions, or in support of ground troops.

The remainder of my grounding period I was on a light schedule, and only flew one 3-hour practice formation flight. All went well with that, and on return the group came in real tight and landed at 20-second intervals. I was back in the fold again.

I received another oak leaf cluster to my air medal for our mission of April 10, and was promoted to first Lieutenant, although no one told me. I did not know until payday at the end of the month.

Our crew then went on a two-day pass, and tried to drink the pubs dry. Everyone seemed to be in a celebrating mood with the war's end in sight, including the civilians.

LETTER FROM JAMES F. KENNEDY:

Phillip, I am always looking for your "PFG" as I am looking for some name out of the past. I appreciate the PREZ's plea for more ground crew personnel to come forward with their experiences. This is my response and it is in the form of a question, which is: Where is the 1080th Signal Company?

I found out about the 2AD in 1972 when I visited the Stephenson family in Rackheath. Steve was the Englishman (Clerk of the Works) which means he was responsible for the maintenance of Rackheath Air Base before and during our occupation of the Base.

I landed in Glasgow May 22, 1943, as a casual T5 representing the Signal Corps as a radar mechanic of Searchlight & Gun Laying Equipment. With that explanation you can understand I was in the wrong area of operation.

After several weeks of moving around, I was assigned to the 1080th Signal Company at Hethel, then is when I found out they had landed in Glasgow on the same ship I was on. Even with arriving at Hethel ahead of me, conditions were far from being good and the Base only had a few planes and these were being loaded with equipment and personnel to go to North Africa.

When this job was completed, the 1080th moved to Horsham St. Faith, which had no runways or planes, but living conditions were better. It was from here the Company really started to operate. The personnel, according to their training, were scattered to the first air bases that formed the beginning of the 2AD. I was sent to Wymondley 8th Air Force Hdqs. to study the British Navigation Device "Gee" and after my return to Horsham St. Faith, I began my journey around the 2AD, with stops at Bungay, Attlebridge, Old Buckenham, and finally at Rackheath.

The 1080th had personnel at each of these bases to prepare and service the equipment used by/in the aircraft for combat operations. The living conditions were from bad to fair, but the only thing that made it bearable was that we had no officers to insist we do it their way.

When Jack Kutz and I arrived at Rackheath to establish the Radar Shack, living conditions were better but the Shack was a different story. I do not know who designed or decided to use it as a Radar Maintenance Building, because the benches were concrete slabs resting on brick partitions. This is when I met Steve—because it was his responsibility to help us become operational. He saw to it that wood was placed on top of the concrete and then Jack and I set up several test sections for maintaining the "Gee" box, and we were ready for the 467th when they arrived.

Navigators that are still around may remember a Corporal giving them their first introduction to the "Gee". After a period of time, Major Holmes took over the training.

Then I asked Capt. Tucker to arrange a transfer for us to the 467th, which he did, and that is how I became one of the 467th.

Now, after reading of my experiences, you can see why I am looking for some recognition for the 1080th's work to help establish the 2AD.

You can see by what I have already written, I did a little traveling in England. Now here is a record for your readers to shoot at. In my tour of service I was at 24 different bases. If that is not enough of a record—how about never going over the obstacle course, no hikes or a real G.I. inspection.

I guess that is enough for this time. If you wish, you can send part or all to Robertie for republishing.

Cheers, James F. Kennedy

(Editor's Note: None of my information at hand concerning ancillary units assigned or attached to 467th mentions 1080th Signal Company.)

LETTER FROM EDWARD W. KING

Dear Phil, Inspiration struck suddenly! In the search for lost crew members and ground personnel, wouldn't V.A. Life Insurance files be a likely place to find people and their current addresses if they had kept up their policies?

So I dug out my insurance file, found 1-800-669-8477 on a recent communication from them regarding my insurance, called it with a touch-tone phone, pushed "1" to indicate I had such a phone, and "2" in answer to the next question—to get a live person for my unusual question.

The man who answered listened to my plea to help me find lost crew members, asked me for their names (with middle initials) and for something further to identify a correct match: I gave him their ASNs (Serial Nos., that is). Within three minutes he was back on the line to say that two of them (Ed Gore and Ken Ross) were not on the rolls as carrying their insurance, and that, regretfully, the 3rd (my engineer, Bill Hughes) had died in 1985!

I don't know whether he would have given me addresses if he found one, or whether he would have offered to forward a letter (as the Social Security Office will); but it was most gratifying to get such a compassionate reception and immediate answers!

Please boil this down to the bare facts for the next POOP; maybe it will help others in their search! We look forward to seeing you for the wind-up banquet and on the cruise!

Sincerely, Ed

LETTER FROM PAUL V. HATTEN:

Dear Phillip, Thanks for your letter. I appreciate receiving the history of "*Slick Chick*."

Enclosed please find the following:

1. "*Ten Minutes to Live*" from Readers Digest, May 1967 (I have original magazine).
2. Articles from Pittsburgh Paper of December 6, 1965, regarding Capt. White.
3. A copy of the picture taken in Topeka, Kansas, of Lt. Charles White's crew. We picked up a new plane there and flew to Northern Ireland.

Names left to right, back row:

- Carl S. Appel, gunner, was hospitalized in Stone; did not fly with us; flew as a pool gunner. KIA 18 March 1945.
- Paul V. Hatten, gunner—ball and waist.
- Francis J. Hunt, gunner—tail armorer.
- Charles Moore, radio.
- James V. Bahrman, removed from crew. Did not fly in our group.

—Michael R. Baron, gunner. Completed 30th mission December 11, 1944. Deceased.

Front row, left to right:

- Lt. Charles J. White, flew 35th mission on December 12, 1944. Deceased. Rest of story enclosed.
- Lt. Roy J. Doole, Co-Pilot. Flew all of his missions with us except two. Was flying in White's crew on August 6, 1944, KIA.
- Lt. Robert C. Breitlow, bombardier. Home, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He passed away in California, according to his family. Had married an English girl after war.
- Lt. Everett R. Stevens, Navigator. Left our crew on July 25, 1944 to join a lead crew. Living in Maine.

Additions to our crew:

—Ernest Paul Adams, gunner, San Francisco, California. Completed 35th mission December 12, 1944. I have not been able to locate him since.

—Doyle McCombs, engineer, Long Beach, California. Removed from flying status October 16, 1944.

—Others: T/Sgt. Floyd R. Kingsley, S/Sgt. Harold Goodwin, and Charles G. Wilson (all engineers).

By the way, Bob Sheehan read the White Story and feels there should be some recognition. He has copy. I know it has been a long time ago, but I guess that is true in all of our cases.

I have a diary of my missions from the first, June 24, 1944, until the 33rd, December 12, 1944. I did not keep all details because I felt a censor would take it. They caught up with me when I left Rackheath, but returned it to me quite some time after

I got home. I did keep the crew, bomb load, flak (some of the damage) target, time, and elevation. If there is any info in it that you can use, you are welcome to it.

Best of luck and health to you and your sweet lady. Pau

CRASH PILOT HAILED IN 'MIRACLE' LANDING

But Captain Dies with 3 Passengers

[Condensed from an editorial, "*In Praise of Pilots*,"]

New York, Dec. 6, 1965 (UPI)

—The terrifying crunch of metal ripping metal touched off 10 minutes of hell high above heavily populated southern Connecticut.

It began a chronicle of courage and steel-nerved skill by an Eastern Air Lines pilot. His heroics—and the miracle he wrought—were being praised today. He did not live to receive the honors. **Capt. Charles J. (Chuck) White** was in sight of the Connecticut coastline Saturday evening when his Boston-to-Newark Eastern Air Lines Constellation collided at 10,000 feet with a TransWorld Airlines Boeing 707 jet.

The Constellation's tail assembly was shorn away, leaving Captain White with only his throttle controls. For practical purposes, the aircraft was stripped of its maneuverability.

But Captain White, gunning and swooping his crippled four-propeller aircraft porpoise-like over treetops, made every second of the 10 tense minutes count—for the lives of 50 of the 54 persons aboard.

Two persons were killed in the crash and two passengers died later in hospitals.

The Constellation cracked open upon impact, then erupted into searing flames.

The TWA jetliner, carrying 58 persons, landed safely although it was shorn of a large section of wing.

Captain White was one of the two persons who failed to escape the blazing Constellation. Rescuers found his charred body in the passenger section, about three rows back from the pilot's compartment bulkhead.

Eastern officials said Captain White apparently was the last man to try to leave the shattered aircraft after seeing that all others were safe.

His luck ran out by a matter of seconds. Airline spokesmen theorized he perished in a secondary flash fire or explosion as he attempted to shove open an escape door.

Besides Captain White, the victims were identified as Dr. Joseph M. Wilkinson, Jr., director of research at Interchemical Corp. in New York; Dennis Flucker of Hoboken, N.J., and Lois Thibodeau of Gloucester, Mass.

Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) investigators sought to pinpoint the cause of the collision.

They took time out to praise Captain White, 42, of Rye, N.Y., the father of three children, and the TWA pilot, Capt. Thomas H. Carroll, 45, for their skill and heroism.

So skillful was Captain White's crash landing that several survivors were able to walk away from the burning wreckage.

One unidentified woman passenger was unflustered by the crash. She told a New York state policeman she didn't have time to discuss the situation because she had tickets to a Broadway show and didn't want to miss the opening curtain.

The following article, *Ten Minutes to Live*, is an excerpt from a Reader's Digest article.

TEN MINUTES TO LIVE:

"This is the Captain...Brace yourselves for a crash landing." The heroic story of an airline pilot and his determination to save his passengers' lives.

Few men are given any warning when they have ten minutes to live. Fewer still have choices that matter much about how they will spend them. But, seconds before 4:19 p.m. on December 4, 1965, Capt. Charles J. White, commanding Eastern Airlines Flight 853, had as clear an indication as any man needs that death was at hand for himself, four other crew members and the 49 passengers aboard his blue and white, four-propeller Constellation.

Flying two miles above Westchester County, N.Y., Captain White heard his co-pilot cry out, saw a big red and white Trans World Airlines jet streaking toward his plane, and felt a strangely gentle bump. He did not know the full extent of the trouble—nor, throughout the rest of the flight, would he ever learn the exact details of the damage his plane had sustained. (Actually, much of the Constellation's triple-finned tail had been sliced off by the jet's passing wing-tip.) At first, all Captain White knew was that his crippled aircraft was tipping left and down into a headlong descent. And he was discovering, as he began fighting to regain command of the plane, that he had no functioning control surfaces—the movable panels on the wings and tail—to pull out of the dive.

Under the best of circumstances, the pilot's voice comes even through the loudspeakers into the passenger cabin a bit muffled, vaguely impersonal. But any accent of fear will filter through. Even as their own emotions were drifting to edge of panic, the passengers marveled at the absolute calm in the voice they heard: "This is the Captain speaking. We've had a mid-air collision. Please fasten your seat belts."

And then: "We're out of control. Brace yourselves the best you can for a crash landing. You won't be hearing from me anymore. I'm going to be a little busy up here."

Converging Blips

TWA's Jet Flight 42 from San Francisco was angling down toward New York's Kennedy Airport at 400 m.p.h. and also aiming for its turn above the Carmel beacon, an unmanned, automatic signal station.

Sixty miles away, at the New York Air Route Traffic Control Center at Islip, Long Island, Dave Richardson and Mel Sussman, both radar/radio controllers, bent over their radar screen scanning the lower altitudes of Sector 8, the area to the north of Carmel beacon. As they intently followed the "blips" that showed the locations of the planes, Richardson was "working" Eastern's Flight 853. A telephone call from the Boston Center had "handed it off" to him, whereupon he confirmed the plane's altitude by radio.

Now Sussman asked, "Dave, is this Eastern at 10,000?"

"That's right, Mel—ten," Richardson replied.

"All right," said Sussman, who was "working" the TWA jet. "I am going to 11,000."

On the scope, the two radar blips were now converging. The controllers saw this, but thought nothing of it. After all, the two planes must be 1000 feet apart vertically. So they did not notify either plane about the other. They had no strict requirement to do so; and, despite years of research, air traffic controllers have no automatic surveillance instruments to give them the true altitude of any airplane.

Optical Illusion

"Look out!"

In the right seat of the Eastern cockpit, Co-pilot Roger Holt saw the TWA jet first and cried out. As if with a single motion, he and Captain White, both sure they were on a collision course, hauled back on their control yokes. At almost the same time, the pilots of the jet spotted the propeller-driven Constellation. They, too, pulled back on their yokes to begin an urgent, climbing right turn. To their dismay, however, the jet's pilots saw that the Eastern plane was climbing faster and that their maneuver would not clear it. So, at the last moment, they reversed their action, trying to dive below or behind the Constellation.

Had the two planes really been on a collision course? Both crews were sure of it, as were the few passengers in each ship who spotted the other plane. But the official "probable cause" report, issued by the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Board after an exhaustive investigation, puts the primary blame on an optical illusion. The seemingly flat and level cotton-colored clouds, surmounted here and there by cauliflower-shaped pinnacles, actually sloped downward from north to south. The result was a false horizon which could have fooled the pilots into thinking they were on the same level. The two planes had been hidden from each other by a cloud puff just before the sighting. Then they were so close that there was no time to recheck altitudes. If both crews—or either crew—had failed to see the other plane, it

seems clear that the two aircraft would have crossed paths harmlessly.

As it was, the jet's left outboard engine bumped the belly of the Eastern plane, and its left wing sliced into the Constellation's triple-finned tail, severing all of the right-hand portion except a dagger-shaped spur, and mangling the central rudder and the left-hand elevator. A full 25 feet of the jet's wing fell off; but, after one horrifying recovery maneuver, the TWA craft was able to fly safely to Kennedy airport—a remarkable demonstration of piloting skill and the hardihood of the Boeing 707.

Inside the Constellation, the passengers felt only a slight buffeting—"like an air pocket." To most, the impact had seemed too gentle to make them suspect the extent of their predicament.

"Just a Typical Pilot"

Already climbing at a maximum angle during the attempt to avoid collision, and tossed even further nose-up by the impact, the Constellation staggered on upward at a literally impossible flying angle. . . Then the inevitable came. It stalled, and entered a dive. By instinct Captain White pulled off all the power.

"Pressure and quantity! Pressure and Quantity!" The third man in the cockpit shouted this warning—flight engineer Emile Greenway, who sat crosswise facing his own panel of gauges and dials behind the pilots. Emile had seen four red alarm lights flash: the plane's hydraulic pressure had dropped. And his dials indicating the quantity of hydraulic fluid were spinning toward empty.

Captain White pulled the levers to break the now-useless hydraulic-boost link between the control columns and the control surfaces on wings and tail. Normally this action provides a direct mechanical connection: the pilots, by exerting a great deal of pressure, can move the control surfaces by brute strength. White and Co-pilot Holt should have regained the control over the movable panels they so desperately needed to bring them out of the dive, but again—presumably because the connecting cables had been broken—the panels failed to respond.

Even though Captain White had throttled back the engines, the stricken plane was picking up more and more speed as it fell. The needles on the air-speed indicator had passed the two red lines which mark the normal and the emergency speed limits. Since a large part of the tail was now missing, the plane was badly nose-heavy, adding to the steepness of the dive. And since the right-hand part of the tail was shorn away the most, the plane also tipped inexorably to the left. By any ordinary logic, it was a doomed ship filled with doomed people.

The actions a man takes to meet such an emergency are not born of the moment. They spring, for better or worse, from patterns of thought and training and moral instinct that have been implanted throughout all his previous life. Who was Charles J. White, the pilot who now faced his supreme test?

He was born and reared in Brooklyn, the son of a New York City police detective and a jovially compassionate mother. In boyhood, he built model planes, became a member of an American Legion drum-and-bugle corps, and worked after school as a delivery boy for the corner grocery. At 19, he became one of the youngest B-24 commanders in the Air Force, and was bemedaled in World War II for bombing runs over Germany. In 1948, drawn by sense of duty, he returned to service to help fly the Berlin Airlift. He graduated at last from college (after attending night school while flying for Eastern). Captain White was now 42, married, and the devoted father of a daughter and two sons.

He possessed a quick grin, ears that his family always said looked like a taxi rounding a corner with its doors open, and the confident, rolling walk of a sea captain. "Just a typical pilot," was the way his neighbors thought of "Chuck"—perhaps a notch above average in flying skill. But all through his career, his flight instructors and check pilots felt that he had a blend of "relaxed alertness" and an urge to "keep digging for perfection" that gave him a good "feel for the machine."

He needed all of it now. Perhaps 20 seconds had passed since the collision (and they would hit the ground before another 20 passed, if they kept diving) when the co-pilot suggested, "How about the power?"

There was no time to think about it. Captain White answered, "Why not?" as his hand made the decision by shoving the four

throttle levers forward. The action would increase the speed of the dive, but Captain White knew that, normally, increasing engine power should tend to bring up the nose of a plane. By now they had dived out of the bottom of the cloud layer. The gray of winter's early twilight filled the last mile of air between them and the tree-studded hills below.

Slowly, shudderingly, the nose came up. The dive was halted with 3000 feet to spare. Now the plane zoomed into a second steep climb.

A Steady Hand

Captain White was learning fast how to exert some partial control over what was left of his craft, using the only thing at his command—the throttles. By trial and error, he found a throttle setting which gave him enough power to keep the nose out of a dive—they were too low to pull out again—but not so much as to bring on another climb.

The plane was now circling steadily and futilely to the left, however. So Captain White put into use a further refinement of his throttle manipulations. By twisting the alignment of the four throttle levers under his right hand to make the propellers on the left wing spin faster than those on the right, and by making the greatest speed contrast between the two propellers farthest out from the center, he could lift the low left wing more nearly level. This action had the additional effect of straightening the craft somewhat from its left turn.

As he wrestled with the plane, Captain White had somehow found time to make his carefully worded announcements to the 49 passengers. Near the rear, a woman involuntarily let out one short wail. A male voice gruffly said, "Shut up lady." And she did. Not a single further cry of alarm was uttered during the plane's entire descent.

Each passenger was beginning to realize now that life was very likely to end soon. The main reaction was an odd mixture of somber contemplation, practical preparation and sheer irrelevancy.

"Keep an Eye on Us, Please"

Two and a half minutes had gone by. In the cockpit, 27-year-old flight engineer Greenway, who only ten months before had mourned the death of a stewardess he had been dating before her plane mysteriously went down, began to carry out a personal disaster plan. He had long since resolved, in such a situation, to send back to earth as much information as he could before crashing.

"Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!" he cried over the radio to air traffic control. . . Controller Dave Richardson, who had been vainly trying to get a response from the Eastern plane, now heard him.

Greenway spoke swiftly, and high tension was evident in his voice. . . A few seconds more than five minutes after the collision, Greenway was back on the radio again. This time he sounded calmer. Captain White's success with the throttles had persuaded Emile that perhaps they would be able to limp all the way to an airport. So now he asked for compass routes to Kennedy Airport, which had the longest runways in the area. Over the next minute, the air traffic controller specified the heading they should take. But then the steadier voice of Captain White interrupted to veto the hope.

The trouble was that the plane, although now more or less level, was steadily sinking. The throttle settings needed to avert immediate disaster gave it just about half of its normal cruising power. Reaching any major airport was simply out of the question.

"We'll just do the best we can," said Captain White. "Keep an eye on us, please, and see where we're gonna wind up."

An Empty Field

A look around the rugged, tree-studded terrain below showed Captain White that he had but three choices: go straight ahead, where a steep, heavily forested hill blocked the way; try to veer to the right and land in a lake; or turn left and keep searching for a few seconds more.

"I don't much care for the lake," the co-pilot said. "I don't think very many would get out alive." The steep hill was an equally hazardous place to hit. But then White spotted, off to the left, what appeared to be a small, empty pasture on the side of a hill called

Hunts Mountain.

White's question was a rhetorical politeness to his co-pilot: "How about that field?"

"Let's do it," Roger Holt agreed, as the captain set a'out aiming his craft irrevocably toward the grass-covered clearing.

Darkness was setting in. As the plane brushed above intervening hills and houses, Captain White could see that the rough arch of the ten-acre field was far from an ideal place to belly-in a fragile airliner built to land on smooth, flat runways. But it would have to do. He spoke one last time to his passengers: "Brace yourselves. Here it comes."

The field was clear of animals—but three boys were walking across it. The oldest boy, Danny Williamson, yelled at his brother and their friend to jump over a stone wall edging the field. There was no time to run farther, and they crouched there as the big ship rushed right toward them.

To make the crash resemble a landing in any respect, Captain White had to make the plane perform one last maneuver, the most critical of all. He could see, as they closed in through the dusk, that because of the slope of the hill, they would bore nose-first into the earth if nothing were done. All of a pilot's training teaches him, when landing a normal plane, to pull back on the control yoke and shut down the power so that the craft will settle gently to earth. But with no controls, Captain White would have to put on the power again to lift the nose. If he did it a second or two too soon, the plane would zoom up, miss the field entirely, then stall and drop in a flaming heap. If he did it a second too late, the nose would not lift in time and the plane would smash harder into the ground.

Co-pilot Holt saw the need, too, and reached out to shove the throttles. But the captain's hand, already there, had chosen the moment. White revved all the engines to full-blast at the precise instant needed to tilt up the nose before impact.

"Just that final maneuver alone, sensing when to pour on the power," says Gary Holt, Roger's brother and himself a Constellation pilot for Eastern, "has got to be called one of the most magnificent feats of airmanship in the history of flying."

Now, as the belly of the ship skimmed above the grass at the bottom end of the field, the left wing smashed into a tree about four feet above the ground. The wing tore completely off at the root. The rest of the plane slammed against the far bank of an unavoidable gully, bounced through the air and skidded thunderously up the hill. At impact, there was a mighty, explosive "whoomp," and a huge yellow flame shot 100 feet skyward. Nine and a half minutes had gone by since the collision in the air.

As the broken ship slid uphill, huge pieces ripped off and bounded up the field. All four engines broke free and hurtled after the plane. The remaining tail section fell off. The jagged stub, where the left wing had once been, dug into the ground, catapulting the sliding hulk of the plane around to the left. Under the strain of this leverage, the fuselage cracked like an eggshell into three pieces. By the time it came to a stop, 700 feet up the hill (and about 150 feet from the three boys), it lay like a nearly closed hinge with its front and rear ends pointed roughly down the slope toward the northeast.

The flames were lower now, but they were being fed by fuel running along the ground beneath the broken metal carcass.

As young Danny Williamson stared over the wall at the fires and "mountains of smoke," he saw his father come running out of his house, vault the wall and go straight up to one of the breaks in the blazing fuselage. William Williamson is a lieutenant in the New York City Fire Department. Crouching low to avoid the worst flames, he began to pull people out of the plane.

A minute later, he was joined by dairy foreman (and volunteer fireman) Nicholas Montana and a state trooper. They were the vanguard of several hundred local firemen, ambulance drivers and policemen who soon converged on the area. Yet, except for the first few men, most arrived too late to actually help evacuate the plane. Essentially, the passengers were on their own to escape. Their injuries so far ranged from almost nothing to the gravest imaginable, but most could still perish in the next few seconds. For they were surrounded by thick fumes and multiple fires.

What saved many of them was the assistance that one passenger gave to another. . .

The chance factor that probably saved the greatest number of all, however, was the fact that the plane had broken wide open. The passengers were able to jump through these gaps far faster than they could have from doors and windows alone. . .

The hill was now almost overflowing with the injured lying on horse blankets or coats, the dazed who simply wandered about, and local residents who had come to help. . . The instant Dr. Lord, a nearby resident, had realized that there were survivors, he sent his wife for his black bag. Now he was at work in his stable, where he set up a treatment center. . .

Soon dozens of ambulances, including a helicopter, arrived to carry the passengers to hospitals in Danbury, Conn., and other nearby towns. . . Along with the passengers and stewardesses, the rescue vehicles carried away the co-pilot and flight engineer. Emile Greenway was able to walk, and was found sitting near the stone wall with a bad gash across his ear and head. His left hand was cut. . . but he was in shock. His memory of all the events from the final approach onward was wiped out. . . Co-pilot Holt was more badly hurt, and his escape from the plane had been difficult. Naval airman, Jerry Outterson, who had reached the ground, saw Holt crawl or fall through a small sliding window on the left—of captain's side—of the cockpit, and then collapse in a heap. Outterson helped him away. . . Holt was just conscious enough to fear that his rescuers thought he was dead. He tried desperately to summon enough strength to tell them, "I'm still here," but lapsed into a coma. He woke up in the hospital two days later to find that 51 stitches had been taken in his scalp and 15 more on his face. He also required extensive surgery on an ankle. Both Holt and Greenway are flying today.

The Final Duty

Neither Holt nor Greenway has ever been able to recall whether he got out by himself or was helped out by the captain. And to this day no one can say with certainty just what did happen to Captain White. It seems clear that, immediately after the crash, he had no serious injuries. He had brought his stricken craft down by means of superb talent and unshakable nerve. True, its smashed and blazing carcass hardly looked like a symbol of success, and the injuries of many of the passengers were all too terrible. (Chemist J. M. Wilkinson and one woman passenger, Mrs. Donald Thibodeau, were mortally injured.) Yet all the others—except for Private Flucker—were now outside, and 50 people would live to tell the tale of Captain White's airmanship. His duty to the flight was almost done.

There is little doubt that Charles White could have walked out of the wreckage to join the living and to enjoy the acclaim he had earned. But there is a rule in air travel, as at sea, that the captain should be the last to leave his disabled ship. And, his mother recalls, "Even as a boy, Charlie never was one to cut corners. Whatever he did, he tried to do the best."

His younger brother, Lou, remembers the time Chuck White confided his own concept of duty, during his Air Force days. News stories had just told of a bomber crash in which the pilot parachuted to safety but all the other crewmen went down with the plane. "If a plane of mine ever goes down," Chuck said, "even the dead men are going to go out on parachutes before I do." His words were more than prophetic.

For one thing is certain: Captain White was later found, not in the cockpit but back in the passenger cabin. All the available evidence shows that, alone in the cockpit and with two open ways to get out, he faced up to his final duty. Just nine and one half minutes after the mid-air collision, as oxygen bottles blew up and the flames and smoke billowed ever more fiercely throughout the plane, he walked back to try to save the last of his passengers. There are faint clues that he succeeded in unfastening Private Flucker's seat belt and then turned to lead the way out.

"In my personal opinion," says safety investigator Jack Carroll, who arrived on the scene that night to study the accident for the Civil Aeronautics Board, "there is little doubt that the captain had deliberately gone back to the cabin to help the young soldier." There, perhaps 30 seconds later, along with Private Flucker, Captain Chuck died, overcome by the poisonous fumes emitted by the fire.

Tributes to Captain White's courage have poured in to his family since his burial with honors in Arlington National Cemetery. They have come from Congressmen, Governors and families of the passengers. The people of Berlin, Germany, have granted each of his children a \$25-per-month subsidy for the rest of their schooling days (as they do for the children of every Airlift flier killed in a crash). Eastern Airlines has established a scholarship fund in his name, and the Shriners of New York have installed a large plaque in his memory at Eastern's terminal building at Kennedy Airport. Its words end with: "Greater love hath no man . . ."

But perhaps the greatest tribute of all is being enacted by Captain White's younger son, Steve. A friendly, confident young man, who walks with a hint of his father's rolling gait, Steve enlisted in the air arm of the U.S. Marines shortly after he turned 18 last year. He is determined to become a professional pilot himself.

LETTER AND STORY FROM AL WELTERS:

First off, there is a correction to be made in regard to my letter in the March issue of PFG. I wrote "of the 2 crews no one was alive." On Sgt. Smith's and my second attempt out to the crash area, which was somewhat later because of some delay, the bodies of the dead crew members were assembled, and I didn't feel like taking a count. Whoever was on the crash scene told us there were no survivors, and whenever mention was made in regard to that foggy morning takeoff, there never was a mention of survivors. The survivors must have already been removed from the crash scene. A short time after receiving PFG I received a call from Fred Holdrege, 790th Sqdn. Cmdr.—what a nice surprise. We had an enjoyable conversation, then he came up with another surprise. He said there were four survivors, a Frank Smith, navigator; Harold R. Bronson, bombardier; and Jack J. Pilgram, TG. The next surprise was that Jack Pilgram lives right here in the Twin Cities area. That is a good example of how sharing your 467th experiences assists in more of a complete picture of our group history.

In regard to Col. Hanson's letter (last PFG), there is mention of "not much being written about ground personnel." Our editor saved the "DAY" by saying, "how about your contribution." So, the following will be my contribution to the ground personnel—all of them.

ALL THIS FOR A COMRADE - by Al Welters:

S/Sgt. Bernard W. Mary was already assigned to the 467th when my assignment to the Group from Kearns Air Base, Utah took place October 26, 1943. Very seldom saw Barney at Wendover and only met up with him a few times on board our ship, Frederick Lykes, on our way over to the ETO. When we were aboard the train for our trip to Rackheath, Barney happened to be in the same rail coach compartment with us. At dawn, everyone got out of their compartments to see what the country of Scotland looked like. When we got out of our compartment there were already GI's, rows deep, trying to see the countryside and watch the Scottish farmers working the black, rich looking soil of their fields with their "John Deere" tractors. Barney looked at me and said, "I'll make room so we can see." He let off a fume of gas and those around began looking at each other, wondering who was the guilty one. Barney looked at me, laughed, and said, "Watch." Again he fumed off, and nearly everyone disappeared. There were a few at each end of the isle and he said, "Watch, I'll get rid of them too." He did, and he let out a big laugh. Vince LaRussa was one of those who witnessed that procedure. It was unknown to me that Barney could "gas off" whenever he wanted, which I became aware of later on in our operations.

One of our aircraft near our engineering hut had a problem with the Bomb Release light indicator panel. Barney and I were assigned to correct the problem. That was early on in our operations, so we were wearing our steel helmets and carrying our carbines and gas masks. I made my way through the passageway to the bombardiers position. Barney located himself alongside the nose wheel door, where the power junction was for the light

indicator panel. We had just begun our work and Barney let off a fume. I told him that I would leave if he did that again, but he fumed off again. I thought of the gas mask and put it on. He laughed until his face turned purple.

Shortly after that, one of the aircraft had a supercharger problem that caused the fuses to blow in the supercharger circuit. All the ground checks were made and the problem still prevailed. Our engineering officer, Capt. Karas, called for a test flight crew to take the aircraft up in high altitude flight to do more checking. We took along four new amplifiers and other items that were needed. It was a sunny day with some haze. We spiraled our way up until the pilot said, "That's as far as it will lift." Somehow remember he said the altitude was 28000+ feet, and felt somewhat disappointed, because I wanted to see that B-24 go higher. So the troubleshooting began, and we found there was no walk-around oxygen bottle on board. Going down in the passageway where the amplifiers were mounted in a rack, I used an oxygen hose from the flight deck, but it didn't reach far enough. The R/O came to assist me. With amplifier and some tools, I moved toward the amplifier rack and at end-of-reach of oxygen hose, let go of the hose and made a dash to replace the amplifier. The replacement could not be completed in one dash because of blacking out. The R/O waited until I got back on oxygen and revived, and then made the next dash. Two or three dashes were necessary for the replacement of each amplifier. After each amplifier was changed, the circuit was tested, and each time the fuse blew. After completing the checks, the pilot spiraled our way down to the base. While we were up at altitude looking down to earth, some twenty air bases were counted.

We told Capt. Karas that the high altitude checks didn't solve the problem. It was just before noon, chow time, and he said, "I want you and Barney Mary to work on that supercharger right after chow and stay on that until you find the problem. The only thing you do besides that is go to chow." We worked that afternoon, through the night, all the next day and through the next night, and all the next day, up to 2300 hours. We went through everything in that aircraft pertaining to the supercharger circuits and units, and found where and what the guts were. It was like making an invisible blueprint in our minds. At 2300 we had one last check to make. It was located up above the wing where the wing and the fuselage merge. I took a flashlight and waterpump pliers and wedged myself into the V-shaped space and could just reach into the shallow space far enough to reach the cannon plug connector that connected two large conduits that met there. Upon opening the cannon plug and examining it with the flashlight, I found that several drops of moisture had formed between some of the terminals which caused the circuit to short and blow the fuses. After drying the connector and some cleaning, there was no more fuse blowing. I remember a bulletin coming down later in regard to that problem, an indication that other groups had experienced that problem also. Barney worked hard on that problem and did not complain about duty for such long hours; he didn't even let off a fume. We went to the Engineer hut to report that the supercharger problem was taken care of. Then flopping down on the concrete floor, I fell asleep; don't remember what Barney did. Barney must have been known by nearly everyone on the line. He was good-natured and always ready for conversation and some laughs.

A short time after that Barney asked me to go with him on a pass to Norwich. I really didn't care to go but thought if a comrade is good enough to ask, one should also be good enough to accept. We checked at the Engineer hut and found there were no duties for us. We got our passes, got in our dress uniforms and headed for Norwich on G.I. bikes. After we were into Norwich a ways, there was a sign OFF LIMITS FOR G.I. BIKES. I called out, "Hey, Barney, why are you going beyond that sign." He said, "Ah, come on, it's not far to the Pub. I've been there before. No one bothers." So, down the long hill we went, some distance to the Pub. We parked the bikes behind the Pub where they could not be readily seen, went in and joined the crowd. Barney was one for beer drinking and drank at least two to my one. Time came for the Pub to close, Barney had just ordered a round of beer and said, "Go order one more round before they close." I said, "We haven't

even drank the round you just ordered. What are you going to do with that beer?" "I'll take it out," he said. I said, "They will see you carry it out." "No they won't," he said. When it was time to leave, Barney said, "Hand me those mugs of beer." He put one under his overcoat in the armpit on one side and the other mug in the other armpit, and we walked out. The beer was dripping from the bottom edge of his overcoat when we walked out. We sat down and Barney finished off the two beers. He was very groggy and his eyes wanted to close. I kept talking to him to keep him going, and asked, "How do you intend to get back out of town?" "Oh, I'll make it," he said. He got on his bike and flopped right over. I said, "You're not going to make it." He said, "Lean the bike against the wall, then I'll get on." As he peddled along the wall, the stucco was grinding at the left shoulder of his overcoat. When he got to the end of the wall, down he went. I said, "Let's push the bikes until we are out of here and up the long hill. Maybe you will then be sober enough to ride the bike back to the base."

When we were at the top of the long hill and past the off limits sign, things looked a little more hopeful. Then Barney fell, striking his chin against the curbstone, really cutting his chin open. Some English people came along and saw that Barney's chin was bleeding a lot and one of the women said there was an air raid shelter and aid station down the hill. I said, "I don't want to go back down there because it's off limits for these G.I. bikes and the MP's will pick us up." The women said they would not call the MP's. So back we went. Barney got first aid and a lot of bandaging around his face and head and we were told an ambulance would come and pick us up. I thought, "Oh boy, a ride back to the base." We waited a long time. It was already quite dark, probably around 2100 hours. A U. S. ambulance came. We got in with our bikes. After driving a ways, the ambulance stopped, and Barney and I were told to get out. I saw a signboard by the doorway of the building where we stopped. When we got to the doorway, I could see the lettering on the signboard was PRO-VOST MARSHAL. I thought, "O-o-h boy, here we go for some debriefing." It was a dimly lit room with a large wooden table, and a Major and a M/Sgt, each standing on different sides of the table. Both were over six feet tall, heavy build, and they looked like they hated themselves (it was enough to scare the HOLY HELL out of you). They started snapping questions at us and Barney tried to help answer with his bandaged jaw. I said, "Barney, don't talk, your chin will start bleeding again." Really, I did not want him to talk because they would then smell his strong beer breath. I sorta posted myself between the table and Barney to keep him behind me, as his overcoat smelled somewhat like a brew vat. Luckily, somehow the answers I came up with seemed to satisfy the Major and M/Sgt. We were told to go back to the ambulance. I thought it would not be long before we would be back at Rackheath, but the ambulance kept going, on and on. It seemed longer than it would take to get to Rackheath. Finally we stopped, the door opened, and I was told to get out. I looked at Barney who stayed in the ambulance. It was around 2400 hours.

We were in front of a high mansion-type building with massive framed doorway. A small S/Sgt. in O.D. uniform said, "Follow me." As we went in, there were doors to the right and left, and a small movie hall type ticket office cubical straight ahead. He entered the ticket office and gave me a brown paper envelope and said, "Put all your valuables in here." I thought, "Now what." Then he went to the big door on the right and said, "Follow me." The door opened to a huge hall-like room, filled with iron-barred cells. They were nearly all filled with drunks, cut-throats and colored guys. The room was filled with sounds of cussing, yelling and moaning. The S/Sgt. said, "In here," as he opened the gate to one of the two remaining empty cells. There was a steel cot with a mattress rolled up at the head of the cot.

Sitting on the cot, I thought, "Man, what else." I was wondering where Barney was or how he ended up. An angry feeling welled up in me, and I sat on the wire bedspring with my back against the rolled up mattress. Hearing all those noises in there made me more angry and I did not sleep. Finally, after what seemed like a long time, the door opened. The S/Sgt. said, "Time for chow." Going out, there stood a "Duce-and-Half" with the steel ladder from the end gate, and standing at each side of the doorway as I

came out was a guard with a sawed-off shotgun at the ready position. I thought, "Man, this is getting worse all along." The guards ushered me into the truck and one sat at each side of the end gate. We drove to a mess hall and sat down at a wooden table. The mess hall was empty. I guessed it to be about 0800 hours. Someone in whites brought me some oatmeal in a dish without milk or sugar (they must have thought a hard criminal like me didn't deserve it). Then the guards sat up on the table, at a position so that the end of the sawed-off shotgun barrels were about 30" away from my head on each side. I thought, "All this for a comrade." I was so angry I didn't care to eat but ate the oatmeal because it gave me something to bite on. It took me about two minutes.

We went back to the jail-house mansion, and waiting there for me was a jeep and two MP's from Rackheath. I recognized the tall, hard-boned looking one from a number of times I saw him at his duties around the base (actually he was a good MP). The other one I did not know. The S/Sgt. gave me back my belongings, the tall MP motioned me to the back seat of the jeep and we took off for Rackheath. It was a long ride and to this day, I don't know where that jail-house mansion was located, and really did not care to find out. We pulled up in front of our 789th orderly room at about 1200 hours. As I was climbing out of the MP's jeep, James Aldret from the electrical section walked up to the orderly room. (He was also one of our hut members.) He said, "Hello, Yard-Bird, where the hell were you last night." After that, I went by the nickname of Yard-Bird for sometime. Aldret was the electrical sections artist. The G.I. issue bike to the section was No. 582, and whenever someone used it for a 'Pubbing' mission or a pass, Aldret would paint the proper symbol on ole 582's fender; such as a beer mug for a pubbing mission, flak for a hazardous mission. He painted a purple heart for Barney's busted chin mission. Didn't hear or see any sign of Barney around. It seems about two days later a message came for me to report to our 789th Sqdn Executive Officer, Major Chadwell, in dress uniform. Sounded like more debriefing. He asked about the G.I. bikes off limits and otherwise. He seemed to be satisfied with the answers I gave him. He looked like a stern and disciplined officer, but I think he was also a kind-hearted gentleman. About four days later I got to see Barney. He was happy and beaming (I was still smarting). Barney said, "Hi, Al, where were you the night of the pass?" I said, "Where the hell do you think I was!" I went on to tell him what all took place after we parted that night, and he really had a good laugh about it. He said, "You know where I was—in a hospital, in a nice bed with clean sheets and nice nurses taking care of me," and he laughed some more. Not too much later, Barney was assigned to duties out of our Sqdn., not sure where. He also went on to marry an English girl, Gwin, don't remember her last name. I was at their wedding celebration. Her parents were very likeable people. Also met another Norwich family, pleasant people, last name was Anderson. Wish I had noted their address and kept in touch over the years. Kept in touch with Barney after the war, wrote a letter to him and quite sometime later received a letter with a Norwich, England return address. His wife answered the letter. It was sad news. She said that just six months after she came to the U. S. to begin life in their home, Barney became ill and died and she went back to Norwich to live with her parents. She enclosed pictures of herself, Barney and their toddlers, twin boys.—rest in peace, comrade.

Now, after all the years, thinking back to that experience with a "comrade", I feel it added much more meaning to my memories of the 467th, and feel I would not have wanted to miss out on it.

NOTE—There must be a number of you that would have an experience with a comrade, or otherwise, that you could write about and send to Phil to publish in our PFG history. You can be sure I will be one of those who will enjoy reading it, and will treasure it. I am keeping all articles all of you have written so far, and I am also anxious about keeping all articles from here on.

Al Welters

BITS AND PIECES:

I don't know how much room I have for this as it is last written after everything preceding was roughed in.

We are still trying to make certain that our 467th Association ROLL OF HONOR is complete and that we can certify to the 2nd Air Division Association the authenticity of each name. In that regard, I thank Andy Wilkinson -A of London, England, for studying the Group Missing Aircrew Reports and Group/Squadron monthly historical reports and bringing to our attention some several that we had missed. We await a letter from the Army Mortuary Affairs and Survivor Support Section confirming the names so that they can be submitted as confirmed to the 2ADA.

It was in August 1988 that I last wrote of the things that we have done as memorials and remembrances of/to the 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy). The list to me is very impressive, there may be some I don't write of following and I apologize in advance for the oversights, if any. But what is listed is very impressive. Gentlemen, and Associates, be very proud of yourselves. I am proud of you and to be one of you.

1. Painting of "Witchcraft" by Mike Bailey of Norwich, England, sponsored by George Dong is displayed at the San Diego, CA Aero-Space Museum.

2. Painting of "Witchcraft", again by Mike Bailey, donated by the Fred Jansen family, is displayed at the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, CO.

3. Memorial Plaque and Tree at Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, OH.

4. Memorial Plaque at Holy Trinity Church, Rackheath, Norfolk, England.

5. Memorial Bench at Holy Trinity Church, Rackheath, Norfolk, England.

6. Memorial Gates, sponsored by Jim Coffey crew, at Holy Trinity Church, Rackheath, Norfolk, England.

7. Historical Marker on old Station 145, Rackheath, Norfolk, England. English "Friends of the 467th" were most supportive of this installation furnishing (deeding) land, flag poles, landscaping, etc.

8. Calligraphic ROLL OF HONOR, photographs, book-roster of 467th personnel at Holy Trinity Church, Rackheath, Norfolk, England.

9. The series of reproductions of the most important papers of our nation, from the Declaration of Independence to the surrender papers of Japan at the end of World War II, displayed at the 2nd Air Division Memorial Library Room, sponsored by Geoff Gregory, donated by the City of Garland, TX.

10. Book-Roster of Personnel of the 467th in Memorial Library Room, Norwich, Norfolk, England.

11. Adam Soccio Memorial (Video) Tapes, sponsored by Andy Kapi, Jr., in the Second Air Division Association Film/video library.

12. One Thousand Dollar (\$1,000) donation to 8th Air Force Museum (Volunteers, Inc.), Barksdale Air Force Base, LA.

13. Two Hundred-Fifty Dollars (\$250) to The Mighty Eight Air Force Band Discretionary Fund.

14. Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000) to a perpetual endowment fund, administered by the Board of Governors, Memorial Library Trust, the interest of which is dedicated to purchase of additional books for the Norwich Library, over 200 since 1983, each acknowledged by dedication plaque to be from the 467th Bombardment Group in remembrance of the casualties of our Group in World War II.

15. Peter Edward Bond Memorial provides funds as received to purchase books by/for the Memorial Library in Memory of Peter E. Bond-A.

16. Kenneth A. Darney Memorial provided funds as received to purchase books by/for the Memorial Library in Memory of Kenneth A. Darney.

If you know of any others not listed above, please write of them to your Poop for Group editor.



Betcher, Raymond & Opal
 Boisselle, Arcade & Helen
 Brock, James, Winnie & Kimberly
 Brueggeman, Ralph & Barbara
 Collier, Davis & Barbara
 Davis, Marvin (Ralph) & Doris
 Day, Phillip & Cille
 Dye, Howard & Anne
 Elliott, Ralph & Yvonne
 Elsen, Thomas & Betty
 Feeney, Leo & Marguerite
 Felbinger, Norman & Lucy
 Flay, Roy & Florence

*Vince took the above picture and many others of the cruise. Our thanks!

Hassen, Jamiel & Mary T.
 Imburgia, Joseph & Vera
 Kagy, Charles & Norma
 King, Edward & Theresa
 Mattulke, William & Marguerite
 Muller, Albert & Teresa
 Mundy, Walter & Ruth
 Pryor, Arnold & Marilyn
 Re, Vincent & Carolyn*
 Robinson, Walter & Patricia
 Shower, Albert J. & Jay Shower
 Weaver, Walter & Mary
 Williams, William & Elizabeth

CRUISING - Phillip G. Day:

Following Convention '93-Kissimmee, twenty-six veterans and twenty-seven Associates of the 467th traveled by air, bus and car to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida for a four-day cruise on the Norwegian Cruise Line M/S Westward. Arriving on May 17, we were able to board the ship after 1:00 p.m. After settling into our rooms, we wandered to the first of the nearly continuous meals available on a cruise; in this case a light "finger food" buffet affair to tide us over between lunch and supper.

The Group was invited to a hosted cocktail and champagne party at five, then to our first supper aboard at 6:00 p.m. Supper aboard is the BIG meal of the day and typically offers four appetizers, three soups, one or more salads, four entrees, two vegetables and a starch, four desserts and most any non-alcoholic drink. You could have one or all of everything on the menu and as much of each of them as you wished. No wonder I gained four pounds.

A newsletter each day told us of activities we could participate in. Any time the ship was out of port, the casino was open—slot machines, roulette, blackjack. Bars were open most of the twenty-four hours per day.

Entertainment was various and continuous, shows in the Stardust Lounge, a good six-piece band, informational talks on ports of call (Nassau, the NCL private island, Freeport) and tours available; bingo each evening, nightclubs, a piano bar, etc. There was something you could do or participate in any hour from 6:30 a.m. to past midnight.

Midnight was another opportunity to each with a quite expansive buffet, also breakfast, lunch or tea on deck from 6:30 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. and noon to 5:00 p.m. Open seating breakfast in the dining room was from 7:30 to 9:00 a.m., and though the same menu each day, a variety of items was offered that allowed one to have a complete, different breakfast each morning.

Each room had a four-channel TV, one for music, one for news, and two for feature films (six to ten per day, first run); and a 3-channel radio—news, music and public announcements. Also a movie theater was available on two days, showing first-run movies.

So there was never a lack of things to do and if you didn't want to do anything, just sit on deck, lounge at the pool, rest in your room or the several lounge areas.

In port, there were supervised tours, opportunities to just go ashore and walk around in the shopping centers, stores for every need and non-need, every price from least to most expensive. Nassau was better, I believe, than Freeport, the private island with swimming, sports, a great bar-b-que meal was best. I was not able to snorkel, however, they didn't think my health history warranted the risk.

It was in the whole a delightful time. We were able to visit a great deal within the Group and to learn more of each other. Our last Group activity was a picture taking session (photo reproduced) and then on Friday morning, farewells as we each went our separate ways, very content and happy with the whole four days.

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