



POOP from GROUP 467

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RACKHEATH

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FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVENTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (HEAVY) ASSOCIATION, LTD.
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FROM THE PREZ:

The 46th annual convention of the Second Air Division Association, to be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Hilton Head, South Carolina, from Wednesday, November 3 to Sunday, November 7, is the next activity on the 467th calendar. From early reservations, it looks like only a small contingent will represent our group, but a call to Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114, Phone 215-632-3992, will give you the hotel and convention information you need in order to attend.

Friday, November 5, has been designated as "GROUP DAY" and that day's program has been left to the groups to use as they see fit—except for the scheduled group dinner that evening. Because of our small contingent and also the distances involved on tours, I have opted to arrange for a noon luncheon on the beach/patio at the hotel for any of the 467th who are interested. My thanks to Walt Weaver for visiting the hotel and arranging the patio reservation. I will be contacting the hotel caterer as soon as I get a final reservation list from Evelyn in early September. Cost of the meal will be paid by those attending—it is not covered by the 2ADA convention fee. I would appreciate a postcard from those of you who plan to attend; thanks for the cards already received. Check in with the 467th representative at registration for final details. It will be mostly a chance for some hanger flying, but a short business meeting may be possible. There will be NO elections as the present board will remain in office until September 1994, and I will remain as 2ADA VP.

Along this line, some work needs to be done to amend the 467th by-laws covering the election of board members. Past elections have been held in conjunction with the 2ADA convention, but it doesn't seem fair to the members to have the elections controlled by the small number there rather than by the much larger number at the 467th meetings. The problem is further complicated by the 2ADA penchant for changing the convention date from spring to fall, and back again, which leaves elections either six months or 18 months apart and shortens or lengthens terms of office accordingly. Should the elections be held by mail-in ballot (in PFG) at a specified calendar interval? Your suggestions would be appreciated.

The next 467th BG Convention is now definite for September 15-19, 1994, at the Marquette Hotel in downtown Minneapolis, Minnesota. Yvonne and I recently spent a delightful week in Minneapolis with Lloyd and Carmen Haug, who will be your convention coordinators, and had a chance to tour the hotel and experience the fabulous covered walkway system that extends for miles throughout the downtown area. You will be inside

REGARDLESS of the weather; it's amazing! You will be hearing more about the convention in upcoming issues of PFG, but start making plans now to attend. We hadn't been in Minneapolis for years, and the changes are extensive and up-scale; without even including the MALL OF AMERICA—the largest mall in the U. S. A.

LAST POST is always a jolt, but we were particularly saddened to learn of the death of 467th Past President Bob Salzarulo from a heart attack in early July. His memorial tribute at the Tucson reunion to his bombardier, who was executed by the gestapo, was especially memorable.

Phil's and my appeal for stories from the non-flying buddies seems to have borne fruit; great—and keep them coming. One comment though: Daughter Donna says that, after listening to all the war stories in the hospitality rooms at the Tucson and Kissimmee conventions, she wonders how we won the war at all!

California, One-Way!

It's April 29, 1993, and forty-eight years have passed since I landed my B-24 Liberator bomber, 591, at Bradley Field, Connecticut after a seven-day flight from England at the close of World War II. Unbelievably, I am again sitting in the pilot's seat, flying the last combat-ready B-24 in existence on a four-hour flight from Tucson, Arizona to Santa Monica, California. Slowly, the old skills come back, the altitude settles down on 5000 feet, and the compass heading stays on 270 degrees. Was it always this much work? No power steering here—just the cables from the controls out to the ailerons and back to the elevator and rudders. Trim tabs help to take some of the pressure off the wheel; but then reality sets in—it really was work. I just didn't know it then. The physical difference is in the age, 23 versus 71, but age has done nothing to diminish the thrill of flying the Liberator again.

Only, did they down-size her when she was rebuilt? The catwalk through the bomb bay seems narrower now, and surely four men and all their gear didn't share this little space in the rear with the guns, the flak jackets, the mae-weests, the parachutes and sand bags. No wonder the bombardier, navigator, and nose-turret gunner had a constant fight for room up front, and five men couldn't possibly fit on the flight deck. Even the pilot's seat seems smaller. What does come back are the noise of the engines that make normal conversation impossible, the smell of high-octane gasoline, and the feeling in the pit of the stomach that goes with an air-pocket and a "rapid change of altitude."

The desert air is rough at low altitude and the thermals catch me as we go over a low mountain ridge into California. The other two passengers get airsick, and I'm glad I'm doing the flying—not bouncing around in the back. It's drafty back there with the side windows open for the guns, and it was hell for the gunners at 45 below zero when to touch the guns without gloves meant you'd lose your fingers. Memories ride with me on the flight, and the years fall off in the sights and sounds and smells, but I finally realize that the real wonder is the set of circumstances that have put me up here again after an absence of 48 years.

On April 27th, the ALL AMERICAN arrived at the Avra Valley airport north of Tucson on a cross-country tour sponsored by the Collings Foundation of Stow, Massachusetts. During WW II, the B-24 dropped more bombs and flew more missions than any other aircraft; it was the most produced aircraft of all time—over 18,000 planes. The cost to reconstruct the ALL AMERICAN was over \$1,300,000.00, but money can't buy the feelings of nostalgia and the tears the old bomber generates as the veterans stand on the ramp and cheer as she taxis in.

Unbeknownst to me, as a 50th wedding anniversary present, (August 28) Yvonne had contacted the organizers of the Avra Valley stop and had made arrangements for me to fly in the plane on the next leg of her flight to California. While the kids joke about "Mom giving Dad a one-way ticket to California for an anniversary present," they were as thrilled as I was about the flight. No surprise in our 50 years together ever topped this one.

LETTER FROM JIM MAHONEY:

Dear Phil: Enjoyed your latest "Poop From Group." The Ted Wheeler account of his 19th mission return and almost piggy-back landing on another 24, brought back memories of another almost identical incident in which I believe Bill Washburn was piloting the one on top. In both cases, frantic radio calls, flares, red-flashing biscuit guns from both the tower and the caravan could do nothing to deter these superimposing pilots from their near calamitous touchdowns. Fortunately, none of the four crews or planes involved were harmed. However, those of us standing on the tower can attribute at least some of our premature aging to these gray-hair-raising antics.

The other day, for some reason I don't recall, I thought about some dental work I had done in London. This was necessitated when, returning from a mission and having let down to 10,000', I took off the oxygen mask and eagerly bit into my frozen Milky Way. I heard an ominous crunch, took the candy out, and there standing upright in it was the cap of a front tooth—which was one result of getting whacked across the face with a hockey stick a few years earlier in a college hockey game. Since our Doc Mason wasn't equipped to remedy my problem on base, we went to London to have it done there.

In my 201 file I found the order covering that trip—which brings me to the real point of this story. Often in watching the Smothers Brothers' shows on TV, I would comment to family, friends, or anyone who would listen, that we had a crew in our Group with those names—and nobody believed me. On this same Group Order (copy enclosed) covering my London tooth trip, I found that coincidentally my memory of such a crew was validated. I've made multiple copies to distribute to my non-believing friends.

Also enclosed is a check for one of your zip-coded Group rosters, plus a little to help defray some of your publishing costs. You do a great, much-appreciated job. We frequently enjoy the photos and memories of the trip we took with you and the others back to Norwich last year. Our best to you and Miss Cille.

Jim

A MEMORY BY FRANCIS (FRANK) W. STOKES: THE LONG, LONG VOYAGE

The bright late winter sunshine set the mood for the whole day at Camp McCoy, staging area for the ground crew of the 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy), and the blaring public address system warmed the heart with "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," the brand new tune from the musical "Oklahoma." In addition, there were a few days to enjoy the sights of the Big Apple before D-Day (D for Departure).

Inevitably that day came as we stood outside our barracks ready for the march to the railhead, numbers in chalk on our helmet to indicate the coach number and the seat number in that coach. A short ride down the Hudson river brought us to the Port of Embarkation as the train pulled up right alongside the ship—the S. S. Frederick Lykes, an old tub (and I do mean old tub) out of New Orleans they said.

At the command, the advance contingent of the Bomb Group, selected from the headquarters detachment, walked up the gangplank and found ourselves in our new temporary home. The trip to the British Isles was to last about 7 or 8 days.

The advance party was assigned quarters in the junior officers' section of the main deck along with the privilege of eating with the crew—three times a day. And so we came to be known as the "three mealers" in contrast to the rest of the ground crew who were assigned to an area in the hold with a hammock for each man and only two meals a day. Our Bomb Group was not the only military unit on board, but somehow we never did learn the designations of the other units.

We had boarded about mid-morning and before dark the old tub slipped down the Hudson River, past the statue of Liberty and out into the cold North Atlantic. Just as we were getting accustomed to the steady hum of the engines and after a good night's rest, the engines suddenly stopped and we found ourselves at the mercy of the rolling ocean swells. After a short wait, the convoy in which we were traveling moved on and we never saw them again.

Alone on the gray North Atlantic was not our idea of fun even though we could see the Navy Destroyer Escort circling our helpless vessel, but after a day or so of trying, the crew finally got the engines going again. We were off to the races for what turned out to be a very long journey indeed—13 days on the briny deep.

We never learned what the Navy did to ward off German U Boats but we did not have any alarms during our crossing.

As the days stretched out, boredom set in. I was asked to operate the small shipboard radio station—make announcements and play the extra long playing records of which there were many on the ship.

The rumor was that the Frederick Lykes had carried ore, but one thing was certain, the cargo of men and equipment was much too light. The old tub rolled and rolled, from side to side and from stem to stern. I had to sleep with my body in an "X" form to prevent being thrown out of my bunk and I don't believe I've ever eaten so many saltine crackers in my life in an attempt to ward off sea sickness. I fully sympathized with a fellow GI who, while gazing out over the gray North Atlantic, remarked to me one day, "It will be great to be back on terra firma, and the more firma the less terra!"

It was during those long boring days that the Group Adjutant and the Group Sergeant Major started to issue the daily bulletin. After some discussion, Tech Sgt. Ed Krance suggested that we call the issue "Poop from Group"—an offhand allusion to the fact that it was being issued on a ship from the Poop Deck but, of course, it could have other meanings also.

But still the Atlantic continued to heave and toss while the old tub, a name I will never forget as long as I live—SS Frederick Lykes—would roll from side to side—almost a 90-degree roll. You would start up the stairs on the lateral gangway only to find yourself holding on for dear life as the vessel's roll made the up stairway a down stairway.

The men were getting antsy and rumors flew that someone had seen land off the starboard side. Then, all of a sudden, the heaving and rolling of the ocean stopped, and the old tub glided like a luxury liner up into the Firth of Clyde. The men crowded the decks to see on both sides of the ship, double-decker busses moving up and down the streets lined with old brick buildings.

Late the night of the 13th day, our long, long voyage came to an end in a dock area deep in Glasgow. To the unfamiliar high whistle of the small freight engines, we disembarked and headed straight for our train which was to take us to Rackheath.

Unlike any train we had ever seen, each row of seats had a door. And the seats did not adjust for sleeping. Sleeping in the sitting-up position, we looked out the little windows on a darkened nation. About mid-morning, the train stopped on a

spur track at Salhouse. We were there even if it meant jumping off the train to the ground five feet below.

Rackheath, here we come!

A NOTE FROM RAY BEAULIEU:

Hi Phil: Just a quick note to say hello to you and Ms. Cille. Hope you both are enjoying good health.

Haven't been back from Maine too long and looking forward to a return visit in September. My wife prefers these short trips, so who am I to complain.

I'm very interested in the group roster mentioned in the "Poop from Group." As you mentioned during our phone conversation, it had been sent to the printer. So I said I had better get this out to Phil.

This has been a very quiet and extra-dry summer. Sorry for the people in the mid-west. Seems like they have received everybody's share.

I've tried to contact Vince LaRussa by phone, but only make contact with his answering machine. I'll write him a note. That way we will make contact.

Enjoying the "Poop from Group" very much. You're doing a very good job.

Till later. Ray

A LETTER FROM CARL E. EPTING, JR.:

Dear Phil: Recently I have been helping Fred Holdrege in his effort to locate current addresses of former members of the 790th Squadron. As a result of his efforts we learned about a computer software program called "PHONE-DISK, USA" which is available at public libraries across the country. This program is on compact disk and contains up-to-date listings of complete telephone directories of almost every town in the U.S. Information about libraries that have the program can be obtained by calling 800/284-8353. Fred suggested I write and ask if you would put a notice about the availability of this information in the next issue of "Poop." He thought it might be useful for others involved in similar research.

Sorry I did not get a chance to see you at Kissimmee in May. Margaret and I were there only briefly, but enjoyed seeing Geoff Gregory, Ralph Elliott, Fred Holdrege and a few others Saturday afternoon and evening. Maybe we can make it to another reunion sometime soon and stay a little longer.

Best wishes to you and Cille. Hope you are both well and enjoying life. I look forward to each issue of Poop and want to thank you for all the hard work you do in getting this publication out every quarter.

Yours most cordially. Carl

A LETTER FROM KEVIN AND JAYNE CLARKE:

Dear Phillip and Cille: Thank you for the Poop and letter. We are always pleased to get the Poop and read the veterans' accounts of life at Rackheath.

Well, as you can see, we have now moved to a new address. I am afraid that it seems to be a sign of the times, but old Catten is getting to be a very rough area, and there are children as young as ten years old taking drugs and drinking. The parents just don't seem to care a hoot, so for the sake of my boys, we decided enough was enough. We found a pretty little wooden house (Swedish style). It has three bedrooms and a large garden. South Walsham is right in the heart of the Norfolk broads, and the local people are lovely. My father was born in the house at the end of the road, and many of them can remember him, so it is really like coming home. I wondered if you could print our new address in the next Poop and tell anybody who would like to stay, they are still more than welcome. Maybe you could come over sometime. You would love it. It is so peaceful, and we are still only about two miles from Rackheath. Well, best go now. We look forward to hearing from you soon. You take care. Jayne and the boys send their love.

Bye for now. All our love.

Kevin, Jayne, Martin and Christopher

9, Hamilton Close, South Walsham, Norwich, Norfolk,
NR13 6DP, England

LETTER FROM GEOFF T. GREGORY:

Dear Phil: Greetings from Texas! Hope your summer is doing OK and your health is even better. Ditto Ms. Cille!

All here is going well; however, I'm not asking for trouble by working out of doors too much during the hot weather. I do manage to walk in the malls every day, unless I have other business.

Just returned from England after a pleasant three weeks. We spent a few days with the Hastings and a few days with the Lomax family in their beautiful new home. They all couldn't do enough to make our stay pleasant. I must tell you a good story. I gave a talk to about seventy kids at the Salhouse School. In order to break it up a little I had little prizes (such as pencils from Cape Canaveral) if they could answer questions about wartime England and the U.S. All went pretty well and finally I held up a little lapel pin from the league and told them this was the top prize for whoever answered the question, "Who was the best bomb aimer in the 8th Air Force?" There was absolute silence—then a little girl about 11 years in the back row very hesitantly raised her hand and said, "You!" Needless to say she won the prize. I thought it was hilarious!

Anyway except for a bout with a bug in London, which destroyed about half our stay there, everything went well. We even had an upgrade on American to business class because we hit the British Airways strike just as we walked up to the ticket counter. Went to London via Brussels, Belgium and then on to London. Some baggage was lost for three days, but finally caught up. It went to Frankfurt.

I am enclosing bill for (three) photo/scrapbook albums, so that these two large ones can be cut down to a manageable size. I don't know when I'll get the transfer done, but hope to have it done in a couple of months. I get them at dealer cost plus tax so it's not too bad a deal.

Again, best to you both and hope to see you soon.

Geoff

Editor's Comment: Geoff's family presented a chair to the Memorial Library Room in his name while in Norwich. The Board could consider a similar presentation in the name of the Association.

LETTER FROM DAVID I. HASTINGS:

Dear Phillip: I thought you might find the enclosed article of use in the next issue of your journal, as certainly the response has staggered us all here in Norfolk, but it just shows the feelings which exist over here for you. Please give my regards to everyone, and Jean and I just hope that we can make HILTON HEAD.

Thanks, as always, for the "Poop From Group" and glad to hear you are both recovering. Our love and prayers are with you. Give our best wishes to everyone at Kissimmee.

THE LIBERATOR "DIAMOND LIL" STORY GOES ON AND ON...

The 50th Anniversary Year of the 2nd Air Division USAAF arrival in East Anglia may be over, but the emotion aroused by the return of the B24/LB30 Liberator "Diamond Lil" of the Confederate Air Force still continues, and I thought you would like to know some more details as the whole project really sums up the deep affection that all of us hold for you:

As many of you know we made a WIDESCREEN AUDIO/VISUAL show of the Transatlantic flight and the project, including your Memorial Room in Norwich and the Trust. This was premiered last September at the Norwich Sport Village and we hired the 400-seat Central Arena. The showing was a complete sell-out and we had to repeat it for two more nights at the Village before the demand eased, and each night the audience ended in tears such was the feeling this flight had generated. The bookings then started to pour in from all parts of Norfolk and I have averaged two nights a week since then, with bookings now being made for 1994! One week in December I showed the film five nights running, and even I began to wilt by the time Saturday arrived. Just a few examples for you, Bungay-Community Hall packed out with people turned away; Seething-Standing room only at the Village Hall; Salhouse-Village Hall packed out;

Tibbham-Norfolk Gliding Club room full to capacity; Rackheath-Church Hall full and so it goes on. We go to Clubs, Aviations Groups, Old Peoples Clubs, W.I., Rotary, Round Table and Local Societies, and I have never seen a film command so much interest. We have also just made a video of the project and this has sold out in just four weeks. This all goes to show that after 50 years, the feeling for you all is just as great as it ever was. The other good news is that at each showing we do ask for a donation to your unique Memorial. I am glad to report that so far we have now raised over £1500 and by the time we reach the end of the year I will not be surprised if we have not reached the £3000 mark. The other added bonus is the increased awareness of your Memorial which the film has generated and we can never thank the Confederate Air Force and the "Diamond Lil" crew enough for answering the plea of the Memorial Trust when the "All American" cancelled out. They certainly made the TRIBUTE TO YOU complete in the 50th Anniversary year.

David J. Hastings, Vice Chairman, The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF.

We hope to make HILTON HEAD if I can get over this wretched "M.E." illness which has plagued me for two years now, and there is no cure as yet. Visit your marker almost daily—It's in good shape.

David.

LETTER FROM C. P. "LARRY" KURTZ:

Dear Phil: I enjoyed reading several of the recent articles in POOP regards to the experiences of the Ground personnel. The attached manuscript is my contribution to a dedicated group of fellow Aircraft and Engine Mechanics who, like myself, spent long hours "On the Line" servicing the planes.

Please publish this manuscript in Poop together with the photograph. (Editor's Note: Photo copy on page 5) Perhaps this picture might help me locate other A/C mechanics from the 788th Squadron and encourage other ground personnel to tell their story also.

Best regards to you and your better half,

Larry

I was 18 years old when I enlisted in December 1942, trained as an A/C mechanic on B-17's at Amarillo, Texas, and received additional A/C and Crew Chief training on B-24's at the Ford plant in Willow Run. I joined the 453rd BG, 733rd Sq. in mid-1943, and arrived at "Old Buckingham" in December 1943. In April 1944, 200 EM's and 7 officers from the 733rd Sq. (together with personnel from other Groups) were selected to start up a new Group (492nd) at N. Pickenham and we became the 859th Sq. In August 1944, when the 492nd BG was broken up, our Sq. transferred to Rackheath to become the 788th Sq. I spent my entire tour in England working "On the Line."

If I can speak for all the "Engine and A/C Mechanics" who worked the "line," we all worked an average of 15-20 hours a day, 7 days a week. The key word would be "Dedication to the Job." We put in those long hours with no regrets because we had ten brave men flying in a plane that had to be mechanically sound to get them back home safely. Regardless of which crew flew our plane, we all felt deeply responsible if a mechanical problem developed during a mission. The unspoken rule was "you worked until the job was completed and the plane was back on flying status."

For a typical scheduled mission, we were on the "Line" two hours before the Flight Crews arrived with duties such as preflight checks, refueling and other inspections. When the planes took off, we didn't go back to the "Sack," but were reassigned to work on other planes until ours returned.

The first thing I would do when my plane returned to the hard stand and the engine's were shut down, was to take my fist and hit the underside of each engine's cowl. If I heard anything rattle, I knew I was in for another long night. On a few occasions when we worked into the wee hours, I never went back to my hut, but slept in an empty engine crate on the "Line."

When the planes were flying those long 6-10 hour missions, we increased the frequency of our required maintenance inspections

in order to catch any engine failures sooner. For example, we cleaned oil screens after every mission, and changed plugs every 15-20 hours or sooner. Plugs (28/engine) gave us the most problems because they would foul or seize in the engine and frequently broke off in the cylinder. Each of us had our set of "ground down" hack saw blades which we used to cut the threaded section of the broken plug into three halves, then carefully peeled them out of the cylinder with a chisel.

Maintenance on the "Line" always continued regardless of the weather. At night, we used a flashlight. The weather in England was not the greatest, especially in winter when the early morning frost would coat the top surface of the aircraft with as much as an inch of ice. I think that was the one job I hated the most—scraping the entire wing by hand and melting the frost with buckets of deicer fluid.

Removing the engine oil screen without dumping the oil on the tarmac required skill, practice and luck. Not because the job was difficult, but because the oil screen was "buried" up in the nacelle which probably caused Pratt & Whitney designers to snicker with joy. The bronze screen filter was recessed in the engine and held in place by a spring and secured by a cover plate and four nuts. To reach the filter cover plate, you removed the bottom cowl and worked your arm up through a maze of other engine accessories to your shoulder. Note: this was impossible for guys with short arms. Then three of the nuts were removed, and the first nut unloosed. Now comes the tricky part. You applied enough pressure with the palm of the hand to hold the spring-loaded cover plate in place to prevent leaking oil to escape, then removed the last nut with one finger and thumb. When the nut was free, you held onto the plate, nut and screen and quickly pulled your arm out before getting a bath of oil.

I remember one rainy afternoon with my arm up inside the nacelle, water pouring off the wing into my face, maneuvering that last nut when the cover plate cocked loose, and the entire contents of the oil ran down inside my right sleeve of my coverall and pant leg onto the tarmac. I recall looking up to the sky and saying "Lord, if you ever get me out of here I'm going to look for an inside job."

I think the toughest job we did was to replace a leaking auxiliary fuel cell in the wing. We looked at the tiny access plate inside the wheel well and didn't think we could ever get the damaged cell out or put the new one in. On that particular job we had to collapse the cell to get it through the opening. I watched the sun come up twice before I got back to my hut. I still have that two-inch piece of Flak to remind me that we did do the impossible task in two days; and our plane was back on flying status for the next mission.

The most amusing thing that happened to me was when I was looking for access to an electrical junction plug on the underside of the wing, and I removed the screws to a small, unidentified cover plate. Out dropped a Kotex pad that had already made eleven missions over Europe.

Now I know how Willow Run was able to build a B-24 every 58 minutes—they never let the poor girls take a BREAK!!!

In closing, I'm sure fellows like Joe Ramirez, Vince LaRussa and Walter Laughlin (and other ground personnel) will agree, that as A/C Mechanics we were proud to have provided the Flight Crews with the best mechanically sound aircraft humanly possible because the Flight Crews were the ones who took all the risks. After all, we didn't have anyone shooting at us.

The enclosed picture was taken at Rackheath on 10/25/44 of a group of 16 EM's and 3 Officer's, all from Massachusetts, who were assigned to the 788th Sq. Those dressed in leather flying jackets were A/C mechanics or other EM's who worked on the "Line."

This group had assembled that morning to have their picture taken in front of a B-24 named "Mass Gal." The picture was later published in the Boston American newspaper. I was working on a plane in the adjacent hard stand. While the group was assembling, my buddies called to me and said, "Come on Kurtz, get in the picture!" That's how a guy from Pennsylvania joined the group of 16 EM's (plus one), and became a "new Englander" for one day.



EM's standing: (L-R) Donlon, ?, Hester. The Officers standing: (L-R) Mahoney, Walker ?, ?. Third row: (L-R) Billings, Chimes. Second row: (L-R) Manley, Adams, Kurtz, ?, ?. First row: (L-R) ?, Turcotte, Novaris, ?, ?, ?.

If any member of the 467th BG recognizes others in the picture, or knows their addresses, please contact me.
C. P. "Larry Kurtz"

LETTER FROM WAYNE O. CROSSAN:

Dear Phil: First of all, I want to tell you that it was good to see you and your wife at the 93 Convention and especially how good you look considering your ordeal of the past year. Keep up the good work.

Second, I would like to congratulate everyone who helped in any way toward setting up that convention. I had a ball. I thought it was just great.

Thirdly, you mentioned that you wished guys would send in some stories so you could publish them in "Poop From Group." I have one, but it's mostly about Italy; long after I was transferred out of the 467th.

I went overseas with the 467th and was a member thereof until my Squadron C.O. (Bob Salzarulo) was shot down in April of 1944. Shortly thereafter, the 788th was transferred out to the Carpetbagger outfit and stationed at Station 179, Harrington, England.

We were now the 859th Sq. of the 801/492 B.G. (Editor's Note: 788th BS(H) remained assigned to the 801st BG(P) until August 12, 1944, when it was reformed in the 467th BG(H) from personnel and aircraft of the 492nd BG(H). The 859th BS(H) assumed the duties and personnel of the 788th that date.) Our B-24's were very radically modified for mostly night flying. Our job was upon proper signal from the ground to drop agents and cannisters of supplies to the French underground.

To the best of my knowledge, our most distinguished "Joe" that we ever dropped was Major Bill Colby, an expert at working with the French underground and who would in later years become Chief of the CIA. At that time, all secret operations were conducted under the auspices of the OSS, which was the forerunner of the CIA.

Come December of 1944, the French no longer needed our services, so the 859th was picked up bag and baggage and moved by air to Brindisi, Italy. After becoming operational there, our missions were to the valleys of Northern Italy. Later, we moved to Rosignano, which was much farther North. We continued this work until the war was over in May, 1945. Our C.O. was Lt. Col. Leonard McManus.

After the war ended, we moved down near Gioia, Italy. While marking time waiting for a boat, myself and several others were given the task of salvaging all B-24's and B-17's that were classed

as "war wearies," any plane deemed not fit to fly back across the Atlantic again.

What I'm going to say next will tug at the hearts of any old airmen who have been involved in the restoration of a plane in later years. Today, the scarcity of serviceable airplane parts is phenomenal.

My crew and I salvaged between 800 and 900 "war wearies." We stacked fuselages in one pile, wings in another pile, stabilizers in another pile, engines in another pile and so forth. This was hard work in a hot climate, but it was interesting work.

Now, some 48 years later, it kind of hurts me inside to know that I wasted all those good parts to the elements, knowing that restoration men are having a difficult time restoring, due to the lack of available parts. Through the years, I have often wondered, "Whatever became of all those good parts?"

When I left there in October of 1945, all that stuff was still stacked out in that large field. I then went to Naples and after much haggling and delay, I finally got on a boat and headed for that beautiful lady who stands in New York Harbor. Strange how much better she looked coming in than she did on the way out.

Phil, we had a fine convention and I look forward to next year in Minnesota. I wish all my former friends and comrades of the 467th well.

P.S. Doesn't the Col. look just great!

Wayne O. Crossan, Original Member of the 788th, later to become a "Carpetbagger."

POST EXCHANGE:

WINDBREAKERS AND CAPS: No longer available as Lloyd Haug ran into a supply problem.

467TH BG(H)/2ND AIR DIVISION WINDOW DECAL:
\$3 each from Bob Sheehan, 1828 E. 27th Street, Tulsa, OK 74114.

467TH BG (H) DIGITAL TRAVEL CLOCKS:
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 Sheehan.

Profits from the above items are given to the Association.

Ordered 10/7/93
THE HISTORY OF THE 467TH:

Vince LaRussa, 8570 N. Mulberry Drive, Tucson, AZ 85704, is taking pre-publication orders for a projected December 1, 1993, delivery for \$35, to be \$40 after publication. This third reprint will contain the total original Healy publication plus an addendum which will include an alphabetically arranged roster of all known personnel who were assigned or attached to the 467th, from March 11, 1944 to July 6, 1945, an alphabetical and chronological listing of all known deceased (245) of the Group while assigned to the Second Air (Bombardment) Division, a short history of the two 788th BS(H), information on the Lead Squadron - Wing Squadrons of October 44 through May 45, some things about other personnel matters.

The appendix cannot be offered separately. The publishers cost to us is nearly as much as the whole book.

LAST POST:

Jerome K. Dapper *	James F. Kelley, Jr.
John L. Fries	Kenneth E. Laizure
James "Bud" Horak	Robert L. Salzarulo
Jack H. Viets	

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

*Error in last POOP as Draper

ROSTER ADDITIONS:

John Autilio	Gloversville, NY
Vernon M. Baize	Port Charlotte, FL
Mary Beth Barnard -A	Sherborn, MA
Joseph N. Bell	Ashland, VA
Dewayne (Ben) Bennett -A	Tucson, AZ
Lewis W. Christie *	Ashton, ID
Billy B. Davis	Enon, OH
Henry W. Ellison, Jr. -A	Long Island, NY
Bob Ellison -A	Camp Verde, AZ
Joseph M. Gehring	Madison, OH
Robert J. Holtmeier	Cincinnati, OH
Howard S. McGuffie	Jonesville, LA
Roland F. Person	Enfield, CT
Joseph R. Romano	Topeka, KS
Roy J. Sallee	Kent, WA
Eleanor Salzarulo -A	Montgomery, AL
Magne Smedvig	Edina, MN
Edwin E. Wright	Erie, PA
L. E. Wilhite, Jr.	Lueders, TX
George Zeiber	Lewisburg, PA

*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:

POOP was returned from the following. Tell us what you know of them, try to locate them if they live in your area.

Homer B. Boyd	Corpus Christi, TX
Robert W. Danaher	Caladonia, MN
Richard L. Magnuson	Wilmar, MN
Lester Rolf	Mercedes, TX

TREASURER'S REPORT:

Operating Fund 06-01-93 to 09-01-93	
Opening Balance	\$ 8,279.75
Contributions, 18 individuals	521.00
A-Z Jacket Sales Rebate	30.00
Cruise Repayment	1,950.00
Convention Motel Repayment	350.00
Convention 93 Surplus	6,855.79
Interest Income 2 mo.	20.38
	18,006.92

Disbursements:

Reproduction POOP 12-2	513.32
Secretarial POOP 12-2	257.50
USPS (Domestic) POOP 12-2	676.00
USPS (Foreign)	44.97
USPS - Other	29.00
Roster Reproduction - 60 copies	31.10
Roster Secretarial	100.00
Roster Postage	26.00
Roster Envelopes/Misc.	7.15
G. Gregory, Memorabilia Albums	118.70
	1,803.74

Operating Fund 09-01-93 16,203.18

Other Funds:

Albert J. Shower Endowment	796.50
Rackheath Memorial	47.50
Sub-Total	844.00

TOTAL ALL ACCOUNTS \$17,047.18

MAIL-MEMORIAL OPERATING FUND

CONTRIBUTIONS — POST 06-01-93:

David Alp -A	H. P. Lemmen
Ray Beaulieu	James J. "Jim" Mahoney
H. G. Buchanan -A	John E. Mahoney, Jr.
Leonard J. Dudenhefer	Frederick Porter
Henry W. (Tex) Ellison	Lyle Prichard
William Elkewiez	Frank P. Prokop
Dick Hirsch	Ron Rambosky
Capers Holmes	James A. (Seccafico) Roberts
Don Kaynor	John E. "Jack" Stevens

The above donated \$510 to the Association and I take this opportunity to thank those I have not corresponded with. Still inquiries about "dues." The 467th doesn't have "dues." We do solicit donations to the Association, and if you wish to make one for a specific purpose, we'll be glad to set up a fund or pass it through.

FINAL KISSIMMEE CONVENTION

ACCOUNTING 08-16-93:

Total Receipts	40,785.85
Total Expenses and Refunds	33,930.06
Balance to Treasury	
(MO to Phil 06-28-93)	6,855.79
Expense and Refund Breakdown:	
Refunds	1,814.00
Program/Meals/	
Entertainment	28,215.56
Operations	1,854.54
Clocks for Registration	2,045.96
Total Expenses	33,930.06
Program, Meals, Entertainment Breakdown:	
Casino Night	4,112.00
Cape Kennedy, Bus Tour	3,940.00
Hilton Hotel, Meals, etc.	20,163.56
Program/Hotel Total	28,215.56

BATTLE OF NORMANDY FOUNDATION:

I was asked to include something about the Wall of Liberty to be constructed near the Battle of Normandy Foundation's Memorial Museum in Caen, France. The Battle of Normandy Foundation is not-for-profit chartered and since 1985 has been under the direction of Anthony Stout, Jr. It constructed the Battle of Normandy Memorial Museum in Caen, which opened in 1985; it has sponsored the Normandy Scholars program since 1989; and now is arranging financing to build the Wall of Liberty at Caen to honor any veteran who served in the European Theater of Operations from December 7, 1941 to May 8, 1945.

BITS AND PIECES:

A relatively quiet quarter. Our area suffers from above normal temperatures and below normal rainfall. The spring garden is

gone, burned up, and it is too hot and dry to start the fall one. So we stay in air conditioning as much as practical and look forward to cooler weather.

Nice to hear from our good English associates, David Alp, he of the Jeep restoration dedicated to the 467th; Alan and Doreen Last; David Hastings; Sandra Varnon, Peter Bond's daughter; Kevin Clarke who's letter is in this POOP; and Tony North. As to Tony, he was to have eye surgery but after numerous tests it was decided by the doctors not to operate immediately, possibly after further tests. In the meantime, he writes "I just carry on with my eyesight gradually getting worse. Luckily I can still see to read and to write reasonably well so I just live in hope something can be done eventually." Tony is, with Tom Brittan, still working toward identifying every B-24 of the 2nd Air Division. In that connection, he needs full serial numbers or buzz numbers of the following aircraft: Screw Ball, Homeward Bound, School Daze, The Monster, Mary, Sally Forth, Sans Souci, and Raunchy 68. If you can put a number to those, write to Tony at 62, Turner Road, Norwich NR2 4HB England. Just write him anyhow, he has been a special friend of the 467th.

You will see in LASTPOST that Robert L. Salzarulo has died. I was notified by Eleanor on July 11. His burial was in Richmond, IN on July 12. Capers Holmes later furnished his obituary. Bob served the 467th BG(H) and 788th BS(H) with distinction until he became a POW on April 29, 1944, and he served the Association with distinction as Board Member and President. He will be especially missed by the Association for his levelheadedness and sound judgment.

You will see that the Association bank account is rather high. Now is the time to suggest to the Board, through Ralph Elliott,

projects that will give remembrance to the 467th BG(H), what, why, where, when, cost estimate—as much into as practical to help the Board in its decisions. J. Richard Buckey has a proposal toward a Memorial at Arlington Cemetery in Washington, D.C. that should be presented by him to the Board. How about directions to Historical Marker signs on the two main roadways by the old base site?

Robert S. Lomax -A, Streetwood Lower Street, Salhouse NR13 6RE England, who donated to the Association the plot on which our Rackheath Historical Marker is placed, writes that he would display in his business office by the marker, any suitable photographic memorabilia to help visitors understand the historic significance of the 467th to the area. I would suggest you send your submittal to Ralph Elliott or Vince LaRussa for accumulation and sorting. Jeff Gregory, the custodian of Associations memorabilia albums, will reproduce some parts of them for submittal also.

Mary Beth Barnard -A, Editor of the Heritage Herald, house organ/newsletter of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division Association, a not-for-profit organization, asked me to remind you that the League is open to spouses, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren of former personnel, military or civilian, who at any time served with any unit of the Second Air Division. This League was formed to carry on the principles and ideals of the Second Air Division Association, to actively seek the ways and means to perpetuate the memories of the deeds and accomplishments of those who served in the Second Air Division in WW II. For further information, write to Heritage League of the 2ADA, C. N. "Rusty" Chamberlain, III, 9635 W. 73rd Avenue, Arvada, CO 80005.

VINCENT LARUSSA'S 20508840 OR THE 467TH JEEP **by DAVID ALP -A:**



As I promised Phil Day, this is the story of events leading to the acquisition and restoration of the 467th Jeep which some of you saw at Rackheath representing the vehicle used by Vincent LaRussa. I had to think of a name for it and Witchcraft seemed to be the most appropriate. I feel it had the approval of Joe Ramirez when he saw it.

My interest in Jeeps can be placed firmly at the feet of you American gentlemen. For as a small child when getting the weeks shopping with my mother at the local town, there always seemed to be a couple of these "green cars" with white stars painted on them parked in the road. It was then tug of war as mother had to drag me past them. So you see the damage was done a long time ago. One day they were not there any more, but they were not forgotten. As time went by, the odd Jeep would appear with war surplus being sold off and the vehicles finding private ownership usually were painted in garish colours, bright blue seemed to be most common if memory serves me correctly. This only fueled the desire to own one.

Eventually I became old enough to drive, so the search for a Jeep was on which failed as they were either too rusty and worn out to bother with. Spares were not easy to get then, or good ones being too expensive for the pocket of a young apprentice, so a special was built (hot rod) from a 1933 Austin 7. Various cars

came and went over the years, mostly American, but the desire for a Jeep was still there and good ones always seemed to cost more than I would consider paying.

On a wet Friday in 1980, an advert appeared in the local press which, as far as I can remember, read something like this, "For sale second World War Jeep-Part dismantled for restoration £500. After due consideration, about two minutes, I was on the phone and arrangements were made to go and see it. Well, I saw it and bought it, not being quite as bad as imagined. It was quite rusty and most of the missing parts were in boxes plus it came with a complete spare body, again very rusty. The next day was nice and sunny and the new pride and joy was brought home on my trailer, complete with spare body tied on top, the whole lot looking a bit like a mobile scrap heap. Never mind, I was now the proud owner of a 1944 Willys MB.

Everything was unloaded and admired much to the amusement of some of the neighbours. My initial feelings were to play about with it and get it to run, but I resisted temptation and took careful stock of what was missing, serviceable or scrap.

For various reasons during the next few years, I was unable to do very much to it apart from collect missing and replacement parts. One thing I had made up my mind about was that in some way it was going to represent the 467th.

removed and attended to, and I was now in a position to make a real start on the restoration. It was decided that the spare body would be the one to use, although more rusty, it was straighter than the one on the Jeep for I feel it may have been rolled over at sometime. The manufacture of replacement panels and subsequent welding of these into the main body took most of the summer and smaller parts, wings, grill, bonnet and other odds and ends the winter.

Spring 1990, the old body was completely removed from the chassis and various brackets and instruments taken off and stored for attention later. This was followed by completely stripping the chassis of the engine, transmission, steering, axles and springs.

Apart from some minor welding and straightening to the rear cross member, the chassis was found to be in very good condition. The same could be said of springs and axles, so I very quickly had a rolling chassis looking very smart in fresh olive drab paint after a thorough cleaning.

It was decided the engine would be next. This again proved to be in reasonable order apart from having the wrong clutch fitted. New piston rings, big end, main bearings, timing chain, valve springs and the correct clutch assembly were fitted with no machining being necessary apart from glaze busting the cylinders and hand lapping the valves. This was rebuilt, painted and left sitting on the end of the bench.

Next on the agenda was the gearbox and transfer box; this transpired to be of Ford origin and proved to be a bit of a disaster area. All the bearings and shafts were definitely time expired, including the synchromesh cones, but the gears themselves were good. New bearings were purchased and a layshaft for the main gearbox located, as was an intermediate shaft for the transfer box. A box containing new synchromesh cones was found in the boxes of bits that came with the Jeep. The transmission as a unit was reassembled and appeared to work correctly. Fingers crossed. This was then painted and stored next to the engine. Work on the engine and transmission had taken the winter of 1990 and the spring of 1991. It probably seems a long time but one has to fit in a job and looking after a home and garden around a project like this; plus, it's nice to go out with a lady friend sometimes who does not share my enthusiasm for rust—good thing she lives 150 miles away.

Summer 1991, the engine and transmission were fitted back into the chassis and anything else I could think of that should be fitted before the main body went back on to make life easy.

Neighbours were recruited one Saturday morning, early autumn 1991, and the main body was lifted on, all nicely painted, and there it was beginning to look like a Jeep again. The winter was taken up rewiring the lights, charging and ignition circuits. Not being an electrician this took longer than it perhaps should, but it all works and has not given any trouble. The starter and generator were overhauled and refitted. These again proved to be in good order once the years of dirt and grease that had accumulated had been removed.

It was early winter 1991 that I started searching various books

in my collection about the 8th Air Force looking for a picture of a 467th Jeep, no luck. Surely someone must have a picture of a Rackheath Jeep. I then started to pester Phyllis Dubois, David Hastings and Tommy Dungan. They all came up with some information I needed to know. My thanks to all. It was Tommy who came up trumps with the markings of what was to prove to be the Jeep used by Vince LaRussa.

The rest of the winter was taken with overhauling the brakes and steering, all of which had seen better days and needed to be completely rebuilt but they are now as new.

Early spring 1992, and the last parts were going on fuel tank, seats, spare wheel, jerry can, the canvas hood and frames. Early April, and there it was, virtually finished, sitting on axle stands minus two wheels. There were no tyres of the correct type available.

Until now I had not attempted to run the engine. The 6-volt battery was taken from my Canadian Chevrolet 15CWT truck and fitted into the Jeep. By now word had got around of what was about to happen so I had an audience.

New rings, bearings and a fair bit of compression no way was 6-volts going to turn it. Right starting handle in fuel system primed, choke out, ignition on, here goes. Third swing it started and ran perfectly. Feeling very smug and trying not to grin from ear to ear, I let it warm up, adjusted the carburetor, and it idled as smooth as it probably ever did, telling everyone what else did they expect it to do. While it was running, remember it was still on axle stands, I climbed in, depressed the clutch pedal and carefully engaged first gear and let the clutch out and everything worked, axles and transmission remarkably quiet.

The last week of April some tyres were located, delivered and fitted. It was May 4, 1992, with the help of my friend and neighbour, Joy Davies, whom some of you have met, the Jeep was lowered from its axle stands. Test run time, it started first time on the battery and off we went on a private road I have access to at the rear of my house. Everything was going fine when suddenly it was misfiring, the head gasket had blown between No's 1 and 2 cylinders. You could say we came home on two. Panic! I had promised to have it at Rackheath on May 5. On looking in the shed, there was the old gasket hanging on a nail, so this was refitted and is still there to this day and has given no trouble.

I hope those of you who saw it at Rackheath in May approve. You can rest assured that the 467th will be represented and remembered in the area for many years to come.

It has attended several return-to-England events this summer, including being in a line of period vehicles at Norwich Airport to welcome the B-24 Diamond Lil on her arrival here, which, I may add, I was fortunate enough to have a flight in; something I will never forget.

Finally, but hopefully not least, when you are in Norwich, and if you would like a ride around station 145, please contact me (with Vince LaRussa's permission, of course).

David Alp, Marshlands, Prince of Wales Road, Upton Norwich, NR13 6BW, England. Telephone (0493) 750727

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