



# THE 457<sup>th</sup> BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION



"THE FIREBALL OUTFIT"



## THE 457TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION NEWS

ESTABLISHED JULY 1971 - BENTONVILLE, AR

APRIL 2002

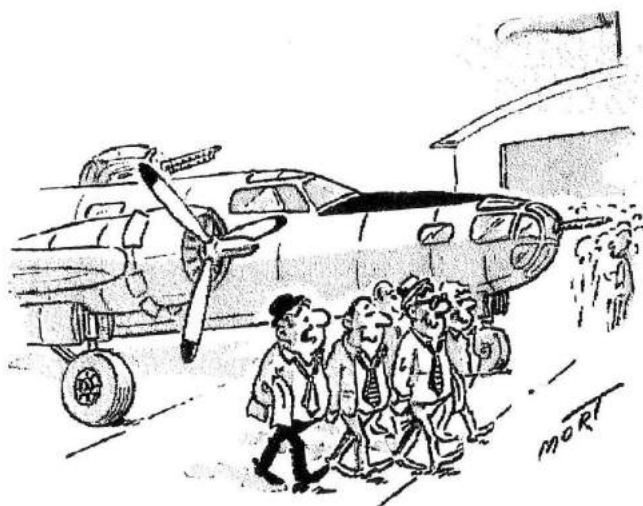
VOLUME 32

ISSUE 52



# REUNION

# 457<sup>th</sup> England 457<sup>th</sup>



"Stealing the plane;  
flying to Europe; that's okay.  
But I still don't think we should  
have bombed Berlin!"



## THE PREZ SEZ...

*You just have to be proud of the way our organization continues to support projects which we feel are important to us. The overwhelming success of the Mickey Briggs Fund is the latest example of this. When John Welch volunteered to manage this fund, we recalled the outstanding manner in which he handled the Sadie Baines Fund and felt confident of great results. You folks did not let us down, contributing over \$12,700 to a very grateful Lady who has meant so much to us, personally, and to our organization.*

*Plans for our 2002 Mini-Reunion in Peterborough are almost completed. The advance notice on our website and the one-page bulletin to all members has generated a number of contacts for more information. At this time, we have 18 firm reservations and a number of members who have not yet been able to finalize their plans. A separate article on our planned "Return to Glatton" is included elsewhere in this issue.*

*Real progress is being made in the planning for our 2003 reunion. We have received an offer to host this event at a location which is very significant in the history of the 457th Bomb Group. We expect to have more detailed plans completed shortly and will share all of this with you in the next newsletter. It's not too early to start thinking about attending and maybe also talking with some of our members who may need a little urging to attend.*

*Thanks to the efforts and initiative of Willard Reese, our website continues to expand. Our advance notice of the Mini-Reunion and the inclusion of the latest Newsletter are only two of the most recently added features. Those of us who frequently visit the website know and appreciate its value --- and so does the general public. Many thanks, Willard.*

*If you are one of those planning to join us on our "Return to Glatton", I'll see you at the Bull. Let's all stay in touch with our organization, and with each other.*

**Will Fluman**

*As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it.*

--Margaret Deland

A Heartfelt Thank-You  
from Mickey...



**WHAT CAN I SAY? What a wonderful surprise! Never in my dreams!!!**

**I am glad I wasn't standing in front of all of you when my kids surprised me with the 457th letter and check-----You would have only heard a lot of crying, "I can't believe this", "Oh, my goodness", and then more crying.**

**I read all your notes saying you wanted to thank Homer for all he did for the group that he founded, and to thank me for helping him. He already had all the thanks he wanted with all the letters from newfound Veterans, and/or their Sons, Daughters, Brothers, Sisters, Grandchildren, and their fellow buddies from the war...all asking for lost, or any known information on their loved one, what happened to them or what they had done during the war.**

**To begin with, Homer found a buddy, by chance, in Bentonville at a service station (he had not had contact with since coming home). After talking, Homer invited he and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Rurode (IA) home and they called Hurchel Teague and his wife with whom Homer had exchanged Christmas cards. They decided to have a reunion of the line men that they knew. After placing an ad in large city newspapers and magazines in 1971 for 749th sqd of the 457th BG, so many letters came back asking to have a 457th reunion with all units assigned to the BG. This led us to Ken Blakeborough who had some names and addresses and had written a book. So, the first reunion was in Bentonville with 29 men and their families, which grew to what we have today.**

**We have found, or they found us, other BGs, information on downed B17s, stories of what happened to lost buddies, buddies finding buddies, England, Belgium, France, and on and on. Families of deceased finding buddies and information about their loved ones....then here we are, making friends with 457th's families.**

**Homer was rewarded by finding information and putting people together. Each reunion when buddies and families greeted each other for the first time since the war, or from the last reunion, and the tears in the guys' eyes, all filled Homer's heart with happiness, that he had had a little bit to do in helping this along. At the last reunion in Colorado, I saw, at registration, two men with tears as they saw each other and talked a few minutes. The banquet had many-many happy people sharing time together.**

**Thank you so much for this added honor in Homer's name. I know in Heaven, he was smiling.**

**Thank you once again for your most generous gift. Best wishes and good health to all. God Bless all of our loved ones in the service.**

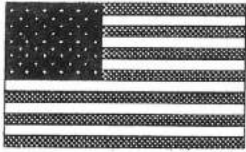
*Mickey Briggs*

**Please note: change of area code for Mickey...from (501) to (479)-273-3908  
Mickey Briggs 811 NW "B" Street Bentonville, AR 72712**

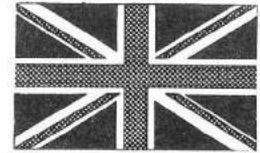


# **RETURN TO GLATTON 2002**

## **TENTH MINI-REUNION**



**May 25 - 29, 2002**



**BULL HOTEL, PETERBOROUGH**

Our plans are completed and we have already made reservations for 18 at the Bull. the schedule of activities will follow the pattern which has been so successful at our reunions in England. Most of our people will arrive on Saturday, May 25 and depart Wednesday, May 29, but you can extend your visit at the same special room rate.

As in the past, you or your travel agent should make arrangements for you to get to Peterborough. However, I am available to discuss questions you may have about this trip. I will take care of all necessary accommodations after you arrive at the Bull. There is no need to make any advance payment. You will make your room reservations with me and pay the charges to the hotel when you check out. They accept major credit cards. We were able to arrange for the same room rate what we paid in 2000 -- 49 pounds single and 79 pounds double/twin. This rate includes a full English breakfast.

I will collect from you, over there, the costs of our activities over the three days. This includes coach transportation, wreaths, admissions, one luncheon and our reunion banquet. In 2000, this charge was 60 pounds per person. With inflation, it may be slightly higher this year.

- |                     |  |
|---------------------|--|
| <b>Sat., May 25</b> | <b>Check in at the Bull. Memorabilia room open PM</b>  |
| <b>Sun., May 26</b> | <b>Begin our reunion with visit to our old Glatton Air Base.<br/>Memorial service at the 457th monument in the Conington Church yard.<br/>Lunch and visit to a nearby historic site.</b> |
| <b>Mon., May 27</b> | <b>Attend Memorial Service at the Cambridge American Cemetery and<br/>place a wreath for the 457th.<br/>Visit the Imperial War Museum at Duxford and the American Air<br/>Museum.</b>    |
| <b>Tue., May 28</b> | <b>Peterborough Day. Attend Mayor's reception in the Council Chambers.<br/>Visit Peterborough Cathedral.<br/>Reunion banquet this evening at the Bull.</b>                               |

We know that we are probably biased, but we think this is a great event. With a small group, you get to know everyone. Our English historians will be with us and they are great people. We welcome family and friends. I always say "bring someone with you -- they can help with the luggage and you'll both feel good about it!"

**Will Fluman**  
**(717)258-3090**

# THE MEANING OF MEMORIAL DAY

It's a sacred day to war veterans. None need to be reminded of the reason why Memorial Day must be commemorated. But what about the general public, and more importantly, future generations? Do most non-veterans really recognize the importance of Memorial Day?

Judging from what Memorial Day has become--simply another day off from work--the answer is a resounding no. Perhaps a reminder is due then. **And it is the duty of each and every veteran to relay the message.**

**Why Remember?** Sacrifice is meaningless without remembrance. America's collective consciousness demands that all citizens be aware of and recall on special occasions the deaths of their fellow countrymen during wartime.

Far too often, the nation as a whole takes for granted the freedoms all Americans enjoy. Those freedoms were paid for with the lives of others few of the younger generation actually knew. That's why they are all collectively remembered on one special day. This should be regarded as a civic obligation. For this is a national debt that can only be truly repaid by individual Americans. By honoring the nation's war dead, we preserve their memory and thus their service and sacrifice.

## **Who Are We Remembering?**

The nation mourns the loss of all Americans who died defending their country throughout the world since 1775. These are men and women who have remained mostly anonymous except to the families who loved them.

They came from all walks of life and regions of the country. But they all had one thing in common--love of

and loyalty to country. This bond cemented ties between them in times of trials, allowing a diverse lot of Americans to achieve monumental ends.

Who were they? They were relatives, friends and neighbors melded together to perform a service for an entire society--they were the nation's defenders.

Memorial Day is *exclusively* for honoring those who died serving in uniform during Wartime.

## **What Are We Remembering?**

We remember the loss of defenders, a sense of loss that takes group form. In essence, America is commemorating those who made the greatest sacrifice possible--giving one's own life selflessly.

This remembrance is all inclusive, spanning 226 years and some 60 military actions that claimed 1.4 million lives.

GIs do not choose where they serve or what foreign policy they must enforce. The death of a sailor in the gulf is every bit as important as one killed in the Pacific during WWII. Such distinctions are irrelevant.

## **How Do We Remember?**

Means of paying tribute vary. Pausing for a few moments of personal silence is an option for everyone.

Attending commemorative ceremonies is the most visible way of demonstrating remembrance: placing flags at gravesites, marching in parades, sponsoring patriotic programs, dedication memorials and wearing Buddy Poppies are examples.

Whether done individually or collectively, it is the thought that counts. Personal as well as public acts of remembering are the ideal. Public displays of patriotism are essential if

the notion of remembering war dead is to be instilled in the young.

As America's war vets fast disappear from society's notice, there are fewer and fewer standard bearers left to carry the torch of remembrance. Such traditions will live on only if there is a vibrant movement to which that torch can be passed.

Perhaps the most profound tribute of all was made on the first national memorial observance in May 1868 by then-Gen. James A. Garfield when he said:

**"They summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and virtue."**

In Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, he said:

**"...from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."**

--VFW - May 2001

President Dwight D. Eisenhower said, **"The Americans, whose names here appear, were part of the price that free men for the second time in this century have been forced to pay to defend human liberty and rights. All who shall hereafter live in freedom will be here reminded that to these men and their comrades we owe a debt to be paid with grateful remembrance of their sacrifice and the high resolve that the cause for which they died shall live eternally."**



In response to a request from our Contact Man, Joe Toth, the following article was received from Janine et Gordon Carter in France, with this note: Dear Joe, The enclosed is as near as we have been able to get to what happened to "Luck of Judith Ann" on August 11, 1944. All my best to 457th veterans...Cheers, Gordon.

\*\*\*\*\*

The enclosed article is the English translation of the original French text which features in issue 2001 of "**Les Carnets du Goelo**", the annual journal of the Society for Historical and Archeological Studies of the Goelo.

The action took place throughout the length of northern Brittany (the Brest Peninsula), from the westernmost tip to Normandy.

The Society is indebted to all those who made it possible for this story to be told.

## **The Lanloup ghost ship**

During the afternoon of August 11, 1944, in fine weather, Genevieve Laine (eleven years old), today Mrs. LeGuilloux, was playing in her parents' field at Boussec'h in Lanloup, near the border with Plouha. Her attention was suddenly drawn to an abnormal noise beyond the fields where she spotted a plane to landward, heading for the sea. But it skimmed the tops of tall trees to the south-east (near Kerdreux/Kerlavarec in Plouha) which it sheared and which caused it to swerve to the left, toward her, grazing the stakes planted by the Germans (1) in a nearby field, then clipped an electricity pylon by the roadside, slewing the plane through 180 degrees, it finally made a belly-landing across the top of the field in which Genevieve Laine stood, on a plot cleared for a building site. (The remainder of the field was cultivated: beetroot and loose sheaves of wheat were spared!)

The aircraft came to a standstill facing east, in a huge cloud of dust, having struck a hedgerow. Two engines appeared to be still running, despite their propeller blades having been twisted by the shock.

Yves Le Chapelain, standing in a field a few hundred yards away from the crash site, similarly reports on the route followed by the plane, speaks of it beheading a beech tree which swung the ship 90 degrees to the left and of its long flight just above the ground, which ended after hitting the poles. No. 2 engine was torn loose by the last of these and hurled into a nearby field. The three-bladed prop which is seen in the picture, next to a young man crouching, probably fell loose from the engine and was recovered.



(1) To impede airborne landings, facetiously called "Rommel's asparagus".



But what a surprise! The plane, an American B-17G (1) Flying Fortress was empty: not a soul on board, no bombs in the bay, a few machine-guns still in place, some with their belts loaded...

The Germans having pulled out of the area a few days before to regroup in Paimpol, many sightseers, among whom there were Underground fighters, had their picture taken around the plane and on its wings...after having drained the fuel tanks! Local residents own some of these photos, a few of which were loaned to us. Genevieve Laine and her father are in a group posing before the tailfin.



Scraps of the ship, especially broken pieces of plexiglass and odds and ends "made in USA" were much sought after by collectors who flocked to the site for a month or two, trampling Mr. Laine's beetroots. After which the Vandekerckhove company, then located at Le Sepulcre, now at Plerin, cut up the plane by blowlamp and salvaged the wreck. Oddly, according to the people living in the area, the Plouha-based police did not report the accident (2).

Whence, this Fortress, why did it crash, what had happened to the crew?

The members of the crew were as follows:

Pilot	2d Lt	Gerald B. Ross	(0-748253)	
Co-pilot	F/O	Samuel W. Sayer	(T-2823 )	
Navigator	2d Lt	Chester R. Tingle	(0-720035)	
Bombardier	F/O	Thomas A. Matassa	(T-2898 )	
Radio op.	S/Sgt	Hulitt O. Kirkhart	(15327541)	(3)
Eng./top turret	S/Sgt	Camille H. Blais	(11036102)	
Balturret	Sgt	Thomas S. Maulstesby	(34257493)	
Tailgunner	Sgt	Carl A. Adolfson	(37554345)	
L waistgunner	Sgt	Richard J. Burdett	(33581949)	
R waistgunner	Sgt	John L. Collins	(12081558)	

(1) The B-17G was the most built model of Flying Fortress, 8,680 units having been manufactured by Boeing, Lockheed Vega and Douglas. The first off the line was handed over to the Air Force on September 4, 1943. Its wing span was 103 ft. 9 in., its length 74 ft. 4 in., and its height 19 ft., 2 in. Its empty weight was 36,134 lbs. Cruising speed was 160 MPH. Its ceiling was 36,400 ft. with a range of 3,750 miles. It carried at most six 1,600 lb and two 4,000 lb bombs. It was armed with 11 to 13 .5 caliber machine guns. Crew of ten.

(2) The Plouha police archives for the years 1939-1945 are not available at the Historical Branch of the Gendarmerie.

(3) Standing in for Sgt Fred E. Lawyer, the incumbent radio operator.



It was easy to identify the aircraft from the data on the tailfin; a white triangle (1st Bombardment Division of the 8th Air Force), the letter "U" (457th Bomb Group), the letter "F" and the figure 238073 (1). Picking up from there we established the progress of the plane, nicknamed

### ***"Luck of Judith Ann",***

with the help of French and US sources.

#### **Flak has the last word**

The ship took off from station 130 at Glatton (4 miles south of Peterborough, north of London) and crossed the English coast at Start Point to the south-east of Plymouth. It was part of a formation of three boxes of 12 planes belonging to 457th Bomb Group and specifically to its 750th Squadron. It made for the I.P. (Initial Point) south-west of Brest, where it set course north-eastward (047 degrees) for a six minute run to the target of this, the Bomb Group's 107th mission: a trio of defended areas including a heavy coastal battery. Each plane dropped ten 500 lb. bombs at 25,000 feet in clear weather, at 1708 hours. Flak came up, a shell ripping through "*Judith Ann*" near the co-pilot's seat, severing the controls of the engines on the right wing. No. 4 (outer) engine feathered itself, No. 3 (inner) lost its oil and windmilled, then No. 2 (left wing inner) had to be feathered. With No. 1 the only engine still running (2), though at low revs (1,600 RPM) the ship left the formation ten minutes later as it headed north across the Channel.

Warned against the dangers of ditching, 2d Lt Ross veered to the right, and set course eastward, soon crossing the coast and overflying land, in the region of the Abers. The plane was losing altitude at the rate of 2,000 feet a minute, despite jettisoning some of its armament.

Believing themselves to be above freed territory, and having spotted only a single landing-strip full of bomb craters (3), unable to make it back to England and still wary of having to ditch at sea (Saint Brieuc Bay lay ahead of them), the pilots decided to abandon ship at 12,000 feet.

The crew baled out at random, the bombardier ahead of the two pilots, after having made sure that everyone else had gone (4). He jumped at 10,000 feet, pulling the rip-cord at 5,000. The pilots went out last, at 8,000 feet, after having switched on the auto-pilot...which did not prevent the plane from fast losing height.

#### **Overnight in Brittany**

The pilot, Gerald Ross, landing in the vicinity of Lanvollon, was conveyed to Guingamp by motorbike. The town had been liberated four days earlier, the last German strong points having been reduced by 2000 hours on August 7 by Task Force A of VIII US Army Corps. Co-pilot Sayer, who had injured his ankle and whose head had been snapped by his parachute harness as the chute opened, was picked up by civilians who invited him to cups of "burned wheat" (roasted barley) coffee, which was the best he had tasted in a long time! He was also escorted to Guingamp, where he met up with his comrade. They spent the night at a lawyer's, whose name Rose recollected as "Yves" and "Leclerc", and with whom he chatted about masonic lodges. Sam Sayer remembers the house being near the town center, an oblong area, where the Underground had corralled their German prisoners. He was told that the bed he had slept in was previously that of a German colonel.

---

(1) The complete serial number was 42-38073. the first digit, in this case a "4", was not shown on the tailfin.

(2) Witnesses to the crash may have thought a second windmilling engine was still running.

(3) Probably Mortaix-Ploujean airfield.

(4) According to a reliable eyewitness. Louis Le Gallou, his father had seen one of the flyers land in the village of Saint-Billes-les-Bois, near Lanvollon and Guingamp.



In an attempt to identify the Americans' host, an appeal was launched in the local press which prompted many responses. Two stood out: Maitre Yves le Roux and Yves Lavoquer. We are inclined to opt for the former. A well-known lawyer, he lived near the town center, at 19 rue Saint Nicolas, nowadays a branch of the "*Mission locale*". A church-goer, it is unlikely that he was a free mason, but his wide ranging knowledge and his command of English would have made it possible for him to express an opinion. Compelling evidence however lies in that the German Army Catholic chaplain, a colonel, was quartered in Maitre Le Roux' requisitioned home. We managed to locate the lawyer's daughter, Mrs. Christiane Marcie, who was eight at the time. She well remembers certain details but cannot summon up the overnight American guests. Yves Le Roux was born in 1905 and died in 1958, after having served as a judge in Berlin and Konstanz in the French Occupation zone of Germany. He is buried in the Trinity Cemetery in Guingamp.

As for Yves Lavoquer, whose name was put forward by a single reader, he was a free mason and a patriot, whose name could have misled 2d Lt Ross (Lavoquer: "*l'avocat*", lawyer in French). Nonetheless, we do not believe he was the person concerned. (1)

### **Safely home**

The following day a US Army Jeep drove our two flyers to a field HQ of VIII Army Corps near Saint-Malo, whence they were flown to chervourg-Maupertuis by tandem two-seater Stinson L-5 Sentinels. They hitched a ride there back to England on a twin-engined C 47. Having made their way back to base at Glatton they were greeted by their colonel, who was welcoming back the day's mission, with the words: "*How in hell did you two return on this mission?*" (The ground crew chief was certainly put out for he was counting on "his" ship safely completing its 49th trip!)

Bombardier Matassa landed in a hay field where he was surrounded by "Frenchmen" who kept repeating the word "*camarade*". They led him to a small house where they arranged his onward journey to England, where he was the first to arrive. He reported having made use of his escape kit, to feed himself and get his bearings.

We don't know how the other crew members got back, but all were soon home, other than ball turret gunner Maulstesby who broke both ankles and who was admitted to a French hospital.

The crew were interrogated by USAAF Intelligence upon their return to England and given special "E & E 900" (Escape and Evasion) serial numbers, a procedure no doubt called for by the proximity of the fast-changing front line (2). Having baled out over liberated territory and having reported back in record time our band was more fortunate than their buddies shot down over hostile soil. The other ships in the formation returned without incident, having flown 822 miles overall.

Ross tells us that the crew having been in contact with the Underground (even after the liberation of the area), was ineligible to fly more missions, for fear of falling into enemy hands. This despite the fact that it was only his second mission, as it was for Matassa, and Sayer's first (3).

Many Allied Airmen, shot down in Brittany, have returned to the scene of their crash. However, it seems that none of the crew of "*Judith Ann*" undertook the journey, not knowing where their crippled plane had ended its flight. Our having put the event in the limelight may tempt them to go on this pilgrimage.

Thus, after other such cases, is a World War II mystery solved.

--Gordon Carter

---

(1) Neither of the two persons are on record at the Bar at Guingamp or at the Departemental Archives.

(2) It seems that due to their very nature these "evasions" did not stir up too much attention.

(3) The USAAF was not short of crews at this stage of the war. Two crews for each ship were available on all 8th Air Force bases.

# IN MEMORIAM

*The following are reported deceased since last newsletter.*



## GEORGE D. ANDERSON

December 10, 2001

### **Reported by his wife, Norma.**

His notice reads in part, "George served in the U.S. Air Force in Italy and England during WWII as a B-17 navigator, flying 42 missions over Europe."

## JOHN C. FONDA

December 1, 2001

### **Reported to our website and relayed by Craig Harris**

Craig Harris said this: "We are grateful for your letting us know about the passing of John C. Fonda, though it saddens us greatly. I know John was really interested in the 457th BG Association, and was a generous contributor to the fund for sponsoring a stained-glass window ..."

## DAN GRAHAM

November 16, 2001

### **Reported by Dan's sister Jewel, Tom Goff, and Hap Reese.**

Dan was a past president in 1982-83 and a charter member of our Association. He suffered a stroke in 1989 and had been an invalid since that time. Hap Reese says, "He was a fine man."

## BILLY HIGHTOWER

February 16, 2002

### **Reported by his wife Gladys and several members and friends of the 457th Bomb Group Association.**

Past President of our Association 1993-97. Radio Gunner on the "Vapor Trail"

Ray Kristoff says, "There never was a better person who served better than he did. I know because I was in the Ball Turret just below him."

Craig Harris said, "We lost a good man when Billy Hightower passed away. However, it was an example of God's Infinite Mercy, in taking Billy, because Billy was hopelessly ill... wife Gladys definitely is not well. I talked to Gladys a few weeks ago, and my heart broke for her. I ask you to pray for Gladys, as she needs all the help she can get."

## WALTER H. KLEINFELTER

December 22, 2001

### **Reported by his daughter, Lisa DeFrank.**

She said, "His days in the war in a B17 over England were some of his most cherished memories that he often shared with many of us, and we will always be proud of him for that, and we now will keep those stories and memories close to our hearts forever."

## JOEL LESTER

January 25, 2002

### **Reported to Hap Reese by Joel's wife Evelyn.**

Hap Reese had this to say about Joel. "Joel was almost 80 years old and was the Bombardier with our crew and flew almost all of his 30 missions with me in the 751st Squadron. The first time I saw him in over 50 years was at the reunion in Savannah and the last time I saw him was at Gettysburg. I have many fond memories of Joel. Aside from sharing the dangers of missions together, we spent many hours together off the base at Glatton...mostly in London. Joel was always fun to be with and was ready for any adventure. I first met Evelyn, whom Joel talked incessantly about while overseas, while Edna and I were on our honeymoon in New York City. Joel and Evelyn were about to be married only short days after we dined with them in New York. I only regret that, like most of the crew, we went our own ways and failed to communicate over the years. I'm grateful that I did get to see him again and reminisce about old times...and then only because of the Association and the reunions we attended."



The passing of HAROLD FRANKLIN was reported in the last newsletter but we failed to include any information at that time. Robert "Bob" Springer (Ball Turret Gunner on the "Patty Ann") has resubmitted information as follows:

HAROLD "BRUD" FRANKLIN

October, 2000 (Lymphatic Cancer)

Reported by Robert Springer.

750th Squadron...Co-Pilot of Al Caplow's crew  
Flew 35 missions Oct '44-Feb '45.  
B-17G #4337694 "Patty Ann"



I AM THE FLAG

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

My name is Old Glory.

I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.

(and sometimes at Ground Zero)

I stand watch in America's halls of Justice

I fly majestically over institutions of learning.

I stand guard with power in the world.

LOOK UP AND SEE ME.

I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice.

I stand for freedom.

I am confident. I am arrogant. I am proud.

When I am flown with my fellow banners,

My head is a little higher,  
my colors a little truer.

I bow to no one!

I am recognized all over the world.

I am worshipped - I am saluted.

I am loved - I am revered.

I am respected - and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war  
for more than 200 years.

I was flown at Valley Forge,

Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Appomattox.

I was there at San Juan Hill,

the trenches of France, in the Argonne forest,  
Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy.

Guam, Okinawa, Korea and KheSan,

Saigon, Vietnam know me.

I WAS THERE.

I led my troops, I was dirty,  
battleworn and tired,  
but my soldiers cheered me and I was proud.

I have been burned, torn and trampled on the  
streets of countries I have helped set free.

It does not hurt for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and  
trampled in the streets of my country.

And when it's done by those  
whom I've served in battle - it hurts.

But I shall overcome - for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth  
and stood watch over the uncharted  
frontiers of space from my vantage point  
on the moon.

I have borne silent witness to all of America's  
finest hours.

But my finest hours are yet to come.

When I am torn into strips  
and used as bandages  
for my wounded comrades on the battlefield,

When I am flown at half-mast  
to honor my soldier,

Or when I lie in the trembling arms  
of a grieving parent at the grave  
of their fallen son or daughter,

I AM PROUD.

Thank you to Alan Morton for finding this and sending it to us.  
These words are so fitting to honor our own.

IF YOU KNOW OF SOMEONE WHOSE NAME HAS NOT BEEN REPORTED IN A NEWSLETTER, PLEASE LET  
THE EDITOR KNOW. THANK YOU.

NANCY HENRICH

## NEW LIFE MEMBERS...

Jesse J. DeBoard...749th SQD with Pilot  
John Cantillon  
13710 NE 8th  
Choctaw, OK 73020-7600

Jerry L. Holt...son of B/Gen Kahn Lacy,  
Commander 94th CBW  
P.O. Box 763  
Kodiak, AK 99615-0020

Worth G. Kirkman...751st SQD...Pilot on  
"Kirkman's Kids"  
5824 Williamsburg Landing Drive  
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Edmond C. McNamara...750th SQD...  
Navigator for Ken Guptil  
55494 McKenzie River Drive  
Blue River, OR 97413

Lynn W. Rice...751st SQD...Waist Gunner  
on "Mission Maid"  
389 Robin Lane  
McDonough, GA 30253-3836

Walter H. Sale...751st SQD...Navigator  
and Lead Navigator for Pilot  
Harold Gay and various others  
1331 Normandy Dr.  
Godfrey, IL 62035-1682

Roy E. Truba...751st SQD...Bombardier  
on #44-8557-Pilot Wm. Thistle  
3940 Moss Oak Dr.  
Jacksonville, FL 32277

## NEW MEMBERS...

Richard M. Bassett...751st SQD...Gunner  
on "Mighty Little John"  
Pilot-Fay  
4300 Riverside Drive #197  
Punta Gorda, FL 33982

Donald R. "Bob" Chastain...nephew of  
Walter B. Graves (KIA 23 Dec  
'44)--749th SQD Co-Pilot for  
Clifford Hendrickson  
1769 Lindell Cove  
Germantown, TN 38139

Anthony D. Coluccio...Left Waist Gunner  
on "Shoo Shoo Baby"  
for Pilot Marvin J. Chistensen  
4 Spruce Road  
Hyde Park, NY 12538

## NEWMEMBERS...(cont.)

John "Jeff" Fowler...son of John L. Fowler,  
Sr. (deceased in 1999)  
749th SQD ...CoPilot on  
"Delayed Lady II" for Pilot  
Mattatall  
72 Brunswick Ave.  
Lebanon, NJ 08833

Mary Worth Hansen...daughter of Worth G.  
Kirkman...Pilot of  
"Kirkman's Kids"  
#1 3rd Street  
St. Augustine, FL 32080

Richard N. Helm...son of a Fireballer  
2816 Hawthorne Ave.  
Grand Junction, CO 81506

Bob Henrich...son-in-law of Joe Toth-751st  
(Nancy's better half!)  
453 Sunset Lane  
Pueblo, CO 81005

Rob Korotky...interested in aviation  
314 Wright St. #105  
Lakewood, CO 80228

Richard E. Reid...son of Robert C. Reid  
1838 Sierra Ave.  
Springfield, OH 45503

Robert A. Reid...son of Robert C. Reid  
4254 Tacoma St.  
Springfield, OH 45503

**WOW! ROBERT C. REID -749th SQD-  
SIGNED UP BOTH OF HIS SONS TO BE  
MEMBERS IN THE 457TH BG ASSOC!**

Jay Watson...son of a Fireballer...751st SQD  
...says this about his Dad,  
"My father's plane was  
#43-37556.  
(Pilot-Wm. Dawson)  
My Father was not on the  
plane when it was shot  
down Nov 2, 1944 at  
Merseburg. He flew spot  
duty afterwards. He  
retired in 1964 after 20  
years at the rank of Chief  
Master Sgt.  
208 Salem Dr.  
Everman, TX 76140-3631



# Only 13 Fortresses Still In The Air

## "Co-op" Identifies 48 B-17's Around the World

Referenced from: 398th Bomb Group Flak News...January 2002

In World War II B-17 Flying Fortresses filled the skies in all parts of the world. And after the war they continued to be seen in the same skies, used not for bombing, but for mail delivery, passengers, freight, fire fighting, aerial mapping and all sorts of other tasks. Most of the surviving Forts, however, came home from the war only to disappear at

the hands of the salvagers. Only a handful escaped the bomber bone yard. And currently, this number is 48. This comes courtesy of the "B-17 Co-Op," a voluntary, informal association of persons involved with the restoration of the B-17 aircraft, with special thanks to 398th friend Tommy Garcia of Alvin, Texas. Of these 48, only 13 are currently on

flying status, such as the 457th's own **Sentimental Journey**, sponsored by the Confederate Air Force. No more than 23 are on "static" display, proudly showing off at various sites around the world. Then there are a dozen others in various shapes -- some in "hulk" form, some in the process of being restored and others still "out there" to be found and brought home.

### FLYING DISPLAY

**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY** - Confederate Air Force, Arizona Wing, Mesa, AZ. Paint - 457th Bomb Grp.  
**ALUMINUM OVERCAST** - EAA Aviation Foundation, Oshkosh, WI. Paint - 398th Bomb Grp.  
**CHUCKIE** - Vintage Flying Museum, Meacham Field, Fort Worth, TX. Paint - 486th Bomb Group  
**NINO-O-NINE** - Collings Foundation, Stow, MA  
Paint - Orig. 91st Bomb Group  
(Sister ship to Sentimental Journey)  
**FUDDY DUDDY** - National Warplane Museum, Elmira, New York. Paint - 457th Bomb Group  
**PINK LADY** - Forteresse Toujours Volante, Cerny, France. Paint - 351st Bomb Group  
**SHADY LADY** - Evergreen Vintage Aircraft, Inc., McMinnville, OR. Paint - 34th Bomb Group  
**TEXAS RAIDERS** - Confederate Air Force, Gulf Coast Wing, Houston, TX. Paint - 381st Bomb Group  
**THUNDERBIRD** - Lone Star Flight Museum, Galveston, TX. Paint - 303rd Bomb Group  
**YANKEE LADY** - Yankee Air Force, Belleville, MI  
Paint - 381st Bomb Group  
**MISS ANGELA** - Palm Springs Air Museum, Palm Springs, CA. Paint - 34th Bomb Group  
**SALLY B** - American Air Museum, Imperial War Museum, Duxford, England. Paint - 447th BG  
**MEMPHIS BELLE II** - Military Air Restoration Corporation, Chino, CA. Paint - 91st BG

### STORAGE/RESTORATION

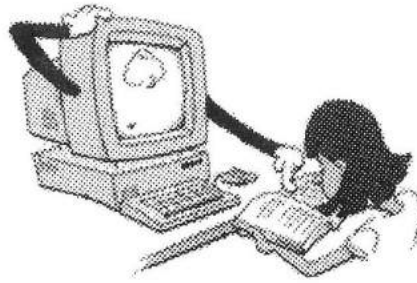
**PICCADILLY LILLY II** - Planes of Fame Museum, Chino, CA. Paint - 91st Bomb Group  
**SUZY Q** - Fantasy of Flight, Kissimmee, Florida  
**DESERTRAT** - Mike Kellner, Marengo, Illinois.  
Paint - 97th Bomb Group  
**SWOOSE** - National Air & Space Museum, Washington, D.C. Paint - 11th Bomb Group  
**BOEING BEE** - Museum of Flight, Seattle, WA  
Paint - 91st Bomb Group  
**FIVE ENGINE** - Tom Reilly, Kissimmee, Florida  
**MYGALSAL** - LSI Industries, Cincinnati, Ohio  
**SWAMP GHOST** - A B-17 partially submerged in swamp area near Papua, New Guinea  
**NO NAME** - Musee' de l'Air, Le Bourget, France

**NO NAME** - Museum Aerospacial, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil  
**NO NAME** - Vintage Wings, Arlington, Washington  
**NO NAME** - Fantasy of Flight, Polk City, Florida.  
B-17 "hulk"-partial airframe used for parts  
**NO NAME** - Abandoned B-17 in Newfoundland, Canada

### STATIC DISPLAY

**HEAVEN'S ABOVE** - USAF History & Tradition Museum, Lackland AFB, San Antonio, TX. Paint - 457th BG  
**MEMPHIS BELLE** - Memphis Belle Memorial Association, Memphis, Tennessee. Paint - 91st Bomb Group  
**I'LL BE AROUND** - 390th Memorial Museum Foundation, Pima Air Museum, Tucson, AZ. Paint - 390th BG  
**RELUCTANT DRAGON** - Texas Museum of Military History, Dyess AFB, TX. Paint - 96th Bomb Group  
**GREMLIN'S HIDEOUT** - USAF Armament Museum, Eglin AFB, FL. Paint - 388th Bomb Group  
**YANKEE DOODLE II** - 8th Air Force Museum, Barksdale AFB, LA. Paint - 303rd Bomb Group  
**MARY ALICE** - Imperial War Museum, Duxford, England.  
Paint - 401st Bomb Group  
**MISS LIBERTY BELLE** - Grissom AFB Heritage Museum foundation, Kokomo, IN. Paint - 350th Bomb Grp.  
**SLEEPY TIME GAL** - USAF Museum/DRC, Dover AFB, DE.  
Paint - 381st Bomb Group  
**SHORT BIER** - Hill Aerospace Museum, Hill AFB, Utah.  
Paint - 493rd Bomb Group  
**AMVETS** - American Veterans Memorial, Tulare, CA.  
Paint - 379th Bomb Group  
**VIRGIN'S DELIGHT** - Castle Air Museum, Castle AFB CA  
Paint - 94th Bomb Group  
**RETURN TO GLORY** - March Field Air Museum, March Field AFB, CA. Paint - 97th Bomb Group  
**HOME SICK ANGEL** - USAF Offut AFB, NE  
Paint - 388th Bomb Group  
**SHOO SHOO SHOO BABY** - USAF Museum/DRC  
Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Paint - 91st BG  
**BOMBER GAS STATION** - Jayson Scott, Milwaukee, OR  
**NO NAME PLANES:** Strategic Air Command Museum, Ashland, NE. Paint - 96th Bomb Group  
Forca Aerea Brasilia, Base Aerea De Recife, Brz  
RAF Bomber Command, Hendon War Museum, England. Paint - 94th Bomb Group  
Fantasy of Flight, Kissimmee, Florida.

FYI



## WEBSITE ADDRESSES YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...

FIRST...JOIN THE FOLLOWING FORUM  
by sending an email to...  
[army-air-corps-subscribe@yahoo.groups.com](mailto:army-air-corps-subscribe@yahoo.groups.com)

\* \* \* \* \*

POST PERSONNEL (Active, Veteran, Deceased, Family Members)

<http://members.aol.com/veterans/registry/htm>

OBTAINMILITARYRECORDS

<http://members.aol.com/forvets/htomr.htm>

GET DETAILED INFO ON MILITARY RECORD FILES (send an email request to

[militaryregistry@pacbell.net](mailto:militaryregistry@pacbell.net)

OBTAINREPLACEMENTMEDALS

<http://members.aol.com/forbets/htomr.htm>

OBTAINREPLACEMENTMEDAL/ AWARDCERTIFICATES

<http://members.aol.com/dischargcert/other.htm>

TO JOIN ANOTHER FORUM

<http://members.aol.com/warlibrary/share.htm>

MILITARY AND VETERAN RELATED WEBSITES

<http://members.aol.com/veterans/warlib6.htm>



## ON DECK

As you will see elsewhere in this issue, the Mini-Reunion in Peterborough is nearly upon us. There will be all sorts of exhortations from various quarters that any and all veterans should make the effort to attend. There will surely be some who haven't been back since VE day, but that isn't what the focus of this column will be.



I'm naturally interested in talking to those who flew with my father, partly because it helps me appreciate what all of them went through, partly because aviation has been a significant part of my whole life, including a career. So an opportunity to visit with some old friends and make some new ones isn't to be treated lightly.

I made my first trip to Glatton in 1990. What an experience! For a variety of reasons, my wife and kids didn't go, but my mother and father (Mildred and Les) as well as my brother (Jerry) did. It was kind of like reliving our youth when the four of us traveled during the summer (Mom and Dad were teachers). In any event, staying at the Bull, meeting Bernie (sadly, not possible any longer) and Sadie, going to the airfield, the side trip guided by Gordon Townsend, Mattingly, Duxford, the banquet, Queensgate, all created indelible memories that were only slightly mitigated by Linda and the kids not being there. And of course the week in London afterwards...

I repeated the trip in '92, with my family this time, as well as Mom and Dad and my brother, and it was no less memorable. All the elements mentioned above were repeated, and it is safe to say that repeating them three, eight, or even ten times would not take the edge off the excitement of visiting old friends in a foreign land and making new ones, too.

I hope there are still some veterans in the Group who have not been to Glatton who are going to be there this year, but more importantly, I'd love to see a significant contingent of our Second Wave, the children of the vets, go over and see what Dad (and in some cases, Mom) have been talking about all of these years. There is no substitute for standing on concrete that your father made war from more than 50 years ago. You'll gain more appreciation in one minute standing in the Connington church yard for what they did than you will in hours of reading the books or hearing the stories.

Okay, call me a hypocrite. I'm preaching that all the second generation should get over to Glatton '02, and I have to confess I won't be there. Events have conspired against it for me, and although they are happy in their own right, I really, really wish I was going. You be the judge; our daughter is expecting a baby, probably by the time you read this, and our grandparent duties will impinge on the timetable for the Mini Reunion. Just as, or even more important, my wife, Linda, is graduating from college at about the same time. She's wanted this all of her life, and we're not going to deprive her of it.

So, I hope there is a fine turnout, and I know there will be a good time. I also hope that when the Second Wave is sitting in the pub adjusting their attitudes after the days activities, that they'll raise a glass for all of our fathers who fought from Glatton, and maybe splash a drop for me who dearly wishes he was going to be there, too.

**--ROD PETERSON**



# Your Association's Website on the Internet

## The 457th Bomb Group Association

[www.457thbombgroup.org](http://www.457thbombgroup.org)

A past few months have sped by very quickly and during that period there have been many changes and additions to your website. The work is time consuming and sometimes frustrating. The reward is the joy we experience when we see the results of our efforts.

I guess what is most pleasing to me is seeing so many of the younger generations researching the information stored on this site, trying to reestablish relationships with someone from their past. I've watched as a member of the family of a deceased "Fireballer" suddenly discovers a treasure of information about their loved one that's been here all the time. Many of our peers have found missing friends or crewmates and have been reunited after many years. The "Message Board" has been the major medium through which this takes place. Our thanks to those of you who have helped by responding to the "searchers" on the Message Board.

Since our last letter we have posted a copy of the Association's Newsletter on the Website, we've added numerous crew photos sent to us by the families of "Fireballers", added a few new stories under "Personal Recollections", and made numerous corrections to the Photo Archive and Database. We have updated names, places and dates as the information becomes available to us (mostly from veterans or their families). We have also thoroughly checked all the Association's microfiche MACR's (48 Missing Air Crew Reports) and used this information to update all the data relating to those lost crews.

***We need help.*** Due to personal health problems we find it increasingly difficult to keep up with the heavy flow of information that comes to us through the website almost every day. If you have an email address and can send and receive email you can help. Just drop me an note and I'll give you a task that will relieve me of much of the email load.

We also need help with some 457th research. We'd like to locate someone who lives in Baltimore, Silver Spring or nearby Maryland area who will volunteer to visit the National Archives to gather specific information from our Bomb Group's records so that we can fill in some of the missing bits of data on our website and make it as historically correct as we can. Can we find a volunteer? If you might be able to do this, please email me at my address listed below.

Also, please let me know what you would like to see on the website. Is there something that we've missed? How can we improve the appearance and the content?

Next month we'll try to list some puzzles and mysteries that have plagued us for years in hopes that some one of you has an answer. Here is one that perhaps someone can answer now:

On Dec 24th 1943, plane s/n 42-31541, crashed while on a training mission while flying out of Euphrata Air Force Base in the state of Washington. This was just a week or so before the Group left the US for Glatton. All of the crew were killed on this Christmas Eve. Does anyone know who was the pilot of this plane or the names of the crew members or the circumstances of this accident? (I believe it was a mid-air collision.)

See you next month.

Hap

[areese@bestnetpc.com](mailto:areese@bestnetpc.com)

[dreese@us.ibm.com](mailto:dreese@us.ibm.com)



# 457TH BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION

## MEMBERSHIP & SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

New ☐

Renewal ☐

Address Change ☐

Fireballer? ☐

or Relative? ☐

relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Other ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Nickname \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip+4 \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Squadron # \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Dates Assigned \_\_\_\_\_ Duties \_\_\_\_\_

Plane Names and # \_\_\_\_\_ Pilot's Name \_\_\_\_\_

POW?/Evadee?...Date of capture/escape: \_\_\_\_\_

Retired? \_\_\_\_\_ Rank? \_\_\_\_\_ Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*\*

### DUES INFORMATION:

Annual Dues: \$25 for 2 years

-or-

Life Dues:

Under 60 years of age:	\$110.00
61-65 years of age:	\$90.00
66-70 years of age:	\$75.00
71 + years of age:	\$60.00

Make checks payable to: 457th BG Association

Mail top of this form and check to:

John Pearson, Treasurer  
457th Bomb Group Association  
11308 Blendon Lane  
Richmond, VA 23233

Your canceled check is your receipt.

### Contributors to the "Mickey Briggs Fund"

C. Craig Harris  
William W. Siler  
John and Alberta Welch  
Jack and Opal Gumm  
Rosalie Upton  
Wm. and Jan Thacker  
Tom Goff  
William P. O'Connor  
George H. Manos  
Richard and Barbara Gibbs  
Paul and Nora Morris  
John and Rita Kearney  
Frank and Jeanette Hallson  
R.W. and Betty Ellen Buxton  
Beverly Jo Salo  
Robert and Betty Viles  
Thomas and Lenore Davis  
George and Mildred Stateman  
John P. and Rose Medica  
Kenneth Morrow and Edna  
Lowell  
Sidney and Mary Bacon  
John Grainger  
Mary Ann Kafka Ebbert  
Bernard and Irene Kleen  
James A., James Jason, and  
John Burton Day  
Stephen and Karen Griff  
Harold and Jean McDaniel  
James and Jayne Howell  
Jennie (Widow of Bill) Good  
Thomas and Kathleen  
McGonigal  
M/Mrs. Robert Christofferson  
James L. Bass  
Frederick and Susan Smithson  
Raymond and Annette Kristoff  
Armen and Alice Topakian  
Lorraine Rossner/Linda  
Seaton  
Robert and Eileen Reid  
Russell and Ella Karl  
Jack Gassman  
Robert C. Burkholder  
Clyde and Betty Weid  
Frank and Virginia Foster

Donald and Betty Seesenguth  
Richard Seely  
Melvin J. Kieffer  
Guy and Ruth Sturdevant, Jr.  
Ashton and Judith Garn, Jr.  
Frederick and Dorothy Castle  
Alvin and Clare Kollaja  
Lawrence Gallaher  
Roy and Jo Duitman  
Palmy and Joan Matragrano  
James and Annie Frances  
Conklin  
Nancy Barris  
Barbara Treadway  
Richard Bruha  
Robert and Marvel Mueller  
Albert and Shirley Williams  
Irving and Sue Lewis  
Francis and Carolyn Friedel  
Albert and Angeline Martin  
Clair Hetrick  
George and Norma Anderson  
Lewis D'Ambrosia  
Earl Bolier  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dykes  
Wallace and Gesine Boyes  
Harold Rothbard  
Ralph and Vivian Windell  
Clayton Bejot  
Franklin and Ethel Don  
Thomas and Ruth Lee  
Gloria O'Hare  
Francis and Kathleen Spillane  
Delbert and Helen Schwab  
Robert and Patricia Ellsworth  
Norman Franz  
Don and Dorothy Osborne  
Harry J. Connors  
Robert Crowe  
Ken Nail  
Thomas Nelson  
Charles and Marjorie Shebell  
Harry and Charlotte Selling  
Fred Oglesby, Jr.  
Richard and Selma McDonald  
Vernon and Mary Whatley

A.L. and Lisa M. Moore  
John Byrd  
Karl and Winifred Lambertson  
Muriel Orcutt  
John and Helen Lewis  
Robert and Beverly Prisk  
Milton Jaraslow - Diana Noon  
August and Dorothy De Rosa  
David and Shirley Kahne  
Bennie and Mary Louise  
Johnson  
Sally and Andy Browe  
William Neidhardt  
George and Dorothy Thompson  
Harry and Doris Campbell  
Albert Rothbauer  
John and Barbara Wranesh  
Russell and Dorothy Auten  
F. Biancalana  
Gloria Gamboa  
Joseph Hamilton  
Richard and Alice Fitzhugh  
Robert and Marian Mattox  
Stephen and Maryellen  
Donovan  
Don and Jeanne Sellon  
Henry Friedrich  
Louis and Rosalyn De Cunzo  
Edgar O'Donnell  
James and Mary Cochran  
Daulton and George Ann Kelly  
Mr./Mrs. Robert Payne  
Kenneth Burkhart  
George and Betty King  
Edward and Marie Bruder  
Walter and Belva Hunt  
Robert and Margret Tangney  
Don and Shirley Cochran-  
in memory of Robert Timms  
Glenn and Ida Krause  
Earl and Nancy Woodard  
Dee Owsley  
Richard and Virginia Wyman  
William and Jean Patry  
Clifton Chandler  
Kenneth Krise



***And the list goes on...***

Felix and Carol Merlone  
Beatrice Miller  
Mary and Vaughn Heidenreich  
Richard Smith  
Raymond and Eveline Struble  
Horace and Margaret Seyster  
Arlene Breit  
James and Dorothy Gleason  
Eleanor H. Toomey  
Julius and Judith Kornblatt  
Mary Addison  
Johnnie and Delores Sartor  
John and Margaret Barnett  
Leon and Helen Zimmerman  
John and Patricia Norton  
Robert and Mary Johnston  
Eldon Krug  
Solon Boydston, Jr.  
Hiram and Ada Drache  
Iris Falcone  
M/Mrs. John Akers  
John and Antoinette Chumas  
Agnes Billisits  
Daniel J. Bradley  
Edgardo and Anne Buletti  
Paul and Anita Roberts  
Clyde and Nancy Grimm  
J. Carey and Edith Jones  
Robert and Jeanne Ingraham  
William Meng  
Robert McKay  
Robert and Florence Huels  
Edward and Mary Joan Schorr  
Gordon Townsend  
William and Nancy Bird  
Donald and Sandra Nielson  
Harley and Ilene Honeberger  
Edwin and Carmela Reynolds  
M/M A.J. Harris  
Mary Jean Salzer  
William and Grace Watts  
Thelma Furr  
Edward and Catherine  
Federico  
Charles and Martha Hunnicutt  
Joseph and Joan O'Rear

Blanche Grimme  
Daniel and Jeanne Nose  
George and Nancy Peschen  
James and Jean Doerr  
William and Betty Hasty  
Ruth Howard  
Ray Hedrick  
Earl and Elaine Pledger  
Elda Sitek  
Shirley and Lillian Marx  
Ben McClelland  
O.S. and Joy O'Rourke  
Mildred and son Rod Peterson  
Edward and Nelda Reppa  
Norman and Lois Ozenberger  
Nick and Margaret Toscano  
Clifford and Bernice Digre  
Frank and Dorothy Martin  
Warren and Dorothy Kiesel  
John Byrd  
John Pearson  
Dale and Ada Windland  
Donald and Frances Lady  
Frank and Anne Kravetz  
Candace Fluman  
James Hall  
Bill and Erika Morse  
Virgil Terrel  
B.C. Robertson  
Harry and Charlotte Roeder  
Thomas Tredici  
Alden Rittmann  
Tom and Debra Calpouzoz  
Charles and Bennie Kaufman  
John Walker  
Sylvia Kerry  
Eric Brumby  
Ray Pobgee (Mayor of  
Peterborough)  
Norma Bisagno  
Normand and Irene Menard  
Sadie, John and Margo Baines  
Douglas and Lorraine Simons  
Don and Beverly Polen  
H.H. and Sybil Willett  
Harold and Bettina Kapp

Will Fluman, Jr.  
Will and Phyllis Fluman  
Robert and Dorris Maitland  
Jerome Silverman  
C.R. and M.W. McFarland  
George Sanders  
Thomas and Lydia Brines  
Eugene Butscha  
M/M Lloyd Burke  
Eugene Key  
George and Phyllis Conover  
Florence Teague  
Elmer Ahlfors  
Joe and Jeanne Toth

More donations came in after this list was printed---we will include those names in the next newsletter.



*"I shall pass  
this way but  
once;  
any good that I  
can do,  
any kindness  
that I can  
show,  
let me do it now,  
for I shall not  
pass  
this way again."*

*We receive a number of newsletters from other Chapters, bomber groups and fighter groups" associations and other veteran's organizations. Very often we see something so good that we feel we just have to share it with our readers. And since this is about "one of us", we think you will be glad we shared it with you.*

## A PRISONER OF WAR STORY

By Claire McLendon

*Note: This story was taken from a story in The Yazoo Herald, August 3, 1985. It was given to the 8th Air Force Historical Society the Mississippi chapter and printed in their newsletter "Contrails and Propwash" in December 2001, by Penny Woodell of Greenwood. It's about her father who served in the 457th Bomb Group, 748th Squadron. Her father, Billy Woodell passed away last year.*

Billy Woodell's 10th bombing mission from Peterborough, England, to Berlin, Germany, was his last. Woodell, a B-17 gunner, was over Hanover, Germany, en route to Berlin when his plane was hit hard, and was going down.

"The pilot rang the bell to bail out," Woodell said, "and five of us did. The pilot then got control and turned around and made it back to England." Woodell and five other crewmen of "Hairless Joe," which was named after a character in the comic strip "Lil' Abner," were left parachuting at an altitude of 15,000 to 18,000 feet, on a beautiful day in April, 1944, and the wind was gusty.

When Woodell landed near Hanover, he was separated from the other four members of the crew. He landed in an open field close to the woods. He unhooked his parachute and headed toward the woods, hid the parachute under brush and buried his escape kit and continued on.

"I was in the woods an hour or two when I heard dogs and whooping and yelling," Woodell said. "The faster I ran, the closer they'd get. I heard 'Halt,' and saw several German soldiers. I put my hands up and they searched me." The German soldiers led Billy out of the woods and gave him his parachute, which they found, to carry. The group walked toward Hanover, which was about 2 miles away.

"People started coming out of shelters and moving in on me," Woodell said, "and the soldiers pushed them back." He was taken to a building near the railroad tracks in Hanover. Lt. Spidell, the crew navigator, had also been captured and taken into custody. Woodell and Spidell were then taken by car to what appeared to be the local Gestapo Headquarters. Sgt. Jefferys and Sgt. Reid were there, also.

"They were 'Heil Hitler-ing' and all that sorta stuff," Woodell said. "It started dawning on me then what was happening." All four of the crew members were put in separate cells for the rest of the day and that night were moved by truck to an air base and taken to an underground room. They had no idea why. Woodell discovered from Sgt. Jefferys, that the fifth crew gunner who had bailed out of the plane, Sgt. Ingersall and landed in a high tension line and was electrocuted.

"While talking to Jefferys, one of the German guards said something to us, and I kept on talking," Woodell said. "He (the guard) hit me in the back of the head with the butt of his rifle and I fell to my knees. I asked Jefferys what he had said and he said, 'I think he told us to shut up.' I told him next time to let me know in advance."

The next morning the group was taken by truck to the train station and put on a passenger train, guarded by German soldiers, and sent to the Interrogation Center at Frankfurt, Germany. This was a Dulagluft, where all American airmen who were captured were interrogated, processed and then sent to permanent camps. Here Woodell and the other three crew members were put into individual solitary confinement cells, measuring 4 feet by 8 feet. Each morning at the Dulagluft was the same. The prisoners were given a piece of bread and some water and then questioned. Intelligence officers would interrogate the prisoners and try to get as much military information as possible. But the airmen had been instructed by their own intelligence officers on what to expect. They knew that by the Geneva Convention they were not required to give the Germans anything but name, rank and serial number, regardless of anything they would ask. They would shout and threaten, "and one time they told me that my family would never hear from me again," Woodell said.



"It got repetitious; they would ask silly questions with no military bearing and then gradually on to what size bombs do you use?"

On about the fifth day at the Dulagluft, Woodell was told the next day Gestapo agents would interrogate him and that they knew how to get answers. He didn't sleep too well that night. However, he was not questioned the next day but, along with 20 to 25 other American airmen, was put in a railroad box car at Frankfurt and headed toward Kermers, Austria, and Stalag 17-B. The Americans were on the train for about three weeks. To pass the time away the airmen started singing. "It was the first time I had heard 'Don't Fence Me In,' Woodell said, "and that's all we sang."

When the airmen arrived at Kermers, they were marched into the Stalag and processed by the International Red Cross. The Red Cross then notified the U.S. Government of their capture and imprisonment. The Red Cross played an important role in the lives of the prisoners of Stalag 17-B. In 1944, with war only a year away from being over, the Germans had no food to feed their own troops, much less the prisoners of war. "We subsisted mainly on Red Cross parcels," Woodell said. "It was the only thing that kept us alive." The parcels contained highly fortified food and five packs of cigarettes, but not nearly enough of either.

Not only hunger, but the bitter cold and boredom are the things that marked Woodell's stay at the Stalag. Even though the Americans had it tough, the Russians were worse off. Not being part of the Geneva Convention, they were required by the Germans to work in the fields and they didn't receive Red Cross parcels. During the winter of 1944, typhus broke out in the Russian compound. "They started carrying the Russians out in burlap bags," Woodell said. "It got to be so many that they carried them out by the wagon full."

When Woodell first got to Stalag 17-B, a gunner by the name of Jim Tyler, from Winona, came to meet him. Tyler had been badly wounded when he bailed out of his plane. At that time the Swiss would take wounded POWs and exchange them for Germans. Tyler left the next day for Winona. After getting there he went by to see Woodell's parents in Greenwood to tell them that he had seen Woodell and that he was all right.

As the war was drawing to a close in March, 1945, the prisoners in Stalag 17-B could hear the Russian guns in Vienna, Austria. As the fighting got closer, the Royal Air Force flew over the camp and dropped flares, lighting the camp up so that the bombers would know the camp was not a target.

Then on April 3, 1945, the German guards announced the camp was going to be moved, so the Russians would not be the ones to liberate the prisoners. The prisoners marched some 318 miles, for three weeks, mostly following the Danube River to Branau, Germany. The march was unplanned and there was no arrangement for sleeping or food.

"We slept on the ground, any place. Once we slept in a bombed-out factory, some nights in barns, but mostly in the open," Woodell said. "I don't even remember what we did for food." By the end of the war Woodell had lost 30 to 40 pounds, which was average, but some prisoners lost up to 50 pounds.

While on the march, Woodell saw Jews and other people, possible prisoners of war, that had been left for dead along the side of the road. At this time, SS troops were wandering around, shooting anybody. Hitler had given orders that when it became inevitable and the war was lost, all American airmen were to be killed, but no one paid any attention to the order. The Germans were looking out for themselves by this time.

When the prisoners reached Branau, all they found was a clearing in the woods -- no shelter, no food. They had camped in Branau for several days when they heard there was an American captain in the camp with a pistol strapped on. "We knew then that we had been liberated," Woodell said. "We didn't do anything, really, when we found out. We were really nearly starved to death, so we didn't go crazy."

A day or two later, the American airmen were flown out of Germany to France, to Camp Lucky Strike. At the camp the nearly emaciated ex-prisoners were started on a feeding program of egg custard and canned turkey until their bodies were built back up.

It took about one month from the time of liberation for Woodell to return home to Greenwood. When returning home, he said many of the ex-prisoners had trouble readjusting to civilian life. "I readjusted OK myself," he said. "I was brought up to believe that God had a purpose for me in life and I had fulfilled part of that plan. I'm just glad that part is over with!"

When a person thinks of Germans, stalags and prisoners of war during World War II, they inevitably think of the comedy television show, "Hogan's Heroes." "I love watching it," Woodell said. "I knew it was a good, funny show -- funny, but ridiculous."

*The National Flag represents  
the living country and is considered  
to be a living thing emblematic of  
the respect and pride we have for  
our nation.*

*Our flag is a precious possession.*

*Display it proudly.*

*There are certain fundamental rules  
of Heraldry which, if understood,  
generally indicate the proper method  
of displaying the flag. The right arm,  
which is the sword arm and the  
point of danger, is the place of honor.*

*The national Emblem is a symbol  
of our great country, our heritage  
and our place in the world.*

*We owe reverence and respect to our flag.*

*It represents the highest ideals of  
individual liberty, justice and  
equal opportunity for all.*

**\* \* \***

**I pledge allegiance to the Flag  
of the United States of America,  
and to the Republic for which it stands,  
one Nation under God,  
indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all.**

One of our members, who wishes to remain anonymous, sent some concerns about how citizens are displaying our National Emblem since the tragic events of September 11. In particular, he highlighted various mistakes people are making in their desire to honor the flag.

Following, are some of the mistakes he has seen since September 11:

- ❑ **The flag should only be displayed from sunrise to sunset, although it may be displayed twenty-four hours a day if properly illuminated during the hours of darkness.**
- ❑ **The flag should not be displayed on days when the weather is inclement, except when an all-weather flag is displayed.**
- ❑ **When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, that is, to the observer's left. When displayed in a window, the flag should be displayed in the same way, with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street.**
- ❑ **The flag should never touch anything beneath it.**
- ❑ **The flag should never be used as a receptacle for receiving, holding, carrying, or delivering anything.**
- ❑ **The flag should never be used as wearing apparel, bedding or drapery.**
- ❑ **The flag should not be draped over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle.**

While to us, these rules and courtesies are taken for granted and followed as a way of life, some people may not know the considerate and respectful manner expected of citizens of the United States in displaying the National Emblem.

Perhaps a polite reminder would be in order.

The rules and customs presented here are in accordance with the July 7, 1976 Amendment to the Flag Code (Public Law 94-344, 94th Congress. S.J. Res. 49)



## **IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM JOHN WELCH...**

**The response to the fund drive for Mickey was most heartwarming,  
and a real inspiration, even overwhelming.  
It proves once more what we have long known--  
the members of the 457th are one big family,  
genuinely concerned about each other.**

---

## **REGARDS TO ALL...FROM GORDON TOWNSEND**

**Dear Nancy, Please find enclosed a photograph of a presentation which I recently made to the Pathfinder Museum at Royal Air Force Station Wyton. Some time past, it was agreed with the Curator, Chief Technician Pete Stanley, who you see receiving the 457th Picture, that we would set up a display depicting the group. I am hoping we can visit the Museum during the Mini-Reunion in Peterborough this year.**

**Best Regards, Gordon and Ros Townsend and John and Sylvia Walker**





## Gunner's Mission Today

There's a mission today and you're scheduled to fly.  
So you wait by the ship and you look at the sky.  
It's cloudy up there and the wind starts to blow,  
But the mission ain't scrubbed, so you get in and go.

Your nerves are on edge -- you cuss and you sweat.  
If this damned ship flies you loose your bet.  
But the ship takes off, you settle down,  
and cast a longing glance at that lovely ground.

Well, the ship will fly while the engines run,  
So you take your post at your trusty guns,  
And check to see if they're working right,  
If the round ain't short and the headspace tight.

You check your chute and try your phone.  
It doesn't work and you heave a groan.  
You struggle and test with the blasted thing,  
And it's finally fixed for you hear it sing.

You call the pilot and tell him you're set,  
And the radioman breaks in on the net.  
The rest of the crew all check in turn,  
Except in the nose, they'll never learn.

You've joined the squadron and joined your group,  
And the vapor trails are thick as soup.  
Your breath comes short so you check your hose,  
And you cuss like hell cause the damn thing's froze.  
[You clear the ice and breath again.]

Your face is cold and your mask too tight,  
So you pull it off and fix it right.  
You're climbing fast as you look behind  
to see if the squadron's all in line.

Formation looks good and is staying in tight,  
So you figure everything's going all right.  
The hours pass slowly till you're nearly there.  
Your eyes smart and burn from the ceaseless glare  
Of a sun that's cold as a chunk of ice.  
for the temperature is far from nice.

You've never seen it so damnably cold.  
It tightens you up with a square sort of hold.  
Your fingers freeze to the grips of your guns;  
You wonder who said this flying is fun.

But you stick it out and stay at your post.  
If you leave your guns the reports read "lost".  
If heaven's this cold you choose to dwell  
In the hottest furnace this side of hell.

The pilot calls that you're getting close.  
Recheck your guns and oxygen hose,  
And pull your helmet and flak suit tight,  
And pray to God that you make it all right.

Navigator calls that you are at the IP,  
But your eyes are froze and you cannot see.  
So you pull out the ice and the frozen lash  
and you see a fighter come in like a flash.

You grab your gun and fire a burst!  
The bastard's gone down but he raised a thirst  
That burns in your throat, and your mouth goes dry,  
As you spot another way off in the sky.

You line him up in the ring of your sight  
And get all set for a damned good fight.  
He's coming in and doesn't stop  
Till you hear the upper turret start to pop.

Then there's a puff and a burst of flame  
And you add that fighter to your engineer's claim.  
Now you're rid of two, but you call in more.  
You cuss and you pray that their aim is poor.

It makes you mad and you feel mean  
But you think of home and the places you've been.  
It's just a thought and it passes fast  
And you fire like hell as a Jerry dives past.

You never know if you've knocked him down,  
No time to watch him--keep looking around.  
They're swarming now, like angry bees  
A "twenty" comes through and you feel the breeze.

They make their attacks in a steady pass,  
And you're willing to bet that they'll get your ass.  
But you track them in and get their range.  
You're enjoying yourself, though that seems strange.



It's fifty below, and you're wringing wet,  
And your forehead's covered with frozen sweat.  
With a final pass the Jerrys drop back.  
Then you know damn well you're headed for flak.

It's coming up now and bursting fast,  
And coming so close you feel its blast.  
So you make yourself small and try to pray  
And hope that this is your lucky day.

Your bombardier calls, you're on the run.  
And you wait to hear that the job's well done.  
Then "bombs away" comes over the wire  
But you're watching a ship go down on fire.

The stuff is still bursting big and black  
And you cuss the guy that invented flak.  
It pounds on the ship like an angry surf,  
You're scared as hell but you keep your nerve.

Your skipper is wise, he's dodging the stuff.  
Back in the tail the riding is rough.  
The ship is hit cause you feel the jolt.  
Your guns swing free as you loose your hold.

You feel her lurch and start to drop,  
And over the phone comes "feather that prop!"  
And smoke streams back from number two  
But your pilot's quick and he pulls her through.

Now she's under control and flying level.  
That skipper of yours is a cool headed devil.  
You're out of the flak and the ship still flies,  
and you look behind at the smoky skies.

The group behind is in the flak now,  
And catching hell from stem to bow.  
You watch two ships go falling down.  
They both blow up when they hit the ground.

But you're feeling good cuz you've got your hide.  
You've beat the flak, no fighters in sight.

There's still three engines running good.  
You're headed for home and thinking of food.  
The pilot calls at 12,000 feet,  
Pull off your masks and turn down the heat.

You strike a match and light a fag,  
Inhale deep that first sweet drag.  
Soon you're over the field and circling round,  
Then into the pattern and back on the ground.

Now taxi her up to the parking place.  
You've made it again with the Lord's good grace.  
Clear your guns and raise up the covers  
And scramble out to look her over.

The ground crew's there with a silly grin.  
They ask you "where in the hell've you been?  
You could drive a truck through that vertical fin."

But it's time to debrief so you grab a truck,  
And you realize you've had good luck.  
Talk the mission over on the way to group,  
Where S-2 briefs and gets your poop.

Your job is done so down to the tent,  
And head for chow like a man hell bent.  
The empty seats sort of spoil the meal.  
You've lost some pals but it doesn't seem real.

You wait awhile and watch the door,  
But they don't come back like they have before.  
So try to forget it and think of tomorrow.  
You've paid for the fight, but not for the sorrow.

It's cloudy tonight and looks like rain,  
But the bulletin board reads "OP" again.  
The target tomorrow? It's hard to say.  
Sweat it out again in the usual way.

This story goes on, it has no end.  
You loose a ship -- you loose a friend.  
Maybe someday you won't come back,  
And they'll chalk you up to fighters and flak.

It's a hell of a life and you feel the strain,  
But you'd do the whole thing over again.  
Still you pray for the day when there'll be no war,  
So you can see what the hell you're fighting for.

You're doing your job, we're winning the fight,  
Doin' your best to make things right.  
Just hope you'll live through it and someday see  
Lasting Peace in a World that's Free.

[Written by an anonymous B-17 crew member, and  
copied into 2nd Lt. R.W. Cooke's Wartime Log,  
Stalag Luft I POW camp...1944]



## Secretary's Station 130

### THIS JUST IN FROM JAMES BASS:

The Group has launched a Project that will place the "Fait Accompli Trilogy" in the hometown libraries of those members of the Group who were Killed in Action or Killed in the Line of Duty. The Board of Directors authorized the Project, 'Operation Library Placement' during its meeting in September and it is currently being developed.

James Bass is coordinating the project. He states, "It is fitting for those who gave their lives for the Cause of Freedom to be remembered. Their sacrifice should never be forgotten."

Identifying the hometowns is proving to be a slow process. If you know the hometown of a KIA, please send it to James.

\* \* \*

**WANTED:** News stories for your newsletter. A newsletter is a lot more fun to put together and to read and enjoy if it contains your own stories. Soooo...please send them to Nancy at 453 Sunset Lane Pueblo, CO 81005. Come on you guys, you have stories to tell and to share. Many thanks to John Wranesh for sharing his story "A Long and Memorable Circuitous Route", to Frank Bernd for his article "How the 'Paper Warrior' Came By Its Name", and the Ancil Shepherd story sent by James Bass, all of which appeared in the last newsletter.

\* \* \*

It's not how old you are, but how you are old.

--Marie Dressler

Check your mailing label on this newsletter...Let us know if we have spelled your name or address wrong, or if we don't have your address right. Please notify us if you have a change of address. It costs us 60 cents for every address the Post Office has to correct for us...but if you let us know, it's free!!!

\* \* \*

**FYI:** Mickey's son, Jerry Briggs, has been in Pakistan on assignment for Operation "Enduring Freedom." Her two daughters, Caroline and Linda, have been experiencing health problems and could use our prayers and good wishes.

\* \* \*

Joe Toth reports good progress towards completion of a new, updated Roster. Please continue to advise him of any corrections (other than address) so your Roster will be as accurate as possible. It is going to the printer soon and should be available for you to buy at the beginning of Summer. Putting together a new Roster is a huge undertaking and trying to make it error-free is more time consuming than we originally had thought. We will notify you of the cost ASAP.

\* \* \*

**This message is for those who attended the Colorado Springs Reunion and had registered to go to the Air Force Academy. If you did not tell Nancy that you wanted your refund for that activity sent back to you, you need to notify her right away. We are finally ready to close out that account and money for refunds will not be available much longer.**

\* \* \*

### THE EDITOR'S SPLIGHT

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly; you can hunt it 'til you're dizzy, but it somehow will get by.

'Til the pages are off the press, it is strange how still it sleeps; it shrinks down in a corner, and it never stirs or peeps.

That typographical error is too small for human eyes, 'til the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.



## Secretary's Station 130 (cont)

\* \* \*

**READERS OF THE NEWSLETTER ARE REMINDED THAT JOHN I. (JACK) BUTTREY, BOMBARDIER ON THE GEORGE GILBERT CREW, WAS A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR. DURING HIS CAREER, HE WAS AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT IN FIGHTING MANY OF THE FIRES IN THE SKYSCRAPERS IN THE CITY.**

\* \* \*

### MAN ATTACKED

A robber attacked an 80-year-old man outside his Glen Burnie apartment Tuesday, January 29th, 2002, severely cutting him in the head and sending him to an area trauma hospital, county police said.

Thomas Goff was taken by ambulance to the Shock-Trauma Center at University Hospital, where he was in serious but stable condition yesterday with a fractured skull.

Mr. Goff had just left his car and was walking to his apartment complex at 300 Blue Water Court about 10:50 p.m. when a man came from behind and hit him in the head with an unknown object. The unknown object turned out to be a gun.

The robber than took Mr. Goff's wallet and ran away.

NOTE: We have heard from Tom and thought you might want to share your concerns with him. He spent 5 days in Shock-Trauma and just got stitches out on February 12th. He is understandably still suffering the effects of this terrible experience. All our best to you, Tom. We hope for a speedy recovery and will keep you in our thoughts and prayers.

Tom Goff  
300-202 Bluewater Ct.  
Glen Burnie, MD 21060

Dear Friend,

Today, as you know, our Air Force is deployed to defeat terrorism in Afghanistan. They're serving with the same pride and perseverance we've shown in every time of national crisis. Now, it's our responsibility to give these brave men and women the honor they deserve.

While our fundraising has been very successful to date, we are still short of our goal. I know that we have leaned on you in the past for contribution, and I am hoping, again, you will provide support. If you are able, can you please make a tax-deductible contribution of \$25, \$35, \$50, \$100, \$250 or more to the Air Force memorial? Additionally, I would ask you to please share this letter with another friend or family member and solicit their support.

Your special gift will go a long way towards helping our nation pay this long-overdue honor to the men and women of the United States Air Force, and all of the Air Force's predecessor organizations, like the Army Air Corps. Most importantly, our Memorial will inspire countless future generations to follow in our footsteps in the service of our great nation.

Sincerely,

Major General Edward F. Grillo, Jr.  
USAF (Ret)  
President  
Air Force Memorial Foundation  
P.O. Box 97026  
20677-7193

\* \* \*

Since our last correspondence, we received many dues payments. John and I thank you for taking care of this. We hate it when we have to drop members. If you still need to catch up, this is your last newsletter and last chance to pay dues and be a member in good standing.

\* \* \*

"Keep away from people who belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great."

--Mark Twain

..PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX....PX..

ALL PATCHES ARE BACK IN STOCK

ITEMS		PRICE	QUANTITY	TOTAL AMT.
Cloisonné Enamel	457 BG Tac Pin .....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
457th Group	Patch .....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
748th Squadron	Patch.....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
749th Squadron	Patch.....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
750th Squadron	Patch.....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
751st Squadron	Patch.....	\$5.50 ea	_____	_____
ANY 5 or more pins or patches.....		\$4.50 ea	_____	_____
Return to Glatton Button..1998 Peterborough, England....		\$1.50 ea	_____	_____
NEW HATS...Royal	Blue.....	\$12.00ea	_____	_____
PENCILS...imprinted	with "457th BG".....	5 for \$1.00	_____	_____

TOTAL COST OF ITEMS ORDERED: \*\* \_\_\_\_\_ \*\*

**\*\* PLEASE INCLUDE A MINIMAL AMOUNT TO COVER POSTAGE**  
**(A CLOSE GUESS WILL DO!!!)**

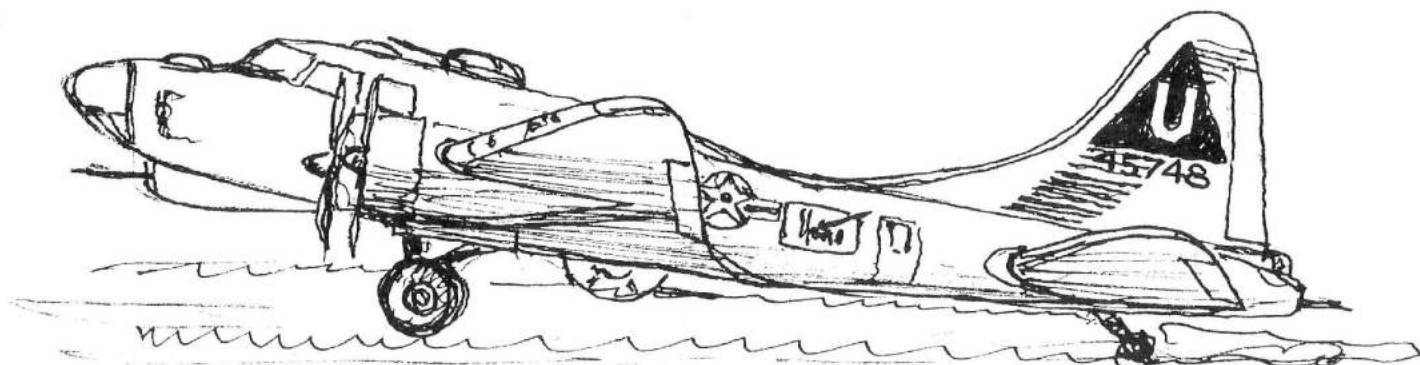
Mail order to...457th BG...449 Sunset Lane....Pueblo, CO 81005 OR CALL JOE (719)566-1714

Mail to: Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City State Zip

**IF THERE IS SOME ITEM(S) YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN OUR PX, LET JOE KNOW  
AND WE WILL FIND OUT A COST AND PRESENT YOUR IDEAS TO THE BOARD FOR  
CONSIDERATION.**

**WE HAVE SOLD MANY PX ITEMS SINCE THE LAST NEWSLETTER AND NEVER  
KNOW WHEN/IF A REORDER WILL BE PLACED. SO...DON'T WAIT! ORDER NOW!**

\*\*\*\*\*





# THE 457TH BOMB GROUP -- VITAL STATISTICS 2001-2001 OFFICERS & APPOINTMENTS

<u>PRESIDENT</u>	WILL FLUMAN	122 S RIDGE RD - BOILING SPRINGS, PA 17001-9712 TEL: 717-258-3090 FAX: 717-258-0560 - email: OakGrove@aol.com
<u>VICE PRESIDENT</u>	DONALD NIELSEN	9142 WEST KERRY LANE - PEORIA, AZ 85382-4633 TEL: 623-561-2644
<u>SECRETARY</u>	NANCY HENRICH	453 SUNSET LANE - PUEBLO, CO 81005-1140 TEL: 719-564-8599 FAX: 719-564-6458 - email: mylittldarlings@aol.com
<u>TREASURER</u>	JOHN PEARSON	11308 BLENDON LANE - RICHMOND, VA 23233 TEL: 804-740-2635 FAX: 804-740-7403 - email: jonpearson@worldnet.att.net
<u>RECORDING SEC</u>	JAMES BASS	P.O. BOX 500 - CARTHAGE, TN 37030 TEL: 615-735-1122 - FAX: 615-735-3149
<u>DIRECTOR (2 YR)</u>	FRANK MARTIN	3724 GERSHWIN LANE - OAKDALE, MN 55128 TEL: 651-779-9110
<u>DIRECTOR (4 YR)</u>	JOE TOTH	449 SUNSET LANE - PUEBLO, CO 81005-1140 TEL: 719-566-1714 FAX: 719-564-6458 - email: joetoth457bombgroup@juno.com
<u>DIRECTOR (6 YR)</u>	RICHARD GIBBS	301 W. 5TH ST. - VERMILLION, KS 66544-8635 TEL: 785-382-6835 email: winter - barbndic@pocketmail.com summer - barbndic@bluevalley.com
<u>I. PAST PRES</u>	CRAIG HARRIS	2701 PICKETT ROAD, #2035 - DURHAM, NC 27705-5649 TEL: 919-489-5685 FAX: 919-419-1705 - email: charris4@nc.rr.com
<u>NEWSLETTER ED.</u>	NANCY HENRICH	(see SECRETARY above)
<u>LEGAL ADVISOR</u>	JAMES BASS	(see RECORDING SECRETARY above)
<u>GROUP ROSTER</u>	JOE TOTH	(see DIRECTOR 4 YR above)
<u>UNIT CONTACT</u>	JOE TOTH	(see DIRECTOR 4 YR above)
<u>WEBMASTER</u>	WILLARD (HAP) REESE	11 FLETCHER CT. - PALM COAST, FL 32137 TEL: 904-445-5773 email: areese@bestnetpc.com
<u>WEBMASTER ASST</u>	DIANE REESE	email: dreese@us.ibm.com
<u>SEC/TREAS/NEWSLETTER ED. (ret)</u>	MICKEY BRIGGS	- 811 NW "B" STREET - BENTONVILLE, AR 72712 TEL: 479-273-3908 - FAX: 479-271-9147
<u>CO-FOUNDER</u>	HOMER BRIGGS (Deceased)	

## 457TH B.G. ENGLISH HISTORIANS AND/OR F.O.T.E. MEMBERS

GORDON TOWNSEND - "QUAKERS REST" - MAIN STREET, KINGS RIPTON HUNTINGDON CAMBS PE17 2NW - ENGLAND  
TEL: 44 1487 773493

JOHN WALKER - 29 CHANCERY LANE - EYE, PETERBOROUGH PE6 7YF - ENGLAND TEL: 44 1733 222994

ERIC BRUMBY - 82 BLUE BELL AVE - PETERBOROUGH UK PE1 3XH - TEL: 01733-709811

MIKE JACKSON, HISTORIAN - 11 WHISTON GRANGE - MOORGATE - ROTHERHAM S60 3BG - ENGLAND TEL: 44 1709 371547

## PAST PRESIDENTS

1973-75 -- WILLIAM WILBORN.....OK  
1976 -- HOWARD LARSEN (D)...KS  
1977-79 -- WILLIAM SILER.....NM  
1980-81 -- EDWARD REPPA.....AZ  
1982-83 -- DANIEL GRAHAM.....IN

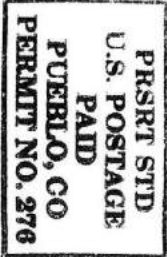
1984 -- WILLIAM GOOD.....KS  
1985 -- DAVE SUMMERVILLE.....CA  
1986-87 -- CLAYTON BEJOT.....NE  
1988-89 -- DONALD SELLON.....CO  
1990-91 -- JOHN WELCH.....SD

1992-93 -- ROLAND BYERS.....ID  
1993-97 -- BILLY HIGHTOWER.....TX  
1997-99 -- LEON ZIMMERMAN.....MI  
1999-01 -- CRAIG HARRIS.....NC

*In youth, we learn. In age, we understand.*

*Marie Ebner-Eschenbach*

457th Bomb Group Association  
453 Sunset Lane  
Pueblo, CO 81005-1140



**ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED**

Willmore Fluman.....LM  
120 So. Ridge Road  
Boiling Springs, PA 17007-9712

RECEIVED 4/25/02