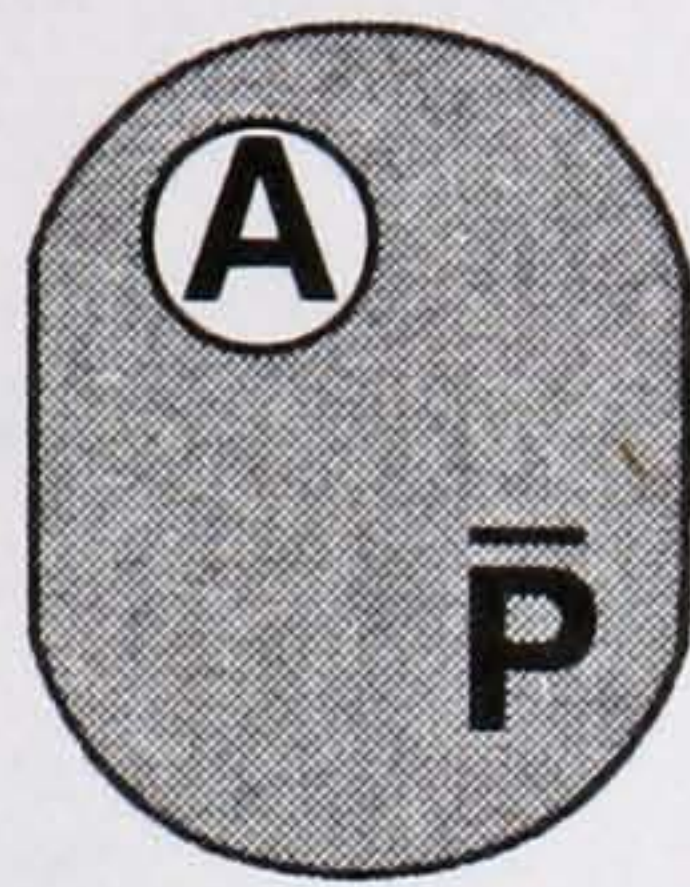


44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION



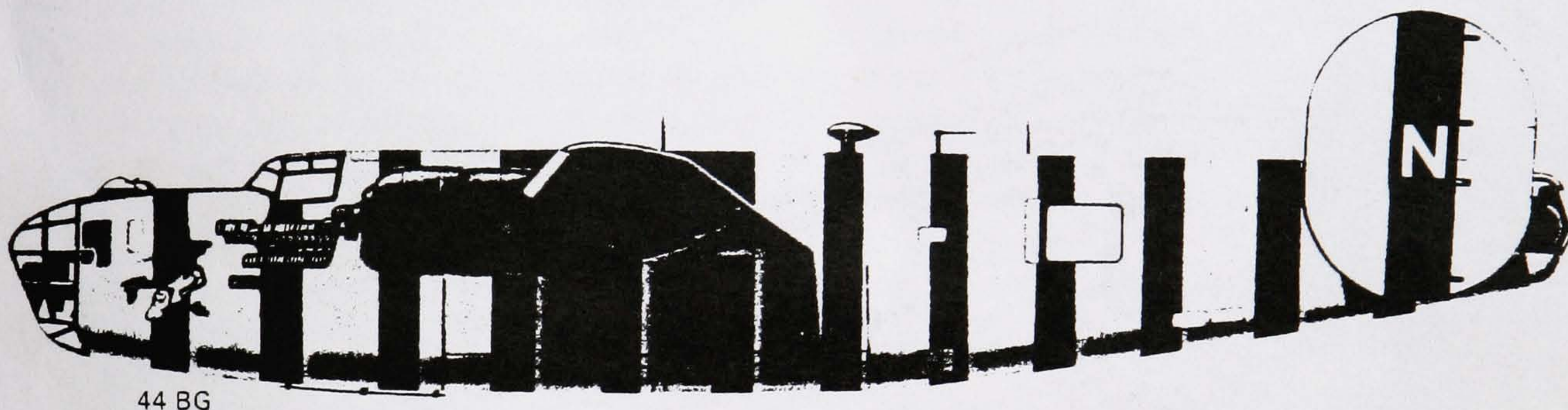
8 BALL TAILS

Vol. 1 – Issue #2

Non Profit Veterans Organization

Journal of the
44th Bomb Group
Veterans Association

Spring 1995



The planes of the 44TH

After the inaugural issue in which we introduced the notion of our masthead displaying the variations of our tail markings and a play on words in the title using Tails in place of Tales, we got such good response we've decided to go another step in our approach to gathering the tales which Will Lundy so appropriately calls "the gravy" that brings life to our history and heritage. What this means is a departure from being editorially **reactive**, that is asking and encouraging, then waiting for submission of your stories, to a **pro-active** theme which will stimulate your memories and desire to add to the fragments of history we present here in the 8 Ball Tails.

How will we do this? Henceforth, as you see above, with each issue we will feature one (or more) of THE PLANES OF THE 44TH. This issue, of course, the featured Liberator known to us all; Aircraft #41-23699, B-24D, Call Letter Bar-P, (Changed to N Oct. 1943),

"LEMON DROP"

She, being the only aircraft of the original complement of B-24D models assigned to the 44th that survived the entire war and stood proudly operational on VE Day. Her combat mission record stands at 45 and we know there are many, many stories within those missions that the 68th Squadron History does not reflect. Herein we present a couple of those stories and some pictures both of "Lemon Drop" in her combat prime and later in her gaudy paint job as our Assembly Lead Aircraft. You'll learn how she got her name and more. We hope that by featuring our aircraft, flown by various crews we will bring forth more of these stories and experiences that we can share in The Tails. We hope you enjoy this theme. The next issue will feature Aircraft #2100411, Call Letter E-Bar, 68th Squadron.



44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION

6304 Meadowridge Drive • Santa Rosa, CA 95409 • 707-538-4726 • Fax 707-538-1212

Mrs. Trae Arter, Americanism Chairperson
Veterans of Foreign Wars, Cantigny Post #367
817 Fisk
Joliet, IL 60435

January 3, 1995

Dear Mrs. Arter,

I have just been informed by Mr. Mel Trager, our Programs Co-Chair and member of your proud organization, of the donation by your Post of the United States National and POW-MIA Flags with flag staffs to our Association.

Please allow me, on the part of our membership, to express the profound gratitude we feel that your membership should honor our Association with the gift of the colors that symbolize the nation we love, have served and eternally pledge our allegiance.

Your gift has filled a great need which came about in 1994 when our predecessor organization ceased to operate. To a majority of the membership this occurrence was simply unacceptable. The 44th Bombardment Group, the Ploesti Raiders, after all, had written one of the most glorious chapters in the Air War Chronicles of World War II. It was not simply to be laid to rest. Once again the loyal members answered the call and, like the Phoenix, enabled the 44th to rise from the ashes in the new name of The 44th Bombardment Group Veterans Association. I felt this brief background would help explain why your presentation is so significant to us. We were left with nothing but determination to see our proud organization survive. Those colors will serve to remind us of the hand of friendship and help that was extended by an equally proud and determined organization pledged to always serve them.

Sincerely,
Roy W. Owen
Roy W. Owen, President

cc: Mel Trager

NAMING OF "LEMON DROP"

By Hylan "Hy" Simmons

After the Reg Phillips crew took over the new plane just prior to leaving for England, we were having a bit of trouble with it. The plane was having trouble flying to altitude—among other worrisome things. Then, en route to England, we had a bad landing at Newfoundland, smashing the belly of the ship.

They worked on it there to get it in good enough shape that we could fly it back to the States for repairs at the Air depot in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. After about three weeks of structural repairs, we again left headed for England. We stopped in New Hampshire that first night to gas up. The next morning when we opened the Bomb Bay doors on preflight, there was gasoline pouring out of the wing into the Bomb Bay. Lt. Phillips decided it would be best to return to Harrisburg again for repairs. We flew back to the Air Depot with the Bomb Bay doors wide open and gas dripping out. At Harrisburg they went back to work on her again and found that someone had sabotaged the wing tanks! Lucky that we didn't blow up in flight! Finally, repaired again, we took off for England and made it, uneventfully to Newfoundland where we were once again delayed by weather. Finally, by way of Iceland we made it to Shipdham. By the time we arrived, we were several weeks behind the others from our squadron.

It was at that time that the name "Lemon Drop" was born. Strange that with such a poor start she survived to be not only the last of the original aircraft, but she survived the entire war! I flew my first five missions in "Lemon Drop."

First mission? Lt. Phillips on 20 December 1942.

Pilots flying her included Phillips, O'Brien, Garrett, and Houston who, on 14 May 1943 took her to Kiel—and brought her back. In June, 1943 she travelled to North Africa and flew several missions in July, then flew on and returned from the 1 August '43 Ploesti raid. So she helped us win both of our Presidential Unit Citations. She also made the second trip to North Africa in September '43; completed three more missions while there including future 68th C.O. Robert Lehnhausen taking her to Weiner-Neustadt and bringing her back once again. This mission too was a demanding raid on which the 44th suffered heavy losses.

Upon return to England in early October, old Lemon Drop seemed to lose her popularity, with snide remarks about her "toothpick props," her aging condition, her many patches and repairs, so the missions came

less frequently. Pilots Gildart, Stahler, Slaughter and Marcouillier took turns flying her, with Stahler's mission to Oslo, Norway on 18 November being yet another tough raid on which the Lemon Drop brought her crew back safely. Then several of the 66th pilots decided to get in the act and flew a few raids in her: Miller, Ugarte, Comey, Insley and Irby taking their turns in December '43. Lt. Jewell was scheduled to fly her on 30 December, but Lt. Irby took her instead. After a long rest, Capt. Jansen, with Major Killinor used Lemon Drop to lead the entire 44th Group on 8 February '44 to Watten, France for her final operational mission.

Having earned her retirement, she "volunteered" to show the new, younger replacement aircraft how it was done as she acquired a gaudy new yellow paint job with vertical encircling black stripes and was put to work as the Assembly Lead Ship. Launching in advance of the mission aircraft she would climb to assembly altitude at our Buncher Beacon and start a racetrack pattern firing green-green flares until the group was formed and ready to turn on course for the Division Assembly Line and on to the bomber stream. Lemon Drop would then call it a day and return to base, as usual, her assigned mission completed.

Lemon Drop recorded 45 operational missions, some extremely tough, but she managed always to return from each. Scattered among her raids were those early diversions for she was credited with four ducks painted on her side along side the fifteen Swastikas indicating victories over German fighters. For all of this, the 68th Bomb Squadron, and particularly her Crew Chief, MASTER SERGEANT CHARLES PIGG are justly proud.



"The Lemon Drop" with Sgts. Huff, Ingram, Banta, Hayes and Gavin in the back and 2nd Lt. Haworth, Capt. Phillips, 2nd Lt. Scarlett and 1st Lt. LaFleur in front. (Photo courtesy of R. H. Phillips)

A MISSION WITH A VETERAN

By Sgt. George Lemley, Radio Operator on Lt. Paul Ugarte's crew.

26 November 1943—Target: Bremen, Germany. “The B-24 we flew on that day was called “Lemon Drop”. The name couldn't have been more appropriate. No demand-type oxygen system, just the constant supply type with the bladder that filled up with saliva and froze at altitude. Well, we were each presented with at least three of these each. I can still see the Bombardier with that load over his shoulders. And froze they did! Also, that old plane had those lousy “toothpick” props, which made her a slow climber.

We had not been over enemy territory very long until we encountered short periods of flak and fighters. However, on nearing the target, the flak became heavier and the fighters more numerous. Well, about all the gunners could do was to point their guns in the direction of the fighters and hope the tracers would keep them at a distance.

During this period of the war it was rumored Hitler had a secret weapon which he was sure to use against us. Well we did see some strange articles hurtling in space which looked like ash cans which might have been empty gas tanks dropped from German fighters; and we did snicker at some stupid fireworks which looked like pin wheels trailing smoke behind them. Shortly after turning for home our Bombardier and Navigator announced that a German had dropped cable on us. It wrapped around the grid work of the “green house” and broke some of the plexiglass which then cut both men up front. We could see the cable flapping but fortunately not close to the windshield or the propellers.

Just then some sort of projectile struck our ship, wounding one of the waist gunners and I saw some sort of object flaming from both ends on the catwalk in the bomb bay. The pilot surmised that it was a 20mm slug, probably of the tracer variety. It soon burned itself out.

The pilot suggested that I go down to the Bombardier's compartment to see if I could be of some help there, so with a walk-around bottle, I struggled through that narrow opening. But the two of them motioned for me to go back. There did not seem to be any immediate danger and both were doing fine.

Beside having no front turret, this old clunker had no ball turret, and worst of all it has a caliber .30 machine gun mounted beneath the flight deck near the APU — “putt-putt.” I was told, in addition to my duties of Radio Operator and photographer, I was to operate this flexible gun. But I had no intention to take up this position as I returned from the nose. No Way! After we dropped our bombs I was to leave the bomb bay doors slightly open to try to photograph the bomb strikes, but I left without being told. When I announced to the pilot that I had left the position, I was told that I should have left there long before.

Just as we were preparing to land the pilot instructed me to start up the “putt-putt.” When I tried, the top of the cylinder came off. Later we saw that we did have a fairly good hit just beneath the bomb bay and were damaged. Glad I had the initiative to leave that area when I did.

And so “Lemon Drop” survived yet another mission—and many more to come. She finally was converted to a “formation” ship gaudily decorated with those stripes so that our 44th planes could readily identify her and form up quickly and efficiently.



Roy Owen, President

THE PRESIDENTS CORNER

There's lots to talk about this time, some bragging, some newsy things, and some head stuff (things to think about). Let's get the bragging out of the way which is going to all be about the way the memberships just keep rolling in. At last count we are up to 941 total members with 140 of those being Life members. It is so encouraging to see there are so many who refused to lay down and let our 44th fade away. We thank you for the wonderful sup-

(continued next page)

PRESIDENT'S CORNER *(continued)*

portive letters that are pouring in with all the good words about appreciating our first little 8 Ball Tails and all the work the "Survival Committee" did to keep us alive. I've said before, it was labor of love for us all, but it sure is nice to get a pat on the back from you all.

Back to memberships, first for you early supporters who sent in your \$5.00 for the last part of '94 dues, don't forget to get your \$15.00 in for '95. We're sending this issue of The Tails to all of the '94 members, but we'll be trimming the mailing list to those paid-up members for the next issue. Also, for those of you that are not members of The Second Air Division Association, I encourage you to join them. Our Constitution pledges affiliation with, and support of the 2nd ADA and it should be our aim that, once again, the 44th take its rightful place along side our contemporary Groups who served under the 2nd Air Division Command. It follows that we can more easily accomplish our goals of perpetuating the heritage of the 44th and honoring our fallen comrades with the support of 2nd ADA than we can without them.

The last thing I want to discuss about memberships has its basis in the research I've been doing on our IRS Tax Exempt Veterans Organization status. Our constitutional membership eligibility which extends membership to "Spouses, Widow(er)s and direct descendents of 44th Veterans" is in perfect accord with the IRS requirements for tax exempt status. Our Constitution also states "each member attending an official meeting will be considered a delegate to that meeting." What this translates to is that by having your wife hold her own membership when you both attend our reunions, and you itemize deductions, you may deduct both of your travel expenses to an official meeting as delegates. Most importantly she will be enfranchised with a vote. Let's face it, they all raise their hands when there is a vote called anyway. We might just as well make it official! I just sent \$15.00 in for Lolly after she informed me that if I expected her to stick stamps and address labels on these 8 Ball Tails, she was demanding woman's suffrage!

About the time (hopefully) you are reading this your Executive Board will be having its first meeting in Saint Louis, MO., the top of our agenda will be to look at that fair city as the site for our 1996 reunion.

Also, I have notified the Board of my intention to appoint a Treasurer to replace Will Lundy, our Historian/Acting Treasurer under the authority of Article VI, Section 3 of our Constitution which provides for such appointment. Your new Treasurer will be Gerald W. Folsom (506th) of Salt Lake City. Gerry has been a career accountant and is presently the treasurer for the Salt Lake County Fish & Game Association, a nonprofit organization. He has a professional computer accounting system which he will integrate our finances into. We should be able to turn Will Lundy back to his Historian duties full time by the end of April. Again, we owe Will a big THANK YOU for seeing us through this resurrection period

by accepting the Acting Treasurer job and handling the donations of seed money then the receipt of membership dues, paying the bills and all the attendant banking, all the while answering your letters and my questions, and passing on material to me for the 8 Ball Tails and the membership information to Art Hand and Tom Shephard. Will is living proof of the old saw "if you want something done right, give it to the busiest person you can find." What amazes me is when Lolly and I visited with Will and Irene and he showed me all of his archives and historical material I couldn't believe how neatly this man does all this. You know—a place for everything and everything in its place. Hard to believe for a guy like me who operates like I am the author of "How to Survive and Function in a Messy Office!"

Speaking of surviving, your ole' Prez needs some help; I'm finding that the total of the job of president, editor, publisher has become so near full-time that there's hardly time to spell retirement, let alone do it! Before you read "bitchin'" into this, let me say if it wasn't a labor of love, I wouldn't be doing it. I proudly accepted the job, knowing it was a lot of work, because, frankly, I wanted to see our new organization get underway and going strong to my satisfaction. Not my ego satisfaction, just to see us functioning as a democratic organization should. Now the problem is that while I own a computer (thanks to Lolly), I am really far from being computer literate. I manage to peck things out in Microsoft WORD, and with the help of my local Kinko's printer, I've struggled (almost) through my second edition of The Tails, but I do it very inefficiently. What I need is an 8 Ball'er who is really in charge of a computer and is into desktop publishing, like Pagemaker or similar, to handle the publishing side of the editor-publisher function. This would serve another purpose besides relieving me of the design and layout of the publication. I've found that the cost of printing in the San Francisco region is about 30% above the norm for the rest of the country. Lolly and I have been doing all of the typing to save the cost of the printer doing the typesetting, but still the printing is costly. If we could print in the vicinity of our publishing function we could cut costs considerably. Some of you "computer heads" step forward with some ideas and offers to assist me in giving our membership a journal we can be proud of.

See you in San Antonio.

—Roy

IF YOU HAVE A RED SPOT ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL, WE DON'T HAVE YOUR '95 DUES OR LIFE MEMBERSHIP AS OF 3/23/95. YOUR MEMBERSHIP BECAME INACTIVE APRIL 1, 1995, THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST ISSUE OF THE 8 BALL TAILS. PLEASE RENEW BY JUNE 1—WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU!

WILL SEZ

Many of you have written questioning the status of the restoration of the control tower at Shipdham, so let me bring you up to date. As most of you are aware, nothing much has been done with the tower due mostly to the pressing and urgent need to concentrate on the saving the organization itself. Now that we have stabilized our new 44th BGVA, the subject of further restoration of that building will be a major topic at the 44th BGVA Executive Board meeting at St. Louis, MO on the 7th and 8th of May.

Work on the old tower was never approved by the 44th HMG Board, so I felt under those circumstances, I should take on this project personally. At that time nearly 400 of you agreed that something positive should be done. Now that we have a new and dedicated leadership, I am relinquishing my left field position and will abide by the concluding decisions of our Executive Board.

Irene and I along with Richard and Ardith Butler will be attending the 2nd ADA VE Day Commemoration party in Norwich the first week in May, and, of course, visit the old Base with our other 44thers. At the St. Louis meeting the Executive Board will confirm the appointment of Col. Butler and myself as a committee to investigate the viability of the Shipdham Tower restoration project while we are there. In that regard, I have requested and have received an invitation to meet with the owner's agent to discuss options available concerning the tower itself so there should not be any misstatements or misunderstanding of the facts. The results of this meeting and our discussions with Mr. Doug Genge, our benefactor in the past, will be presented to our Board for review and a logical decision will be announced as soon as practical.

Please remember that all of you can contribute to the "gravy" of our heritage by continuing to send in your stories about your time in the 44th, be it during WW II or up to the present time. The 44th was active for 53 years, so just think of the many experiences our people must have had. We'd love to have any of your experiences that you have the nerve to tell and share with the rest of us. Those who took over in 1945 surely must have many accounts that would be of interest to all. Every 44th'er of every era is invited and encouraged to share their stories with us. See you in San Antonio,

—Will



Our traveling Historian and our new Group Vice President to 2nd ADA along with their supporting cast Irene and Ardith smiling over our success at Colorado Springs.

FOLDED WINGS

PLOESTI VETERANS

Vincent Huenerberg	67th	3/93
Tom Laskowski	68th	12/94
James R. Perry, Jr	67th	11/94

ALL OTHERS

Willis J.W. Cato	67th	10/66
Walter Cohn	68th	9/92
Conrad Menzel	506th	'93
Carlisle Crutcher	66th	'92
John V. Patton	68th	5/93
Fred E. Fayard, Jr.	ukn	ukn
Sam F. Junrin	506th	2/66
Wayne M. Rickert	68th	4/93
William F. Zoller	68th	7/93
Frank J. Namiotka	67th	1/89
Robert E Felber	66th	6/93
Robert W. Ryan	67th	1/93
Frederick A. DuBose	506th	12/93
Walter Nealon	68th	ukn
George Bryant	68th	ukn
Kenneth Moore	68th	ukn
John E. Kirby	67th	'93
Harris J. Slutz	ukn	12/90
Everette Cassells	ukn	11/79
Edward J. Kamholz	ukn	ukn
Donald E. Hefner	ukn	'81
John Bass	ukn	'87
Cortland Woodruff	66th	5 /81
Wilbert Bupp	'87	ukn
Marvin G. Jenson	ukn	1/91
Leslie B. Chisholm	ukn	ukn
Kenneth D. Kagley	ukn	'83
Dennis F. Murphy	ukn	2 /93
Albert Leghorn	66th	ukn
Sampson L. Dietz	66th	ukn
Ross Carrow	506th	'93
Charles Huntz	506th	'93
Ralph Jorgenson	506th	'93
Lyle Murphy	506th	ukn
Robert Petkoff	506th	ukn
Irwin Rada	506th	unk
Herman Smith	506th	ukn

Harry Steele	506th	1/93
Robert "Foots" Lee	68th	ukn
Bert Johnson	ukn	7/94
Theodore B. Hoffiz	66th	4 /92
Joseph H. Bonneau	67th	3 /93
Morrie Meunitz	ukn	ukn
Frank P. Pacylowsky	ukn	'75
Joseph Arcangeli	66th	2/95
Harold F. Bergmann	67th	1/95

This is a partial list of our deceased 44th comrades that Art Hand has been able to trace just recently with the capability of his CD phone directory.

This also explains some of the long past dates of the passing of these men. We will continue to catch up on the list with each issue as well as list new Folded Wings.



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66TH SQUADRON MEMBERS ALERT

You've got a great English friend, Steve Adams, writing your WW II history. He has asked that we again remind you that he is in need of more material about the squadron for the history. Whether you were from the 66th or not, and have any remembrances of incidents that involved the 66th or its personnel that would be of interest, please write it, copy it, or whatever needs to be done, and send it along to Steve. As this will be the last of our squadron histories, Steve wants it to be the best. Submit what you have to: Steve Adams, 28 Bassingham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR3 2QT U.K.

.....

ANOTHER ALERT

Word comes to us that the 2nd ADA Memorial Library copy of our Ursal P. Harvell, HISTORY OF THE 44TH BOMB GROUP "FLYING EIGHT BALLS" LIBERATORS OVER EUROPE was destroyed in the Norwich Library fire. Can someone among us come up with another copy to donate? Perhaps in the memorabilia of one of our deceased 8 Ballers there might be a copy the family might donate to the library in the name of their loved one to be on display rather than gathering dust in the attic. If you can part with a copy of the history, please call Will Lundy and coordinate shipping it to him at:

3295 North H St., San Bernardino, CA 92405-2809
Phone (909) 882-2441 Will can deliver the history personally if it reaches him PRIOR to April 30 when he and Irene will be packing to leave for England.
Many Thanks.



A NEW 44TH BGVA P.O. BOX

Now that we have new Treasurer, we have also acquired a new Post Office Box. This address will be used for payment of dues, Life memberships, donations, etc., and any direct communication with the Treasurer in connection with those payments. PLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR REUNION RESERVATION PAYMENT TO THIS BOX. IT GOES TO THE ADDRESS ON THE RESERVATION FORM.

For *payment of dues, etc.*, make the check out to **44TH BGVA** and send to:

**44th BGVA
P.O. Box 2367
Salt Lake City, UT 84118-2367**

50 YEARS LATER , WARBIRDS WILL FLY AGAIN

From The Air Force Times

Washington— As many as 300 World War II -era bomber, fighter and transport planes will participate in a two-week journey across the United States to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of the war.

The aerial armada—called Freedom Flight America—is expected to be the largest such group of planes assembled since the war. The group will depart from Long Beach from Long Beach, Calif., on July 31 and stop at about a dozen cities.

Among the airplanes expected to participate are B-17 Flying Fortress bombers, P-51 Mustang and P-47 Thunderbolt fighters, and C-47 Skytrain cargo planes as well as vintage Navy, Marine Corps and Allied aircraft.

The trip is the brainchild of Morey Darznieks, 51, a Latvian immigrant and owner of Lance Aircraft Supply, Inc. of Dallas, a vintage-aircraft parts company. Darznieks is the founder of the Freedom Flight America Foundation, also based in Dallas, which is managing the effort.

"During World War II, he and his family were bombed out of their home in Riga, Latvia, and after the war they were sponsored to come to the United States," said Darznieks' son John. "He has lived the American dream and the country has been really good to him. This trip is his way of saying thank you to the veterans that have made freedom possible."

Darznieks is bankrolling the flight's organizational expense.

To help pay for fuel, maintenance and lodging costs for participating planes and crews, the foundation is selling \$50 certificates signed by Army Air Force veterans, including retired fighter ace Col. Francis S. Gabreski and retired Col. Robert K. Morgan, pilot of the "Memphis Belle," the first B-17 to complete 25 bombing missions over Germany and France.

Depending on the size of the aircraft, fuel and maintenance costs can range from \$500 to \$7,000 per flying hour.

For information, call the Freedom Flight Foundation at (214) 247-1214. Here are some of the cities the planes will visit:

Long Beach, CA, July 28-31
Phoenix, AZ, , July 31-Aug. 1
El Paso, TX, Aug. 1 - 2
Dallas, TX, Aug. 2 - 3
Kansas City, MO, Aug. 3 - 4
Aurora, IL, Aug. 4 - 7
Washington, D.C., Aug. 9 - 11
New York City, Aug. 11 - 14

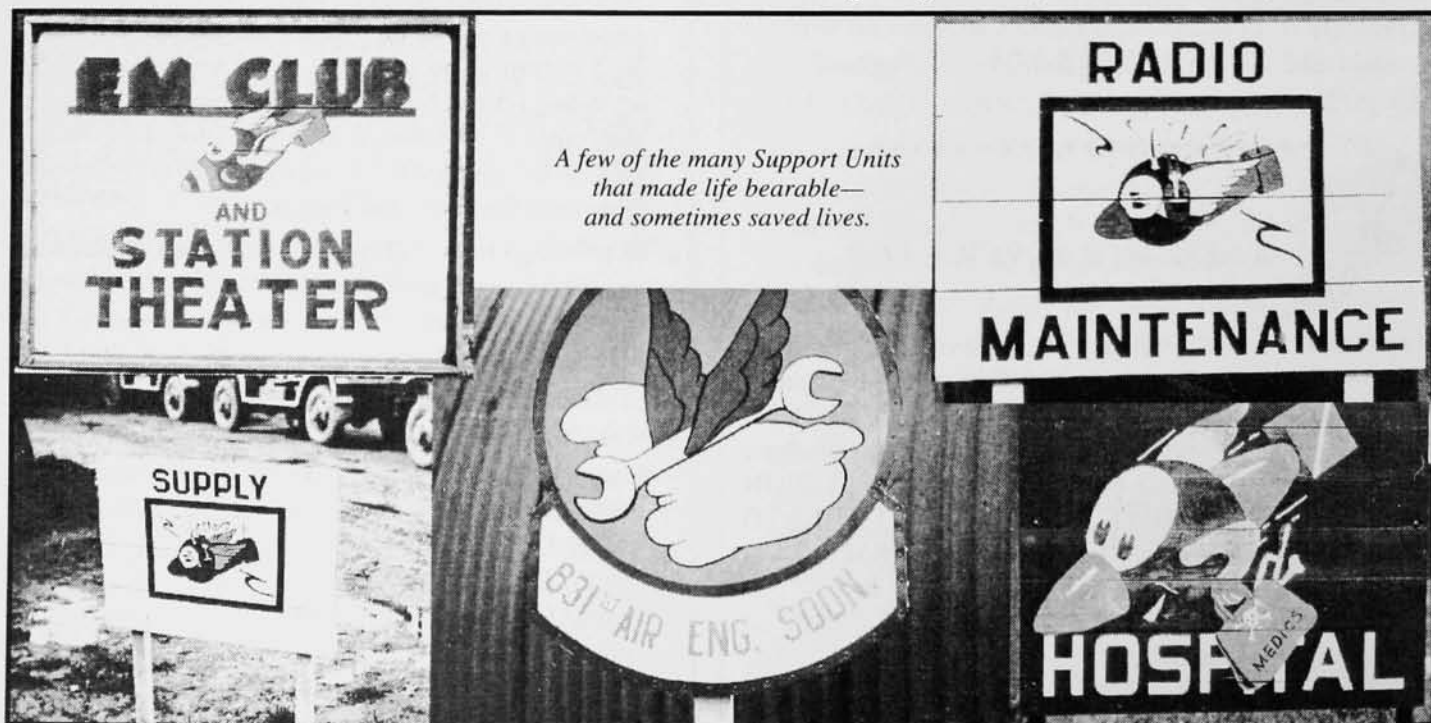
THE SUPPORT UNITS

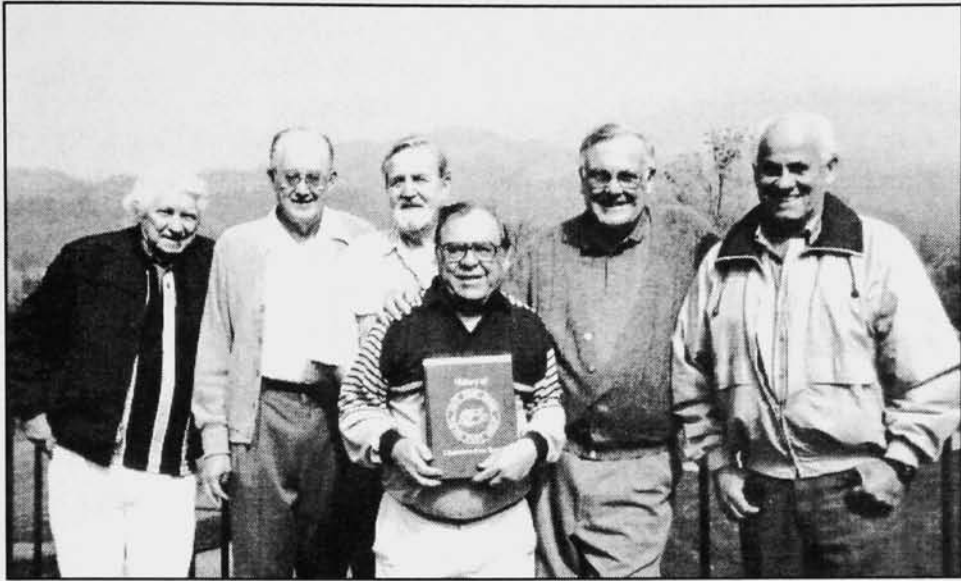
When I read this citation I thought about all of the guys in all of the support units, the medics, the MPs, the cooks & bakers, supply, personal equipment, engineers, communications, finance, all of the men and women who were not directly in touch with the air and ground crews and aircraft, EXCEPT WHEN WE NEEDED THEM, and that was a lot of times when we weren't aware of what they, individually, had contributed to the climax of our (the aircrew's) job on mission days, getting off, bombing the target, and bringing the aircraft home if we could. Then I lamented, did I ever really thank these people? Yeah, we took them on those "Trolley Missions" right after VE Day to let them see what we'd been up to on those horrible waiting days when they stayed behind worrying about us and anxiously counting the returning aircraft. Specifically, as relates to this citation, I tried to remember those days when we came down final firing those flairs indicating battle damage but managed to land safely with those Crash Rescue Units and Ambulances following down the runway then standing by until we were out safely. Did I get out of that aircraft and go directly to those guys and thank them for just being there when and if we needed them. I hope I did, but I'm not sure. Now I wish I had said thanks to the whole wonderful support bunch. There were some among their ranks that, as with the aircrews, made the supreme sacrifice.

The Posthumous Award of the Soldiers Medal to Sgt. MONROE A. ATCHLEY, 35579833, and PVT. TED R. BUNALSKI reads: Sgt Atchley and Pvt. Bunalski were off duty, eating supper on the night of June 4, 1944 when they heard men yelling a plane had crashed. They left their meals, ran out to the road and jumped on the first truck going to the fire. Upon arrival at the crashed airplane they immediately began extinguishing the flames engulfing the aircraft in disregard of the burning gasoline and the warning that there were bombs aboard. Sgt. Atchley and Pvt. Bunalski lost their lives attempting to save the aircrew when a bomb exploded in near proximity to these courageous Crash-Rescue men.

The award of THE BRONZE STAR to S/SGT CHARLES PROVENZANO, 32295536, SGT. ANTONIO M. SULPRIZIO, 31300102, PFC ANTON BAUC, 36658870, PFC MICHAEL LAZAREWICZ, 32651944 and T/5 JOHN J. SCHRACK, 33717052 reads: On the night of June 4, 1944, these members of a Crash Rescue unit disregarding the danger of exploding 20 lb. fragmentation bombs aboard a crashed and burning B-24, which had killed two of their crash crew, courageously continued to extinguish the fire and rescue aircrew members until they were ordered to move back from the fire by the Officer-in-Charge.

All were members of the 2033rd Engineer Aviation Firefighting Platoon, AAF Station 115, APO 558





Left to Right: Norm Chown, Brice Williams, Jim Dietz, Al Martin, Roy Owen, Frank Castelli

HOW ABOUT A SONOMA COUNTY (CA) CHAPTER OF EIGHT BALLERS!

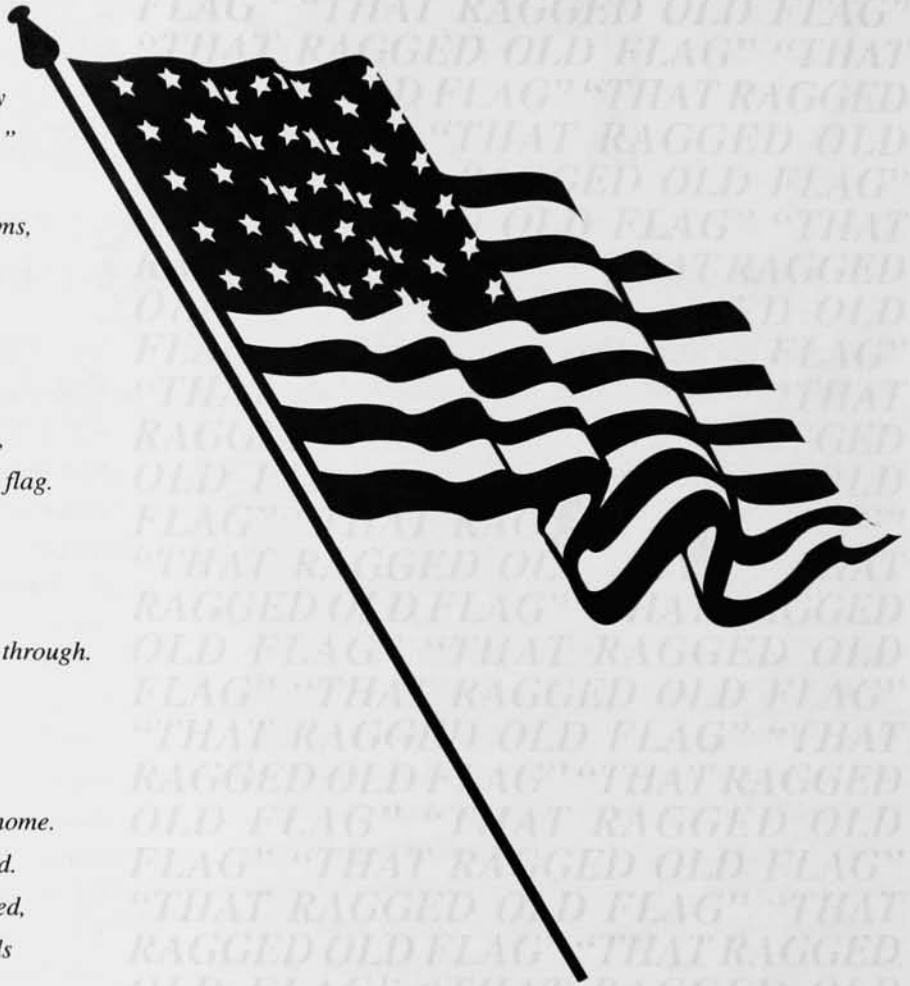
Right after my return home from Colorado Springs and being, for the first time, in possession of the complete 8 Ball Roster as one of the presidential perquisites, I was surfing through the roster and came across two 44th'ers besides AL MARTIN and myself living in Santa Rosa. I immediately called my 506th buddy, Al, and told him about my find. Al and I have lunch together every 2 or 3 months and I suggested we make contact with FRANK CASTELLI and NORMAN CHOWN also both 506th guys. Al volunteered to make contact and call back, which he did, and we set a date for lunch at my golf clubhouse last November. What a day of surprises we had! First, Frank Castelli, a retired California Highway Patrolman, and Norm Chown, a retired attorney from the Sonoma County Public Defenders Office immediately recognized the other from a long professional relationship (adversaries, I might add) in our courts. Neither had ever discussed wartime service nor realized, even remotely, that they were not only 44th veterans, but were both 506th members and served their tours at exactly the same time! Frank as Nose Gunner on the ED JARVIS crew and Norm as Waist Gunner, first on the LOU CONFER crew, and when Confer finished his tour, he joined the MEL PARRISH crew until VE Day. The next surprise was when I found Frank was with the Jarvis crew and we realized that we had been on sister crews (I was Co-Pilot on the Bill Smith crew) throughout OTU training at Mountain Home, Idaho,

had shipped over to England on the Ile de France, assigned to the 44th/506th from Stone, and both crews flew a B-24 home after VE day.

Not long after our initial luncheon, I received a letter from MEL TRAGER concerning the flags he has obtained for us through his VFW Post. In his letter he mentioned BRICE WILLIAMS, a 44th buddy that also resides in Santa Rosa. I proceeded to contact Brice (he was in the Finance Office at Shipdham, a very vital part of our Anglo-American relations efforts with the distaff side of our English hosts) and he cheerfully accepted the invitation to join us at our next luncheon on Feb. 22. About that time I got a call from JIM DIETZ, a 68th comrade who resides in Ukiah (about 60 miles north of Santa Rosa). He was inquiring if I had heard from a Canadian, Dr. Reid, who had purchased an original oil painting of the 68th aircraft "Corky" at the Smithsonian and was attempting to contact the crew to develop the war record of the aircraft (Jim was the Radio Operator). In the course of the conversation, I told Jim about our 44th luncheons and our Sonoma Chapter once again grew and we all met on schedule again at the clubhouse appropriately on George Washington's birthday. Lolly graciously served as our photographer to record that really enjoyable get-together. There were war stories and fellowship aplenty!

“THAT RAGGED OLD FLAG”

*I walked through a county court house square
And on a park bench, an old man was sittin' there
I said, "Your old court house has kind of run down."
He said, "No, it will do for our little town."
I said, "Your flag pole has leaned a little bit,
and that's a ragged old flag you've got hanging on it."
He said, "Have a seat," and I sat down.
"Is this the first time you've come to our little town?"
I said, "I think it is." He said, "I don't to brag,
but we are kind of proud of that ragged old flag.
You see, we got a little hole in that flag there
when Washington took it across the Delaware,
and it got a powder burn when Francis Scott Key
sat up watchin' it, writing "Oh Say Can You See."
And it got a little rip in New Orleans
with Packingham and Jackson tuggin' at the seams,
and it almost fell at the Alamo run,
beside the Texas flag, but she waved on.
It got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville,
got cut again at Shiloh Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard and Bragg,
and the South wind blew hard on that ragged old flag.
On Flanders Field in World War One,
She got a bad hole form a Bertha gun,
She turned blood red in World War Two,
She hung limp and tired by the time that one was through.
She was in Korea and Vietnam,
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam.
She waved from our ships upon the briny foam,
and now we've about quit waving her here back home.
And in her own good land here, she's been abused.
She's been burned, dishonored, denied and refused,
and now the very government for which she stands
is scandalized throughout the land.
and she's getting threadbare and she's wearing kind of thin,
but she's in good shape for the shape she's in.
Because she's been through the fire before,
and you can be sure she can take a whole lot more.
So we raise her every morning, and we bring her down slow every night.
We don't let her touch the ground and we fold her up just right.
On second thought, I do like to brag,
Because I'm mighty proud of that ragged old flag."
"So am I,"*



Author Unknown

MAIL CALL

Just a few words about your letters, we'll do our best to see that they are all answered and, space permitting, published. Yes, the good, the bad and the ugly! Because of space limitations, we will exercise some editorial license in trimming some of the "how is the weather" and "my arthritis is kicking up again" stuff, and you are liable to see some paraphrasing of your original letter here and there for clarity and brevity. But rest assured the color, and that "gravy" Will wants will come through. Bear with us, it's a right all editors reserve along with editorial comment.



44TH'ERS ARE TOUGH!

January 1995

Dear Will,

Thanks to all of you, our new President and new Board. It's great to know that the 44th will be preserved. I thought it was a shame to give up on one of America's greatest Bomb Groups. I have really missed the last 3 reunions, I have been under the weather for the past 2 years and I get inspired by guys like DAN VALENTI and BOB KRUEGER who have beaten the Big C.

I was the Tail Gunner on KAY'S crew, seven of us are still alive. We had 6 show up at the last Rapid City Reunion and I hope 7 will show up at San Antonio. I know I'll see you guys there and particularly BOB LEHNHAUSEN; it's good to see him active in the new old group. Very Truly,

KENNY SMITH

3500 Division St. Apt. 153
Metairie, LA 70002

EDITOR: I'm looking forward to shaking the hand of a tough ole' 8 Baller in San Antone'!



REMEMBER THE DRYING ROOM?

This comes from Lt. EARL J. GUY, 66th Sq.
1419 Sand Creek Rd., Boggstown, IN 46110

I was the Group Personal Equipment & Air Sea Rescue Officer, with Equipment meaning flying supplies; suits, parachutes, Mae Wests, Emergency Radio X-mitters, Very Pistols, etc.

As I remember parachutes had to be repacked every 30 days. Flying suits were in very short supply. That's how I began flying on combat missions; to show the crews that the British heated suits also worked.

At one time, earlier in the war, we used a grounded Bombardier to travel to all the local depots to try to con them out of equipment. He was good too, could talk most anyone out of anything! Between scrounging and washing and rewashing we kept 'em flying, but the Flyboys were not very respectful of their equipment.

I flew a total of 5 missions until the Captain grounded me. He said he didn't want to explain to HQ how he lost a paddlefoot over Germany! Also, Capt. HARROCKS, with whom I flew most, wrote to my wife to tell her to get me to stop.

We also arranged trips for several crews to accompany us to Great Yarmouth to go out in the North Sea to pick up crews forced to ditch en route back to base. The British had a marvelous craft, I don't remember the name, which was larger, but as fast as our PT boats. Anything that could float was out there to help rescue those crews.

I had two permanent room mates, Lt. MORTON R. TAYLOR, who died about age 45, and JOHN SALADIAC after he had tours with the RAF, RCAF and then was shot down on Ploesti. Other room mates with whom I have lost contact were MESSERSCHMIDT and PETER KARAPIN.

Ours was the only room in the barracks with running water. I took some valves, lines, connections, etc. from a junk B-24 and we installed it overnight. Of course the Captain made us believe he was furious, but he never made us tear it out. PETE HENRY did photo work in the Bomb shelter, but I did mine in the room. I invited him down, but he never took me up on the offer. My enlarger was built from a bomb bay strut, and a lens given to me by GEN. JOHNSON.

Our "home town" was Dereham, not Shipdham. That's because "Sal" married a girl whose father ran the hotel in Dereham.

EDITOR: Thanks Earl, I've long wondered what they did with worn out Bombardiers. Also I have to explain that in the eyes of a B-24 Pilot there has never been a "junk" Liberator.

Salvage maybe, but never junk! Also, I heartily agree with the "home town" title for Dereham. We seem to give most of our reverence to Shipdham, but we got a lot of love from, tossed a lot of darts with, and married into many of the

wonderful families of Dereham. We've got to let 'em know the 44th still loves them! I'd like to hear from our Dereham Wives to help me with ideas to let the folks of Dereham know that we still feel we owe a debt of gratitude for the hospitality and care they extended to the brash young Yanks so far from home. One last observation; I'm sure the word scrounge has never appeared in any supply manual, but guys like our grounded Bombardier certainly brought it into the lexicon of the military. It occurs to me, we might still be fighting WW II if nobody ever scrounged anything! Also Earl, try PETER KARAPIN at 2780 Durham Rd., York, PA 17402-3808, Ph. 717-755-0501. We have no MESSERSCHMIDT in our roster or on our tail at present, but we'll keep a lookout. Give Art Hand a first name and MI if you can, he'll get on his trail like he owes Art money!

The next letter was passed on from Pete Henry to Will Lundy to me. I am saddened to pass on to you the news from DOROTHY SALADIAK that your roomie "Sal" has passed away.

November 25, 1994

Dear Mr. Henry,

Sadly, I must tell you that my beloved husband, JOHN SALADIAK, died at home on September 15, 1994 after three years of illness. He suffered courageously and never complained.

We were married on November 25, 1944 in East Dereham Parish Church while John was stationed at Shipdham in Norfolk. I am enclosing a copy of the biography we sent for the Second Air Division History. I would like to continue receiving the 2nd Air Division Journal and will continue paying the dues.

All the best, Sincerely,

Dorothy Saladiak 258 Amity Rd., Glenshaw, PA 15116

John Saladiak, born in Pittsburg, December 10, 1917, earned his wings in the Canadian Air Force in 1941. He served as a navigator with the RCAF, RAF, and USAAF.

He was with the 44th Bomb Group and was navigator on the August 1, 1993 raid on the Ploesti Oil Fields. On this raid he flew with EDWARD

MITCHELL (pilot), DONALD DECKER (copilot), JULIO CASTELLOTTI (waist gunner), HENRY FLISTER (tail gunner), JAMES KIPPLE (bombardier), DAVID COLLIE (waist gunner), ROBERT McADAMS (flight engineer). John and all the crew were interned in Turkey. John was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for the Ploesti mission.

In England he was stationed at Shipdham. He was married to Dorothy Nelson in East Dereham Parish Church on Nov. 25, 1944. After returning to the U.S. in 1945 he stayed in the Air Force until 1948 when he was honorably discharged as a First Lieutenant. Injuries which plagued him for many years eventually led to the amputation of his right leg.

He graduated from Duquesne University with a B.S. and worked for about 20 years for the Internal Revenue Service. He retired in 1984. He enjoyed travelling in Europe, reading and listening to classical music.

EDITOR; Dorothy, I trust the inclusions here convey to you that "Sal" was remembered with love by his comrades even before his passing. Also, we would be honored if you would consider remaining within the 44th family. You are one of us, and would be a tremendous asset in our efforts in expressing our love and thanks to the folks of your home town. I would appreciate hearing from you.
ROY

.....

A QUICKIE

Dear Will,

Sending you holiday greetings and many wishes for the New year. Also I wanted to tell you I didn't like the way they terminated our old group. I wish this new endeavor great success. It looks good to me.

PHIL TERABERY, (67th), 9212 Clay St., Denver, CO 80221-5209

EDITOR: Your support looks good to us as well, Phil. Thanks

.....

THINGS ARE COMING TOGETHER IN SANTA ROSA!

Dec. 9, 1995

Dear Will,

I am very glad the 44th Bomb Group is going to continue as an organization for its members. I really enjoyed reading the Logbooks. I had only joined the

44th HMG in December 1992, so I was disappointed when it was disbanded. I am glad you are going to be with the new organization. I received a couple of letters from you when I first joined the Heritage Group.

I noticed a familiar name in this first issue of 8 Ball Tails; MEL TRAGER and I were friends at Shipdham. As I remember, he was from Chicago. Also, I see ROY OWEN lives here in Santa Rosa. I'll have to call him one of these days.

All the best to you and the new organization.

BRICE R. WILLIAMS,
2623 Canterbury Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95405

EDITOR; Brice and I have made contact. See the "Sonoma County Branch of the 44th BGVA" elsewhere in this issue.



ON A NOSTALGIC NOTE

To 44th Vets Association News (AKA 8 Ball Tails)

We are nearing the final flight, the last mission in 1995. This is written as a final nostalgic retrospective of the years 1942-45 and a final tribute to the men of the 44th.

I write this on a warm Florida day, temp. 82 degrees, a few hours before the dawn of the year 1995. We have done all we can to remember those who have passed before us and we are ready to close the mission log.

However, before this, I want to say a word or two of gratitude for the memories left by the following 44th men, Major R. C. GRIFFITH, my pilot; Lt. ROBERT T. WEATHERWAX, my Navigator, and Lt. BILL TINSMAN, my copilot. Also to Gen. LEON JOHNSON, Col. BILL CAMERON and those who touched my life in the 44th; JACK HARMON, JOHN GIBBONEY, EARL PARRISH, and for great memories, KEN JEWELL, HAROLD PINDER, ABE SOFFERMAN, and DAVID EDMONDS.

I want to say my greatest farewell to the men and crews who died and are memorialized for the 18 November 1943 raid on Kjellar Airfield, Norway, among them Lt. EDWARD DOBSON and others. I wish to salute Col. RICHARD BUTLER and the men who were on the ill-fated Emmy Lou II crash and for their devotion to duty over the years to the 44th Bomb Group.

The memories cannot die as men do, but live on eternally in all of us.

FORREST CLARK

703 Duffer Lane, Kissimmee, FL 34759

EDITOR; Thanks, Forrest, for this letter. I'm both touched and perplexed; touched by the nostalgic note yet perplexed by the tone of finality in your words. I would doubt that any of the membership of the 44th BGVA are "ready to close the mission log." We are just embarking on the latest chapter of 44th history and heritage, and unless you have a message that hasn't reached me yet, I think we all are looking forward to business as usual. When we lose a comrade, as we often will, we will honor his or her memory, close ranks and carry on. From your address I would surmise that you, like me, are a golfer Forrest. Let's just keep on swinging!



GET ON THE 44TH HAM RADIO NET
(This came to us via Pete Henry)

Dec. 5, 1994

Evanston, IL

Dear Pete,

I thought this little story might be of interest of you and the gang. Early last summer, I was told by a friend who flies from Palwaukee, that a B-24 was parked on the grass at the edge of the field near the restaurant. I drove out one day and walked around it and took several pictures. It was closed up so I made up no attempt to touch it. Along about late October, my friend said the plane was now over by a hangar and he had seen it with the engines running and he had heard it was headed for a museum in South Florida.

I still keep in touch with a number of old 44th'ers via Ham radio every Tuesday morning at 8:00 a.m. CST on 7227 kc, then moving to 21460 or 14278 kc to keep in touch with our friend BILL HOLMES in Norwich. He is a friend of the 8th AF and has been very helpful to fellows who have gone over to England, arranging transportation, Hotels, etc. Among the 44th'ers on our radio net are: FRED BROWNING (67th), WAYNE HARVEY (66th), BUD LAWERENCE (506th), ART HAND (66th), CARL HVAMBSAL (506th), HAL KRAMER (464 Sub-Depot), WALT EICHENSEHR (506th), and myself, also

several fighter people and one B-17 pilot. I almost forgot the Ringleader of our net, ED SCHWARM (506th). He acts as net control and keeps order in the ranks! I had sent Ed pictures of the B-24 at Palwaukee. If you want some , I can make some prints for you. I am also going to send a clipping from the paper.

A little story for you—not fit for publishing! When I first joined the 44th at Will Rogers Field, as a green private, I was put on KP with Ward Bond (now gone) in Sgt Hundley’s Mess Hall. He was a stickler and we worked hard ‘till Bond decided to walk around with his Bobbitt hanging out of his coveralls. When taken to task by Sgt. Hundley, he said that if he was going to be worked like a horse, he was going to look like one!

All for now, Best Regards,

GEORGE HILL

2116 Ewing Ave., Evanston, IL 60201-2004

EDITOR: I wish you had sent along some of your pictures of the B-24. Has anyone got a clue on the Florida destination of the Lib? As for that “little story,” I refer you back to the editorial disclaimer at the beginning of this section. Besides, if Bond was equipped as your story suggests, Man, that was a “BIG” story, and you left us *hanging*,. Did Sgt. Hundley punish Bond for “*horsing*” around? Don’t keep us in suspense, please carry on with the story!



BRING ON THEM JOHNNY REBS

This comes to us from NORM LINVILLE via Pete Henry.

Hello Pete, Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know where JAMES L. LIVINGSTON (506th) is. I told him you would get in touch with him and let him know how to join the 2nd ADIV Ass’n: James L. Livingston, 860 Ziegler Rd., Bloomingdale, GA 31302.

We went to gunnery school and overseas together. We met last week—first time in 50 years.

I don’t know about this new 44th Bomb Group they are getting up, as they sure don’t have anyone from the South on the Board of Governors. The next 2nd AD reunion at Lexington is near my old stomping grounds, I’ll look you up there. NORMAN B. LINVILLE, 107 E. Morgan St., Brandon, FL 33510

EDITOR: CLEMENTS, take down that Confederate Flag or get an apology from Norm. Besides

being a Rebel state, you’ve been telling me that one Texan on the board was worth two from any other state. For your info, Norm, our Constitution requires that we balance our Board membership by unit rather than geography except, since we are incorporated in Illinois, their laws require that at least one member of the Board be from Illinois. Also, while it is not chiseled in stone, we attempt to balance the board geographically. Frankly when we were fighting to stay alive we grabbed the fighters willing to serve without looking too closely at what part of the country they lived. In fact we had two old southern war horses on our team: REG CARPENTER (NC) ‘till his arteries got clogged up and he had to have some by-pass surgery, and BILL STRONG (TX) until the surgery on his poor old head was becoming so frequent his travel was hampered. Now that we are up and running, I expect we’ll get the board composition smoothed out. For the short term, keep your cool, send in your \$15.00 check for ‘95 dues, and talk with me at Lexington. I’d be happy to hear your ideas. In case you don’t know who to look for, the title Editor is AKA President (look in The Presidents Corner of this issue).



December 12, 1994

Dear Will,

I have today received Vol. 1, Issue 1 of the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Ass’n. Journal (8 Ball Tails, please). It was a joy to receive it and to know that we are still not a “Stand Down” group, but were still “Alert.” I am sure the membership at large owe you and the other members of the Executive Board a great deal of THANKS for all that you have done to bring us back to life. I also think the name 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association is perfect. It is simple and tells anyone exactly who we are.

Regarding the reunion next October in San Antonio, I will try to get HERBY HASTINGS, SWEDE CARLBERG, ALLEN NOBLE and HAL PENDLETON to join me there. These are the remaining members of our crew of fifty years ago. It is a little early to say if we can be there, but we have it on the list for sure. Thanks again for your work on our behalf.

Sincerely, Jim

JAMES W. FORREST,

104 Kenwood Place, Lynchburg, VA 24502-2120

EDITOR: Maybe another crew reunion at our re-union—Man we're on a roll!



Dec. 12, 1994

Dear Will,

I'm getting up there (age), but I'm heading for San Antonio '95. Best to all of you 44th Leaders for keeping us alive. Within this day I will get a letter off to Ed Dobson.

All the best, JACK GIBSON, (B. Gen. John H.)
7008 Gateridge, Dallas, TX 75240



Dec. 10, 1995

Dear Will,

Thanks to you and ROY OWEN and all the others for keeping the 44th Veterans active. I think you guys are great.

For your information our old comrade, TOM LASKOWSKI (66th, ERWIN'S crew) passed away last week. He was a Ploesti survivor and lived in Binghamton, NY. I'm sure you remember his wife WANDA. Tom and her came to many of our 2nd AD reunions.

Warmest Regards, JIM AUMAN,
352 Church St., St. Marys, PA 15857-1012

EDITOR: Thanks for the kind words, Jim. That's what makes the days and days of sitting at this computer all worthwhile! I'll see that Wanda gets this issue of The Tails and ask her if she would like to stay in the 44th Family.



ANOTHER WELCOME LETTER FROM
AN 8 BALL SON!

Dec. 14, 1994

Dear Will,

This is my application for membership in your newly formed 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association. I am not a veteran of the Group, however my father was a member. He was in England for three years; at Shipdham nearly all the time. I hope that the new 44th BGVA is not limited to the real thing, and has room for some of its progeny. My check is enclosed.

As a result of corresponding with you several years ago, I signed on with the 2nd Air Division Assn. and the now defunct 44th HMG. I have enjoyed reading (cover to

cover) the publications produced by both organizations. I look forward to reading publications produced by the 44th BGVA, and hope that it will contain memories of events and conditions both in the air and on the ground.

I wish total success to you and the other members of the Executive Board.

Sincerely, Karl G. Grube,
1110 Aspen Court, Kohler, WI 53044

EDITOR: Karl, not only are you welcome, you and your contemporaries, our progeny, are what this is all about. The history and heritage of the 44th belongs to you. I'm sure I speak for all the 44th when I say the 8 Ball Tails and its predecessors purpose is not to glorify the deeds of its veterans. We wish to bring the experiences we lived, and died doing, beyond the pure statistical and factual aspects of our 44th service to tell you, our sons, daughters and grandkids the personal color and human aspects of the bittersweet war we fought. Bitter, obviously, because of the finality involved when the contest is real; yet sweet when the shared experience bonds men and women together in a manner of comradeship almost undefinable among human relationships. Your comment on enjoying reading the publications cover to cover hits our purpose square on the head. The content is really meant for you.

Come join us in San Antonio, I want you to meet our Secretary Ed Dobson, Jr. and some of the other sons and daughters that are more and more frequently attending our reunions.

I'm in frequent contact with Col. Bill Cameron, Commander of the 67th Bomb Squadron; your Dad, Karl T. was his Executive Officer and "Right Hand Man." Any commander will tell you that without a good "Exec" to tend to all the details he can't find the time to do, and to be his confidant and advisor in personnel matters, you've got a commander who's in trouble. Bill tells me your Dad was "the best."



WE JUST CAME UP WITH THIS ONE
FROM WM. BARRETT TAYLOR

24 JANUARY 1992

Dear Will,

Thanks for your letter of Jan. 16. To clarify a point, the 14th CBW was formed the summer of

1943 just before Col. Johnson and the Air Echelon of the 44th departed for North Africa. I remained behind to be Deputy Base Commander under Lt. Col. Jenkins and to organize and staff the 14th CBW so it would be ready to function upon Col. Johnson's return.

As most people know, the 14th CBW was located on the WAAF - Decontamination site (which was and still is part of Mr. Rix's farm). We had an outstanding artist in Wing HQ who painted all of the murals. When I suggested he paint one showing all of us after the war, he asked that I get someone to do a sketch and he would copy it. So I wrote to Wingert, who was one of the two top Stars & Stripes artists, asking that he furnish us with a sketch. He did and the result is still on Mr. Rix's wall. I have the original sketch in my den in Arlington. The reason those buildings are still standing is that Mr. Rix said any fool could tear down good buildings, remove the foundations and get back the land. But he profited by using them to raise pigs in. (Note—Mr. Rix is now deceased, his son is now in charge).



Do you remember the time when, on one low overcast day, a JU-88 dropped Butterfly antipersonnel bombs on the airfield? (Summer '43). Griff (Goodman Griffin) and I informed Mr. Brown, the clerk (clock) of the works, not to allow anyone from his office to go on the field until all bombs had been located and removed. We were informed that it was

their airfield and they would do as they pleased. So he sent an assistant out to inspect the field and the assistant ran his little Morris Van over a bomb. It exploded and blew his foot off. After he recovered, he stopped to see Griff and I to say he wished Mr. Brown had followed our advice.

I am certain that each of us has at least 20 stories to relate (some for publication, and some not) but why not ask each of us to send you their five best stories? Even if you don't print them, collectively they would be important to future historians. We had better send them in soon, as time is getting short. Warm Regards, BARRETT TAYLOR, 3209 N. Columbus St., Arlington, VA 22207-2878

EDITOR: Good background, Barrett. I've heard all kinds of stories on who did the murals, now we've heard it from "the MAN." Re: the bombing, Will Lundy has come up (maybe you sent them) with a couple of pictures taken after the attack. They speak for themselves.

I'll be waiting for your five, no, only four stories now. Thanks.



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WHEN ONE FEELS
HE REALLY HAS MADE A DIFFERENCE

AUGUST 8, 1994
517 Elm St., Paris, IL 61994

Dear Mrs. Huenerberg:

I am very sorry to hear Vincent has passed away. I do wish we could have located him as I know he would have enjoyed the reunions and meeting with his old friends. We have been having reunions since 1981 and usually have in the neighborhood of 500

in attendance. Last year was in Dayton OH. This year we will be in Colorado Springs, CO from October 6 - 9. Your husband was in the 67th Bomb Squadron and, as you said, did fly with Reginald Carpenter. A history was done of the 67th by Will Lundy, our Group Historian. Will has also published a 44th Roll of Honor listing all of the casualties suffered in WW II. It is now out of print, but he has plans for a revision if he has time. Enclosed are a couple of pages from it that I'm sure will interest you. They are about what happened to the Carpenter crew on the famous mission to the Ploesti oil complex. Also enclosed are several pages about that mission from Will's 67th history.

We now have information or addresses on 3315 former members of the 44th Bomb Group. Below are the ones we have on the Carpenter crew. If I can help or give you any more information please let me know.

Sincerely, ART HAND

Reginald L. Carpenter, 48 Beaumont Dr.,
Hendersonville, NC 28739 (704) 697-6041 (Pilot)

E. L. Rumsey, 501 N. Meadows Ave. Manhattan
Beach, CA 90266 (213) 374-3183 (Co-Pilot)

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January 6, 1995

Dear Art,

This letter is long overdue. Please forgive me. I want to thank you for the letter you sent me in reference to my husband, Vincent E. Huenerberg who was in the 67th Squadron, 44th Bomb Group.

My family and I appreciated your thoughtfulness for sending me the history of the 67th Sqdn. I will cherish this letter as long as I live. I read and reread your letter. Thank you again so very much.

If Will Lundy ever publishes a revised edition called 44th Roll of Honor and Casualties, I certainly would appreciate it if you would notify me.

Art, I want to thank you again for your thoughtfulness. It was deeply appreciated.

Sincerely, Pearl R. Huenerberg,
31 Center St., Watertown, CT 06795

EDITOR: Dear Pearl, I will see that you get a copy of this 8 Ball Tails if we have to hand address it! You might notice in this section we made reference to Reg Carpenter having some bypass surgery last fall. I talked to him on the phone after he got home. He was doing fine and was moaning about missing our Colorado Springs reunion. Keep in touch Pearl, you are one

of the 44th family. ART SAID TO ME "A LETTER LIKE THIS ONCE IN AWHILE REALLY MAKES IT ALL WORTH THE EFFORT."

.....

PINGS AWAY

27 Dec. 1994

Dear Will,

Just received your Letter. Sorry I didn't get that Christmas "candle making" story to you in time for the season. When I dug out the stuff for my "Army Life" tale that my son had requested, memories of several happenings and events came flooding back to mind. Wish some of the rest of my crew and yours would do the same and get their stories down on paper. When we're gone, so are the stories UNLESS someone takes the time to write them down. Sure, probably only one of a hundred experiences might be worth retelling, but that one might strike a chord in someone who wants to know what WW II was like, other than those hyped-up Hollywood versions. Which, by the way, reminds me of a story!

On our base at Shipdham we had a modest little PX housed in a Quonset Hut. On the few shelves they had, when "in stock" were displayed cigarettes, candy bars, pipe tobacco, razor blades and chewing gum as the item most in demand. Trouble was, they seldom had these popular items in stock when I entered the store.

Word would go out to the flight crews that a large consignment of cartons had arrived at the PX. Cartons bearing such logos as Baby Ruth, Hershey, Nestle, Lucky Strike, Camel, Chesterfield, Wrigley, etc., etc., were seen being carted through the PX doorway, immediately followed by the posting of a sign that read "CLOSED FOR INVENTORY" on the front door. That sign seemed to stay posted until just moments after the last plane had taken off for the day's mission. As the noise of the aircraft faded into the distance and there seemed little chance of a Recall, another sign would appear on the PX door which read "Open."

When, and if, we were lucky enough to return, we would try to hurry through post-mission interrogation so as to rush for the PX before it closed to pick up our share of the goodies. On the few times I managed to beat the "Closed" sign, I

found the Cigarette stock reduced to a few sacks of Bill Durham or Dukes Mixture and, perhaps, a few packs of HIMYAR and WINGS cigarettes. The chewing gum space would be completely empty and the space that once held Clark Bars and Baby Ruths now held a carton or two of "PING" bars. That was it! Anyone who bought a Ping bar would seldom (if in his right mind) buy another one. I'll attempt to describe a PING.

Take an oblong rectangle of semi-fossilized white stuff that the perpetrators boldly called marshmallow, coat it with a dark chocolate colored glaze that chewed like paraffin and tasted like the dipstick from a model A Ford that had been run too long and too hot without an oil change, and you have an accurate description of a PING.

After about my fourth or fifth unsuccessful excursion to the PX, I broke down one day and bought the entire stock (two 24 bar cartons) of Pings at the going price of a nickel a bar. I salted them away in my blue barracks bag until the next days mission was announced. After pre-mission breakfast, between my briefcase and flying suit, I managed to store the entire 48 Pings. Just after takeoff when the bomb bay doors rolled shut, I tossed the whole lot into the bomb bay where they would freeze to cast iron hardness. In the target area as we turned at our I.P. and those doors rolled open, down went our PX's entire stock of those (expletive deleted) Ping bars cascading down upon an unsuspecting enemy below!

Someone on another crew, hearing about my dropping candy bars into Germany, said I might be accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Obviously he had never been reduced to trying to eat a Ping bar. I think the irony of my "Ping Drop" caught on; mysteriously Ping bars came into short supply in our little PX.

Will, You and your family have a Very Happy New Year. Meanwhile, I'll look forward to a continuation of the Eightballers organization into the coming years.

Sincerely,

Rob Fisk, 66th

562 Buckingham Ave., Syracuse, NY 13210-3318

Editor: Thanks at least 2 cartons for your great "Pings Away" story!

THE PING BOMBER'S "CANDLE STORY"

11 December 1994

Hi Will,

Recently, I wrote a note to Pete Henry wherein I lamented the loss of the Logbook and its always welcome stories and news items. Then a letter arrived the next day announcing the formation of the new organization, the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association. From the list of names on the Executive Board, it sounds like you're off and running, apparently without missing a step. Wonderful!

In the letter to Pete, I told of an incident that occurred just before Christmas in 1944. Since our family through several generations, always had lighted candles as part of our Christmas decorations, I thought it would be appropriate to have some lighted candles in our barracks on Christmas Eve. I began gathering all the empty 'K' Rations heavily waxed outer cartons I could find. Using my ever handy G.I. mess kit knife, I scraped enough wax off the cartons to make three candles. Using an unraveled shoe lace for a wick, I warmed and kneaded out the wax until it was thin and pliable enough to roll up into a cylinder with the wick inside. Ended up with three sort of grungy looking candles about an inch in diameter and four or five inches long.

Stretching my luck, I paid a late night visit to the mess hall where one of the cooks with some Christmas spirit gave me a couple tins of evaporated milk, a couple of one pound tins of bacon, and cartons of powdered eggs.

When the gang from my barracks drifted in that Christmas Eve, we got our Sibley stove fired up with some "borrowed coke" from the "off limits" coke pile in the 66th area and whomped up some mean omelets made with carefully blended powdered eggs, bacon, butter and canned milk. Others in the barracks broke out carefully cached chocolate for cocoa, and another found a bottle of liberated wine for a one round toast.

When those candles were lighted and placed in the window, we figured the German Air Force would be too busy with their own Yule Eve to interfere with ours. Within minutes of the lighting, the barracks lapsed into almost complete silence as, one by one, each of us travelled back in time to other Christmas Eves spent in happier times and places.

That's about all the story that I told Pete, I'm not sure if he will use it, but if you wish to add it to the 8 Ball Tails check with Pete.

Very Sincerely,

Rob Fisk, 66th, Nav. on Howard Hinshaw's crew
562 Buckingham Ave., Syracuse, NY 13210

EDITOR: I didn't see a trace of this story in the 2 ADA Journal and decided it belonged with the "Pings Away" story, so you'll just have to come up with another story for Pete! Boy, do I ever remember that Christmas Eve! You'll recall all of Europe and the British Isles had been socked in with dense fog for days and days and the Battle of Bulge raged on while we sat grounded by weather and helpless to support our troops. Then December 24 the weather broke, the skies were clear and 8th Air Force took to the skies to make the largest mass bomber attack in the history of the world attacking every possible supply route to Von Runstedt's forces. The Bomber Assembly that bright morning over England was the most awesome sight I have ever witnessed. There were B-24s and B-17s as far as the eye could see. The 44th Target was a railway bridge and tunnel just outside the city of Eiler, Germany. Get this; the IP code for the Primary was "Merry Christmas," Secondary "SEC. Merry Christmas," and Last Resort was "Santa Claus." That Christmas Eve we were all too tired to do much celebrating, but I remember thinking that our mission that day surely sent a Christmas message to our troops fighting and freezing in Bastogne that help was on the way.



THE BIG "FRIDGE" IN THE SKY

This comes from Dr. Jim Kahl
578 W. King St., Winona, Mn 55987-2975

This has been in the files for awhile, but after reading it through it seemed too good not to share.

Dear Will,

I have gone through my files and have found very little of which I feel has any historical value. However, I will let you decide and am therefore enclosing any of my personnel orders which mention other members of the 66th. I have also included a copy of the broadcast my crew made from England.—This is an interesting side tale—John Daly, the broadcaster, invited me to visit him in London whenever I was on leave. So one evening, Capt. Reed and I did and who was keeping Mr. Daly company was this beautiful young blonde who happened to be Judge Earl Warren's daughter.

After the war, Daly and his wife separated and divorced and John married the Warren girl. They made their home in the Napa Valley and lived just a short way from my sister and her husband who has a vineyard there. Needless to say they met and my sister reminded him of the broadcast.

Two other anecdotes:

The Beer Story—While on one of the trips to Africa, we received a shipment of canned American beer, Bud, I think. Well there it was 115 in the shade if you could find any; what were we to do? Well, the 66th always led the way, so into the back of old #779 went the beer on a "Test Hop" up to 18,000 ft. where the beer got cold enough, quick enough to remain icy cold through decent landing and to the shade of the wing. Man did that beer taste GOOD! Shortly, we received a call from one of the other squadron Operations Officers and within minutes several more planes were being "flight tested" at 18,000 ft!

The Wine Story—Shortly after the 7th Army landed in Sicily and was making some headway inland, one of the 66th planes piloted by JOE FLAHERTY made a forced landing on one of the captured airstrips. During their stay, the crew made friends with a Sicilian farmer who had all of his Sicilian Red Wine underground to prevent the Germans from taking it. When FLAHERTY returned, he brought with him a full keg of the aged stuff. What a party we had!

After I left the 44th, I was an air controller at 2nd Air Division. From there I was sent to the U.S. and went to Westover Field where I was Supervisor of Flying. While there I decided the Regular Air force was not my career. I was discharged as a Lt. Col. and went into the field of Veterinary Medicine, receiving my degree in 1951.

If I think of anything more I will Let you know.

Truly, Jim Kahl

EDITOR: Cold Beer—WHY NOT? Good stories, Jim. Sorry I have not included the Daly broadcast; I was typing away at it, and at about half way through I decided it was just gobbling up too much space. I have it saved and am trying to reduce it somehow. We'll see if we can get it in the next "Tails."

.....
THE "RUTHLESS" FELLOWSHIP

*We sit and view the Sussex Downs,
At grazing sheep, as seagulls cry,
Yet some of us hear other sounds,
For brave young men, destined to fly
They came to fight beside the Few,
To ease the burden of our pain,
They were our cousins, staunch and true.
And each day we see them again.
We knew the trouble which they shared,
The engines coughed amid the cloud,
We hoped their lives would all be spared,
And ardent prayers were said aloud
But "Ruthless" could not make the height,
and through the mist she came to rest
Upon a hill, within our sight,
And God's hand rose on those he blessed.
They died upon a foreign field,
Defending freedom to the last,
For what the daylight then revealed,
were friends together, hands held fast.
Their youthful spirits walk there still,
Past flowers blooming in the sun,
They smile down from Willingdon Hill,
aware of duty proudly done*

Douglas Thomas, 1995
6 Willow Walk, Eastbourne, E. Sussex, BN22 OSD

A D-DAY THANK YOU (UPDATED)

As the 50th anniversary of VE-Day is upon us, I wish to write a special note of thanks, and gratitude to all the men and women, deceased and living, who fought and died in World War II.

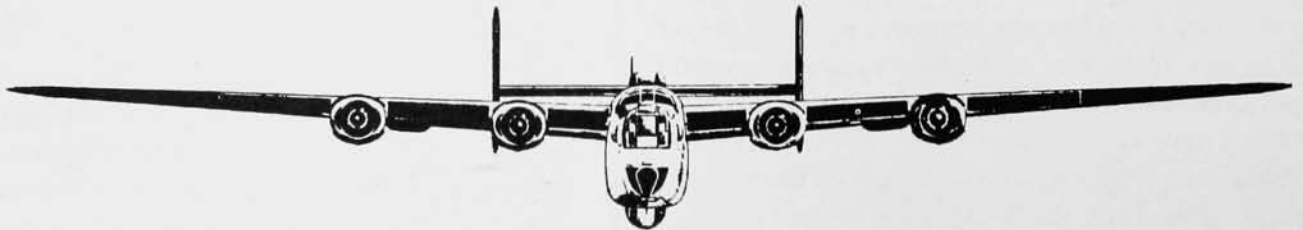
It gives me special pride to have people remember those who were in the Army Air Corps during the war. They also fought to keep our country safe and free. They flew above the ground, looking down on all the destruction and horror below—fellow comrades, fighting, suffering and dying, all for the same cause.

I am especially filled with pride as I am the daughter of one of these brave men. My father, Charles W. Taylor, was a member of the 8th Air Force, 44th Bomber Group. An aerial gunner in a B-24 called "The Liberator." A young 18 year old man, full of fear, but also full of honor.

Fifty years later, this man, my father, is still that proud honorable man. He has taught me to believe in my country, to be proud that I am an American. So on the anniversary Monday, let us stand with pride and remember what these brave people fought for. Each time you stand and salute the flag, stand with pride, place your hand on your heart and feel the life within you. And say, thank you, to all who made this possible. We have not forgotten you.

Jeanne Taylor-Huss
Syracuse

Jeanne, I trust you will forgive my changing D-Day to VE-Day in your beautiful piece, it seemed so appropriate.



44TH BGVA EXECUTIVE BOARD

President: Roy W. Owen (506)
6304 Meadowridge Dr.
Santa Rosa, CA 95409
Ph (707) 538-4726 FAX (707)538-1212

Vice President: James H. Clements (506)
4124 Calculus Ave.
Dallas, TX 75244
Ph. (214) 243-4657

Secretary: Edward M. Dobson (67)
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44th Group Vice Pres. to 2nd ADA:
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Boylston, MA 01505

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Sacramento, CA 95833
Ph. (916) 925-1700

Director: Albert F. Ruby (464)
1106 Rogers St.
Madera, CA 93638-2117
Ph. (508) 869-2592

SEARCH-ROSTER-MAIL LIST

We have split the Roster function in two. Where we had a duplication of effort with both Tom Shepherd and Art Hand both doing the same job, i.e., searching for lost members, keeping the Roster current, and providing a current mailing list and address labels, then exchanging data. From now on Art Hand will concentrate on the Search function. If you hear of a 44th'er that does not belong, or has passed away, please notify:

ART HAND
517 ELM ST.
PARIS, IL 61994
PHONE/FAX (217) 463-5905

If you move or change any aspect of your address or phone number, wife's name, want to stop receiving the 8 Ball Tails or whatever, please notify:

TOM SHEPHERD
10597 CAMBROOKE COVE
COLLIERVILLE, TN 38017
PHONE: (901) 854-6558

This will basically leave Art to his search for members and Tom to keeping the Roster current.

ART JUST RECENTLY RECEIVED NEW UPDATES TO HIS CD-ROM PHONE DISKS, SO IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A 44TH BUDDY OR CREW MEMBER CONTACT ART. WHEN HE LOCATES THE PERSON FOR YOU, IF THEY ARE NOT A MEMBER OF 44TH BGVA TELL 'EM TO COME ABOARD.



Roy Owen, Director Mike Mikoloski, Historian Will Lundy, Secretary Ed Dobson, and Member "Chick" Blakely right after the close of our inaugural meeting at Colorado Springs on October 9.

THE LAST RUN OF "RUTHLESS"

The 44th Bomb Group target for the 2 February 1944 mission looked, for all purposes, to be a "milk run" against a coastal Noball (V-1 "Buzz Bomb" launch site) at Watten in the Pas de Calais, France with short penetration and little time in enemy territory. 1st. Lt. James O. "Augie" Bolin of the 506th Bomb Squadron with a makeup crew was assigned to fly B-24D # 41-24282 "Ruthless" (named after a former pilot's wife) on this mission. The makeup crew consisted of just that; several crewmen flying a last remaining mission to complete their combat tour.

Unfortunately, the "milk run" mission soon seemed to be in difficulty; the assembly was difficult due to layered clouds then the target area weather made a GH (Radar) bomb run necessary. Timing at the IP went awry when Bolin and the lead group were forced to make a second run when the #2 Group turned inside the IP and were on a collision course with Bolin's Group over the target. The second run resulted in a target time twenty two minutes behind schedule. All of this in moderate, fairly accurate, predictor control flak. Many of the aircraft suffered minor flak damage and it was on the second bomb run that "Ruthless" was hit knocking out its number 3 inboard engine. Bolin feathered the propeller and continued the run successfully dropping his bombs on the Watton target. Coming off the bomb run, it became evident that the flak burst that had taken out #3 had also damaged #4 which was losing both oil and power. Bolin slowly fell behind the formation descending. Bolin reported to the lead aircraft that he had also lost most of his primary flight instruments and flying between cloud layers was going to attempt to make landfall near Beachy Head and make a landing at the emergency airfield at Friston, near Eastbourne. Bailout or ditching were ruled out because of the Channel water temperature. "Ruthless" reached Friston where, for some reason, Bolin was told he could he could not land at that moment. Apparently, by this time he had lost another engine and was attempting a go-around on two engines. Unable to hold altitude the aircraft crashed on the Downs (hills) on the outskirts of Eastbourne killing all aboard.

From the day of the crash on, the Eastbourne villagers seemed to feel the crash which took the lives of all ten airmen aboard "Ruthless" as a personal tragedy. They researched the history of the crew members and aircraft, corresponded with the families of those men, and each year on the anniversary of the crash the villagers walk to the hillside site of the crash and place floral memorials to the crew.

This homage by the wonderful people has manifested itself in the creation of a memorial being erected on the crash site and to be dedicated on May 13, 1995 in

connection with the nationwide commemoration of VE Day the week of May 8, 1995. The funding for this memorial to our comrades was spearheaded by Eastbourne residents Arthur King, Kevin Watson and George Dixon and supported by Eastbourne Mayor Ron Parsons. The Eastbourne efforts have been joined by the citizens of Fulton County, Pennsylvania, home of "Ruthless" Waist Gunner S/Sgt. Ralph E. Strait, when The Fulton County Commissioners set up a Memorial Fund created to maintain the memorial.

Colonel Richard Butler of the 506th Bomb Squadron and his wife Ardith, will attend the Memorial dedication ceremonies in Eastbourne on May 13, representing all of the 44th Bomb Group Veterans.

This letter from Mrs. P. Parsons of Eastbourne seems to say it all about the personal loss these people feel for our fallen comrades.


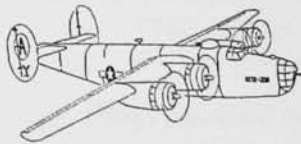
6A Maxfield Close
Eastbourne., E. Sussex, BN20 8PQ

Dear Friend,

I didn't know what to call you, but this would do.

I was one of the mothers pushing a baby carriage out of St. Elizabeth's that afternoon that the plane came over. I waved to the dear boys. Little did I think as I went down Victoria Drive to home, that they all lay dead, God rest their souls. But would you accept a little help for the memorial fund, I am sorry it's not more, but I do have a little remembrance of them though. One of my sons went up there, he was only about 12 or 13 years. He brought home a bit of Perspex (plexiglass) which my husband made into a cross which I still wear and have done for the last 50 years.

I now close, Yours Truly
Mrs. P. Parsons

In memory of the crew of a B-24D Liberator Bomber
N^o 41-24282 BAR Y "RUTH - LESS",
of
506 Squadron, 44th Bombardment Group, 8th U.S.A.A.F.
who all lost their lives, when,
badly damaged by enemy action and in very low cloud,
the aircraft crashed here on February 2nd 1944.

1 st Lt. J.O. BOLIN	Pine Bluff	ARKANSAS
1 st Lt. H.W. SCHWAB	Bronx	NEW YORK
1 st Lt. O.L. WULFF	De Smet	SOUTH DAKOTA
2 nd Lt. E.J. ACKERMAN	Brooklyn	NEW YORK
T / Sgt. J. H. BALES	Dayton	TENNESSEE
T / Sgt. C.W. YURICK	Needham	MASSACHUSETTS
S / Sgt. G.M. DEWALD	Norristown	PENNSYLVANIA
S / Sgt. A. J. MALOY	Hacoda	ALABAMA
S / Sgt. R. E. STRAIT	Saluvia	PENNSYLVANIA
S / Sgt. J. L. WILSON	Eastey	SOUTH CAROLINA

OUR FRIENDS AND ALLIES
FAR FROM HOME

SAN ANTONIO '95

44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION REUNION OCT. 19-22

THE SCHEDULE

THURSDAY OCT. 19 REGISTRATION ALL DAY

3:00 PM BALLROOM: RECEPTION AND BUSINESS MEETING. HORS D'OEUVRES,
CASH BAR

6:00 PM HOSPITALITY ROOM OPENS, FREE BAR
DINNER ON YOUR OWN



FRIDAY OCT. 20

9:30 AM COACH TOUR # 1 * \$38.00 per person
3:00 PM HOSPITALITY ROOM OPENS, FREE BAR
6:30 TO 8:30 BUFFET DINNER IN ATRIUM



SATURDAY OCT. 21

9:30 & 10:30 AM SHUTTLE BUSES LEAVE FOR RIVER WALK
2:30 & 3:30 PM SHUTTLE BUSES RETURN TO HOTEL
3:00 PM HOSPITALITY ROOM OPENS, FREE BAR
6:30 PM SQUADRON DINNERS
8:30 PM GROUP DANCE- SPONSORED BY THE 506TH SQ.



SUNDAY OCT. 22

9:00 AM GOLF - FT. SAM HOUSTON
10:00 AM COACH TOUR #2 ** \$32.00 per person
3:00 PM HOSPITALITY ROOM OPENS, FREE BAR
6:30 PM BANQUET: PROCEEDED BY COLOR GUARDS AND CANDLE
LIGHTING CEREMONY, PRESENTED BY 506TH SQ.
MEXICAN DANCERS FOLLOWING BANQUET
(JACKETS SUGGESTED FOR BANQUET)



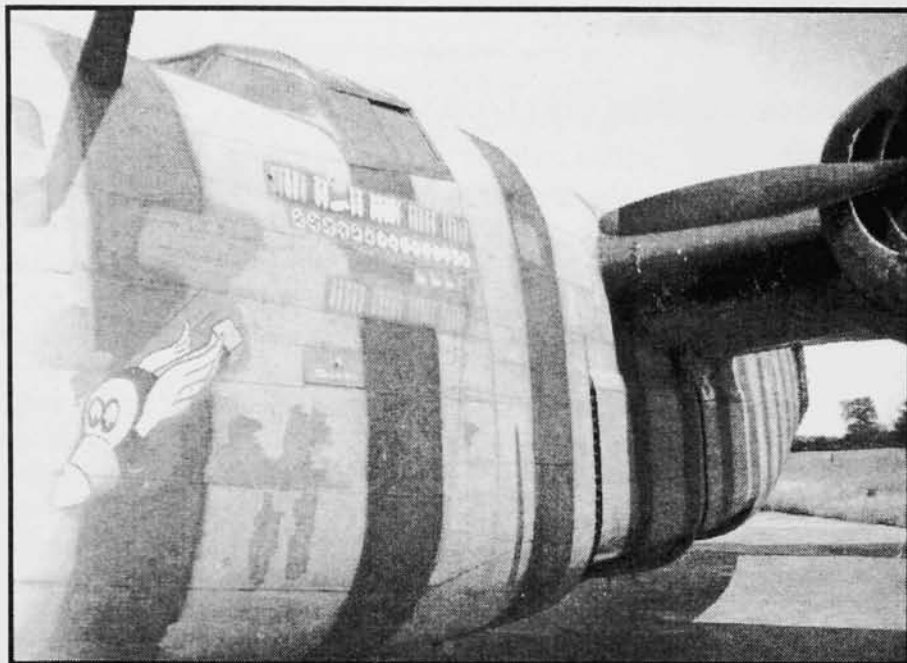
MONDAY OCT 23

8:00 AM - 10:00 AM FAREWELL BUFFET BREAKFAST & CHECKOUT

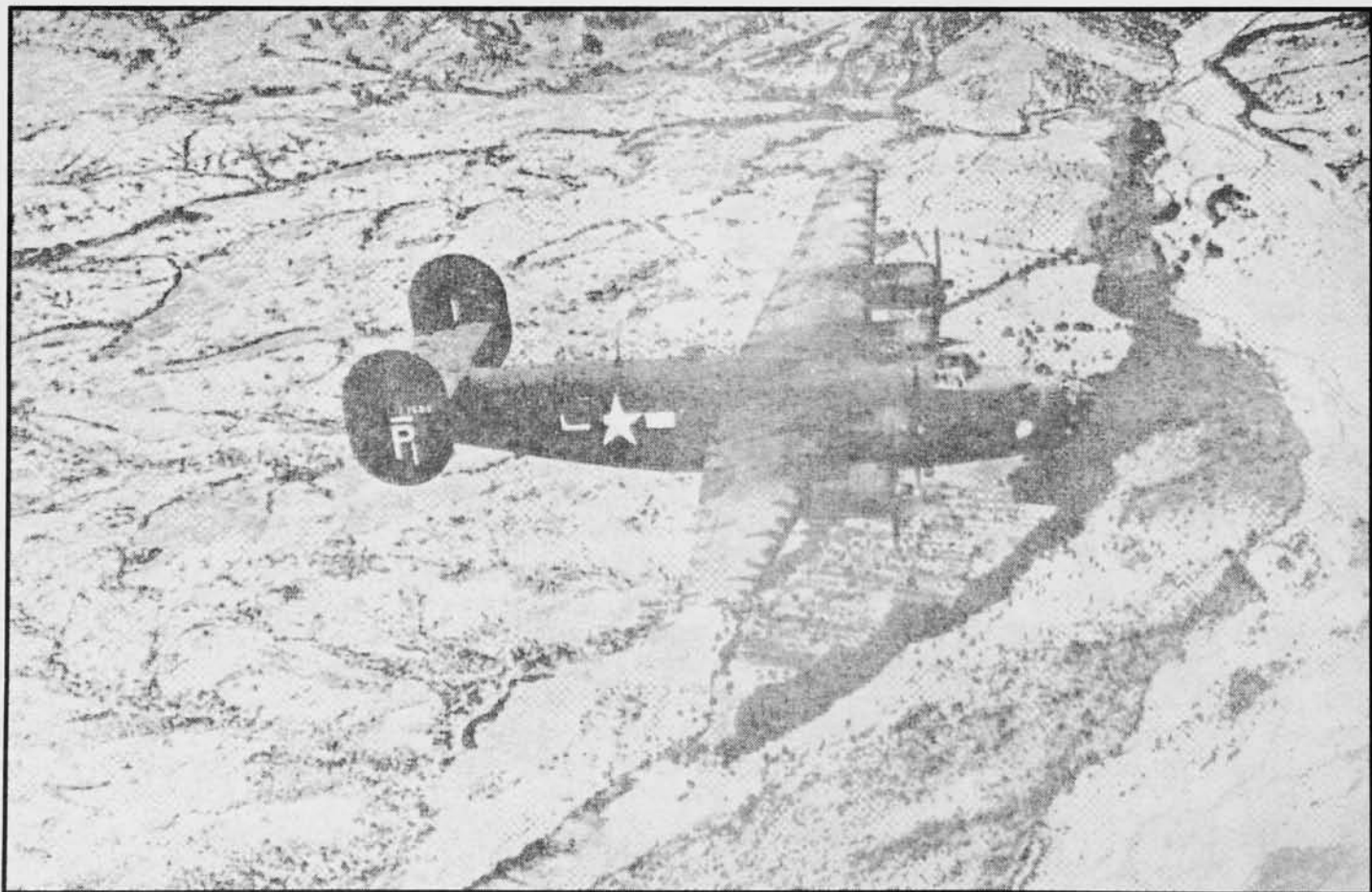
* TOUR #1 The coach tour includes the Historic Quadrangle, Fort Sam Houston and the Post Museum. After a break for lunch at Fort Sam Houston Officers Club, the tour continues on to the Alamo and Long Barracks also a tour of Mission San Jose "Queen of the Spanish Missions". The Lone Star Brewery is next with a stop at the Buckhorn Bar and the Hall of Horns. Return to hotel by 4:30 pm.

**TOUR #2 On this tour the San Antonio Botanical Gardens will be first then the Breckenridge Sunken Gardens and a stop at the Mexican Market. Lunch will be Dutch Treat. Next will be the King William Historical District and La Villita for shopping and history at the Institute of Texas Cultures. Returning by 4:00 pm.

At the time this was taken Lemon Drop had 45 combat missions, 4 diversion missions and 15 enemy aircraft kills to her credit. Note the narrow prop blade.



Crew Chief Master Sergeant Charles Pigg



Lemon Drop on her way to Naples. Note how the camouflage paint makes the near wing disappear into the landscape.

NOTICE———NOTICE———NOTICE———NOTICE

When we started reunion planning, our best heads estimated that for a first reunion we would do well to have 200 attend. Jim Clements padded that by 50 and made plans with the Holiday Inn accordingly. As the memberships and enthusiastic indications of attendance rolled in it seemed prudent to up the expected planning numbers. In the meantime the hotel had booked another banquet the night of our banquet, thus they can only accommodate 350 of our people. Rooms are not a problem but feeding over 350 is an absolute cap. We are too far along to change hotels so we must apologize for this planning error. On the other hand we are overwhelmed at the enthusiasm displayed by our members for coming to San Antonio. It will be first come, first serve for the first 350 people to reserve their attendance. Send your reservation as soon as you can! After 350 we will keep a standby list for any cancellations in order of receipt.

**IT IS VERY IMPORTANT
TO SEND IN YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Upon receipt of registration, you will be mailed a Hotel Reservation Form for rooms. RETURN THEM DIRECTLY TO THE HOTEL. Hotel rates are \$65.00 per night per room.

44th BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION

1995 Reunion San Antonio , Texas
Reservation Form Total in your party_____

LAST NAME _____ FIRST NAME _____ SQUADRON _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

WIFE: (FIRST NAME) _____

GUEST: (LAST NAME) _____ FIRST NAME _____

REGISTRATION FOR FULL REUNION IS \$110.00 per person (NOT INCLUDING ROOM)

Full refund for cancellation until October 1, 1995 Choice for Banquet: Steak#____Chicken#_____

REGISTRATION\$110.00 Would you like a round of golf at Ft. Sam Houston on Sunday?

TOUR #1 35.00 _____

TOUR #2 32.00 _____ How many players_____ Need transportation____yes____no

TOTAL\$ _____

Make checks payable to: 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association

Mail to: Jim Clements 4124 Calculus Ave. Dallas, TX 75244 (phone 214-243-4657)



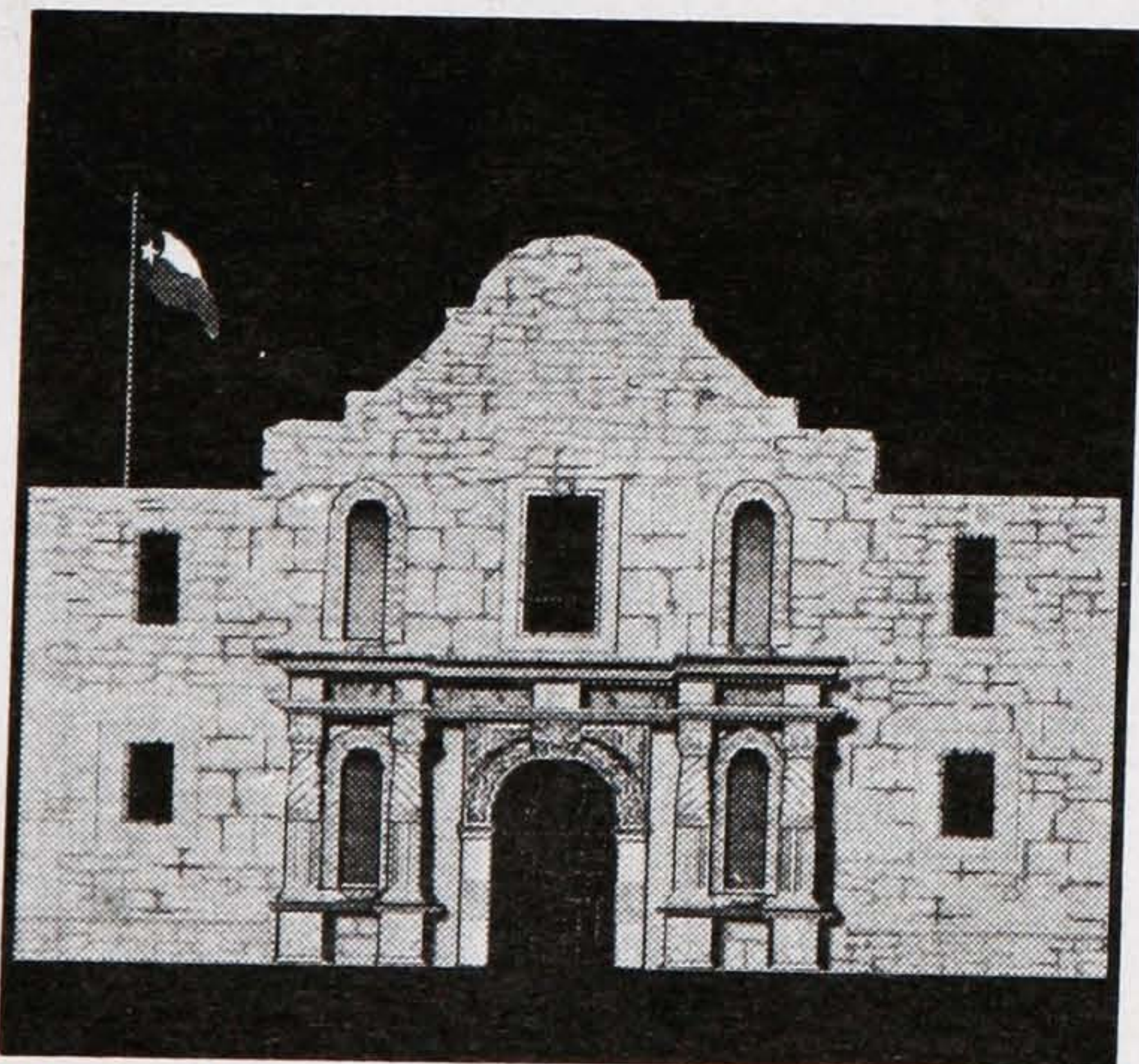
...and sometimes they busted our tails...

**44th Bomb Group
Veterans Association**
6304 Meadowridge Drive
Santa Rosa, CA 95409

Bulk Rate
U.S. POSTAGE
paid
Permit #470
Santa Rosa, CA



Address correction requested



Reunion '95 October 19-22

Gerald W. Folsom
954 Lowell Ave.
Salt Lake City UT 84102-3620