



The 461st

Liber Raider



Vol. 5, No. 1

APRIL 1988

SOMEWHERE IN THE USA

Tarrytown—A Great Reunion



“IT WAS ALL WORTH IT!”
Millie and Frank O’Bannon

They came from Alaska, from Maine, from Florida, from California, and points in between! Thirty-five states were represented by proud members of the Group.

Crystal Balls, Palmest, Card Readers, etc., and the local authorities, were utilized to select the most appropriate dates that would give us a large turnout. Would you believe that no thought was given to the viewing of the famous “fall colors” so famous in the eastern United States? Now if you believe that one, would you be interested in the sole purchase of a famous bridge?

The elves, the gremlins, the ‘little people’, the Committee, and the hotel staff all assembled to determine whether or not this was done, do we need this, etc., and etc. The elves went away happy, the gremlins were no very happy, and the ‘little people’ just wanted the party to get going!

Finally Thursday morning arrived—guess what? No FALL COLORS! It was soon apparent that it didn’t matter what the colors were as long as it had a blue shield, a

(Continued on page 3)

ONE BLEW UP!

10th Mission and Last Flight of Crew #14—765th BS
By 2nd Lt. Thomas Q. Qualman—Navigator
December 17, 1944



Top: Thomas K. “Pappy” West (P), Thomas Q. Qualman (N), Thomas M. Noesges (B), Edmund A. Kasold (CP). Middle: Thomas E. Deibert (AG), Trefrey A. Ross (RO), Joseph G. Mergo (TG). Bottom: Frank C. Yesia (BG), Roy L. Doe (BG), Frederick H. Gaul (E). Pueblo, CO, Aug 1944.

To start out with, Ed, the co-pilot, and I weren’t exactly in the right mood for a mission. We had been waiting all week to go down to Bari the night before for a big blowout at the “Villa”, but when you’re flying in the morning, it’s not such a brilliant idea to come back to the base a couple of hours before take-off with a hangover and no sleep.

Everything seemed to go wrong that day. First of all, the target was the oil refineries way up in Odertal, Germany, one of the longest missions we could get, and rated by YANK as

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The 461st LIBERAIDER
 461st Bombardment Group (H)
 Activated: 1 July 1943
 Inactivated: 27 August 1945
 Incorporated: 25 November 1985

CORPORATE HDQRS: 313 Hill St., Box 638, Oakland, IA 51560

FEDERAL IRS TAX EXEMPT, Internal Revenue Code 501©(19) No. 42-1272736

OFFICERS

Frank C. O'Bannon, President, 137 Via La Soledad, Redondo Beach CA 90277
 Sammy A. West, Vice-President, 2924 Garden Hill Dr., Colorado, Springs CO 80904
 Glenn H. Stempel, Treasurer, 313 Hill St., Oakland, IA 51560

DIRECTORS—1986/1987

Marion M. Pruitt Hdqrs Sqdn 211 N. 6th St., Celeste, TX 75423
 H. William Harrison 764th Sqdn 6681 6th Ct. NW, Margate, FL 33065
 Vernon W. Garrison 765th Sqdn 9100 Fondren, #168, Houston, TX 77074
 James C. Dooley 766th Sqdn 2204 Colonial Place, Carrollton, TX 75006
 James B. Knapp 767th Sqdn 607 Martin Dr. N, Bellevue, NE 68005

ALTERNATE DIRECTORS—1988/1989

Leonard O. Cole Hdqrs Sqdn Rt 1 Box 495, Osage Beach, MO 65065
 Thomas Javaruski 764th Sqdn 951 N. Railroad, Staten Island, NY 10306
 Vacant 765th Sqdn
 Bill Franklin 766th Sqdn Rt #1 9106 Field Rd., Pikesville, MD 21208
 David P. McQuillan 767th Sqdn 261 Winding Brook Ct., North Wales, PA 19454

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Publicity: Vacant
 1989 Reunion: Harry J. Oglesby
 Len O. Cole
 W. Otto Muller

ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Edward F. Callahan, Box 726, Pocasset, MA 02559

LIBERAIDER

Frank C. O'Bannon—Editor
 The LIBERAIDER is published three times a year on behalf of the members of the organization and is mailed from Torrance Post Office, CA 90510-9703.
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BUSINESS MEETING

In accordance with the By-Laws of the 461st Bomb Group (H) 1943-1945, Inc., dated 27 January, 1986, a notice of this meeting was mailed to all voting members. A quorum of 1/10 of the voting members must be present or represented by proxy. Voting membership totals 545 and 155 paid members are present.

The business meeting was held in the Westchester Marriott Hotel, Tarrytown, NY, at 17:00 hours on 2 October, 1987.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Frank C. O'Bannon.

The minutes of the Business Meeting of 14 September, 1985, were distributed to all members for review. As no corrections were received a motion was made, and seconded, to approve the minutes as submitted. Unanimously approved.

The Financial Report was submitted by the Treasurer, Glenn Stempel. A motion was made, and seconded, to approve the Treasurer's report.

Account balance 1-20-87	\$2,489.88
Income—all	23,749.70
Total	26,239.58
Total Expenses	10,332.10
Balance 9-21-87	\$15,907.48

(Subject to final payment of hotel bill)

Report was unanimously approved.

The Election of Officers was chaired by Tom Moss, Director, 765th Squadron. The nominees were:

- President: Frank C. O'Bannon
- Vice-President: Sammy A. West
- Treasurer: Glenn M Stempel
- Director—461st Hqrs: Marion M. Pruitt
- Director—764 Sqdn: H. William Harrison
- Director—765 Sqdn: Ben S. Murphy
- Director—766 Sqdn: James C. Dooley
- Director—767 Sqdn: James B. Knapp
- Alt. Dir—461 Hqrs: Leonard O. Cole
- Alt. Dir—764 Sqdn: Thomas Javaruski
- Alt. Dir—765 Sqdn: Vernon W. Garrison
- Alt. Dir—766 Sqdn: Bill Franklin
- Alt. Dir—767 Sqdn: David P. McQuillan

Requests were made of the members for nominations from the floor. No nominations were received. All nominees were unanimously elected by the members present.



L/R Glenn Stempel, Bill Harrison, Len Cole, Dave McQuillan, Jim Knapp, Vern Garrison, Tom Javaruski, Marion Pruitt, Bill Franklin. Seated: George Dickie & Frank O'Bannon

Unfinished Business: None.

New Business: The 1989 reunion will be held in St. Louis, MO. A Committee composed of Harry J. Oglesby (767), Chairman, Leonard Cole (Hqrs), and Otto Muller (767) will start working on this project.

A motion to Adjourn was received, seconded, and approved at 18:00 hours.

* * * * *

1988 MEMBERSHIP TOPS 800. Estimate over 850 for the year!!!

(Continued from page 1)

gold bolt of lightning, and a white bomb! It was “AL ATAQUE”! Forty some years disappeared as men came out of the haze to meet for the first time since departing Italy or POE! For a bunch of men that took all the enemy could throw at them, it was surprising how many men developed eye problems or developed a new cold. You did not need a planned program for this day!

The Volunteers Corps, consisting of Peggy Hayes (766), Mary Emma Knapp (767), Katherine and Don Lundberg (764), Millie and Barbara O'Bannon (764), smoothed out the processing to the point that the men forgot the long lines of yesteryear. Treasurer, Glenn Stempel (766), made it easy to bring your dues and late payments up to date. PX Manager, Wally Robinson (767), did a thriving business up until the last day. Included in the Official Packet were name tags with squadron colors and names big enough to read from ten paces, which made a big hit for those of us with a 'slight' loss of vision, schedule of events, Memorial Service Book, and small metal official squadron insignia as approved by the Army in 1943. Sammy West, Vice-President, was unable to attend due to illness, but sent an 8 x 10 photo of our Memorial Plaque on the Cemetery Wall at the Air Force Academy for each one.

Squadron rooms were available, along with a slide and VCR room, for viewing and just enjoying the telling of tall tales. Once the rumor was found to be true no time was lost by many of the men in searching out the P&W 1830 that was the center piece of our reunion for three days. Hats off to George Dickie (767) for arranging this great exhibit for us! At 8 PM the members assembled to view a VCR on the U.S. Military Academy and to be briefed on life as a Cadet by Major Edward Evons, USA. A question and answer period followed with the members coming away with an in depth knowledge that should serve them in good stead at home.

Friday arrived with blue skies and just begged to be enjoyed. Enjoyed it was by five bus loads of bright eyed and bushy tailed LIBERAIDERS wanting to see the area and tour the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Following a forty-five minute trip from Tarrytown to the Academy we were met by our guides and then on to the Cadet Chapel for our Memorial Service. The Service was conducted by Chaplain (Major) Andrew Hagen, Jr. His message to us regarding our fallen members was outstanding. Mr. Lee Dettra, Organist, might have been playing the worlds largest pipe organ, but he could not drown out the voices of our members! The tour continued on to the Old Cadet Chapel, Post Cemetery, Michie Stadium, Trophy Point, and the Plains. We were in time for our viewing of the noon formation. It was a little

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the second toughest target in the world— They weren't kidding either! We get out to the plane with all of our equipment and find a bunch of mechanics swarming all over her. That informs us that they are putting a new “mag” that burned out in #3 engine, and they aren't sure whether the ship will be ready to fly at take-off time or not, “Pappy”, the pilot, calls the tower to find out what the score is, and they tell us if we aren't on the ramp by the time the rest of the group has taken off, to never mind taking off.

While we're sweating out the mag, there is nothing else to do but get ready for the mission and then sit around, smoke, and “shoot the breeze”. The ball gunner tells me he has a feeling something is going to happen. I tell him he's got a loose bolt. Just before every previous mission I always ate a “Hi Mac” candy bar for that extra calorie of energy over the target, but this time I'm fresh out of “Hi Macs”, so I substitute an “Oh Henry” instead—highly significant! Meanwhile, we sit on our “dog fats” near the plane and watch the other guys take off one after the other. Looks like we won't be killing any Germans this Sunday, and that burns me up 'cause I'm always of the opinion that once I get out of bed at three in the morning, the mission is half over. Well, the “mag” does get fixed, and I find myself on the ramp with only three planes left to take off.

O.K., now we're up in the air over the squadron rendezvous area, but no squadron around—that's nice. We can't find the rest of the squadron, so Pappy asks me for a heading to the Group rendezvous area. Naturally I'm on the ball, and in a short flurry of flying maps, plotter, and pencil, I come up with the heading. This is the last chance they get—if we don't find them at the group rendezvous area, they can go ahead and take all the glory themselves, and we'll go back to the sack. Time of departure for the target comes up, and there we are still all alone. I call Pappy and ask him if he wants the heading back, and before he answers, Ed cuts in from behind his binoculars with the bright remark that way up ahead is a bunch of planes that look like they might be our group heading for Yugo. After quick consultation, we decide to chase them and find out. We catch them over the middle of the Adriatic, and sure enough, they're our long lost group. We got into #5 position, and we're on our way.

Everything is going along smoothly, and I'm not even lost for a change, when about an hour and a half before target time—blooie, my electric suit goes out! That makes everything just dandy, especially at 40 below, and slowly but surely, I start getting colder than a polar bear's nose. Not wishing to turn into an “Ice-Q”, I call Pappy and tell him I've got to come up on the flight deck and sit by the fireside. He says OK; and after fifteen minutes and three trips of crawling on my hands and knees past the nose wheel, I finally manage to drag all of my junk up to the flight deck and

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more informal than expected as enthusiasm for the football game on Saturday took over. Then on to the souvenir shop.

It was then on to the world famous Bear Mountain Inn for lunch. For those of you that use to listen to the radio and read the sport pages, this is the place that in the 1930s many viewed the ski jumpers of that day. Believe me it isn't the 90 meter runs of today. The lunch was served on time and was good. Back on the buses for a return trip to the hotel. We were only a few minutes late on our ETA. That's better than we did on some of our missions—who said we circled the target three times?! It might be noted that Pruitt claims he has trouble with a course selection when he can't see the sun.

The General Business Meeting was held. See "Business Meeting" for report of election and Financial Report. Following the business meeting it was back to mini reunions. Saturday morning saw the departure of three bus loads of LIBERAIDERS for a tour of Liberty Island, Lower New York, and the Trade Center. This tour was arranged and conducted by Tom Javaruski (764). Tom did a great job and even arranged that the last bus be unloaded at the hotel just as the rain came down. Bob Hayes led a group of die-hard football fans to West Point for the Cadet Parade, lunch at the Officer Club, and the football game in Michie Stadium. Sorry fellows—West Point lost. The remainder of the men and friends of the Group conducted tours of the local area or just sat and caught up on the past years.

The BIG EVENT finally started at 6 PM with an Attitude Adjustment hour and the taking of photos for the memory book. (As the photos this year were taken under a contract with an outside agency we will not be able to supply any books from our PX.)

The Banquet was held in the main ballroom of the hotel and was one to be remembered. When were we able to dine in Italy under four crystal chandeliers, beautiful table settings, and a great floor to dance to the tunes of the 40s? The food was great and the service was outstanding thanks to the efforts on the part of Bob Hayes (766). One of our former cooks was heard to say, "Sure wish we had had this food to serve in Italy". Can't say enough for the music, but, it should be noted that the large dance floor was still covered when the music wishing hour was announced at midnight. Quiet one, Fred Hill (764) was responsible for getting us the wonderful music for this banquet!

Katherine Lundberg arranged an outstanding floor show which was enjoyed by all of those that were privileged to view it. A picture is worth a thousand words? Don was

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get situated. I thaw out a little and find out where we are—everything is going smoothly again.

I give the crew 45 minutes notice to the "IP" - we're a little behind schedule. I look out the side window and try to figure out what the heck our squadron is doing so far away from the rest of the group. Then the tail gunner sings out, "Fighters at seven o'clock level, way out!" Tommy, in the martin upper, on the flight deck, swings around to take a look. Well, I don't get excited about that because it's probably just a couple of our own escorts that we saw a while back, and Joe is just making sure.

Then, over the inter-phone, "Here they come!" About two seconds pass by, and then all hell breaks loose. Fifty calibers rip through the flight deck partition with a terrific crashing noise. Immediately, Tommy is hit in his turret not two feet from me, and his legs dangle peculiarly limp off the foot rest. Fifties are ripping through all over the flight deck and splattering against the pilot's instrument panel. Out of the corner of my eye I can see the brilliant white flashes of 20 millimeter shells exploding in the bomb bays and against the flight deck bulkhead. An indescribable sinking feeling swells up in the pit of my stomach. For a split second I am dumbfounded, expecting to get hit any moment. I seem to flinch and want to shrivel up behind something.

From above the terrific din and confusion, I hear not more than six shots fired back at the attackers from the tail. Ablaze from the flight deck to waist, the plane takes a violent lurch upward, jamming me down to the floor, and then she plunges into a tight spin. From the words "Here they come!" to now, only about six seconds have passed.

What happened next is not very clear in my mind. Instinctively I grabbed for my parachute and saw at the same time that Beaver, the bombardier, was doing the same. The centrifugal force of even a flat spin makes the moving of any muscle a great task. My parachute seemed to weigh a ton and I could scarcely lift it to my chest. Beaver already had his on and was trying to open the flight deck door into the bomb bay to get out—it wouldn't budge! He seemed to be standing on it and trying to open it at the same time. I put all my strength into the task of snapping on my chute but it didn't seem to be enough to get more than one end snapped on. Thoughts raced through my mind, we were whirling around in a terrific spin, heading for the ground plenty fast, and the controls were completely shot out (Ed could spin the wheel with his little finger). Beaver couldn't open the door for us to get out, a brilliant fire was raging all around the bombs, and I couldn't get my chute fastened using all my strength. At first I thought, "This is it!" then I thought, "But it can't be! It is!" I'd told everyone back home they could never get me! "What a laugh!" (It wasn't funny.) "It can't be. It

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Mail Call

Dear Frank & Millie,

Many thanks for taking care of the 461st pins, patch, etc., Millie. You two sure have your hands full, but we all really appreciate the fine job you are doing. The great response to the call for the 461st speaks for itself. I for one eagerly look forward to each issue of the "Liberaider". Maybe when I retire in 2 1/2 years you'll still need some help, and I can pitch in.

I eagerly read "Mission #151 Odertal, Germany—My 10th Mission by Hugh Hanley—765th Squadron". Our crew #14 of the 765th was also on its 10th mission in that same Odertal raid on that fateful Dec. 17, 1944. Wat a day!

Hugh Hanley did, indeed, see "Somebody in the flight blow up in mid-air". It was our ship! Our radio operator/waist gunner Tref Ross got out of the plane by diving through the waist window just before she blew up, and three of us hopelessly trapped on the flight deck were miraculously blown clear when the whole bomb bay exploded. We were co-pilot, Ed Kasold, bombardier, Tom Noesges, and myself, navigator. I was up on the flight deck because my electric suit had gone out some time before, and it was too damned cold down in the nose. Six of our crew buddies didn't make it, though they will never be forgotten. (ED: I know of one other case that men on the flight deck survived the explosion. That crew was in the 451st Bomb Group over Ploesti on May 5th, 1944.)

I am enclosing the story Tref Ross wrote 32 years after the event, and also mine written after we were liberated from prison camp five months after we were shot down. (I was only 19 at the time, so you gotta allow for that.) It's amazing how all the little details "jive" in the two stories, but as Tref said, "It seems like it happened yesterday!" * * * * *

Well, guys, thanks a million for all you're doing. I hope to meet you at, not this year's reunion, but maybe the one after that.

Sincerely, Tom Qualman—765th

* * * * *

Dear Millie & Frank,

First of all I'd like to thank you, and of course the rest of your committee, for the very fine reunion. I know there is much behind the scenes, preparations and work. It went very smoothly. Avon and I enjoyed it immensely and found everyone to be very friendly.

Stanley Schwendon—767th

* * * * *

Dear Frank,

I sure had a swell time at the reunion. All of us owe the people who organized and worked hard on it a vote of thanks. It was a huge success. This organization represents something that I think might be lacking in much of our society of today. That is dedication, duty, and obligation to our country.

Hugh G. Baker—765th

* * * * *

Dear Mr. O'Bannon,

I took the liberty of reading your nice letter at this week's staff meeting. All of us are appreciative of your kind words. In turn, I would like to share with you the comments around the room, how enjoyable it was to have the 461st Bomb Group Reunion at the Westchester Marriott. Many groups come and go during the year, but yours will be remembered for their kindness to our staff and the genuine warmth and friendship within your group.

Baird K. Eaton, General Manager

* * * * *

Dear Mr. O'Bannon,

Jerry thoroughly enjoyed the reunion and the comradeship, and so did I. We look forward to St. Louis in 1989.

Charlotte Crowley—765th

* * * * *

Dear Frank,

I wish to express my appreciation to you and your wife for the tremendous effort which resulted in a most successful group reunion. I only regret that business and personal circumstances did not allow me to participate more fully. God willing, my wife and I will become more participative now that we are aware of the group's existence.

It is astonishing, but encouraging and comforting, that such a broadly diverse group should find that one strong bond that transcends all else and establishes a comradeship rarely found outside the fraternity of those who have faced a common mortal danger. How different our society, in general, is today. I fear that we shall not see again, in our life times, the cohesiveness and unity of purpose unless there is another national peril of immense proportions.

My old B-2 jacket, dirty and frayed, was trashed years ago. However, I have an A2 with a 15th shoulder patch, which I occasionally wear. I'd love to place a 461st and 764th patch on each of the breast pockets. Call it a bit of nostalgia. However, I'm not above flouting before the "me first—to hell with everyone else" YUPPY types.

Thanks again. We'll look forward to the LIBERAIDER and other news briefs.

John R. Stanton—764th

* * * * *

Dear Frank,

To start with, due to your efforts, it was a perfect reunion. Thanks for giving us something that was missing in my life and count me in at the next reunion. The article, in the LIBERAIDER, said I will find some old buddies and make some new ones, and that I did, many, many times over again. Thank you again.

Pete Godino—765th

* * * * *

Dear Frank,

My wife and I had a great time at the reunion. It sure must take

(Continued from page 5)

a lot of time, effort and planning to get it together. Just a few words of thanks to you and the rest of the boys who put it all together. Hope I can make the next reunion.

Walt Jazwa—767th

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MARCH FIELD MUSEUM



SMSGT. Stephen P. Condos, USAF, and Frank O'Bannon

Presentation of our Group and Squadron pins was made to Stephen P. Condos, SMSGt., USAF, Director, March Field Museum. In a letter to the Group, Sgt. Condos stated that "The gift makes it possible for us to continue our efforts to establish the March Field Museum as a major display of Air Force history".

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GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA SALUTES THE 461ST

As Governor, I send warm regards to those gathered for the 461st Bomb Group Reunion.

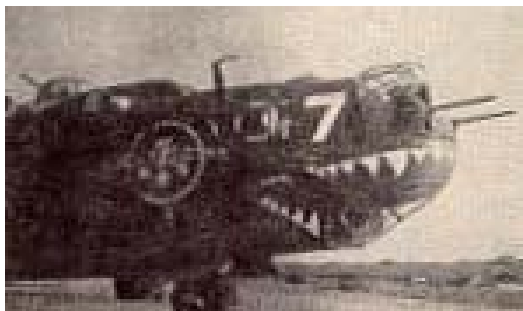
As you gather to renew friendships and share treasured memories, you can reflect on the important role you played as members of the 15th Air Force.

During your service, you championed the cause of freedom, justice and peace. I salute your courage, faith, and pride in the ideals of our nation.

Best wishes for an enjoyable and memorable reunion.

Robert P. Casey
Governor of Pennsylvania

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POW MEDAL

The Defense Department has announced that it will now issue POW medals to those who qualify. To be eligible you must have been taken prisoner during armed conflict. The medal can be awarded posthumously to next of kin. It is not authorized for those listed as missing in action if there is no evidence of captivity as a POW. The toll-free phone No. is 1-800-873-3768.

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ORGANIZATIONS OF INTEREST

- AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION Lee Highway Arlington, VA 2209-9963
- BOMBARDIERS, INC P.O. Box 254 Eagle Harbor, MI 49951
- 15th AF ASSOCIATION P.O. Box 6325 March AFB, CA 92518
- LIBERATOR CLUB P.O. Box 841 San Diego, CA 92112
- B-24 UNIT CLEARINGHOUSE P.O. Box 4738 Hollywood, FL 33083
- ALUMNI OF STALAG LUFT 3 David C. Connor 7050 W. Hoodview Pl Beaverton, OR 97005
- AF ESCAPE & EVASION SOCIETY Clayton C. David 215 Dennis Lane St Clairville, OH 43950
- 50th ANNIVERSARY B-24 Bob Vickers 6424 Torreon Dr. NE Albuquerque, NM 87109
- AVIATION CADET ALUMNI ASSOC Robert C. White 54 Seton Trail Oarmond Beach, FL 32074
- EX-POWS, STALAG LUFT 4&6 Leonard Rose 8103 E. 50th St. Indianapolis, IN 46226
- THE MARCH FIELD MUSEUM FOUNDATION March AFB, CA 92518
- Bombardiers Reunion 19-21 May, 1988, Denver CO

* * * * *

1987 FINANCIAL REPORT

Beginning balance	\$2464.88
Total receipts	26926.45
Total	29291.33
Less total disbursements	25728.65
Checkbook balance	3662.68
Minus .10 difference in check #1027 written for 160.84 cashed 160.94	.10
BALANCE AT CHECK #1068	3662.58
Bank balance 12/15/87	3604.31
Plus outstanding deposit	58.27
BANK BALANCE 12/15/87	\$3662.58

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15th AF SORTIE

OUR HONOR ROLL



461ST BOMB GROUP WE SALUTE YOU

FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF DUTY in armed conflict with the enemy. Notified to prepare for a bombing mission against the Creditul-Minier Oil Refinery at Ploesti, Roumania, the Group underwent extensive training to enable it to overcome the enemy's newest defensive weapon, an effective chemical smoke screen. Special Pathfinder crews trained rigorously for several weeks perfecting a new technique in non visual, synchronous bombing, fully realizing that a successful accomplishment of this mission would reduce by 1,500,000 tons refinery capacity of the oil production and stores available to the Axis forces. Prior to the mission, ground crews worked tirelessly and determinedly (*sp.*) to insure that their aircraft were in perfect mechanical condition for the operation. On 15 July 1944, thirty-nine (39) B-24 type aircraft were airborne and after assuming the lead of the wing formation encountered severe and adverse weather conditions, making it necessary for them to split up into

flights and individual ships to get through. After successfully penetrating the first cloud coverage and reassembling, they again encountered adverse weather, and only through the superior skill of the navigators was the target reached. Approaching the objective, it was observed to be completely obscured by the effective smoke from previous bomber raids on adjacent refineries. Undaunted by those seemingly overwhelming handicaps, together with the heavy barrage of the intense anti-aircraft fire over the target, displaying outstanding courage and determination, the gallant crews fought their way through the heavy enemy defenses. With full realization of the importance of the target and their responsibility of leading the entire formation unerringly to the objective, the Pathfinder operator and lead bombardier skillfully coordinated their instruments and dropped their bombs on the obscured target, enabling the formation to lay down a perfect pattern of hits which completely

smothered the target area. Immediately after the bombs were released, a break in the clouds enabled a perfect view of the objective and the pattern of the bomb strikes. There were one-hundred and twenty-five (125) hits visible on the refinery, eighteen (18) in the tank car storage yard and approximately twenty one (21) on the choke point of the adjacent marshalling yard. So intense was the flak over the target, that one ship was lost, another severely damaged and fifteen (15) slightly damaged, with losses held to a minimum through skilled evasive action taken. By the conspicuous courage, professional skill and determination of the combat crews, together with the superior technical skill and devotion to duty of the ground personnel, the 461st Bombardment Group has reflected great credit upon itself and the Armed Forces of the United States of American.

By Command of Major
General Twining



LIBERAIDERS AT WORK - C



Top row: reading from left to right: S/Sgt. Charles F. Bishop changes the props on one of the 766th ships; S/Sgt. John E. Egge inspects one of the engines on his ship; the 21st Engineering Battalion splashes through the winter mud to construct a drainage ditch; S/Sgt. Thomas L. Cox, 766th crew-chief, tightens one of the static ground wires on the landing gear; M/Sgt. Frank Marlinus, Sgt. George Kushner, and M/Sgt. Carl H. Blendford, 765th linesmen, prepare an engine for the service squadron.

Middle row: (left to right) S/Sgt. Byron J. Fitzgerald, crew-chief, takes precautions against dust entering the air-intake manifold of his engine, by inserting a protective cover; Ship 34 crosses the Alps on her way home from a recent bombing mission against the Reich; in the heat of last summer most grease monkeys dressed in this non-O.I. fashion.



ON THE LINE - IN THE AIR



Grazie, Photo Lab

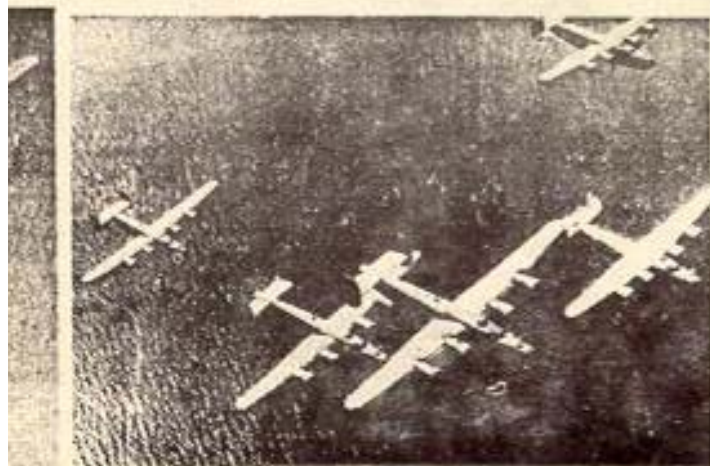
To the 461st Group photo lab goes much of the credit for putting out this edition.

All the pictures in the paper have come from the lab file, or the files of individual photographers.

Sorry we haven't space to list the personnel but thanks to everyone in the section.



Bottom Row: From the K-20 aerial cameras of the Group photo lab come these pictures of Liberator formations. From left to right: A Liberator formation leaves vapor trails; as the bombers head homeward, their P-38 escort weaves a pattern of twin vapor trails as a background; on their final lap back to the base, a formation crosses the Adriatic; and in the last picture; heavies leave their trails of vapor against the rugged background of the Alps.





DON LUNDBERG AND FRIEND

(Continued from page 4)

not aware that his wife had arranged this dance and as he collapsed into his chair he was heard to say, "Katherine will kill me!"

Acknowledgement was made of long distance travelers Richard and Dorothy Durand from Anchorage, Alaska, Jim Spencer's crew (most in attendance—7), and the great showing of those faithful ground men that supported the flying men so well!

Outgoing Directors, Leonard O. Cole (Hqrs), Thomas Javaruski (764), Thomas R. Moss (765), Ralph T. Seeman (766), and Harry J. Oglesby (767) were honored for their past services to the Group. Each man was presented a framed Group insignia in colored leather. The insignia were handcrafted by our own Joseph D. Boblasky of the 764th Squadron.

For taking that one extra step that has produced this outstanding reunion, Fred Hill (764), Tom Javaruski (764), and Robert Hayes (766) received 461st bullion crests.

Millie O'Bannon received a standing ovation for her assistance to your President in getting this reunion together. As she said, "As of tonight, I know it was all worth it!"

Sunday morning produced a great breakfast with joy and sadness as all wonderful things must come to an end for this time. Many date books were filled in with reminders that they WOULD get together again in St. Louis in 1989!

* * * * *

(Continued from page 4)

is! Why can't I get this chute on? What have I done to deserve this?" That sinking feeling is in my stomach to stay now, and with all my strength I can't get that chute on. Tommy still dangles limply in his turret; Ed is out of his seat now with his back pack on; Pappy starts to get up, he doesn't have a back pack.

Beaver is still trying to get the door open—he can't! "So this is it, I can't make it!" I expect to hit the ground in one terrific smash any minute. Visions of home, Mon, Dad, and others flash through my mind, and I take hold of myself. I start out, "Please, God, oh please God" - and then I pray. It's a short prayer, and one I've known ever since I was old enough to learn anything. It has always helped me before. Another miracle! - the prayer was finished and my chute was on! "Oh, thanks, God! Thanks!" but we're still trapped on the flight deck, Beaver on his knees at the door, Ed standing in the cockpit with his back pack on and ready, Pappy behind him without a chute, and me with full flying gear on, helmet, oxygen mask, and tube plugged into the oxygen line, the spin forcing me down into a half-sitting position on the floor. All the while the scream of the dive is deafening.

Through the partition window I can see flames licking around the bomb fuses. Something crashes into my face, blood spurts out over my nose; I'm pinned into a corner—"It's all over now! This is the end!" Instantly there is a simultaneous blinding flash, and everything seems to erupt and spin into one gray twirling cartwheel.

My next impression is one of floating dreamily, flat on my back, at 26,500 feet through space. It's unbelievable, but I snap out of it in a hell of a hurry. I leisurely remove my right glove; and with the motion of an English aristocrat nonchalantly laying his gloves on a table in his home, I let it fall into the air. On the right side of the chute I grab for the rip cord—it's not there! The I realize why I had such difficulty putting that pack on—it was upside down! The rip cord is on the left side, and I yank it—nothing happens, so I yank again. What a sight it is to be lying on my back watching that lovely bundle of silk float straight up above me; and with only a slight jolt, form a perfect oval. I breathe heavily in gasps, "I made it! Oh, thanks, God!" And then I repeat the same prayer I said a few moments ago in that trapped flight deck.

The deafening roar is gone—everything is quiet now. I just seem to be hanging up there, swinging lazily through the air. Debris from our plane, or other planes, slowly floats down all around, some blazing furiously. I look around—no other chutes in sight. "Am I the only one that made it?"

Way up high in the distance are the rest of the boys fighting off the attackers; I can hear the machine guns rattling off. I look below—nothing down there but nice, fluffy white

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

clouds. Then I look at myself; blood dripping down from above my nose, a hard bruise under my left eye, and another with blood over my left ear; I feel them cautiously and they don't pain. My helmet, oxygen mask, and earphones have blown off; so has my right flying boot. Nothing on that foot but a sock and felt padding—hope it doesn't freeze. My bracelet is gone too. It's colder than hell up here, but I'm still panting and sweating like a hound. All I see below is clouds, and I don't seem to be getting any closer to them either. "This can't be true—am I dreaming? A swell guy you are. They can't get me. What a laugh!

I look around again for more signs of chutes, but there aren't any. I feel pretty badly about the rest of the crew. But I pass it off quickly. Hope those clouds are low so I can get to the ground unseen. Wonder what's below. I at least have to try and get away from those damn Krauts.

After what seems to be a year, I finally reach the cloud layer; it's plenty thick. I estimate its height above the ground as about 10,000 feet, and me all set to spend a long time more floating down with about 1,000 Jerries waiting below for me. I descend through the clouds, and there is the ground; it looks close—it is close! I'm practically on it. There's a little town and a river over to the left, covered with snow, and here I come right into a small woods. What were we told to do when landing in a tree? "Feet together and go in head first. My feet graze the top of the trees, and then I plunge in all the way.

There is a crashing as the branches crack, and then I find myself gently bouncing up and down. The chute is caught on the top of three trees, and here I am dangling in the middle with about fifty feet of nothing between me and the snow below. Now this is just dandy—I can't reach the tree trunks on either side of me, and fifty feet is quite a long jump! Why there aren't gray uniforms running out to greet me with open bayonets, I can't figure out. Anyway, this is very embarrassing up here. So I start swinging and bouncing around to see if that will alter the situation any. With every movement I make the leg straps of my harness cut into my loins like a knife. Something up above gives way, and I plunge straight down like a rock. Visions of broken legs start staring me in the face, and then come that bouncing sensation again, and I'm still off the ground. This time I'm only six feet off the ground, and that's quite an improvement over the fifty that was there a few minutes ago. Now I try in earnest to get out of this harness, but I don't get any satisfaction. Every exertion of strength sends those pains through my groin like I imagine a bad rupture would do. I'm about as helpless as a centipede with athlete's foot. I can't take these pains any more either. Just about the time I start thinking of spending the night here, I see three guys dodging through the trees and running for me. One more violent lurch with the

resulting shot of pain convinces me that all I can do is wait for them to come.

I reach inside my coat and cock the .45 deciding not to draw it yet, if at all. The three in civilian clothes come under me, and one draws a knife. I don't know whether they're German or what. My heart skips a beat or two but then resumes as one boosts the other up, and he hands me the knife. I hack away the silk strands and fall on top of the one that handed me the knife, and we both go down in a heap. It would be comical if it was under different circumstances. I still don't know if they are friend or enemy, so I stand facing the three of them with my ungloved hand on .y .45 inside my coat. One of them keeps looking around anxiously. I break the ice by saying, "American, American", and point to the one I'm referring to—me! That makes no impression, so I ask them a dumb question in rusty German, "Are you German?" They are scared and seem to think I'm German. This encourages me, so I make a sign of wringing a Nazi's neck. Their eyes light up. I ask if they are Italian—nope, try again. I find out they are Czechs, and I'm in Czech territory, and the Gestapo is not far away.

When they learn I'm American, they pat me on the back, shake hands, and look anxiously at my bleeding nose. I indicate with a wave of the hand that it doesn't hurt. They pat me on the back again, indicate that I should drop my harness and Mae West, and get out of there. I get rid of the stuff, we all salute, and I take off through the woods. A beautiful, huge pheasant goes up in front of me as I dart through the woods, and I'm scared half out of my wits. The place is full of them, together with deer and large rabbits. I cross a stream crawling on a pole and keep running.

Coming to a road through the woods, I remember, "When evading, stay away from roads as much as possible." I head back into the trees and stop dead still in my tracks. There, crouching behind a tree, is a man—but he's got a flyer's coveralls on! As I rush up to him, he turns around—it's my co-pilot, Ed Kasold! We both say, "Boy, am I glad to see you!" We remark we hope some of our other guys made it, but we had no way of knowing.

EPILOGUE

By

Trefry A. Ross

765th Bomb Squadron

The aircraft of crew #14 (38), a B-24 Bomber, 15th AAF, 49th Wing, 461st B.G., 765th Sqdn., flying out of Cerignola, Italy (near Foggia), was shot down by enemy fighters over Troubky, Czechoslovakia at 12:01 P.M. December 17, 1944. Upon being hit by enemy 20mm cannon shells from either FW-190 or ME-109 German aircraft, it immediately caught fire and within minutes exploded. The main portion of the aircraft, with six bodies, crashed near the village of Troubky. Four airmen were able to parachute to safety.

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

Those who gave their lives were:

They are buried in a mass grave near Troubky, Czechoslova-

West, Thomas K.	1st Lt.	Pilot
Diebert, Thomas E.	S/Sgt.	Top gunner
Mergo, Joseph G.	S/Sgt.	Tail gunner
Doe, Roy L.	Sgt.	Nose gunner
Gaul, Frederick H.	Sgt.	Waist gunner/Eng.
Yesia, Frank C.	Cpl.	Ball gunner

kia, and have a (black Italian) marble monument with a bronze plaque, donated by the villagers of Troubky, to commemorate the day these American boys gave their lives so that Czechoslovakia could be free.



Monument to fallen comrades at Troubky, Czechoslovakia
The inscription is written in both English and Czechoslovakia

“Here repose American Heroes after their Last Start Wanderer
read and announce to all
We gladly died for that you live and are free
Do not forget us”

The four survivors are:

Qualman, Thomas	2nd Lt.	Navigator
Noesges, Thomas	2nd Lt.	Bombardier
Kasold, Edward	2nd Lt.	Co-Pilot
Ross, Trefry A.	S/Sgt.	Waist gunner/RO

These men were returned to the United States following cessation of hostilities in Germany in June 1945. They are now living in various parts of the United States.

* * * * *

ALL OF THIS BEGAN AUGUST 4, 1944, UPON MY
ARRIVAL AT STALAG LUFT #2

(Shot down July 25, 1944—Linz, Austria)

By

Oran E. Fulton

765th Bomb Squadron

461st Bomb Group

15th Air Force

Entered North 2—Aug 4, 1944 North 11 in building stage.
Lived in tent.

Moved North 11 Sept 13, 1944. Moved into Blk 9 Rm 9.

Moved to Blk 7 Rm 4 North 11 March 15, 1945

Moved to American Lines as of May 6, 1945

Arrived American Lines May 8, 1945

Arrived English Hands May 8, 1945

War ended as of 12 PM May 8, 1945

Arrived Wismer May 8—Left Wismer May 9

Arrived Lucnberg May 9—Left Lucnberg May 10

Arrived Lubeck May 10—Left Lubeck May 10

Arrived Stafford, England May 10—Left Stafford, Eng May 24

Arrived London, Eng, May 24—Left London, England, June 15

Arrived New York June 22—Left Camp Shanks, NY June 23

Arrived Fort Lewis June 27

Went on leave of 60 days—got 30 day extra

Arrived Santa Monica Sept 28—left Oct 10

Arrived Santa Ana Oct 10—Separated Oct 18

On Terminal Leave till Dec 6, 1945

* * * * *

Aug 4 Came into camp—Big bowl of barley—airshow P-51s strafed airfield & boats in harbor

Aug 4—Sep 12 Spent in relaxation, eating in messhall & sunbaths

Sept 13 Moved to North 11 & started cooking for ourselves. Got 2 pans. Pretty green at this cooking.

Oct 11 Started cooking for combine with Schwiz, Clark, Olie—Pearce and Pappy came into room—first Kriege cake today—lot to learn.

10-30-44 Classical concert today—Jerries gave us Beer—First time—Had 1 cup—very weak stuff.

11-1 Hail fell today—sent a cablegram—wrote a letter today.

11-7 Hail & rain today—wrote a card

11-9 Hail & rain again today—classical concert—records

11-13-44 “Red” R. G. McFalls 21st birthday—made a cake with chocolate icing—decorations in Klim (milk)

11-14 Classical concert today—sun shown today—snow started falling tonight 3:45 (light snow).

11-18 Shaved off my mustache today.

(Continued on page 14)



Hdqrs 764th "Santa Clotilde"

**Pictures from the College of
ROSCOE W. HUNDLEY
Armament Office
764th Bomb Squadron**



Goree, Lund, Montgomery, Buswell,
Mermelstein, Kesler & Witte (Stand)
Koenig, Hallauer, Iconis, Joyce, Parker &
Hundley 1943 Hammer Fld.



Headquarters Building



Start of Bath House



The Patio



Rome ARC Officers Club



Capt Hundley, Maj Goree, Capt Kornig,
Less Kesler, Lt. Mermelstein



Italian Guard Duty—Feb. 1943



Villaggio Mancuso Rest Camp



Capt. Hundley, Lt. Mermelstein,
Maj. Jop Maj. Joyce



Bomb Dump Fire—1943

(Continued from page 12)

11-23 Classical record concert—Strauss Waltzes—today is my 22th Anniversary

11-24 Football Blks 9 vs 2—(9) 6—(2) 13.

11-28 Football Blks 9 vs 8—(9) 24—(8) 14

11-29 Kreige Thanksgiving—Breakfast—Toast & Jam * Cocoa “Pete” Hashed Spuds. Supper: Boiled rhuttebeggars, chocolate cake & icing _____.

12-2 Musical entertainment in Hall tonight.

12-6 Saw movie today—”Spring Parade” - Deanna Durbin, Anne Gwynn, Edward Catlett, Robert Cummings, Butch & Buddy, Allyn Joslyn.

12-7 Snowed last night—melted—received British Parcels—breakfast: Powdered eggs & bacon.

12-8 Snowed again—melted by noon.

12-9 Froze last night—ice on ground—2” thick—frost everywhere.

12-12 Snowed last night—lasted until afternoon—rain erased it.

12-18 Schwisow got the first letter in our room—I’m a Pop of a baby boy born Oct 20, 1944 O. _____.

12-19-44 Had to shave today thanks to R. T. Olson, a roommate of mine having lice.

12-20 My son is two months old today.

12-21 Schiz got another letter today—still only one in room to get mail—classical concert today.

12-23 Have been married 23 months today.

12-24 Sang in church choir—sang in glee club for Christmas eve program—Orchestra and Glee Club on program—also guest from audience—very Good.

12-25 Christmas Carol Service in church today—very good Christmas dinner—last day I cook.

12-26 Started _____(?) deal of wishing dishes—washed clothes today.

12-30 Snowed today.

12-31 Snow still on ground—had good program last night—musical comedy—Orch played—Glee Club sang five numbers: Viva L’Amour, Marianina; Those Old Pals of Ours; All through the Night; Embraceable You—had a cake after show also Klim. Happy New Year.

To be continued next issue

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DIRECTORY POLICY

Due to the tremendous work involved in preparing our Directory, plus the cost, it has been determined that we will not issue a new Directory each year. We will issue additions, corrections, and deletions periodically. The current Directory was prepared and printed in May of 1987 and was forwarded to each voting member when we received his 1987 dues. We have forwarded three pages of changes to these members upon receipt of 1988 dues. Those that did not pay 1987 dues will receive the Directory, and correction pages, upon payment of 1988 dues.

* * * * *

BENJAMIN S. MURPHY

Director 765th Squadron



It is with deep regret that we advise you of the death of Benjamin S. Murphy, following a heart attack on December 28, 1987, at Spring Branch, Texas. Gen was transferred from Gowen Field on 20 September 1943 and was named Squadron Bombardier, a position that he held until he was transferred to Group Headquarters on 9 September 1944 as Group Bombardier. Ben returned to the States on 18 April 1945, remained in the service, retired, and became associated with USAA, then retiring again he entered into the horse breeding business where he remained until his death. Ben is survived by his wife Rose Mary of San Antonio.

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NEW DIRECTOR

In accordance with the By-Lays of this organization, Vernon W. Garrison is the Directory of the 765th Bomb Squadron. The position of Alternate Director is vacant. This change results from the death of Ben Murphy.

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CREW #44—766th BOMB SQDN—JULY 1944
L/R D.J. Thomas, J. Petty, R.A. Krail, R. Cline
Bottom Row L/R J. Ribauich, R.A. Westaby, J.M. Masterson, J. J. Tighe, E.G. Williams, K.J. Melton

1987 REUNION ATTENDEES

<u>SQD</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>WIFE</u>	<u>SQD</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>WIFE</u>	<u>SQD</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>WIFE</u>
461	Cole, "Len"	Grace	765	Benso, Ralph J.	Mary Pat	766	Leighton, Sam	Sylvia
461	Mullahey, Joseph E.	Anne	765	Breisch, Janice A.		766	Lolli, Al	Pat
461	Norris, Nye	Kay Brekke	765	Brlansky, Marguerite A.	Joe (Decd)	766	Murrer, Alfred	Marion
461	Pruitt, Marion M.	Dorothy	765	Cipriani, Vito		766	Reeve, Harold I.	
764	Alexander, Clair	Ann	765	Coate, William C.	Donna	766	Seiler, Donald L.	Margaret
764	Bella, Paul J.	Alvina	765	Daniels, George C.	Doris	766	Shaw, Stockton	
764	Blair, Marion	Imogene	765	Detweiler, John	Associate	766	Sproul, Alex (Doc)	Ruth
764	Brown, Harold	Helen	765	Detweiler, Oscar	Helen	766	Stempel, Glenn H.	Lucille
764	Brown, Harry	Bernadine	765	Dial, Wendy Fox	DAU-R.E. Fox	766	Vock, G. Carl	Betty
764	Cavicchi, Roy T.	Gertrude	765	Drezek, Peter	Florence	766	Watson, Harold J.	Dorothy
764	Crowley, Jerry	Charlotte	765	Duchinsky, Louis	Rita	766	Williamson, John	
764	Davies, Henry	Jet	765	Ferguson, Gordon	Catherine	766	Zippilli, Joseph S.	Kaye
764	Duckworth, Ray	Helen	765	Forkins, Pat	Madeline	767	Bush, Kelton G.	
764	Durand, Richard L.	Dorothy	765	Fox, Robert E. Jr.	Louise	767	Delanedis, Socrates	Lucia
764	Falcone, Vincent R.	Pat	765	Fulton, Oran E.	Patricia	767	Dickie, George	Barbara
764	Freeman, Richard	Virginia	765	Galle, Irving F.	Gayle	767	Ferguson, Paul	Betty
764	Galloway, Walt	Maria	765	Garrison, Vernon	Edie	767	Fisher, Robert W.	
764	Goodfriend, Sherman		765	Guertz, Jim		767	Fitzhugh, Ovie	Hazel
764	Goodhue, Edward F.	Catherine	765	Godino, Peter N.		767	Graden, Leonard	Hazel
764	Haas, Howard	Kaye	765	Hanel, Clifford	Ruth	767	Henspeter, Pete	Virginia
764	Hagie, Thomas M.	Anne	765	Hanley, Hugh H.	Ann	767	Jazwa, Walter	Marie
764	Hardee, James L.	Mildred	765	Helit, Frank		767	Knapp, James	Mary Emma
764	Harrison, H. William		765	Horacek, William	Val	767	Lancelot, John	
764	Hill, Fred	Betty	765	Hunt, Kenneth E.	L. Vernazza	767	Latal, Edward J.	Edith
764	Javaruski, Tom		765	Klepper, Edward		767	Lebsack, Jake	
764	Jenks, Harry A.	Kathleen	765	Kushner, George A.	Leona	767	Mackin, James D.	Iva Jean
764	Johnson, Donald C.		765	Lewandowski, John	Lucille	767	McPeck, George	Betty
764	Kline, Cyril	Vee	765	Miskelly, Steve		767	McQuillan, Dave	Sally
764	Kochis, James	Laura	765	Moss, Thomas R.	Marguerite	767	Muller, W. Otto	Catherine
764	Lazier, John	Norma	765	Murray, Robert J.	Jean	767	Oglesby, Harry J.	Alice
764	Littell, Don		765	Oakley, Donald	Darlene	767	Paskert, Raymond	Bernice
764	Lundberg, Donald	Katherine	765	Persico, Frank	Louise	767	Peter, Carl H.	
764	Maran, Arthur J.	Hughann	765	Peterson, Gail	Verna	767	Radovsky, Milton	Francis
764	Markey, Al	Fran	765	Powers, Larry	Bernice	767	Robinson, Wally	Marge
764	McKinstry, Clyde	Wanda	765	Purisch, Irwin	Sylvia	767	Roemer, Robert	Alice
764	Messerschmidt, Roy	Yvonne	765	Scanlon, Dan	Guest	767	Rollins, Bill	Anne
764	Montalto, James J.	Janice	765	Scanlon, Robert L.	Barbara	767	Schwenden, Stanley	Avon
764	Nelle, Vernon C.	Gwen	765	Scanlon, Tim		767	Smith, Al E.	Blanche
764	O'Bannon, Barbara L.	Associate	765	Shiple, James L.		767	Snively, Dale	Alvera
764	O'Bannon, Frank C.	Millie	765	Shumway, M. E.		767	Suits, Robert	
764	Paradise, William	Edna	765	Simeroth, John	Gladys	767	Thullesen, George	
764	Parisi, Vito J.	Margaret	765	Stanko, John J. Jr.	Pinky	767	Ucci, Mike	Barbara
764	Pfister, Karl A.	Helena	765	Staples, Stan	Dagney	824	Hill, Arthur J.	Gloria
764	Pollien, Frank		765	Tampas, Peter S.	Dorothy	825	Kaiser, Ruben	Petronella
764	Ptak, Vincent		765	Taylor, Boble A.	Gay			
764	Rhodes, Verlin A.	Marcy	765	Thiel, Ken	Alta			
764	Rothwell, Charles	Olga	765	Van Norstrand, Jim				
764	Schank, Carl R.	Wana	765	Vladyka, Vahl	Merijane			
764	Sharp, Bernard	Eugenie	765	Ward, Elmo				
764	Sharp, Howard		765	Warren, Robert	Dennie			
764	Smith, Jack J.	Mary Jane	765	Wilkins, Bill	Muriel			
764	Souther, Bert	Ann	765	Winham, Clifford	Corinne			
764	Spencer, Jimmy	Sue	765	Wolfe, Sara Jane				
764	Stanton, John R.	Ilse	766	Bills, Roland F.	Adele			
764	Trenner, Edgar	Noreen	766	Callahan, Edward				
764	Underwood, John	Betty	766	Davis, Jerome	Patricia			
764	Van Buren, John	Anne	766	Dooley, James C.				
764	Verner, Dalton	Dorothy	766	Ehrlich, Harold	Grace			
764	Veselka, George J.	Sue	766	Fish, Joel	Bertha			
764	Weaver, Roger	Jean	766	Forster, Robert L.	Jerry			
764	Wilson, John F.	Melva	766	Franklin, William J.	"Sam"			
764	Young John A.	Betty	766	Friedersdorf, Robert R.	Mary			
765	Abadi, Abe	Renna	766	Granchelli, Felix				
765	Abel, Alvin	Marian	766	Grano, Ralph	Merle			
765	Angaroni, John H.	Lillian	766	Hayes, Robert V.	Peggy			
765	Baker, Hugh G.	W.E. (Son)	766	Huisenga, Gerald	Ann			
			766	Johnson, Raymond H.	La Vone			
			766	Lecuyer, William A.	Genevieve			

ITALIAN TOUR

"LIBERAIDERS" have itchy feet. The response to the inquiry regarding a proposed tour to Italy and the 461st sites has been outstanding. At this time we have a total of 246 interested, with 35 of those with a YES sight unseen. Tour dates are now Sept 22nd to Oct 6th. The tour will go!

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BULLION CRESTS

105 Bullion Crests were ordered by men of the Group and the first delivery has been made. The remainder of this order will be in the mail well ahead of the scheduled delivery date of May 22, 1988.

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				TAPS					
NAME	SQD	DATE	HOMETOWN	MOS	NAME	SQD	DATE	HOMETOWN	MOS
Englander, Irvin B.	461	1987	Forrest Hills, NY	405	Spring, Merrill T.	766	Unknown	E. Aurora, NY	1035
Barritt, Clark C.	764	1972	Council Bluffs, IA	1035	Stlefvater, Christopher H.	766	1986	Selden, NY	748
Dickey, Ernest L.	764	1982	De Moines, IA	555	Sullivan, Joseph A.	766	Unknown	Chicago, IL	1034
Gaudio, Frank J.	764	8/18/87	Elmhurst, IL	1035	Wallace, Alfred	766	Unknown	Fayette, AL	1092
Moore, Winfrey	764	1985	Amarillo, TX	757	Wallace, Irving G.	766	1987	LeRoy, NY	748
Pecesky, Edward	764	1986	Williamansett, MA	612	Walsh, Billy J.	766	1985		757
Bassiller, Robert E.	765	8/1987	Pawtucket, RI	747	Ward, Lee P. Jr.	766	1987	Dayton, TX	1092
Cessna, Robert W.	765	2/1/88	Daytona Beach, FL	1092	Wolfram, Herbert E.	766	1982	Manchester, CT	196
Curland, Robert	765	1982	Baltimore, MD	1034	Herbert, LeRoy J.	767	Unknown	Unknown	612
DeSpain, Glen P.	765	1/1979	New London, IA	757	Hoppes, Robert A.	767	7/12/78	Richmond, IN	1092
Karpinski, Edward J.	765	1987	Glen Cove, NY	901	Iles, Harry N. Jr.	767	Unknown	Rusburg, PA	612
Lightbody, Thomas J.	765	4/30/70	Pelham, NY	1092	Kane, John J.	767	5/6/73	Chicago, IL	1092
Mashon, Ross	765	3/1982	Baton Rouge, LA	757	Keedle, Ralph H.	767	1985ca		1092
Mettler, Archie H.	765	1985	Toledo, OH	747	Koepfel, Harold C.	767	Unknown	Cape Girardeau, MO	1092
Murphy, Benjamin S.	765	12/28/87	Spring Branch, TX	1035	Luebke, Robert J.	767	1945	Ft. Atkinson, WI	1092
Polk, Andrew W. Jr.	765	1975	Columbia, MS	1035	Trohman, Aaron J.	767	Unknown	Brooklyn, NY	1092
Veon, LeRoy L.	765	5/1987	New Waterford, OH	612	Wells, Bryan J.	767	12/27/72	N. Kansas City, MO	757
Yancey, Herbert E.	765	1978		757	Yauger, Robert L.	767	8/14/86	Pittsburgh, PA	1092
Bregman, Ellis P.	766	1986	Middlesex, NJ	612					
Briggs, Warren K.	766	8/20/87	Lakewood, CA	911					
Buckholtz, Joseph J.	766	12/8/87	Cheshire, CT	612					
Connolly, Thomas M. Jr.	766	1986	S. Boston, MA	748					
Conrad, Robert B.	766	1982	Atlanta, GA	748					
DeRossett, Max L.	766	1980	Glendale, CA	612					
Evans, Leland B.	766	1980	Council Bluffs, IA	345					
Fraser, Earl S.	766	Unknown		747					
Hans, Melvin D.	766	1954		1034					
Laulis, James C.	766	8/16/82	Shinnston, WV	1034					
McGuire, James F.	766	1982	Northridge, CA	686					
Reed, George C.	766	9/25/57	Lowville, NY	1034					
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