ALL ROADS, AIRWAYS, AND WATERWAYS LEAD TO THE 1987 461st BOMB GROUP REUNION AT TARRYTOWN, NY!!!!!

Hang in there fellows, there’s only TWO more months to go until we have our reunion! We know of four hundred bodies that will be milling around the lobby of the Marriott Hotel in Tarrytown looking for that old buddy that said he was coming to this reunion. “Now did he say to meet him under the potted palm—or was it near the darn thing—has anybody seen Joe?” “No Lady, you did NOT belong to this outfit”. “We were Fighters—not Lovers.” “Now who threw that size 18 shoe?” “Don’t you know its against regulations to destroy Government property?” What do you mean that your Father hasn’t stopped talking for two days and he never talks at home?”

For those of you that have misplaced your registration form we are including one for your use in this issue of the LIBERAIDER. A detailed schedule will be available at the Hotel upon your arrival.

Last month the Reunion Committee met at Tarrytown and West Point to look over the final plans and goals for the 1987 Reunion. The reception was wonderful!

“Miss Lace” No. 15, B-24L-11-FO 44-49511
Last A/C lost in combat by the 461st Bomb Group. A/C was assigned to the 764th BS.

LAST WAR TIME CASUALTY IS suffered by THE 764th BOMB SQUADRON

“Mission No. 222, 25 April 1945—Linz Main Marshalling Tard, Austria
With the offensive in Italy progressing successfully, the Air Force suddenly turned to bombing in support of the Russian armies on the Southeastern front. The mission on 25 April 1945 was to Linz, Austria, with the Main Marshalling Yard as the primary target. Maj. Phillips led the mission with Lt. Col. Gregory leading the second attack unit. In view of the extremely heavy anti-aircraft fire encountered, which damaged 11 of the 26 planes over target, the bombing was exceptionally good. Of the bombs dropped, 55 percent were plotted within 1,000 feet of the briefed aiming point.

The plane piloted by 2nd Lt. Lawrence R. Toothman was lost to flak over the target. The plane piloted by 1st Lt. Richard F. Reiland had a brief encounter with a FW-190 which opened fire from 600 yards. When the alert gunners fired back, the Fock Wolf turned away and headed north to Germany”.

From the Official Group History
1987 DUES
If you have not paid your 1987 dues, Glenn Stempel, Box 638, Oakland, IA 51560, is looking for you!

POW MEDAL DELAYED
Production problems have delayed distribution of the new prisoner-of-war medal. This medal should be ready by December.

99th BOMB GROUP RECOGNITION
Hugh Hanley (765) has received recognition from the 99th Bomb Group Historical Society in their May Newsletter. Hugh’s article covering the Odertal Mission was excerpted and their Editor concluded that Hugh “generally had a hard day at the office”.

The Editor concluded with “So now you know where Odertal is (or was).” Thanks George!
When you arrive at the Marriott Hotel you will find the Hotel registration desk to the right and the 461st Registration Area will be located on the balcony of the main lobby, starting at 9 A.M., October 1st. At our registration desks you will be given your packet that will include your name tags, squadron pins, bus tickets, meal tickets for the Bear Mtn Inn lunch, color coded as to selection, and the Saturday night Banquet. Please identify yourself, and squadron, as the volunteers manning the tables do not know all of you. A schedule of events will also be included in the handout.

The name badges will be color coded indicating to which squadron you belong. Colors, as might be expected, are those that Axis Sally referred to when she welcomed us to Italy as the “Rainbow Group” - blue—Hqtrs, green—764th, White—765th, yellow—766th, and red—767th.

Tables will be in this area for banquet seating selection, West Point tour bus number assignment, and a PX of 461st items. Lists of attendees, by squadrons, will be displayed in this area, and each person is requested to check that they are in the hotel and what room they can be found in—maybe. We will also have a bulletin board for your messages.

Assigned squadron rooms will be located on the second floor of the hotel. The attendees list will also be on display in these rooms.

Early arrivals check in O’Bannon’s suite for your packet.

REGISTRATION, DESIGNATED BANQUET SEATING AND BUS ASSIGNMENT

Crew #13—764th Bomb Sqdn—Last crew to be lost in combat—25 April 1945—Linz, Austria
Standing L/R—L.R. Toothman (P), W. Jones KIA (CP), V. Edmonds (B), P. Ashworth (N)
Kneeling L/R—O.L. Scogins (E), J.L. LaZier (G), J.H. Hoskins (G), H.E. Acheson (G), R.C. Baker (RO), D.A. Morrison (G)

(Continued from page 1)

OUR LAST MISSION, April 25, 1945

By John L. LaZier
Replacement Crew #13
764th Bomb Squadron

“As the war was coming to an end we felt we had it made. Most of our missions were milk runs. Large concentrations of planes, one mission with 10,400 planes in the air. After a few missions I began to feel that the flak could not hit our plane and they became boring, much like a training flight in the States. Then word came through the grapevine that we were going on a rough mission. The target was to be Linz, Austria. I remember as I looked at the map that it would be a long mission but my biggest worry was air sickness because I always got sick on a long run. We did encounter some fighters but the big problem was the long bomb run. As we approached our target the flak was heavier than usual and as the toggler released the bombs we were hit by 88mm flak.

I later learned that co-pilot Jones was killed and the pilot, Lt. Toothman, was badly injured. Our plane went into a slipping dive but with the help of engineer Scogins they were able to level off long enough so that we were all able to bail out. Everyone but the co-pilot got out and made it through the war. The pilot and navigator, F/O Ashworth, were badly injured with broken arms and legs and in much pain.

The crew was split up as we parachuted in the mountains. I landed in a valley near a small stream. I ditched my para-

(Continued on page 6)

PX MANAGER

We have a new manager of the PX supplies. Wally Robinson (767) has agreed to lighten the load of your President by taking over responsibility for this part of our organization. Effective immediately you can mail your request for PX items to Wally Robinson, 3 E. Cardot, Ridgeway, PA 15853.
WHEN YOU MISS A REUNION

By Dr. Eric V. Hawkinson, Editor, 7th Photo Recon Group Association, Inc.

What interest could one have in someone you hardly knew forty-three years ago? When you were thrust together with a bunch of guys with dissimilar interests? Except for two interests, maybe! “Where are the girls?” “How soon can I get out of this man’s army and get on with my life?”

I’ve heard more than one man say, “Why should I go to a reunion when I hardly know anybody?” Sure, people change! Priorities change!

Forty years ago we were the teenagers, and mostly 20 year olds, with a few ancient 30 year olds sprinkled about, who had a job to do and we did it. Some of our gang, enlisted men as well as officers, opted to “stay in” and emerged upon retirement as master sergeants, colonels and generals. Some went on to fight in other wars. Most of us didn’t.

In the intervening time, most of us faced tough times, challenges, maybe even families, and good times and maybe even some excitement.

The majority of us went back to work or back to school. A lot of us had to join the 52-20 club and search high and low for housing, clothing, food and survival. Now a lot of that is behind us and we are bordering, maybe even have reached retirement.

There is probably no better feeling you can now get in retirement than to share a meal, swap stories, share a tourist-oriented trip and close the forty year gap to tell of your joys and sorrows in a reunion atmosphere. You will be surprised as to how many will recognize you! Even tell you some things you said or did back in 1943-44-45. If you want this forgotten, they will even discretely not bring up those events.

Even if you come to a reunion thinking you will know no one, when you leave you will find you gained several dozen new friends!

—EVH

ED: Dr. Hawkinson has granted permission to forward on to you the above editorial on the why’s of reunions.

* * * * *

767th TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT—ITALY 10-21-1944
FR: H.G. Sampson; R.A Woodson. 2nd Row: Hudson, C.A.; Safe, Lane; R.P. Estrada; E.J. Davo; R.R. Kuchinski; Devlin; G.A. Bouffard. 3rd Row: H.E. Martin; L.L. Williams; H.B. Belcher; P.W. Clark; G.A. Thuemier; F.M. Couch; E.B. White; C.D. Fann; Moran; and Lt. S. Ozanich.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN TRANSLATORS NEEDED

Milton Radovsky has requested the aid of any and all persons that can translate to and from German or Italian to contact him. Milton is gathering facts from all sides for his book on the Linz Raid. Please contact him at 10710 Lockridge Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20901. This is the raid that we lost our shirts on.
Mail Call

Dear Frank,

I was sure glad to find that the 461st was looking for former members. Pete Tompas and Bob Basiliere are the only two I have kept in contact with. Bob may know some of the men in the New England area. I know he can get in touch with “Muff” Bryer, the Line Chief of the 765th. They both live in Seekonk, MA. I called Bob and he said he would get in touch with you.

I’m sorry I missed the reunion in Albuquerque, NM, and I was there about the time of your meeting. Maybe I can make the one in New York as my youngest daughter lives in Warrenton—just four hours away.... Here are copies of the few orders I have. I hope they can be of some use in your search for former members.

Sincerely, R. E. Fox—765th

*     *     *     *     *

Dear Mr. O’Bannon,

Many thanks for your letter explaining the details of our former association. Was unaware such an organization existed.

Eight members of my crew were killed on October 4, 1944. The only other survivor is Emory Clippert. He was our ball gunner and had to leave his position because of an electrical failure in the turret. I was unaware of what had happened to him until he discovered my name in the POW magazine and we met last October for the first time since our final mission.

Again thanks, I’m forwarding my application to Glenn Stempel and look forward to a happy tenure in the group.

Sincerely, James P. Walsh—766th

(Ed: Oran Fulton (765) sent Jim’s name in.)

*     *     *     *     *

Dear Sir:

Please remove this address for Everett C. Kamps, you definitely got the wrong party, as I am (A) female, (B) happened to be on the wrong side of the war, growing up in Germany ducking British bombers, and (C) do not have any blood relatives in the U.S., so I can’t be of any help to you.

Wishing you continued success in 1987.

Elke C. Kamps

(ED: We are still looking for Everett!)

765th BOMB SQUADRON—ENGINEERING SECTION—1944
J. Walunas, E.G. Rice, V.C. Thomas, F.H. Norcross, K.E. Hunt

767th BOMB SQUADRON—GOWEN FLD—AUGUST 1943

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
Orange 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
chute in the overhanging bank of the stream and headed for the woods about 300 years away. As you can guess, parachutes are highly visible at high noon on a sunny day. Also, the natives were trained to hunt down the survivors of air crews. I could see civilian farmers with rifles looking for me and I only had a side arm. I didn’t think I had too much of a chance of getting away. I had injured my right wrist on impact and the gun wasn’t much good to me. Consequently I was captured by an Austrian farmer with a rifle about an hour after landing. He only spoke German but I understood “comrades” were captured. As he walked me toward a farm house he had not taken my pistol but I kept it in my shoulder holster. I learned he had someone at the farm house that could speak English. It turned out to be his daughter, about 15 years old, and she told me two of my comrades, Baker and Hoskins, were being held in another farm house down the road. She also said they were injured. I agreed to go to them and see who it was and how badly they were injured. It turned out Baker had a broken leg but Hoskins was O.K. The farm woman gave us food, warm milk and warm beer. They seemed friendly and treated us well. There was a German soldier home on medical leave at this farm. Through an interpreter he said it would be best for us to hang our guns on the outside of the door. The German soldiers saw us come down so they were on their way to capture us. As we looked out the windows we saw about 30 soldiers surrounding the farm house so out on the doorknob went our guns. An officer and two sgt’s came in and captured us with little fanfare.

They had a small car so they loaded Baker in with the three soldiers and took him away. He eventually had his leg set and a cast applied. Hoskins and I were given a military escort and we walked 23 km to the town of Amstetten. We were then held in a hotel where we met with the rest of our crew and learned of the death of Lt. Jones. There were also some Russian prisoners in the hotel that we never saw after that night. The next day we were interrogated by an English speaking lady at what was probably the courthouse. Lt. Toothman, F/O Ashworth and Baker were eventually taken to a hospital in Amstetten and treated for their wounds. The rest of the crew was taken to a small artillery camp outside of town and housed in their brig. This was the most interesting part of our internment.

We were treated very well and a German Cpl Fritz Preibisch took us under his wing and saw to it that we were as comfortable as possible. As this was near the end of the war the Germans were short of everything, but they gave us what they had in food. The guards were young soldiers who had learned some English in school so we could communicate. Some guards had older brothers in American POW camps in the States so they were good to us. They would bring us picture magazines, some cigarettes and some food. They also took us out for walks in the countryside and even

PHILADELPHIA MINI REUNION

Following the meeting at Tarrytown, on to Philadelphia for Millie’s 50th High School Reunion. This time things were a little better organized, and I contacted the men that lived in this area early! When you put the above bunch in one room there just isn’t time to get all of the stories told. At the table I was honored to have two of our better shots sitting on each side of me—Vito Parisi and Joe Boblasky. During the talking it was determined that I had flown my 50th mission with Joe and was one of the men that certified to his victory. Both men are credited with FW-190’s. The meeting was broken up with further discussions to take place at Tarrytown. You just can’t beat those men of the 461st.
765th SQUADRON INSIGNIA

765th members have requested clarification regarding the squadron insignia used by us and the “Donald Duck” insignia that was used in Italy.

During our stay at Hammer Field a contest was held, within each squadron, to determine a design to be selected as that squadron’s insignia. Final selection was made and the drawings of the insignias were approved and filed. We have color slides of these insignias for our use.

Just when the “Donald Duck” insignia came into being is not known. There is no record that this insignia was ever approved by the Army. We would like to know more about the procurement of this insignia if anyone knows.

Munich, Germany, October 4, 1944
“Landsberg Tower—This is No. 39 requesting landing instructions. I have two burning, one so-so, and one working. Yes, I consider this an emergency!”
1st Lt. W. E. Waggoner leaving the formation with two engines on fire.

From Dave Nelson—765th

Here’s a small story that might help justify all the good work the 461st is doing.

“Dear Mr. Waggoner, I was a radio operator on John Moore’s crew in the 765th and have recently come in contact with the group now organizing an assembly of men from those times. The reason I am writing you is that I just received a Directory (461st) which listed your name. This was surprising because I thought you had been lost on one of the raids. In fact, I have a photograph of a plane going down which I’ve always believed was yours, with engines #2 and #4 on fire. I watched as long as I could (it was a little heavy going just then), and didn’t see any chutes, hence my belief that you were all lost”.

I got a call from Bill who said it was he and would be delighted to get the photo which I sent off right away”.

THE SAGA OF AIRCRAFT NUMBER 39 CONTINUES:

31st July 1986
Re: Captured B-24 461st GP

Dear Mr. O’Bannon,

Found your address in the SORTIE Roster. I am a member of the 15th Air Force for about two years and I always find the magazine most interesting. For several time I am working on a book on American aircraft which landed or crashed in Germany or German occupied territory in WWII.

One of the aircraft which subsequently flew for the Luftwaffe was a ship from the 461st BG, 765th Squadron, SN 42-78247, Individual Aircraft Number 39. I am enclosing a fact sheet and also a sheet showing the aircraft with German markings. (Ed: A/C is silver in color with what appears to be white cowls. It is equipped with radar. Pics are very poor—have asked for good one). For my research work I would be very interested in getting some information, also the names of the crew, which brough No. 39 down in Germany, Landsberg-Penzing Field, (Mission was to Munich-Bahnhofe (RR) on October 4, 1944), or better their current addresses, so that I can get in touch with them. Further I would be interested in getting a picture of that aircraft if ever possible. Would you please give me the address of the 461st Bomb Group Historian, so that I can get in touch with him, too. Additional information is highly appreciated. I thank you in advance for your kind cooperation and am looking forward to hearing from you soon. I am 24 years old and living just outside of Zurich, the largest city in Switzerland. I really enjoyed a stay in your country four years ago.

Sincerely, Heiri (Hans-Heiri Stapfer)

ED: The crew on this flight were: W.E. WAGGONER (P), N. G. SCHLARP (CP) (KIA), R. R. BRINA (N), P.D. SHAFFER (B), R. D. VINSON (RW), F. C. HAWTHORNE (LW), A. R. TURGEON (TT), J. A. PEEBLES (BT), W. W. SMITH (NT), E. J. KLEPPER (TT). Need a picture of this A/C while it was at Torretta. A/C number was one that came in as a replacement. Who was the crew chief that has been wondering all these years just what happened to his A/C? This A/C with German markings appeared in the Spring 1987 issue of the B-24 Liberator Club’s newsletter, “Briefing”.

* * * * *
took us to an artillery range and showed us some of their armament and anti-tank weapons. We had a Sgt, who spoke good English, tell us he was the artillery gunner that probably shot us down. He said he fired 36 artillery guns with one sight making it almost like shooting a big shotgun. We also had visits from fighter pilots and other German officers. One Col. Brought us a pack of cigarettes.

As the war progressed we could see the artillery light up the sky at night so we knew that the Americans or Russians were getting closer to Amstetten. As the American line advanced the Germans decided to move us back. They took a couple of us each day to visit our crew members in the hospital and we were glad to see the care the Catholic Nuns were giving our buddies. On these trips to the hospital they kept us from being seen by the town’s people, they were unhappy about the destruction of their homes and businesses and they were hostile. It was sad to see the small children being placed on trains to be evacuated for safety sake. They did not want to be separated from their families and most of the young cried.

One night the guards brought us German coats and hats and told us to put them on because we were being moved through Nazi lines. We were given guns and grenades and placed in the back of a panel truck. We were told not to say anything as we passed through the roadblocks. Fritz and two other German soldiers did all the talking as we stopped at roadblocks. If they opened the rear doors of the panel truck we were to open fire and try to run the roadblock. Much to the relief of all of us we were let through all night. We then arrived at the Chateau of the camp commandant and put in an upstairs bedroom with many beds. We were told we were free and we all fell asleep. When we woke up there was a Nazi guard at our door and we were once again prisoners. We were then taken to a hotel in Hollenstein-On-The-Ybbs, and held in a room with bars on the windows. We were on the third floor of a hotel that was converted into a German barracks. We would hear the soldiers coming and going with their hob nail boots. Then one morning all was quiet and our door was unlocked. The night before a young German of about 17 years of age said he could get one of us through the lines to the Americans. We agreed to try and Achison was chosen to go. When we opened the door that morning the halls were deserted. We then went into the rooms of the soldiers and found American bayonets and other articles of U.S. soldiers. The Germans were probably going to try to surrender to the Americans. We then went downstairs to the kitchen and the civilians told us the war was over.

They then cooked us a meal of meat, potatoes and cheese and bread. I will always remember that mean. We then started to walk to where we thought the American lines were. A German truck came by and picked us up. There were soldiers in the back and they had bottles of wine of which they shared. As we rode down the road I stood up in the back of the truck and looked over the canopy. What I saw was five American jeeps, American flag flying and Acheson in the lead jeep, he had made it back! We celebrated then and later that night with a newly promoted Col. Of the 71st Infantry. After that we traveled around German for a month and eventually landed at Camp Lucky Strike in LeHarve, France. Then on home!

*   *   *   *   *
DELTA AIR LINES DISCOUNT

Delta Air Lines, in cooperation with the 461st Bomb Group, is offering a special discount which affords a 40%-70% discount to New York City for attendees traveling on Delta round trip to its 1987 Reunion.

Call 1-800-241-6760 for your reservation 8:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Eastern Time daily. REFER TO FILE NUMBER: U0390. This special discount is available ONLY through this number. If you normally use the services of a travel agent, have them place your reservations through the above toll-free number to obtain the same advantages for you. Remember some fares have restrictions, and seats may be limited. Check with Delta for the best discount applicable to your itinerary! Originating travel will be allowed Sept 28 to Oct 3. Seven days advance ticketing is required and a maximum stay of 21 days will be permitted.

*   *   *   *   *
FOOTBALL TICKETS—WEST POINT

Bob Hayes has offered to obtain tickets for the West Point football game on Saturday 3 October. Cost of a ticket is $13. Request at this late date will be handled as best he can. Those interested should call him at (914) 638-0694, or write to 31 Grand St., New York City, NY 10956. At present there are thirty members going.

PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN (764) PR’s OUR GROUP

Bill Harrison’s new car license tags
By S/Sgt. Edward A. Zeiders, Jr.

DO YOU REMEMBER the day we arrived at our field in Italy... that same day that certain radio stations were broadcasting the first 24-hour countdown to the D-Day invasion of Europe? And as we flew in, those words of encouragement were imprinted on our minds. It was a day of exuberance, the day we finally got to see the land we had been talking about for so long. The realization of our dream came true, and we were filled with a sense of pride and purpose.

Our first mission against the enemy was a low-level attack over the Railroad Tracks. We were assigned to sweep the area from 500 feet above the ground, using our machine guns and rockets. The feeling of accomplishment was immense, and we knew that we were making a difference. The enemy had no idea what was happening, and our mission was a success.

Down 14 Fighters

In the years that followed, we continued to fly missions, each one more challenging than the last. Our squadron worked tirelessly, day and night, to ensure that our country remained safe. The camaraderie among the crew was unbreakable, and we knew that we could rely on each other in any situation.

Baker Returns From MIA To Resume 765th Command

The latest in the 765th Bomb Squadron's line of fine commanders is Maj. Robert N. Baker of Almity, N.Y., who entered on his present duty December 22. Listed as missing following the February 21 mission to Vienna, he was recently returned through the Russian lines to resume his command.

Prior to his arrival in this theater in August, Major Baker was an instructor in basic flying at Minter Field, Bakersfield, Calif. (for two years. He has flown 32 missions, and was with the Purple Heart and the DSCC, which he received for his operations in Russia during World War II.)


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766th Man Recalls Year's High Spots

By Sgt. Ira L. Fethroth

We've gone a long way since the original TBA days, but you are still the Tavre, Hawkins, Remy, Lauder, Lt. H. Campbell, Elly Kivett, Ely Sherrer, Buey, Oetlich, Bishop, Tidwell, Ruby, and Zaczeck — to mention a few. Everyone will always remember Capt. Fedor, our first CO, with the greatest respect. Do you recall the weekly beer parties at Carlson Hall? Ahh, with the notable absence of music, the parties featured an occasional long John Tavrely at the drum, Bubba Mathis on the squeeze box, and Booby Wooge Halverson on the saw. Bow Halverson is directing the greatest band in the area, while Dutch is king of all the officers' parties, and — in the mess hall.

Earl Stigler, B.Sgt. Leroy B. Duke leading us in song as we marched to the train on our way to POE.

The only one singing was our boy Duke. Then the long train ride — we recall the usual verbal scaring from Anonanole and Lame Polee — Wally Nemer and his swell guitar — the pint-sized songstresses, Campbell Jr., and Bob Dunn eventually had, added and selected by J.R. Geogia Pechin Moore. Then there was Jim Beatt, Jim McIntyre and Chuck, Perzella, holding the breeze across a card table, and Whitely Packer in charge of B flight, picking up after the guys and doing a great job of keeping them in line.

Sub Alert!

None of us will ever forget our second night in Italy. A direct hit on the forward mess. Our first air raid, either — and how Joe Griffith, Bill Weakly, and Harry Fick were distinguished by themselves by volunteering to help the guns crew by serving in the turret magazine during the attack.

Remember Max Coner, the 1000 dollar kid; B. F. Sanders, the angel of the gaming tables (old Max was at the pitching, too); and there were those two zany, David Wilson and Leonardi, with their play-producible ambitions.

Finally, decontamination, when we were whisked onto trucks and off to a first night in Italy. For those who didn't have to dress they went in marble halls it will be most easy to recall the cold marble floors. And did you see the Senator from the States? He was in the Hon. John Briley, cuddling a bet of red, crooning as if it were an infant in his arms. From there we moved on to a third night stay at the 45 and 46, spending our first night sleeping in the mud (hardened combat troops), we were still walking miles and miles for food. Last stop, you know where, and quarters in a tent until the tents were set up. What a show line — out in the cold, it was raining, and the trouble of keeping the tents dry, which fell to the fatigues, Paul Conwell and the rest of his crew. Joe Meadery, George Stil, Sid Gehr, Herb Seiler, Ed Hebelekiz, Johnny Illmank, Chuck and Murphy.

Enhanced Men's Club Notes: The omen of March, 1944, with April, was the first president, He had the odd assortment of Ray Valens, Butch Gehr, Bill Collin, all back home now; Billy Beane with his flair for pace and sketching to create the illusion of flight for the club. John Tavrely, the best sergeant in music ever had, back in the area, still fighting to come to us. Joe Humphrey, the best for the club.

In the sports world you can't overlook that outstanding first baseman, Joe, who met a few tricks; King Tom Jones, a sharpshooter; Joe (B.J.) Collin, a ball player's ball player; Joe Whirham, a spotlight key station back guard.

Personalities: Wish Bill Weakly roaming through the area on his bike; Wally Nemer carrying on in his typical manner in the dorm room; Frank Hawkins with his favorite "You can't put me in your picture"; Paul Conwell, a very ready crew chief; the three Campbell — O.H., J.S., K.U. — all working in one Engineering Group. Hall Hawkins, who never farted, did have a chronic problem. Joe Quickhatch, his best move is to pull the seat on the road with the best of them. Johnny Ruppuk is everybody's friend on payday.

More personalities — George Hidber years to be Stan, Lou Ricardi, who turned cock with a vengeance; Bernie Saltman, an amancer who gives freely of his time to post Maitrephot, Harry in the PX; Wm. Sammon, the general over the EK Club; Eddie Schenck, a sight to see; Schenck, the best man in the medical; Joe Schwart the war would end itself; Harry daughtar, so young and beautiful; Johnny Spaz, small, dark and winking; William Turner, proud of his home town, New Orleans; Frank Uhlen, the Long book, L.L. gent, who earned his place in the theater as assistant to some magic spirit; Fred Warmer, a very useful member of Transportation; Teddy Wise, sharp as a tack; Hren, who helped the working girl, as Flynn would say, at the back home; and to wind up, a salute to Grady Weeks, who volunteered for a second tour.

And this is close to the end of the trail. We couldn't mention everyone. Space does not allow that. To those who have been skipped, no offense. The lapse was not intentional. And so, no hope that way we will all be where our dreams and thoughts have been for so many months.

200th a "Milk Run"

The double century mark in the bombing missions flown by the 461st began on March 12, with the bombing of the Kato air refueling in the Vienna area.

The mission was characterized by neither risk nor fighters.

Major Phillips is 766th's Fourth Texan Commander

The fourth Texan in the line of five commanders of the 766th is Maj. Charles R. Phillips, San Angelo, Texas, who assumed command December 2.

Before joining the group in September Major Phillips spent five months as an interceptor fighter controller in an anti-sub wing. He was also an instructor in B-17s at Mountain Home, Idaho.

In his 21 combat missions, Phillips has earned the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and the DFC for the February 8, 1945, mission to Vienna. His promotion to Major followed his appointment as C.O.

EXTRA! EXTRA! DICKEY AND O'BANNON GO BACK TO COLLEGE!

As many of you will recall, in the last LIBERAIDER we included a form and requested that you contact your local newspaper editor and have the notice of our reunion published for those that are not presently on our roster. George Dickey (767) went one step beyond and enrolled us in Glick University, Larry Glick, Chancellor, Radio Station WBZ in Boston.

Larry Glick, who has the largest Talk Show in New England, felt that George’s idea to air the information concerning our forthcoming Reunion as one that the radio audience would like to hear about.

All connections were made on Friday, April 24th, and with a three way phone connection we were on the AIR! Larry was an excellent host, and was aware of what we faced in going against the targets. As he has a private pilot’s license, he also knew how to lead you to information of public interest. We settled on reviewing the May 5, 1944, Ploesti raid that the Group participated in. From some long unused part of the gray matter, I was able to give a first hand report on that mission. I can still see the k*$&*$#! Black cloud that hung over the target (Never did take a liking to those 88’s!). Think it was a good interview, but then who knows!

No new men for the roster, but we certainly are known in the New England area now!

The Group’s thanks to Larry Glick and Station WBZ!!!
# TAPS

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