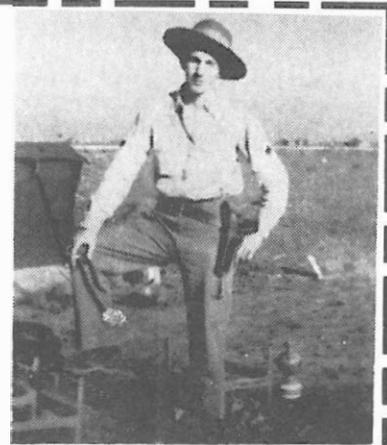


THE 99TH BOMB GROUP HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

The Group Flew B-17 Flying Fortresses
For A Total Of 395 Combat Missions From
North Africa & Italy To Bomb European
Targets During 1943, '44 & '45



T/Sgt. Art Knipp
347th Sqdn
50 Mission Photo



S/Sgt. Bob Bacher
June '44-416th Sqdn
347th Sqdn
Currently
Society President

Vol. 19, No. 1

FEBRUARY 1999

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Members & Associates:

Now that the Holidays are over, I hope that your Bellies were stuffed from Thanksgiving, your stocking was stuffed from Christmas, and your head felt stuffy the next morning from New Year Eve, and from wishing every one Health and Happiness.

Now that the year of 1999 is about to begin, you have sent your Reservations to the Hilton Hotel for our reunion in Tucson, Az. Also your Registration to Len Smith. Remember to sent it in early because, at the Davis Monthan AIR FORCE Base they have to check you out. That's where we are having our Meeting and luncheon.

If you have lost or misplace your News Letter and you want the Registration and Hotel reservation you may call me, and I'll send them to you Call 1-(440) 365-3023 name is Robert Bacher.

Remember Len Smith and his Associates have work very hard to bring you you a very enjoyable time at the reunion.

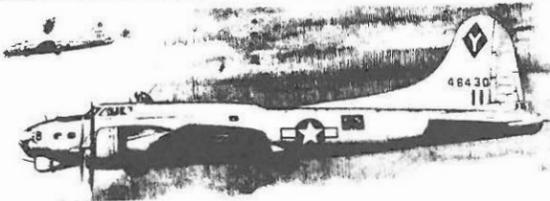


The Best to you all

Bob

Robert J. Bacher President

PS: I have just received a request that the 99th BGHS place a bronze memorial plaque on the 15th Air Force Memorial Wall at the March Field Museum. I think this is a good thing to do and since I APPROVE I have asked Bernie Barr to follow through-design a plaque like the one we placed on the wall at the Air Force Academy in 1987-as the project progresses I will keep you informed. s/bob

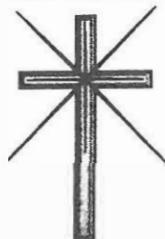
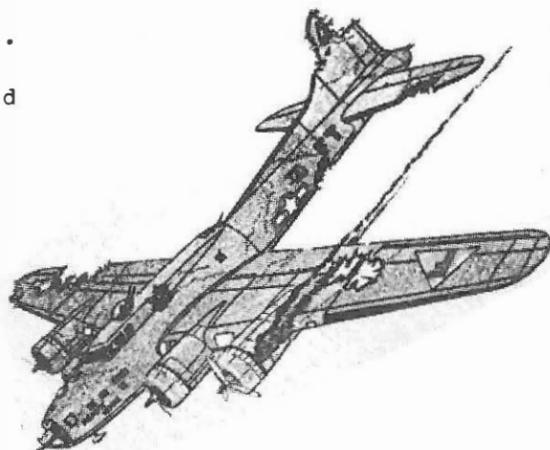
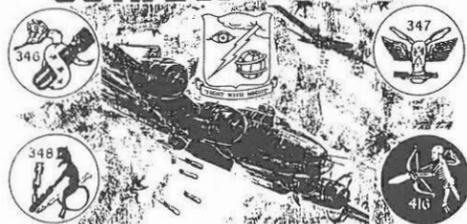


MISS ME BUT LET ME GO

When I come to the end of the road,
 and the sun has set me free
 I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
 Why cry for a soul set free?
 Miss me a little, but not for long, and
 not with your head bowed low.
 Remember the love that we once shared.
 Miss me but let me go, for this is a
 Journey that we must take, and each
 must go alone.
 It's all a part of a Master's plan, a
 step into the unknown.
 When you are lonely and sick of heart,
 go to the friends we know, and
 bury your sorrow in doing good deeds.
Miss me but let me go.

Author Unknown

99TH BOMB GROUP



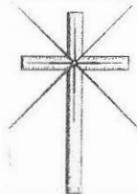
IN MEMORIAM



ROBERT D. SCHELL
JAMES A. PARRISH
NORENE HORNING
JOSEPH F. RYAN
JOHN K. BULLOCK
ROBERT K. BRAUNGART
ROBERT MOSER



Members send sincere prayers and sympathies to the families and friends
MAY OUR COMRADES REST IN PEACE



THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER



"CREATE A MIRACLE. MAKE A MIRACLE HAPPEN!" These words of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale have come across my desk many times over the years, and with each time, I resolved, by God's help, I would live with that directive as a guiding force in my life! At this time to have achieved any level of success, I cannot be sure! However, I relish the opportunity to continue to make these words a reality in my life; and making it possible for others to enjoy this gift of God as well.

"CREATE A MIRACLE. MAKE A MIRACLE HAPPEN!" The greatest miracle is the presence and power of God within each of us to live out our lives to bring honor and glory to our Creator, and to help others around us enjoy this wonderful world of God's Creation!

I saw a sign outside one of our local high schools the other day. I had seen it before, but this time the message said more than just the words. The sign read "HAPPINESS IS AN INSIDE JOB!". It hit me! I realized that not only were the words true, but that within me and you lives the power to be HAPPY! When we stop to realize that "HAPPINESS IS AN INSIDE JOB!", we have the power to make each and everyday an experience without parallel, and that each day is better than the day before.

We do, each of us, have the power and potential and privilege to "CREATE A MIRACLE" and "TO MAKE A MIRACLE HAPPEN!" And that miracle is within us, for "HAPPINESS IS AN INSIDE JOB!"

Several years ago, on December 24th, Christmas Eve, Dr. Peale passed away, having lived into his mid nineties. In his ministry, he wrote many books. Well known among them is "The Power of Positive Thinking", written early in his ministry when he first came to Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. Later, he wrote "The Magic of Enthusiasm". Constantly and wherever he went, and in whatever words he was called upon to share, his message was positive, telling us the privilege we have of sharing positive news of the love of God.

To each of us have been given gifts. Each of us are special, and those gifts are special and unique to each one of us. We are created by God to be God's children! We have no higher destiny! Let's live out our lives and fit ourselves to be worthy of what each of us wants most - to be the best possible person in our journey through life!

See you in Tucson! Thanks to our hosts, Bill Somers and Len Smith for their efforts to make 1999's Reunion a great time together! Indeed, it will be special and an event not to be missed!

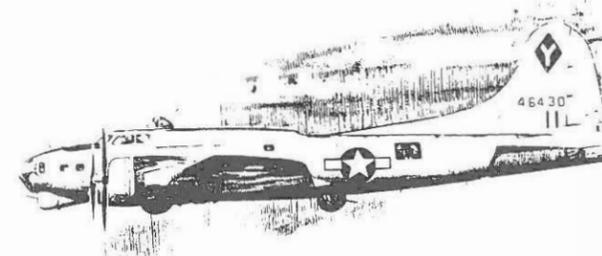
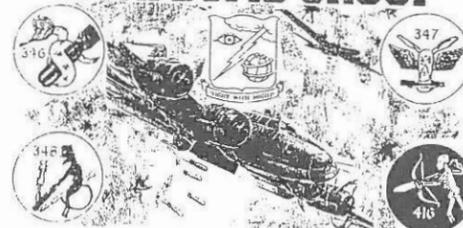
Personal greetings. My best wishes and God's best to you and yours!



Chaplain Fran



99TH BOMB GROUP



NEWS, NOTES, LETTERS & IMPORTANT INFORMATION

Dear Bernie,

Attached is the material for the February Newsletter... four(4) pages including an up-dated lead page. The other three(3) are duplications, with some modifications, of the info that appeared in the November Newsletter.

Bernie, I have harped a lot about getting the Newsletter out on time. Well, I can't over-emphasize the importance of the February Newsletter being in the mail by February 1st. Why? because, as I have indicated on the lead page, time is of the essence if we are to accommodate the membership with the various activities offered in the November Newsletter in which they indicated an interest.

On March 1st I will have to make commitments for transportation and reservations for the various functions or they could be subject to cancellation. Should that happen, we may not be able to reschedule at a later date.

That is my dilemma... so I need the assistance of Walter Butler, Roy Worthington and you to assure our communications going out no later than February 1st. I am confident you will do everything possible to make it happen - THANKS!

I am sending this material to you early since I will be away from home December 1st to Jan. 6th visiting Australia and New Zealand.

Have a good holiday! Will be in touch when I return.

14171 Desert Glen Drive
Sun City West, Arizona 85375
November 29, 1998



PAULINE JENINGS sent me a copy of a newspaper article from the St Louis Post-Dispatch entitled "IT'S TIME TO TELL WAR STORIES" Here is her note-- Bernie- I thought this article about telling the "war stories" pretty much echoes what you have been saying to the 99,ers about their stories. I know Harvey had some good tales about his experiences in the POW camp. I should have put them down on paper, but I didn't. I just thought he would be around for ever and I had all kind of time to get his stories on Paper. Sorry to hear about George. s?Pauline---Now that you have this good advise from one of our own--GET YOUR STORY TO ME!!!!

B-17 FLYING FORTRESS ASSOCIATION is seeking new members-write to:
DON R. HAYES 1640 Cambridge Drive Walla Walla, WA 99362.

LEN SMITH needs your activity reservations before MARCH 1st for our TUSCON ARIZONA REUNION. SEND IT TO LEN -NOW. Bill Sommers sent some pictures of the GREAT HOTEL where we will be staying but I don't think they will copy-so not included. RESERVE NOW!!!!

NEWS, NOTES, LETTERS & IMPORTANT INFORMATION CONTINUED

Bernie Barr
7408 Vista Del Arroyo
Albuquerque, NM. 87109



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JOSEPH RYAN
3-27-1922--12-7-1998

Dear Sir:

Please be informed, that my husband, JOSEPH F. RYAN, died Dec. 7th, 1998. He just recently became a member of the 99th Bomb Group. He wasn't aware of the Historical Society, until a member of his crew "ULYSSES (BIFF) BIFFONI) tracked him down, thanks to the amazing technology of computers.

For approximately 53 years, Joe would always wish he could locate a member of his crew, especially "BIFF." Early this summer, the phone rang one morning at 9:30 AM. The gentleman on the other end of the phone, said he was trying to locate a JOE RYAN, who had re-sided in CT., and was with the 15th Air Force, stationed in Foggia, Italy. He told me his name, and I said to "BIFF", who, by the way, I have never met, you have found the right JOE RYAN. I handed the phone to my husband without telling him who was calling. I truly believe it was one of the happiest day's in 53 years.

At the time of this telephone reunion, my husband had recently been diagnosed with dementia, that was caused by mini strokes.

Recently, since his death, I sat down one evening, and went through his army papers. He never spoke very much about the service, but I believe he wasn't only my hero, but was truly a hero to his country.

He flew 50 missions, and was the recipient of THE CERTIFICATE OF VALOR IN RECOGNITION OF COURAGEOUS SERVICE In Aerial Combat. This framed certificate, along with the map of "A YEAR OF THUNDER FROM THE SOUTH," and now the U. S. Flag, that was presented to me on the day of his funeral, has been framed, and all three are mounted on the wall in our family room. He will not be forgotten.

Thank you, "BIFF" for locating JOE. It's strange how things happen. Once you found him, we both lost him. May He Rest In Peace.

2 Scott Rd.
Prospect, Ct. 06712
Dec. 30, 1998

Sincerely,

RUTH RYAN (Spouse)

Dear Mr. Butler: . . . Enclosed is my check for 1999 dues per your letter of 10/9/98. I've written my waist gunner who is also going to join.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Hudson
629 Garfield Ave.
Louisville, CO 80027
Ph. (303) 666-6630
P.S. I was with the 99th BG, 347 Sq.
Foggia, Italy



(Welcome to 'new member' Charles. We hope your waist gunner in CA joins and you both can join us at our '99 Tucson, AZ in May '99) s/bernie b.

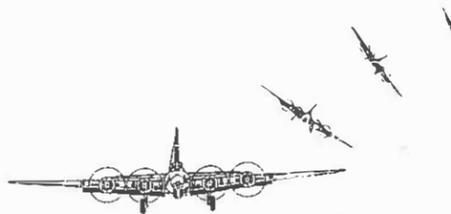
NEW MEMBERS

CHARLES E. HUDSON - 629 Garfield Avenue, Louisville, CO 80027 - 347th
ROBERT PRILL - 123 NW Bentley Circle, Port St. Lucie, FL 34986-2434 -
346th Sq. (Radar Maintenance)
FORD J. LAUER, III - Box 203, New Cumberland, PA 17070 - Assoc. Member

Dear Walter Butler: . . . I would like to join the 99th BGHS. Enclosed is \$15.00 for '99 dues. . . . My service ID # is 16105323. I was assigned to the 346th Sq., as radar maintenance technician. . . . I was with the group from the summer of '44 'til the fall of '45.

Best regards,
Robert Prill
123 NW Bentley Circle
Port St. Lucie, FL 34986-2434

(Welcome to 'new member' Robert P. We hope you can join us at Tucson, AZ during May '99) s/bernie b.



CHANGES OF ADDRESS

W. C. THOMPSON - 4555 35th Avenue, Apt. 120, Meridian, MS 39305
(Previous address - 3914 Poplar Springs Dr., Meridian, MS 39305)
LEWELLYN T. BOATWRIGHT - 3170 Wise Creek Lane, Aiken, SC 29801
(Previous address - Corrales, NM)



The following letter from Ed Popney to Ellsworth H. Swingen was sent in by D. R. Black, 804 Pecan, Honey Grove, TX 75446. . . . "The enclosed letter was sent to me by Ellsworth H. Swingen as my name was mentioned as plane crew chief of the 416th Sq. . . . I thought it would be newsworthy for the next newsletter. . . . Enjoy the newsletter, keep them coming."

D. R. Black

Hi Ellsworth: . . . Was talking to a friend of mine the other day and he told me about a friend that was in the 416th Sq., and he had received a letter from you telling about me in the 99th Group, 416th Sq. This friend is Tom Rice. I've known him for quite some time, but we never talked about the service. . . . Now about me: Our crew was a replacement crew. We went over by boat during Feb. 1945. When we were in training at Ardmore, OK we were called the Super Duper crew because of the 'high' rank. Our pilot was a Capt., our Bombardier a 1st Lt., and 2 enlisted instructors at the base who told the pilot if he ever got a crew they would like to be members to go overseas with him. They got their wish. As you know when you got overseas you got a promotion. (All but the pilot.) Our pilot was Capt. Asobrook, our bombardier made Capt., radio operator made T/Sgt. and waist gunner made S/Sgt. I (Ed Popney) was tail gunner and made S/Sgt. T/Sgt. Black was our plane crew chief. . . . After 5 missions our pilot made Major and Squadron Operations Officer and no longer was our crew pilot. As Operations Officer he could fly with any crew. . . . We flew 8 missions before the war ended. Our plane was #726, JEANINE. There were not many German planes left, but we got hit hard one day over Bologna, Italy. I think we had 27 holes, but did not lose an engine. . . . I have some nice photos of the 416th Squadron from the air, showing the Ground Forces side of the road and the Air Forces side with all the tents and roads from tent to tent. Also the basketball court and Operations Office. . . . I used to belong to the 99th BGHS, but have since dropped out. You probably got my name from when I was a member. My new address is 11975 Thurston Rd., Meadville, PA 16335 . . . Would like to hear from you. I will tell Tom that I wrote to you.

Your friend,

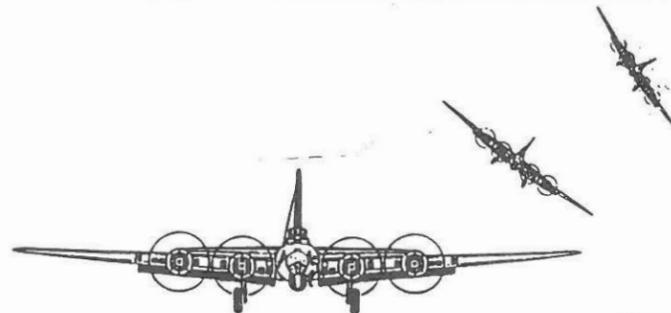
Ed Popney

Walter Butler: . . . Please print this in newsletter. Robert Moser died 10/7/'98 from a surgery infection on his knee. . . . His crew was hit by flak 2/'45. Shields was killed. Fran Grantz was on this mission as the Bombardier. This was a new Radar equipped B-17, that's why I didn't go on mission. . . . Thanks,

Lewis Stafford, Engineer
346th Sq.
109 Richard Lane
Black Mountain, NC 28711



P.S. Only 3 of the original crew are alive - Me, Jones, & Steptus.



Dear Bernie---

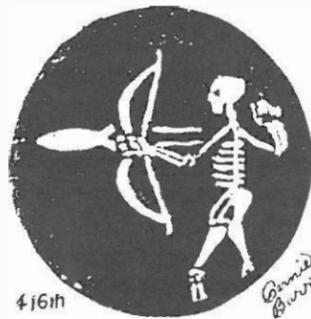
It has been with deepest regret that I haven't been able to attend any of our reunions in recent years . The last one was in FT LAUDERDALE ,however , my heart has been with you all ,and if nothing interrupts my plans we will be at the next one in TUCSON .

The artical you had in the last issue of the news letter , by JOHN NEVIN brought back old memories . The mission he spoke of was BURT McKNIGHT'S and my last misson . As you know we flew from southern ITALY to BERLIN and back , and I agree with JOHN that the germans did have guts . That was the only mission that I've been on , where the fighters flew thru thier own flack to get at our formation . It was on the bomb run that the ME-262 jet hit us and planted a cannon shell in our # 3 fuel tank . I thank GOD to this day that it was a dud and didn't go off . I am writting short story about that last mission and, I'll send you a copy when I finish it . Maybe you can print it in the news letter .

All for now , planning to see you soon , in TUCSON come May/99.

AS EVER

Bob
BOB GOCKENBACH
1531 DREXEL RD LOT - 388
WEST PALM BEACH , FL . 33417 416th



November 13, 1998

Dear Bernie,

I received word from Bob Jr that his father, Robert K. Braungart, passed away the morning of November 12, 1998. He was preceded in death by his wife, Juanita, 10/10/96.

Bob and Juanita had attended two reunions, Dayton and Ft Lauderdale, at which they displayed a large photograph of Sweater Girl, the plane in which our crew flew till the arrival of B-17Gs. We were her third crew. They also planned to attend the reunion at Rapid City but Hurricane ANDREW, forced them to return to their home in FL. They had been visiting their son at Chisago City, MN.

Even though Bob suffered from the effects of a stroke, he still had hopes for attending another 99th BGHS reunion. He had proved this possible by taking a trip back to FL from Chisago City where he had lived for the past few years.

Bob was an original 99th-er i. e. he trained in the States with the 99th.

Best regards

Wally Bush

Wallace Bush
308 N Red Hill Rd
Martinsburg, WV 25401

Wally



Ford J. Lauer III
P.O. Box 203
New Cumberland, PA 17070



Mr. Walter Butler, Treasurer
99th Bomb Group Historical Society
8608 Bellehaven Place, NE
Albuquerque, NM 87112

December 30, 1998

Dear Mr. Butler,

I am writing to you in order to request that I be permitted to join the 99th Bomb Group Historical Society, as an associate member. You were referred to me by Mr. Mort Magee.

My grandfather, the late Colonel Ford J. Lauer, was the commanding officer of the 99th Bomb Group from February through December of 1944. I have always been interested in his life. Unfortunately, Colonel Lauer passed away in 1964 when I was quite young. I have however learned a great deal about him from my father, Ford J. Lauer Jr. I also am in possession of a large footlocker of Colonel Lauer's, which is packed full of photographs, records, and various papers, of his military life. I also have his medals and citations.

Colonel Lauer joined the Army Air Corps in 1925. In 1936, he was assigned to the 2nd Bomb Group, commanded by Colonel Robert Olds, in Langley, Virginia. They were the first group to operate the thirteen original "new" YB-17 airplanes. When World War II started, Colonel Lauer was assigned the task of forming new bomb groups around the country. He spent the year of 1943 assigned at Morocco. I am not aware of his duties there, but his records reflect that he flew some combat missions with the 97th bomb group. During his tour with the 99th bomb group, Colonel Lauer flew fifty-one combat missions. Colonel Lauer retired from the newly created Air Force in 1949.

As for me, I am currently working for the Federal Aviation Administration in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. I served in the Navy from 1980 through 1992. Although I am not in any sense a professional author, I intend to compile a book about Colonel Lauer's life, but also about the air campaign during World War II. The contributions and sacrifices of all the men who participated need to be recorded. Especially those of the 15th Air Force. It seems that all the books written, were written about the 8th Air Force. It is hard to find books about the 15th Air Force.

As instructed by Mr. Magee, I have enclosed a check in the amount of \$15.00 for my membership fee. Thank you so much for your time.

Sincerely,

Ford Lauer

Dear Ford III: . . . Welcome to membership in the 99th BGHS. I'm sure our members would be delighted to read some of the material about your grandfather you will be writing. Please feel free to submit anything you care to to our Editor, Bernie Barr. You will find his address and submission dates on the last page of our newsletter. (PHW, Comp. Editor)

BAIL OUT OVER YUGOSLAVIA

By Lt.Col. James M. Parrish, USAF (Ret.)

Less than one minute had passed since I bailed out of our crippled B-17. Hanging in a parachute two and a half miles up the silence was absolute and I felt motionless in space. Moments earlier, I was being tossed around in the waist of our plane which was out of control. The roar of the engines, the vibration caused by a windmilling propeller, the struggle for the crew to jump while the aircraft was in a spin; all this was now over. I looked at my watch and noted it was 2:00 P.M.

How fate had separated our regular crew for this August 23, 1944 mission crossed my mind. Six of us who bailed out were members of John Agler's crew. This was my 48th mission, and we were again leading the squadron, but with a different pilot, copilot and navigator. We were flying with replacements who were being groomed to fly as a lead crew. I wished that John Agler had been our pilot today. We had flown so many hours together that crew members anticipated what each would do in any situation. John's confidence in Bill Hornik, our Engineer, most likely would have led to the prop. being feathered when he first recommended it. If not, John certainly would have feathered it when Hornik recommended it the second time.

We had bombed the German aircraft engine factory near Vienna, Austria from 28,000 feet. Flak was heavy and accurate. Our #4 engine was out, & #1 had an oil line shot out and the oil pressure was dropping. One of the oxygen systems was shot out causing Ed Remas and Frank English, photographer, to pass out. John Rice and Anthony Canty used portable oxygen bottles to revive them. There were many flak holes in the fuselage, and one shell had passed thru the left horizontal stabilizer and vertical fin.

After leaving the target we dropped out of formation and fell behind the group. We threw equipment and ammo overboard to lighten the load. Norris Domangue, regular Navigator on John Plummer's crew, told us we were over Yugoslavia. Our pilot ordered the crew to the waist and to prepare to bail out. When the bail-out bell rang, we were being tossed around inside the plane. After a struggle I managed to bail out. My chute opened and as I descended I noted that I was going to land in a corn field. I had a hard landing, my knees hurt but I could walk. As I was attempting to bury my chute, I looked up and saw two boys followed by two men running toward me. One of the boys said, "Americanski" and one of the men said, "Roosevelt-Churchill". They were probably Partisans and supported either Tito or Mihailovich who were the leaders of the two Yugoslavian Partisan forces. I shook their extended hands but said nothing.

They took me to a farm yard and gave me water. We heard a vehicle approaching so the men dug a hole in the haystack and motioned me into it. I complied and they covered me up. Soon a vehicle drove into the yard and I heard German being spoken. Obviously the Germans had seen the chutes coming down and were looking for us. After the Germans departed, they motioned me out of the hay and one of them took me to a nearby wooded area. After about a 40 minute walk thru rough terrain we came to a small isolated house. My guide whistled and two men emerged from the house. They shook hands with me and motioned me to accompany the younger of the two.

After an hour of walking, my guide motioned for me to sit down and rest. He reached into his pocket, removed a hammer and sickle uniform device. He pinned it on his hat, then removed it and put it back in his pocket. Then I knew I was a guest of Tito's Partisans. We continued to walk until we came to a farm which appeared to be some type of headquarters. The rest of the crew, except for the pilot and Sergeant McCowen, were already there. Later, McCowen was carried in on a stretcher. He had suffered a broken leg on landing. A lady doctor had set his leg.

We did not know what happened to the pilot.

One of the Partisans, who had lived in Chicago, acted as interpreter. He told us we would be taken to another location where arrangements would be made to get us back to Italy. We then washed up and were given food. Two Partisans brought a struggling youth into camp, took him into one of the buildings, came out and took him into the woods. I asked our interpreter if he was a Partisan. He said no he thought he was a Chetnik. I heard two shots and two Partisans returned to camp alone.

When it got dark we were taken to a barn and told to bed down on the hay. Just as I was dozing off, the interpreter came in and said his Colonel wanted to see me. He thought I was the leader because of the silver bar on my shirt. I asked him if I should leave my gun behind. He said no that officers had guns. I saluted the Colonel when I entered. He told me we were safe with the Partisans and that tomorrow night we were invited to a dinner and entertainment.

Getting up the next morning we washed and were given a distilled plum drink called slivovitz. They said they used it for a mouth wash. One swallow and it burned all the way down. The Partisans laughed at my reaction. After a breakfast of bread and milk, we rested and discussed the bail out. I think I was about the eighth one out, and Frank English said he was the last one to leave.

A calf had been butchered for the evening meal. Our crew was seated with the leaders of the Partisan group and we were treated as honored guests. There were numerous dishes which I do not recall, but the chunks of beef and good black bread are fresh in my memory. After the meal music was played and the men formed circles and danced traditional dances. The women, dressed in colorful costumes, also performed a dance. After a couple of drinks of slivovitz a couple of the crew tried a few dances.

We departed the next morning with a group of Partisans. They took turns carrying McCowen on a stretcher. After two German planes passed over, we moved to higher ground in the woods and rested until dark. After this we only traveled after dark. It rained very hard one night which made walking difficult. Frank English slipped in the mud and was injured sliding down a steep hill. . . . We finally arrived at Sanski Most, divided into small groups and taken to 'safe' houses. I was given a bed to sleep in, removed my shoes and was soon asleep. After a breakfast of bread and coffee I was taken a few miles from Sanski Most where we met the escape team headed by a British Major, a Sergeant, and two Yugoslavs. They had a jeep loaded with radio equipment. The Major told us that a plane would pick us up that night for a return to Italy.

That night we were taken to a large field. The Major was working the radio and soon we heard plane engines. A C-47 came in low, landed, turned and taxied back to where it touched down. The engines were kept running while the Partisans rushed in to unload supplies. Wounded Partisans were put on board, then our crew climbed on board. The pilot gunned the engines and we were soon airborne. After the plane leveled off Hornik, who had some knowledge of Slavic languages, went forward to discover we were flying with a Russian crew.

We landed at Bari while it was still dark and were taken to a hospital, deloused, bathed and were issued new clothing. After a good nights sleep we were briefed by Intelligence & given physicals. After mailing a letter to my wife telling her I was okay, I went to find a friend from my home town who was in the hospital.

When we returned to our base I found out the pilot had not bailed out. He had somehow regained control of the airplane and flew it back to our base. Upon seeing the damage to our plane we were amazed that no one had been wounded. It looked like a sieve and despite all the flak hits, only the plane was damaged. Two long term, long distance friendships developed due to our adventure. Norris Domangue and a Yugoslav student named Victor, who made the march to Sanski Most with us, corresponded for

many years. During our last day in Yugoslavia, a Partisan asked Ed Remas to mail a letter to a friend he knew in Minnesota. The letter was delivered and Ed carried on an active correspondence with the family and visited them in Minnesota. . . . (With special thanks to my fellow crew members - Edward D. Remas, Norris J. Domanque, Jr., and Frank H. English- for confirming some of my memories and contributing some of their own.)

Albert C. "Al" Henke
5103 Mansfield Lane
Shawnee, KS 66203
(913) 631-7463

R&R IN LONDON

By Albert C. Henke

Many stories could be written by the men of the 99th Bomb Group regarding their missions from our bases in Tunis, Tunisia and Foggia, Italy. It's a difficult decision to decide which mission to select.

I could write about my 34th & 35th Mission to Regensburg, Germany, on February 22, 1944, to bomb the Messerschmitt Aircraft Factory. This was the roughest mission I experienced. It was a combined raid with the 8th Air Force. The 8th Air Force was only required to fly 25 missions, so when we flew a combined raid with them, we received credit for two missions. The losses were extremely heavy that day. The Americans lost 52 bombers. Ours was the only plane in the 416th Squadron that made it to the target and returned. We were in a new B-17G number 889. The plane had not even been named. This was its first mission and probably the last. We returned to base an hour late, and the plane was damaged severely. It is amazing the heating those B-17's could take and still continue to fly.

Or, I could write about the 49th & 50th mission on April 2, 1944, over Steyr, Austria, to destroy aircraft and ball bearing works. The losses that day were 51 bombers, with two from our 416th. I didn't realize that I had completed my 50 missions until Pete Bezek, our crew chief, ran out to the plane to congratulate me. I had not been told this mission also had been a combined raid with the 8th Air Force and I was credited for two missions. The two missions above were the only two for which I received extra credit and I felt it was well deserved. I was ecstatic that my 50 missions were complete! THANK GOD!

The missions that stand out so vividly in my mind, my 32nd and 33rd missions, are the ones I want to share with you. These were not rough missions, but I felt it was an honor and a pleasure to have been a part of them. We flew from Foggia to the United Kingdom in London, England, for R&R and 14 days on our own.

While having our coffee following our January 16th mission, our pilot and commanding officer, Major Daniel V. MacDonald, stopped to talk to the crew. He said that he had only two missions left to finish his 50. General Joseph H. Atkinson contacted him and requested that Major Mac and his crew fly him to England for a special meeting. (We were not aware of this, but it was a pre-invasion meeting.) Our crew was scheduled for R&R at the Isle of Capri, so Major Mac told us it was not mandatory, but if we agreed, we could go to England for 14 days R&R instead of the Isle of Capri. Because it would be necessary for us to man our guns along the coast of Spain, Portugal, and France, where the Germans patrolled, we would be credited for two missions: coming and going. It didn't take us long to accept his invitation. The members of our regular crew who accepted the invitation were: Lt. Donald T. Hemmingsen, bombardier, T/Sgt. Ross E. McKinney, radio man, S/Sgt. Clarence L. Danielson, waist gunner, and myself, S/Sgt. Albert C. Henke, tail gunner.

On January 28th, we loaded our bags into "Spoofers" #522, a nearly new B-17G. I had flown on this plane once before on a mission with Lt. George Perry and crew. Lt. Perry was also the pilot of this plane on the Regensburg raid and made it back as far as Pula, Yugoslavia in the Adriatic Sea before he had to ditch it. At a 99th Bomb Group reunion, 40 years later, I met George. He and his crew all survived and were prisoners of the Germans for 15 months.

We left Foggia, Italy and landed at Algiers, where we spent the first night. The next morning, we headed to Marrakech. Enroute we flew low over "Sidi-Bel-Abbes", the famous "French Foreign Legion." We were billeted in the King of Morocco's winter palace in Marrakech, which, during the war, was converted into a USO club. (The King resided in his palace in the

Atlas mountains.) We took our showers in the basement of this building. We were grounded here for two days because of the weather, which gave us the opportunity to tour the city. We saw the Djemma el Fna Marketplace, famous for its entertainers, and watched as the natives played their flutes and put the vipers through their swaying paces.

As we landed at Marrakech, a large, new C-54 plane landed behind us. Our curiosity getting the best of us, we went over to look at it. The crew was very nice and invited us in to see it. Everything was fine until suddenly an officer came up the steps. It was none other than the famous General George S. Patton Jr., ivory handled twin six shooters and all. I must have been standing just six feet from him, when he unloaded on the crew chief, "What are these men doing in here? Get this plane fueled, we are taking off for England as soon as possible!" This was the same General Patton who slapped the soldier in the hospital at Sicily. General Eisenhower had relieved him with General Omar Bradley. Eisenhower told Patton to report to England for reassignment. Patton was not a "happy camper". Although all of the other planes were grounded, Patton's plane took off.

The afternoon before we took off from Marrakech for England a civilian drove up to our plane and gave us two crates of oranges; one marked for General Eisenhower and the other for the crew. He said, "I know the General would never receive his if he didn't give one to the crew also". It was to be a 10 hour 20 minute flight so Major Mac told Danielson and I to go over to the mess hall and pick up some sandwiches. They gave us two large sacks, one had canned Spam and the other canned turkey. I can still bear General Atkinson griping about those lousy Spam sandwiches. You know who ate the turkey!

That evening, as we took off for England, a B-24 took off just ahead of us. As we left the runway, their plane veered to the left. All four engines cut out. They crashed. All we could see was a ball of fire as we flew over them. This hit us pretty hard because, while spending our two days waiting for weather clearance, they were parked next to us and we became pretty well acquainted. They were a new B-24 crew, and all of them were killed.

Our flight plan was due east to the 12th Meridian then north to St. Morgan, the south port of entry into the United Kingdom of England. I thought this was going to be an easy mission, but there were times things got pretty tense. The first incident occurred about three hours into the flight. I was in the radio room by General Atkinson, when he tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the #2 engine. The cover on the fuel tank was not latched properly. The cap must have vibrated loose, allowing a steady stream of gas to siphon out to within 3 feet of sparks from the #2 engine. We alerted Ross McKinney, the radio operator, who contacted M/Sgt. Novac in the top turret. He immediately started transferring fuel out of the tank. I can remember General Atkinson remarking, "What in the hell am I doing here, I could have been retired!"

It was pretty quiet for the next seven hours until we reached St. Morgan. There we found ourselves looking down on a solid overcast, and our radio was malfunctioning. Soon two spitfires arrived and escorted us to a hole in the clouds. When we saw rooftops we knew what the low ceilings were in England in January. There was no problem landing when we reached the runway and taxied to a revetment. It was just daybreak. I was the first to roll out of the side waist door. A small step stool had been placed by the door. I slipped on the first step and sprawled to the ground. All I could see when I looked up was two rows of white leggings--the honor guard for the General.

We received a first class breakfast at their mess hall and then received clearance for a very low altitude flight to **Bobington** airdrome, 18 miles northwest of London. As I remember, we flew approximately 125 miles on this hop. Due to the extremely low ceiling, we had quite a view all of the way of equipment and material of war stockpiled for the D-Day invasion. There were tanks, trucks, jeeps, ammunition, fuel, food, your name it, stacked solid on both sides of every highway, road or lane.

We parked "Spoofers" and stayed over night in transit quarters. We spent most of the night outside watching the aerial display as London was receiving quite a blitz job that night. We could hear the sirens whaling and ack-ack guns firing. We even saw some planes go down in flames. I thought to myself,--We're going to ride a train into London in the morning to spend

two weeks R&R. They must be kidding!

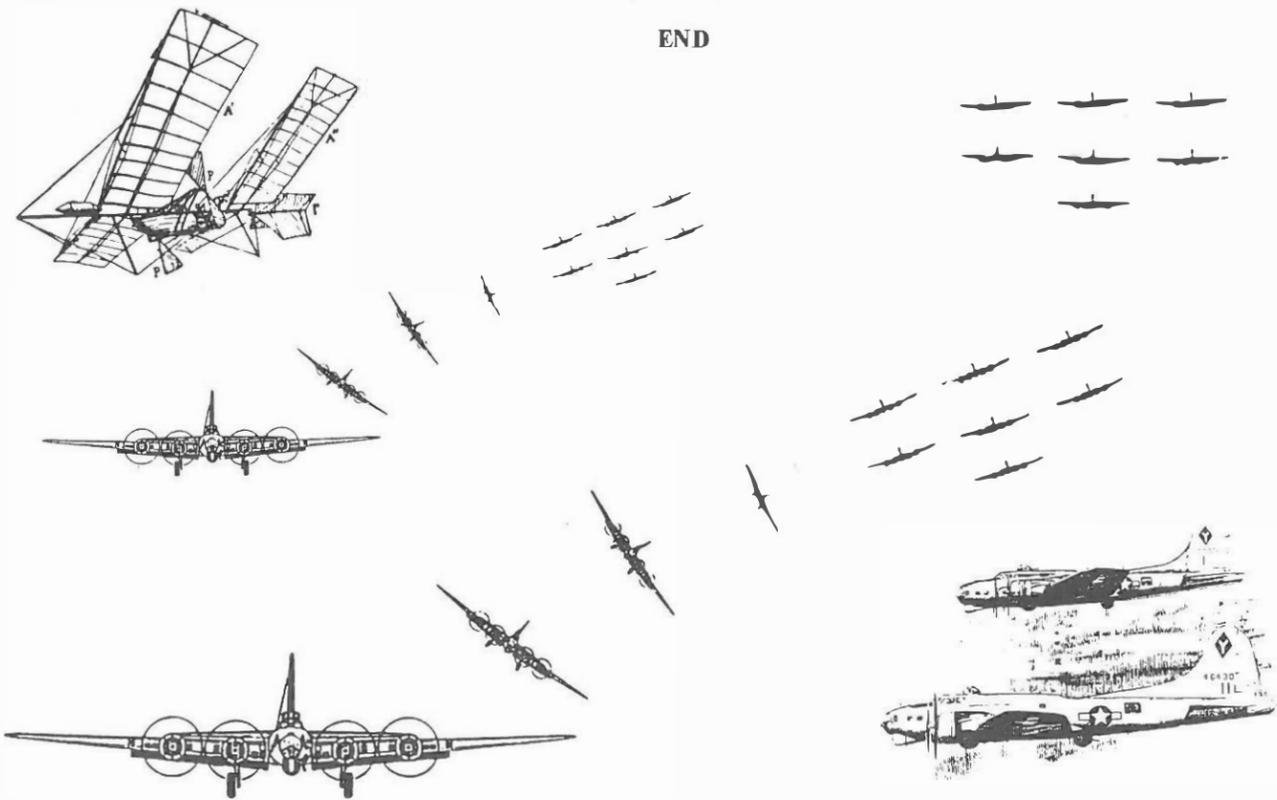
When we arrived in London the next morning by train, we transferred to a subway to Knights-Bridge station, near Buckingham Palace. We then rode a truck to "Hans Crescent Club," and were assigned to 44 Cordogan Place for billets and all meals at the club.

While dodging bombs at night, we did get to see quite a bit of London during the 14 days; London bridge, Big Ben, Picadilly Circus, Parliament, Trifalger Square, Old Bailey, Thames River and many more well-known sights. The one thing that impressed me so much was how the people in London endured the hardships of war. I saw whole families sleeping on iron cots set up on subway platforms at every station. They slept there night after night, while sirens moaned and concussions of falling bombs shook the ground. After spending 14 nights there, I was almost thankful to return to Foggia to resume my missions.--At least we could sleep at night.

We reported back to our plane at Bobbington and took off February 9th for Casablanca, Morocco, landing at Cadz Airdrome, where we spent the night. Then next day, we flew to Algiers for an overnight stop, and then, skimming the waves of the Mediterranean Sea, we landed at Bari, Italy, to let Col. Bunch off. A tail-wheel tire blew out when we landed, but we took off anyway and made it back to our home base. Major Mac gave the mess tent a good buzz job and then landed in a 60-mile-an-hour wind with no tail-wheel tire. Lt. Don Hemmingsen, our bombardier, was co-pilot.

I'll never forget our trip to London. What a great experience, plus credit for two missions!

END



STORY WITH A MORAL

A pheasant was standing in a field chatting with a bull. "I would love to be able to get to the top of yonder tree", sighed the pheasant, "but I haven't got the energy". "Well, why don't you nibble of some of my droppings?" replied the bull. "They're packed with nutrients". The pheasant pecked at a lump of dung and found that it actually gave him enough strength to reach the first branch of the tree. The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch, and so on. Finally after a fortnight, there he was proudly perched of the top of the tree. Whereupon he was spotted by a farmer who dashed into the farmhouse, emerged with his shotgun, and shot the pheasant right out of the tree! The moral of this story is:

Bullshit might get you to the top, but it won't keep you there.

War and remembrance

World War II buddies get back together after 55 years

By BUFORD GREEN
STAFF WRITER

JACKSONVILLE — Two World War II buddies met for the first time in more than 55 years Friday, after recently learning they had unknowingly spent a traumatic year only a few hundred yards apart.

E.W. "Perk" Chumley of Jacksonville and Hubert Cripe of Astoria have lived approximately 50 miles apart for more than a half-century, but only earlier this month learned they shared a lot more in common than a close friendship developed while they trained together for military service.

Chumley recently related the turn of events that led to them and their wives meeting Friday at a Beardstown cafe for lunch — in what is sure to be the first of many such gatherings.

"Our 55th wedding anniversary was May 8, and a picture and story was in the (Jacksonville) paper," said Chumley. "The story said that I was a pilot and was shot down on my fifth mission and spent 13 months in a POW camp. A relative of Hubert



Chumley, left, and Cripe met at the Star Cafe in Beardstown where they look over mementos each had collected from the war.

saw it and passed it on to him and he wrote me a letter, and I called him that night."

Chumley and Cripe, now both 77, as well as Cripe's brother, Morris, enlisted together in September of 1942. Because their names were close to each other on the alphabetical list, they were usually together through training sessions in California and later at Roswell, N.M. They became close friends and Chumley

asked Cripe to be in the honor guard at his wedding to wife Fran at Roswell, shortly before they were shipped out to different bases.

"In his letter, Hubert said he had been shot down while flying out of England, on his eighth mission, and said he had been interned at Stalag Luft I (a German POW camp some

BUDDIES

100 miles north of Berlin)." Chumley said. "I told him I had been in the same camp, and even in the same compound, with approximately 2,000 men, for 13 months. He got there one month before I did.

"Neither of us thought to check the roster while we were there. We all used to walk around the compound for exercise, four, five or six times a day, in about a 200-yard square. You would think that under ordinary circumstances you would run into a guy you knew."

Chumley and Cripe were both first pilots in B-17s. Chumley was flying out of Italy when his plane, with a

crew of 10, was shot down in Austria. Nine crewmates got out of the crash. Only three of Cripe's crew got out.

"At Stalag Luft I, we bunked probably 150 yards apart and ate twice a day in the same mess hall," said Chumley, again shaking his head in disbelief that he and Cripe didn't recognize each other.

Cripe, a retired farmer, admitted, "I can't understand it — I can't believe we missed each other in the same compound, which covered maybe five or six acres, with some exercise areas in the middle.

"When I saw the newspaper clipping, I said, 'I know that guy and have been trying to find him.' We were real good buddies in service. I wrote an account of my time in the camp, and I think we will have a lot of stuff to talk

about, a lot of common ground.

"I remember Perk as a tall, slender, thin guy who had a grin that wouldn't quit."

Unlike some former POWs, both Chumley and Cripe have no problems with recalling their time spent behind barbed wire.

"It helps to write and talk about it," said Cripe.

Chumley, who remained in the military reserves before joining the National Guard in 1957, retiring as a colonel in 1976, likewise has no trouble reminiscing about his experiences.

"Some people like to talk about it and some don't," he said.

"There are certain times it bothers me to talk about it. Fran still has a lot of trouble going to Memorial Day ser-

Prison camp memories not that bad

By BUFORD GREEN
STAFF WRITER

JACKSONVILLE — Friday's meeting with fellow ex-POW Hubert Cripe caused E.W. "Perk" Chumley of Jacksonville to dig out memorabilia he had gathered in his 13 months at Stalag Luft I in Germany during the late stages of World War II.

"Our treatment wasn't really too bad," said Chumley, as he began going through a box of books and photographs he brought home with him at the end of the war. "They were all officers except about 500 enlisted men who were brought there at the end, and the Geneva Convention, said officers didn't have to work and they (the Germans) pretty much stuck to that.

"We got Red Cross baskets once a week, and as long as we got that, we did okay. They (Germans) did take some of the meat and other things out of it, but the treatment wasn't bad. The food was the worst part of it. I went from about 165 pounds to 135-

See BUDDIES Below

See PRISON on page 16

VICES, and she can't stand to hear "Taps." It's hard for her to forget he was listed as missing in action on first anniversary."

Two days before their reunion, both Chumley and Cripe, and their wives, Fran and Louisa, were admittedly a little nervous about the meeting as they prepared old books & photos to take with them.

Only then did Chumley look at one book he had that listed the state, the names of all the prisoners at Stalag Luft I.

There, two lines below Chumley's name, was Cripe's.

"I've looked at this book many times and didn't realize it," said Chumley.

"It's just one of those stupid things that happen."



PRISON

From page 9

140, but everybody did that." The YMCA sent two blank log or diary books to Chumley's barracks. The barracks captain got one and, in a drawing, Chumley got the other. He filled it with daily observations, descriptions of those in his room and drawings of the camp. "This doesn't leave the house," said Chumley. A fellow prisoner announced that he would be writing a book after the

war and that it would sell for \$5 each. Chumley wrote a check for two books on the inside of a matchbook cover. "I had been home three or four months and this canceled check, on the matchbook, came back from Elliott State Bank (in Jacksonville). The book is a story about life at the camp, with some pictures, and it has a listing of everybody in camp. That is also very precious to me." During his 14 months in Stalag Luft I, Chumley said there was only one escape attempt, which failed, but there were always tunnels being constructed.

The prisoners were able to keep up with war events to a degree. "Somewhere in camp, and I don't know where, someone had a radio. We had a guy who wrote a newspaper from that information and sent it around camp. It said, at the top, 'The only true newspaper in Germany.' We knew, for instance, in our camp six hours before the American public knew about the (D-Day) invasion starting." Also among the prize possessions kept by Chumley is a severely faded deck of playing cards. "Fran (his wife) sent that in her first Red Cross package, and it was the first in our

room. They really got a beating ^{and} used them to see who got what ^{pieces} of bread." Chumley and the other ^{approximately} 8,000 prisoners at Stalag Luft I were released in April of 1945. "The Russians were coming ^{from the} east and the English from ^{the} west, and the Germans didn't ^{want} the Russians to take them prisoners Chumley. "One night they (Germans) left the camp, and their comma said, 'I am now your prisoner.' ally, no one liberated us, the Ge just left us and it was a few ^{days} before troops came in."

Pullock's 348th Sq. Crew: Standing - Left to Right - Dear Bernie: S/Sgt. John Noble & Sheridan McGarry Waist Gunners. Lt. John K., Pilot; T/Sgts. Clyde Tuttle & Charles

Pursuant to the request contained in our newsletter to send in stories or information that may be of interest to our members, I have enclosed herewith a picture of my pilot, John K. Bullock, and his crew. This letter is not written to tell a story as it is to pay tribute to one of our fallen heroes. John died two years ago and I have been remiss in not passing that information on earlier to the bomb group. I urged him to join our group on many occasions, however, it is apparent that he just never got around to joining. Our members may not remember the rest of John's crew, but I am certain that they will never forget John. He was one of a kind. Perhaps there would be little doubt as to his identity if he had a cigar in his mouth - he was never without it. Hickox, Engineer and Radio Operator respectively.

John and I had many reunions together since the war, but our most memorable reunion was at the 99th reunion in Vancouver, Washington in July of 1985. We had four of our original crew members present at that reunion: John K. Bullock, Charles Hickox, Clyde Tuttle and myself. I have also enclosed a picture of John that was taken at that reunion. Kneeling, Left to Right - S/Sgts. Vince Kowalski & Don Hansen, Tail and Ball Turret Gunners

I will always be eternally grateful to John for getting me through my 35 missions safely so that I could live on and enjoy a good and fruitful life.

Thanks John,

Sheridan L. McGarry
SHERIDAN L. MCGARRY

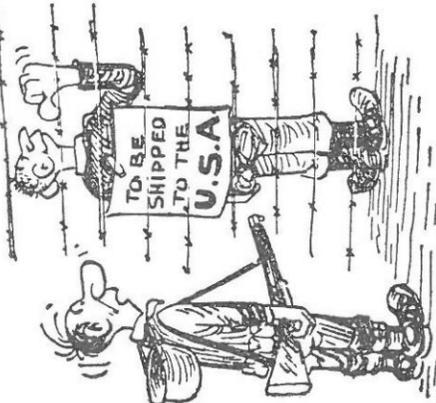
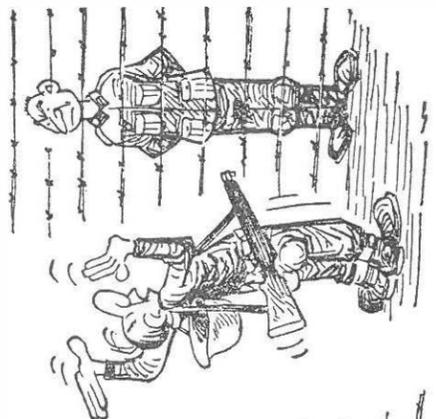
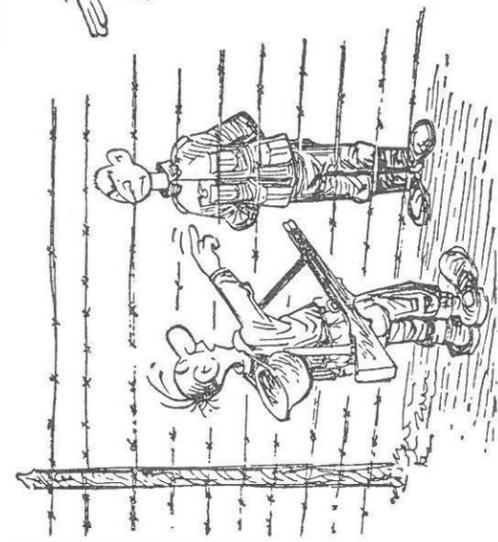
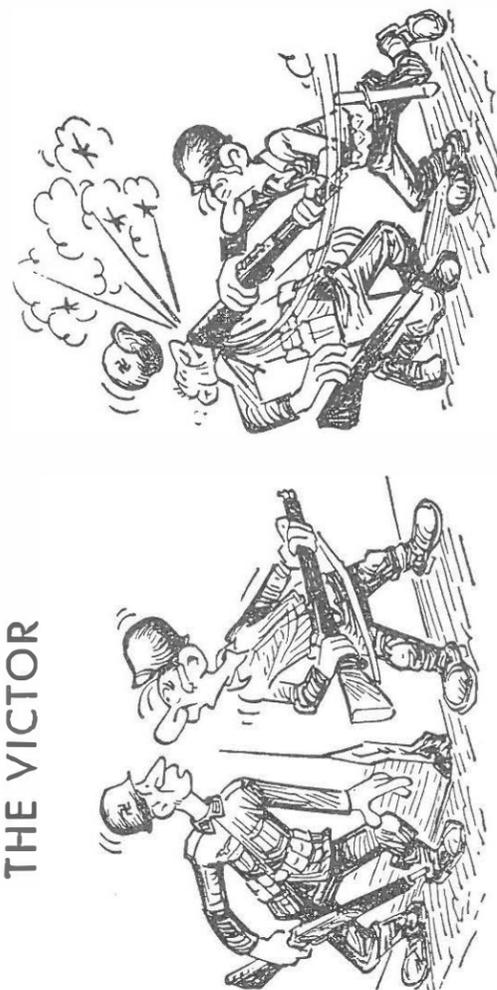


John K. Bullock
Major, USAF (Ret.)
1985 Wash. Reunion Photo



Lt. John K. Bullock's Crew
Not Present
Lt. Bruce Kane, Navigator

THE VICTOR



6671 GEORGE BAKER



ON THE NEXT PAGE IS THE START OF THE SECOND HALF OF SUE'S DELIGHTFUL ACCOUNT OF THEIR VISIT TO RUSSIA. THANKS SUE FOR SHARING YOUR VISIT WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE 99TH BGHS.

99th BGHS
Statement of Income and Expenditures
Fourth Quarter 1998

Balance 30 June 1998	
General Fund	25709.14
Reunion Fund	10674.53
Total	36383.67

Income:		
Dues and Donations	3080.00	
Interest Gen Fund	182.73	
Interest Reunion Fund	48.85	
Springfield Reunion		
Total	3311.58	39695.25

Expenses:	
Postage	264.00
Printing	1746.47
Supplies	423.21
Tucson Reunion	1500.00
Misc	28.00
Total	3961.68

Balance 31 Dec 1998:	35733.57
General Fund	26510.19
Reunion Fund	9223.38
Total Balance 31 Dec 1998:	35733.57

From Russia With Love

by Sue Christiansen

This short book includes some memories of a trip to Russia, May and June of 1996. Chris and I were two of 14 'ambassadors' with the Friendship Force of Huntsville, Al. visiting the Friendship Force Clubs of Kaliningrad and Moscow. The emphasis in this account is on people rather than places.

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Our first week in Russia was quickly drawing to a close, but before we left, I had promised Roman Sunday dinner at McDonald's in Moscow. We got someone to stay with Chris as he was recuperating. My first look at the beautiful city of Moscow was breath taking and spine tingling. Just to realize where I was, was unbelievable.

Everything in Russia is VERY inexpensive. It would be great to live in Russia and have an American income or more which is what the NEW Russians are doing. The income of the Doctor was \$100 a month so that gives you a picture that is not very pretty.

McDonald's was crowded and they have 7 in Moscow. 3 Big Macs, 1 chicken sandwich, 4 milkshakes, French fries, coffee, 4 hot fudge Sundaes totaled \$18. It was the only restaurant I saw except VERY expensive ones in the few hotels. The family loved Sunday dinner and afterward drove me to the Flea Market. Wow, I'm ready to go back. Natasha wouldn't let me buy a thing. When they leave Russia to travel, they are not allowed to take any Russian money out of the country. They realized that when they came to visit us, we would be paying for everything. Chris and I did not understand that until recently. Now, they are not coming

to America to visit us in November. There will be others from their Club and hopefully, we can send a box of 'love' home to them. We are very disappointed.

To get some medication for Chris, Natasha called the AMERICAN Medical Clinic in Moscow and made an appointment. We had tried to give money to the doctor that made the house call. She refused and said they take care of their guests. Well, the American Clinic had no such ideas. The consultation was listed as \$194 and with medicine Chris' bill was \$240, cash only. We were very thankful, however, that the clinic was started in 1991.

After the Clinic visit, Natasha and Nick took us to our next host in Moscow. Nina had lunch ready for all four of us. It was a very sad time, because we didn't want to say good-bye to these precious new friends, but we were in good hands with Nina and her husband, Vladimer. Their 'flat' was four rooms and they had bought it 25 years ago while he was an ambassador to Pakistan. The decor in their 'home' was of the eastern culture.

Nina was an excellent cook and baked her own bread and rolls. Our week in Moscow was very eventful and included riding the bus and Metro every day to get to the Kremlin for tours. We visited museums,

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churches, Red Square, and took a city tour. We went to the Kremlin Palace ballet of 'Swan Lake'. The Metro stations are the most beautiful in the whole world. Each one has its own theme and decor from huge bronze statuary to crystal chandeliers and mosaics. They were all very, very clean and usually crowded. The new Mayor of Moscow passed an ordinance that gives the pensioners free transportation. Nina said, 'You my friend, you ride free, too. come on'. She was a very large woman and probably no one would argue with her.

Moscow is full of green spaces and parks in spite of the 10 million inhabitants. It was a busy week of culture and friendships, but no shopping. The traffic is very hectic with thousands of cars and mostly very old ones. Our host had a car he uses to drive to the country house--it was a 1972 Volga. It was a trip down memory lane to ride in it--scarey, too. We stopped just three inches short of 'rear ending' a large truck. (No power brakes, you know.)

We did go to their "Dacha" for the week-end. It was very cold so Vladimir built a fire in the concrete stove in the tiny living room and left our bedroom door open so it heated that, too. There were two more bedrooms upstairs, and a kitchen and eating room on first floor.

Moscow gets very hot in the summer so many Moscovites have summer homes. Nina and Vladimir live there, about 40 miles north of the city, from April until late September. He rides the train to the State Library every day where he works as a translator.

There are about 300 tiny houses in their 'dacha' area. The road is like roads in American villages in the '30's--bumpy, dirt roads. They have a beautiful garden and three green houses full of vegetables of all kinds from garlic to strawberries. the fruit trees and bushes provide fruit from which Nina makes the most delicious fruit juice.

The 'out house' is of the American small village era of the '30's also. They have a bath house which furnished us with an experience we shall never forget as they insisted on our living as they did including a Russian bath. The bath house has two rooms, the Sauna and the dressing\tea room.

It takes three hours for the fire in the huge concrete and brick stove to get just right for the bath. Water is dipped from the bucket and 'tossed' into the top pit of coals, thus filling the room with steam. Nina explained to me about the bath procedure and then asked, "You understand?" and I answered in the negative. (Chris and I were to have our baths together first and then she and Vladimir next). So she said, "You take clothes off, I be back". Well, what was coming next was a real

uncertainty on my part. But Nina DID return and pointed toward the sauna room and said, "Go in, please". Well, Nina gave me a Russian bath, scrubbing with strips of bark from a certain tree and soaping and pouring pans of water on me and then washed my hair and poured more water. then we went to the other room and had a pot of tea (I thought this was the end--wrong) we returned for more scrubbing and more water pouring from the pan.

I was laughing on the outside, but confused on the inside, and saying things like, "I have NEVER been this clean before". If you can just picture two fat old ladies pouring water and chattering and steaming---well--it was pretty funny for me. Vladimir then showed Chris about the Russian bath after Nina and I had vacated the bath house. We will NEVER forget our Russian baths.

Nina made sure that we truly got the feel and experienced Russian culture with food, music, visiting, dancing, drinking, and sharing. Truly these were great new friends to share their lives so freely with us. There is no where in the world with hospitality like the Russian people "live".

Monday came too soon and we were to return to the city and have a Friendship Force farewell party at the beautiful old mansion given to the city for international offices. The Friendship Force Club entertained us with music,

singing, dancing, food, and friendship.

We'll never ever forget these wonderful people who shared their lives so freely and gave us their best and always wanted to do more. We felt like royalty as they waited on our every need.

I'll never forget shopping for food, at the small markets, with Nina--or the abacus, used for figuring the cost, or the way Nina said, "Sit down, Chris, Please" as she had over and over asked young men to give up their seat on the metro or bus for Chris. I'll never forget the pensioners lined up at the neighborhood post office waiting for their pension checks, or the ladies lined up at the Metro entrance selling dresses, or the tiny carts of juices and magazines along the walk. I'll never forget the children playing with a rope or a ball or just jumping down steps enjoying the fresh air and each other. Memories will linger and I'll write more on paper as the days go by, but most of all we will carry feelings in our hearts of the true sincerity of a people the world had doubted and had sometimes labeled "Godless". They truly showed us what Jesus meant when he taught "Love one another".

Visitors from Russia in November
The family where we stayed in Korolov (formerly Kaliningrad) did not get to come to America, but we had Olga, Nickolas, and daughter Irina (14) for one week. We went by bus to Chattanooga to meet them. Our Friendship Force used the bus of Trinity Methodist Church. Our Russian friends had been staying a week in Big Canoe, Ga. which is an exclusive development north of Atlanta.

The day was Friday and we could speak very little of the other's language. Irina spoke some English. We soon learned that the main activity of the week was to be shopping.

Every day of the whole week, we took them to the shopping Mall. They were one of the few Russian families that had a very good income, apparently. Nick was a builder of houses apparently for the "New Russians"--those who have lots of money in the 'business' world.

We will long remember the 'Thanksgiving dinner' we had for 16 at our home to show them a little of what our celebration is about. We had a prayer before dinner and talked of blessings and they seemed to understand. Some knew the story of our Pilgrims.

Another memory I hope they took home was of our Christmas celebration. We had them help us put up the 12 foot tree and decorate it.

They told us they went to the Russian Orthodox church and they have a Christmas tree in their celebration. We had 25 for dinner and we brought ornaments for the Russian friends to take home to put on their tree. We sang songs and danced and talked of celebrations. They had gone with us to our church service on Sunday. They were a bit uncomfortable since they couldn't understand, but I think they liked the music. Our church received them warmly and exchanged lots of smiles.

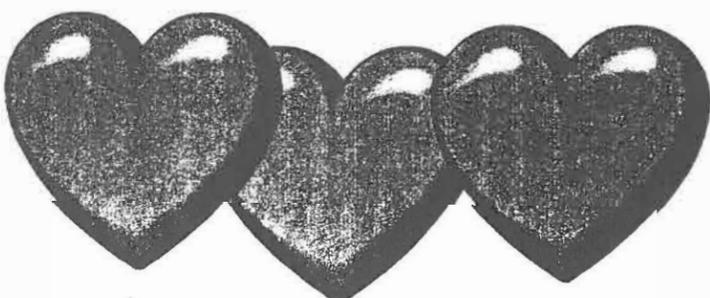
During the week, they visited the Space center, had a tour of NASA and attended a Friendship Force Club party.

We ate at the Officer's Club one night and had several meals out at different restaurants. The main joy for them was shopping. They bought leather purses, leather jackets, Guess jeans, luggage, many gifts that I did not see, but they enjoyed buying. Olga said they had lots of family and friends to buy for.

We drove them to Birmingham at the close of their six day visit. They spent the night with members of the Birmingham Club. We got a report that our 'family' went shopping again in Birmingham. They flew out of Atlanta to New York and on to Moscow with a whole new impression of America and the people. I'm sure that they will return. Irina wants to go to school here, but that remains to be seen. We, too, plan to visit Russia and our new friends again.

Thanks to Friendship Force

What Friendship Force means to me
Is a place to go and new friends to see
No matter where or how far we may roam
We're always made welcome and feel right at home.
People are beautiful and come in all sizes
But I tell you one thing--they are all prizes.
We not only see the world and its beautiful parts,
But we see deeply as we see beautiful hearts.



A RECENT FLIGHT PHOTO



Dear Bernie,

I received the newsletter, which I always enjoy. On page 18, there is a picture of plane #712 on a mission over Maribor, Yugoslavia. You asked if anyone knew anything about the ship in the picture.

I feel that I am qualified to write about this since I was the engineer on this mission with the 347th. Lt. John Doddridge was the pilot of this crew. We had a replacement co-pilot and navigator. I do not have their names. T/Sgt. John Batherson was the radio operator, S/Sgt. Willis Simmons (deceased) was the armorer and toggler, S/Sgt. Scotty Neader (deceased) was waist gunner, S/Sgt. Irvin Davis was tail gunner, and S/Sgt. Julius Agnell was the ball turret gunner.

On the way to the target, I had just gotten out of the top turret, when a Plexiglas window on the turret was shattered. It was probably a shell casing from someone testing their guns on another plane. When we got over the target, I was standing between the pilot and co-pilot when a piece of flak came through the co-pilot's windshield. It hit him in the left shoulder. Luckily, he had on a flak vest and was not injured. I was hit with shattered Plexiglas and pilot John Doddridge was cut under the eye. I do not know where it came from, but I found a rag and plugged up the hole in the windshield.

After the toggler S/Sgt. Simmons dropped the bombs. There was one bomb hung up in the bomb bay. S/Sgt. Scotty Neader went in the bomb bay and after some difficulty, made the bomb safe. We dropped it over the Adriatic.

We had a safe landing. Three of our original crew have passed away. They are Lt. Doris Beers, Navigator; S/Sgt. Willis Simmons, armorer and S/Sgt. Scotty Neader, waist gunner. Enclosed is a picture of our crew before we left for Italy. Enlisted men top row left to right: T/Sgt. Bill Donahue, Engineer; T/Sgt. John Batherson, Radio Operator; S/Sgt. Irvin Davis, Tailgunner; S/Sgt. Scotty Davis, waist gunner; S/Sgt. Willis Simmons, Armorer; S/Sgt. Julius Agnell, Ball Turret Gunner. Bottom row left to right: Lt. Leland Slane, Bombardier, who did not go to Italy with the crew; Lt. John Doddridge, Pilot; Lt. Marcus Williams, Co-Pilot; and Lt. Doris Beers, Navigator.

I hope this letter will fill you in on the information for this mission.

Sincerely,

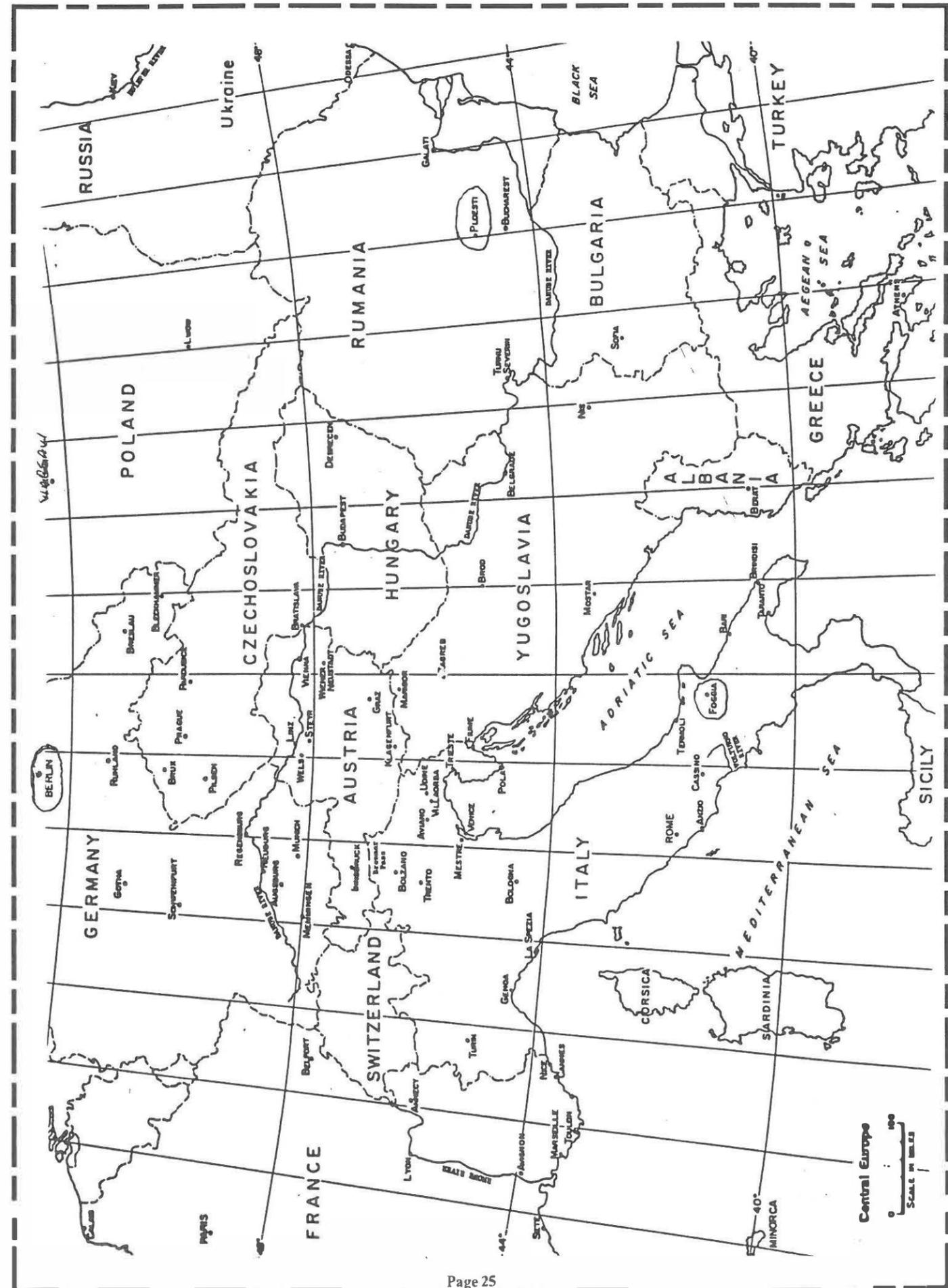
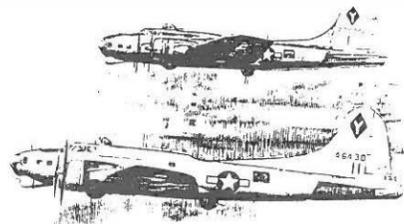


Bill Donahue, 347th



12 Hilltop Road
Feasterville, PA 19053
December, 1998

Thanks for your letter, Bill
Its always nice to get the
story about a photo. Your
crew photo will appear in
the next issue. (Comp. Ed.)



Experiences of a P.O.W. in Germany

by
Robert C. Moser

[The following narrative was taken from an interview of Mr. Moser by a staff member of the Bellefontaine Examiner (Ohio). It was edited with the assistance of Mr Moser's son, Robert Alan Moser to make it adaptable to the Friends Journal.]

I joined the Air Forces in 1942 when I was just out of high school. Along with four other classmates, we applied for the cadet test. Four of us did not pass the test so we all decided to go on to be ground crew members. Personnel found out that I could type, so they assigned me to teletype operating school. I graduated, but this was not the career I wanted. I wanted to be a flyer. Just before I was to be sent to England as a teletype operator I read on the bulletin board that I was eligible to take the cadet test over again. I jumped at the chance. This time I passed.

They cancelled my orders to England and sent me for pilot training at bases in the southeastern part of the country. After passing pilot training, I was selected to become a flight instructor at Shaw Field at Sumter, South Carolina. I didn't want to be a flight instructor; I wanted to be a fighter pilot. I was ready to go to combat. I tried to get out of that assignment, but the Air Force sent me to Shaw anyway, as a test pilot.

After I was at Shaw for 90 days, I saw a notice on the bulletin board again. It read, "We would like volunteers for copilots in B-17s. You will be in combat in six weeks."

That was just what I was

waiting for. I signed up and in six weeks I was indeed in combat. First they shipped me to Gulfport, Mississippi for B-17 training. I think I landed that plane about six or seven times, and then they shipped me off to Italy.

Our ship landed in Naples in 1944, and we were sent over to Foggia. We started flying right away. I got twelve missions in and found it to be real exciting. I was only 20 years old at the time, and to me this was the greatest thing I could experience. We would fly through flak so heavy we could walk on it. We could see shells bursting outside our windows. If we saw a red one, then that was very close, and we could hear the shrapnel go through the aluminum sides of the plane. The black bursts were no problem. They were out far enough that they were in no danger of hitting us. We were pretty safe on those. On our 13th mission we were shot down.

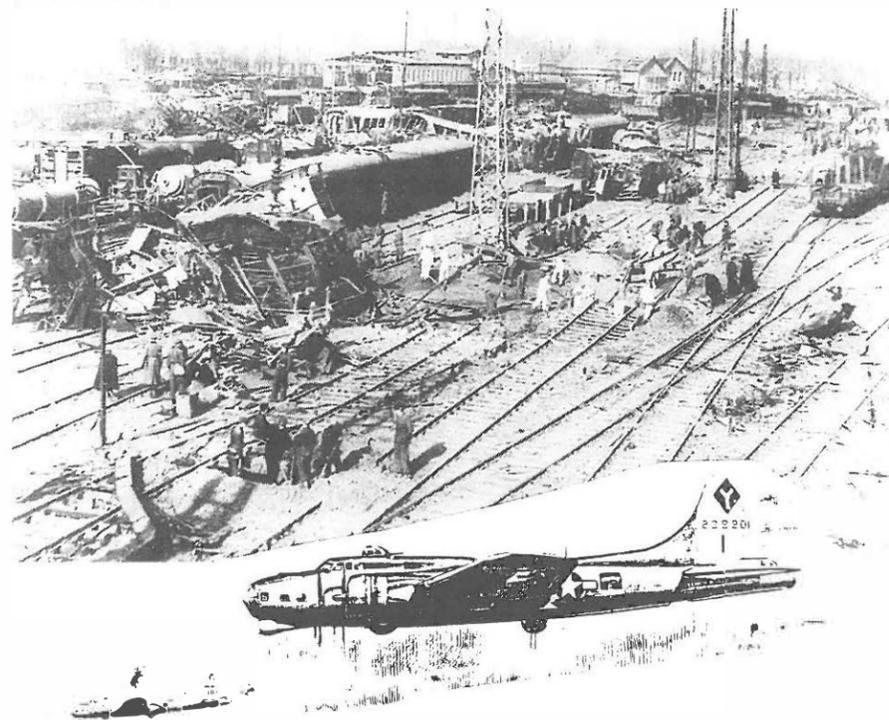
On the day of this mission we were awoken at about 3:30am on a Monday. We went to the briefing and found out that we were scheduled to fly to Augsburg, Germany.

We flew over the Adriatic and up over the Alps to Germany. We then flew north of the target and turned on our I.P. (Initial Point). We then turned the plane over to the bombardier. He flew it for about two minutes with his bombsight getting the cross hairs straight and lined up over the target. That is the most critical time when flying in combat because all the anti-aircraft fire is directed at us trying to bring us down, even though we were flying at 24,500 feet.

We were in the flak area for most of two minutes. It was bursting outside our windows and underneath us. I could feel the concussion raise the ship up, as heavily loaded as it was with four 1,000 pound bombs in our bomb bay. When we saw the bomb bay doors open, that made us happy. We knew then that we were soon going to get off that target. We had opened our doors on the lead ship. We saw the bombs drop out of the lead ship, then we dropped ours.

When the bombs were released, we could feel the plane raise up, having been relieved of that weight. Then we thought we were going to

German rail yards showing the effect of the author's bombing mission. (Photo: Moser)

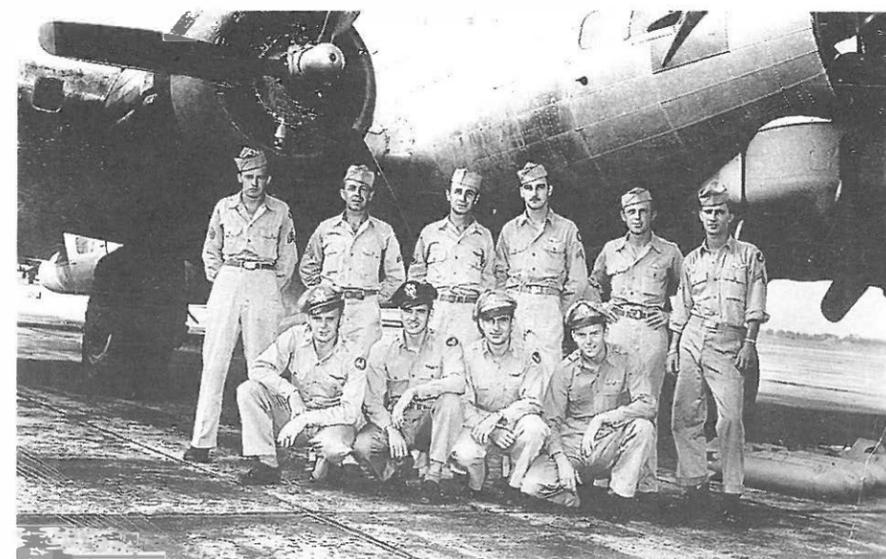


be on our way home. We closed our bomb bay doors and then KER-WHOOM! We heard this terrific loud noise, and the plane went up, and the instruments on my dashboard went every which way on numbers 3 and 4 engines. Anti-aircraft fire (88mm or 105mm) went through our wing and right through the middle of the gas tank. Ignited gas was swirling around and melting the plane's aluminum. The aluminum was literally melting off the wing like raindrops. We were told in training that if there ever was a fire behind the fire wall of the engine, we would not have any time at all. It would explode. Luckily, we had enough gasoline in the tanks that the shell went up through, and the gas leaked out and ran down on the exhaust manifold and caught fire. It just swirled around there burning. It burned the fumes which kept the plane from exploding. We were lucky we had too much gas. If we had less, there would have been enough fumes in the tank, and it would have exploded, blowing off our wings, and we would have been killed.

We took two more hits in the waist. I was flying the plane all this time because, flying on the left wing of the lead ship, the pilot couldn't see the formation well from where he was sitting.

I looked at the wing and tried to feather the props on the right side to get them to quit shaking, but they wouldn't stop. They were just running loose. I knew we were mortally wounded and that we would not be able to get back. I had this sinking feeling that we were ready to blow any second.

So, I called "bail out" three times over the intercom. We had three fellows up in the nose. There were three of us in the cockpit, the engineer, the pilot and I. The radio man was in back. Two gunners were in the waist, one gunner was in the



The author's crew. Standing (l to r): Lewis C. Stafford, engineer; J.S. (Jerry) Knowlton, radio; William F. Kogut, armor gunner; Charles E. Jones, assistant engineer and gunner; John C. Nashel, ball turret gunner; Elmer S. Robinson, Jr., tail gunner. Kneeling: Cornelius P. Shields, Jr., pilot; Robert C. Moser, co-pilot; Albert F. Mathews, Jr., bombardier; James O. Stephens, navigator. [Stafford, Nashel, Robinson, Mathews and Stephens were not on the mission of this article.] (Photo: Moser)

ball turret, and the tail gunner was in the tail. I told the engineer to check the nose to make sure everyone was out. He said everyone was out. I then told him to jump.

I started taking off my heated flying suit, helmet and flak vest. All this weighed about 40 pounds. I asked the pilot to take over while I took all that clothing off, but he did not respond. He just sat there in a crouched position, holding himself, staring straight ahead. We had some hits underneath where we were sitting, and I think some shrapnel must have hit him.

During all this, we had drifted away from the formation. The other planes had circled to the right leaving us flying straight ahead. Later I found out that the other planes were trying to tell how many parachutes came out of our plane, but it was hard to tell. So they did not have a good count to report. This was unfortunate, because the Air Force did not have good information to send home to my

parents. It was tough on them.

I crawled down underneath and put my feet through the open hatch in front of number two engine. The props were real close. We were told that when we bail out, we should grab our knees and double up, because if we went through that prop, it would really cut us up pretty bad. So, I did that instantly when I bailed out. I bailed far enough in back of the wing to get caught in the prop wash from number two engine. This spun me around. Then I could see the ball turret guns go by, and then the tail guns. After a while of turning, I thought, "Well, I'm beyond the fire now. I think I can pull my chute." So I grabbed the rip cord and gave it a yank. Nothing happened. Automatically, I grabbed my thumb with the left hand and got it in there and gave it another yank. This time I saw the lanyard go by my eyes. I still did not know what happened. KERWHAM! The parachute hit, and I started swing-



ing back and forth like a pendulum. I heard the silk rippling up above me, and I heard the airplane's engine behind me. I turned to look at it. It flew about 10 or 15 seconds, and then I saw it start to turn to the right and dip the right wing. That was the dead wing. Flames were still coming out the back of the plane. Then I noticed the back door open and three crewmembers came out. I was told that there was no one in the waist, but the engineer couldn't see back there too well because of all the smoke and flames. They couldn't get the back door open. The slipstream would come in up under the bomb bay doors and down along the waist. The aluminum door handle was melted off the door. They couldn't get it open. So they tried kicking it, trying to burst it open. It still wouldn't open. The tail gunner came crawling up to them and the two men back there, the gunners, grabbed him under the leg and arm, and they were using him like a battering ram with his feet against the door. As the plane turned more to the right, it loosened the slipstream against the waist, and went out away from the plane a little bit, and that allowed the door to open. They went out of there *real* fast. It was a good thing, because in about another five seconds, the entire airplane blew to pieces. The pilot remained on board and was killed in the explosion. To this day I am convinced he was mortally wounded by the shrapnel and was just trying to hold on to the controls, holding the plane steady, so that the rest of us could get out. The pilot's name was Connie Shields. He had a real fear that he was going to die during one of his last few missions.

As I floated to the ground, I looked at my chute. The canopy was rippling and it opened up nicely. I felt safe up this point. Then

I looked down to the left and saw a parachute way down, maybe 5,000 to 6,000 feet below me. It was a big white canopy that had a little round spot on the top. The spot kept getting bigger and bigger, then all of a sudden, the whole thing went down. The parachute was on fire. Of course, that meant sudden death for the man. It was not easy to watch.

Next a large "WHAM" hit me with such a concussion that it sent my stomach clear back to my spine and then out again. My parachute collapsed together and then reopened again. It scared the heck out of me. I didn't know what happened. Suddenly, it happened again! Later I found out that it was the concussion from 88mm anti-aircraft shells exploding that caused this.

As I fell to earth, I did not have a falling sensation. When I got down low enough to the ground, it felt like the earth was coming up and was going to hit me. We had been taught to buckle our knees and roll with the fall...roll over and come back up on our feet. We were then taught to take our chute off, zip our jacket down so we could get to our Army .45 pistol. Our first concern was to protect ourselves from the farmers who were known to put pitchforks on Americans to hold them down. Sometimes they would even run them through.

I could see the Danube River, and it looked like a little trickle. I was coming down in a big potato field. There wasn't anyplace to hide at all. It was just all plowed fields. There was a clump of trees on over a bit, but I couldn't drift over that way. It was too far. I saw a guy on a bicycle as I came down. He had a black suit on, and I knew he was coming for me. I just had that feeling. When I hit the ground, I rolled over and came up, took my harness off, and zipped my jacket down so I could get my gun out

quickly. The man on the bicycle came over the hill. As soon as he saw me, he ducked down. The next time he raised up and looked, he had a smile on his face. I motioned for him to come to me. He got up and walked over, stuck out his hand and said, "Comrade, comrade." I said, "Ya, comrade. Get me to the French underground. Hide me!"

He said, "Nichts, nichts," meaning no, he could not do that. Then I noticed on his arm he had a white and red swastika armband. It turned out that his job was to pick up downed fliers. Then two farmers came up with their pitchforks like I had been warned. The three of them stood there and talked. They had no guns. I had the only gun among us. Then a boy on a bicycle came up. He was about 15 years old and was wearing a green German Wehrmacht uniform. He was part of their army. He came up to them, talked to them, picked the parachute up, and put it in the basket of his bicycle. Then he motioned to go out toward the road. I still had my flying boots on and my throat mike around my neck. I started up the road to where I did not know. There were about five good-looking young girls passing by. They all giggled and laughed. I guess they were talking about me.

We went on down to a guard shack. It was just like a telephone booth. We came up to it, and suddenly the door opened. Out came this SS trooper. He had "skull and crossbones" on his helmet and on his lapels. He pointed a Luger right at me. He waved the gun at me up and down, signalling me to put my hands up, so I put up my hands. He came up to me, located my gun and pulled it out. Then he went around behind me and talked to the other three Germans who brought me in. He started screaming at them. I knew he was chewing



P.O.W. Internment in Germany. (Sketch by C. Ross Greening, ex-P.O.W. and ex-Doolittle Raider)

them out for bringing me in with a loaded gun. What could they do?

They marched me on into this little town. The streets were made of cobblestone, and the buildings were built right out to the curb almost. The sidewalks were very narrow. People were sitting in their windows yelling out, "Chicago gangster! Terror-flyer! Killer!" Just the night before, Hermann Goering had made a speech on the radio telling them about flyers coming down with different things painted on the backs of their leather jackets which made it sound like we were gangs or killers. So that really made them more irritable when they saw us. Of course, we didn't have leather jackets. The Air Force had taken them away from us because if the plane was on fire, and if the jackets caught fire, they would just draw up and burn the wearer something terrible. So, the Air Force gave us these green jackets that wouldn't have that problem. They kind of protected us.

The Germans had a truck sitting out front that looked like a hot water tank with a big plunger on the top. The driver got out and plunged it up and down a couple

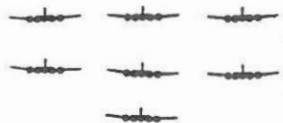
times. It was a charcoal burner. They devised it because of the fuel shortage. There just wasn't enough gasoline available for cars and trucks. They burned charcoal to generate steam power. They ran like one of those friction toy cars we used to have when we were kids. You pushed down on it and gave it a hard shove, and it would go, and keep going, until it wound down. We saw a few German planes flying over, and we noticed that they had black smoke coming out of their exhausts something terrible. This showed that they were using inferior fuel. It was a wonder the planes could still fly.

They took us upstairs into a building. Four of my crewmembers were there. We had eleven on our flight that day [instead of the normal ten], and this really threw the Germans off on their count.

Then I was interrogated by a fellow about 55 or 60 years old wearing a green Wehrmacht uniform. He asked me to take everything out of my pockets and put whatever I had on a desk. He checked them out and latched on to just about everything including about \$25 each in three different currencies. After the interrogation

I went over and stood beside my four crewmates. The Germans said, "Nicht, talken." They didn't want us to talk to each other. A couple of times I said something, so they moved me away from the others. Then the telephone rang. They would say, "Heil Hitler!" at the end of a conversation, just like in the movies. Then they marched us out and put us into what looked like an armored meat packing truck. It had a little door on the side. We were told to get in, so we crawled in there in the dark. After a short trip of just a couple blocks, they stopped and let us out. This was about 3:00 or 4:00 in the afternoon. They took us into a huge building with a lot of tables inside. It looked like a mess hall for their troops. We sat down, and they brought us some condensed milk, a big baked potato, a piece of brown bread, some margarine and a little jelly. That's all we had, but none of us were very hungry. Later when the shock wore off, we got a little bit hungry, but that was when we didn't get much food. They just didn't feed us too well. I don't think they really had it to give. They were really hard pressed. The perimeter of the front was closing in on them, and the area we were in was getting bombed and strafed so heavily that trains couldn't move by day.

They then took us in the same truck to a huge castle. There they took us down into a long hall with all these little doors on the side. We had to almost get down on our hands and knees to get through the door. They opened a door and put us into one of the cubicles. Inside was dark, and at the top they had a little window through which we could get a little light and air. They had a wooden bench we could lay on instead of laying on the floor. It was covered with a tick mattress. They had a little can in the corner in case we had to go



to the bathroom. But the four of us didn't know how to go to sleep. At first we all got up on that bench and laid down on it toboggan style, one in between each other's legs so we could all get up off the floor. After a while, that got pretty tiresome, and we couldn't get any sleep. So two of us got down on the floor and laid down, and two of us got up on the bench and laid down there. Halfway through the night, we would switch places. One of the fellows got sick and vomited all over the can before he could get the cover off of it. The guard got real mad when this happened and made him clean it up.

They got us out of there and marched us down to the railroad station and put us on a train. They told us if the train engine blew its whistle two or three times and slammed on the brakes, we should get off the train, run out about 200 to 300 feet and take cover. This meant that American fighters were about to shoot it up. It didn't happen though. We went to a town called New-Home. The town of New was on one side of the river, and the town of Home was on the other. "New" looked real nice, like it had never been bombed. But "Home" was leveled. It had no churches nor other buildings. It was all rubble. They had swept all the rubble off to the one side, and into a high pile. We were walking along that pile, and as soon as we came down off the bridge over the river, there was a rabble-rouser who came walking up to us. He started yelling things in German that I couldn't understand. I don't think any of the other nine could either. Pretty soon he had about 25 or 35 people following us and gaining on us more and more. That's what we were afraid of. They can get unruly, and we were afraid maybe they'd string us up or kill us. So we walked close to the rubble on one side. We had three

guards with us and they were clear out away from us paying no attention whatsoever. We just followed the lead guy. Then pretty soon this little guy in a black suit and a moustache ran up on top the rubble and started hitting my engineer. He took all he could take of that, and he turned around like he was going to haul off and hit this guy when the guy fell backwards and down the pile of rubble. We said, "For God's sake, don't hit anybody, because that's all they need to set them off. They'll kill us all. A German soldier came up to us and said, "You fools. Why don't you join us and fight the Russians. You're going to have to do it sooner or later." I never forgot his words.

Then another guard came up with his rifle and hit my right waist gunner, Charles Jones, in the back of the head knocking him out. Charles irritated the Germans to no end. He just delighted in making them almost kill him. They wanted to. Blood gushed down the back of his neck and down his coat. The other two guys on either side grabbed him and put his arms around him and carried him on. It happened to me once too. Some guy came up and hit me in the back of the head with his fist and knocked me down on my knees. A pilot from another crew grabbed my arm lifted me up, and I had enough consciousness that I got up and kept going. I said, "Let's go wherever we're going because they're going to kill us if we don't." So we went on around the corner, and I expected to see a big wall up there. A hangmen's place or something... a place where they would kill us. There wasn't any, thank goodness.

There was a train sitting there, smokestack smoking, waiting on us at a railroad station. A couple of Gestapo guys came out towards us to get the crowd away from us. The crowd started throwing stones at

us. They were really mean. I could understand it if they had lost loved ones in the bombing, which was so horrible, but they could have just been crazed when they saw our wings on our jackets and knew we were Air Force.

We got on the train. We knew we would be safe there for a little while. They fixed up Charles Jones' wound. He came out of it OK. The train took off and we went up to Heidelberg. It was an open city and never was bombed. It was a college town. We got off the train and got on a streetcar to ride downtown. Those German people eyed us up and down like they wanted to kill us. We got to the place where we were going. We got off the streetcar and walked down the cobblestone streets quite a way until we came to the back of a circular group of buildings. It was a college that they had turned over to the army. We walked in the back way and as we were getting up close to one big building which turned out to be a gymnasium, we saw ten graves that had been dug. We walked right by them. We knew there were ten of us, and there were ten graves.

We went into the gymnasium and sat down to wait. Some high ranking German officer came in and, in broken English, told us we would be leaving at one o'clock. Nearby we saw a big field near the building with a track around it. It reminded me of a football field. There were soldiers out there drilling and training. They were busier than the dickens. All of a sudden we looked out, and everybody was gone! It was about five minutes to one. That made us think they wanted everybody out of there, because they didn't want them to see what was going to happen. ☹

[Due to the length of this article, we will continue with Mr Moser's experiences as a German prisoner of war in the next issue.]



Hilton
Tucson East

Welcomes

99TH BOMB GROUP

+++++

May 4 - 9, 1999

FINAL NEWSLETTER COMMUNIQUE prior to the 99th Reunion in May.

Reunion'99 can be a memorable occasion with your cooperation.

The groundwork has been laid. NOW it is up to you... we need your early responses.

May 4-9th, as explained in our November Newsletter, is still high season in Tucson. Making your hotel reservations and selecting the tours and special events of your choice is essential.

Note: the group rates will be available at the Hilton Tucson East three days prior and three days following the Reunion.

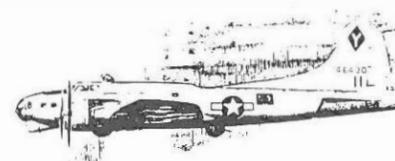
Logistics involving transportation, commitments for the special events and entertainment require that we hear from you... if we are to accommodate your wishes and provide for all the activities in which you expressed an interest.

KUDOS! to Bill and Jean Blasser for being the first to send in their registration in mid-November.

HAVE YOU SIGNED UP??

NEW SPECIAL EVENT... we call your attention to an added activity on Thursday, May 6th at the Savoy Opera House with dinner and Bobby Freeman's music of the 40's and 50's with vocals by Charlene - outstanding and popular entertainers in the Phoenix area promise a fun-filled evening. (See 'More Options to Consider!...')

SEE YOU IN TUCSON!



99th BOMB GROUP HISTORICAL SOCIETY
 REUNION MAY 4-9, 1999
UPDATE

THANK YOU! - to all who responded to the Opinion Survey in our last Newsletter. Your committee is greatly encouraged by the enthusiastic response to our '99 reunion in Tucson and are determined to make it an exciting event.

We have been successful in upgrading the site of our reunion. We will be at the HILTON TUCSON EAST - a lovely property that meets all the needs and requirements of our group. We are confident you will be pleased. REUNION '99, with your participation, has the potential of being memorable.

MARCH 1st DEADLINE! WHY March 1st?

- #1 Our reunion is scheduled at the tail end of Tucson's "high season". Accommodations are still in high demand. Making your hotel reservations early is imperative and assures you the VERY friendly rate.
- #2 The same applies to scheduled trips. Transportation is at a premium during this time period. Your early commitments will insure our having adequate transportation so that no one will be disappointed.
- #3 Davis Monthan AFB, the location of our annual luncheon and business meeting, requires for security reasons, the full names of all planning to visit the base. For us to meet their deadline and avoid having access denied to some of our members, we ask your cooperation.

"MORE RATHER THAN LESS"

As you peruse the following schedule, you may ask "Why so many options?". Your survey responses indicated a variety of interests which we are attempting to address. The logistics have been and continue to be a challenge...another reason we ask you make your choices "sooner rather than later".

SEE YOU IN TUCSON !

REGISTRATION

99th BGHS REUNION/MAY 4-9, 1999

NAME: _____ PHONE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TUESDAY, MAY 4th

Registration - hotel lobby \$20.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5th

#1 Desert Museum/Old Tucson Combo 9am-4pm * \$36.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

#2 Desert Museum 9am-2pm * \$21.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

#3 Old Tucson Studios 9am-2pm * \$25.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

THURSDAY, MAY 6th

#1 Pima Air & Space Museum/Titan Missile Combo + stop at Mission San Xavier 9am-4pm * \$30.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

#2 Pima Air & Space Museum 9am-1pm * \$20.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

FRIDAY, MAY 7th

DAVIS MONTHAN AFB - memorial chapel service, lunch/business meeting & tour of base and aircraft mothball graveyard \$25.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

SATURDAY, MAY 8th

#1 Sabino Canyon/DeGrazia Gallery Combo Lunch at Hidden Valley Inn 9am-3pm \$28.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

#2 Sabino Canyon 9:30am - 12:30pm * \$18.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

EVENING BANQUET - hotel ballroom Entertainment/ Choice of 2 Entrees \$30.00PP x _____ = \$ _____

a. # _____ Roast NY Sirloin with Sauce Marchand de vin

b. # _____ Broiled Halibut a la Parisienne

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____

PLEASE NOTE: ALL bus tours require a minimum of 35 per bus/ reservations on a 1st come basis.

* Indicates lunch on your own.

Make checks payable to: 99th BGHS REUNION FUND

Mail reservations & checks to: 99th BGHS REUNION
 c/o Len Smith
 14171 Desert Glen Drive
 Sun City West, Arizona 85375



MORE OPTIONS TO CONSIDER...

Additional tours -

#1 Nogales/Tubac 9am-4pm Wednesday, May 5th
or Thursday, May 6th * \$16.00PP x = \$

#2 Mt. Lemmon 9am-3pm
Saturday, May 8th * \$13.00PP x = \$

Please be aware that the above tours conflict with other tours you may or may not be interested in taking.

For those who enjoy group dining in addition to visiting in our lively hospitality area, we offer the following ...

TUESDAY, MAY 4th

Cattle Drive Bar B Que Buffet/hotel patio
6:30pm / Minimum of 50 \$22.50PP x = \$

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5th

Cinco de Mayo Special Buffet/ hotel
Mariachi entertainment
Minimum of 50 \$25.00PP x = \$

NEW! THURSDAY, MAY 6th

NEW

NEW

Savoy Opera House in Trail Dust Town/
dinner with music of the 40's and
50's by Bobby Freeman with vocals
by Charlene for your listening and
dancing pleasure
Minimum of 100 \$25.00PP x = \$

Our hotel offers complimentary transportation within a 3 mile radius with advance requests.

REMEMBER :

You need to identify yourselves as members of the 99th BGHS when making hotel reservations to assure getting the group rate...

Most major airlines service Tucson International Airport... American Airlines is the major carrier.

- American Airlines 800-433-7300
- United Airlines 800-241-6522
- Delta Airlines 800-221-1212
- Southwest 800-435-9792

Arizona Stagecoach provides service to and from the airport. \$18.00 Roundtrip/ (520)889-1000... they are located in the airport.



Welcomes

99TH BOMB GROUP



May 4 - 9, 1999

Your Special Group Rate Is:

\$69.00 (Single or Double Occupancy) - Room Only

or

\$79.00 (Single or Double) - Breakfast Buffet Included

Deadline For Group Reservations is March 15, 1999

To insure availability and obtain the group rate, your reservations must be received by the above date.

Call 1-800-648-7177 or return this application prior to the reservation deadline.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Hilton requires either a one-night deposit or credit card to guarantee your reservation. Individual cancellations may be made without penalty up to 48 hours prior to arrival.

Are you a Hilton Honors Member? Yes No Card Number _____

Guarantee with: AMEX VISA MC Diners Discover

Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Please indicate your room preference or any special needs. Please note that room types are based on availability.

King 2 Queens Smoking Non-Smoking Number of People _____

Special Requests: _____

7600 E. Broadway, Tucson, Arizona 85710

1-520-721-5600

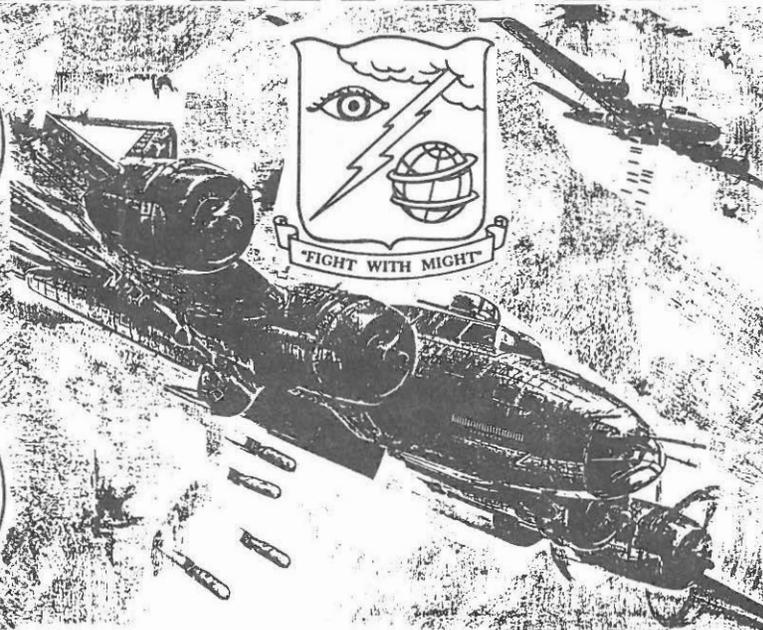
99th Bomb Group Historical Society
Walter H. Butler, Treasurer
8608 Bellehaven Place, N.E.
Albuquerque, NM 87112

Non-Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Moreno Valley, CA
92553
Permit No. 451

Assoc 1999
George M. Coen
559 Old Squaw Pass
Evergreen, CO 80439

MXD

99TH BOMB GROUP



AS NOTED IN LEN SMITH'S LETTER ON PAGE 4 OF THIS ISSUE, LEN NEEDS TO KNOW NO LATER THAN MARCH 1, 1999 YOUR INTENTIONS CONCERNING OUR TUCSON REUNION IN EARLY MAY NEXT. IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO ATTEND PLEASE REVIEW THE LAST PAGES OF THIS ISSUE AND ACT ACCORDINGLY. ACT TODAY!



Information to be included in your quarterly newsletters issued February, May, August & November must be sent to Bernie Barr or Walter Butler no later than the first of January, April, July or October.

Member information and stories are needed regularly to keep the newsletter interesting. Everyone has a story or information that our members would enjoy reading. Keep it coming! If at all possible send type written information, the darker the better.

Walter's address is in the top left corner above. Bernie Barr's address is: 7408 Vista Del Arroyo, Albuquerque, NM 87109