



FOR THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM • FOR THE MEN WHO KEEP 'EM FLYING

Issue 48

Price: \$5 (Free To Members)

Winter//Spring 2011

A 451st LOOK-BACK

I guess there comes a time when we all, especially at our ages, sit back and take a look back at some of our past achievements. Mine deal mainly with our post-war 451st organization. Sure there were especially memorable moments while we engaged the German enemies during World War II. But I prefer to look at some of our later accomplishments, especially our Bomb Group Reunions.

The one that comes 'Front and Center' was our Omaha Nebraska reunion held in the year of 1990. An extreme effort was put forth by both the local 451st committee and the citizenry of Fairmont Nebraska to make it a memorable event.



RED LION INN
Host Hotel For Our 1990 Reunion

Considerations to hold our 1990 reunion in Nebraska came by way of the previous 5 reunions that were held; first in Chicago, IL then Colorado Springs, CO, Dayton, OH, San Antonio, TX, and Norfolk, VA. It was where many of the attendees favored going back to the old Fairmont Army Airfield where we became an organized combat unit.

The momentum for this reunion got underway right after the 1988 Norfolk reunion, when I started making trips into the area to 'scout it out.' I found that the only hotels that could 'block' our 300 needed rooms was the Red Lion Hotel in Omaha. I locked them in and they promised to give us a more

than memorable meeting place for our September gathering.

Then it was out to Fairmont to 'lock-in' what facilities that Fairmont and the vicinity had to offer us. Together with our local 451st committee, we met with the Fairmont Village Council and described what our intentions were and how we wanted to pull this whole thing off. They were more than receptive to our various requests. They fully agreed to all of our needs and amenities when told that we would have the only remaining 'military configured' B-24 aircraft, as flown in by the Collings Foundation for these type of events. We deemed it important to have the villagers backing so we could mount a gathering to meet our own expectations and generate the local population.

CONTENTS



Captured (By George Held)	3
World War II Letters (By Bill Jackson)	6
"Little Friends" 49th Fighter Squadron	8
Pilot Types (Cartoon)	10
Chatter From The Flight Deck & Reunion Photo	11
Diminishing Ranks / Memorials	12
Short Bursts & Hang Fires	13
727th Thanksgiving Day Dinner Menu	15

"AD-LIB"

**451st BOMB GROUP (H), LTD.
PUBLICATION**

Compiled and Published by Bob Karstensen

All rights reserved on contents by the 451st Bomb Group (H), Ltd. Reprinting, in whole or in part, without previous written permission is prohibited.

COPYRIGHT 2011, 451st "AD-LIB"

No membership dues are assessed
(A not-for-profit organization)

The publishing of the AD-LIB; the seeking of new members; and all efforts towards the preservation of our 451st heritage is funded by donations and contributions. Checks may be made out to the

"451st Bomb Group"

and mailed to: 1032 S. State St. Marengo, IL 60152

Phone (815) 568-7766

E.MAIL bobk451@aol.com

Tax Exempt Contribution #36 307 0772

We reserve the right to edit, shorten, clarify any article submitted to the Ad Lib. We may choose not to include an article due to length, content or negative implications - Editor

Several more trips into the area to place posters in some of the local establishments, and for myself to be interviewed on several local radio stations.

Finally the day came, September 6th, when we all got together at the Red Lion Hotel for the start of our 1990 reunion. After a couple days of local activities, we boarded the 12 waiting buses (570 members and guests) for our Friday September 7, 1990 ride to Fairmont. Along the way we had a pre-planned brunch at Lincoln Nebraska's American Legion Club, considered as the biggest and best in the U.S.

Then it was on to Fairmont, where we stopped briefly to pick up our local guides, who would refresh the memories of those that served there, and to clue the non-original's as to what was noteworthy in the area.

Arriving at the old Base we were met by some 1,200 locals that were following-up on our invitation to join us. On time, too, was the arrival of the B-24 (Collings Foundation) and the P-51 (flown by Reg Urschler). What a dramatic entry that was.

Mingling with the citizenry of the local communities close-up viewing of the "Liberator" and formal speeches by our dignitaries, we boarded our buses to return to Omaha.



Sedge Hill Parking "Liberator And Mustang"



The Locals That Came For A Look-See



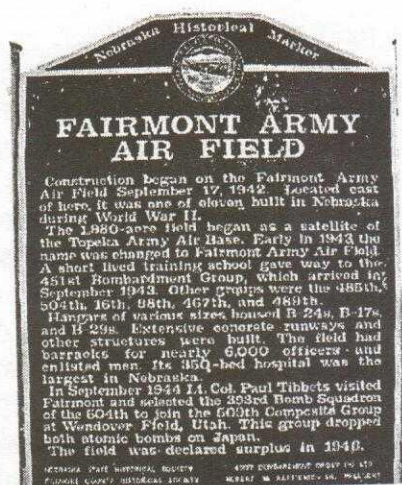
Col. Eaton (Ret. M/Gen) Addresses the Crowd

The actions of the 451st, in bringing this featured portion of our 1990 reunion to the old Fairmont Army Air Base, brought to light the importance of the old Base as a historical part of Nebraska's past. The Nebraska State Historical Society took note of this and had a State Historical Marker placed along Route 81 directly west of the old Base. But not just one marker identifies the old Base, the State placed another one on Route 6, east of Fairmont. This was very unusual for the State to place two Monuments for one site.

Recently word has come to this office that another Nebraska State Historical Marker has been placed, very recently, near Milligan, Nebraska. It indicates the site of a mid-air crash of two 451st aircraft that were on a practice formation flight. This mid-air collision happened on 25 October 1943 and involved deaths of crew members of pilot Lt. James H. Williams and Pilot Lt. Charles L. Brown. The sole survivor was Copilot Lt. Melvin Klein of Lt. William's crew.

If you're ever out that way;.. take a look-see.

(Continues Next Page)



Marker Located Route 6 East Of Fairmont

Inscription Reads:

FAIRMONT ARMY AIR FIELD

Fairmont Army Air Field located 3-½ miles south, was one of eleven army air forces training fields built in Nebraska during World War II. The 1,980 acre field provided final training for the 451st, 504th and 18th Heavy Bombardment Group before they proceeded to the European Mediterranean, or Pacific Theaters. The 98th, 467th and 489th Bombardment Groups returning from Europe trained at Fairmont for possible service in the Pacific. The groups flew B-24, B-17 and B-29 bombers.

The rapid influx of construction workers and military personnel needed to build and operate the field brought housing shortages as well as an economic boost to Fairmont and other nearby communities. Area residents welcomed the servicemen and tried to make them stay more pleasant, often inviting the soldiers into their homes. Some servicemen met their future wives while at Fairmont and returned here after the war to raise their families

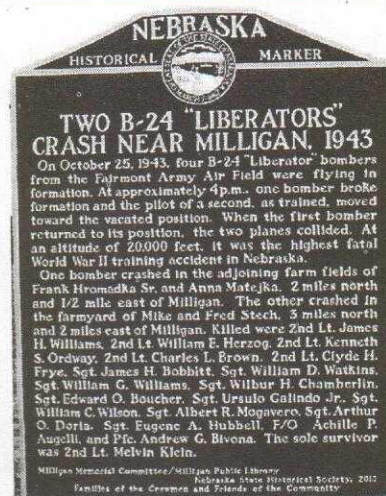
Fairmont Army Air Base was deactivated in October 1945 and declared surplus in the spring of 1946. Part of the field is now operated as the Fairmont State Airfield.

Fillmore County Historical Society /

451st Bombardment Group (H) Ltd. /

Robert M, Karstensen, Sr. Pres. /

Nebraska State Historical Society



Marker Located Northeast of Milligan

Inscription Reads:

TWO B-24 "LIBERATORS" CRASH NEAR MILLIGAN, 1943

On October 25, 1943, four B-24 "Liberator" bombers from the Fairmont Army Air Field were flying in formation. At approximately 4 p.m. one bomber broke formation and the pilot of a second, as trained, moved towards the vacant position. When the first bomber returned to its position, the two planes collided. At an altitude of 20,000 feet, it was the highest fatal World War II training accident in Nebraska.

One bomber crashed in the adjoining farm fields of Frank Hromadka Sr. and Anna Matejka, 2 miles north and 1/2 mile east of Milligan. The other crashed in the farmyard of Mike and Fred Stech, 3 miles north and 2 miles east of Milligan. Killed were 2nd Lt. James H. Williams, 2nd Lt. William E. Herzog, 2nd Lt. Kenneth S. Ordway, 2nd Lt. Charles L. Brown, 2nd Lt. Clyde H. Frye, Sgt. James H. Bobbitt, Sgt. William D. Watkins, Sgt. William G. Williams, Sgt. Wilbur H. Chamberlin, Sgt. Edward O. Boucher, Sgt. Ursulo Galindo Jr., Sgt. William C. Wilson, Sgt. Albert R. Mogavero, Sgt. Arthur O. Doria, Sgt. Eugene A. Hubbell, F/O Achille P. Augelli, and Pfc. Andrew G. Bivona. The sole survivor was 2nd Lt. Melvin Klein

Milligan Memorial Committee / Milligan
Public Library

Nebraska State Historical Society 2010

Families of the Crewmen and Friends of the
Community

CAPTURED

(Fifth Installment by: George Held)

Bradley Field was a traditional Army Post with regular Army personnel. The closest large city was Hartford, the capital of Connecticut. It required several days for records to arrive before we formed combat crews. Meanwhile, it became obvious we would be assigned to fly a B-24, a four-engine bomber renowned for its limited wing lift and acceleration landing speed; considered a hot plane capable of carrying a formidable bomb load with a good flying range.

They finally posted the crew names and I found my name along with the other three officers.



Lt. George Held
Born 1921 - Deceased 2006

2nd Lt. Robert L. Worsthorn ... Pilot
2nd Lt. Marvin Resnick Co-pilot
2nd Lt. George Held Navigator
2nd Lt. Jerome B. Finegold Bombardier

We four comprised the ranking Officers of the aircraft. Since nearly everyone gathered around the posting, it took a few moments to seek out and introduce ourselves. In short time I found Lt. Worsthorn, a likeable person, but reticent. I established a strong affinity to both Lt. Resnick and Lt. Finegold. Soon the remainder of the crew; Sgt. Urseth, Sgt. McDonald, Sgt. Brocker, Sgt. Bedell, Cpl. Cross, and Cpl. Ford joined us. The next couple of weeks we spent getting familiar with each other and our B-24. I set up my position in the nose cone along with Lt. Finegold. Cramped, we soon adjusted to the new conditions. The Pilot and Copilot practiced landings, the Bombardier trained with mock bomb runs, while I became expert at navigating the plane. The rest of the crew sharpened their respective capabilities.

At Bradley Field, we found ample free time, and an enjoyable city to spend it. My mother's relative,

who lived in Hartford, introduced me to his niece. She was prim young woman who was studying nursing at Holyoke. We dated, went dancing but nothing developed. It was during this time that Jack Sloat, my mother's brother-in-law, and I developed a keen rapport. Jack owned Hartford Provision Co, a poultry processing plant and offered me a position when I returned from service. Flattered by the proposal, I never seriously considered it.

The need for replacement crews was apparent, as the steadily pushed us onward in our combat training. Our next move was to Charleston Air Base, Charleston, South Carolina. This proved to be an an OTU (Operational Training Unit) Base, the last phase of combat training be-

fore going overseas. Here the training involved long flights at high altitudes with many hours on oxygen. Practicing over land and water under various conditions, we flew simulated missions in formation for the first time. After approximately a month of preparation, we were ready for the final test. We were to fly from Charleston, S.C., to Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico and return. This flight we performed out over the Atlantic Ocean, a precursor to our transatlantic flight. As we started to head south over the water with no land in sight, I could feel the pressure from the crew. My dead reckoning proved accurate and our arrival at Borinquen and return to Charleston reestablished my credentials to the crew. I had earned their confidence and respect.

Moving on to Mitchell Field, Flushing, N.Y., we were confined to the Base. The Air Corps assigned us a brand new B-24. We received new flying gear in addition to new side arms for each Officer. Although we were in New York, we could contact nobody off the Base. Both Lt. Worsthorn and I lived in New York but were restricted from contact with our families. From this moment, until we reached our European Base, we would only

write with an APO (Army Post Office) address.

At a briefing we received instructions for the flight to Marrakech, Morocco in North Africa. I received maps along with flight plans for our trip up to Maine, Newfoundland, the Azores and finally Africa. Warned that the Germans were transmitting a bogus radio signal from Spain, we were prepared. All necessary gear distributed, plane fully fueled, we headed for our first stop, Presque Isle, Maine. This leg proved uneventful, we headed northeast to St. John's, Newfoundland. We had flown most of the day and as we approached St. John's, skies became overcast. The next morning we went to briefing, expecting to take-off for our overseas flight. Discouraging weather reports predicted heavy clouds, strong winds and rain for the week.

I do not recall all the details of that episode, but this I do remember; this area of Newfoundland was isolate, prone to some extraordinary severe weather, and lacking in any entertainment. Moreover, the single women were not only unattractive, but many were toothless because of the lack of dental care. They were known as 'Noofies.' The next few days, we spent reading, writing letters home and waiting for the weather to break. Finally, the weather did open enough for overseas flights. Cleared at briefing, we took-off in light cloud-cover for the Azores.

Never having flown across the Atlantic, the pressure was on me to navigate the plane from St. John's, Newfoundland to the Azores. Re received weather reports, maps and anticipated flying conditions ad briefing. Climbing to our assigned altitude, we headed towards that speck of land lying off the coast of Africa. The next few hours proved trying for the crew and me. With nothing to see but sky and water, each crew member showered me with "What's our ETA?" or "Do you know where we are?"

Meanwhile, I poured over my charts plotting the course, taking sextant readings of the sun and reading the whitecaps of the waves. This helped me determine position, wind direction and velocity, and ground speed and contributed to my ability to calculate our estimated time of arrival. After careful computation, I made my announcement over the in-

tercom. As we approached zero hour, we all began scanning the horizon for the tiny island. Since there were no broadcast radio signals, we were dependent on dead reckoning alone. Two minutes past our ETA, we recognized our target off the left side of the plane. I was relieved and am sure the rest of the crew were too.

Wasting no time, after receiving landing instructions, Lt. Worsthorn set down on a freshly laid steel-matted runway. As we taxied off the runway, I noticed a sign boldly emblazoned across the top of the airport building, "BEWARE BUBONIC PLAGUE."

Taking in the sights, the custom of the people, and the quaint old world charm was our agenda for the next day or two. It appeared that the native folk embraced a society not unlike our Pennsylvania Dutch Amish. They were not very sociable. We did, however, enjoy a concert that evening under the stars, sponsored by the USO.

We did not linger and were soon on our way to Marrakech, Morocco. At 10,000 feet, a wall of sand greeted us as we crossed the coastline entering Africa. Here we would receive orders for our final destination. It was hot! Scuttlebutt had it that President Roosevelt we in the vicinity. Tired from the pressure of the previous day's flying, I sought solace from the shade provided by the wing of our plane to take a nap. When I awoke, I was shivering from the cold. IT was night time; I had eventual slept a few hours and the temperature had dropped to almost freezing. I never imagined such temperature changes in the desert. Returning to quarters, I spent the rest of the evening writing home.

Orders issued the next day instructed us to report to Tunis, Tunisia. That evening would be our last in Marrakech. I decided to go all-out and enjoy myself. In search of a local club offering music and liquor, I soon found one and started drinking. I remember dancing and drinking heavily, so much so that I passed out. When I awoke the next morning I found myself in bed with a young Arab woman reeking from liquor and amid other unmentionable odors. I honestly do not remember the events of the evening.

REMEMBER: YOUR \$\$'S HELP TO KEEP US GOING

WORLD WAR II LETTERS

By: William F. Jackson

27 September 1944 - Just a line before I "hit the sack." The dance job went off as scheduled last night. Got to bed at 1:00 AM and got up to fly a practice mission as first Pilot with my own crew. Did a good job of flying formation, and I'm taking the crew on the next mission instead of flying two more as Copilot, which is the S.O.P. (Standard Operating Procedure). Received some mail today.

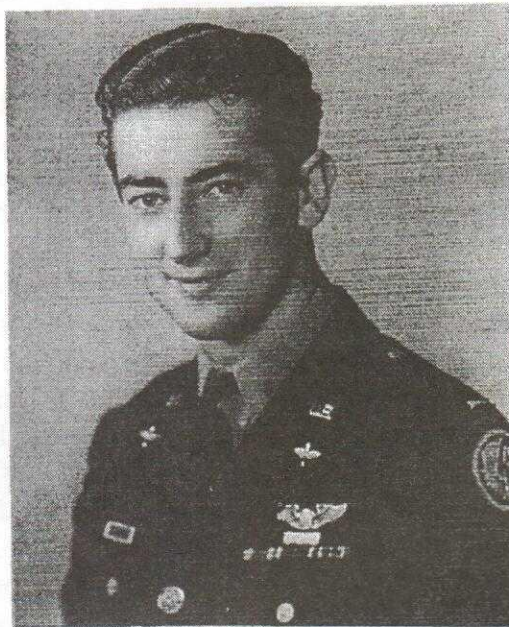
28 September 1944 - Today hasn't been the big day that I thought it would be. The weather is bad; cold, windy, cloudy and rainy. I changed into winter uniform in order to keep warm. I didn't have a bit of trouble keeping warm last night. I put on my woolen underwear, a pair of wool socks, and slept under three Army blankets.

All I received in the afternoon mail was an election ballot.

I'll tell you how I got the enclosed picture of the "Crucifisso." Some time ago I was walking through the streets of an Italian town with Treece and Possell when we were accosted by a very old lady dressed in what seemed like a series of brown sacks. She was bent and feeble. She started digging through the many folds of her raiment, but it took her so long that we were about to go on our way. Finally after much searching, she dug up a bunch of pictures like the enclosed, all of a religious nature. We picked out a few and gave the aged lady twenty Lire. I remember Possell handing her the money and she pounced on his hand and kissed it.

I am also enclosing letters from the Treece's and Malkin's, which I thought you might like to see. Will be playing for a dance tonight for the 727th Squadron

30 September 1944 - I didn't write to you yes-



Lt. William F. Jackson
APO #520 c/o Postmaster
New York, NY

Mr. & Mrs. Frank B. Jackson
425 North 22nd Street
Quincy, Illinois

terday, though the weather was bad again, same as it is today. It's raining this very moment. I visited Foggia and picked up my weekly rations. I also bought a heavy raincoat with detachable wool lining for \$31.44. It's a very good buy and is better suited for the rainy cold weather we have here than my trench coat, which I've packed away. We officially go into winter clothing tomorrow.

The enclosed snapshot of the dance band was taken at the Group Officers Club on the 18th. That was the first time I played with the outfit and we had seven pieces. We're playing for Group again Monday night, but we should have nine or ten men this time. The job at the 727th, Thursday night went very well. In the picture, at the very rear is Lt. Shipley, the drummer, taking off his jacket. He's the

only other Officer in the band; his tent is the one next to mine. You should at least recognize my Selmer clarinet at my feet. Fred, the tenor man, on my left, is one of the best musicians.

This afternoon mail brought me two letters, one was Bernice Thomas written September 7. I just wrote to Bernice and told her to send those negatives to you. Will you have some prints made so I can send them to Hempel, Swede, Just, Crusty and Beckstrom, wherever they are.

Just finished a softball game, most of it in the rain. Dahl, Patterson, Wood, and Price of Tonopah are with their crews at the 464th Bomb Group, I found out yesterday.

There's only one thing I would like for Christmas -- a crash bracelet. Not that it's important, but it's the only thing I can think of. My name and serial number should be the only inscription, in order

that it may be worn in enemy territory.

1 October 1944 - Boy! This is a chilly, windy, rainy day for sure! It looks like a cold winter for our little tent. I attended Church Service this morning. My only comment is that the wine served at Communion was really potent stuff.

I wish I could settle down to writing some letters. I read a book this afternoon -- not a good one either, just another murder mystery.

I've thought of one other thing I would like to have; a small one-year diary, such as I have now, you know the type..

I have yet to receive a letter addressed to the 726th Squadron. Did you get the cable I sent three weeks ago?

There is little on my mind tonight. Everyone is well here. My new coat certainly comes in handy. Are you all okay at home?

Monday morning. I didn't get this in the mail last night. The sun is shining this morning, so what am I scheduled for? Link Trainer!

4 October 1944 - I finally got in another mission after some false alarms. I took my own crew -- it was their first one. We bombed some bridges in northern Italy and experienced no opposition. This flying formation, hour after hour, is a lot of work.

I didn't get around to writing yesterday. I flew practice missions both morning and afternoon, so I had a full day.

I'm sending \$300 to you through the channels they have set up for that purpose. A money order in an envelope from me might get lost. This way is safe, though it'll take three to four weeks and will come to you through Washington, D.C.

I received a letter from Valma Rohrbein today, dated September 11. Boy, this mail situation rather ticks me off! I'm sure you're writing to me, and probably others are also.

The dance job Monday night went off okay. We had four brass and four saxes, but only two rhythm. The next job is Saturday night.

Though it's only 7 o'clock, I'm tired enough to go to bed right now, and I think I will. The weather is still cold, though it didn't rain today or yesterday.

It looks as though I'll have to depend on you to buy Christmas presents for me again this year. You know the ones. Marg, Don, Donna, Aunt Clarice and Uncle Irv, the Hamilton Jackson's (another drawing names deal do you suppose?) possibly

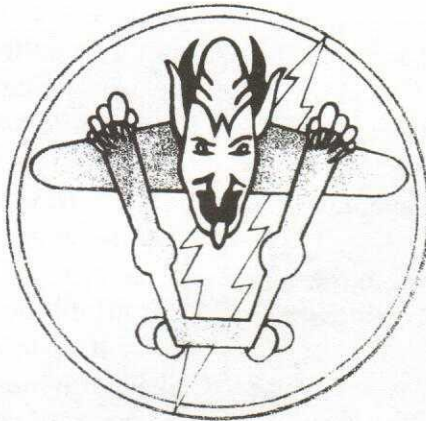
Grandmother Ernst and the Rohrbeins. Any girl friends I have I'll take care of myself, probably by writing a letter. HA! I did pick up a little tablecloth as a souvenir of Italy in Foggia, and I mailed it to you yesterday. It's not exactly a tablecloth either, but is as a cloth and it is pretty. It's something that might sit on top of the radio, or the table in the sun parlor. I looked at some bits of jewelry, but didn't think you'd want any of it. It's expensive, too. You can get the same thing in the States for a third as much. I'm wondering if there are many things to buy this year. You know what I've been in the habit of doing for Christmas presents. Well, I believe I can afford more this year. With that little hint, I'll leave it up to your judgment. Anything you do is okay with me. Remember to take the money out from what I send home. Now, Mom, I don't want you to do a lot of running around shopping for me. Unless you've improved considerably since the last time, you're not up to it. I suppose you will get into a couple stores downtown, though, so if you see something suitable, but it. If you don't, why just forget about it. I don't want to add and to your work. I'm wondering how Dad is, also. I haven't heard for several weeks.

5 October 1944 - This is my first use of V-mail. Let me know just how much slower, or faster, it is than airmail. For your information, if you haven't already received the letters, I wrote to you yesterday and Monday of this week. I received a letter from Wilma Hinson today, which was dated September 10. It's been a long time since I heard from you. I visited Foggia again and got my rations. The trip is certainly a tough one with the roads as muddy and bumpy as they are. We've seen lots of rain. Everything here is okay. Wish I knew for sure that was true at home.

6 October 1944 - The weather was pretty nice today. I flew some practice formation this afternoon and went to the open-air theater this evening. That was "my day." I forgot to tell you that the last time I was in Foggia, I ran into Chickering at the Officers Club. I hadn't seen him since we graduated at Lubbock.. He was one of those who went direct to the 2nd Air Force and was made copilot on a B-17. He's about finished and said Hoskins was back home already with missions completed. Hoskins was in on the same deal. It's time for bed.

"LITTLE FRIENDS:" THE 49th FIGHTER SQUADRON (Continued 21 Installment by Dr. Royal C. Gilkey)

(Editor: Although the 451st did not participate in the flowing missions with the 49th Fighter Squadron, it was interesting to note the complexities of what they encountered on their mission. We, the 451st flew duel missions on the 23rd of October 1944 (Red) to bomb the Munich Allach A/C Factory in Germany and (Blue) to bomb the Milan Breda Works in Italy. And on October 29th we bombed the Regensburg Oil Refinery in Germany.)



The 22nd day of October was a Sunday. It was truly a day of rest because the 49th Fighter Squadron was non-operational. Church services were held in the Group Chapel for those of all faiths.

Monday, 23, 1944 was marked the resumption of operations. This time the target was the Maschinenfabrik in Augsburg, Germany. Flying last in the Group, the "Forty-niners" were to help provide close escort for heavy bombers of the 55th Wing during their penetration to the target, time over it, and withdrawal after the attack. Eighteen P-38s took off at 0905 hours (9:05 a.m.). There were three early returns, two for mechanical reasons and one as an escort. Fifteen reached the target area in south Germany at 1220 hours (12:20 p.m.) and stayed until 1231 hours (12:31 p.m.). Two "Lightnings" landed at friendly fields on the way back. The remaining 13 returned to Triolo Landing Ground at 1506 (3:06 p.m.) It was a long trip of 1100 miles.

Generally speaking, the pilots flew the briefed route but diverged from it on the return. They crossed the north Italian coast at Grado (4542N 1323E), traversed the Gulf of Venice, and flew over Capo d'Istria (4533N 1340E) on the Istrian peninsula. From there, their flight homeward took them over the Dalmatian Islands, the Adriatic Sea, and the spur of the Italian boot. The fighters' formation was excellent right up to the time of landing at Base shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon.

From rendezvous on, the substantive part of the

mission occurred. The fighters met the bombers in the vicinity of San Nicolo (4635N 1235E) at 1131 hours (11:31 a.m.) and at an altitude of 24,000 feet. After this rendezvous, the "Lightnings" escorted the heavies to Augsburg in southern Germany, following the briefed route. They flew into the target area at 24,000 feet, their time of arrival being 1221 hours (12:21 p.m.). To avoid flak, they skirted Augsburg itself, but remained in the area for 10

minutes, leaving at 1231 hours (12:31 p.m.). Flying at an altitude of 24,000 feet, they picked up the bombers as they moved away from their target-run and escorted them southward to Innsbruck (4716N 1022E) in Austria's western panhandle. There they took their departure from the bombers at 1305 hours (1:05 p.m.), maintaining the same altitude of 24,000 feet. The pilots reported that as they were escorting their charges into the target, a half-dozen B-24s painted silver joined up after approaching from 340-degrees. The interlopers apparently came from the direction of Donauworth, which lay to the north (and a bit west) of Augsburg.

A solid overcast prevented assessing bomb results. Augsburg itself lay hidden under a 10/10 overcast. The whole route lay under this overcast, whose tops rose to 18,000 feet. Just west of Augsburg, the cloud front rose to 35,000 feet, leading the P-38s to fly around it, so as it pick up withdrawing bombers on the other side. Fortunately, there was no enemy air resistance; but flak dotted the skies. It was intense, accurate, and heavy over the target. Additional flak was picked up over what the pilots thought was Altenmarkt (4801N 1232E). On the return trip, they, they ran into some over Innsbruck.

Generally speaking, radio security was excellent. Near Mittersill, situated due east of Innsbruck, fighter pilots did overhear bombers saying they would be about 25 minutes late to rendezvous. That prompted the "Lightnings" to turn completely around in order to meet the bomber formation. When over the Adriatic Sea on the return route, our

pilots got a bearing from "Big Fence" to assist them in returning to base.

Those who completed the mission received sortie credit. Those returning early did not. Two of the early returns has experienced engine trouble. A third early return served as escort for one of them. Another pilot landed out of gas on the 52nd Fighter Group's landing ground, while a fellow "Hangman" set down on an air strip not far from Cutlla (4156N 1509E), apparently for the same reason. Such emergency landings were understandable at the end of long 1100-mile mission.

From October 24-28, 1944, the pilots enjoyed a respite from operational flying. They stood down for five straight days. This came to an end on October 29, 1944. Then, the pilots got a call to fly top cover and dispense flak-detering "chaff" for four groups of the 47th Wing bombers. The bombers; target was Munich (west) marshalling yards in that Bavarian city. For this mission, the Squadron put up 17 P-38s, which took off at 0835 hours (8:35 a.m.). Four "Lightnings" had to return early because plagued by mechanical difficulties. A fifth returned early as an escort.

The remaining 12 P-38s did not get over the target area abut joined the bombers coming off their target-run at five minutes past noon (12:05 p.m.), the coordinates being 4756N 1143E. From there, they escorted the bombers until departure was effected. Thereafter, they flew back to base, landing at 1420 hours (1:45 p.m.), one of them having experienced engine trouble and the other flying as an escort. Throughout the mission, the Squadron flew second in the Group.

What routing was followed on this mission?? The "Lightnings" flew along the briefed route to what they believed to be Wind-Matrei, then proceeded east of the briefed course to the Austrian city of Salzburg. There they headed west, flying over Traunstein, to rendezvous with the bombers near Aying (4756N 1143I). From that point, they winged their way back to base.

It was in Aying's vicinity (4756N 1143E) that our pilots met the bombers as they came off the target at 1205 hours and 18,000 feet. Seven "Lightnings" loaded with "window" upon hearing a call over the radio that they might as well unload the "chaff" dumped 28 container-bombs near that point. One of the P-38s, however, released its "chaff" over

the Adriatic. The "Lightnings" escorted the heavies from the rendezvous (R/V) point to (4724N 1214E) where they took their departure. It was 1230 hours (12:30 p.m.) when they headed for home at 22,000 feet. They reached base at 1420 hours (2:20 p.m.), having flown some 950 miles. The fighters flew a good formation, but the bombers' formation seemed to be made up of fairly-scattered boxes. Aerial resistance was conspicuous by its absence. Flak was encountered over Salsburg (4748N 1303E): some was run into at what was believed to be Sauris (4727N 1243E) in the Italian Alps; and tracking-type heavy flak was flung at the fighters over Carole on the shores of the Gulf of Venice.

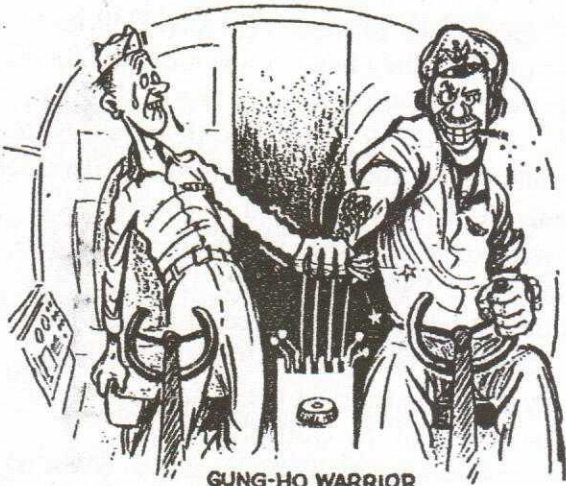
Pilots reported seeing a smoke screen covering Traunstein (4753N 1239E) between Chiemsee (Chiem Lake) and Salzburg, the time of this observation being 1155 hours (11:55 a.m.) and the altitude, 22,000 feet. Approximately a dozen small vessels were seen in Trieste harbor at 1135 hours (11:35 a.m.), but the direction of these ships went unobserved.

No bombing results were reported. The weather was unfavorable for observation. Solid cloud coverage ranging from 1,000-20,000 feet blocked visibility along the route. There were, however, a few holes in the 10/10 coverage, being noticeable over north Italy's coast and Chiem Lake (Chiemsee) in southeastern Germany.

This time, radio security was poor. Talk could be heard about "window" bombs over the radio. At 1158 hours (11:58 a.m.), the Group leader was heard to say that inasmuch as the "chaff" could not be used, it might as well be jettisoned. Most of it was, on the spot. No R/T contact was reported between the fighters and bombers, however.

On the score of sortie credit, three pilots did not receive any, being early returns. Two other pilots did, however, having penetrated sufficiently into enemy territory before engine-trouble caused on to turn back and the other to escort him. The other trio of early returns hadn't penetrated far enough before mechanical difficulties forced them back to base early. Thus of the 17 pilots taking off, 14 were awarded sortie credit. Fortunately, there were no losses to report on the 29 October 1944 mission to Munich (Munchen) in south Germany' Bavaria (Bayren).

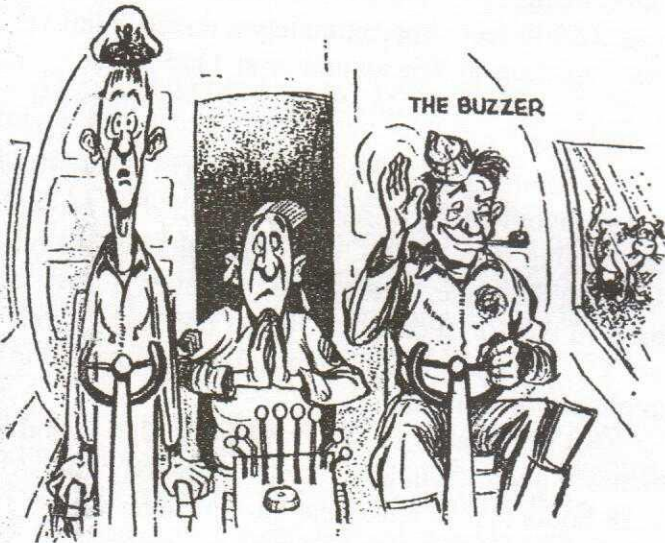
PILOT TYPES



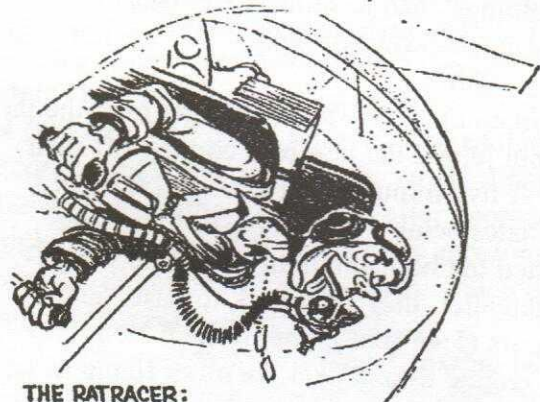
GUNG-HO WARRIOR



EXECUTIVE TYPE

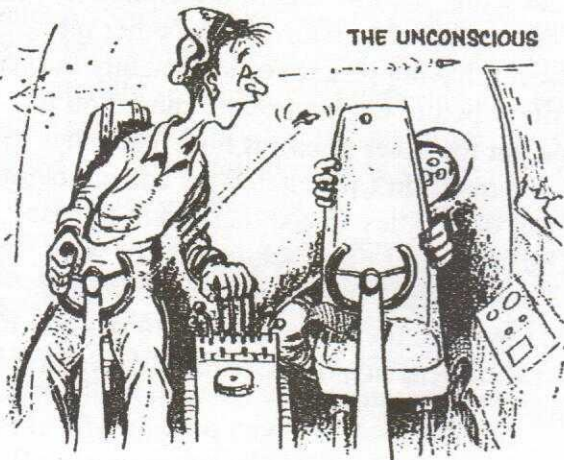


THE BUZZER



THE RATRACER:

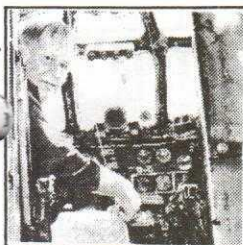
"EH-EH-EH-EH, I GOTCHA!"



THE UNCONSCIOUS



THE SURVIVOR



CHATTER FROM THE FLIGHT DECK

Bob Karstensen

OKAY . . . You good folks have 'done gone n' did it again!' Ever since that last abbreviated (Issue 47½) Ad Lib it seems that a lot of purse-strings have come undone. At least sufficiently enough to put our this full edition of Issue 48. But first I've got to send out "THANK YOU" notes to those that so generously contributed. Individuals donated all the way from \$25 to \$500, per offering.

Along with many of these contributions comes

words of thanks, encouragement and appreciation for the work that the late Peter Massare and I started more than 30 years ago. That is in bringing together us veterans of the 451st into one organized, functioning post-war unit. I feel truly humbled, just for doing something that not only makes me feel good, but strengthens the bonds of fellowship within our organization. I just wish I could do more, but it seems that growing older doesn't make things go faster, just maybe a bit more confusing.

But now, as things are winding down, we come to the conclusion of our biennial reunions. The "Last Reunion" was held in Deerfield, Illinois (just north of the city of Chicago), this last October 2010. The work that Winson Jones put into the effort was appreciated by all those that attended.

**Survivors in Attendance at the Sixteenth and Final Reunion of
The 451st Bomb Group, WWII
Held in Chicago, Illinois on October 22 and 23, 2010**



Row 1 (L to R): 1. Gus Margaritis 2. Alex Kuras 3. Achi Kozakis 4. Vic Klopfenstein 5. Louie Lopez 6. Winson Jones 7. Jack Jones
8. Paul V. Anderson 9. Herb Guinness 10. Bob Anderson 11. Henry Wurthmann

Row 2 (L to R): 1. Larry Bems 2. Peter Polmen 3. Rex Ridenour 4. Milo Sanchez 5. Don Schaffner 6. A. Mike Stauth
7. C.E. Thompson 8. Roy Ferguson 9. Wayne Vorpahl 10. Bill Wagner 11. Jake Wiest

Row 3 (L to R): 1. Ralph Helmericks 2. Sedge Hill 3. Bill Hipple 4. Fred Kuhn 5. Bill Macomber 6. Verne Mason 7. Vic Melnick
8. Jack Miller 9. Richard Minor 10. Seabart Nelson 11. Alex Garcia 12. Linn Newman

Row 4(L to R): 1. George Atkinson 2. Leslie Brue 3. Ed Longenecker 4. Jake Early 5. Dean Eckersley 6. Al Eppetine
7. Nathan Firestone 8. Earl Van Benschoten 9. James Martin 10. Louis Head (not pictured)

OUR DIMINISHING RANKS -- THEIR FINAL FLY-BY

**REPORTED SINCE OUR
LAST (ISSUE 47½) AD LIB**

Headquarters

Ernest A. Bridwell, 23 October 2010 - Dispatch Driver

724th Squadron

(None Listed)

725th Squadron

Paul E. Harden, 1 December 2010 - A/C Commander

Philip J. Zaunbrecher, 3 September 2010 - AEG

726th Squadron

Tyrol B. Coley, 4 November 2010 - Bombardier

Joseph G. Goward, 7 November 2010 - ROG

Samuel J. Nuccio, 10 October 2010 - ROG
William B. Phifer, 24 March 2010 - Gunner
Richard J. Zepf, 22 September 2010 - Flight Chief
727th Squadron

Theodore C. Schaetzle, Jr., 7 August 2010 - Gunner

Morton Smiler, 13 October 2010 - Armament & P.R.O.

60th Service Squadron

Americo Di Nino, 30 November 2008 - Fireman



SPECIAL MEMORIAL TRIBUTE OFFERED IN THE NAME OF:

Donald L. Ayres, 725th Bombardier [Miller's Crew] From Wife, La Rene

Tyrol B. Coley, 726th Bombardier [Ford's Crew] From Comrade Harry Rohde

John G. Doedyns, 727th Crew Chief - From Wife, Marie

Jack H. Engle, 724th Gunner [Innerst's Crew] From Crewmate Nelson Eberspacher

William E. Hoag, 725th Aircraft Commander - From Wife, Virginia

Gerald W. Hopkins, 727th Aircraft Commander From Crewmate Jack 'Little' Jones

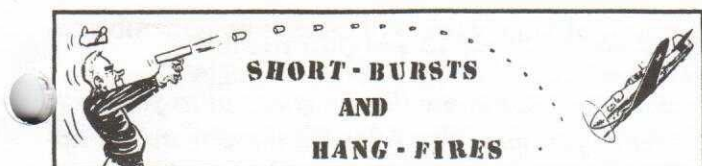
Henry C. Houkal, 727th Navigator [Hopkins Crew] From Crewmate Jack 'Little' Jones

Lewis G. Jeaudoin, 727th Ordinance Section - From Wife, Margaret

Wilbert J. Kaspar, 726th AEG [Lindley's Crew] From Crewmate Robert Pfeilsticker
Wesley L. Lindley, 726th Aircraft Commander From Crewmate Robert Pfeilsticker
Samuel J. Nuccio, 726th ROG [Schauer's Crew] - From Wife, Jeaneene



REMEMBER
A donation of \$50 or more to the 451st Bomb Group in memory of a deceased comrade as an alternative to flowers and other memorials, is an option for all members to consider.



James McElheny, 727th [AIRCRAFT COMMANDER]

Thanks for your recent 451st "Ad Lib," plus all your efforts over the past years. Time goes by too fast, but memories of the 451st remain. Such as the conversations with the control tower (Hick-up Tower). Those are still very strong!

(Editor ... How true that is about not-to-be-forgotten memories. As an aerial gunner (just riding along) I wasn't privy to all that went on between the cockpit and the tower. But I do remember coming back from a mission and overhearing Colonel Hoppock, 727th Squadron Commander doing his stint as Group mission leader, calling the tower. It was memorable in it's wording: "Hoppock to Hick-up -- Hoppock to Hick-up."

Also, Jim, thanks for your generous donation. 'Tis truly appreciated.

E. S. Fraser, 724th [RADAR 'MICKEY' NAVIGATOR]

In addition to this monetary thank you, I want to add my personal appreciation for all you have done over the years to enhance and perpetuate the history of the 451st. I always look forward to the "Ad Libs" and continue to marvel at how you have managed to deep the coming.

Being a "Mickey," I never had a crew of my own, and ended up flying with many different crews among the 4 squadrons. However my heart was always in the 724, especially with Rollins' and Jackson's crews, whom I flew with more than others and I sort of looked on them as my unofficial crews.

(Editor ... Before I start my reminiscing about our affiliations, let me thank you for your most generous donation for our continuation.

But thinking back some 66 years, I can remember "bumping butt" with you as we went to our positions after take-off. Of course, most of the missions that called for a PFF Navigator, like yourself, there was also a "Nose Turret Navigator" that 'bumped' me from my nose turret into flying the 'waist position.

The mission that I remember in detail, was

when you were flying with Stanley Jackson and had a lot of the 724th combat staff on board: Squadron Commander, Doug Stanford -Intelligence Officer, Morris Manoogian - Navigator, James Gibbons - Nose Turret Navigator, James Murphy. Jackson and Sanford were leading the Group on the 26 December 1944 mission to Oswiecim, Poland. I was flying Nose Turret, with Rollins, in the Deputy Lead position when you took the flak hit in the bomb bay section. Your aircraft wobbled a little but managed to stay airborne. The Engineer, T/Sgt DeWitt Macey, had his hands full sealing off the fuel leaks. Luckily you made it into Russia and returned some time later, back to Base, but without a/c 44-49423

Rollins took over the Flight and when we returned to Base he was made the Squadron Commander, moving up from Operation Officer to this vaulted position.

David H. Eagles, 726th [GUNNER - JOHN E. MORWOOD'S CREW]

Regarding the passing/death of our Navigator, Robert Ashba. On our way to combat in Europe, Bob was responsible for the safe passage of the crew. Had it not been for his excellent navigational skills we may have perished near the Lajes Airbase, as did 20 others who were in 2 B-17's that crashed into the hills.

(Editor ... It's great to recall the achievements of those we served with. It seems like the older we get, the more we honor those that have taken the 'Final Flight.' There's a million memories out there, from our wartime past.)

Sallie (Eaton) Elliott [DAUGHTER OF COLONEL ROBERT E.L EATON]

We were sorry to hear that the life of "The 451st" is slowing down a bit which we know is normal in this day and time.

Nevertheless, enclosed is our check which we hope will help out in your effort to keep the "Ad-Lib" alive and kicking. You do such a good job in keeping the "Bomb Group" so alive in everyone's mind. Keep up the good work!

(Editor ... I can't add anything to your kind words .. except THANK YOU.)

Alan Wolfley, 725th [Squadron Bombardier]

As another July 30th hails into view I want to recognize and remember the date with a contribution to the organization.

How Paul Johnshoy ever got that bird back to Base, I'll never know. We had no business living

beyond that date of 30 July 1944; all ten of us (or were there eleven--I harbor the thought that Manoo-gian (724th Intelligence Officer) was aboard?) should have been vaporized except for the fact that that particular .88 mm shell never exploded. It ruined the plane, blowing holes entering and exiting the fuselage (and part of the wing) but no "bang" followed. The Engineer and I (and probably others, as well) were covered with red (from leaking avgas) and blue (for equally leaking hydraulic fluid) standing on the open "cat-walk" tying up the lines with tape from the First Aid Kit WHAT A DAY!

(Editor ... Boy, Alan, if the 30th of July brings back memories to you, it certainly does for me as well. As an 18 year old kid, I was flying my 7th mission as spare Nose Gunner with Pilot Jonathan S. Martin's crew. My log shows that we were attacked by German ME 109's on the way to Budapest, and back. That was the first time I ever fired my guns in combat. If I recall, we saw your aircraft take that hit, and in the fear of you guys blowing up, the formation seemed to fall apart. We ended up tagging-on with another Group and got back to Italy later. I'd say it was worth the generous donation you made, just to recall, and commemorate that day.)

Walter C. Downing, 724th [BOMBARDIER - JOHN A. DUNSMOOR'S CREW]

Just a brief note to thank you for all you have done to keep the 451st going all of these years. Such dedication merits a strong "THANK YOU" from all of the members.

I read each issue of the Ad Lib and appreciate all of the news about members of the 451st. I haven't attended reunions in the last several years because I don't travel all that well anymore.

(Editor ... Thanks Walt for the kudo's on my efforts to maintain our organization. It's always been a joy to receive compliments from you guys. Since my abbreviated 47« Ad Lib I've been getting some nice contributions and comments. The best I can say is that I'll keep the effort going as long as I can ... thanks to you grateful members and families of our deceased.)

Kenneth S. Duncan, 725th [GUNNER - KENNETH C. MORSE'S CREW]

Just wanted you to know what a wonderful job you have done over the years to retain the memories of the GREAT 451st Bomb Group. My sincere ap-

preciation of your work will always be remembered by me.

(Editor ... Again my thanks goes out to you and the rest of you guys that offer me these words of appreciation. Your kudo's, along with your financial contributions, keeps this organization alive, Thanks Ken.)

Audrey Smelski, [727th ASSOCIATE MEMBER, WIDOW OF JOHN SMELSKI]

Here's a voice out of your past ... way back! We even came to your house for coffee in an RV with Lucky and Marie in 1982. My late husband, John, was your absolute biggest fan. He only made two reunions before he passed away in 1985, and how he looked forward to them and loved them. After his passing I attended, sometimes alone or with my kids. I just wanted to thank you for some of the best memories of my life and of John's.

If any of these people are still around, give them my love: Carmine Pacleo, Sedge & Willie Hill and Bobbi Kelly.

(Editor ... Again, I owe a humble thanks for your comments, Audrey. As my lead story says, "A 451st LOOK-BACK," brings past memories into focus - AGAIN! It was always a fun-time, and you folks made it so. I'll pass on your greetings to two of the survivor's that you noted. Sedge & Willie, along with Bobbi are still with us. Carmine passed away beck in February of 2007. Hang in there, KID!)

William Lang, 725th [COPILOT: HUBERT C. FONES' CREW]

Received your latest Ad Lib. Thanks - Good to hear from you. I was the Copilot from the 725th Squadron that refused to fly with Captain Kendall K. Fish on his ill fated flight to Capri. One of my best decisions, since I'm still living at age 93.

(Editor ... To those not familiar with the K.K. Fish incident that happened off the coast of Capri, here's the information I have. Captain Fish, with his Copilot, Lt. Thomas Gold and Engineer, T/Sgt Robert Burley, along with 4 passengers, took off from the Capodishiso, Italy (Naples) airport for a 'joy ride' up and around the Isle of Capri. During the course of the flight struck the edge of a cliff. As the Accident Report states it: "Left wing torn off, Aircraft exploded and sank into deep water. Effort to recover the aircraft were unsuccessful." By the way .. Thanks for the nice donation.)

Captain Clayton E. Evans..Commanding
Major Charles S. Bentley...Executive
1st Lt. Jack Bernstein.....Adjutant
2nd Lt. Peter S. Massare.....Mess

727TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON (H)
451ST BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)
FAIRMONT ARMY AIR FIELD
GENEVA, NEBRASKA

THANKSGIVING DAY
25 NOVEMBER 1943

Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow,
Praise God All Creatures Here Below,
Praise Him Above, Ye Heavenly Hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

The 727th Bombardment Squadron (H)
cordially invites the guests of the
members of this organization to this
Thanksgiving Dinner.



M E N U

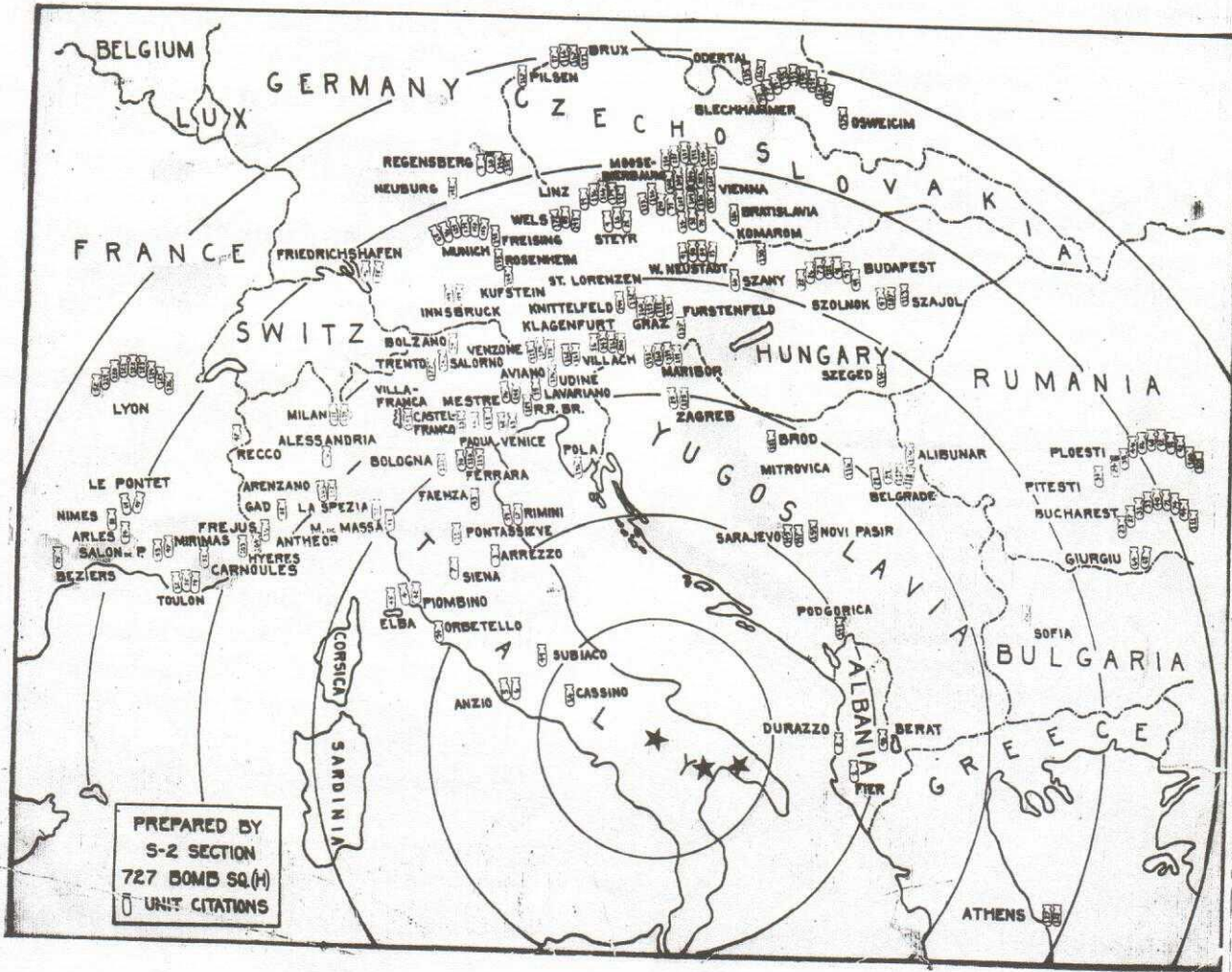
Staff Sergeant James F. O'Malley, Mess Sergeant

- Fruit Cup
- Roast Turkey in Dressing
- Brown Gravy
- Cranberry Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes
- Creamed Corn
- Buttered Peas
- Crisp Celery
- Tomatoe and Lettuce Salad
- Assorted Pickles
- Pumpkin Pie
- Hot Rolls
- Butter
- Apples
- Grapes
- Coffee and Cream

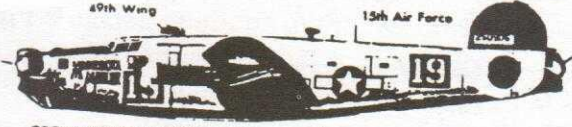
REMEMBER: YOUR \$\$\$ DONATIONS HELPS OUR CAUSE



 451ST BOMB GROUP (H) JAN. 30, 1944 - FEB. 24, 1945



FORMER MEMBERS OF THE
451ST Bombardment Group (H) WW'II. LTD.



49th Wing 15th Air Force
GROUP HEADQUARTERS 724th 715th 726th 727th Squadrons



Nonprofit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 21

1032 South State Street
Marengo, Illinois 60152

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Jane Tudor
20 Stonebrooke Road
Scarborough ME 04074