

43RD BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION, INC. "KEN'S MEN"



NEWSLETTER 110th EDITION APRIL 2009

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Headquarters Squadron

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65th Squadron

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Past Presidents

Robert Butler 1981-1984

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William H. Wilson, Jr. 1988-1991*

Dale F. Barr, Jr. 1992-1993*

Max Osborn 1994-1995*

James T. Murphy 1996-1997*

Samuel F. Commons 1998-1999

Max M. Axelsen 2000-2001

Roger T. Kettleson 2002-2003

Charles Rauch 2004-2005

Jim Cherkauer 2006-2007

James Thompson Jr 2008

*=Deceased

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

"These are the times that try men's souls," are words that may aptly explain some of our thoughts of this time. However, they were made famous in 1776 in a pamphlet titled, "Common Sense," by **Thomas Paine**. Sadly, though, these words inspired Americans into a revolutionary rebellion for Independence.

But actions often do speak more loudly than words, and Paine's actions did not live up to his rhetoric. Paine failed as a soldier, then left America in 1787 and returned to England. He eventually fell from favor there and became a French Citizen in 1792. But he then rejected Christianity and denied that the Bible was the word of GOD. His welcome was worn out in France, so he returned to America in 1802. Where he died as a virtual outcast in 1809.

I've long held respect for the lessons of history, but words although inspiring, result for nothing without appropriate actions. Paine's actions pale by comparison to the words and actions of the 56 Americans who composed and signed the Declaration of Independence! This action was an act of treason against the Crown of England, most of these men endured terrible consequences for their courageous deed, inspired by their devotion to the principles of freedom.

That freedom won, allowed America to build the first great world Democracy. But the success has always been threatened by those who would seek to share our wealth, and destroy that freedom. Young Americans of many generations have been called upon to fight and die to maintain those principles proclaimed by those 56 brave men who gathered in Philadelphia. Their resolve to sustain their words with action was affirmed in the final line of that document, ".....and for the support of this

Declaration with a firm reliance on the protection of Devine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

The men who served in the 43rd Bomb Group were part of a generation that would battle throughout the world to preserve those great freedoms of our country and all others in the world seeking that freedom. Now we can also recognize the many threats to those principles that emerge again and again. There can be debate and dissent in choosing the appropriate and effective means to preserve freedom, but the courage and resolve to be free will always need to be defended, not just by word alone, but by actions!

As we of this reunion group see our numbers decline, we do know that we were a generation that put action in support of our words, and defeated just one of those many great challenges to freedom in the world. These challenges continue to this day, and will be perpetual.

The nature of our mission in war was characterized by great teamwork, which molded relationships that have continued all of our lives. We will all soon fade into history and we must hope that our history will provide positive lessons for future generations.

Our Past President and loyal member, **Max Axelsen, 403rd Pilot**, is putting together another fine reunion. We would sure like to see you all at the Alamo in San Antonio this September.

President and Historian,

Eldon E. Lawson

*******EDITOR'S and MEMBER'S REPORTS*******

"The problem with socialism is that you eventually run out of other people's money."

Margaret Thatcher

Back in March of 2008, **Jim Cherkauer** sent a history of the 43rd covering August 15, 1945 through February 20, 1945. It was written by the late **Arte Byrne, 65th Intelligence Officer**. Art died before he could complete this document and put it into proper format for publication. It is in rough draft and graphics are missing, but it is interesting and will be presented (as is) in this and future newsletters.

I received the following letter, dated December 24, 2008, from **David A. Adams, 403rd Squadron, Pilot**. "In the 108th edition, October 2008 Newsletter, top of page 7, a request was made from associate member **Robert Naumann**." You will find a copy of the letter I sent him enclosed. (Included as an attachment to this newsletter.)

Also as a comment re 43rd HUMOR on page 12, March 31, **Joe E. Brown** was in New Guinea. I was the one who flew him to New Guinea. Funny thing was that another officer and I met Mr. Brown in the Stork Club in New York City, shortly before the war started. He invited us to his table. He wanted to know what his son was going thru in pilot training. Marilyn Monroe and several others were at his table. We had a real nice evening. He even remembered me and my name."

Sincerely, *David A. Adams*

It is great to have a response to a person who is searching for information about a specific Kensmen or any history/data concerning the 43rd Bomb Group. We need more of this activity from our members.

February 5, 2009, received a letter from **Charles R. Cole, 403rd Squadron, Maintenance Crew Chief**, which included dues for 08 and 09. Charley also reports a new address: 7232 Pleasant Valley Road, Cogan Station, PA 17728. The following is additional news:

"My wife passed away six years ago and would believe it? This old 43rd veteran of 91 years remarried. The fact is, this was the only way I could see to retire. No more cooking, washing dishes, house cleaning, etc.

This is retirement! Breakfast and Newspaper on the table when I get up in the morning, I do mow the lawn with riding mower. My health is excellent one hundred percent. I keep busy and help at a cemetery. I like it there as no one gives me any lip. So far!

I enjoy the 43rd Group Newsletter. I plan to write an article on the B-17F S/N 41-24353 "Cap'n and The Kids" which was renamed "Miss Em" when I became Crew Chief, Flight Engineer/Top Turret Gunner during the Philippine Campaign".

Thank you and have a Good Day and a Good Year, *Charley and Alice*

A letter from **William L. Jobe, 64th Squadron, Radio/Gunner**: "I've just mailed my dues to Elaine. I really enjoy getting the Newsletter. It's always interesting to read about some of the missions we flew in New Guinea. I guess there's not too many of us left from that era. I was the youngest on our crew and I'll be 85 this month.

I'm sending you a copy of our experiences from late 1943 thru 1944, which you may consider worthwhile for the Newsletter. Some of this info was given to **Janice Olson**, the daughter of a B-17 pilot. She was doing research on missing aircraft and wrote me that my diary was a great help to her. I also gave **Larry Hickey** this information along with aerial photos of bomb bursts at Wewak and Hansa Bay. He told me that, with a/c numbers it was a "virtual gold-mine" of information. He was especially interested in our flight in "Zombie" when we were shot-up by Zeros and made an emergency landing in Lae.

On behalf of my crew, I would be pleased and honored if you could run it in a future Newsletter. I am sure some of our members can relate with some of those dates"

William L. Jobe

William, I will honor your request in a future Newsletter. As noted above, I have scheduled a previously received diary, which is quite extensive.

Received a letter from **Charles R. Cole, 403rd Squadron, Crew Chief**, dated March 5, 2009. A notice in his local newspaper about the Bismarck Sea Battle, prompted Charles to write us. His letter is included as an Attachment of this Newsletter.

March 16, an edited e-mail from **Sam Commons 65th Flight Engineer**, reports the following: "Words cannot express how very much I appreciate your cards, letters and e-mails. Truly, I received over 300 items of correspondence! I was overcome by your friendship that I will always remember.

Although I still have weekly blood tests and have doctor appointment about once a month, I feel great and I'm walking very well. I am looking forward to a game of golf and a month or so. I appreciate the assistance of my children. **Rachel**, who made daily visits to the hospital and has scheduled all of my PT and doctor appointments. She escorts me to these physician visits and test. **Jill** has handled my daily mail and paid all of the bills. **Matthew** calls daily and will be coming in this weekend with **Claire**. I hope we can figure out my taxes this year. Thankfully I have health insurance and most of the bills will be covered. **Amy** has invited me to an Atlanta visit April 30 through May 3.

My final Physical Therapy is completed, but I go to the gym a couple of times a week just to keep up my strength. I hope to find time to forward some e-mail soon. Again I thank you all for keeping in touch. My health is now good. I have no pain, but still take over a dozen pills each day!

Thanks, dear friends. Best Regards,

Sam Commons

*****MEMORIALS*****

Received phone calls from **Nancy Solomon** reporting the death of **Ingrid Farha**, widow of **Charles Farha, HDQRS, Intelligence Officer** and the passing of **Roger Sullivan, 403rd Squadron, Pilot**.

Via e-mail, **Jim Cherkauer** reports that **Jack T. Nunnellee, 64th Squadron, Nose Gunner** died from heart failure 11Jan09. Jim received this information from **June Panther** who had attended several of our recent reunions as Jack's guest.

The June 9, 2007 death of **Clinton A. Douthitt, 403rd Squadron, Flight Engineer/Gunner** was reported via telephone by his daughter.

A January 29th letter from **Laura Rhodes: "Franklin "Dusty" or "Jack" Rhodes, 65th Squadron, Pilot** passed away July 25, 2008, four days after his 90th birthday.

Jack lost his first wife after 34 years of marriage, three sons and a daughter. Jack and I were married in 1983. I have three sons and a daughter. Over the years, we have multiplied to 16 children (8 in-laws), 19 grandchildren (4 in-laws) and 3 great grandchildren. Jack was a true gentleman, a loving husband and grandfather and great-grandfather.

Jack's years in the Air Force meant a great deal to him and, of course, subsequently to me; I believe I heard all of his World War II stories more than twice. He enjoyed the newsletter so much, especially the diaries of the men in the 43rd whose many missions paralleled missions he had flown.

For Father's Day a few years ago, Jack's children gave us an all-expense paid trip to Washington, D.C. We had a great time seeing all of the historic sites, especially the amazing World War II Memorial which reminded us of the many sacrifices for this blessed freedom we enjoy.

A salute to you men of the 43rd you truly are the Greatest Generation-----our heartfelt thanks to you"

Sincerely, *Laura Rhodes*

Received a note from **Louise Bailey** dtd February 2, 2009--"Notice of death of **Roy Burdell Bailey, 64th Squadron, Nose Turret Gunner**, July 29, 2008 of lung cancer. Please remove name from mailing list. We both enjoyed attending the reunions and will remember them fondly. May all members be blessed and happy"

Sincerely, *Louise Bailey*

*****43rd HUMOR*****

For All Blondes

A beautiful blonde from Dublin arrived at the casino and bet twenty-thousand dollars on a single roll of the dice. She said, "I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude."

With that, she stripped from the neck down, rolled the dice and yelled, "Come on, baby, Mama, needs new clothes!" As the dice came to a stop, she jumped up and down and squealed "YES! YES! I WON, I WON!" She hugged each of the dealers and then picked up her winnings and her clothes and quickly departed.

The dealers stared at each other dumbfounded. Finally, one asked, "What did she roll?" The other answered, "I don't know - I thought you were watching."

MORAL OF THE STORY: Not all Irish are honest. Not all blondes are dumb. But all men are men!

The Back Pew

from Sam Commons, 65th Flight Engineer

A pastor's wife was expecting a baby, so he stood before the congregation and asked for a raise. After much discussion they passed a rule that whenever the preacher's family expanded, so would his paycheck. After 6 children, this became expensive and the congregation decided to hold another meeting to discuss the preacher's expanding salary. A great deal of yelling and bickering ensued, as to how much the clergyman's additional children were costing the church, and how much more it could potentially cost.

After listening to them for about an hour, the pastor rose from his chair and spoke. "Children are a gift from GOD, and we will take as many gifts as HE gives us." Silence fell on the congregation.

In the back pew, a little old lady struggled to stand, and finally said in her frail voice, "Rain is also a gift from GOD, but when we get too much of it, we wear rubbers!"

The entire congregation shouted, "AMEN!"

For Grandparents

A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."

When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep cool. "That's interesting," she said, "how do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

And finally! My Grandparents are funny, when they bend over, you hear gas leaks, and they blame their dog!
From the Editor: I know you have been there and done that! Ed

*****INFORMATION*****

This newsletter is published four times a year - **January, April, July and October**. Please send **membership applications** and **dues payments** to **Elain Pierce, P.O. Box 84, Snyder, TX 79550**. Please keep in mind that annual dues are **\$20.00 per year** and life membership is **\$100.00**. Please make the check to the **43rd Bomb Group Association**.

Send items for the **Newsletter** to **Ed Gammill at 5415 E. Osborn Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85018-6106** or via e-mail to **Edgammill@aol.com**. Any material receive after the 15th of the month prior to a publication month probably will not appear in that publication.

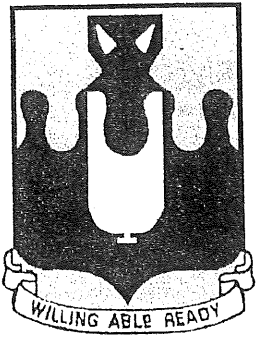
The Postal Service **will not forward** this newsletter. If you change your address **please notify Ed Gammill** at the address shown above. Send all changes of phone numbers, etc. also.

*****REUNION INFORMATION*****

Max Axelsen has established September 23 through 27, 2009 as the date for our next reunion in San Antonio, TX. The data concerning cost, entertainment, speakers, programs and the deadline for making your reservations has been completed. This data is included in the Attachments.

*****ATTACHMENTS*****

- 1-Max's and Margaret's invitation letter
- 2-Hotel reservation form----take care of this prior to the **August 24** cut off date
- 3-Reunion Registration form----send it to Max ASAP
- 4-2009 Reunion planning information (8 pages)
- 5-David Adams letter to Robert Naumann
- 6-Charles R. Cole's letter
- 7-Arte Byrne's History (the first 10 pages)



43RD BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION, INC.
"KEN'S MEN"



APRIL 2009

Howdy, 43rd Group Associates, friends, guests...and y'all others! We're gathering again down in San Antonio, for our 29th reunion. Our "bunkhouse" will be the HOLIDAY INN - at the Riverwalk..217 No. St. Mary's St. There's other Holiday Inn's in San Antonio, so make sure if your driving, or "cabbng", that you get to the right place! There won't be much going at the other Inns. The hotel reservation form reflects all the salient information. If you call in your reservation, make sure you let them know that you're a 43rd Bomb Group person/party/or guest. Our room rate is \$109.00/day plus taxes, and that rate applies to guests coming in two days prior and staying a couple days after the reunion. Auto parking is available at \$9.00/day.

All of the major airlines serve San Antonio....American, Continental, Frontier, US Airways, Northwest-Delta, and Southwest. The airport is located on the northern edge of the city, just eight miles from downtown. Shuttle service is not provided by the hotel, but cabs and vans are readily available and the normal fare is about \$22-25 for up to six people. If you're driving, directions to Holiday Inn-Riverwalk from the airport, or any place in Texas, are enclosed..

We extend a warm welcome to all our membership, family members, and guests. We meet in a city known for its hospitality and friendliness. Our reunion program includes visits to some historic attractions, and the opportunity to learn of the cities history. Sufficient free time has been planned to allow you to do exploring on your own in areas of your interest. Golf has not been scheduled since few folks have participated in the recent reunions. However, time will be available should a foursome wish to "crankup" a game. One of the finest military parades is held each Friday morning at Lackland Air Force Base...the Gateway to the Air Force.. This is graduation day for the young men and women completing eight and a half weeks of training on entering service in the United States Air Force. This event is included in the Friday tour, and we strongly recommend your attendance. It will surely make you proud! The parade ground is surrounded by aircraft of our era as well as those of later years. Plan on attending this event!

We know you will enjoy our reunion at San Antonio, so plan on having a wonderful time.

Your reunion planners. Max & Margaret Axelsen

DIRECTIONS TO HOLIDAY INN RIVERWALK FROM:

AUSTIN/
DALLAS: Take I-35 South to I-37 / 281 South; Exit Commerce Street; Make a Right on Commerce Street; six traffic lights to Navarro Street; Make a Right on Navarro Street; Three Traffic lights to Houston Street; Make a Left on Houston Street; One Traffic light to N. St. Mary's Street; Make a Left on N. St. Mary's Street; We will be on the right hand side half a block up.

HOUSTON: Take I-10 West to I-37 North; Exit Commerce Street; Make a Left on Commerce Street; Six Traffic lights to Navarro Street; Make a Right on Navarro Street; Three Traffic lights to Houston Street; Make a Left on Houston Street; One Traffic light to N. St. Mary's; Make a left on North St. Mary's; We will be on the right hand side a half a block up.

CORPUS
CHRISTI/
RIO
GRANDE
VALLEY: Take I-37 North; Exit Commerce Street; Make a left on Commerce Street; Six Traffic Lights to Navarro Street; Make a Right on Navarro Street; Three Traffic Lights to Houston Street; Make a Left on Houston Street; One Traffic Light to N. St. Mary's Street; Make a Left on N. St. Mary's Street; We will be on the right hand side half a block up.

EL PASO/
FIESTA TX. Take I-10 East to I-35 South; Exit Durango Street; First Traffic Light will Be Santa Rosa Street; Make a Left on Santa Rosa Street; Take Santa Rosa Street to Houston Street; Make a Right on Houston Street; Take Houston Street to North St. Mary's; Make a Right on N. St. Mary's Street; we will Be on the right hand side half a block up.

LAREDO: Take I-35 North; Exit Durango; First Traffic light will be Santa Rosa Street; Make a Left on Santa Rosa Street; Take Santa Rosa Street to Houston Street; Make a Right on Houston Street; Take Houston Street to N. St. Mary's Street; Make a Right on N. St. Mary's Street; We will be on the right hand side half a block up.

AIRPORT: Take HWY. 281 South; Exit Commerce Street; Make a Right on Commerce Street; Six Traffic Lights to Navarro Street; Make a Right on Navarro Street; Three Traffic Lights to Houston Street; Make a Left on Houston Street; One Traffic Light to N. St. Mary's Street; Make a Left on St. Mary's Street; We will be on the right hand side half a block up.

SEAWORLD: Take Hwy. 151 East to Hwy 90 East to I-35 North; Exit Durango Street; First Traffic Light will be Santa Rosa Street; Make a Left on Santa Rosa Street; Take Santa Rosa Street to Houston Street; Make a Right on Houston Street; Take Houston Street to N. St. Mary's Street; Make a Right on N. St. Mary's Street; We will be on the right hand side half a block up.

43RD BOMB GP. REUNION SCHEDULE
23-27 Sept. 2009

Wednesday - 23 Sept.

3:00 PM - Registration Room opens. (Foyer off Memorabilia room) 1st floor above lobby.
3:00 PM - 6:00 PM - Memorabilia room setup. Afternoon at your leisure.
7:00 PM - 9:00 PM - Board of Directors meeting. Memorabilia room.

Thursday - 24 Sept.

7:30 AM - 8:30AM - Continental Breakfast. Memorabilia room.
10:00 AM - 3:00 PM -Daisy Tour. (See Tour information sheet).
5:00 PM - 6:00 PM - Welcome Reception. Skyline Atrium at 7th floor.
-Dinner on your own..
7:30 PM - 9:00 PM - Squadron Meetings & a special program for all. Tango 1
on 7th floor.

Friday - 25 Sept.

7:00 AM - 8:00 AM - Continental Breakfast. Memorabilia room.
8:00 AM - 3:00 PM - Daisy Tour..(See Tour information sheet).
6:00 PM - 9:00 PM - Mexican Fiesta Buffet & Mariachi musical group. Skyline Atrium.

Saturday - 26 Sept.

7:00 AM - 9:00 AM - Continental Breakfast. Memorabilia room.
9:30 AM -11:00 AM General Meeting. Tango 1
Lunch on your own.
5:00 PM - 7:00 PM - Photo session & cocktails. Tango 1 & 2.
7:00 PM -10:00 PM - Dinner Banquet & Dancing.

Sunday - 27 Sept.

8:00 AM - 9:00 AM - Memorial Service. Tango 4.
9:00 AM -11:00 AM -Farewell Breakfast. Skyline Atrium.
11:00 AM - 12:00 AM - Checkout & Departure

THE TOURS

Thursday - 24 Sept.

10:00 AM - Depart Hotel

10:15 AM - Institute of Texas Cultures. Here you will find exhibits displaying the many cultures that make up the Texans. One of visitors favorite places to browse.

11:30 AM A boat ride on the San Antonio River. A delightful barge trip on the river which shows all the restaraunts, hotels, and business establishments along the riverwalk. The helmsmen point out all the interesting sites, and the good ones even inject a bit of humor!

1:00 PM Mexican Market. Enjoy lunch on your own, and shopping at the largest, and oldest Mexican Market in the United States.

2:30 PM Return to hotel. (Tour cost: \$33.00.....based on minimum of 40 persons).

Friday - 25 Sept.

8:00 AM Depart hotel for parade at Lackland AFB & local tour of interesting sites.

8:30 AM Arrive Lackland, view parade & grounds, and leave for Mission San Jose .

10:30 AM Mission San Jose. In the 18th century, the Spanish church established five Catholic missions along the San Antonio River, primarily to convert the local population. The Alamo is the most widely known and popular of these missions, but the Mission San Jose, established in 1720, was a model for other missions - and was the most prosperous.

11:30 AM Depart for the Alamo. Stop for lunch on your own, and then on to the Alamo, known as the Shrine of Texas Liberty. This was the site of the famous battle fought there in 1836, forever changing the lives and attitudes of the Texans.. Just down the street..about three blocks on Commerce St., is River Center Mall, and within the Mall is the Imax Theatre wherein the story of the Alamo is presented each day. If you've never seen this film, go see it since it's a realistic presentation of the battle that resulted in Texas becoming a part of the Republic.

2:00 PM San Fernando Cathedral. This has been the Spiritual Center of San Antonio for over 200 years, and is the oldest cathedral in the United States.

2:30 PM Driving tour of downtown.

3:00 PM Return to hotel. (Tour cost: \$33.00 per person...based on minimum of 40 persons)

Now, y'all yankee's, friends, neighbors, etc. Saddle up your bronc's, put on your stetson, boots, sidearms, and be with us to enjoy this great adventure.....the 29th reunion of our great organization!! We guarantee you will enjoy your adventure to south Texas and our gatherings with comrades of the "Great Generation".

SAN ANTONIO HIGHLIGHTS

■ **The Alamo** - Known for the Battle of the Alamo in 1836. The famous shrine where a small band of patriots gave their lives for the Independence of Texas. Inside the shrine are many exhibits from the fight.

■ **Market Square** - The historic Market Square is San Antonio's most unique and exciting shopping, dining and entertainment experience! From a century-old pharmacy decorated with memories, a 24-hour restaurant and bakery featuring homemade Mexican delicacies to an outstanding art gallery representing the Southwest's most prominent artists, Market Square offers an overwhelming selection of extraordinary gifts and souvenirs from its street lined shops and boutiques.

■ **River Walk** - Stroll along the San Antonio River, bordered by restaurants, shops, galleries, and hotels. People watching is popular here! There are many festivals and special events on the River Walk all year round. The River Walk is about 2-1/2 miles long. The Alamo is the top tourism attraction in Texas, and the River Walk is the second most popular.

■ **Ya-Wanna-go-onna-cruise?** - The Yanaguana (pronounced *Yah-Nah-Gwah-Nah*) cruise on the Riverwalk is the most fun you can have while sitting down in San Antonio and a Yanaguana Guided Cruise will last about 30-40 minutes. We've launched a whole new fleet of cruisers with a ship shape new company manning the decks. Which is why you'll enjoy a totally new experience from stern to stern and port to starboard. It's entertaining. It's interesting and it'll definitely give you that floating sensation. Because if you haven't taken a Yanaguana Cruise, you haven't done the River Walk.

■ **Six Flags Fiesta Texas** - This exciting, new theme park celebrates the culture and traditions of San Antonio and South Texas through song, dance, rides, food, fireworks, craft demonstrations and architecture.

■ **Sea World of Texas** - The world's largest marine life showplace, features killer whales, dolphin/beluga whale, sea lion and water ski shows; water rides; penguin and shark exhibits; a new tropical theme children's play area; botanical garden; and concerts starring top artists.

■ **Institute of Texas Cultures** - The state's ethnic diversity and pioneer heritage are represented in exhibits featuring approximately thirty cultures.

■ **Alamodome** - This state of the art, multipurpose stadium opened May 1993. The building features a suspended, rectangular dome, and accommodates professional and amateur sports events, trade shows, conventions, motor sports events, concerts and public events.

■ **Tower of the Americas** - This 750 foot tower, which is located in HemisFair Park, symbolizes unity in the Western Hemisphere.

■ **Rivercenter Mall** - Features 135 shops, restaurants, IMAX and AMC Rivercenter 9 Theatres.

■ **IMAX Theatre** - This state of the art theatre, with a six story tall screen and magnetic stereo system, catapults the viewer directly into the Battle of the Alamo.

■ **The Rivercenter Comedy Club** - Hottest Comedy Club in Texas! Located in the Rivercenter Mall.

■ **Planet Hollywood** - Inspired by film and television...designed to capture the excitement and glamour of Hollywood... Filled with rare movie memorabilia. Located in the Westbank, across from the Hyatt.

■ **Hard Rock Cafe** - Featuring memorabilia from rock's most legendary performers, the Hard Rock Cafe San Antonio is the only place to get original Hard Rock Cafe merchandise.

■ **The Shops of Paseo Del Alamo** - A shopping Fiesta! Stroll the walkside shops in the historic downtown Alamo area. Shops are located in the spectacular Atrium of the Hyatt Regency San Antonio.

Other Attractions you don't want to miss!

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| - King William Historic District | - Witte Museum | - San Antonio Mission Trails |
| - San Fernando Cathedral | - San Antonio Art Museum | - McNay Art Museum |
| - Spanish Governor's Palace | - Botanical Gardens | - Guadalupe Cultural Arts |
| - San Antonio Zoo | - Sunken Gardens | - North Star Mall |

and much more...

GOLF *

■ **The Quarry Golf Course** - The "Quarry", a new championship golf course. Chiseled from stone, The Quarry is defined as a monument to Texas golf. Nominated for Golf Digest's "Best New Public Golf Course - 1994" award.

■ **Pecan Valley** - Pecan Valley Golf Course is the past host of the PGA Championship. Golf Digest has rated this course "one of the top 75 public golf course in America" every year since 1984. In fact, it is in the top 50 on that prestigious list.

■ **Hyatt Regency Hill Country Resort** - From the verandah of the ranch-style clubhouse the Hyatt Regency Hill Country Resort's championship course seems to have been there forever- not just since 1993. With plenty of cactus, native oak and Texas wildflowers, the course blends in naturally with its surroundings. Three par 4s are less than 340 yards-a reprieve from the three that are over 445.

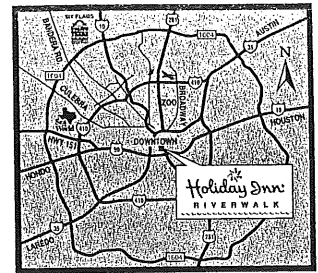
■ **La Cantera** - Carved from the palatial walls of a limestone quarry and nestled amid the natural elegance of live oak trees, streams and South Texas wildlife. Weiskopf and Morrish have designed several of Golf Digest's "top 100" golf courses. La Cantera has been recognized as one of the best new courses in the United States and Canada by Golf Digest Magazine.

*prices may vary

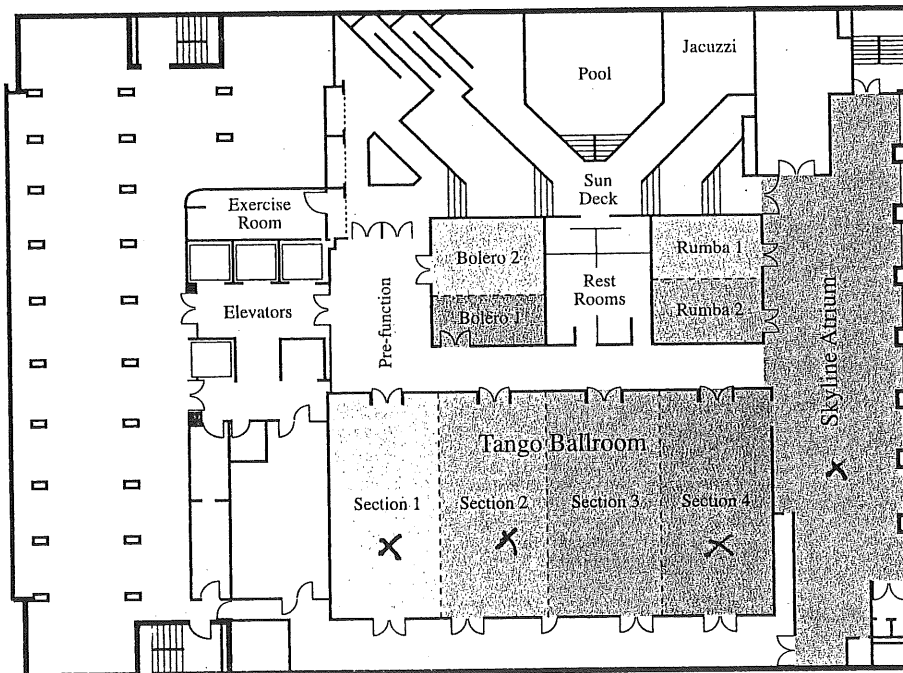
Holiday Inn®

RIVERWALK

Making waves on the San Antonio River

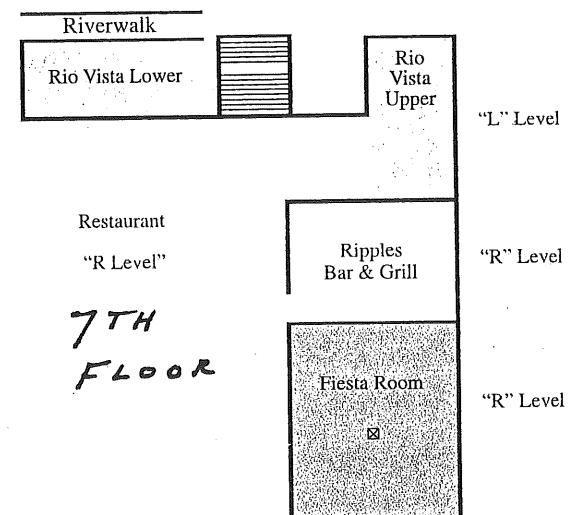


Meeting Room	Dimension	Sq. Ft.	Ceiling	Reception	Banquet	Theater	Classroom*
Tango Ballroom	50 x 104	5200	12' 6"	600	450	650	300
Section 1	26 x 50	1300	12' 6"	150	110	160	75
Section 2	26 x 50	1300	12' 6"	150	110	160	75
Section 3	26 x 50	1300	12' 6"	150	110	160	75
Section 4	26 x 50	1300	12' 6"	150	110	160	75
Sky Line Atrium	75 x 30	2250	12' 6"	250	190	250	150
Rumba	32 x 23	736	10'	65	50	65	35
Rumba 1	16 x 23	368	10'	40	20	30	18
Rumba 2	16 x 23	368	10'	40	20	30	18
Bolero	32 x 29	928	10'	60	70	85	48
Bolero 1	14 x 29	406	10'	20	20	25	15
Bolero 2	18 x 29	522	10'	40	40	40	30
Fiesta Room	32 x 45	1440	10'	160	110	160	90
Rio Vista Upper		1980		100	60		
Rio Vista Lower		864		100	40		



Numbers shown are maximum capacity with basic audio visual setup.

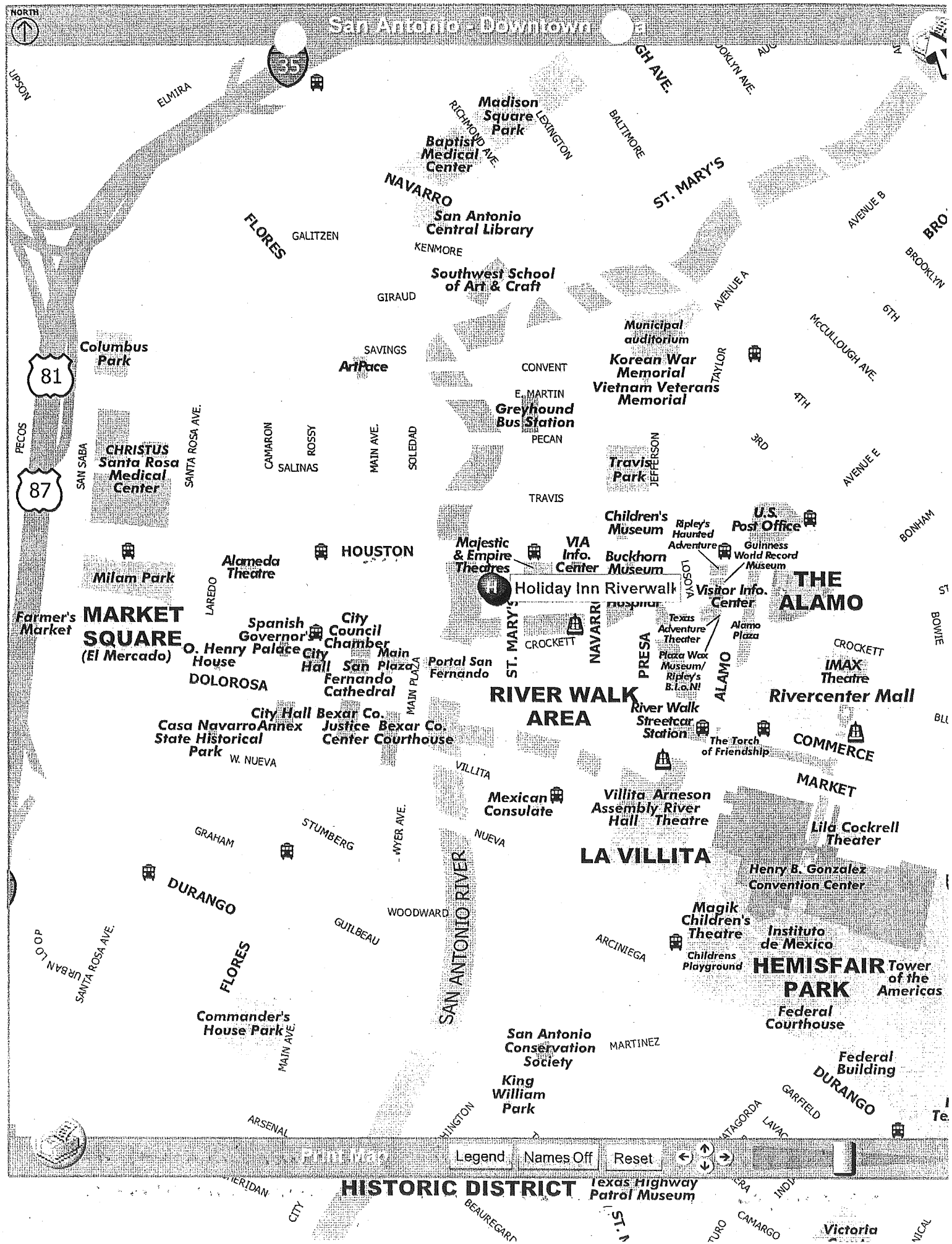
*Classroom setup based on 3 per 6 foot tables.



NOTES

OTHER THAN REGISTRATION & MEMORABELIA ROOM. ALL OF OUR FUNCTIONS WILL BE ON THE 7TH FLOOR - SHOWN ABOVE.

• MEMORABELIA ROOM / REGISTRATION IS ONE FLOOR ABOVE LOBBY.



Legend

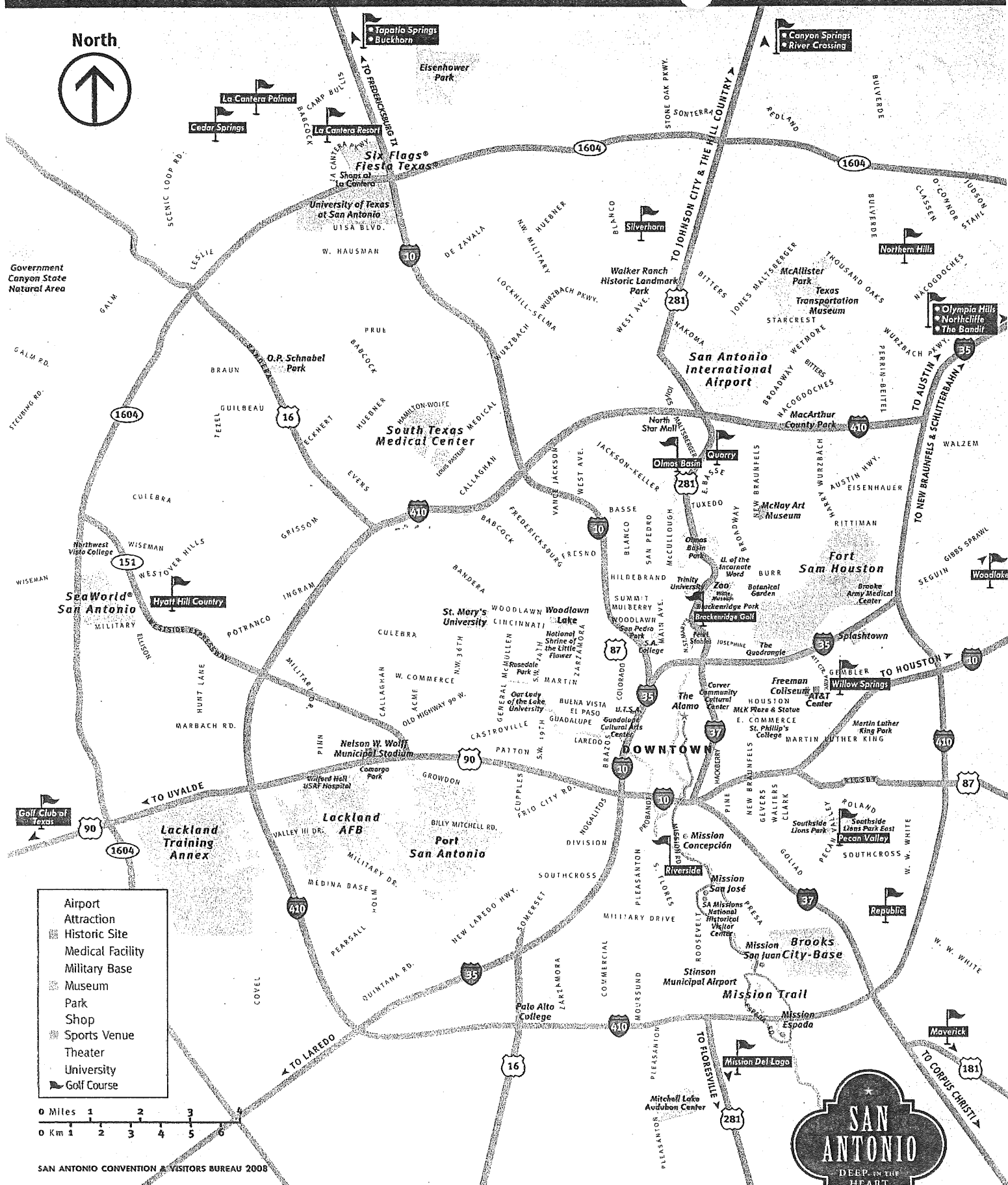
Names Off

Reset

HISTORIC DISTRICT

Texas Highway Patrol Museum

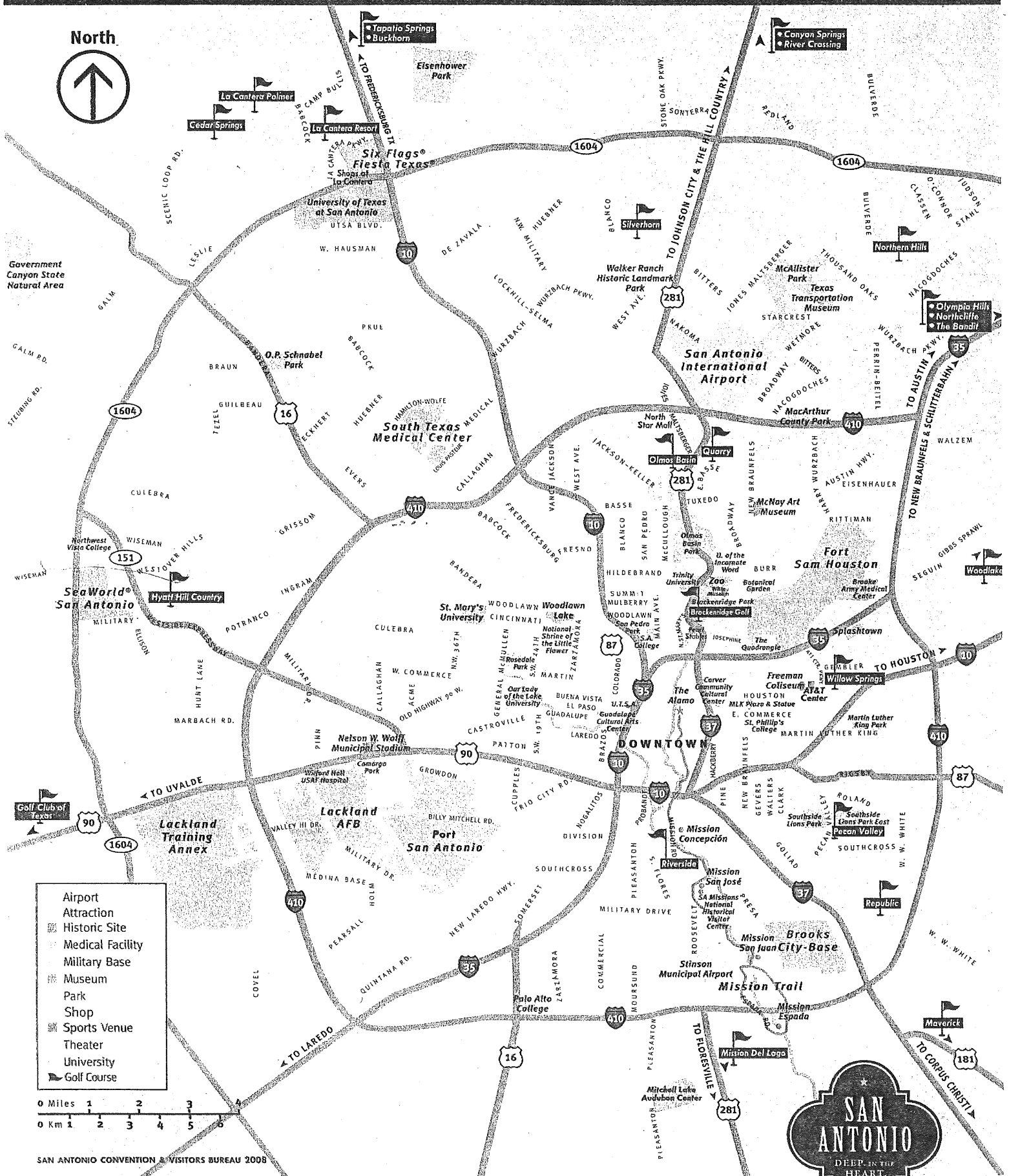
SAN ANTONIO METRO AREA



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January 4, 2009

Mr. Robert Naumann
17951 SW 296 Street
Homestead, FL 33030

Dear Robert:

My name is David A. Adams. I was commissioned a 2nd LT in the same class, 41G, as your Uncle Ernst. We ended up at pursuit school at Selma, Alabama. I believe he went to Mitchell Field, NY with me, and then to Hawaii right after the war started. We were P-40 pilots. I ended up in the same squadron as Welch and Taylor, the two heroes of December 7. Later these two heroes got four of us wingmen in trouble and that is how I ended up in the 19th bomb group, then into the 43rd bomb group.

As I remember it, your uncle stayed in P-40s and was later shot down in Northern Australia. He came to the 64th Squadron as a spare pilot. He flew missions as a co-pilot. I came over to the 64th from the 403rd in late May of 1943. E.A., as I called him, flew a couple of missions with me. On May 31, my diary shows that I checked him out as a 1st pilot. The next day, June 1st, E.A. was assigned a crew and sent out on a mission. He was never heard from.

Sincerely,



David A. Adams

2001 Crawford Street
Bellevue, NE 68005

Phone 402.291.1116

P.S. I'm only at home about 2 months per year, but I do get my mail year-round.

Charles R. Cole
7232 Pleasant Valley Road
Cogan Station, PA 17728

March 5, 2009

Mr. Edward L. Gammill,
5415 E. Osborn Road,
Pheonix, AZ. 85018-6106N

Dear Sir:

I saw this announcement in the Williamsport Sun-Gazette daily newspaper on March 5, 2009.

March 21 1943
On this date in 1943, the World War II Battle of the Bismarck Sea began; U.S. and Australian warplanes were able to inflict heavy damage on a Japanese convoy.

I have the Down Under Fifth Air Force Book "Guinea Gold", and inclose the page on the Bismark Sea Battle. This Battle stopped the Japanese from any advance south to Australia.

I was ground crew chief and our planes were only allowed on the ground twenty minutes to refuel and load bombs. A plane out of commission was pushed aside. This was a battle between the Japanesse Navy and the U. S. Army Air Corps as U. S. had little Navy at this time.

After the failure of the Japanesse to take Port Moresby, the last strong hold in New Guinea, they proceeded to send an army over the Owen Stanley 12,000--14,000 foot mountain range. The Americans blocked their supply line and the Japanesse starved to death in the mountains. Reports were the Japs even resorted to cannibalism.

I went overseas on the S. S. Argentina to Australia in 1942 to releave the 19th Bomb Group in the Philippines. I doubt if many are still living from that time. I know of one a Carl Simpson of Pitman, N. J. We were in the 13th Recon. Sqdn. and later the 403rd. 43rd Bomb Group.

I'm only 91 and still navigating. I flew my own plane up to about three years ago. My wife clipped my wings? My health is good and hope for a few more years.

A MEN

Charley

BOMB GP. H. HISTORY

AUG. 1945

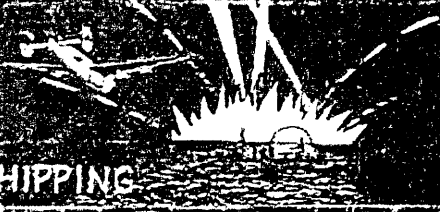


USA

MATSEYAMA

KYUSHU

SHIPPING



43rd BOMB GROUP
AFTER AUGUST 15, 1945

The official demise of the 43rd Bomb Group did not come until April 29, 1946. But for those of us on Ie Shima on August 15, 1945, the group's mission became immediately non-belligerent. The bomb bays were unloaded and even a day or so earlier there had been sporadic gun fire in premature celebration. The official announcement by President Truman on the 15th had been expected and was somewhat anticlimactic. We were later to learn that the celebrators on Okinawa had been more enthusiastic and that three of those celebrators had been killed.

I would for a time continue the non-combat duties of Air Combat Intelligence, duties begun just before we moved from Owi to Tacloban, continued at Clark and for a short time at Ie Shima before the Japanese surrender.

A letter to my wife written on August 13, while rumors were flying and while I was still trying to get my shack in shape to move in, said, "Return to civilian life seems imminent." As it turned out another Christmas was to be spent on Ie Shima and I would not set foot on the U.S. mainland until March 3, 1946.

During the next few days, after hearing President Truman's announcement, we waited for the white Bettys to fly over and land the Japanese who would then be flown on to Manila as a part of the preliminaries to the formal surrender ceremonies. This was a topic secondary, however, to "how many points do I have and how many do I need?"

These reflections after almost fifty years are drawn largely from letters written from mid August 1945 through January 1946, and from a few records and photos that have long reposed in a much travelled old foot locker. During those and earlier months I was associated with Lt. Baird Simpson in 65th Squadron S-2, and later as Group S-2.

Where letters are quoted as written the date will precede the quotation, and the context will render the source obvious.

Some of the letters used here were written during this period by Lt. Linden Toepperwein to his family in Texas. Where these are quoted, his name is shown as the source.

August 15: Since those first premature shots were fired and rumors continued these have been days in something of a vacuum; this will become known as the month of the great "Sweating Out."

After lunch came news by the little Aussie radio in the S-2 shack that President Truman has announced the Jap acceptance of our peace terms. The response here, contrary to what we hear of the reaction in the States, was fairly quiet. So, our work is finished as far as offensive operations are concerned. I don't suppose it is a violation of security now to say that our B24s have been bombing the Japanese home islands; and that I was just about to brief our 65th crews on today's strike when the phone rang and we were told that

higher headquarters had ordered a halt to offensive activity. That was at 0400 and was a hint of the announcement that was to come eight hours later. Now that it's happened, everything locally goes on about the same.

The sound of hammering and sawing on new shacks is just as loud and raucous as before and aside from the consumption of a few bottles of imported beer all is as was. I had a couple myself from the cache of Lt. Litt and in the company of Lts. Pratt, Moore, Johnston and McKillip and Capts. Stoll, Fahey and Simpson. There was ice, too, to make the occasion one for double rejoicing. Perhaps tonight the lid will fly off. There are several guys here, like Al Pepe (Ordnance) and Hans Von Unwerth (Communications), who have been sweating it out for three years and more. If they could find the where-with-all, maybe they'll muster some gaiety. Our own shack is incomplete, and I continue to live with one of the combat crews on coral. If Davis (Exec) and Litt and Pepe will shelve some of their squadron duties and work on the floor in our tent today, we may move in in a day or so. Might as well make it comfortable if we can, even if the firing is supposed to have ceased as of this morning or last night. Who knows when we will see Frisco anyway. Maybe several months or it may be in a very few weeks. I wish I could tell you, but I have no idea as yet. We can only hope it's not long.

~~(Out of place)~~ The Japanese and their Bettys had been expected on August 17. In the Ie Shima Daily News of Saturday, August 18, this appeared:

THE JAPANESE PEACE EMISSARIES DELEGATED TO
SIGN PRELIMINARY SURRENDER DOCUMENTS DID NOT
ARRIVE ON IE YESTERDAY

The Allied Supreme Commander, General Douglas MacArthur, directed Emperor Hirohito to appoint representatives, send them to Manila. (Their first stopover point is Ie, here to board an American plane and proceed on to the appointed spot.) General MacArthur's message was received by the Japanese government on Wednesday, 15 August, and they sent word they would O.K. the General's orders as soon as possible.

On the same page of the Daily News this also appeared: "Kay Kaiser and his troupe of 26, including four lovely girls, is tentatively booked to appear here 23 August, according to Capt. Sevath E. Boyum, ISCOM SSO. There will be an afternoon and evening show at the ISCOM bowl, now under construction near Water Point Loop on the north shore. Dick Jurgens and his band are expected here 2 September."

20 August: Doubtless, if you were up at the time, you heard the broadcast of yesterday's historical events on this minute isle. The first leg in a hop that is calculated to put an end to the greatest

war in history was completed at 1245 Sunday, by our local time. And not a GI, nurse, General or stray dog would have missed it for all the medals extant, including the Scandinavian.

0900 At 9000, the crowd was gathering around the mobile broadcasting unit located expectantly at the south end of B strip; by 1100 they were crowding against the barbed wire and stretching their necks to see over their taller neighbors. Having heard via Radio Okinawa ("A stone's throw from Tokyo") that the dignitaries were at last to arrive at about 1230, six of us piled in the S-2 jeep and buzzed down to the strip, a mile from the camp area. It was 1155 by that time and the nearest revetments were overflowing with curious humanity. The MP's were there in force and the runway guard of white and negro troops were moving into position along the sides of the coral strip. Behind it all on south, west and north was the powdery blue of the China Sea, and beating down from the bluer sky was a sun reminiscent of Owi Island. A few fleecy white clouds hung motionless where we expected to see two Betty (Jap type "O" 22) bombers and their escort of P-38 fighters come in sight. The rendezvous between the 38's and the Tokyo based Bettys had been made earlier in the morning and their whereabouts reported periodically by Fighter control radio stations.

The ETA (expected time of arrival) was 1230. And at about 1228 the first black specks appeared in the northwest. I counted 24 of the twin engine fighters as they came around by the south shore and circled the field. They flew at about 4000 feet. Then came the Catalina and the B-17 rescue planes which had shadowed the formation to give aid in case of a bail-out or ditching at sea. Next in line came what we all waited for, two gleaming white twin engine planes with the green crosses painted on wing and fuselage, flanked on either side by one of our B-25 bombers. They roared directly overhead and cameras began to click all around us as GI's scrambled for vantage points atop jeeps and trucks. Some of the bolder climbed on the brand new A-26 parked in the revetment.

✓ On the next go-round, the 25's and one of the 38's came in for a landing while the rest circled again. The Betty's were about 1200 feet now, and it looked as if they might land, but the first one pulled up and circled once more, probably to figure what to do about the cross wind that whipped up bits of coral dust here and there. More clicking cameras. Down at the south end two big C-54 transports gleamed silver in the bright sun, waiting for the Nip nabobs to climb aboard, Manila-bound. It was 1245 by the time the third circle had been completed. This time it was no dry run. The first Betty settled over the 54's and glided in without benefit of landing flaps, slipping along a few feet above the runway, then touching lightly in a perfect landing as they reached a point opposite our revetment. ✓ That was about 70 yards from us; the brown faces could now be seen looking through the windows from the flight deck. I noticed that the white paint jobs appeared hastily applied by hand rather than sprayed on smoothly as would have been done by the Americans. The big red rondels were still visible on the waist of the plane as it rolled by us.

The reaction of the crowd as the Japs taxied back down to the transports was exemplary, but typical of our citizen army. There was no display of hostility, probably not because of the commanding general's stern warning against such, but more likely because everybody was too excited and curious to think of it. The war's over, why prolong its bitter taste by giving out with venom? I wonder what the little brown men thought as they rode along between those lanes of khaki and looked down the lenses of a million cameras more or less. Probably confirmed their view of the U.S. soldier as a confirmed souvenir hunter, which he is.

All the Yank dignitaries were on hand as the procession pulled up to the 54's. Whether there were smiles or handshakes as the Nipponese climbed out, I couldn't say, since I was some 500 feet away and Golze had the binoculars at the moment. A few minutes later I took a look and saw several stocky critters in heavy dark flying suits, with leggings and wool or fleece lined caps. They looked ~~like~~ for all the world like Tibetan monks fresh out of Lost Horizon; and probably felt like it. Everything was orderly like a revolving squirrel cage as photographers and generals and PFCs swarmed and fiddle-faddled around. No one seemed sure which of the transports to load the little characters in, so they stood there, several of them apparently army officers in their olive green uniforms with shining brass buttons and their surprising white polo shirts open at the neck. Others were in white, probably the civilian members of the party.

Suddenly the photographers selected one of the two planes as they saw someone toss a piece of luggage aboard, and they promptly surrounded it. A lane opened up, and the Japanese walked over and began to climb aboard. Meanwhile, the crew members had been towed around to the revetment next to ours, where their Bettys were parked and left for the return trip, whenever that is to be. When the planes stopped rolling, they crawled slowly out the back end and stood looking comical as chow pups. One of them in particular took the fancy of the crowd. He was about five hands high and dressed for a Byrd expedition. Heavy brown flying suit with the legs tucked into almost knee-high yellow leggings or boots, and the big thick cap with the ear flaps dangling. He looked at no one, just trudged around the plane to make sure everything was OK, using to best advantage the strutting toes-out walk of the Japs. The big white teeth and the horn rimmed glasses made the picture happily complete. It was characters of such comical mien, by our standards, who were plowing their obsolete fighters into our warships a few days ago and earning eternal glory in the gruesome process. Maybe someday somebody will find out what makes them tick. Right now I confess it stumps me.

See Ex 1 - Ie Shima Daily News 20 Aug 45

The show being about over, the big transport pulled out onto the runway and was gone in a few seconds, headed south toward Manila, the capital the Nips struck a match to only six months ago. We went home. Everybody began to wonder if the broadcast had been transcribed so we could hear it later and laugh at the announcer's lack of military savoir faire. Sure enough we heard that he had done just what we feared and expected. He had spent the first few minutes ad

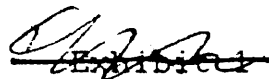
libbing about the famed Jolly Rogers of the 90th Bomb Group, who moved in here as the echoes of the war's last shots echoed in the distance. Considerable good natured bitterness was expressed at his failure to mention the 43rd, the only group of 5th Air Force heavies to hit Japan. Same old publicity conscious 90th; their bizarre skull and crossbones picture on the tail of their planes does make a good show. If they could only hit their targets! (To the censor: I know all Fifth Air Force planes always hit the target; I'm only foolin').

During the remaining days of August, along with some uncertainty about what duties were now going to be carried on by what personnel, things were beginning to pick up in the Redeployment Department. On the evening of August 26 there was a hurry-up notice to send out a number of men who hadn't expected to go home for several weeks or perhaps months. They had the 85 points that were required at that time.

August 27: I should launch into a long and intensely interesting account of the week's activities in the 65th Bomb Squadron but, remarkably enough, there have been no such activities. All is quiescent and boring as all hell. The heat doesn't help a great deal and the water leaves a bad taste. They evidently pipe it in from the holds of water-logged LSTS in the harbor. You can't see the barnacles, but you sure can taste them.

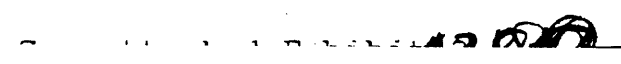
Let's see now. What else can I bitch about while I cajole myself back to better humor. Another gripe is the bottomless pit of mud which has had us in a semi-marooned situation. Jeeps have been put in front wheel drive, in low low gear, and left that way, apparently for the duration. After one struggles out to the main road, it's O.K. and easy going, but not here in our own bailiwick. We need more Seabees I guess.

For those of us who had been so far away from Stateside duty and polished brass, there was beginning to be some apprehension engendered from General Whitehead's 19 August greetings to the men of the 5th Air Force offering congratulations and ending with this paragraph:


~~Exhibitor~~

"Commencing now I charge each of you with proper observance of uniform regulations, with daily shaving, with correct military posture and attitude, with proper saluting. I charge all commanders, officers and non-commissioned officers, with the responsibilities for the enforcement of these rules. Only by personal demonstration to the Japanese people that we are better soldiers than they can ever be, can we overcome the insidious hopes of the Japanese militarists of world conquest."

Signed: Ennis C. Whitehead, Lt. Gen. U.S.A.
Commanding



A few days later on 7 September, Col. Pettus, in his congratulatory message to the personnel of the 43rd, concluded his message with these words:

The task of world reconstruction is staggering and each American must contribute to it. Often the results of our efforts will not be as tangible as they were in actual combat, but the future gains may be immeasurable. If we are going to avoid a long and costly "underground" conflict which could last for years and stretch around the world, we must treat the Japanese people with a fairness that they have never before known. Remember the Japanese boy of today is the "Kamikazi" of tomorrow, unless we educate him that ours is the better way. Oppressive subjugation and cruelty have never controlled a race, but firm justice, generosity, and education will go a long way to preserve the peace for which we have fought so hard to win.

James T. Pettus, Jr., Col.
Air Corps, Commanding

See attached Exhibit 3

29 August: It's still pretty hot here on the island. Right now it's 0800 and the sun is of the noon day variety already. Everything feels lazy and the weather partially accounts for it, but there is also the inevitable letdown due to the cessation of hostilities. The things that have to be done now seem rather petty sometimes and duties more onerous than inspiring. My own work now is mainly one of odds and ends, most of it connected with writing the Squadron history, etc. Yesterday I flew around a bit with Paul Hansen, the first time I'd been up in a 24 since the move to Luzon. I recall that once on a mission over Corregidor Hansen let me fly co-pilot for about 15 minutes. Quite a thrill to wheel forty tons of metal and complications around at 10,000 feet when your only training after law school has been in meteorology and finally in what they choose to call Air Combat Intelligence. My only two flights on combat missions I'm afraid were not in line of duty. Today we buzzed the camp area once and came in about 1700 in time to shower and eat and go to the Kay Kaiser show.

This same letter describes a trip over to Okinawa and includes a description of the burial customs of the Okinawans:

It was interesting to take a good look at their elaborate burial caves with the huge glazed urns and the plain boxes that denote an earlier stage in the laying to rest of the departed. They build earthen tiers or terraces with a series of small stone-lined vaults on each level. They set the plain coffin in this vault and place a large flat stone over the opening. After a suitable time is allowed for the bones to become bare and more or less clean, they are removed

and placed in the urns for permanent burial in the same crypt. The next step is, of course, war when the conquerors loot the places in quest of souvenirs.

Back on little Ie and back to the confused present, we are reminded that we have not been paid since June. I borrowed \$20.00 from Jack Silveira in whose shack I have been living while mine is being finished.

Even worse than being broke was the resumption of close-order drill, now required for one hour daily.

5 September: Imagine. We've got to act like soldiers now. Of course, theoretically, we were supposed to all along, but in the places we've been there was no way of maintaining such precepts in style, there being few witnesses of a critical disposition other than the monkeys. People went about in whatever they conceived to be a proper uniform, this usually consisting of a pair of khaki pants cut off above the knees with threads left dangling, G.I. shoes or a pair of moccasins, a beard, and the Lord knows what nightmare of a hat, variations ranging from Bancroft Flighters with shining brass to a parrot feather or an Aussie digger hat. Military courtesy often meant only that EMs slouched off to one side if a Colonel came walking down a narrow path, or that Second Lieutenants usually backed up to investigate if they felt the crunch of a field grade officer underneath the jeep wheels. All drill manuals have long since sunk into the mud and dust alongside the Guinea trails and Leyte swamps. Looks like we'll have to go back and dig up a few of them.

Sunday, 9 September: Today is Sunday which is a day of rest in this postwar army and we need it. Been drilling every day for the past week and I've been very busy besides. Now that most of the old timers are either leaving or anticipating leaving soon, some of us have had to double up on other duties. Having been overseas only a little over a year at this point, I will be here for awhile and taking on some new duties. There has been almost no work to do in Intelligence since there are no longer any combat missions, but now I'm working in the Orderly Room as Assistant Adjutant pending the training of a flying officer for that and other Squadron jobs. With the war over the Air Force will revert to their old policy of using flying personnel only, the use of ground officers being merely a war time expedient. That means that all of us will be sent home before too long, but I still don't know what that means. There are millions of rumors floating around all the time and no one knows anything for sure and all are on needles and pins. The situation continues with something desirable about to happen and then it doesn't, and then it will and now it isn't again.

Japan still lies 325 miles to the north. We expected to be occupying it by now, but unseen elements have delayed us time after time until now we don't know what to expect. Although censorship is no longer being exercised, I still can't repeat all of the rumors we hear. We are, or were, pretty definitely slated to be an occupation force

though. I hope we do get up there for at least a few weeks. It would seem an awful travesty to scramble all the way through the underbrush from New Guinea and then not see the end of the trail after all.

13 September: We had cherry pie for dinner and I'm all relaxed preparatory to going to the office in another half hour. First decent dessert in some time. Major Max Williams, 65th C.O., baked the pies last night. I suppose he is the only Squadron C.O. in the 43rd who is a top notch baker. All our other bakers have been about cleared out by redeployment. Speaking of the latter, I now have 69 points toward return to the States, with ten more pretty certain and another ten possible. Delays being what they are, though, the possibility of spending Christmas at home seems pretty slim. I'm acting as Assistant Adjutant until Lt. Ralph Holmes gets a flying officer trained for his job. Lots of men are pulling out and we are very low on experienced administrative officers and clerks. It's going to be lonesome here soon. Al Pepe and Bill Davis and Baird Simpson and Holmes, et al, will be gone with all their points. I'm going to be pretty homesick no doubt.

The American Album of Familiar Music is on the air from Radio Okinawa. They do a pretty good job of keeping us soothed. Every day when I get back to the shack from whatever is going on at the Orderly Room, I will hear their theme, "Twilight Time," and then later, much later, there is the still more soothing "Dream."

If there's not much variety in postwar activities that is not always true of the weather here. On 10 September, Lt. Linden Toepperwein, Ordnance Officer in the 403rd, wrote, "I did not sleep very much last night, and today I have been sludging around in mud ankle deep while repairing my shack. It has been raining since the 8th. I wrote you about a typhoon some distance from us in my last letter. All office work was discontinued yesterday about 0100 when the rain and wind got so bad. I retired to my sack and listened to the radio and read a Time magazine. Last night I just got back from supper when it got very dark; in fact it was only 1730, and we had to have a light to see one another in our shack. The fury of the typhoon was on. Lt. Routson and Capt. Eubanks went to bed even though they could not sleep. Our little shack was continuously vibrating as though it was going to take off at any time. The shack next to ours had blown down and the one next to it was also down. About 2000 a hard blast struck and our little shack just shuddered. Then I heard some tin flying through the air and striking objects in its flight. In less time than it takes to tell it I was out of my shack, but I didn't know which way to go so I just stood on my porch and watched roofs and pieces of tin fly by not more than 50 feet from us. One piece hit one of our corner guy ropes and our shack shifted about five feet, using the corner where our water tank is located as a pivot point. We grabbed our ponchos and our steel helmets and dashed for Capt. Barkloes' Ordnance shack. We figured it would be the last to go. Then we drove the big 6 by 6 truck over to the mess hall and got some bread. When we drove over there, I found out where the tin had come

from. It was the Operations, S-4 and Dispensary, all flat or blown away, scattered some 200 yards. Back at Barkloe's shack the telling of tall tales grew with the storm and the amount of liquor consumed." Two snapshots made following the storm accompanied a later letter that "Top" Toepperwein had sent home, showing him, Capt. Eubanks and Lt. Routson in front of one of the shacks and the other showing the devastation throughout the area.

See photo of the area after the storm.
attached Exhibit 4 ~~4~~

In a letter written on October 13 or 14, Top said, "Capt. Joseph came home yesterday and I have been listening to him tell about Tokyo, his crash and the days on the water and also about how the Japs treated them after they reached shore. He was in the hospital on Okinawa when the typhoon struck and it completely wrecked the hospital. Joseph can't get about very well, but he does not want to miss out on flying home with the Group. Our planes should be leaving sometime this month. At present we only have 35 planes."

21 September, on Japanese stationery: I still haven't seen Japan. I probably could have hitched a ride by now as some have, but I've had to go to work. Nearly all of the staff officers of the 65th are now gone.. Between 13 and 21 September Simpson, Holmes, Davis and Pepe, all key personnel, left for the States.

Then, before I got my breath as Assistant Adjutant, I got yanked out from 65th to Group by Major Hansen, Group CO. Now I'm Intelligence, Citations, Historical, Public Relations and Photo Officer for the Group, in addition to being Group Defense Counsel. The next duty is to work on reorganization of four squadrons that are left with no trained personnel in those duties. Intelligence is washed up now, but the others are very active. The Squadron histories are in need of finishing, together with a consolidated history for the years '42-'44. Also there are numerous applications for medals to be processed. Pictures showing the effects of last Sunday's storm are enclosed. All this while we are trying to handle inventories, inspections and hundreds of PR stories to go back home. If they lower the points to 75 and if two more battle stars now pending are approved, I'll be eligible to come home very shortly, but don't count on it. The weather is nicer tonight, with a full moon, making silver patterns on the water, all light enough to dim the usual brightness of Okinawa's lights across the way. By the way, the enclosed pictures were made during a 70 mile per hour gale last Sunday. It continued for 18 hours while we clung to ropes and braces, luckier than Toepperwein and his shack mates, among many others, who lost their quarters.

~~See photos of the area~~ EX 5

28 September: The Group history is still in the agonies of birth, and my staff is limited and uncertain of its status. This morning, in order to clarify that situation, I flew over to Okinawa with Hansen to see Bomber Command boys. They didn't help a great deal since they too are mainly interested in going home, those of them who haven't